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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., January, 1905.

No. 1.

A New Year's Wish.

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee," Numb. 6, 24.

"The Lord bless thee!
How shall He bless thee?

With the gladness that knoweth no decay,
With the riches that cannot pass away,
With the sunshine that makes an endless day—
Thus may He bless thee.

"And keep thee!

How shall He keep thee?
With the all-covering shadow of His wings,
With the strong love that guards from evil things,
With the sure power that safe to glory brings—
Thus may He keep thee."

A Happy New Year.

To wish one another a Happy New Year is a beautiful custom. But let us not forget that true happiness is found in Him only of whom the New Year's Gospel lesson says: "His name was called Jesus." Jesus means Saviour, and He was called Jesus because He, and He alone, saves from sin. "Without Him," says Luther, "there is nothing but sin and all misery, but with Him there is forgiveness and all blessings."

Many hope to find happiness in the joys, and honors, and pleasures, and riches of this world, but these things cannot give true happiness. They cannot take away sin, the source of all misery; they cannot take away the wrath of God; they can give no comfort in the days of sorrow and trouble; they can give no hope in the hour of death.

Salvation, and therefore true happiness, is found in Jesus only; for in Him only "we have redemption through His blood; even the forgiveness of sins." "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men

whereby we must be saved." They who do not own Him as their Saviour cannot have true happiness. They are still under the wrath of a just and holy God, and 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.

They who have Jesus by faith have also true happiness. They enjoy the grace of a merciful God, and their life is but a journey to endless bliss. In His name they have forgiveness of sins. "Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake," 1 John 2, 12. In His name they have everlasting life. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life," 1 John 5, 13.

Well may the believer enter the new year without fear; for he has Jesus, the source and the ground of all true happiness. It is true, he does not know what the new year will bring him. It may bring sorrows, and trials, and even death. But this does not take away his happiness, for it cannot take away Jesus. The believer knows that Jesus will never forsake him, and that it will be well with him while Jesus is his Guide. In Him he will have comfort in all sorrows, strength in all trials, life in the midst of death. So he goes on his way rejoicing until his journey is ended and he shall be with Jesus in everlasting joy and happiness.

At the beginning of a new year and at the opening of a new volume of our paper we, in the name of Jesus, wish all our readers a Happy New Year.

Epiphany.

Epiphany is one of the oldest festivals of the Church and occurs on the 6th of January, twelve days after Christmas. The word means appearing

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or manifestation, and the festival reminds us of the manifestation of the Christ-child to the wise men who came from a distant heathen country to Judea to worship the Saviour, whose birth God made known to them by a wonderful star.

These wise men of the East were Gentiles, or heathen, and the story of their coming to Jesus shows that the Saviour born at Bethlehem is the Saviour, not only of the Jews, but also of the Gentiles. He came to save *all*. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." The angel that brought the news of the Saviour's birth said, "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all* people." The aged Simeon calls the infant Saviour "a light to lighten the Gentiles."

Epiphany is therefore the missionary festival of the Church. It should impress on our minds the blessed truth that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek," Rom. 1, 16. The missionary command is: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Every human being, be he Jew or Gentile, has an interest in the great salvation which is in Christ Jesus, and it is the Church's duty to make known this salvation to all that know it not. If it is not the Church's duty, whose is it? May the Epiphany season stir our hearts to increased missionary effort also in our work among the colored people.

The wise men of the East that came to worship the Saviour not only gave the offering of their lips, they also presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. In like manner we, too, should give of our substance to the King of kings by giving it for the upbuilding of His kingdom. Giving should be a part of our worship. How can we really love Him if we are not willing to give that His kingdom may be extended? How can we really be His disciples if we have the ability to help to spread His Gospel, but are too stingy to do it?

May the grace of the Christ-child, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich, fill our hearts with love to Him and His kingdom and make us liberal and cheerful givers for the mission cause.

Everlasting.

As so many things fail, and pass away with the flying months of the year, it will be well for all true believers to remember that there is one who will never fail them, one who does not change. It is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and

for ever," Hebr. 13, 8. He is all in all to His people now, and He is all in all to them forever.

It is He in whom by true faith they have found life, and it is "*everlasting life*," John 3, 16. 5, 24.

It is His love which has drawn them and still draws them to Himself, and it is "*everlasting love*," Jer. 31, 3.

It is His way on which they walk, and it is "*the everlasting way*," Ps. 139, 24.

It is His light which guides them therein, and it is "*an everlasting light*," Is. 60, 19.

It is His strength which helps them thereon, and it is "*everlasting strength*," Is. 26, 4.

His arms they are which bear and embrace them, and they are "*the everlasting arms*," Deut. 33, 27.

It is His consolation which comforts them in all their sorrows, and it is "*everlasting consolation*," 2 Thess. 2, 16.

It is His kindness which pities and supplies them, and it is "*everlasting kindness*," Is. 54, 8.

It is His mercy which surrounds them, and it is "*everlasting mercy*," Ps. 100, 5.

It is His joy which gladdens them, and it is "*everlasting joy*," Is. 35, 10.

It is His salvation which saves them, and it is "*everlasting salvation*," Is. 45, 17.

It is His kingdom into which He receives them, and it is an "*everlasting kingdom*," Ps. 145, 13.

A Comforting Thought.

It is a welcome and comforting thought to the true child of God, that with every year which passes that last day comes nearer when time shall be no longer, that last day when all the children of God shall go into an eternity of bliss and happiness. There the light of the Lamb will be in the place of the sun, and that light will cast no shadow.

"There come new cares and sorrows
Every year,
But the truer life draws nearer
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
The heavy burdens lighter,
The dawn immortal brighter,
Every year."

The Lord's Dealings.

Let us not promise to explain *all* the Lord's dealings with us. His ways are past finding out, Rom. 11, 33. Our faith knows that He is leading us "by the right way," Ps. 107, 7; that *all* His paths are mercy and truth, Ps. 25, 10; and that *all* things

work together for good to them that love Him, Rom. 8, 28. Faith interprets all by the cross of Christ—"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also give us *all* things?" Rom. 8, 32.

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be;
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest."

Christ's Ascension.

Forty days have passed since the Resurrection. These days had been blessed days of communion between the Saviour and His disciples. During these days the Redeemer had conversed with the faithful again and again, their eyes had seen Him, and their hands had touched Him. But now the time is come when they must be deprived of His earthly presence, the time when He must ascend to His Father and their Father. He meets them for the last time in Jerusalem and leads them to Bethany, for this same village from which He made His triumphant entry into the earthly Jerusalem shall also view His triumphant entry into the Jerusalem that is above. Taking a last farewell He lifts His hands in blessing, and while speaking His words of benediction is parted from them, and their yearning eyes see a cloud receive Him hiding Him from their view. He has gone up on high, He has ascended to heaven whence He will not return until He will come in glory to judge the world.

Concerning the Messiah David had written hundreds of years before: "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also," Ps. 68, 18. And as the royal prophet had foretold, so it was fulfilled. The assembled disciples saw the Saviour ascend on high. Christ, according to His human nature, now entered into the heavenly glory of His Father. As the apostle puts it: "He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all heavens, that He might fill all things," Eph. 4, 10. The pearly gates of heaven open wide, and the jeweled walls of His city shine to receive the triumphant Hero. Our Saviour and King ascends to His royal city, takes possession of His throne, and fills all things with His presence. Jesus Christ, the God-man, fills heaven and earth.

But Christ's Ascension redounds to our good. For us He went on high, even as He descended

from heaven for us. It is our Saviour, Mediator, and Substitute that entered into glory. For us He gained heaven, for us He entered heaven, for us He took possession of heaven. "Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also," says the psalmist. And so it is. That which Christ has gained and received is all for us, and so He has entered heaven for no other purpose than that He might give it to us. Where He is, there shall also His servants be, John 12, 26. He has opened heaven's gates and paved the way that we may have free entrance into its joys and glories. Since He has gone to heaven, His home, we, too, that home shall one day share. Satan, Law, sin, death—all these combined can no longer debar us from entering our eternal home, for where Christ, the Head, has gone, the members will surely follow. As our Mediator He daily intercedes for us and secures for us forgiveness, and He will not cease to do so till all that are His will be gathered before His Father's throne.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then, with glorious harps, we'll sing:
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

F. J. L.

Something to Hold On By.

How loudly the flight of time speaks to us! Another year is gone, and eternity is nearer. The new year may be our last year upon earth. It will be well for us to have something to hold on by in our last hour.

A woman who had been a prominent lecturer on infidelity came to her dying pillow. She being much disturbed in her mind, her friends gathered about her and exhorted her to "hold on to the last."

"Yes, I have no objection to holding on," said the dying woman, "but will you tell me what I am to hold on by?"

These words so deeply impressed an infidel standing by that he was led to renounce the delusion.

Infidelity will not do "to hold on by" in the solemn hour of death.

"Father," said a young man as he lay dying, "I find eternal punishment which I have so long disputed now to be an awful reality." At another time he said, "As soon as I am dead write to my friends L. and D. that the doctrine we have tried to spread is an awful delusion—that it forsook me on my deathbed."

Said another under similar circumstances, "For several years past I have followed the doctrines of Universalist preachers, but find it all a delusion now. Tell my old friends not to trust in such a refuge of lies, but to repent and be converted."

False doctrine will not do "to hold on by" in the solemn hour of death.

How different it was with that young Christian who in his last moments raised himself on his dying bed, and said to us as we entered the room: "I'm going home. To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Said an aged Lutheran pastor on his dying bed to his son who is also in the ministry: "How easy God has made dying for us! If we only have Jesus and know and believe that He out of grace has gained heaven for us, we die a blessed death. Oh, never forget to preach this to your people again and again."

In the Gospel of Jesus we have something "to hold on by" in the solemn hour of death. He that trusts in this Gospel can, like that little child, quietly fold his hands in the hour of death and pray:

"I fall asleep in Jesus' wounds,
There pardon for my sins abounds;
Yea, Jesus' blood and righteousness
My jewels are, my glorious dress
Wherein before my God I stand
When I shall reach the heavenly land."

"And Then?"

Speaking about New Year's wishes, a young man said to a friend of his: "I wish I would become the owner of this estate. The new year would be a happy year for me."

"And then?" said the friend.

"Why, then I'd pull down the old house, and build a large, beautiful house, have lots of jolly fellows around me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country."

"And then?"

"Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature I should leave all the pleasant things—and—well, yes—die."

"And then?"

"Oh, don't bother me with your 'thens!' I must be off."

Years passed by, when the two met again, and the young man said to his friend: "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you."

"How?" asked the friend.

"By two words spoken in season on that New Year's Day—the two words: 'And then?' They made me think of the foolishness of my wishes and moved me to care for the eternal welfare of my soul."

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," Hebr. 9, 27.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Matt. 16, 26.

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

The Apostle Paul says that we should be anxious about nothing, but that in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, we should make our requests known unto God. That is, instead of worrying and fretting over matters which might trouble us, we should put them altogether out of our hands into God's hands, and there leave them. The peace of God will keep our thoughts and hearts in Christ Jesus.

We heard of a poor woman who had been carried triumphantly through a life of unusual sorrow. She was giving the history of her sad life to a kind visitor on one occasion, and at the close the visitor said feelingly:

"O Hannah, I do not see how you could bear so much sorrow!"

"I did not bear it," was the quick reply, "the Lord bore it for me."

"Yes," said the visitor, "that is the right way. We must take our troubles to the Lord."

"Yes," replied Hannah, "but we must do more than that, we must leave them there. Most people take their burdens to Him, but they bring them away with them again, and are just as worried and as unhappy as ever. But I take mine, and leave them with Him, and I come away and forget them. If the worry comes back, I take it to Him again; and I do this over and over until at last I just forget I have any worries, and am at rest."

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," Phil. 4, 6, 7.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee," Ps. 55, 22.

It Will Not Do to Wait.

It was the last evening of the year when Dr. Wilson came from the evening service in some country town to the house where he had his room and board. The good lady of the house, a rather elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshment, said in the presence of her daughter, "Dr. Wilson, I do wish you would talk to Caroline. She doesn't care about going to church, or about the salvation of her soul. I have talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it doesn't seem to do any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Wilson." Saying which, she soon left the room.

Dr. Wilson continued quietly taking his meal, when he turned round to the young girl and said, "Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once, "Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. Wilson. "Let's see—how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. Wilson, "religion is a good thing; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it—and you are in good health, they say! Religion is a good thing. It will not do to die without it, as the preacher said this evening, preaching on the text: 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' It is not wisdom to wait too long. I wonder how long it would do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; the other day I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I don't think so either; something might happen. A year from now; how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The new year may be your last year on earth, and if you die without accepting the Saviour, you die in your sins and are lost forever. It will not do to wait. Many young people, who seemed to be as well as you are have died suddenly. Besides, the Bible says, 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' 'All things are now ready.' In Christ salvation is prepared, and in the Gospel all sinners are invited to come to Him and find rest. It will not do to wait and let God call us in vain. The Bible says: 'To-

day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.'"

Caroline was deeply impressed by the earnest words spoken by the doctor. Before the close of the old year she opened her Bible which she had neglected so long. She read of the Saviour, who came to seek and to save that which is lost. In Him she found peace and rest for her soul, and became a faithful member of the church.

Not Afraid.

A beautiful story is told of a little girl, whose faith in God may teach us all a lesson.

The lamp had just been put out, and the little girl was rather afraid of the dark. But presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and she asked her mother, "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, darling," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

"Will God blow out His light and go to sleep too?" she asked again.

"No, my child," replied the mother, "God's lights are always burning."

"Well, mamma," said the little girl, "while God's awake, I'm not afraid."

The psalmist says: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," Ps. 121, 3. 4.



Luther College in New Orleans, La.

From Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

By F. J. ODENDAHL.

My readers must not expect to hear of an actual journey to these very renowned and to us so dear Scripture cities. Nothing would delight me more, especially now during this festival season, than to be able to take them all with me on an actual journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. This would be a most delightful journey; but I cannot offer you anything like this.

To explain how the above title suggested itself to me, let me tell you:

It was on a Thursday evening, lately passed, as I sat in my room reading in Prof. Seiffarth's chronology the record of his calculations fixing the date of the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70, that it came to my mind that this was Thursday evening, the regular week service evening at Bethlehem Chapel for our colored Lutheran brethren, and that I had promised to attend. The clock pointed to ten minutes after seven; no time to be lost, thought I, as service begins at seven thirty. So, after marking the passage I read last at the word Jerusalem I closed my book, and involuntarily the thought came to my mind: "From Jerusalem to Bethlehem." I reached Bethlehem Chapel in time, a few minutes before the bell rang.

As I stepped in, a middle-aged colored lady, Mrs. Wilson, with a friendly smile and bright face, approached me and whispered in my ear:

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Oh, yes! I can," I replied.

"Now surely," she said, "can you?"

"Oh, yes!" I repeated, "just try me."

"Well," she said, "I will."

So she informed me that certain members of the congregation intended to surprise their pastor, the Rev. J. Kossmann, and Mrs. Kossmann this evening in commemoration of their tenth marriage anniversary. She asked me if I would like to participate.

"Of course," I replied, "with pleasure."

Then she requested me to see the pastor home under some excuse.

After church service, which was well attended, some forty adults being present who listened attentively, I asked Rev. Kossmann if he had compared certain Bible verses in the first book of Moses which I had referred to him some days previous. He replied that he had not yet found the time, but if I would come with him he would do so then. Mr. Wolf, the teacher of the Bethlehem parochial school, who stood near and was evidently in the

secret, stepped up and requested to be permitted to join us, which was readily granted.

When we reached the pastor's residence we were kindly received by Mrs. Kossmann, to whom I explained the lateness of our visit, it being then about 9.30 P. M.

The Bibles were brought, and while we compared the passages, a knock at the door announced visitors. In walked two colored gentlemen with a large clothesbasket, covered. These were followed by Mrs. Wilson (the arch conspirator), Oliver Hager, Aaron and Mrs. Wiley, Miss Clay, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Bloom, Mrs. Camel, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Rutledge, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Delvach, Miss Smith, Miss Bloom, Miss Steele, Miss Wiley, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Wiley, Mr. Camel, Mr. Jones, Master Collins, and Master Smith, until the two front rooms were packed with visitors. All presented their compliments to the bride and groom with an earnestness and fervor that evidenced a warm heart and earnest Christian spirit towards their pastor and his lady.

Then the basket was unpacked, one of the visitors explaining the usefulness of each article, until an endless quantity of tin-granite ware covered a large table, which fairly groaned under the load.

It was a happy, joyful, and very respectful meeting, and the time passed pleasantly and agreeably. After a short while all the company were regaled with an abundance of very palatable peach sherbet and excellent cakes, which in some mysterious manner had also been spirited into the house. Later, after much pleasant conversation, three hymns were sung from memory: "All glory be to God on high," "Now thank we all our God," and "Glory be to God the Father."

After repeated further congratulations, the visitors left the surprised pastoral couple to give them an opportunity to recover from their surprise.

The readers would have been highly impressed could they have seen the gentlemanly and ladylike deportment and the Christian spirit which manifested itself, and they may rest assured that this little impromptu assembly contained many a Lutheran heart which will join with them in fervent prayer and thanksgiving for the gift of the Christ-child.

This is my trip from Jerusalem to Bethlehem which I enjoyed very much, and which I never shall forget, as it called to my memory the words of St. Peter: "Of a truth I perceive that God is not a respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

New Orleans, La., December 2, 1904.

Let Us Pray for One Another.

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

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

Selected.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

AT HOME WITH THE LORD.—After a long and painful illness, patiently borne, the Rev. Prof. A. L. Graebner, D. D., of the Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, Mo., fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of December 7, 1904, aged 55 years. The loss in the death of this highly gifted and learned servant of God will be keenly felt in the synod of which he was a valuable and highly esteemed member. Never sparing himself, he took an active interest in all church work, also in our mission work among the colored people. In 1896 he visited our mission stations in North Carolina and published a very favorable report of the work done by our missionaries in church and school, calling upon wealthy members of our Lutheran congregations to help in this important work by erecting chapels for church and school purposes. Great is the loss of the church. But our loss is his gain, and we may well rejoice with him at his release from all ills. His joy is unspeakable and full of glory. "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away," Is. 51, 11.

LOUISIANA.—The number of pupils attending our St. Paul's Lutheran school in New Orleans is still increasing. At the beginning of the school year an assistant teacher was employed, whose class numbers already 150, so that it has become necessary to call another teacher.—The Rev. Weinhold, our missionary at Mansura, La., has been called to our colored Lutheran congregation at Springfield, Ill., of which he will take charge as soon as a successor has been secured for Mansura.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Our colored Lutheran congregation at Catawba, N. C., celebrated its annual mission festival on the third Sunday in Advent. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Lash, Doswell, and Ph. Schmidt. There was a large attendance of colored people who enjoyed the festival services. One of them told us: "It was good to be there."

THE BIBLE AMONG JAPANESE SOLDIERS.—The agent of the American Bible Society, Rev. Mr. Loomis, speaks glowingly of the door that is opening to the Bible among the wounded Japanese soldiers. He says: "I am now much interested in the work among the sick and wounded soldiers. Last week I spent two days visiting the hospitals in Tokyo. I went also again yesterday. We have now donated more than 32,000 Testaments and Gospels to the Japanese soldiers, and the most of them have gone to the sick and wounded in the hospitals. It is reported that there are already 45,000, and more are coming all the time. The request has come this morning for 5000. The applicant writes, 'Soldiers are begging for them.' Another missionary, to whom I had sent 500 copies, writes, 'The soldiers are very glad to receive them, and are very ready, in many cases eager, to be instructed.'"

A TIGHT PLACE.—There is a story told of a stingy millionaire who was asked to contribute toward rearing a statue to Washington. The miser refused with the excuse: "I keep Washington always in my heart." "Well," was the indignant reply, "I don't believe the father of his country ever got into such a tight place as that."

Are there not those who say they have the mission cause at heart, whilst they contribute nothing or very little, toward the mission treasury?

AFTER MANY YEARS.—Dr. Paton, the well-known missionary, tells a touching story of a visit to a neglected island in the Pacific, where, to his amazement, he found a sort of Sunday keeping, though no missionary was there or had been sent there. Two old men, who had a little knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, were keeping track of the days, and on the first day of each week they laid ordinary work aside, put on a calico shirt kept for the purpose, and sat down to talk to those whom they could call about them, and in a simple way recited the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. Dr. Paton inquired where they had learned this truth, and they answered that a long time ago a missionary had visited the island, and had given

them each a shirt, and told them something of this story of Jesus. He asked if they could remember the name, and they said, "Yes, it was Paton."

Thirty-three years before he had on his evangelist tours stopped at this island for a few days; and here, so long after, was the fruit. The calico shirts had been worn but once a week, carefully preserved for the Lord's day, when the two old men met others and told what they remembered of the wonderful story.

Another Church Dedicated.

The last Sunday in November was a day of great rejoicing for the pastor and members of our Lutheran congregation at Sandy Ridge, N. C. The occasion was the dedication of a new church. Two services were held, and both were largely attended despite the inclemency of the weather. At the appointed hour for opening, the people assembled before the church. After a prayer the doors were opened, and the pastor, reading an appropriate psalm, walked down the aisle to the altar, followed by the officers and the congregation. Rev. J. P. Schmidt, the pastor in charge, preached the dedication sermon, basing it on Rev. 3, 20, and in the afternoon the undersigned preached on Ps. 87, 1. 2. Prof. H. L. Persson presided at the organ, and the choir of Grace Congregation at Concord rendered some choice anthems. The church is beautiful in appearance, and will seat a hundred persons, more or less.

The people appreciate it and are grateful to the Mission Board. May God grant that many more such churches may be erected among our people in which the pure preaching of His sacred Word may be heard, and that many souls may be blessed, in time and eternity, by the hearing and doing thereof.

S. DOSWELL.

The Father Almighty.

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty." Such is the confession of every true Christian. It is a strong consolation in all the dangers and trials of life. The Christian has a Father who is not only willing, but also able to help. Other helpers are finite; they may be sincere, yet there is a limit to their power. But our Father is almighty! He who is from everlasting; who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast; who spread the heavens and set the stars on high; who created the earth and decked it with flowers, and plants, and trees, and surrounded it with the mighty ocean—He is our Father. His children must be safe, for they abide beneath the shadow of THE ALMIGHTY.

Eskimo Babies.

There is a curious custom of the Eskimos that when a baby dies the next child born in the village shall receive its name and take its place; and it is always thought by the parents of the dead baby that the new baby is in some measure their child.

They have a share in the care of it, and advise with its own parents about the best way of bringing it up. Sometimes the father and mother of the new baby are too poor to feed and clothe it, and then the other father and mother take it to their own "igloo," or snowhut, and give it a home there.

I suppose they are very glad when this happens, and the place of their own little one is filled, but of course the parents to whom the baby really belongs are not always willing to give it up so entirely. In that case the foster-parents contribute something every year to its support, and it lives at home, coming, perhaps, now and then to make a long visit at the "igloo" that is its other home.

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St. Louis, Dec. 15, 1904. A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 2.

Nothing to Pay.

"Nothing to pay?—No, not a whit.

Nothing to do?—No, not a bit;

All that was needed to do or to pay,
Jesus has done in His own blessed way.

"Nothing to pay?—No, thanks be to God,

The matter is settled, the price was the blood,

The blood of the victim, a ransom divine—
Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be thine."

Salvation for Nothing.

Some time since, says a pastor, when visiting an old man who seemed anxious about salvation, I found great difficulty in making him understand that salvation is the free gift of God through Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

At last I said to him: "Now, suppose I were to go to a shop, and buy something for you, and pay for it, and send it to you, need you pay any money for it?"

"No," said the old man, brightening up; "it would be paid for."

"Need you make any promise to pay at some future time?" I then asked.

"No," he replied; "I should have it for nothing."

"So," I said, "it is with salvation—the Lord Jesus has paid the full price for it. He bought it for us with His own precious blood, and now He sends it to us in the Gospel and offers it to every sinner as a free gift."

"Yes," said the old man, as his eyes filled with tears, "I see it now; it is salvation for nothing! Christ has bought it and gives it to me for nothing."

Yes, we are saved for nothing through the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. "By grace are ye

saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. 2, 8. 9.

We have nothing whatever with which we could buy salvation. The prophet says, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," Is. 64, 6. It is not, "All our wickednesses are as filthy rags, but, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," and surely we cannot expect to buy salvation with a lot of dirty rags. Salvation has been bought for us by Christ with His own precious blood. He came into the world for the salvation of sinners. His birth was made known by the angel as the birth of the Saviour. When He was circumcised His name was called Jesus, which means Saviour. His name was called Jesus because He saves from sin. And when the child Jesus was brought to the temple, the aged Simeon took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people." This salvation which is in Christ Jesus is offered to sinners in the Gospel without money and without price. It is salvation for nothing. The Gospel call to sinners is: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. 22, 17. Jesus says, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely," Rev. 21, 6. Freely means for nothing. Yes, let the sinner take salvation freely—for nothing. That is the only way he can get it. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," says the Bible; and believing is not doing, it is resting upon that which is already done, it is accepting that which is freely offered, it is calmly trusting in Jesus in whom alone there is salvation. May every troubled

sinner see that all the doing is done, and that salvation is for nothing.

Says an aged divine: "We talk about our sins grieving Jesus, and so they do; but nothing grieves Him so much as our miserable doubts of His amazing love, which moved Him to procure for us a perfect salvation, and of His precious Word in which that salvation is freely offered to us."

"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price," Is. 55, 1.

Christ Sitteth at the Right Hand of God the Father Almighty.

This is not to be so understood as though God the Father were sitting on an actual chair or throne, and Christ were occupying another chair at His right hand. We know that God is a Spirit, that He has no body, and therefore can have no right hand in the real sense of the word. God's right hand is His power and majesty. The expression is often thus used in the Bible.

And if it now be said that Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, the meaning is that Christ partakes of His Father's divine power and majesty. Of course, according to His divine nature this was always the case; but since He ascended into heaven, it is also true of His human nature. That divine power and majesty which was already imparted to His human nature when He was conceived of the Holy Ghost, but of whose use He deprived Himself almost wholly in the days of His life here upon earth, Christ now fully uses since He has gone up on high.

Christ, the Godman, now rules and governs with the Father and the Holy Ghost over all things. That power which is given Him over all things in heaven and on earth He now fully exercises. Especially, however, does the ascended Lord govern and protect His Church, of which He is the Head. The sending of the Holy Ghost ten days after His ascension was a revelation of His divine power and majesty. And has He not at all times proved His omnipotence and glory? Principalities, and powers, and might, and dominions, have they not all been obliged to recognize that they have been put under His feet? How His Church has been persecuted; how few were His followers! But nevertheless His Gospel has triumphed and still triumphs over the powers of darkness. Emperors, and kings, and peoples have been overcome, and His kingdom has

spread despite all obstacles and hindrances. The ten bloody persecutions during the first centuries of the Christian era could not prevent the growth of Christ's Church; Julian the Apostate, the bitter enemy of Christ and His Church, was compelled to cry with his expiring breath, "Nazarene, Thou hast triumphed;" the pope and his minions could not hush the Gospel tidings as proclaimed by Luther; all the funeral piles could not prevent the spread of Christ's kingdom; all the false teachings spread by Satan's servants have not succeeded in overthrowing the Church.

And since the right hand of God is everywhere, Christ is also omnipresent. He says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Where but two or three are gathered in His name, there is He in the midst of them. Therefore we need not fear, though the earth quake and the heavens shake, though the enemies of Christ scoff and Satan roar. The Lord is with us; He fights for us, the Valiant One, whom God Himself elected. And as long as He is with us, all is well.

Abide, O dearest Jesus,
Among us with Thy grace,
That Satan may not harm us,
Nor we to sin give place.

Abide, O faithful Saviour,
Among us with Thy love,
Grant steadfastness, and help us
To reach our home above.

F. J. L.

The Difference Between the Law and the Gospel.

Through the Law the Holy Spirit is never given. It cannot, therefore, quiet the conscience or justify before God, for it teaches only what we shall do. Through the Gospel, however, the Holy Spirit is given, for it teaches what we shall receive from God. He, therefore, who teaches that we must be justified by the Law does nothing else than fight against the Gospel, for Moses with his Law ever continues *driving* us; insists upon it that we fulfill the Law, and pay God that which we owe Him; in short, he will have us good and holy. On the other hand, the Gospel demands nothing of us, but brings to us forgiveness of sin by grace and freely, and asks us to open our hands, to extend them, and to lay hold of that which God has offered and given us in Christ.

But now, to demand and to present, to give and to take, are diametrically opposed. That which is given me I take, but that which I give someone else I do not receive, but present it freely and gra-

tuitously. If, now, the Gospel be a gift, and offers us a gift, as it truly does, it is certain that it demands nothing of us; but the Law neither gives nor presents us anything, but demands of us, and demands that which it is impossible for us to give.

Luther.

Beginning of Missions in Greenland.

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

The Prayer of Faith.

Dr. Luther says: "I know, as often as I have earnestly prayed, when it has been real earnest with me, I have indeed been richly heard, and have obtained more than I have prayed for. God has for a time delayed, but nevertheless the help has come. Ah, how truly grand a thing is the honest prayer of a true Christian! How mighty is it with God! That a poor human creature can so speak with the High Majesty in heaven, and not dread Him, but know that God is kindly smiling on him for the sake of Jesus Christ, His dear Son, our Lord and Saviour! To this end the heart and conscience must not look back, must not doubt or fear on account of unworthiness."

"Only a Boy."

About a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the church, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," the deacon said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," the preacher said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them;' and one new member and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man, "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind, beareth all things, hopeth all things.' Aye, there you have it: 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work were done forever, and that he were at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old churchyard.

He lingered in the dear old church after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation, and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the di-

vine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

In 1870, after fifty-five years of faithful labors, there returned to London from South Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public, there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth; the Scottish church, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.—

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that one boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"—*Selected.*

The Saviour's Peace.

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheerful light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse and gone into the log cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty and almost without furniture. In the corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a pale little girl. The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale and that her hands were thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. But she smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament which some Bible agent had left in that desolate place.

The missionary asked the little girl, "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus came into the world to save sinners—all sinners—also children. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' And when I think of that I

am happy. And in the dark night when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and He seems to be saying, 'Suffer that little child to come unto me, and forbid her not.' I am soon going to be with Him forever."

Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the little girl—that peace which the Saviour promised to His own when He said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," John 14, 27.

God Hears Prayers.

A colored girl was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her: "Mollie, do you pray?"

The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked.

She answered promptly: "I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For a while the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ears, not His eyes. My voice is like another girl's, and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

An Honest Boy.

At a slave market, many years ago, a colored boy was offered for sale. One of the bystanders, moved with compassion and being well pleased with the boy's appearance and conduct, wished to keep him from falling into the hands of some cruel master. So he went up to the boy and said, "Will you be honest if I buy you?"

With an indescribable look upon his frank countenance the boy replied, "I will be honest, whether you buy me or not."

Christ Gives by Promise.

Merit is a work for the sake of which Christ gives rewards. But no such work is to be found, for Christ gives by promise. Just as if a prince were to say to me: "Come to me in my castle, and I will give you a hundred florins." I do a work, certainly, in going to the castle, but the gift is not given to me as the reward of my work in going, but because the prince promised it to me.—*Luther.*

Money Spent not in Vain.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon Wen Hsin, a Chinese girl, lay dying in our Peking school. We knew that she must soon go, and so, as it is the custom in China, she was bathed and dressed in her grave clothes. Her glossy black hair was knotted on the top of her head with bright red cord. She wore a dark blue garment with a bit of bright trimming down the edge; snowy stockings and embroidered slippers were on her feet. Her white hands were folded peacefully, and she lay so calm we knew she was resting in the arms of Jesus, and only waiting for Him to take her spirit from the poor worn body.

As she found how precious it was to have the dear Lord Jesus go with her through "the dark valley and the shadow," she was thinking of them, the kind friends so far away, who had done so much for her.

I said to her, "Wen Hsin, do you want anything?"

"I—want—to—write—a—letter."

"O you are too weak! What is it you want to say? Tell me, and I will write it for you."

Gathering up all the strength she had left, she gasped it out in her weakness, a word at a time:

"I want to tell my American friends they did not spend their money in vain for me."



A Mission School in India.

It was the hour of the Sunday school. They knew in the chapel that she was dying, and through the open windows we could hear them singing, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

The busy little clock on the square red table kept on ticking, ticking, until the Sunday school was dismissed, and many of her schoolmates gathered sorrowfully around the brick bed on which the dying girl lay.

Several of her old friends came in from the neighborhood. None of them had ever seen a Christian die before, and they gazed with wonder upon the peaceful girl and went back to their homes with the wondrous news that Wen Hsin lay dying and was not afraid!

Somebody in America had given thirty dollars a year to support her in a Christian school.

Soon she closed her black eyes, and went away from the brick bed to the mansion prepared for her, but she had sent her precious message to cheer and encourage the home workers in the mission cause.

World-Wide Missions.

A Fatal Love.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. 1 John 2, 15.

The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God. James 4, 4.

Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind. Rom. 12, 2.

In the Day of Trial.

Son of God, my Saviour, hear me,
Let me know that Thou art near me,
With Thy presence strong to cheer me
In the day of trial.

Thou hast said Thou wilt not leave me,
Though Thou let temptations grieve me:
Help me, trusting, to believe Thee
In the day of trial.

Let not evil triumph o'er me;
Thou, who sinless sufferedst for me,
From the tempter's power restore me
In the day of trial.

If Thy providence bereave me,
May Thy loving arms receive me,
May Thy grace, O Lord, relieve me
In the day of trial.

Suffer not despair to claim me,
Discontent or doubt to shame me;
Let no impious rage inflame me
In the day of trial.

May my grief work patience in me
And to hope triumphant win me,
God's love shed abroad within me
In the day of trial.

To Thy will I would resign me,
For Thy praise Thou didst design me;
For Thy use, O Lord, refine me
In the day of trial.

Let Thy love, O Christ, constrain me;
Let Thy grace, O Christ, sustain me;
Let Thy power, O Christ, maintain me
In the day of trial.

When the shades of death o'ertake me,
Leave me not, nor then forsake me!
By Thy grace victorious make me
In the day of trial. *Rev. C. E. Craven.*

Faith.

Luther says: "Faith is not man's opinion and dream, but it is a divine work in us that changes and begets us anew of God. It mortifies the old Adam, transforms us into entirely different men in heart, mind, will, sense, and powers, and brings with it the Holy Ghost. Oh, this faith is a living, busy, active, efficacious thing, so that it is impossible for it not incessantly to do good works. Neither does it ask whether good works are to be done; but before the question has been asked, it has already done them, and is always doing them. But he who does not do these works is a faithless man, who is always groping and looking for faith and good works, and nevertheless knows neither what faith nor good works are, though he prate in many words concerning faith and good works."

A Happy Old Man.

I met him on the platform of a street car station, waiting for a car to take him back to the city. He was one of the veterans that had served under Stonewall Jackson and had come to the city to attend a soldiers' reunion. His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff, his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eye was dim, and his face was furrowed. Yet he seemed full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. As his legs and cane carried him up and down the platform, he hummed the lines of the familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

"Friend," said I, "you seem to be a happy old man?"

"All are not," said he.

"Well, why then should you be happy?"

"Because I belong to the Lord."

"Not all are happy at your time of life."

"No, sir," said he, as his form straightened into the stature of his former days when he marched to the sound of drum and fife. "Listen, please, to the truth from one who has passed his three score years and ten—*The devil has no happy old men!*"

His Missionary Branch.

"You are always working," I said to an energetic young business man whom I called upon at his office not very long since. "How many hours do you put in each day?"

"Twenty-four," he replied, with a smile. I presume my face expressed my astonishment. "Yes," he resumed, "I work ten hours here; the rest of the time I work in the antipodes—by proxy, of course."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Let me explain. When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause, and determined to go out and work in the mission field. My father, however, died before my plans were fully matured. His business here was in such a state that no outsider without a personal interest could carry it on. Mother, sisters, and younger brothers depended upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. I determined, however, to have a representative in the field and assumed the support of a native preacher. He has gathered a school and organized a church. This I call the missionary branch of my business. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. Thus I work twenty-four hours a day for my Master. I work here for what is necessary to keep my representative supplied over there."—*Selected.*

NOTES AND ITEMS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Our colored Lutheran mission at St. Louis celebrated Christmas with joy and thanksgiving. Mrs. B——, the Superintendent of the school, writes:

“Our Ev.-Luth. Grace Colored Mission had its second Christmas celebration in its church on corner 12th and Carr streets. The church was decorated with wreaths of holly, and our tree was laden with all good things, many a light gleaming from the tree and reminding our poor little colored children of the glad Christmas tidings. The children were also pleasantly surprised to find their boxes filled with all kinds of good things. With glad hearts they sang praises to the dear Christ-child who was born also for them. No tongue can tell the joy that was seen in this little Mission at this joyful Christmas celebration. Teacher McDavid delivered a very impressive address on the birth of the Saviour.—Our mission is doing well, and we have all reason to thank God that there is a prosperous colored mission in St. Louis, Mo.”

GREENSBORO, N. C.—Speaking of the college to be erected at Greensboro for colored students, and of our mission there in charge of the Rev. J. C. Schmidt, a writer in the *Lutheran Church Visitor* says:

“The writer spent a summer in Greensboro some eight years ago. While doing some office-work in my room at my boarding house one forenoon, I overheard a heated discussion in the back yard upon the subject of religion between two cooks and a wood chopper, all negroes. Curious to hear what perverted ideas they might advance, I found myself an eager listener. It soon appeared that the wood chopper was more than a match for the cooks, one a Baptist, the other a Methodist. He unmercifully assailed the pet doctrines of his antagonists, and then proceeded to enlighten them as to what salvation is, and the means through which it is attained. To my utter surprise he outlined a clear conception of the Lutheran faith in the plainest terms, establishing his position by abundant Scripture proofs. On inquiry, I found this wood chopper was Rev. Schmidt’s Sunday school superintendent. I investigated Rev. Schmidt’s mission and methods, and found that he used no clap-trap schemes. In the week days he taught school for the colored race, making religion a part of the instruction. No member was admitted to the congregation who had not mastered the Catechism and understood its conception of salvation.”

AN INDIAN CHIEF’S PLEA.—A correspondent in New York writes: Two real, blanketed Indians of the Comanche tribe, from the reservation near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, spoke on a recent Sunday afternoon at a missionary meeting in our city. A third was also expected to address the meeting, but he was ill. The three Indians are traveling in the interest of their tribesmen. Their names are Periconic, Nahwatz, and White Wolf. Periconic is the chief of his tribe, and up to three years ago was a worshiper of Mescal, the sun god. He at that time was a famous gambler and drinker, and altogether a bad Indian. About three years ago a Protestant missionary held an Indian service at Fort Sill, which Chief Periconic attended. It was there that he first heard of what the Indians call “the Jesus road.” He was brought to faith in the Saviour, and ever since has been anxious for the Christian instruction of his tribesmen. “I am on a long trip,” he said to his New York audience, “to ask the paleface to send a missionary down to tell the rest of my tribe what I have heard. I am a poor, ignorant man, and cannot read.” The Christian chief is also making pleas for funds with which to build a little Indian church on his reservation. “I want it built strong,” he said, “so it will last after I am dead.” The chief said that he left his squaw and papposes and also his crops to come among the palefaces to get help for mission work among his poor Indian people.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.—When a chief or some other prominent man in Africa dies, it brings great suffering upon his widows and slaves. Some of his wives are thrust into the grave with him. When they begin their wailings, they do not know which of them must endure this dreadful fate. The choice is kept secret until the body of the chief is ready for burial. Then ten slaves have their heads cut off. But death is not so easy for the four widows who are to follow their husband into eternity. With a club their arms and legs are broken, that they may be rendered helpless. They are then cast alive into the grave. The chief’s body is placed upon them, and all are covered up with earth.

Such is the cruelty of heathenism.

A NOBLE CONFESSION.—The first Papuan to be baptized by the Rhenish missionaries in New Guinea, before his baptism, in order to show his faith before his people, spoke as follows: “I renounce the customs of my ancestors. I know they have made the people believe on the idols through lies. I believe in Jehovah. He is the true God, who made heaven

and earth. I believe in Jesus Christ. He is God's only Son. Jesus has forgiven me my sins. He has freed me from Satan. He has freed me from hell. I formerly walked in the ways of my fathers, now I will walk in the ways of Jesus. O God Jehovah, I have prayed to Thee, Thou hast heard it! O Jehovah, help me. Amen!"

After this, he kneeled and was baptized, while in the eyes of the missionaries tears were gathering at this, the first fruit of sixteen years' labor. And a great stillness fell upon the assembled Papuans, who felt that now they were standing in the presence of God.

May many more soon be brought to believe and be baptized unto salvation.

NOT AFRAID OF THE WEATHER.—A missionary reports that Christians in Greenland very seldom, if ever, stay away from public worship on account of the weather. When it is so cold that their breath freezes and forms icicles in their faces, they go long distances, through snow and ice and storm, to the house of prayer. Men, women, and children go. From these poor Greenlanders many Christians of more favored lands may learn a lesson. The apostle says: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is."

Hindu Superstition.

One of the Lutheran missionaries in India relates the following incident:

"Last Saturday, returning from the postoffice, my shadow chanced to fall across the path of a Hindu woman who was coming from the Godaveri, where she had been performing her religious ablutions. She was walking along, mumbling some quotations from the sacred books and sprinkling herself with water from the small brass 'chimbu' in her hand. When a Hindu woman, principally of the Brahmin caste, is so doing, or bringing water from the well, and anything unclean to her crosses her path or its shadow falls upon her, the water she carries is defiled. She, according to the tenets of her strange religion, must pour out the water, no matter how far from the river or well she is, and return for other undefiled. I had heard and read this, but never saw it done. It seemed quite odd to me that I should be the innocent cause of her having to go for other yet undefiled water. Under such idle, silly superstitions India labors."

FAITH clings to the Word alone, not to sight, signs, and feelings.—*Luther.*

No Money for Missions.

A missionary writes:

"I lectured before a Ladies' Missionary Society attached to one of the wealthiest churches in B—not long since, and while they were conducting the 'business' part of the meeting I estimated the worth of the jewelry worn at not less than ten thousand dollars. A plea came from a mission church in the West for some money with which to build a little wooden church. After much deliberation, ten dollars was suggested, and after more talk that was cut down to five dollars! They had asked me to offer a prayer and to close with the Lord's Prayer. Each one said 'Amen' at the close. They prayed, 'Thy Kingdom come,' and subscribed five dollars toward that work, while at the same time they wore jewelry worth ten thousand dollars!

Mission. Review of the World.

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St. Louis, Jan. 15, 1905. A. C. BURGDOFF, *Treas.*

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New Orleans, Jan. 11, 1905. F. J. LANKENAU.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lanckenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 3.

He Died for Me.

When time seems short and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be:
I know my Saviour died for me.

His name is Jesus, and He died
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die that He might win
Their ransom from the death of sin;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know His grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside
Of thoughts so high, so deep, and wide;
This is my best theology—
I know the Saviour died for me.

My faith is weak, but 'tis Thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say: "Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free,
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee."

G. W. Bethune, D. D.

For Us.

In the Lenten season we behold Christ in His bitter sufferings and great agony. We go with Him on His way of sorrow and see Him bowed down under the wrath of a just and holy God. And yet He was no sinner. None of His enemies could con-

vince Him of sin. The judge before whom He was brought said again and again, "I find no fault in Him." He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," Hebr. 7, 26. He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," 1 Pet. 2, 22. There was not the least stain of sin in Him. His nature was perfectly holy. He was perfect in all His thoughts, and words, and ways. God was fully pleased in Him. Twice the Father's voice was heard from heaven saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Yet that Son endured the most bitter sufferings and died the most shameful death upon the cross. How is this? Let the Bible tell you. The Bible says, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the Law, being made a curse for us," Gal. 3, 13. "His own self bare our sins in His body on the tree," 1 Pet. 2, 24. God "hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," 2 Cor. 5, 21. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," Is. 53, 6. He "gave Himself for our sins," Gal. 1, 4.

Thus we see from God's Word that Christ suffered and died for us—in our place. By our sins we deserved punishment; for God is just and holy. He cannot overlook sin. His justice demands the punishment of every sin. No creature in heaven or on earth could free us from God's wrath and from damnation which sin brought upon us. So God's own Son in His unspeakable love came down from heaven to be our Redeemer. He became man, and took all our sins upon Himself, and bore all the punishment of sin for us. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" He was punished in our stead. He took our place and suffered and died for us—the Just for the unjust. Our sins brought that great suffering of body and

soul on the Holy One of God. Our sins made Him a man of sorrows, nailed Him to the cross, and put Him to death. In His sufferings and death we see the punishment of *our* sin.

Woe to them who reject this Saviour and what He has done and suffered for them. They thereby reject their only salvation and must themselves suffer the punishment of their sins in the everlasting fires of hell. But blessed are all that see in the sufferings and death of the Saviour the punishment of their sins and trust in His work for salvation. In His death they find everlasting life, and by His wounds they are healed. His blood cleanses them from all sins, and though their "sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Believe in the Saviour who suffered and died for you and with His own blood paid the price of your redemption. Come to Him for salvation. His arms are open to receive even the chief of sinners.

"Each drop of blood proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come."

"Father, Forgive Them; For They Know Not What They Do."

This prayer should teach us, first of all, that our dear Lord Jesus is a priest, and that He fulfilled the duties of the priestly office there upon the cross. To pray for sinners is, indeed, one of the proper employments of the priesthood. Now, Aaron, serving under the Law, was invested with peculiar priestly apparel made for glory and for beauty. But if we would know with what priestly robes Christ was clad and what the altar was at which He served, we need merely look at the cross. There we see Him entirely naked, full of wounds and void of every trace of sacerdotal splendor. Still He attended to His priestly duties most perfectly and carefully, even praying for His foes. Let us not be offended at His unpriestly appearance, for the work of this Priest has a significance entirely different from that of Moses' priests. This difference we learn even from the superscription written over Him, which declares Him to be "the King of the Jews," the correctness of which title He had Himself publicly and clearly confessed before Pilate.

Neither does this title harmonize with His appearance. Instead of wearing a scarlet robe, His body is covered with blood and wounds and bruises. Instead of a golden crown, He wears a crown of thorns. There upon the cross we see a Priest and King, of whom the world is ashamed, whom the

world despises, and whom it regards as neither King nor Priest. This is just what Isaiah says: "When we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him. He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." This Priest offers us His own body and blood upon the cross in a place that was dishonored, desecrated, yea, accursed. This shall be our dearest, loveliest, and most graceful garment, no matter how it is regarded by the world and the natural eye. Bulls, heifers, and calves were sacrificed in the temple upon an altar that was not consecrated. Gallows and places of execution are to this day horrid and dishonorable, and Moses writes: "He that is hanged is accursed of God." Now, the world thinks it disgraceful and dishonorable that this Priest was not permitted to bring His offering even to the place where heifers and calves were sacrificed. But this was for us and for our good, that we might learn that He has brought a fully satisfactory offering for our sins. Since our sins could not be atoned for and removed by any other than this Priest who is the eternal Son of God, it is our fault that He could not have a more honorable altar and a more precious garment. This is no hindrance, however, to the discharge of His office. He not only does offer His body and blood, but also prays for poor, ignorant sinners.

We should, therefore, be heartily comforted because of this Priest and His office. Even as He suffers not alone for those who were present at His crucifixion, took hold of Him and nailed Him to the cross, so, neither, does He pray for them alone, but also for us; otherwise the prayer of Christ would receive too limited an interpretation. Those present then were merely our servants and ministers. Had it not been my sin and thy sin that nailed the Lord Jesus to the cross, these men would surely not have been able to molest Him.—*Luther.*

Christ's Return to Judgment.

Christ, who now sits enthroned in glory at the right hand of His Father, will come from thence to judge the quick and the dead, and then will His glory be revealed to all flesh.

As the disciples stood on Mount Olivet and with longing hearts gazed after their ascending Lord, they were told by the angels: "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven," Acts 1, 11. Job in holy confidence declares that he shall see his Saviour stand at the

latter day upon the earth. Yes, Jesus will return visibly, and all the eyes of men will behold Him in His divine glory. "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations," Matt. 25, 31. 32. All lowliness and poverty will have vanished, the world will look upon its Lord and King, and every tongue will have to confess that He is the Lord.

This return will occur on the last day. God has appointed the day of Christ's visible and glorious return, but He has revealed it to no man. Even Christ in the days of His humility knew not when it would be. "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," Mark 13, 32. And since God in His wisdom has withheld from us the knowledge of this day, it would be sinful on our part to try to ascertain it.

Besides telling us that the last day will surely come, God has, however, told us that it will come suddenly, unexpectedly. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night," 2 Pet. 3, 10. As the fowler's snare falls suddenly and without warning upon the bird, so the last day will break upon an unsuspecting world. In addition to this God has told us that "the end of all things is at hand," 1 Pet. 4, 7. Christ may come any day, any hour, the signs which Christ told us would precede His coming having all been fulfilled. Therefore we should always be ready to receive our King when He comes to take us home, to His Father's house, with its many mansions.

Christ will return at the last day to judge the quick and the dead. "He is ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead," Acts 10, 42. On the last day Jesus Christ, the God-man, will occupy His judgment seat and execute judgment upon the whole world, Acts 17, 31. The whole world, all men, from Adam and Eve to the last child born of woman, must then appear before the Judge. Then king and subject, prince and beggar, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, all without exception will be gathered around His throne. They whose bodies molder in the grave, they who were devoured by wild beasts, they whose bleached bones are scattered in the desert, they whose bodies lie at the bottom of the sea, they whose bodies were burned and whose ashes were scattered to the winds, yes, all the dead and all that remain alive till that day, all must then appear before Christ's throne.

And when all will be gathered about the Judge, then the judgment will take place. Christ will then

judge all flesh according to the word that He has spoken, John 12, 48. According to his belief or unbelief every man will be placed with the sheep at Christ's right hand, or with the goats upon the left, for He Himself said: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." No partiality will be shown, no exceptions will be made, for Christ will render righteous judgment. The penetrating eye of Christ will look into the inmost recesses of the heart, and no man will be able to deceive Him, nor will anyone succeed in hiding aught from Him.

To prove the justice of His decision, Christ will bring forth the testimony of every man's works. The good works which the believer has done for Jesus' sake will prove that his faith was upright, and the evil works of the unbeliever will bear testimony to his unbelief. Thus every one will receive "according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad," 2 Cor. 5, 10.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
Beneath the cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

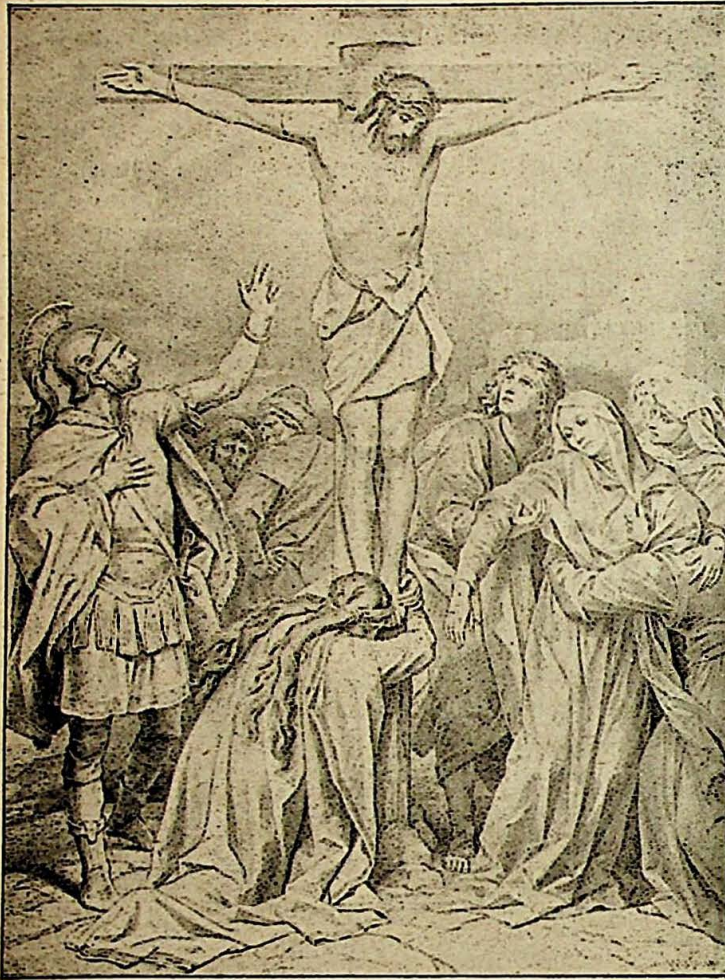
F. J. L.

Answer a Fool According to His Folly. Prov. 26, 5.

John B. Gough tells a good story of his old friend Mr. Carroll. Together they had been listening to an infidel lecturing in Hyde Park on the merits of illuminating gas, who said that the inventor of gas did a great deal more for the world than did the inventor of Christianity. At the conclusion of this man's tirade against the Gospel, Carroll got up and said, "Now that our friend has finished, I would like to say a word or two to you;" and he prefaced his address in defense of Christianity by saying, "When the last speaker comes to die, he will not send for a Gospel messenger, I suppose, but he will send for a gas-fitter."

Why Not?

When the martyr John Huss was let out to the stake to be bound, they placed a paper crown on his head on which devils were painted. When Huss saw this he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ for my sake wore a crown of thorns; why should I not for His sake wear this?"



“Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land,
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

“O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place, where heaven’s love
And heaven’s justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So’is my Saviour’s cross to me—
A ladder up to heaven.”

No Salvation in the Law.

“By the Law is the knowledge of sin,” says the apostle. From God’s Law we learn our sin and the curse which sin has brought upon us. The Law is like a looking-glass in which we see how dirty we are by sin and how surely we need cleaning. But

the Law cannot cleanse us from sin and cannot redeem us from its curse. There is no salvation in the Law. The Law condemns man, but cannot save him. The sinner who by the Law has come to the knowledge of his sins and trembles at the wrath and punishment of God must trust for salvation in the Gospel that tells him of the blood of Christ which cleanses us from all sin. The Law brings man to a consciousness of sin, but cannot cleanse him, cannot make him clean.

To illustrate this truth, a pastor related the following story. He had promised his boy a ride in a carriage, but the little fellow, after having been suitably dressed, had soiled his clothes frightfully. When the father arrived with the carriage, he found his son not fit to be seen, and although the little fellow clapped his hands with delight in expectation of his ride, his father said, “Why, my boy, I can’t take you in that state, you are all soiled and dirty.”

“Oh, no, I’se not, father, I’se not,” said the boy; “mamma has washed me, and put on all my nice clean things, and you promised to take me.”

The father just hitched up his horse, took the little boy into the house, and held him up before a looking-glass, where he could see how dirty he was. That silenced the little fellow. “But,” said the preacher, “I’ll tell you what I did not do—I *didn’t* take the looking-glass to wash his face with.”

Preach Christ, and Him Crucified.

A friend of the Rev. Dr. Judson, the well-known missionary, relates the following story, which happened when the devoted missionary, broken down by his many labors, came home to recover his health.

A short time before Dr. Judson left this country, he visited my native village and the church of which I had been a member. As the house was small, he had consented to address the congregation; and this, although the day was rainy, brought together quite a crowd. After the usual sermon was over, he spoke for about fifteen minutes, with singular simplicity, and, as I thought, with touching pathos, of the “precious Saviour:” What has He done for us, and what do we owe to Him? As he sat down, however, it was easily seen that most of the listeners were disappointed. After the services several per-

sons asked me frankly why Dr. Judson had not talked of something else; why he had not told a story; while others showed their disappointment by not alluding to his having spoken at all. On the way home I mentioned the subject to him.

"Why, what did they want?" he said; "I presented the most interesting subject in the world, to the best of my ability."

"But they wanted something different—a story."

"Well, I am sure I gave them a story—the most thrilling one that can be conceived of."

"But they have heard it before. They wanted something new of a man who had just come from the opposite side of the earth."

"Then I am glad they have it to say that a man coming from the opposite side of the earth had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesus' dying love. My business is to preach the Gospel of Christ, and when I can speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission. When I looked upon those people to-day, and remembered where I should next meet them, how could I stand up and furnish food to vain curiosity, tickle their fancies with amusing stories, however decently strung together on a thread of religion? That is not what Christ meant by preaching the Gospel. And then, how could I hereafter meet the fearful charge, 'I gave you one opportunity to tell them of me—you spent it in describing your own adventures!'"

After a few moments of silence I heard the dear missionary repeat to himself the words of the great apostle: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," 1 Cor. 2, 2.

The Cleansing Blood.

The Rev. McAll, the well-known Protestant missionary, who, in 1871, began mission work in Paris among the most wretched people of that wicked city, one day received from some unknown person a letter with the request to visit a poor, sick woman. With great difficulty he, in one of the most ill-famed streets, found the wretched place where the dying woman lived. Before the door stood a wild-looking fellow—the woman's son. The missionary asked him whether a sick woman lived there, mentioning the name that had been given him in the letter.

"Yes, she lives here; what do you want with her?" was the rough answer.

"I heard of her being sick and thought she might wish to see me."

"What do you want of her? Do you want to talk with her about religion?"

"When a person is sick, he is glad if someone comes to see him. If you were sick, you too would be glad if someone came to inquire about you."

These words seemed to quiet the young fellow; still he wanted to know for what purpose this visit was made, saying that he would allow no one to talk religion to his mother.

The missionary said, "I propose a compromise. I will not go to your mother without your consent. You are to tell her that I am here and ask her whether she wishes to see me. If she says 'no,' then I shall leave. If she says 'yes,' then you will let me see her; will you not?"

At last the young man consented; he opened the door and asked, "Mother, someone wants to speak with you. Do you wish to see him or not?"

Plain and clear the answer came from the sick-bed, "If he wants to speak about the blood that cleanses, I will see him; otherwise not."

The missionary was astonished on hearing these words. Turning towards the woman's son, he said, "That is the very subject on which I wanted to speak with her. Well, an agreement should not be broken; as a man of honor I hope you will keep your word."

"Yes, an agreement is an agreement," the young man murmured as he opened the door and let the stranger in.

The missionary could hardly find the wretched bed on which the dying woman lay. He knelt by the bedside and said he was glad to hear that she knew the precious truth about the blood that cleanses.

"But I do not know that truth! I know nothing about the blood that cleanses!" the woman cried out; "therefore I said I would see you, if you could tell me something about it."

"But how strange that you wanted to learn something about the cleansing blood without knowing its value!" said the missionary. "How did you come to hear of it?"

"Thirty years ago," she replied, "I sought shelter from a storm in a large house where there was preaching. It was the first and the only time that I was in a church. I heard the preacher recite the words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' That is all I know of the sermon, but these words came to my mind again and again. Now I die and know not what will become of my soul. Can you tell me anything about this cleansing blood?"

It was a sweet task to bring to this poor soul the glad message of the finished work of redemption. As a drowning person grasps the rope, so she laid hold of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

Missions.

O Church of Christ, for whom He died
In pain and passion sore;
O Church of Christ, His holy Bride,
Beloved forevermore;
Into thy hands His Word of grace—
A sacred trust—He gave
And bade thee bear it to the race
He came to seek and save.

He bade thee every creature tell
How from His throne He came
To rescue man from sin and hell,
To bear his grief and shame;
Bade thee all nations to refresh
With the baptismal flood;
To break the bread, which is His flesh,
And pour the wine, His blood.

Durst thou that holy trust betray?
Durst thou despise His Word?
Durst thou His saying disobey,
Or leave His voice unheard?
Arouse thee, then! Awake, awake!
Attend the Saviour's call,
Spend and be spent for His dear sake
To whom thou owest all.

Rev. Jno. Power.

"Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor."

Johann Arndt, the author of the famous book, "True Christianity," knew not only how to write about true Christianity, but was himself a true Christian, who lived according to the precepts of the Bible.

At one time he had gone on a trip some distance away from home. On the day when he had to return a heavy rain set in. The roads accordingly being rather muddy for walking, he took the first opportunity offered and rode back on a freight-wagon he chanced to meet. There was a large barrel in the wagon, and Arndt was assigned a place in back of it.

They had not gone very far, when they caught up with three women who had been out on a visit and who, like Arndt, were very glad of an opportunity to ride. So they were taken in and given a seat in front, where they could not see Arndt on account of the barrel. No sooner were they seated and the wagon started, when they began to talk. First the friend whom they had been to see was most thoroughly criticized, her person, her house, the table she set, in short, everything they had seen or heard or tasted was subjected to a destructive artillery-fire of criticism.

When this subject was exhausted, they branched

off to something else. "Now I know," said one of them, "why Arndt can give so many alms. I know for certain that he has somebody to make money for him. My husband says that if he had the authority, Arndt would be prosecuted as sorcerer." "Yes," chimed in another, "and my husband says that he knows as little of theology as a schoolboy, and that he deserves to be tried for heresy, and to be banished from the country." "Of course," rejoined the third, "and I know also why he is so friendly to his neighbor, the weaver. Arndt simply sends the penny after the dollar."

Suddenly there was a crash, and the wagon broke down! The passengers were now obliged to get out and walk the rest of the way. Of course, the three backbiters were very much startled when they saw Arndt, the object of their vilification, coming out from behind the barrel. To add to their confusion, a carriage just then drove up, which had been sent by Pastor Arndt's wife to meet him. The good man insisted on their getting in and riding home, while he walked the rest of the way.—*Ex.*

A Blind Missionary.

A blind Indian who had become a Christian went to a missionary and said, "I want a bell, and a hymn-book, and a God-book." When asked why he wished these things he said, "I live far away in a heathen village. If I can show the books to my friends, they will perhaps believe what I tell them they contain, and I will ring the bell for them to listen to me."

He went away, and after some time the message came from his village asking for a missionary. The blind Christian was dead, but as long as he lived—a year and a half from the time of his visit—he kept tally of the Sundays, and when they came he would go through the village, ringing his bell and singing his hymns and telling the story of Jesus as best he could. Some of his hearers believed, and they wished to know more of the Saviour.

That's Enough.

Little Willie Stark was praying to God, as his mother taught him to, for help in his need. Being asked how he thought God could attend to him while he had everybody else in the world to care for, he replied, "I don't know anything about that; all I know is He says He will, and that's enough for me."

A Missionary's Sad Experience.

Universally the colored people are denounced for their immorality. That this sin is prevalent among them to a great extent, no one who even has but a superficial knowledge of the state of affairs will deny. But there are causes for this condition. It will not do to say it is a racial characteristic; for if some things could be changed, the future generation with absolute certainty would show a marked improvement. As it is, the quarters assigned by an unwritten law to the colored population of a city are infested by the very scum of the community. How can you expect a higher morality among the colored people, while every day, at their very doors, the most despicable and shameful immorality proudly rears its head? How can you expect an improvement in the coming generations, if they are forced to see day after day, from their earliest childhood, how those whom they have been taught to look up to as their superiors, whom they are expected to imitate in speech, in manners, in dress, etc., how these very ones wallow in the depths of the most beastly lusts?

Almost daily these facts are impressed upon all those who are working to free as many as possible from vices and evil practices and also from serving the devil in immorality. Strange things sometimes happen to us. Let me relate an instance that happened only a short time ago.

It was a very dark night, and I was just returning from the humble home of a colored couple whom I had instructed in the doctrines of the Catechism to prepare them for joining the church. A man, in search for a certain one of the many houses of ill-repute nearby, accosted me, asking for directions. As I turned to let the electric light from the corner fall upon him, I saw before me a middle-aged man with a faded, though still intelligent face. His hair was sprinkled with gray, his clothes were shabby, his strength was gone: a physical and moral wreck!

Instead of directing him, I began to tell him of his sin, showing him how it would surely lead to temporal and eternal ruin. He broke down and wept like a child. I then pointed out the better way, showed him the Saviour, begged him to turn, to believe in Christ, who had died for him also, and to sin no more, pleading with him for almost a half hour. Oh, how he begged me to help him, to stand by him, not to forsake him, to give him one more chance! I rejoiced, told him how glad I was to help him, and promised to take him to a place where he would be in good company, where he would be given employment and be encouraged

and assisted in his struggles in the new life. And what was the result? With tears streaming down his wrinkled face he sobbed out, "Friend, I feel your sympathy, I feel your love. I know you are right. I ought to go with you. If I don't, I'll go to ruin. I wish I could. But oh, I can't—I can't. —Good bye—good bye!"

I turned sadly, saying to myself: Another soul in the grip of the devil, another soul lost!

TH. B.

A Retrospect.

I.

Twenty-seven years seem a long stretch of time when we look ahead, especially in the years of early manhood. But after we have traversed them and have grown older with time and then review these twenty-seven years, how short they appear! Nevertheless, in all our surroundings and in all our conditions of life they have left their footprints around and about us. It was in February of 1878, twenty-seven years ago, when the Synodical Conference sent its first missionary South to preach the true Gospel according to the Lutheran Confessions to the colored people of the United States. How well do I recollect this event, especially as some of our Christian friends and brothers thought lightly, yea, even disparagingly of the enterprise. They argued that it was a waste of efforts and energy which would be better applied in a mission among the whites in the South, where our Lutheran church at that time had but few congregations.

But, my dear reader, I doubt if our beloved church ever undertook a mission which was so timely and so needful, and which, as long as it exists (and God grant that it may continue to exist until the coming of Christ on judgment day), will be of such great benefit to poor sinful souls, as well as improve the social and economical conditions of the colored race as is this mission among our colored American citizens. It is a mission *at home*, among a race unduly despised, berated, and quite often abused. To lead these people to Christ is the only object of this mission.

Such a work necessarily bears many blessed fruits. The colored citizen is taught to comprehend the sinful condition of man; his own helplessness to contend successfully against this sinfulness through and by himself. Having been brought to Christ, his Saviour, he learns to obey the remonstrances of the Holy Ghost against all wickedness; he learns to love and fear God, and thus avoids the sin of cursing and swearing which has become so habitual.

He is taught to love God's Word: this makes good church-goers. He is taught to honor and obey parents and masters: this makes obedient children, good servants, and faithful laborers. He is taught not to hate his fellow-man and perhaps injure or eventually murder him. He is taught to be chaste: this will make good fathers and mothers. He is taught not to steal: this will make him trustworthy. In short, you elevate him in heart and mind to the life of a Christian, and good Christians never fail to make good and valuable citizens. You make this despised, berated, and abused race useful in all avenues of life. Enlightened by the Word of God, they become faithful, diligent, industrious, and thrifty; in fact, with God's Word well rooted in their hearts, you will make, so to say, a new race of men and women out of them, who may put to shame many an ungodly white man and woman in this life and on the day of judgment.

What a great change for the better in the social and economical conditions of the commonwealth of the United States lies in prospect as a result of this mission if it could be carried on to its fullest extent! But if it is not for us to conquer *all*, let us go forward step by step in the good work, according to the means God provides. His blessings are sure to follow.

F. J. O.

The Frog Oath.

On the Island of Sumatra in the Dutch Indies there live the numerous Battak tribes. They belong to the Malay race. Those who are still heathen worship good and evil spirits that are believed to live on the mountains, in caves, in the springs and creeks, and protect or hurt man and his cattle and fields according to the measure of his offering in their little temples guarded by greedy priests.

Heathen as they are, the Battak never commit perjury; the nature of the oath they take prevents them from doing so. A dispute is settled by an oath. The Battaks do not swear by their gods, but "by the frog." Some man of good repute goes to the next swamp and catches a frog. He ties a hind leg to a cord made of grass, and fastens this to a whip. He then walks up to him who is to take an oath and says to him, "As this frog is hanging now and will perish miserably, thou shalt hang and all thy descendants likewise, if thou art committing perjury." The man about to swear will then say, "Like this frog dangling from thy whip and going to die miserably, I shall hang, and all my descendants shall hang and perish, if I am committing perjury." Thus saying, solemnly he will touch the

wriggling frog. The other man will then throw the frog upon the ground until it is dead, and then throw it into the swamp. The Battaks firmly believe that a perjurer will come to a bad end and his descendants will die off miserably. They therefore are very much afraid to break an oath.

The Christian Battaks—of whom there are nearly sixty thousand, gathered by the Rhenish Mission—do not swear at all, and are in no wise afraid of the spirits their fathers worshiped; they have become free from idolatrous superstition, and trust in the true God.—*Exchange.*

Christ in the Scriptures.

Remove Christ from the Scriptures and they will become an empty shell. Every word in the Scriptures points at Him, since the Scriptures were revealed to the holy men who wrote them for His sake.

Luther.

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St. Louis, February 15, 1905.

A. C. BURGDOFF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lan-kenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 4.

Only the Crucified.

Ask me what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Selected.

Our Substitute.

DELIVERED FOR OUR OFFENSES.

A substitute is one who takes the place of another, acting and suffering in his stead. Christ is our Substitute, because He took our place, the sinners' place, acting and suffering in our stead. The apostle says, "Christ was delivered for *our* offenses." On account of our sins we are under the wrath and curse of God; for our sins are offenses against the holy God, whose justice demands the punishment of sin. To redeem us from sin and its punishment, Christ took our place and was delivered into sufferings and death for our offenses. In the darkness of Gethsemane, in the darkness of Calvary God met

His Son, standing in the sinners' place and laden with the sinners' offenses, and the sin-hating God poured out upon His sin-bearing Son the wrath which we deserved by our offenses. So Christ was our Substitute, suffering and dying in our stead. His agony was our agony, His sufferings were our sufferings, His death was our death.

RAISED AGAIN FOR OUR JUSTIFICATION.

Christ is our Substitute not only in His sufferings and death, but also in His resurrection. As our Substitute, laden with our sins, He endured sufferings and death, and was laid in the grave. As our Substitute, justified and free from sin, He came forth triumphantly from the grave. If He had remained in the grave, we should be lost. It would mean that He, as our Substitute, undertook the work of our redemption, but failed. It would mean that the burden of our sin and woe was laid upon Him and crushed Him. But, blessed be God! It is not so. Christ is risen! He is risen, indeed! Our Substitute is set free from the prison-house of death; He is justified and absolved from sin—not from His own sins, for He had none, but from our sins, which He took upon Himself and bore in His own body on the tree as our Substitute. In Him we are absolved from sin and justified. Therefore the apostle says, "Christ was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for *our* justification," Rom. 4, 25.

Blessed Easter tidings! They give us the assurance that our debt is paid, that the work of our redemption is finished, that heaven is again opened to us through the sufferings, death, and resurrection of our Substitute. Glad Easter tidings! They assure us of the forgiveness of sins in Christ Jesus, they rob the grave of its gloom and death of its ter-

ror. All that by faith accept Christ as their Saviour enjoy the redemption secured for all sinners by our Substitute. They triumph over sin, death, devil, and hell, and say with the apostle, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Benefits of the Resurrection of Christ.

If we desire to comprehend the benefits of the resurrection of Christ, we must keep in view two distinct pictures. The one is somber, full of misery, distress, and woes; it is the scene of blood presented to us on Good Friday—Christ crucified between two murderers and dying with excruciating pain. This scene we must contemplate with much earnestness, as already said, to realize that it all happened on account of our sins, yea, that Christ, as the true High Priest, sacrificed Himself for us and with His death paid our debts. We ought all to know that our sins thus wounded and tormented Christ, and that His sufferings were caused alone by our iniquities. Therefore, as often as we remember or view this doleful, bloody scene, we ought to bear in mind that we have before us our sins and the terrible wrath of God against them, a wrath so dire that no creature could endure it, that all atonement became impossible except the one made by the sacrifice and the death of the Son of God. If this awful scene were the only one presented to our sight, and if it remained unchanged, it would be too terrible and painful.

But this picture of sorrow is changed, and in our Creed we join closely together these two articles: "Christ was crucified, died, was buried and descended into hell, and on the third day He rose again from the dead." Yea, ere three days had gone by, our Lord and Saviour presents to us another picture, beautiful, full of life, lovely, and cheerful, in order that we might have the sure consolation that not only our sins were annihilated in the death of Christ, but that by His resurrection a new eternal righteousness and life was obtained, as St. Paul says, Rom. 4, "Christ was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification." And 1 Cor. 15, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." As in the former scene we saw the burden of our sin upon Him and bringing Him to the cross, so in this scene of the resurrection we witness no longer sin, pain, and sorrow, but only righteousness, joy, and happiness.

It is the victory of life over death—a life everlasting, with which this temporal existence on earth cannot be compared. Of this we have reason to rejoice. Merely to view the former scene would be terrible, but when we view it in connection with the glad event of the resurrection, and when we bear in mind why our Lord suffered thus, we shall derive from such a contemplation much benefit and consolation. It will become apparent to us how inexpressibly great the love of God to us poor sinners was, as He had compassion on our misery, even to such an amazing extent that He did not spare His beloved and only Child, but gave Him up for us, to bear upon the cross and in death the burden of our transgressions, which were too heavy for us, and placed by God Himself upon His Son, who, as God from eternity, could alone bear the heavy weight of sin. Upon Him we now find our burden. Let us leave it there, for there is no one else to be found who would better relieve us of it.

The other scene presents to us Christ no longer in woe and misery, weighed down with the ponderous mass of our sins, which God has laid upon Him, but beautiful, glorious, and rejoicing; for all the sins have disappeared from Him. From this we have a right to conclude: If our sins, on account of the sufferings of Christ, no longer lie upon us, but are taken from our shoulders by God Himself and placed upon His Son, and if on Easter, after the resurrection, they are no more to be seen, where, then, are they? Micah truly says: They are sunk into the depth of the sea, and no devil, nor anybody else, shall find them again.

If we desire to be true Christians, it is necessary for us firmly to establish in our hearts through faith this article, that Christ, who bore our sins upon the cross and died in payment for them, arose again from the dead for our justification. The more firmly we believe this, the more will our hearts rejoice and become comforted. For it is impossible not to be glad when we see Christ alive, a pure and beautiful Being, who before, on account of our sins, was wretched and pitiable in death and in the grave. We are now convinced that our transgressions are removed and forever put away.—*Luther.*

The End and Aim of Christ's Redemption.

We were all the children of wrath, lost and condemned creatures. No man and no angel could rescue us out of our wretched condition. But Christ has done so. He has redeemed us, purchased, and won us from sin, death, and the power of the devil.

To do this, cost our Saviour great labor, and great was the battle He fought to rescue us out of the hands of our enemies.

And unspeakably great and precious are the gifts which Christ has gained for us and which He offers for time and eternity. He has gained *righteousness* for us. We were not as we should be according to the demands of God's Law. Instead of being righteous, we were all unrighteous. Christ, however, fulfilled the whole Law for us. He is righteous and makes us partakers of His righteousness. For Christ's sake God looks upon us as being righteous and credits us with what Christ did as our Substitute. Through Christ we are righteous, and if we continue in Christ we shall be in possession of everlasting righteousness.

Christ has likewise gained *innocence* for us sinners. Christ being made sin for us, we are now sinless in God's eyes. God no longer imputes our iniquities unto us. All our sins are pardoned, and all our debts are canceled. Not a penny stands against us on God's book, and we need no longer fear the accusations of Satan or the Law. There is no more condemnation in such of us as are in Christ Jesus, and if we remain in Christ this innocence will be everlasting.

Christ has also gained for us *blessedness*. He that has kept God's Law and is free from the guilt of sin, he that is righteous and innocent, is in communion with God. But whoever lives in communion with God, the Source of all true bliss, must partake of God's blessedness, must be blessed. In Christ we have righteousness and innocence, hence we are also blessed in Him. And though this bliss is often clouded here upon earth, it is, nevertheless, the harbinger of perfect and everlasting bliss, which will be ours in heaven. Serving our Saviour here upon earth in the kingdom of grace, He will at His appointed hour transplant us to His kingdom of glory where we will then serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence, and blessedness.

Christ having delivered us out of the hands of our enemies and gained such great blessings for us, it follows that He has the greatest claim upon us. He has the right to demand "that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life." He is our true Master, having bought us with such a great price. We are Christ's own, wherefore we must not be the slaves of men, no matter who they be. With Thomas every Christian shall confess Christ to be his Lord and his God.

Let us, then, follow the admonition of the holy

apostle: "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again," 2 Cor. 5, 15. Let us put off the old man and serve Christ in the newness of life. Let us be faithful to our Lord and place our thoughts, words, and deeds in His service.

We late were Satan's captives led
And hell had been our end,
Hadst Thou not for our pardon bled—
The sinners' only Friend.
For this we will employ our tongue
Nor shall our praises cease;
We evermore will sing that song,
"The Lord, our Righteousness."
We daily prove Thee still the same
Whene'er our need we see;
Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
Thy servants we will be.

F. J. L.

Two Pictures from Life.

A missionary in China gives two pictures to illustrate the difference between the heathen and the Christian mother in the face of death:

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Peking. The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby.

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby, whilst the mother shrieked, "My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the driver drove on through the city gate.

Outside the wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The poor, desolate mother wails, "My baby is lost; I can never find him again."

That black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen, not knowing the Gospel of Jesus.

A few days later another baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its little crib, and it was whispered softly through our mission, "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but it was a Christian home that knew the comfort of a living Saviour.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother, and though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord in baptism; He has but come for His own," said the father reverently, as he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, someone began to sing softly:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

While we were singing the child passed away to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together and approached the throne of grace in prayer and thanksgiving.

The next day we followed the little coffin to the cemetery. With a song of hope and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," said the child's father, and the mother answered, "Yes, our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again some glad day."

That child's parents are faithful members of our mission. They have been brought out of heathen darkness into the light of the Gospel, believing in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and who in His resurrection hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light.

The Saviour's Love.

A missionary in Africa preached on the Saviour's love. An old man among the hearers paid very close attention. When the missionary told of the sufferings and death of Jesus for the salvation of sinners, the old African was very much moved. Suddenly he sprang up and cried out with a trembling voice: "Is that true?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "it is the truth."
"Did it all really happen as you say?"

"Yes, I tell you the very truth."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of the old man, and again he asked, "Can you swear that what you say is true?"

"I can swear to it in the presence of Almighty God."

Deeply moved, the old African cried out: "O ye Christians, are you so heartless as to speak of such love without tears?"

For a moment deep silence prevailed. Then these earnest words came as a solemn vow from the lips of the old African: "Jesus, God of the Christians, Saviour of sinners, I will be Thy disciple and follow Thee, and if I must die for my faith, I will not leave Thee!"

On the day of his baptism he was suddenly attacked and murdered by the enraged heathen. Trusting in his Saviour's love, he passed into the presence of Jesus, where there is joy and peace for evermore.

"I Will Trust and not Be Afraid."

A certain man was worrying about the future life, because he did not trust God's promises. He and a friend were walking along a double-track railway, and heard a train in the distance. The friend wanted to get off the track, but the man who could not trust God said, "No, stay where you are. That train is coming toward us, and is on the other track. The company has an invariable rule." "I see," said his friend, "you trust the railroad company more than you trust God. And yet God's ways are more unailing than those of any human concern."

For Me.

A ship was on its way from Bremen to South America. During the voyage Peter Jensen, the captain, took seriously sick. He lay in his cabin suffering much pain, and it seemed as if he would not reach the port the ship was bound for. In high fever he tossed about in his bed. He was very restless, and something seemed to trouble him.

One day he said to the first mate who, during the captain's sickness, had taken command of the ship: "My life is coming to an end; I know I shall not reach the port. But how can I reach that other port above—the heavenly harbor? Oh, do help me." With an anxious look he grasped the mate's arm and said, "Help me! Tell me what I must do that I may not perish!"

"Captain," replied the mate, "that I do not know. I have always tried to live honestly and to

do my duty, and did not bother about God and divine things."

"Then send the second mate to me," commanded the captain.

The second mate came, but he knew no more about the way of salvation than the first mate. Nor could any of the ship's crew give any comfort to the poor captain as they were called into his cabin one after the other. Only the cabin-boy was still left. He also was called by the sick captain. As he entered the cabin, the captain's eyes rested anxiously upon him.

"Carl Moeller," said the captain, "have you a mother at home, is she a pious woman and did she teach you to pray?"

"Yes, captain, she did; and when I left home she gave me a Bible, and"—

"Have you the Bible with you?" interrupted the captain.

"Yes, captain; and I had to promise my mother to read it daily."

"Fetch that Bible, boy; and read something to me that will help me in my dying hour."

Carl fetched his Bible and asked, "What shall I read, captain? Shall I read what I read together with mother when I left home?"

"Yes, yes; only begin, boy, begin!"

Carl opened the Bible at the fifty-third chapter of the prophet Isaiah, in which the prophet speaks of the sufferings and death of the Saviour. He began to read that chapter, but when he had read the fifth verse, he paused and said, "Captain, shall I read this verse as my mother taught me to read it?" And then he read: "But He was wounded for Carl Moeller's transgressions, He was bruised for Carl Moeller's iniquities; the chastisement of Carl Moel-

ler's peace was upon Him, and with His stripes Carl Moeller is healed."

The sick man raised himself up in bed and cried, "Stop, boy! That is just what I need; read that verse again, but put my name in the place of yours."

Carl read that Bible verse once more, slowly and distinctly. When he had finished reading: "The chastisement of Peter Jensen's peace was upon Him, and by His wounds Peter Jensen is healed," the sick man drew a deep breath, saying softly, "There I have what I have sought so long; that gives rest and comfort."

From this day on Carl Moeller was called many

a time into the captain's cabin, where he had to read to him from his Bible. As the end drew nearer, the sick man wanted to hear again and again the comforting words: "By His wounds Peter Jensen is healed."

With that comfort upon his lips and in his heart, Peter Jensen entered the port above—the heavenly harbor.



EASTER.

"In the bonds of death He lay
Who for our offense was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day;
Christ has brought us life again;
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice,
Hallelujah!"

MISSIONARIES had been working long and faithfully among the Greenlanders without any result. One day it occurred to Missionary Beck to tell the people

the story of Jesus' sufferings in the garden of Gethsemane. A thoroughly wild man by the name of Kajarnack, who had never before heard God's Word, called out suddenly: "What was that? Say it again; I, too, want to be saved." The missionary had never before seen a man so moved and interested in God's Word as this wild man, and he hastened to tell him all the story of Jesus, the Son of God and true man, who came to die for the sins of the world. After that many were converted.

I Am Thine.

Ps. 119, 94.

I am Thine and Thou art mine:
By a covenant divine,
By a love that cannot fail,
By the flood that must prevail,
By a great, a precious price,
By a holy sacrifice.

I am Thine and Thou art mine,
By this sweet, this living sign,
Thou dost lead my soul along.
In my weakness make me strong,
Give a perfect peace to me,
Pardon and security.

I am Thine and Thou art mine,
What a heritage divine!
What a kingdom, what a crown,
What vast riches are my own!
Thou wilt share with me Thy throne
When this earthly life is done.

I am Thine and Thou art mine,
How this truth doth round me twine!
With all gladness is it fraught,
Ever nearer it is brought;
'Tis to me a living rock
That can stand all dangers' shock.

I am Thine and Thou art mine:
When my mortal powers decline,
When I feel Death's icy hand,
My soul without fear may stand,
On this truth may it recline—
I am Thine and Thou art mine.

A. J. Walker.

Prayed Twenty Years.

A poor laborer was busily engaged breaking stone in a quarry not far from the city of London. One day he observed an African nearby intently viewing the city. Wondering what he could be doing, he was a little surprised, when the African suddenly turned to him and asked, in correct English, what that large building in the distance might be. The laborer removed the mask that protected his face from the particles of stone, which flew from his work, and quietly answered: "That is St. Paul's Cathedral," and then directed the African's attention to other prominent and important buildings throughout the city.

"This is indeed a beautiful city," said the African, "but the city of our God is indescribably more beautiful. I mean the Heavenly Jerusalem. I sincerely hope we both shall be permitted to see that."

"What!" exclaimed the laborer. "Do you know something about those things?"

"Most assuredly," he replied. "Missionaries came to us and told us all about Jesus Christ. They taught us to know and love Him; and now I have come to prepare myself to preach the blessed Gospel to my brethren."

At this the laborer laid down his hammer and sprang toward the African. Grasping his hand, he exclaimed, joyously: "So you are one of those for whom I have prayed these twenty years! I have never put a penny in the mission box without praying, 'Lord, bless the poor, benighted Africans for whom this is intended!'"

Thus, dear reader, will it some day be granted unto you to see, with your own eyes, how the precious seed, sown by you in faith, will have sprung up and brought forth fruit unto eternal life.

Echoes from Our Mission Field.

Prof. L. Fuerbringer visited the different stations of our Colored Missions at and near New Orleans.

The statistical reports of our missionaries at New Orleans are indeed splendid reading. It is especially gratifying to hear that the day school of the St. Paul's station has an enrollment of over 270 pupils, with the prospects of soon reaching the 300 mark, and that Mount Zion, another station in New Orleans, has an enrollment of more than 275.

Plans for the new Immanuel College at Greensboro, N. C., where we have been successful in acquiring a most suitable tract of land, have been drafted and are now under careful consideration. What is needed now for the further progress of the contemplated building are contributions.

Owing to continued ill-health, our missionary, Rev. M. Weinhold, stationed at Mansura, La., was obliged to leave his field of labor and to seek restoration of health in his native state, Missouri. Rev. J. Kossmann, of New Orleans, La., has been called to Mansura.

A prospering day school among the colored people in St. Louis, Mo., has been established under the leadership of Mr. McDavid. More than 30 pupils attend.

CORRESPONDENT.

FAITH does not justify because it is a work or good deed done by man, but because it grasps and clings to God's grace and mercy in Christ. In this faith, trust, and confidence the church has its life and being, humbly confessing its sins and unworthiness, and hoping God will forgive for Jesus' sake.

Luther.

A Retrospect.

II.

But to return to the beginning of our Colored Mission. The missionary arrived here in the winter of 1877—78. After prospecting some days he located one station near Claibourne St., in the lower portion of our city, and a second station at the corner of South Peters and Erato streets up town. It is the writer's purpose to touch on the commencement of the mission at the latter station.

Here, at the corner of the streets last named, stood an old dilapidated brick building, called "Sailors' Home," which, many years prior to the Civil War, served as boarding house, hospital, and refuge for indigent sailors, as well as a rendezvous for sailors, generally, from all parts of the globe. The building was a ruin; the doors and windows were broken out; from the lower floor the boards had disappeared, evidently carried off for firewood; the wide staircase had lost its banisters, and several of the steps were missing, making it necessary for visitors now and then to take two steps in one when ascending to the second story. The lower floor at night was a habitation for goats and dogs, and the upper third story for owls and night-hawks. The great Mississippi flowed by two blocks from the front. A half block in the rear was St. Thomas St., with by far the filthiest dwellings in the city. Here vice and filth reigned supreme.

Many rooms in these buildings, rather large rooms, contained as many as three to five colored families, or, so to speak, a conglomeration of families. Many a colored mother lived here with her several children supported indifferently by a husband or father who often spent weeks away from them in Natchez, Vicksburg, or some other river city where he had another so-called wife with a family, while these, here, might look to provide for themselves as best they could. The men were mostly employed as laborers, called roustabouts, on steamers plying up and down the river for loading and unloading cargo at each landing place. Scarcely a day passed in which St. Thomas St. did not furnish its quota of the city's criminal cases. In this unpromising neighborhood the missionary launched this enterprise.

When asked why he selected so degraded a section of the city while other localities contained a much better class of colored people, he replied, "I feel convinced that this neighborhood will furnish the lame, the crippled, and the blind for God's feast." Thus the mission was begun in this section and in the old "Sailors' Home." Regular Sunday

service and Sunday school were held in the second story, which had been put in order as good as a new broom could accomplish this. Benches were furnished by the Zion's Congregation. They were long, plain board benches that would accommodate 6 to 8 persons each; with these and a borrowed organ the church outfit was complete.

The regular church service was fairly well attended, and the Sunday school recorded about 25 or 30 little colored children of all shades. The writer assisted in the early days of this Sunday school. Inconvenient and rickety as the surroundings were, the work went bravely on, and we soon became accustomed to these poor conditions. One Sunday a heavy rain poured down during Sunday school, and the water ran in little streams through the very defective roof over the children. We moved the benches to places in the large room which afforded the best protection, and continued our work, while the water gathered in little pools here and there on the uneven floor.

Here a little incident occurred which induced me to write this, and which it is my intention to relate to you in my next article. It is an incident so touching and, at the same time, so characteristic of the mission and its element that it left a lasting impression on my mind.

F. J. O.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

OUR COLORED MISSIONS.—The Statistical Year Book of the Missouri Synod brings also the statistics of our missions among the colored people for the year 1904. Mission work was carried on at 28 stations, 19 of these being in North Carolina, 4 in Louisiana, 3 in Virginia, one in Illinois, and one in Missouri. These stations were served by 15 pastors and 12 teachers. At the close of the year the mission numbered 1615 souls, 762 communicants, 196 voting members, and 1231 pupils in the day schools. Our colored congregations contributed \$1419.16 to the mission treasury.

OUR GREAT NEED.—We recently had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. N. J. Bakke, professor in Immanuel College at Concord, N. C. We were glad to hear that the College is well attended and that the work is prospering in spite of many difficulties. Our great need at present is a new college building. This is simply a necessity if the work is to be carried on successfully. May God move the hearts of our mission friends to enable our Mission Board to carry out the resolutions of the Synodical Conference in regard to the erection of a suitable building on the site secured in Greensboro, N. C.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN. — Anxious to be able to read her Bible, Kate Evans, a colored woman of 73 years, persevered until she had mastered the elementary grade of the Night School at New Haven, Conn. She was formerly a slave, but she was an eager student, attended school regularly, and completed her course "with high honors."

THE BIBLE BRINGS PEACE. — At a mission festival in New Guinea a native convert arose, seized a spear, and addressed the congregation as follows: "As a heathen this spear was my constant companion. Wherever I went and whatever I did, whether sitting down to eat or lying down to sleep, the spear had to be at hand, for we were never safe. Now we can rest in safety, and why? This book" (holding the Bible above his head) "has brought us peace and security, and we need the spear no longer."

ZEALOUS IN MISSION WORK. — A slave woman named Ogunro, living in the Kale country west of the Niger, longed for freedom, and worked hard until she secured it. Then she traveled to another region to enjoy life. There she was converted to Christ. This gave her a new longing. What she now longed for was to tell the Kale people, among whom she had been a slave, what good things she had learned. She went back to Kale, worked hard, earned money, got a church built, and late in 1903 she placed the church at the disposal of the nearest Christian pastor. *The Church Missionary Intelligencer* now reports that five young men from Kale have been baptized through these efforts of the former slave. The Christian name given to Ogunro in baptism was the appropriate one of Dorcas.

AN EXAMPLE OF LIBERALITY. — A farmer in Northern India lost his crops through drought; he was starving, and, moreover, he was attacked by leprosy. He lost heart, left his little bit of land, and became a beggar. Wandering into Allahabad, he was taken to a leper asylum. There he heard for the first time of Jesus Christ, began to read the Bible, and found in it supply for a long list of needs. The British and Foreign Bible Society has now received from this broken-down, leprous farmer a thank offering of \$1.20, which the man saved for the purpose, steadfastly followed through months, by eating a part only of each day's ration.

HEATHEN CRUELTY. — The following story related by Mrs. W. White in China well illustrates the heathen cruelty of the Chinese and the little value placed by them upon human life:

"Twenty years ago, when I went into the province of Kwang-Tung, there were 40,000,000 people there, of which 20,000,000 were women, and not a woman doctor among them all, and the men would rather let their wives die than allow a man to cross the threshold to treat them.

"I remember once going to the house of a man whose wife was ill. While treating her I suggested to the husband that he had better give the wife the best room in the house and let the cow occupy the apartment then used by the woman.

"'But the cow might die,' said the man, 'and it costs more to get a cow than a wife.'"

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ACHTZEHNTER SYNODALBERICHT DES IOWA-DISTRICTS. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cts.

This pamphlet contains the second part of a highly instructive paper on the Bible doctrine of the Lutheran church concerning Justification.

STATISTISCHES JAHRBUCH der deutschen ev.-luth Synode von Missouri, Ohio und andern Staaten fuer das Jahr 1904. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 30 cts.

This Statistical Year Book brings the full statistics of the largest Lutheran synod in America.

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St. Louis, March 15, 1905. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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St. Louis, Mo., May, 1905.

No. 5.

At Peace.

A mind at perfect peace with God,
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled to God—
This, this indeed is peace.

By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!
But now by grace brought nigh to Him
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

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

So dear, so very dear to God,
I cannot dearer be,
The love wherewith He loves His Son,
Such is His love to me.

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

H. B.

Peace by Jesus Christ.

When sin entered the world, the peace which existed between God and man came to an end. The carnal mind, the mind of the flesh, is enmity against God. Sin is rebellion against God, who is "not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness." The holy God hates and must punish sin.

If peace between God and man was to be restored, sin must be put away and the punishment of sin must be borne. Therefore God, in order to make peace, sent His own Son to die for us "when we were enemies." At His birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth." The prophet says, "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him." "He made

peace through the blood of His cross," says the apostle.

Yes, peace has been made by Jesus Christ, of whom the apostle says, "He is our peace." "The God of peace brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus," says the Bible. By bringing Him again from the dead He declared Himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. He gave to all sinners the assurance that sin is put away by the sacrifice of His own Son and that peace is made.

Therefore Christ, when, after His resurrection, He came to His timid and restless disciples, greeted them with the comforting words, "Peace be unto you." No wonder the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord. The words with which their risen Saviour greeted them were not an empty wish. They gave to the disciples the peace which He made by His blood, of which He reminded them when "He showed them His hands and His side." The disciples by faith accepted this peace secured and brought to them by Christ, and their hearts were filled with gladness.

This peace has been secured by Jesus Christ for all sinners, and is offered to all sinners in the Gospel. The risen Saviour said to His disciples, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." They, too, should be preachers of the Gospel, which is the message of peace. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." Whenever Christ's messenger preaches the good Gospel tidings, Jesus Himself comes to the sinner with His comforting greetings: "Peace be unto you." The Gospel speaks of wrath endured, of sin forever put away, and of peace made by Jesus Christ. All our mission work is nothing else than "the preaching of peace" to poor, restless sinners.

Those who in unbelief reject the Gospel thereby reject the peace offered to them, and remain restless; for "the wicked are like the troubled sea; there is no peace to the wicked," says the Bible. If they die in their unbelief, they cast themselves into the everlasting torments of hell, "where peace and rest can never dwell."

Those who believe the Gospel have peace. The apostle says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This peace is a settled and everlasting peace. It rests not upon what we do or feel, but upon that which Christ has done for us. Nothing can shake the peace which rests upon the finished and perfect work of Christ.

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

The Good Shepherd.

What a beautiful, comforting Gospel that is in which the Lord Jesus depicts Himself as the good Shepherd, showing what a heart He has toward us poor sinners, and how we can do nothing to save ourselves.

The sheep cannot defend nor provide for itself, nor keep itself from going astray, if the shepherd did not continually guide it; and when it has gone astray and is lost, it cannot find its way back again, nor come to its shepherd; but the shepherd himself must go after it, and seek it until he finds it, otherwise it would wander away and be lost forever.

And when he has found it, he must carry it, lest it should again be frightened away from himself, and stray, or be devoured by the wolf.

So also it is with us. We can neither help nor counsel ourselves, nor come to rest and peace of conscience, nor escape the devil, death, and hell, if Christ Himself, by His Word, did not fetch us and call us to Himself. And even when we have come to Him, and are in the faith, we cannot keep ourselves in it, unless He lifts and carries us by His Word and power, since the devil is everywhere, and at all times on the watch to do us harm. But Christ is a thousand times more willing and earnest to do all for His sheep than the best shepherd.

Luther.

Precious Jesus.

He is very happy who is able to set his Saviour above all. To every Christian He should be the "precious" one, the one "altogether lovely." "To you, therefore, which believe He is precious," says the apostle. You surely know what the word precious means.

A pastor was once visiting in a home where there were several children, with whom he talked about the Lord Jesus. He repeated to them that verse from the Bible: "To you, therefore, which believe He is precious," 1 Pet. 2, 7. Then he asked them what the word precious meant. None of the children answered, until it came to the turn of the youngest, who said very sweetly, "Mother is precious; we need her; we cannot do without her," and then hid his face in his mother's lap. This is how Jesus is precious.

"I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

"I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay."

In the Day of Trial.

It is very difficult to rise above the gloom that gathers around the soul in the day of trial. Even Christians sometimes say in their troubles, they do not know what they have done to deserve the punishment. But if it is a question of what they deserve, they deserve to be shut up in hell forever; and they ought to know enough to understand that Christ bore all the punishment in our stead, so that "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." God's children must look at their trials and afflictions in the light of God's Word, which tells them: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," Hebr. 12, 6. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things

which are not seen are eternal," 2 Cor. 4, 17. 18. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose," Rom. 8, 28.

Let Christians receive in simple and unquestioning faith these and such like promises and assurances, and they will realize that the voice of the rod is the voice of infinite love, and that the stroke under which they smart has been inflicted by unerring wisdom.

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

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

The Third Article.

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST."

The Second Article has taught us that Jesus Christ is our Saviour and Redeemer, that there is salvation in none other: "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Only he that believes in Christ will not perish, but have everlasting life; only he that comes to Christ will not be cast out of heaven.

Now it is quite easy to talk about "believing in Christ," or "coming to Him," but utterly impossible for any man to do this by his own power or strength. We cannot give this faith in Christ to ourselves. No man can say by himself "that Jesus is the Lord," that is to say, by his own power no man in his heart can trust in Jesus as his Saviour. This faith, this trust must be given to him, and He that works this faith in man is the *Holy Ghost*. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the *Holy Ghost*."

Who is the Holy Ghost? In the Third Article we confess, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." We say that we believe and trust in Him, and in saying this we declare Him to be true God with the Father and the Son. We confess Him to be the equal of the Father and the Son in divine majesty and glory, and therefore give Him equal honor and worship.

And in doing so we build upon God's infallible Word, for the Holy Scriptures again and again assert that the Holy Ghost is true God. Christ commands His disciples to baptize all nations "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the *Holy Ghost*." What else can this mean than that

the Holy Ghost is true God with the Father and the Son? St. Paul writes to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" 1 Cor. 3, 16. The Corinthians are called temples of God, and such temples are they because the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, dwells in them. If, however, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost made them and makes us the temples of God, it necessarily follows that the Holy Ghost is true God. Acts 5, 3. 4 Peter accuses Ananias of having lied to the Holy Ghost, and then adds: "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Peter, then, also asserts that the Holy Ghost is true God. These are only a few of the many passages in which the Holy Ghost is called God.

The Bible also ascribes divine works to the Holy Ghost. No one will deny that the creation of heaven and earth is a divine work. But in this divine work the Holy Ghost took part, for Ps. 33, 6 we read: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath (Spirit) of His mouth." Here the psalmist declares that the host of the heavens were made by the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost.

Likewise does the Word of God ascribe divine attributes to the Holy Ghost. When the psalmist exclaims, Ps. 139, 7: "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?" he declares the Holy Ghost to be omnipresent. And when the apostle says, 1 Cor. 2, 10: "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," he ascribes omniscience to the Holy Ghost. But, now, omnipresence and omniscience are attributes that belong to God only. If, therefore, the Holy Ghost is present everywhere and knows all things, He must be true God.

Our faith in the Holy Ghost consequently is well founded, and we do not commit idolatry when we put our trust in Him. He is very God, the third person in the Holy Trinity, and the equal of the Father and the Son.

Now yet a few remarks as to the name we usually give the Third Person of the Godhead. We generally speak of Him as the *Holy Ghost*. This name is given Him not so much because He is holy, which He is, of course, but rather because of His peculiar office and work. The particular work of the Holy Ghost is to make us holy, that is, to lead us to Christ, work faith in us, and appropriate to us Christ and His salvation. His desire is

To speak His pardoning grace to me,
To set me burdened sinner free;
To lead me to the Lamb of God,
And wash me in His precious blood.

F. J. L.

Man's First Care.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," Matt. 4, 4.

This is the common sin of men that they care very little for the Word, but are chiefly concerned with their bread and the support of this present life. They are not aware that these are the snares of the devil, and say to themselves: If I only had a comfortable home and a well-filled treasury, then I would mind the Gospel. No, says Christ, the very reverse! You ought to say: I must first of all care for the needs of my soul and see how I stand with my God, and cling to Him with strong faith though my body should perish. Then God will surely give what our body needs (Matt. 6, 33). In order to be kept from such temptation you must learn from Christ that there are two kinds of bread for man. The first and the best bread is that which comes from heaven, the Word of God. The other and less important bread is that which grows out of the ground for our temporal wants. If, then, I have the first and best bread from heaven, I may rest assured that I will also have my temporal bread as long as I am to live in this world, even if the very stones would have to be turned into bread. Therefore, if the devil pinches you with poverty, affliction, and starvation, suffer with Christ, and do not give up your trust in God's grace. Nothing can comfort us in such trials but the Word of God. Whosoever eateth of this bread, that is, whosoever believeth the Word, hath everlasting life. But our temporal bread, after which the whole world is running all the time, only lasts to the hour of death. Then it is all gone, and there remains nothing but everlasting starvation where man is not provided with the Word of God by faith as his food that abideth forever.—*Luther.*

His Last Words.

A professor in Bonn was about to operate on the tongue of a young man who was suffering with a cancer on that member. Before beginning the operation the professor said: "If you have anything to say, you had better say it now, for after the operation you will never be able to utter a word." The young man said: "Praised be the Lord Jesus Christ," and never spoke afterwards. That was the best thing he could have uttered. No wonder that all present were very much touched, and that tears stood in the eyes of the professor.

As none of us knows what will be his last utterance, each one should see to it that he say nothing which he might have reason to regret, and that all his words be in harmony with those of the young man at Bonn. No opportunity to praise the Lord Jesus should be neglected. He should have the first and last fruits of our lips; for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved, except the blessed name of Jesus. At that name every knee shall bow of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—*Ex.*

"Out of the Mouth of Babes."

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

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

"What does he say, my dear?"

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

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

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

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

"The last shall be first, and the first, last."

No man is so high or may ascend to such height, that he would not have to fear he might yet become the very lowest. And again, no one may fall so low that he might not hope he might yet become the highest, because all human merit is here abolished and God's goodness alone is exalted. When He says: "The first shall be last," He puts down all your presumption and forbids you to think yourself better than the worst outcast, even though you were equal to Abraham, David, Peter, or Paul. But when He says: "The last shall be first," He keeps you from all despair and forbids you to fall behind any of the saints, even though you were Pilate or Herod, Sodom and Gomorrha.—*Luther.*

Sad News from North Carolina.

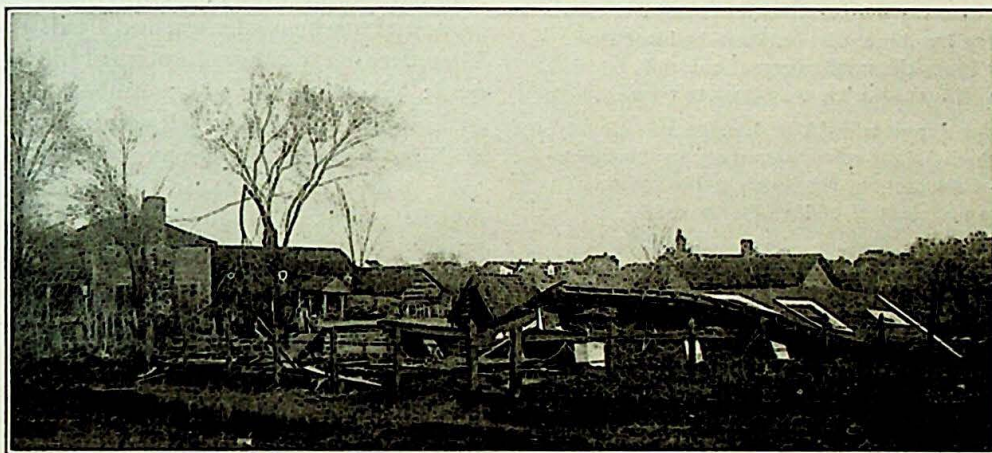
A sad visitation befell our mission in North Carolina, especially our colored Lutheran congregation in Salisbury. On the afternoon of April 5, a violent storm swept over that city, causing a fearful destruction of property. Among the buildings that were wrecked is also our colored Lutheran church. The storm lifted it from its foundation, tore it to pieces, and landed the fragments in the street. We thank God that no lives were lost in the terrible cyclone; but our hearts are sad over the loss of our beautiful church building. It was considered one of the neatest chapels in our North Carolina mission field. With great joy and thanksgiving it was dedicated to the service of the Triune God on the 19th of February, 1899, and since that time

One thought followed another—but just then he heard footsteps near by, and turning around he saw a little girl approach the gate of the church-yard and pass hurriedly through. “Are you not afraid, Christina, to go through the graveyard so late?” he asked. “It is, indeed, already dark.”

“Afraid?” she repeated, with a smile, and looked at him in surprise. “No, I am not afraid. I only go this way to get home so much quicker. Over there on the other side of the graveyard is my home, don’t you see?”

She pointed with her finger to a little, bright light which shone from a window beyond the graveyard. She then bade good-night and hurried away, past the graves, to her home.

Christina’s words had a wonderful effect on the young man.



Ruins of the Colored Lutheran Chapel at Salisbury, N. C.

many a large congregation assembled in the beautiful church to listen to the preaching of the pure Gospel by our Lutheran missionaries. The congregation has lost its church home and the children their school, and their hearts are bowed down with sorrow. May God comfort them and soon grant them the joy of having another church home provided for them by the friends of our mission.

The Little Girl’s Message.

It was an autumn evening. A young man, pale and thin, stood leaning up against the wall of a church-yard. Round about him the shadows of night were thickening, and within his soul melancholy thoughts held sway.

He had consumption, and would soon be laid away beneath the sod there within. He knew Jesus, and was certain of coming home to God; but death seemed to him so awful, and the grave so dark.

“Yes, indeed, so it is,” he soliloquized, “my home, my real home and my Father’s house, lies beyond the grave. O why shall I, then, fear the gloomy way which leads thither? On the other side of the grave perfect light, joy, and love await me—yea, life everlasting.”

And he went home comforted. — *Sel.*

Think of the Right Side.

We picture death as coming to destroy; let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as the beginning, and that the more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as the voice of death whispers, “You must go from earth,” let us hear the voice of Christ saying, “But you are coming to me!” — *Norman McLeod.*

"Not Now."

MARK 5, 18. 19.

Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home!

Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now; for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing;
Not now; for orphans' tears are thickly falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now; for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free:
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not now; for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze—
Man's prisoners, but thy Saviour's noble freemen;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now; for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin—
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open;
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?

One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour!—and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm!

Selected.

God's Terms of Peace.

After one of the fierce battles in Northern Africa, two young British soldiers were conversing together in one of the tents. The younger of the two, little more than a boy, had received a fatal wound, and lay all comfortless and weary in his blood-stained uniform. His comrade, who was a Christian and acting as a nurse, sat by his side, trying to cheer and soothe his suffering companion by reading passages from the New Testament.

"Shall I read a little more to you, Davie, my lad? It's a comfort in the dying hour, you know," said the Christian soldier.

Davie nodded assent, and his friend went on reading from the eleventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel. Presently he came to the twenty-eighth

verse, and read over slowly the words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Stop, Jamie," said the dying youth, "these words were never meant for me. You know I have been God's enemy all my life, and I've fought hard against Him; these words can never be meant for me. No, no, I've been His enemy—they cannot be for me."

"Enemy or not, Davie, my lad," said his friend, "I assure you, God speaks these words to you. You, no doubt, have been His enemy as I once was; but here God offers you His terms of peace."

"Terms of peace, Jamie, did you say?" muttered the dying lad; "terms of peace? Let me hear them again."

"That I will, Davie, just listen to them, lad." And Jamie read aloud: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then turning to other chapters of his Testament, he read: "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you, in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The dying lad's face changed, and raising himself partly on his couch, he clasped his hands and looking up to heaven, said, "I accept the terms! I accept the terms! Oh! Christ, Saviour of sinners, I surrender to Thee, my Lord and my God!" He then sank back exhausted.

All through that day he lingered in life, at times, in a whisper, saying, "Thank God, at peace, at peace!"

As the setting sun threw his parting rays on the marble brow of the dying youth, a sweet smile played on his countenance, and ere the morning dawned on the busy camp, he was absent from the body, and present with the Lord. Amid the horrors of the blood-stained battle-field, within a few hours of eternity, he accepted God's terms of peace and surrendered himself to Christ who has made peace through the blood of His cross.

God's terms of peace are just the same to you to-day as they were to that young soldier on the far-off deserts in Africa. Do not reject the peace offered to you in the Gospel. Neglect not the things which belong to thy peace.

"WHEREVER there is divine grace there is also divine strength to bear the cross and endure the pain."

A Retrospect.

III.

Among my Sunday school class in Sailors' Home at New Orleans I had a little fellow whose name, I think, was Charley Brown, about five or six years old. He was a bright little boy, very attentive and diligent at his lessons, and had a good memory, and sang well.

One Sunday Charley was missing; he had always been very regular, and we had commenced without him. I asked his playmates where Charley was, but they could not tell. While we were singing I noticed some of the scholars' eyes were attracted to the door opening. I looked and saw part of a curly head, and one white eye peeping around the door post. When we had concluded the hymn, I stepped to the door, and there was Charley. When I asked him why he did not come in, he looked at me, and then cast his eyes down over himself as if to say, "Look at me! How can I come in in this condition?" And sure enough, the little fellow stood there almost nude, wearing his pants only. "Why, Charley," said I, "where are your clothes?" "Mother hid them," he replied, "because I should not come to Sunday school." "And would you like to come?" I asked him. He nodded his head very rapidly several times. So I took him by the hand, seated him in his class, and he was so happy. It was a strange sight to see the little fellow sitting among his classmates with his bare shoulders, arms, and feet, but he was so happy that his little face beamed like a sunflower.

What finally became of him I cannot say. His mother moved from the neighborhood, and I never heard of him since. He must now be a man of 30 to 35 years of age. I feel almost convinced that he never forgot his Sunday school in the old Sailors' Home, and that he grew up a good Christian and, consequently, a good man; he certainly made a good start in that direction.

Shortly after this incident the Mission station, by instruction of the Board at St. Louis, was removed to a more favorable locality, on Thalia and Franklin streets, where an old church building was purchased. This is one block south and about fifteen blocks west from the old Sailors' Home, but only one or perhaps two of the original attendants of the meetings and Sunday school remained after the removal. The change, however, was of great benefit to the Mission which is carried on among a better and more stable element. The river element, such as prevailed in Sailors' Home, is transient, moving

hither and thither from time to time, and therefore promises very little, if any, lasting results. I visited the location of Sailors' Home a few days since. The old building was demolished completely some ten years or more ago, and a rice mill built on the site. This took fire and burned down totally, and nothing is left of it but the vacant lot; but all around it and in the immediate neighborhood are the immense freight buildings and cotton yards of the Illinois Central Railroad.

From such humble beginnings the Mission has grown to fair proportions. At the Claibourn station is Rev. Lankenau, with a church membership of 267 souls, a Sunday school of 277 children, and a day school of 275 children in three classes. At this station the collections in the past year amounted to \$661.00, of which \$375.00 were sent to the treasurer of our Mission Board at St. Louis.

The station at Thalia street, Rev. Kretschmar, Pastor, has a membership of 195 souls, a Sunday school of 200 children, and a day school of 198 pupils in two classes. \$486.00 were collected in the past year; \$340.00 were remitted to the Board at St. Louis.

At Dryades and Washington is a third station in charge of Rev. Kossmann. It has a membership of 196 souls, a Sunday school of 154 children, and a day school of 153 pupils in three classes. This congregation also, as well as the others, has regular collections and contributes regularly to our Mission treasury. In the past year the collections amounted to \$569.00. To the Mission treasurer at St. Louis \$347.00 were remitted.

Certainly, God's blessings have attended the earnest efforts of the Synodical Conference and its missionaries. Much of the good done can now already be seen; much will, no doubt, yet be seen long after the present workers are gone to their heavenly rest. But most of all shall we see the fruit of our mission work on that great harvest day when Christ will come in glory and gather the wheat into His heavenly garner.

Let no one despise our Colored Mission. It is just such work as this that carries with it the greatest blessings of God, our Saviour, "who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." Color cuts no figure here, but the soul of every man of any color belongs to God, because He created it, and because He redeemed it through the blood of His only-begotten Son, regardless of any color or condition in life.

May God continue to bless our Mission among the colored people!

F. J. O.

An Interest in the Concern.

A gentleman in London saw a lad, an acquaintance of his, coming on a run. He stopped him with the inquiry,

"Whither away in such haste?"

"Exeter Hall."

"What is there at Exeter Hall that so interests a chimney-sweep?"

"A missionary meeting, sir."

"Why do you care for a missionary meeting?"

"I have an interest in the concern, sir."

"You an interest in the great London Missionary Society? How came that?"

"I gave my money, sir."

Would it be well to be more deeply interested in the cause of Christ? Then do more and give more for it. If we do less and give less and pray less, our interest will diminish.

A Touching Appeal for a Teacher.

The following letter was sent by some Chinese villagers to a missionary. It is pleasant to know that he was able to send them a catechist each week to instruct them in the way of truth.

"To the aged and honored church teacher: We respectfully and humbly approach you. We are the inhabitants of a mean and wretched village, who all our lives have been oppressed by idolatry. We are like people sitting in a dark house without a single ray of light. We have fortunately met with your teacher. He came through our village and saw several of us together. Wishing to save us, he earnestly preached the doctrine.

"We, having heard his words, know there is a Saviour who can save our souls, redeem us from sin, and deliver us from walking in the wrong road. So now we are like men who have had a glimpse of the sun and of heaven. We are afraid if we cannot have the teacher always with us, and hear more of the doctrine, we shall always be men of hell.

"We earnestly besought the teacher to remain in our village, that he might teach us ignorant men and open our hearts, lest we lose the light of the Gospel. He said he could not without your permission. We know how difficult it is to build a large church, but we do not ask you to do that. We will get our own room and the furniture necessary, and will not trouble you in any way. Some of us might manage to go to Sunga, eight miles away, but the women and children cannot go so far; besides, if we had a church here, we could come every morning and evening to learn, and so run away from the devil

and get near to God. This would be a great advantage.

"Sometimes one of our rich men will bestow alms and take care of the bodies of the poor around him. Our souls are more important than our bodies, and we earnestly ask you to take care of them. Our great hope is that you will let the teacher come and have a school here, that our women, and girls also, may hear the doctrine and become children of God. You need not fear that we want to trouble you about any other things. We beg you not to sit still and let us be lost, but do let the teacher come, that we may know how to walk the heavenly road to life. If you do this, it will be like creating us anew, and will bring praise to the Saviour; if not, we cannot enter the happy, heavenly place. The report of your love is spread abroad. Do stretch forth both of your hands to help us; do not fold your arms and let us go to perdition. In a letter it is difficult to express all our hearts feel, but your permission would be valued as a gift of a thousand pieces of gold."

Little Missionary.

Acknowledgment.

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St. Louis, April 15, 1905. A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankeau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday,

7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday,

7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday,

7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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Pentecost.

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

Pentecost.

Pentecost means fiftieth. It is the name of the festival celebrated by the Church in commemoration of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the apostles on the fiftieth day after Easter. On that day the disciples were assembled in Jerusalem, waiting for the promised Comforter, when "suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

As this happened at the time of the great Jewish festival there were in Jerusalem many people from all parts of the then known world. Upon the report of what had happened the multitude hurried to the place and were greatly astonished to hear the apostles speak to the mixed assembly in different tongues. Men of Europe, men of Asia, men of Africa were there, and every one of them heard the apostles speak to him in his own language the wonderful works of God. Some, indeed, mockingly said, "These men are full of new wine." But the apostle Peter told them that this miracle was

the fulfillment of that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." Peter then spoke to the multitude about Jesus, the Son of God, whom the Jews had crucified and put to death, but whom God had raised up, and who now sitteth at the right hand of God and had on this day sent down the Holy Spirit. The truth pierced the hearts of many, so that they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" They were told to repent and to be baptized for the remission of sins. About three thousand souls were converted on that first day of Pentecost.

Thus the foundation of the Church of the New Testament was laid by the power of the Holy Spirit in the Gospel and in the Sacrament of Baptism. From Jerusalem the apostles went forth as preachers of the Gospel among the different nations of the earth. Having been called to lay the foundation of the Church of Christ, they received miraculous gifts by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. They before knew no language but their own; now, however, they were suddenly enabled to speak the languages of different nations. They before were timid and easily frightened, but now they had courage and boldness to speak the truth in the face of all their enemies; they were no longer afraid of the wisdom and power of this world, but bravely did their work in the very face of death. They before often did not understand the sayings of Christ, but now they understood them all. They received wisdom from heaven; they were inspired and enlightened, so that they could not err whenever they spoke or wrote as the apostles of Christ.

The Church having been established, such extraordinary gifts of the Spirit are no longer needed.

But the Holy Spirit is still active in the Church. It is He who comes in the means of grace, the Word and Sacraments of God, and brings sinners to faith in Jesus and keeps them in the faith.

We know that there are still mockers as there were such on that first day of Pentecost; men to whom the Gospel is but foolishness and who resist the working of the Holy Spirit. Unhappy men! The Gospel-day of the New Testament has come with all the brightness of its heavenly light, but they still sit in darkness; the sweet spring-time of the Gospel has come with all its beauties, but the coldness of winter still reigns in their hearts. Unhappy men!

Blessed are all that by the Holy Spirit's grace are brought to Jesus. They enjoy all the blessings of the Gospel-Church of the New Testament; they have forgiveness of sins, comfort in all troubles, salvation, and life everlasting. The great blessings they enjoy must move them to make others partakers of the same grace. The more they value the Holy Spirit's gift, the more zealous they will be in missionary work. Thanking God for His undeserved mercy, they will do all they can to lead those who are still in darkness to the light which through the Holy Spirit's work they have found in Jesus and His Gospel.

The Holy Ghost Must Bring Us to Christ.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, God's only Son, was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered, and died, in short, redeemed us that we might be His own and live under Him in His kingdom. Only then can we live under Christ in His kingdom, only then can we be eternally blessed if we become His own. We must become Christ's own. But if we would be His own, we must come to Christ, we must put all our confidence in Him, we must believe in Him.

But this we cannot do by our own reason or strength. We confess: "I believe that I cannot by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ, my Lord, or come to Him." 1 Cor. 2, 14 we read: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." This passage speaks of the natural man, of man as he is by nature. A natural man is a man who is yet in his sinful state which he has inherited from Adam. This natural, sinful man receiveth with his reason not the things of the Spirit of God. He is blind to all those things needful to his soul's salvation. Though such a person be as wise as were the old Grecian philosophers,

though he be ever so enlightened in earthly matters, in spiritual things he is blind, totally blind. And even then when the Holy Spirit reveals these things, the natural man will not receive them, because they are foolishness unto him. God's wisdom appears to the unregenerate man to be a mass of unreasonable, unrhymed, contradictory nonsense. He therefore despises it, scoffs at it, derides it. Like Nicodemus, he will exclaim, "How can it be?" So, then, by his own reason the natural man cannot believe in Christ, or come to Him. The Gospel will ever remain foolishness to the proud, unconverted Greek and a stumbling block to the selfrighteous Jew.

Neither can man by his natural *strength* come to Christ. The Holy Scriptures declare that the natural man has no strength whatever in spiritual things; they plainly say that he is spiritually dead. "Ye were dead in trespasses and sin," says Paul to the believing Ephesians. Before they believed, the Ephesians were dead. Such is the spiritual state of every man by nature. He is not only weak, not merely crippled, not even merely paralyzed, he is actually dead, spiritually dead. As the man naturally dead can do nothing that a living man can do, so the spiritually dead person can do nothing spiritual; he can only sin, only trespass God's laws. And we also know that a man naturally dead can do nothing to bring himself to life. He cannot even do so much as raise his little finger. Likewise it is true that he that is spiritually dead cannot do the least to become spiritually alive. He is dead, and as far as he is concerned will remain dead forever.

But do not men come to Christ; are not Sauls changed to Pauls? Certainly, but not by their own power or strength. Who, then, brings us to Christ, who leads us to believe in Him? The Apostle tells us 1 Cor. 12, 3: "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." No man can, yes, no man will by nature recognize Jesus as his Lord, for "the carnal mind is enmity against God." We by nature hate all that is of God, and love that which God hates. Therefore it is only by the Holy Ghost that man can be brought to renounce his old allegiance to Satan and sin and be willing to accept Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. And this work of the Holy Ghost is called *Sanctification*. He brings us to Christ, He sanctifies us, makes us sinners saints.

O how grateful we should be to God for this gracious work of the Holy Ghost! Were it not for this blessed work of sanctification, our redemption would be in vain. God has not only created us, not only redeemed us, but He also desires to sanctify us, bring us to Christ, so that we may be partakers of His salvation and blessedness. F. J. L.

Why Not Sooner?

In a history of the life and labors of Dr. Livingstone, the great African missionary, we read that near one of the places where he had opened a mission school lived the chief of one of the savage tribes of Africa. This chief received the missionary with great joy and listened attentively to the teachings of the Bible. When he became fully acquainted with the contents of that precious Book, he was puzzled to know why the Christian people had not sent the good news to his people long before they did. He would say to Livingstone, "My forefathers! Oh, why did the Christians not send them this Word? They all died in darkness!"

Rev. W. Gill, missionary in the South Sea Islands, reports that at a meeting of native Christians an old man rose and said, "There is one thing I want to ask: Can it be that the Christian people in England have had this Gospel of peace for many long years and have never sent it to us until now? Oh, that they had sent it sooner! Had they sent it sooner I should not to-day be solitary, sad-hearted, mourning my murdered wife and children. Oh, that they had sent it sooner!"

When Kapiolani, Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, was told by an old priest how a little boy was offered in sacrifice to idols, she hid her face with her hands and, weeping, said, "Oh! why did not Christians come sooner and teach us better things?"

When Miss West spoke to an Armenian converted woman about returning to America, the woman begged, "Oh, don't go; stay longer and teach us!" And then she added: "Why didn't the missionaries come sooner? If they had only come when I was young, I too might have worked for Christ."

Such cries of lament come from the mission field as a reproach on many a Christian's neglect of his mission duty and his disregard of the Saviour's command given to the Church as a farewell charge on the day of His ascension into heaven: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This missionary command is given to all Christians, and there is work for everyone to do. Every Christian can at least uphold the hands of the laborers in the mission field by his prayers and with his means. And then, knowing that the harvest is great and that the laborers are few, Christians must see to it that laborers are prepared for their work and sent into the harvest field. Also in our Colored Mission the laborers are few, so very few. Let us, therefore, not forget to enable the Mission Board by our gifts soon to erect the college building at Greens-

boro, N. C., where young colored men are to be prepared for mission work among their own race. Let us not delay the matter. Also from this mission field the lament has been heard, "Why did you not come sooner?" Also in this mission field there are thousands that know not the Gospel.

They're groping 'mid sin's hopeless ways,
So wretched and so blind;
On them have dawned no Gospel rays,
No path of peace they find.
"Go preach my Gospel!" Christ has said;
"Go, all my famished feed—
To every creature give Life's bread,
O'er earth my message speed."

A Saviour from All Sin.

A pastor one Sunday missed from her place in the house of God one of those faithful ones never absent from the place of worship without urgent reasons. When he called at her home he found her on a sickbed. After a little, she began to tell him of her experience that Sunday.

"As I lay here," she said, "there suddenly came to me a picture, it seemed to me, of all the sins I had ever committed. They were more than I could count—sins of heart and sins of life; sins of shortcoming and sins of transgression; sins of thought and sins of tongue. And well I knew that every one of them deserved God's wrath and punishment now and forever!"

The pastor now expected a dismal account of spiritual distress. But what was his joy to hear her confess her firm trust in the blood of Christ. He asked her, "Well, how did this view of your sins affect you?" "Why," she exclaimed, "glory to God for a Saviour whose blood cleanses from all sin!"

The Prayer of Faith.

This only is a living faith which does not doubt that God in His goodness has the gracious will to do what we pray for. Faith does not doubt that God is kindly disposed toward the person, and willing and ready to do him all good. But whether the things we ask for with a believing heart be good and profitable to us we know not. God alone knows this. (Rom. 8, 26.) Therefore faith prays after this manner, that it leaves everything to the gracious will of God if it be to His honor and our own welfare, not doubting that God will give it; and, if it is not to be given, trusting that His divine will refuses to give it out of bountiful grace,



THE OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

because He seeth that He had better not give it. But in either case our faith in God's gracious will remains firm and unshaken, whether He give it or not. *Believe* we must without doubt and without any limitation to God's goodness. But *pray* we must with the condition that it be in accordance with His honor, kingdom, and will, leaving every-

thing to Him. In those things which concern God's honor and our soul's salvation—as forgiveness of sins, deliverance from death and the devil, the gift of God's Holy Spirit into our hearts, to be preserved in His Word and strengthened under trials, and to grow daily in faith and love—our hearts dare not doubt that God is ready to give, and will

not deny our prayer. For all these things concern the honor of God and our soul's salvation. If here one should pray: Lord, if Thou wilt, forgive my sin and save me, he would not pray aright. But it is different in temporal matters. You may be poor, sick, distressed, and despised, and yet be saved. Our salvation does not depend on those things, and the very lack of health, etc., may be for our good. Therefore, if we ask for deliverance in those things we must, indeed, believe that God is willing and able to help, but always resigning our own will into God's. Wherever it should not be to the honor of God or hinder our salvation, we must not insist on being delivered, but willingly continue to bear our cross. — *Luther.*

Uncle Jim's Lesson.

Miss Susan was the best singer in the congregation. In fact, the congregation could hardly get along without her. But on a hot or rainy Sunday Miss Susan did not come to preaching. And the folks were sorry to miss her; for, as I said, she was the best singer they had.

Well, on a cool Sunday evening Miss Susan was present at the services. The hymn was given out. Miss Susan threw back her head and sang away lustily:

"Through mighty floods and burning flames
I'll pass when Jesus leads."

After services old Uncle Jim, passing up the street with her, said, "I was glad to see you in church this evening, Miss Susan; we missed you badly Sunday before last."

"Well," said she, "you know it was such a rainy Sunday; I could not come."

"And last Sunday?" said Uncle Jim.

"Last Sunday? Oh, yes. Last Sunday it was so hot, you know, so very hot."

"Well, suppose there had been 'mighty floods' Sunday before last and 'burning flames' last Sunday, what then, Miss Susan, what then?" said the kind old uncle as he slyly looked up at the young lady.

Miss Susan passed on silently; but next Sunday—it was a rainy Sunday—she was in her seat at church. Uncle Jim was glad to see her there. She had learned a lesson from what he had told her.

Perhaps she remembered also Luther's explanation of the Third Commandment: "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."

"None Other Name."

There was a blind man standing on a bridge and reading from a Bible with raised letters. Several persons stood around, and whilst he got a little money he read from his blind man's Bible words more precious than gold.

A gentleman on his way home stopped on the bridge to see what was going on. Just then the blind man was reading the fourth chapter of the Acts, in which the apostle Peter speaks of Jesus and says, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." The poor man, however, had lost his place, and while trying to find it moving his finger over the page, he kept repeating the last words he had read, "none other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled, but the gentleman who had stopped to listen went away in deep thoughts.

He had lately been convinced of his sins, and had in many ways tried to find peace for his restless soul. But his religious exercises, his good resolutions, his changed habits, all were unable to take away the heavy burden from his conscience and to bring peace to his troubled heart. The words he had heard from the blind man now rang like solemn music in his soul: "None other name."

When he came home and went to bed, these words were still heard: "None other name, none other name, none other name." And when he awoke, the words again came to his mind: "None other name, none other name, none other name."

The precious words entered his soul, and by the blessing of God he awoke to a new life and found peace in the name of Jesus. "I see it all," said he, "I see it all. I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus, He alone can save; for He alone has finished the work of redemption. To Him I will look. Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name, none other name, none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Believing Prayer.

These things are always joined together: He who believes well, prays well; he who does not believe well, cannot pray well. For the very first requirement for our prayer is this, that our heart be assured of God's mercy and grace, and His readiness to help us from our distress. — *Luther.*

Our Missionaries.

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

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

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

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

Bear all hardships unrepining;
Scoffed at, answer not a word;
Heathen lands shall soon be shining
With the glory of the Lord.

Blest are ye, brave standard-bearers,
Witnesses for Christ to men,
Ye shall in His joy be sharers,
When your Lord shall come again.

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

From the German.

The Spanish Pilot and the Bible.

Some years ago a number of Christian ladies in London were in the habit of going to the hospitals every morning, taking with them a small bunch of flowers to cheer the weary hours of the sick-room. To the flowers a card was tied, on which were

written words of comfort from the Bible. The heart of many a sick person was gladdened at the sight of the beautiful flowers and by the comforting words of God's Book.

One of the ladies one morning found a Spanish pilot in one of the hospitals, laid up with a lingering disease. He was a Roman Catholic, sick among strangers. He had often longed to hear again his native language, to see again his native country. The lady brought him a bunch of flowers with a card, on which was written a passage from the Bible in Spanish. How glad the sick stranger was when he saw the fresh flowers which reminded him of the sunny land of Spain! How he rejoiced when he read the comforting words in his mother-tongue! He asked from where these words came. When he was told that they were from the Bible, he indignantly threw the flowers and the card far away. Romish priests had told him that the Bible was a bad book, and that he should never read it. The next day flowers with a card were again brought, and again he threw them away.

The weary days wore on in the sick-room, and at last the stranger accepted the flowers, and even read the words on the card, setting his conscience at rest with the thought that the card was not the Bible itself. As he read, the words became sweet to him like the comforting words of a mother. He longed for the next day and for another Bible-word. At last he asked for the book written in such wonderful language. He thought it surely could not be that same Bible which the priests had forbidden him to read.

A Spanish Bible was given him, and during the long days of his recovery he read that wonderful book again and again. By the grace of the Holy Spirit the truth of God's Word was brought home to his heart; it brought peace to his soul and joy to his life. The holy Book became dear to him, more precious than gold, sweeter than honey. Later on he became a Bible agent in his native country, and made known the Gospel among his countrymen.

Is the Bible precious to you? Christ says: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." Read your Bible!

There you may learn
What Christ has done
To save your soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth besides
Such heavenly wonders tell.

"THE dearer the child, the keener the rod."

Easter Sunday in Bethlehem Chapel at New Orleans.

A lovely, bright Easter sun ushered in Easter Sunday at New Orleans. The weather was magnificent; the trees, shrubs, and flowers were arrayed in their brightest foliage; the birds sang their sweetest lays, and every man and woman, every boy and girl seemed to wear a bright and happy Easter look as they strolled along the avenues, responding to the cheerful call of the church bells: Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Come to worship! Come to worship!

So it appeared to the writer as he wended his way to Bethlehem Chapel of the Colored Mission. He reached the chapel shortly before 11 o'clock to participate in the Sunday school service. It was crowded with about 100 Sunday school scholars and 39 adults, all arrayed in their best and all wearing smiling faces in anticipation of the service arranged for the occasion.

The scholars ranged in ages from 5 to 15 years. The service was conducted according to the program arranged by Rev. A. T. Hanser, beginning with the hymn, "Awake, my heart, with gladness." The children responded to the pastor's questions on Christ's resurrection with songs at intervals. The first class of the day school sang: "O joyous Easter morning," during the first interval. In the second interval the entire day school (three classes) sang: "Rock of Ages." In the third interval the second day school class sang: "Christ the Life of all the living," the entire school falling in at the refrain: "Thousand, thousand thanks shall be, dearest Jesus, unto Thee!" In the fourth interval the first day school class sang: "Christ is risen. Hallelujah!" the entire school joining in the chorus at the end of each verse:

Christ is risen! Hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head.
Sing His praises! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

At the close of the questions and answers the third day school class, all little children from 5 to 10 years, sang: "I want to be with angels," etc. Then followed a recitation by Juanita Harris: "He is risen! He is risen! Tell it with a joyful voice." This was followed by four stanzas of the opening hymn by the congregation: "I cleave now and forever." Then, after the beautiful and grand Easter liturgy and prayer and the benediction, the services closed with the last stanza of the hymn: "Christ is risen," the entire congregation joining in the chorus.

It was very interesting to see all the little colored Lutherans so happy and singing the Easter hymns with devout earnestness and close attention.

During the preceding week envelopes for Easter offerings had been distributed among the scholars, to be returned on this day. The offerings realized \$15.00, all from the little ones. The chapel had received, in the previous week, an appropriate Easter garment, the altar, pulpit, and walls having been refreshed and made quite cheerful by a new coat of paint.

Bethlehem School is growing. Seldom a week passes which does not bring in new scholars, and the average attendance at the chapel during church service is quite encouraging. F. J. O.

Livingstone and the Lion.

The most famous of all missionary encounters with wild animals was that of Livingstone and the lion, which well-nigh cost his life. As it was, his arm was permanently injured. A false joint, resulting from the crunching of the bone, seriously inconvenienced him during the thirty years of arduous toil that followed. It rendered an important service, however, after his death, by furnishing a conclusive means of identifying his body when it was brought to England by his followers in 1874.

In 1843, two years after his arrival in Africa, Livingstone opened a new station in Mabotsa, a place infested with lions. Not long after, nine sheep were killed on a small hill opposite Livingstone's house. Greatly exasperated, the people started out to kill the lions, and, hoping to inspire them with courage, Livingstone went with them. After a time, finding his assistance not needed, he started home, but, in passing around the hill, discovered a lion sitting on a piece of rock behind a small bush. Taking deliberate aim, he fired both barrels into the bush, wounding the lion, but not killing it. What transpired as he proceeded to reload can best be told in his own words, as recorded in *Missionary Travels*:

"When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half-round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, is a merciful provision by

our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning around to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native assistant), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take the 'charm' out of him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

Missionary Review of the World.

What Enthused Her.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the great traveler, who died last fall in Edinburgh, was a most enthusiastic friend of missions. Her travels, through Japan, China, Korea, India, Persia, Arabia, and various other lands, afforded her abundant opportunity to observe the conditions of those nations, who were living without Christ in the darkness of heathenism. In her earlier years she had regarded all mission work with distrust. Personal observation, however, had completely changed her opinion, and she became a most earnest advocate of the blessed work in all its phases. With her graphic pen she most vividly portrayed the misery of the benighted souls in heathen lands. Her impressions of the work of missionaries she gave as follows:

"Those faithful missionaries, whose life, character, and work I have personally observed, have so manifestly changed my opinion and have enthused me so, that I cannot do otherwise than, wherever I go, to work and enlist sympathy for the glorious work in which they are engaged, especially among those whose hearts are cold and careless, as mine was before I had learned the pitiable conditions which exist in these heathen lands."

Mrs. Bishop was especially interested in medical missions. She has founded five Mission Hospitals and one Orphans' Home in the Orient.

The Boasting Infidel.

"I tell you," said a bragging infidel, "the idea that there is a God never comes into my head."

"Ah, precisely like my dog," was the reply. "But there is this difference—my dog does not go around howling about it."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

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St. Louis, May 15, 1905. A. C. BURGDOFF, *Treas.*

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St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lan-kenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Koss-mann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No Other Name.

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

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

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

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

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

Selected.

None Other Name.

The commencement speaker has again been heard in the land. From papers sent to us we see that in an address to the graduating class of a colored school the speaker admonished the graduates to lead an industrious and virtuous life. That was all right. But then the speaker also said: "Industry and virtue will not only open the door to success in this world, but also the door to everlasting bliss in the other world." And that was all wrong. Christ has opened to sinners the door of heaven, and only by faith in Him we come to everlasting bliss. Christ says: "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved," John 10, 9.

Another speaker, addressing the graduates of a Young Ladies' Seminary, pointed out to them how much good they might do by avoiding idleness and by leading a life of labor in this world. That was all right. But the speaker was all wrong when he said that "by hard labor we might even gain the favor of God in the world to come." He told the story of a young girl who, when only fourteen years old, was left alone with four younger brothers and sisters to care for. By scrubbing and washing and other hard labor she proved faithful to her trust. At last she broke down and could work no longer. On her dying bed she complained to a friend that she "never had time enough or clothes good enough to go to Sunday school," and she wondered whether God would receive her in heaven. "Show Him your hands," her friend said, "just show Him your hands." Thus she was pointed, not to Christ's work, but to her work as entitling her to God's favor. And yet the speaker who related the silly story is said to have made "a great hit with the touching story which called forth tears from the eyes of the pretty graduates."

Another speaker, addressing a number of graduating nurses in a Western hospital, spoke "very eloquently of the beauties of mercy and charity." That was all right. But the speaker was all wrong when he said: "If you practice mercy and charity, every minister of the Gospel will be willing to sign your bond for eternity." There are still, thank God, ministers of the Gospel who know what Gospel is, and who would not sign such a bond. Not all are like that Baptist minister who, at a recent meeting of the Universalist Church Society in New England, said: "What difference does it make what our doctrine is? The kingdom of heaven has many roads leading out in all directions. What matters it which

road we take? Some of them are more attractive to certain people than others, but they all bring out at the same place." No. There are still ministers of the Gospel who are loyal to God's truth, and who, like the apostle Paul, preach Christ and Him crucified as the only Saviour from sin. Those who preach another Gospel pour contempt on the Word of God, rob Christ of His glory, and bring ruin on the souls of men. The apostle therefore says: "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed," Gal. 1, 8. 9. It does make a difference what our doctrine is. There is only one true, pure Bible doctrine of salvation, and every other doctrine is wrong and rotten. It does matter which road we take. There is but one Way, one Truth, and one Life, and that is Jesus. By Him alone we enter heaven, and any attempt to reach heaven by any other road, no matter how "attractive" it is, will end in death, darkness, and destruction. Christ Himself plainly says, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no one cometh unto the Father, but by me," John 14, 6. And His apostle clearly testifies: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts 4, 12. In Christ alone there is salvation for sinners. In Christ alone God's love and mercy came down from heaven to earth. Christ's blood alone can cleanse us. Christ's righteousness alone can clothe us. Christ's merit alone can give us a title to heaven. Jews and Gentiles, — learned and unlearned, — white and colored, — kings and beggars, — rich and poor, — all alike must either be saved by Jesus, or lost forever. "There is none other name" — mark well, — "none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," says the Bible.

How the Holy Ghost Brings Us to Christ.

We cannot come to Christ by our own reason or strength, but the Holy Ghost is able and willing to bring us to Him. While, on the one hand, we must confess, "I believe that I cannot by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ, my Lord, or come to Him," we may, on the other hand, joyfully add, "But the Holy Ghost has called me by the Gospel, enlightened me with His gifts, sanctified and kept me in the true faith."

But these words do not only tell us that the Holy Ghost brings us to Christ, they likewise inform us how He performs His gracious work in us.

The Holy Ghost pursues a certain order in performing His work. This order we call the *order of salvation*, since it is in this order that the Holy Ghost brings us to salvation. The order of salvation embraces four parts; for, as our Catechism tells us, the Holy Ghost *calls* us, *enlightens* us, *sanctifies* us, and *keeps* us in true faith. It is in this order that the Holy Ghost leads men to Christ and keeps them with Christ. This is the way, the only way, to Christ and eternal salvation. This order, or way, has been appointed by God, and whoever refuses to make use of this way can never come to Christ, or whoever, having come to Christ, refuses to continue on this way, cannot stay with Christ. That God has appointed such a way of salvation is most comforting and assuring, for now we need not grope in darkness or guess how we may come to Christ, neither need we be in doubt as to where He is to be found; now we may with all boldness and confidence take hold of Christ and appropriate Him and His merits.

But in bringing us to Christ and salvation, the Holy Ghost does not work upon us without certain means, and these means are the Gospel and the holy Sacraments. Luther, indeed, only mentions the Gospel, but in its broad sense; as used here, the word Gospel also includes the Sacraments. At first sight we might think that our Catechism says that the Holy Ghost only calls us by the Gospel, but a closer examination of the words will soon show us that the words "by the Gospel" belong to all four parts. Our Catechism would say: "The Holy Ghost calls us by the Gospel, enlightens us by the Gospel, sanctifies us in the true faith by the Gospel, and keeps us in true faith by the Gospel." By the Gospel did the Holy Ghost bring us to Christ, and by the same Gospel the Holy Ghost keeps us with Christ. This Gospel is the glad tidings of salvation in Christ Jesus; it brings us the good news that the heavenly Father is reconciled to His disobedient children, that the King of kings has pardoned His rebellious subjects. But not only does the Gospel bring these glad tidings, it does far more; for in and through this Gospel the Holy Ghost works upon the hearts of men and brings them to Christ and salvation. Thus the Gospel is the blessed means that offers and gives us the grace of God which Christ has gained for all men; it is the *means of grace*. The Gospel, including holy Baptism and the Lord's Supper, is the means by which the Holy Ghost works in us, and it is the only means. In him,

therefore, who does not use the means of grace the Holy Ghost will not perform His gracious work; he that despises the means of grace cannot become or remain a partaker of grace. God grant us grace diligently to use the appointed means unto our soul's salvation.

F. J. L.

The Lord Will Provide.

In the summer of 1851, great scarcity prevailed in many parts of Wuerttemberg. Among others who suffered, a poor widow was in deep distress. She had already spent her last penny for food for herself and her children, and had nothing left to pay a small debt that lay heavy on her mind. There was nothing to do but to sell her cow; with the cow, however, her chief means of support would go. Full of care and anxiety on this account, she sat alone in her little room, pondering over her position, and praying to God for help in her time of need.

While she was thus occupied, her little boy came running in from the garden, exclaiming, "See these, mother; what are they? I found them in the garden, in a mole-hill."

What he had found were several ducats of very old coinage. They had doubtless, at some time of war, been hidden in the ground at the foot of a tree, in the widow's garden, by some one who had hoped thus to preserve the buried treasure till the war and the fear of plundering hands were over, but who had not lived to dig up his gold. Thus it had lain hidden till, just at the right time, by means of the mole, the treasure was brought to light.

The poor widow's distress and want were relieved by the gold, and she was able to praise God who, according to His promise, ever helps His people in time of need, in answer to their cry.

From the German.

The Power of Small Gifts.

It is a great mistake, a wrong, not to give to the cause of Christ because one can give only a little. He that makes this his excuse for not giving when appealed to must be very indifferent to the cause of Christ. God's children should know that Christian giving is to be a thing of love, of obedience to God's Word, and not a thing of quantity. Give as God has blessed and prospered you. That is the rule. If God has so blessed and prospered you that you can give only a little, should it not be a glad duty to give that little? Give that little cheerfully, out of love to Christ and His kingdom. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

If all in the Church who refuse to give because they can give only a little, would give that little, there would not be an empty mission treasury, our sorely needed college could soon be built, and much could be done for the spread of the Gospel which, for lack of means, cannot now be done. There is a wonderful power in small gifts, especially when laid on God's altar.

We read of a minister who sent out 237 envelopes for the mission cause. Of these, 100 containing a noble offering were returned. Suppose that each of the 137 not returned had come back with an average of ten cents in each. This would have added \$13.70. And who could not have given the ten cents, especially when it was asked for Him who gave all for us? The pastor knew that a number to whom these envelopes were sent were able to give dollars instead of cents. Put the average at 25 cents, and the total swells to \$34.50; put it at 50 cents, and we have \$69.00. Realize the same result from ten congregations, and we have the sum of \$690.00. That would have been more than "a little." The small gifts would have become one large gift.

Oh, that Christians would give from principle, because they love Christ and His cause, and would not refuse to give because they love the world more, or because they can give only a little!

"Give, though thy gifts be small,
Still be a giver;
Out of the little founts
Proceeds the river.
Out of the river's gifts
Gulfs soon will be
Pouring their waters out,
Making a sea.

"Out of the sea again,
Heaven draws its showers,
And to the fount imparts
All its new powers.
Thus in a cycle borne,
Gifts roll around,
And in the blessing given
Blessing is found."

Comfort from the Bible.

Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Walter Scott, when speaking of the last hours of the great poet, novelist, and historian, writes: "He expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said: 'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done: 'Well, this is a great comfort.'"

What Must I Do?

An aged Christian, worn out by sickness, was traveling to the sea coast with the hope of regaining his health. Behind him in the car sat an elderly lady and her daughter. The mother, observing the pale face of the man, expressed her concern for him in language he could overhear, and then said she would like to know if the man was a Christian.

She was for a moment confused when the man turned and thanked her for her sympathy and at once confessed that he felt the deepest interest in his soul's eternal welfare. "Since you have been so kind," he said, "to speak of the subject, will you be kind enough also to tell me what I must do to be saved?"

"Oh, yes," was her reply, "I will gladly tell you: you must pray to God."

"But," asked the sick man, "how long must I pray before God will be merciful to me, and how can I know when I am forgiven?"

The lady seemed a little perplexed, and then said, "Well, you must become a better man."

"Again allow me to ask," he gently answered, "How good must I become before God will have pity on me?"

Of course she was silent, and after a pause the man said, "Have you no book that can show a poor man, drawing near to the grave, how he can be saved?"

She at once drew from her bag a tract, which she placed in his hands. It was carefully read, and he turned once more with the remark: "This does not contain one word about the way of salvation for a lost sinner. Have you no Bible?"

She had none, and he drew forth his own precious Bible, and, handing it to her, earnestly said, "Will you be so good as to show me where we are told to pray and to make ourselves better in order to be saved?"

The lady took the book of God, and having turned over the leaves for a while, she impatiently said, "I cannot find the place now, but when you reach the city, call on the Rev. Dr. — and he will tell you where to find it."

"No," the man solemnly replied, "the Rev. Dr. — cannot tell me, nor can any other Rev. Dr. — tell me; for there is no such place in the Bible. But this I find: '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); 'To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins' (Acts

10, 43); 'By Him all that believe are justified from all things' (Acts 13, 39); '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)."

Many other passages were read, and with a joyful heart the lady, who did not know the Gospel way of salvation, though she had been a church member for many years, listened to the aged Christian, as he unfolded to her from the Bible the blessed truth of salvation by grace alone through faith in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

"Who Cares for Me?"

A poor, lone woman sat one evening thinking how sad was her condition. She was old and almost helpless, with little of this world's goods which she could call her own. "Who cares for me?" thought she. Suddenly this verse of the Bible came to her mind: "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

It was like a flood of golden sunshine. Her doubt and fears were all gone. What need of earthly friends to cheer her declining years? Jesus knew her every care and sorrow, and He, the ascended Saviour, "the Lord of Glory," was touched with the weakness of her infirmities.

How precious is the thought that we can all have such a friend in every hour of trial and distress! "I will not leave you comfortless," are the Saviour's gracious words. "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

A Picture Card in Africa.

Three years ago a Mohammedan merchant from Timbuktu went for trade to the English settlement of Bathurst, on the Gambi River. Some one gave him a text card in Arabic. The next year he traded again in Bathurst, and asked for the book from which that wonderful text was taken. When the Bible was shown him, he bought it and went away. The third year the merchant came to Bathurst and bought eighteen Bibles for friends who wanted the book.

Now the British and Foreign Bible Society is arranging to open a Bible depot in Timbuktu—the synonym in all the Sahara for Mohammedan exclusiveness and fanaticism.—*Indian Witness.*

Conference at New Orleans.

Our three stations at New Orleans, La., held their annual conference at Bethlehem Chapel on May 14, 15, and 16. The conference sermon was preached by the Rev. F. J. Lankenau on Sunday night. In his sermon he gave a graphic description of the Gospel and its power to save sinners. The united congregations sang our dear old Lutheran hymns with a power and deep devotion that could not fail in awakening the interest of everyone present. Bethlehem choir, under the direction of Mr. George Wolf, rendered very well a selection suited to the occasion. The collection raised on this evening, amounting to \$5.40, was devoted to Luther College, New Orleans. But one thing remains to be said, and that is, it rained almost continually all that day and, of course, the attendance was, in a measure, a sufferer for it. However, it must be said that the attendance far exceeded our expectation. About 80 adults and 20 children were present.

On Monday evening the conference proper was opened, the chairman, Mr. Robert Dixon, calling upon Rev. Lankenau to offer the opening prayer. After some routine business had been dispatched, a paper "On Christian Burial" was read by the undersigned. By recommendation of the conference committee, the meeting resolved to devote the evening's collection, amounting to \$6.00, to Immanuel College in North Carolina. Rain also interfered at this session, yet there were some twenty people more than on the preceding evening.

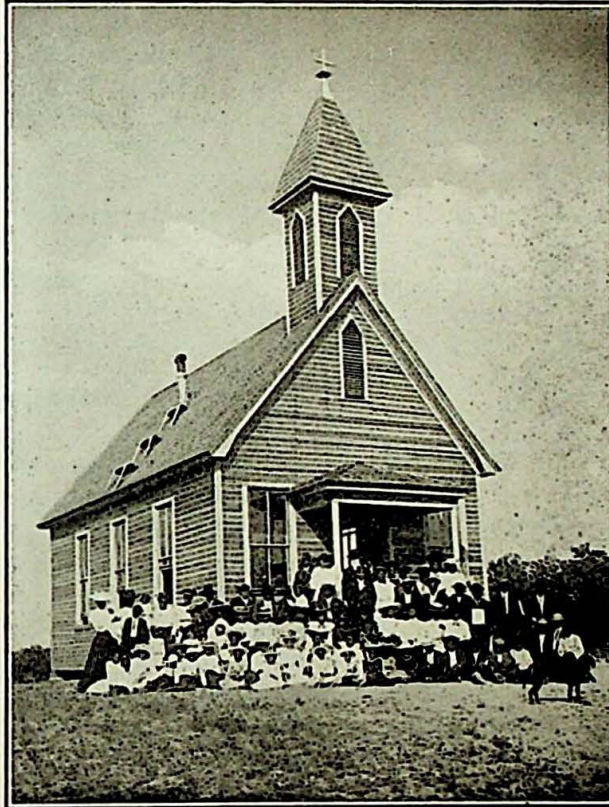
On Tuesday evening Rev. K. Kretschmar was to have lectured "On Marriage and Divorce." Owing to circumstances, however, we were, for the present, deprived of the pleasure of hearing his lecture on this timely subject. In his place Rev. Lankenau hastily prepared what turned out to be a very instructive talk. His subject may be briefly

summed up as "The two reasons for error in doctrine." The first reason, or cause, from which error rises is this: men will not accept the Bible, the *whole* Bible, and nothing but the Bible as the foundation of doctrine. From this comes the second great cause of error: men will not accept the great central truth of the Bible, namely: "By grace are ye saved through faith."

On or about this day of the conference the PIONEER arrived bearing the sad news that our brethren in Salisbury, N. C., had sustained the loss of their chapel, which had been swept away by a storm. One of the members of the conference therefore moved that the evening's collection, \$9.50, be devoted to our stricken brethren. The motion was carried in heartfelt sympathy.

After this, conference re-elected Mr. Rob. Dixon chairman, and Mr. F. Thompson secretary. The attendance exceeded that of the preceding evenings. Bethlehem choir sang at both Monday's and Tuesday's sessions.

These conferences are of great benefit to our stations in more ways than one, and are highly appreciated by our members and their friends, as the increased attendances from year to year abundantly prove. J. KOSSMANN.



Colored Lutheran Chapel at Sandy Ridge, N. C.
Dedicated Nov. 27, 1904.

True Strength of the Church.

"Free forgiveness through faith in Christ. This is the doctrine which is the true strength of any church. It is not orders, or endowments, or liturgies, or learning, or grand cathedrals that will keep a church alive. Let free forgiveness through Christ be faithfully proclaimed in her pulpits, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Let it be buried or kept back, and her candlestick shall be taken away."

"If we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with Him."

Our Mission.

In life we each have a mission,
There's something we all can do
To lighten the cares of others,
And cheer the faint-hearted too.

If we find along life's journey
A sufferer burdened with care,
And can cheer or give him comfort,
Oh! then our mission is there.

If we meet a fellow creature,
One who has fallen low,
To lift him up is our mission,
Before we farther go.

How oft will a kind word spoken,
Though 'tis a little thing,
Give strength to the heart that is troubled,
And remove a bitter sting.

We need not gold or silver
To perform our mission here,
But a heart that is full of sunshine,
And a willingness to cheer.

Lizzie Bliss Phillips.

A Sweet Surprise.

It is related that Dr. Judson, while laboring as a missionary to the heathen, felt a strong desire to do something also for the salvation of the Jews. But it seemed as if his desire was not to be gratified. During a long course of years, even to the closing weeks of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson lamented that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with that thought. Then, at last, there came a sweet surprise which filled his heart with joy.

Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of great languor, with a copy of the *Watchman and Reflector* in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hague's letters from Constantinople. That letter contained some items of information which filled the aged missionary with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries at Constantinople, Mr. Schaffler had stated that a little book had been published in Germany giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labors; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a message had come to Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to show them the way of life.

When Dr. Judson heard this, his eyes filled with

tears. Clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said: "Love, this frightens me; I do not know what to make of it."

"To make of what?" said Mrs. Judson.

"Why," said the missionary, "what you just have been reading; I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came, at some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have desired, it came! Thank God, it came!"

Such was the testimony of the dying missionary. "The desire of the righteous shall be granted," Prov. 10, 24. "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much," James 5, 16. Pray and wait. The answer will come. In Judson's case the news of the answer came before he died, but his prayer was answered long before. So we may know of the results of prayers and toils even while we sojourn here; but if not, what sweet surprises await us in our Father's house!

Mission Berries.

A small and poor village in the Westerwald, in West Germany, between the rivers Rhine, Lahn, and Sieg, is well known in the committee rooms and the offices of the Rhenish Missionary Society for its liberal gifts to the Lord's cause of Foreign Missions. The great event in that village is the yearly "Children's Mission Festival." Missionaries returned from South Africa, the Dutch Indies, or China are present and tell the children and their older friends of the work for the salvation of the heathen in those far-off countries. The children listen for hours with rapt attention and look very happy. Their beaming faces seem to say, "We, too, are helping in this work for the Lord Jesus." In which way do these poor children help? In summer-time, when the blackberries are ripe, they roam over the hills and dells and gather the berries, leaving all the bushes bare and empty. All the berries the children pick are sold to parties who pay well for them, and all the money received is sent to Barmen, where the treasurer of the Rhenish Society lives; it often amounts to twenty dollars. The oldest woman of the village—she has eighty-four years "on her back"—totters along into the forest to pick berries for the mission, although her fingers are stiff and crooked from rheumatism.

What do these poor children say to you well-to-do children?—*Selected.*

NOTES AND ITEMS.

PRESENT WITH THE LORD.—On the 29th of May the venerable and widely beloved Rev. H. C. Schwan, D. D., departed this life at Cleveland, O., aged 86 years. In the departure of this thoroughly evangelical, faithful witness and highly gifted and consecrated worker for Christ and His Church our Colored Mission also lost a devoted friend and warm advocate. Whenever in former years his duties as General President of the Missouri Synod brought him to New Orleans, he there visited our mission stations, attended services in one of our mission chapels, and with voice and pen informed the church of the progress made with God's blessing resting upon the labors of our missionaries in church and school. After one of his first visits he wrote: "Our mission is doing well. It is also moving forward. Not in a gallop, but with a firm step. And that is sufficient. A good beginning has been made. May God keep the mission in the right paths. Let us diligently pray for it, and then patiently await God's hour. He has at all times done all things well." Yes, God hath done all things well, also with His departed servant. Absent from the body, he is now present with the Lord, whom he so dearly loved and so faithfully served. Our loss is his gain; for he could say with the apostle: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

CITY MISSIONS IN MILWAUKEE.—The annual report of our city missions in Milwaukee has been kindly sent to us, and we read it with great pleasure. God has richly blessed the labors of our Lutheran city missionary, the Rev. E. Duemling. In public preaching in the different institutions of the city and in attending to the sick and the dying he made known the Gospel of Jesus to the salvation of souls. In the House of Correction the missionary met also a young colored man, who asked him, "Pastor, is it true that we colored people cannot get to heaven?" "No," said the missionary, "that is not true; for we read John 3, 16: '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 this world of sinners not only the white people belong, but also the colored people." The young man has been instructed in the way of life and has been baptized. After his baptism he said to the missionary, "I cannot find words enough to thank you for instructing me in God's Word." May he be among those who prove faithful unto death and receive the crown of life, and may God continue to prosper the blessed work of our city missions.

SOMETHING SAVED.—A rich man in New York gave \$25,000 for the building of a church. A few years later he lost all he had by reverses in business. An acquaintance meeting him some days afterward, remarked: "It's too bad, if you had only not given those \$25,000 to the church, you could now make good use of them." "Indeed not," he answered, "that is the only money I have saved. If I had not given it to the church, it would now also be lost."

THE BIBLE IN CHINA.—The British and Foreign Bible Society reports that in China last year the total number of copies circulated was 1,086,670 copies. Of these, 34,873 were free grants made for special purposes, which leaves the actual sales well over a million copies. This far outstrips all previous records.

NATIVE MISSION WORKERS.—Native Christians of the Cannibal Islands—for the Solomon Islands in Melanesia surely deserve that name—are active in foreign mission work. Fourteen men from Florida Island are missionaries in Guadalcanar, Mala, and Raga. The people of Savo Island have now asked for teachers, and four more volunteers from Florida are to go to that field.

 New Orleans Notes.

BETHLEHEM Station has renovated the interior of its chapel. Each member cheerfully made an extra contribution to defray the expenses.

DURING the present year Mount Zion Station has attained what is easily its high water mark in day school enrollment.

MR. E. HEINTZEN of St. Paul's School, we learn, has accepted a call to the English Lutheran Church of this city.

BETHLEHEM Sunday School is keeping up splendidly, considering the time of the year. Those connected with the school ascribe the interest taken by the children in no small degree to the use of the Buffalo Sunday School Lesson introduced about six months ago. Its day school numbers 162, a number not reached for many years.

LUTHER COLLEGE will be able, even this early in its career, to graduate a teacher, there being one graduate from the Normal Department. Four will graduate from the Preparatory Department.

SCHOOL closing days are upon us, and the heat has been telling on teachers and pupils for months past, yet the attendance must be termed a good one.

WE note with sorrow the death of the Rev. H. C. Schwan, D. D. He was a good friend of our missions, and never failed to visit one or more stations as often as he came to New Orleans on his itinerary as president of the Missouri synod.

"THE Industrious Willing Workers," composed of members of Bethlehem Chapel, are still hard at work, and they succeed admirably in assisting the station in taking care of its indigent members.

ON June 25th, the day on which, now 375 years ago, the Augsburg Confession of the Lutheran church was delivered before the Diet (Congress) at Augsburg, the confirmed members of Bethlehem Chapel will hold a reunion. Invitations will go out as far as California, where several of her members have gone to live who still attend to the Lutheran church in their distant homes.

J. KOSSMANN.

Constantine and the Miser.

Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance and marked out a space of ground the size of a human body, and said to him: "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a few days such a spot as this will be all that you will have."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

HYMNAL FOR EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN MISSIONS. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 30 cts.

This well-printed and handsomely bound *Hymnal* contains 199 of our best church hymns, many of them being translations of our well-known German Lutheran hymns. The book may also well be used as a school hymnal in English Lutheran Parochial Schools.

KATECHISMUSPREDIGTEN UEBER DAS ERSTE UND ZWEITE HAUPTSTUECK VON C. C. Schmidt, Pastor an der ev.-luth. Gemeinde zum heiligen Kreuz in St. Louis, Mo. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.25.

This first volume of sermons on the Catechism supplies a long-felt want, and supplies it well. In simple and direct style it sets forth and applies the Bible truths contained in the first two principal parts of our Catechism. May the companion volume soon follow! Sermons on the Catechism have always been recommended in the Lutheran church. In the Saxon Articles of 1580 we read: "Since there is no preaching more necessary than that on the Catechism, which contains the sum and substance of the whole Bible, of the Old as well as of the New Testament, and since

there may be drawn from it all other sermons intended to instruct the simple and to strengthen their faith, the pastors are to make the preaching of the Catechism their chief care, in order that the congregation, particularly the young people, may the better learn to understand it, and to understand at all times what is being preached." And Dr. Rudelbach, the great Lutheran theologian, says: "It is incredible to hear what great good, sermons on the Catechism have done. Let it not be said that they are rarely listened to by the highly educated. For it must be remembered that, gauged by present standards, these are not the real church-goers. But wherever a true Christian education has taken the place of the so-called education of the unbeliever, there learned men too will be gathered in great numbers to hear the Word. And they will be found in just those places in which the Word is preached most simply and yet most profoundly, as it can be done in sermons on the Catechism. Their taste, formerly spoiled and depraved by all manner of unwholesome food, will find here true life-giving nourishment, a nourishment which, on account of its charming simplicity, never produces loathing nor satiety."

Acknowledgments.

Received for *Colored Missions* from Holy Trinity Church in Springfield, Ill., \$6.30; from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; from Mount Zion Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., 35.00; from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 25.00; from St. Paul's Church in Mansura, La., 10.00; from Grace Mission in St. Louis, Mo., 3.00; from Concordia Church in Rockwell, N. C., 5.00; from Zion Church in Gold Hill, N. C., 4.00; from Grace Church in Concord, N. C., 10.00, and collection during the conference, 10.00; of Prof. N. J. Bakke from Mrs. Rhodie Norwood, Charlotte, N. C., 1.00.

For *Chapel in Satisbury, N. C.*: Of Rev. J. Kossmann, New Orleans, La., collection during the conference, 9.50; from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., 5.00; from Trinity Church in Elon College, N. C., 1.51.

For *Immanuel College*: Of Rev. J. Kossmann, New Orleans, La., collection during the conference, 6.00.

St. Louis, June 17, 1905. A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

Received of Miss A. S. Overn, Salt Lake City, Utah, for *Colored Missions* \$2.00. Many thanks! R. A. B.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lan-kenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

TERMS:

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., August, 1905.

No. 8.

'Tis Jesus Makes Me Whole.

Lord, at Thy feet I now lie down,
And pour out all my soul;
For there I find relief, and own
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

This wayward, willful, sinning heart,
Beyond my own control,
Is quieted as faith beholds,
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

Thy blood I own—Thy precious blood,
And love so free and full,
Have met my need, and made me cry,
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

Lord, I adore Thy blessed grace,
Which gave me faith to roll
The burden of my sins on Thee:
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

Sel.

Trust in Christ's Righteousness.

How can a man trust in his own righteousness? It is like seeking shelter under one's own shadow. A man may stoop to the very ground, and the lower he bends he still finds that his shadow is beneath him. But if a man flees to the shadow of a great rock or of a wide-spreading tree, he will find shelter from the hot summer sun. So human merits cannot give salvation, human righteousness cannot shelter us from the wrath of God. Do you know what the Bible says of our own righteousness? The prophet says, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." We surely cannot expect to stand before God clothed in a lot of dirty rags. His wrath would hurl us with our dirty rags into everlasting damnation; for He is pure and holy, and hates and punishes all impurity. Of Him the psalmist says, "Thou art not a God

that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with Thee." There is only one righteousness which is acceptable unto God and in which we can stand before Him. It is the righteousness which God's own Son procured for us by His life, sufferings, and death. He who knew no sin was made to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. This righteousness which Christ procured for us is perfectly pure, without the least spot or stain. Clothed by faith in this righteousness, we are acceptable unto God, and can stand before Him as His beloved children; for He sees us clothed in the righteousness of His own Son with whom He is well pleased.

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

Trust in Christ's righteousness only. How can a man trust partly in Christ's righteousness and partly in his own? It is like trying to cross a river by walking partly on a sound plank and partly on a rotten plank. He that does this will as surely fall into the water as if he walked on the rotten plank only. He cannot cross the water with one foot on the sound plank and the other on the rotten plank. He will fall through and perish. So he that trusts partly in the righteousness of Christ and partly in his own righteousness will surely fail of eternal life. It is not the work of Christ and something added that saves us, but the work of Christ alone, apart from anything and everything we can do or feel. Christ's righteousness is the only sound plank on which sinners can cross the dark river of death and enter everlasting life. Don't try to walk at the same time on the rotten plank of your own righteousness, lest you fall through and perish for-

ever. Christ's righteousness is the only pure dress in which we can stand before God. Do not add to that beautiful dress the dirty rags of your own righteousness, lest God in His wrath hurl you from His presence into everlasting damnation. Trust only in the righteousness of Christ and you shall be saved.

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

The Holy Ghost Calls Me.

The Bible often speaks of this gracious work of the Holy Spirit. In several of the parables particular attention is called to it. In the parable of the Great Supper we are given an especially fine picture of the call of the Holy Ghost by the Gospel. God has prepared a great supper for the starving souls of men. This supper is Christ and His merits. The supper is ready, all things are prepared, and God sends out His servants to invite the guests. "Come, for all things are now ready," such is the gracious invitation, Luke 14, 16—24.

This parable makes two things plain: 1. All things are ready, and nothing is required of us but to sit down, eat and drink. 2. No one can come, except he be bidden. No one could even know of this supper, if God did not invite and call men. "Come, for all things are now ready," such is the gracious invitation which comes to us by the voice of the Gospel.

By the Gospel the Holy Spirit calls poor, hungry, starving souls to come to the Great Supper prepared for their soul's salvation in Christ Jesus. Man's soul is of divine origin, it is heavenly and spiritual, and things earthly and temporal cannot satisfy it. The only source of food for the soul is in God. By nature, however, man since the fall is no longer in communion with God; wherefore, being separate from God, his poor soul is cut off from all supply of food and left to starve. From this state of separation from God and of starvation the Holy Ghost calls man by the Gospel to the riches of God's grace in Christ Jesus. Christ fulfilled the demands of God's holy Law, and on the cursed wood of the cross atoned for our sins; and by such active and passive obedience Christ prepared all things needful for our soul's salvation. All things are now ready, we need but follow the gracious call, and by means of faith eat and drink what God sets before us.

But how can we come, how accept the gracious

invitation? Are we not dead in trespasses and sins? Is it not utterly impossible for us to come to Christ, or to believe in Him? True, by our own reason or strength we could never come. Left to ourselves, we could do but one thing; namely, reject the invitation. But remember, the Gospel is no empty, merely formal invitation; for it comes from God, is God's Word, and is therefore the power of God. In this call of the Gospel the Holy Spirit Himself comes to man and pleads with him to accept the invitation. Yes, even more, in calling us to come, He also gives us the power to come. As the call of Jesus, "Maiden, arise!" brought life into the body of Jairus' daughter; as the Saviour's, "Young man, arise!" gave power to obey to the young man of Nain; as Jesus' command, "Lazarus, come forth!" quickened the dead bones and sent the stagnant blood coursing through the veins of Lazarus, — so also the gracious call of the Holy Spirit in the Gospel awakens us who are spiritually dead, and gives us the power to come to Jesus and appropriate the riches of His grace.

God is earnestly desirous that we accept His call. Wherever the Gospel is preached the Holy Ghost is active. God does not want only some to come. No, no; God wants all men to be saved, and therefore He would have all to come to Christ, since He is the only way of salvation. Wherever the Gospel is preached the Holy Ghost is sincerely and earnestly active, knocking at the heart of every hearer. And while, on the one hand, it is only the Holy Ghost that can awaken the sinner from the sleep of sin, make him willing, and give him the strength to come to Jesus, it, on the other hand, is man's fault, and his fault alone, if he heeds not the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready."

One more thing let us not forget. In the above I have several times spoken of the call to Christ as a *gracious* work of the Holy Spirit. Such it is indeed, for St. Paul writes 2 Tim. 1, 9: "God hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." Not our works induced God to call us, for we were then yet dead in sin and had no good works to show, but His grace, grace free and boundless, prompted God to call us to Christ and His salvation.

Come, ye sinners, one and all,
Come, ye all have invitation;
Come, obey His gracious call,
Come and take His free salvation!
Firmly in these words believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

F. J. L.

Mission Work.

Mission work is not a work of man's own choosing, but rests on the command of God. God commands us to do mission work. Christ plainly says to His Christians: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," Mark 16, 15.

Mission work is the greatest of all works, for its direct object is the salvation of immortal souls, for which Christ, the Son of God, shed His own precious blood. "He who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death," James 5, 20. Man's soul is of far greater worth than all the world. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" says Christ.

Mission work is the most necessary work, for through the preaching of the Gospel it brings to man the one thing needful which man cannot obtain without God's Word.

Mission work is not done in vain. It bears glorious fruits, even if we do not always see these fruits in this world. Christ, who gave the missionary command, added the promise: "Lo, I am with you alway." Since He is with us we cannot fail. Success is certain. God will take care of the results of our labor. He has given us the sure promise: "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it," Is. 55, 10, 11.

Mission work especially has the promise of a reward of grace. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," Dan. 12, 3.

Let us, then, not grow weary in mission work. "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Gal. 6, 9.

Work for All.

During one of the great battles of the Civil War a recruit, who had lost his company in the tumult of strife, approached General Sheridan and timidly asked where he should "step in." "Step in?" thundered the General. "Step in anywhere; there's fighting all along the line."

The Church, in extending the kingdom of Christ, is at war with the kingdom of sin and Satan, and

every Christian must be found in the ranks of Christ's soldiers marching to battle and to victory under the banner of the cross. Are you looking for an extra place? "Step in anywhere; there's fighting all along the line."

A heavy piece of machinery was being moved into a building by means of a block and tackle. Suddenly one of the ropes parted, and the machine began to slide backward. The two men who had charge of the work sprang to stay its progress. "Give us a lift!" one of them shouted to a bystander.

"Where shall I take hold?" cried he.

"Grab hold anywhere!" yelled the mover.

The Church in its mission work needs help from all its members. There is much to be done, and there is work for all. In our Colored Mission we need help for our treasury; we need help for the building of a college in North Carolina for the training of missionaries for the colored people; we need help for the building of mission chapels, especially for the rebuilding of a chapel in Salisbury, where our colored congregation mourns the loss of its beautiful chapel, which was recently destroyed by a violent storm. "Give us a lift!" Do you ask, "Where shall I take hold?" "Take hold anywhere!" You need not wait for some special work. There is work enough for all, work for you. Take hold anywhere! Give us a lift!

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," Eccl. 9, 10.

Uncle Abe's Question.

Three young gentlemen were descending from the seventh story of one of Cincinnati's largest buildings in an elevator controlled by an old colored man. They were discussing the question of what the result would be if the elevator should fall, and one of them said, "I don't care for myself, but I am anxious for my old friend here," alluding to the colored man, and turning to him said: "Uncle, where do you think you would alight?" Old Uncle Abe replied promptly: "I would 'light in the arms of Jesus, Massa! Where would *you* 'light?" The young man was silenced, and left the elevator without another word.

We hope he profited by Uncle Abe's question.

THE employer who prays the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer will pay his employees what they earn, and the employee who prays it will earn what he is paid.

A Useful Life Ended.

On the 3d of June the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the veteran missionary and founder of the famous "China Inland Mission," departed this life in China,

eyes he told us of the day when he left England, his native land, on his voyage to China. His mother, who from his birth had prayed that he might consecrate his life to the service of God, went with him to Liverpool to see her boy sail.



A Native Evangelist in China Preaching to His People.

the land for whose spiritual welfare he had labored for forty years. Many years ago we had the pleasure of meeting and hearing the beloved missionary during his hurried visit to our country. All that met him could not but be deeply impressed with the earnest zeal and great love for mission work that filled his soul, especially for mission work among the dark millions of China. With beaming

They bowed together in prayer in his room on the vessel, each bearing up bravely and cheerfully for the sake of the other, until the weighing of the anchor announced that she must go ashore. She stood upon the pier smiling through her tears, and waving him a farewell, but when the ship turned her prow to the sea, a wail of anguish ascended from her heart that reached his ears. "At that

moment," said the missionary, "I thought of the deep meaning of the words, 'God so loved the world that He gave his only-begotten Son.' I commended my dear mother to the care of our heavenly Father, and joyfully sped on my way to bring to the poor people of China the glad news of God's great love for sinners."

He landed at Shanghai, China, in 1854, and adopting the native costume, at once set to work. He declined any salary, and gave up butter and milk as "luxuries," living chiefly on rice and oatmeal, thus reducing his living expenses to as little as possible.

After several years of hard work he returned to his home in England to recuperate. His bad health compelled him to stay at home for some years. But these years of weakness were not wasted; for during them he planned the China Inland Mission, which was founded in 1865. His heart yearned over the millions and hundreds of millions in the distant provinces of the vast country of China, who were passing into eternity without God and without hope, at the rate of thirty-three thousand every day. He founded a society whose aim it is to spread abroad the Gospel among the large inland provinces of China, where the foot of a Gospel missionary never trod before. From the beginning the plan of this society was to offer no salary to the workers, take no collections, beg no money, but, making the needs known, pray for the funds to carry on the work. And the society has prospered, and is increasingly prosperous. There is no lack of money, although "there is no begging for money." When we met Rev. Taylor, he told us the voluntary contributions in that year amounted to \$170,000. "God hears the prayers of His children," added the devoted missionary. The mission has penetrated to the farthest parts of China, and has secured an increasing number of workers, some of them from "the best families of Great Britain." It now operates 200 central stations, 520 out-stations, and its staff includes 825 missionaries and their wives.

In the China Inland Mission Hudson Taylor will be greatly missed. At the age of 73 years he has been taken home from his beloved mission field in China. "The workmen are called to rest, but God's work will go on."

The Nature of Faith.

It is the nature of faith that it feels nothing at all, but only follows the Word, which it hears, and depends upon it. Whoever believes it, has it; whoever does not believe it, does not have it. — *Luther.*

The Indian Boy's Friend.

A missionary among the Indians relates the following:

I found the Indian boy dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him.

After recovering from my surprise I said, "My poor boy, I am sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here."

He replied, "It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon as my bones are very sore."

I spoke with him about his soul, and he told me that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he firmly believed in Him who hath taken away the sins of the world.

Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there."

Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the Bible in his thin hand, while a smile played on his face, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words: "This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have it buried with me; but I have thought since, I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

Soon after, the dear boy fell asleep, repeating with his weak voice the words of the twenty-third Psalm: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life. — *Samuel Johnson.*

Barley Loaves.

Only five barley loaves!
 Only two fishes small!
 And shall I offer these poor gifts
 To Christ, the Lord of all?
 To Him whose mighty word
 Can still the angry sea,
 Can cleanse the lepers, raise the dead?
 He hath no need of me.

Yes, He *hath* need of thee;
 Then bring thy loaves of bread;
 Behold, with them, when Jesus speaks,
 The multitudes are fed.

"Two hundred pennyworth,"
 Saith one, "had not sufficed."
 Ah, true! what is abundance worth,
 Unless 'tis blessed by Christ?

Only one talent small,
 Scarce worthy to be named;
 Truly, He hath no need of this;
 O soul, art thou ashamed?
 He gave that talent first;
 Then use it in His strength;
 Thereby—thou know'st not—He may work
 A miracle at length.

Many the starving souls
 Now waiting to be fed.
 Needing, though knowing not their need,
 Of Christ, the living Bread.
 Oh, hast thou known His love?
 To others make it known;
 Receiving blessings, others bless;
 No seed abides alone.

And when thine eyes shall see
 The holy, ransomed throng,
 In heavenly fields, by living streams,
 By Jesus led along,
 Unspeakable thy joy shall be,
 And glorious thy reward,
 If, by thy *barley loaves*, one soul
 Has been brought home to God.

Sol.

The Lord's Prayer as a Peace Maker.

There was once a husband and wife who could not, it seemed, live together in peace. They were continually quarreling and jangling together. One day the man went to his pastor and told him all about the unhappy life he was leading. He said that he had tried very hard to keep peace, but did not succeed. The pastor asked, "Well, have you and your wife ever prayed together?" The husband shook his head sadly, and added that he did not think his wife would join in prayer with him.

One evening, after this conversation with the pastor, the wife said, "I cannot live with you any longer, I intend to try to get a divorce." The hus-

band replied that he, too, did not care to continue such a miserable life. "All right," said the wife, "to-morrow we will part."

"Very well," said the man, "I have nothing against it. But before we separate let us pray together; for that is something we have never yet done." Before the wife had time to reply he knelt down. He could think of nothing but the Lord's Prayer. He began repeating it aloud and with so much earnestness that he himself was surprised. When he came to the fifth petition his wife sobbed aloud, and when he repeated the seventh petition the wife was entirely overcome. She threw her arms around his neck, and asked his forgiveness. They did not part. They never after forgot that evening, and their first family prayer, and many a quarrel was avoided by calling it to mind.

Bad Company.

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

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

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

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"

"No, one that is dead—burnt out."

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUTHER says, "The slanderer has the devil on his tongue, and he who listens to him has the devil in his ear. There is very little difference."

NOTES AND ITEMS.

CONOVER, N. C.—The Rev. Lash, our missionary at Salisbury, comes to Conover once every month to preach the Gospel to the colored people of this "Lutheran village." The people hear him gladly, and the services are well attended. On a recent Sunday evening a colored woman was received as a member of the Lutheran church by confirmation, after having been instructed in the Catechism.

LUTHERAN CITY MISSIONS IN ST. LOUIS.—The report of our city missions in St. Louis must fill every Christian heart with joy and gratitude. The labors of our missionaries, the Revs. Herzberger and Dreyer and Teacher Koelling, have been richly blessed during the past year. The Gospel has been preached, not only in the Mission Chapel, but also in the hospitals and other institutions of the city. The way of salvation has been made known to the sick and the dying. Children attending the mission school have been pointed to Jesus, the true Friend in all our need. Most of the fruit of this work will be seen on the great harvest day. But already here our missionaries often see the fruit of their patient labors. Again and again they have received joyful thanks from such as, through their service, were brought to a saving knowledge of their Saviour. Parents have thankfully acknowledged that they and their children have been greatly blessed by the work done in the mission school. From the report we see that also many of the colored people are blessed by this Mission. One of the missionaries writes that whenever he preaches to a number of consumptives in a room of one of the hospitals, poor colored women assemble in the next room and listen attentively to the message of the loving Saviour.

May God continue to bless the labors of our city missionaries.

MY LIGHT IS GOING OUT.—"One evening, during wet and stormy weather," relates a London city missionary, "I was going about my duties in my district. Depressed both by the vehemence of the weather and the unfriendliness of men, tired and chilled in body and soul, I felt indisposed to go further on my mission to perishing souls, and I gave way to a fit of despondency. I turned into a house to rest. As I passed one of the rooms I noticed, through the half-open door, a poor seamstress working at a small table by the light of a thin candle. I observed her a while, as she sewed

so busily that the eye could hardly follow the rapid movements of her needle. She stopped a moment, threw a hasty glance upon the diminishing candle, and then continued to sew with redoubled zeal. 'I must make haste,' I heard her say, 'for my light is going out,—and I have no other.' These words fell upon me like a voice from heaven, arousing my soul from its depression and lethargy. God had spoken to my heart and given me a lesson through this hard-working young woman. I roused my spirits and said to myself: I, too, must work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." Who among us knows how long the light of our life will continue burning? Let us work "while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

MISSION SCHOOLS IN CHINA.—The Chinese Government has recently opened 180 elementary schools in the province of Shantung. They are free to all, but very many of them are empty. Mission schools in the same province are well attended, although they charge tuition. The reason of the contrast is distrust of government officials, and knowledge that missionary schools really educate.

THE WORK OF TWENTY YEARS.—The following from the *Missionary Herald* speaks well for the results of missions in Africa: "In many parts of the world marvelous changes have occurred within the last two decades, but we doubt if one more marvelous can be named than that which has occurred in the heart of Africa, in the kingdom of Uganda. Twenty years ago to-day there were only three missionaries in that country, and there were but eighty-seven baptized native Baganda. Bishop Hannington had not then started upon his inland journey, upon which he was to become a martyr. But according to the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* the present statistics show that there are now eighty-eight missionaries and nearly 44,000 baptized Christians and over 2500 native evangelists and teachers, thirty-two of them ordained."

Closing Exercises at Luther College.

On June 29th, Luther College of New Orleans, usually of very business-like appearance and full of bustling activity, threw off its work-day clothes for once and put on holiday garb, for it was to be the scene of special exercises incident to the close of its first school-year. A large number of specially invited guests from our local colored congregations,

together with quite a few of our white friends, crowded into the spacious hall and appreciated the execution of a very generous program composed of orations, original essays, and instrumental as well as vocal music rendered by the students, assisted by a choir made up of young people from our local congregations.

A report covering the work of the last year was given by Pastor Lanckenau, the Director of the institution. Thirty-three students attended lessons given in three departments — preparatory, high-school, and normal. The Normal Department has one graduate this year, Mr. Napoleon Seeberry, from Bethlehem Congregation of this city, who began his studies at our Addison Seminary and is now a candidate for a position in one of our mission schools. The progress of the institution is very encouraging, but a good professor is needed to assist in the instruction and relieve Rev. Lanckenau, who is overburdened with work.

The annual report was followed by a short address by Rev. J. Kossmann, who dwelt on a few things that are necessary to make the work of our institution successful. Thereupon Mr. Seeberry received his diploma, and a number of other students were given certificates indicative of having finished the preparatory course. The exercises were brought to a close by the singing of the common Doxology by the whole assembly.

May God continue to bless Luther College. May it continue to be instrumental in fitting out enthusiastic messengers of the Gospel of Christ to old and young, and may it impress upon all that gather within its walls the importance of the truth that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

K. KRETZSCHMAR.

An Example of the Success of Missions.

In 1833 three white men from France appeared before the great chief Moshesh in Basutoland with a message. They proclaimed Christ the Saviour and the Gospel of salvation. The chief compared their message to an egg and said he would wait for it to hatch before forming an opinion. The egg has hatched. After 70 years there are in connection with the Paris mission in Basutoland 27 missionaries and 425 native workers, with 22,356 professed Christians, of whom 14,950 are communicants. In the year 1903/04 these Basuto Christians gave nearly \$20,000 for home and foreign missions. That is to say, they supported all of the 197 out-stations of the Paris Basuto mission, and besides this they sent \$400 to the mission in Barotsiland on the Zambesi.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

IN MEMORIAM. Dreissig Leichenreden, dargeboten von Pastor C. Gross sen. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 75 cts., postpaid.

Many will thank the venerable Pastor Gross for complying with the request of a number of friends in publishing these thirty funeral addresses delivered on various occasions in the course of a long and faithful ministry. The sermons are eminently textual. They are true and faithful expositions of the Word of God in clear and precise language. They are full of instruction, and especially full of consolation for the children of God in their day of sorrow. The charming little book can be commended in every respect, and will no doubt carry a blessing to its readers.

SYNODALBERICHT DES SUEDLICHEN DISTRICTS. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cts.

This pamphlet contains an instructive and edifying doctrinal paper on the Fifth Petition of the Lord's Prayer, an interesting report of missions carried on within the boundary of the Southern District of the Missouri Synod, also a brief abstract of a sermon on Colored Missions delivered during the meeting of Synod by Rev. Kossmann, one of our missionaries in New Orleans.

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from Mount Zion Church, New Orleans, La., \$25.00; from St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., 35.00; from Bethlehem Church, New Orleans, La., 25.00; from St. Paul's Church, Mansura, La., 10.00; from Grace Church, Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; from Mission in Rudd, N. C., 5.00; from Grace Mission in St. Louis, Mo., 3.00; from Grace Church in Concord, N. C., 10.00.

For Chapel in Salisbury: From Bethlehem Sunday School in New Orleans, La., 3.90; from Grace Church in Greensboro, N. C., .50.

For Immanuel College: From Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 3.10.

For Luther College: Collection of the Joint Conference in Bethlehem Church, New Orleans, La., 5.40; from Bethlehem Church in New Orleans, La., 3.80, and from Bethlehem Sunday School, 3.15; from St. Paul's Church in New Orleans, La., 20.50.

St. Louis, July 12, 1905. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lanckenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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St. Louis, Mo., September, 1905.

No. 9.

Prayer.

Are you weary and discouraged,
Does the cross seem hard to bear?
Take it to the loving Saviour
In a word of earnest prayer.

When the clouds hang low and heavy
And you see no sunshine there;
Through the dreary mists and shadows
God will surely hear your prayer.

Go to God with all your troubles,
He knows every fret and care.
Brother, do not be discouraged,
You will find relief in prayer.

God is full of sweet compassion,
He will all your sorrows share.
Just kneel down in meek submission—
Lift your heart to God in prayer.

There's no need to fret and worry
Though the cross seems hard to bear.
You will find sweet peace and comfort
If you go to God in prayer.

Do not let your heart be burdened
When there's trouble anywhere.
God will answer your petition
Wafted on the wings of prayer.

Esther Peterson.

The Saviour's Joy.

In the parable of the lost sheep (Luke 15) we are told that the shepherd went after the sheep which was lost until he found it. And when he found it, he did not strike it and punish it in anger. No; in loving kindness he laid it on his shoulders "*rejoicing*." The shepherd was glad he got back his lost one. Tenderly he bore it home on his shoulders, and then called together his friends and neighbors to share his overflowing joy. He said to them, "Re-

joice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." He does not merely say, "Rejoice," but he says, "Rejoice *with me*." He himself rejoices.

This is a picture of the Saviour's joy over the lost one that is found, over the sinner that repents. Jesus is the good Shepherd, He came into the world to seek and to save that which is lost, He laid down His life for the sheep and bought them with His own precious blood. The sheep are His. In the Gospel He goes after His sheep which is lost, and when He finds it He *rejoices*. The sinner that repents fills the Saviour's heart with joy. Such a one that was lost and is found is the fruit of His hard labors and bitter sufferings, the reward of His pains, and agony, and anguish, a jewel in the crown of His redeeming love. Therefore the Saviour rejoices over the lost one that is found, over the sinner that comes to repentance.

What an encouragement this is for sinners to trust in Jesus! This man receiveth sinners, yea, He has His own especial joy in receiving to His bosom of love the poor lost wanderer—a joy so peculiar that He can say, "Rejoice with *me*."

Many fear that Jesus may not be gracious to such as they are. But fear not! The faithful Shepherd seeks the lost, no matter how far they have strayed and how much they are bruised and wounded by the briars of sin. To find such a lost one is His highest pleasure, His chief delight, His greatest joy.

"Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

Faith.

There are many who want to *feel* that they are believers before they have believed the truth, and to *feel* that they are safe before they trust in Jesus. But we are saved by faith, not by feeling. And

faith never refers to self, but always to the Word of God. Faith rests not on what our heart says, but on what God says in His true and everlasting Word. Faith looks not on that which is within us, but on that which is without us, on the finished work of Christ done for us and offered to us in the Gospel.

Christ's Witnesses.

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me," said the risen Jesus to His disciples, who were to be His witnesses in an eminent sense, they having been with Him, seeing His works and hearing His words. When promising them the Spirit of truth who should testify of Him, Christ said to them: "Ye also shall bear witness because ye have been with me from the beginning."

But the Saviour's words apply to all Christians, though not in the same eminent sense. All Christians are Christ's witnesses, witnesses of the salvation which is in Jesus, and which they enjoy by faith in Him. They know that they were blind, and that they now see. They know that they were without God and without hope in this world, and that they now are the children of God, and rejoice in the hope of everlasting glory. They have been with Jesus, and are still with Jesus, and can bear witness to His saving grace and redeeming love. By word and action they testify of Him whose own they are. By spreading the Gospel they bring to others the peace which they have found by believing in Him who made peace for us by the blood of the cross.

This, surely, is the great business of the Christian's life. He is to be a witness of Jesus. If Christians be dumb, there is no other voice on earth to take up the cause of the crucified Son of God. If Christians will not do mission work and tell others of the salvation which is in Jesus, there is none other to do it, and souls must perish in their sins. The blue vault of heaven above us, the glorious sun shining forth in daily brightness, the gentle moon, and the glittering stars spreading their soft beauty over mountains and valleys—all the works of nature speak aloud of the wonder-working power of the great Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," says the psalmist. But the glory of God's redeeming love is not declared by the heavens; and the Saviour's work of redemption through His own precious blood is not shown by the firmament. It is revealed in the Gospel, and is to be made known by those who by faith in that Gospel have tasted in

their own souls that the Lord is gracious. They, the Christians, are Christ's witnesses, Christ's missionaries.

Christ's witnesses! What a great honor this is! Men consider it no small honor to be an ambassador of an earthly prince. How much more should God's children feel the incomparable dignity and honor of being witnesses to the majesty and glory of the King of kings and Lord of lords, the Son of God and the Saviour of men!

"My Sheep Hear My Voice."

A traveler in Syria relates that he came to a well where three shepherds were watering their sheep. The sheep were clustering around the well and seemed to form one flock, and it was impossible to tell which of them belonged to each of the three shepherds. He says that after a time one of the shepherds rose and called, "*Menah!*" that is, "Follow me!" About thirty sheep separated themselves from the rest and went after him.

In a short time one of the remaining two shepherds rose and called out sharply, "*Menah, menah!*" A large number of the sheep separated themselves from the others and followed him.

The traveler says he asked the third shepherd how the sheep were able thus, at once, to separate themselves, and he replied, "*They know the voice of their own shepherd.*"

"But," said the traveler, "could I not induce the sheep to follow me? Lend me your crook and I will try."

The shepherd not only gave him his crook and crook, but also bound on his head his turban.

Then the traveler called out as the other shepherds had done, "*Menah, menah!*" but not a sheep stirred, all remained as they were. "Do they never follow anyone but you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the shepherd, "when they are weak and sickly, they will follow anyone; when they are well, they will follow no one but their own shepherd."

This may well illustrate our Saviour's words: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me," John 10, 27. Jesus is the Shepherd, the believers are His sheep. He knows them as His sheep, and they know Him as their Shepherd. In the Gospel He speaks to them, and they know His voice, they follow Him. "And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers," John 10, 5.

The Holy Ghost Has Enlightened Me with His Gifts.

"All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
'Till Thy Spirit breaks the night
With the beams of truth unclouded."

This we sing in the well-known hymn. And these words are based upon Holy Scripture, which tells us that we are by nature blind in spiritual things and can know nothing of them unless our eyes be opened by the Holy Spirit. We are by nature dead, spiritually dead. Now we know that a man physically dead is unable to hear or see anything; equally unable is a man spiritually dead to see or understand spiritual things. For this reason the Bible often refers to the natural condition of man as a state of darkness.

This spiritual darkness the Holy Ghost dispels by the beams of His light. He opens our eyes and gives us power to see and understand something of divine things. 2 Cor. 4, 6 the apostle writes: "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Gen. 1, 2 we read that "darkness was upon the face of the deep,"—not a vestige of light, no twilight, no dawn, but deepest darkness, impenetrable darkness covered, as a black pall, the face of the deep. Then God said, "Let there be light," and there was light. By His almighty Word God "commanded the light to shine out of darkness." Even so has the Holy Ghost shined into our hearts and enlightened them with the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ. Had God not spoken His omnipotent "Let there be light," darkness would have continued upon the face of the deep; and so, likewise, man is and remains dead and blind in sin, unless he be enlightened by the Holy Ghost.

By nature man has no true knowledge of sin and grace, he knows nothing of his Saviour, has no desire to come to Him, and sees not the way to life and salvation. Even when he hears the Word of God, he grasps not its meaning; having eyes to see he sees not, and having ears to hear he hears not. The things of which he hears told in the Word are foolishness unto him, and he cannot discern them, until the Holy Ghost gives him the power to understand.

Little children may see that they are dirty, but though they see this, they are by no means worried about it, since they do not understand the nature of dirt. So with the natural man; he may see his sin, but he knows not its true hideousness, till he

is enlightened by the Holy Ghost. And because children are not convinced of the filthiness of dirt, they have no desire to be cleaned and cry when their mothers would wash them. So the natural man, not having a true knowledge of sin, has no desire to get rid of it, but refuses to be washed in the fountain filled with blood flowing from the Saviour's veins,—objects to being plunged beneath this flood to lose his guilty stains,—until the Holy Ghost opens his eyes to see the sinfulness of sin and gives him the true knowledge of Jesus as his Saviour.

Also this blessed work of enlightening the Holy Ghost performs by means of the Word of the Gospel, for He *calls* us out of darkness into His marvelous light, 1 Pet. 2, 9. The Gospel, which calls us to Christ, is also the powerful means which enlightens our darkened understanding and gives us the power to see and understand God's Word and the things of the Spirit of God. Through the preaching of the Word the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ is given unto men, 2 Cor. 4, 6. When God, on the first day of Creation, said, "Let there be light," this almighty Word created the light and caused it to shine out of darkness. So, likewise, when the Gospel-call, "Let there be light," is heard, this divine call opens the eyes of the blind and gives him power to understand what before was only foolishness unto him. The almighty power of God is as much in the Word to-day as it was on the first day of Creation. When the Holy Ghost comes to us and in His Word says to us, "Repent!" then this Word awakens to repentance, gives repentance, works repentance. And so it is with every word of God. The whole Gospel is full of life and strength, giving life to the dead, strength to the impotent, and comfort to the sorrowful; it quickens and refreshes and fills our hearts with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost.

Our Catechism says that the Holy Ghost has enlightened us *with His gifts*. These gifts of the Holy Ghost are the knowledge of Jesus as our Saviour, confidence and faith, joy and comfort in Him. Having brought me to a knowledge of my natural wretchedness and my need of a Saviour, the Holy Ghost has led me to the cross of Jesus, has taught me to know Him as my Lord and Saviour, and filled my heart with trust and confidence in Him and His merits. And this blessed knowledge of Christ, for whose sake God has accepted me as His dear child, forgiven me all my sins, and made me an heir of His heavenly kingdom, fills my heart with lasting joy and sweetest comfort. These are the blessed gifts the Holy Ghost gave me when He enlightened me by the Gospel.—

The work of illumination the Bible also calls *Regeneration*. Those who have learned to know Jesus as their Saviour, who trust and believe in Him, the Bible calls *regenerate* persons. They have been born again of the Holy Spirit and are now new creatures. A new life has been enkindled in them by the gracious working of the Gospel, and they now bear new fruits of the Spirit.

Conversion is another name applied to this work of the Spirit. It is called so because by working faith in our hearts the Holy Ghost has turned us away from sin to Christ, from the devil to God. When the prophet (Jer. 31, 18) says, "Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned; for Thou art the Lord, my God," he speaks of our illumination by the Holy Ghost as a conversion.

May the Holy Spirit, who has dispelled spiritual darkness from our eyes, created a new life within us, and turned us from the way of damnation to the way that leadeth to salvation, continue and bring to perfection the gracious work He has begun in us.

F. J. L.

Comfort for Pious Ministers.

"And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men," Luke 5, 10. This is a word of special comfort for pious ministers who fear that their preaching might be in vain, that the world was too wicked, and would not be converted. Christ says, Where my Word has free course, and I command it to be preached, there it shall prosper, as Peter succeeded with his draught of fishes, by my order. Let the devil rage or laugh, the Word shall prevail and bring forth fruit, that many shall believe in the Son of God, receive the forgiveness of sins, be justified and saved to the inheritance of eternal life. As a sure pledge and sign He has given us His Word, Baptism, the Supper, and Absolution, which are His nets to gather in His own from the world in which the devil rules as prince and god, thus saving them from the tyranny of the world and the snares of Satan, preserving and strengthening them in the faith, that they should not be condemned with the world.—*Luther*.

Dead or Alive?

As dead fish swim along with the current, but the living fish against it, in like manner dead Christians go with the stream of the sinful world, but living Christians against it.

Which way are you swimming in this stream?

God is Everywhere.

That is strange. Just think; there is no place where God is not. If you had swift wings and would fly to the loneliest spot on earth, you would not be alone. God would be there with you. When you go to your bed of an evening, and repeat your prayer, God is with you and hears what you say. When you get awake at night, and all is dark and quiet in the house, God is still there, and is watching over you while you sleep. When you are at work, when you go to school, when you play, all the time God is with you. He is everywhere.

And since God is everywhere, it is not a hard matter for Him to know what you do and say. He sees how you behave yourself. If you are cross and fretful, if you disobey your parents, if you say bad words, you may be sure that God knows all about it. How careful you should be, then, that you never act or speak in such a way as to offend God. When you are tempted to do wrong, always bear in mind that God sees you—that God is everywhere.—*Messenger*.

Christ Our Guide.

A pastor in England was once staying with a lady, whose coachman had given up drinking, but afterwards gave way to drunkenness again. This lady said to her guest as he was departing: "Now, this coachman will drive you to the station; say a word to him if you can."

Whilst driving along, the pastor was waiting for the opportunity, when, all at once, the horses were frightened; but the driver had them well in hand. The carriage swayed to and fro, but the man piloted the horses well to the station. It was hard work, and the coachman, lifting his hat and wiping the perspiration, said, "I say, that was a close shave. It might have been a smash-up."

"Well," inquired the pastor, "how was it it did not happen?"

"Why," replied the man, "because I knew how to manage the horses."

"Now," said the pastor, "look here, my friend, I'll give you a bit of advice—here's my train coming—I hear you have begun drinking again. Throw the reins of your life into the hands of Christ. There is no strength in you to overcome sin, but there is all strength in Him."

The train pulled in, and as the pastor boarded it, he again said to the coachman, "Now don't forget, my friend. Throw the reins of your life into the hands of Christ."

A Lost Sheep Found.

A pastor one day received a short note urgently requesting him to visit a dying man in one of the large tenement houses of the city. The pastor went to the house, but as the man's room was not mentioned in the note, he long searched in vain. At last he came to a rickety old stairs. He went up the stairs, and in an empty room near the roof he found a poor sick man lying on a miserable couch. The pastor asked the man whether he had sent for him. There was no reply. The sick man did not seem to take any notice of the pastor's presence.

The pastor then looked around the room whether he could see any book or anything else from which he could learn something as to the man's religion. He found nothing. Neither could he receive any answer to his questions. He then took from his pocket his New Testament, opened it, and slowly and distinctly read from the 14th chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

To the pastor's surprise the dying man opened his eyes, and fixing them on him, asked, "Who said that?"

The pastor replied, "Jesus," and continued reading. When he read the sixth verse: "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me," the poor man again opened his eyes and said, "Is that your Jesus?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I hope he is also your Jesus."

And then the pastor went on reading up to the 27th verse: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

With a weak voice, but in great earnestness the dying man asked, "Does your Jesus really say that?"

"Yes, that is what He says," was the reply.

The sick man then gathered all his strength and said with a firm voice, "Then I love Him; I take Him as my Saviour." With this confession he departed this life.

Later on the pastor learned that the man was a Jew. Thus Jesus, the good Shepherd, found a lost sheep of the house of Israel.



The Good Shepherd.

"Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep."

God is All in All.

"There is no position or circumstance a child of God may be in, but God's grace, wisdom, and power can meet it—no difficulty from which He is unable to deliver, no wound that He is not all-sufficient to bind up and heal. Blessed it is for us when the Lord is the object of our affection, the spring of our joy, our treasure, our righteousness, our wisdom, our strength."

Hammer and Anvil.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

Sel.

The Foretaste of Everlasting Life.

In the year 1622, a fierce persecution arose in the Empire of Japan against the Christian religion and its confessors. In the town of Firando, thirty-seven were executed, among whom was a little boy between six and seven years of age, who hastened to death with such manifestations of heart joy, and singing Christian psalms in the Japanese language as to cause unbounded wonder at this firmness in one so tender in years.

In the year 1627, on the 8th of February, in a hamlet near the city of Nagasaki, twelve persons were seized and violently martyred, having been burned in different parts of their bodies with red-hot iron, and afterwards beaten to death. What was most remarkable in this execution, was that a six-year old child stood these tests of faith with unwavering firmness.

In 1651, in the town of Diarbekr, in Mesopotamia, an Armenian Christian child of ten or twelve years, on an unjust charge, was flayed alive by the Turks. On the first day the skin was removed from half of the back, and he was permitted in this condition to pass the night, that they might resume the work on the following day, and continue the poor child's torture the longer. In the meantime, the Mohammedans endeavored to persuade the boy that, by the acceptance of their faith, he might escape martyrdom. His mother also came to her poor son, and besought him, with many tears, by means of the confession of the doctrine of the Turks, to save his life. Yet no entreaties could cause his firmness to waver, but he said with great boldness that thus far he had willingly suffered all this pain, that he was ready also to suffer more, and that this did not give him so much trouble, as that his own mother should tempt him to deny his Saviour. All that followed he suffered with great patience, until

the pasha of the place, moved with pity, cut off his head, and thus freed him from all suffering.

I maintain that no one can deny that the firmness of such weak and tender children, under such fearful ordeals, and the sweet joy which they found in bitter death, cannot be explained otherwise than by a power from on high, and a supernatural confidence, which is properly called a foretaste of everlasting life.—*Christian Scriver.*

Longing for Home.

"I once listened," said a doctor, "to a sermon delivered from the sickbed of a very old man, almost a centenarian. It was on my last visit. I was preparing to leave, when the aged sufferer turned his face toward the wall, sighing heavily. His son asked, 'What is the matter? Do you want anything, father?' 'Yes, yes,' he whispered, 'want to go home.' 'But you are at home, father,' the son said. 'I know; but I want to go to my heavenly home,' the old man answered, with something like a sob, reminding me of a homesick child pining among strangers for dear ones far away.

"I was a careless fellow at that time," the doctor pursued, "but that one sentence from the trembling lips of a dying saint went straight to my heart. I could not shake off the impression. I found no rest until I, too, could know that I was entitled to a home in the city made without hands."—*Sel.*

Not in Vain.

It is said that the late Isaac Errett, when speaking in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society, went to a country church in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It was harvest time, and the weather was warm. The "audience" which had assembled consisted of five or six rich farmers—no ladies being present.

"We won't try to have a meeting," said the good brother with whom Dr. Errett had been staying.

"Ah, but," said Dr. Errett, with gentle firmness, "I always keep my appointments. *I shall hold a meeting.*"

He held a meeting. He told of the needs of the missionaries and of the heroic work they were doing, and at the end of the service *each one of his hearers contributed five hundred dollars to the cause for which he had pleaded.*

The effectiveness of a message does not depend on the number of its hearers.

NOTES AND ITEMS.

"HARD HITS."—That is what some papers called the statements recently made in a sermon by a colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. Davis, presiding elder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of the Atlanta District, before an audience of 2000 colored people. Speaking of the colored people that have grown up since the war, the speaker said: "The tactics and procedure of the new negro is destroying him. His reckless disregard for moral purity, a disposition to ignore the church and the Gospel, a love for a life of ease and pleasure, an ignorant and malicious disregard for the laws of God and the rights of men that is daily being practiced by the majority of the race, convince me that the negro is a lawless being; and he is a liar if he says he is not. The negro is a lawless character without rule in the home. Therefore he can have but little in his church and society. He does right only from fear of punishment or hope of reward." The speaker added: "I need not say there are exceptions; I need not say there are good men and women in the race; but they are in the hopeless minority."

No wonder the 2000 colored hearers "sat as if stunned by the hard hits," especially when the preacher declared at the close: "It is not the white man's prejudice, lynchings, or mistreatment of the negro that will destroy him half as fast as his bad conduct and habit and love of immorality."

COLORED PREACHERS IN THE SECTS.—Speaking of the colored sectarian preachers, the same presiding elder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, who ought to know what he is talking about, said: "Fully one half of the negro preachers should be out upon the farms where they can best serve the people. The church is ruined with drunkards and debased characters."

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?—That is the question asked by one of the papers after giving the above statements of the Methodist preacher regarding the condition of the colored people that have grown up since the war. The editor points to the fact that the Methodist as well as the Baptist church has been working "among the colored people in the South all these years and must bear some of the blame." "The Christian education of the children," says the writer, "has been neglected by the church, and the preachers appointed among the colored people were to a great extent ignorant, uneducated men, who entered the ministry only to

make an easy living." No doubt! What the colored people need are such Christian day schools as are taught by our missionaries wherever the Lutheran church has begun mission work, and well-educated, pious, God-fearing preachers and teachers, such as our church intends to train in our colleges at New Orleans and at Greensboro, N. C. Our Lutheran mission work has been a blessing to the colored people in the past, and we hope it will be a still greater blessing in the future.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.—Among the Japanese that met their death in the naval battle at Port Arthur, May 3, 1905, there was an officer by the name of Kagejama. He was known among his comrades as the Christian soldier. When his body was taken from the water a little book saturated with blood and water was found in his breast-pocket. It was the Gospel of St. John, which he had received as a present from a missionary some years before, and which he always carried with him. His favorite text were the words of Jesus: "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death," John 8, 51. "This is my comfort in the face of death," he often said to his comrades, "he that believes in the Gospel of Jesus has everlasting life." "In this firm belief," writes one of his friends, "he entered death and departed in peace with his dear little book upon his heart."

BIBLE WORK.—The report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the past year has been published. This is the oldest and greatest of the Bible Societies. Last year, it issued a total of 5,857,645 copies of the Scriptures. The grand total since the foundation of the Society reaches the magnificent figure of 192,537,746. Of this total, over 77,000,000 copies have been issued in English. The entire Bible is issued in 100 languages, the New Testament in 94 more, and single books in 196 additional tongues, making some 390 versions in all. Additions to the versions are constantly being made, and during the past year the Scriptures and portions of them have been translated into the languages of peoples living in Morocco, Equatorial Africa, New Guinea, the New Hebrides, Kashmir, Baluchistan, and Matabeleland. The people dwelling on the east of the Paraguay River have had the Gospel of St. Luke translated for them into Guarani and Spanish, printed in parallel columns. The society has been caring also for the needs of the Russian and Japanese soldiers, and has distributed over 350,000 copies among the troops on their way to the field and among the sick and wounded in the hospitals.

THE WORK OF A TESTAMENT. — Forty years ago, says *Bible Record*, some kindly Christian gave a New Testament to a wounded soldier in a hospital at Vicksburg, Miss. That soldier has just written to the American Bible Society that he found the New Testament precious when he was in the hospital. Therefore he sends three hundred dollars to be used as speedily as possible for putting the Gospel into the hands of wounded soldiers in Japanese hospitals. — The gift of one New Testament long ago has reached to the other end of the world and multiplied manifold.

News from New Orleans.

THE Lord's work in Mount Zion congregation, New Orleans, shows very encouraging progress. On Easter Sunday four adults were admitted, and two weeks later seven children were confirmed. Three more adults were added on June 4th, and two are now attending instructions. All members take pride in seeing their church grow and prosper, and many are constantly engaged in bringing strangers to the services.

THE other day each one of the mission schools of New Orleans received one of those large, beautiful government maps of the United States through the courtesy of the Hon. R. Bartholdt, member of Congress from Missouri.

THE existence of yellow fever in New Orleans may prevent the opening of our schools in September. Though the situation as yet presents no reason for serious uneasiness, all possible measures of precaution are being taken by the health authorities to prevent the fever from becoming an epidemic. No case of fever has yet been reported from our congregations. May the Lord continue to hold His protecting hand over us! K. KRETZSCHMAR.

News from Salisbury, N. C.

Sunday, July 30, 1905, was a day which kindled a flame of hope in the friends and, especially, the members of the Grace Ev. Lutheran Church at Salisbury, N. C., who lost their chapel by a terrific storm in the spring. — That day was set apart for the members and friends to bring their mites together for the rebuilding of the chapel.

In the forenoon Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, of Concord, N. C., preached. Rev. Prof. N. J. Bakke, President of Immanuel College, Concord, N. C., preached in the afternoon. At night the undersigned preached.

The total collection on that day for the rebuilding of the chapel was \$94.10. The members of that station are few, but they are not discouraged by their loss. On that day they showed that they love the cause of Christ by giving a handsome sum of money individually. They also showed that where there is a will there is a way. They furthermore showed that, by the help of God, they mean to have another chapel of their own where they can hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ proclaimed in all its truth and purity.

May they have the hearty support and the effectual fervent prayers of many Christians in their great work of rebuilding the house of the Lord.

"God loveth a cheerful giver." JAS. H. D.

Our Catechism.

Pearls strung are easily carried, unstrung they are easily lost—the Catechism is a string of Bible pearls. — *Dr. Krauth.*

Acknowledgment.

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For *Immanuel College*: From St. Paul's Church in Charlotte, N. C., 2.11.

St. Louis, August 16, 1905. A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lanckenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretzschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossmann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 10.

Battle Song of the Church.

Fear not the foe, thou Flock of God,
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod,
Fear not the foe!
He fights in vain who fights with thee;
Soon shalt thou see his armies flee,
Himself laid low.
Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight;
'Tis God, thy God, defends the right;
He leads thee on.
His sword shall scatter every foe,
His shield shall ward off every blow;
The crown is won.
His is the battle, His the power,
His is the triumph in that hour;
In Him be strong.
So round thy brow the wreath shall twine,
So shall the victory be thine
And thine the song.

Sel.

Salvation By Grace, Not Works.

The Bible clearly teaches that salvation is by grace, not by works. The Apostle Paul says: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us," Tit. 3, 5. Again he says: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. 2, 8, 9.

So long as the Church was loyal to the Bible this doctrine of salvation by grace was proclaimed for the comfort and salvation of sinners. But there came a time when the Bible was hidden from the people, and when man's word was put in the place of God's Word. It was the time when the pope at Rome made himself the supreme ruler in the temple of God, "exalting himself above all that is called

God." For centuries the darkness of error and superstition covered the church, and in this darkness men groped about, seeking in vain the true way of salvation. In the way pointed out to them in the Romish church their souls could never find comfort and peace. They were not told of God's grace in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, but were told that they must earn salvation by their own works. A writer who had been brought up in the Romish church, but who later in life came to the knowledge of the Gospel, says: "In the papacy we were taught to trust in our works for salvation, and charity was said to be the only guide into heaven. And since we were never sure whether we had done enough works, we could never rejoice in the assurance of salvation; yea, we were taught that no one could be sure of his salvation. Thus our souls were tormented by doubts and fears." Here and there a voice was raised against the corruption in doctrine and life which prevailed in the church, but such a voice was soon silenced in death by the Romish church, which became "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."

But when God's time of deliverance came, a voice was heard which the pope and all the enemies of the Gospel could not silence. It was the voice of Dr. Martin Luther, God's faithful messenger, "having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

Luther had been brought up in the Romish church, and becoming anxious for his soul's salvation, he went the way the Romish church taught him to go. He sought salvation by his own works. But it was all in vain. He could find no rest, no peace for his troubled soul. He himself says: "If

these things had continued, I would have tortured myself to death. The more I sought to support my doubting, weak, and troubled conscience by human ordinances, the more its doubts and weakness and trouble increased from day to day."

When Luther struggled with despair, God opened to him the Bible, in which book he found the Gospel. He learned that salvation is not by works, but by grace through faith in Jesus, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." In this Gospel he found peace and salvation, and his soul was filled with joy. He says, "I felt as if I were new-born; I had found the gates of paradise wide open."

This Gospel he proclaimed and defended against the pope and all its enemies. In his sermons, in his lectures, in his hymns, in all his writings his aim was to make known the Gospel of God's grace in Christ for the salvation of sinners. He himself says: "In my heart reigns, and shall ever reign, this one article alone — faith in my Lord Jesus Christ, which is the beginning, middle, and end of all my religious thoughts, by day and by night." Thousands greeted the pure Gospel light with joy and praised God for the great blessing they received through the service of Dr. Luther.

We still have the Gospel of God's grace in Christ, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Well may we every year celebrate the Reformation Festival with joy and thanksgiving. The more we prize the great treasure restored to the Church by Dr. Luther, the more anxious we will be to make others partakers of its wealth. Reformation Day should stir us up to greater zeal in our mission work, by which we make known the Gospel of salvation, not by works, but by grace. This Gospel is the sinner's only hope.

On Praying to the Saints.

A Roman Catholic woman in Germany one Sunday went with her Lutheran neighbor to hear a Lutheran sermon. The subject of the sermon was prayer, and the preacher showed from God's Word that we should pray to God alone, and not to the Virgin Mary and other saints, as the people are taught to do in the Romish church contrary to the plain words of the Bible: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him alone shalt thou serve," Matt. 4, 10; "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come," Ps. 65, 2; "Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant

of us, and Israel acknowledge us not; Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer," Is. 63, 16.

The preacher spoke of the great privilege and sweet comfort which God's Word gives us by assuring us that God's children may in all their troubles and trials go direct to their heavenly Father in prayer and may with all boldness and confidence ask Him for help, as dear children ask their dear father.

After services the woman was asked how she liked the sermon. "Quite well," she replied; "I shall never in all my life forget it. I poor sinner have been taught by my parents and the priests that we are too unworthy to speak to God in prayer, and that we must ask the saints in heaven to pray for us. But now I know from God's Word that we ourselves have the right to pray to God for help in the time of trouble and need. What a great comfort that is! The saints cannot bring all my need before God. Oh, how often have I in days of sorrow wished that I myself could go to God in prayer and pour out my heart before Him! Now I rejoice that I can trustingly go to my heavenly Father as dear children go to their dear father."

Luther's Writings.

Luther made known the pure doctrines of God's Word, not only in his lectures and sermons, but also by many powerful writings that came from his able and prolific pen. Of the time after 1522 it is said: "The writings of Luther were now spread far and wide. Three presses were fully at work printing them. His books passed from hand to hand; they were carried into quiet valleys and over some of the highest mountains. They were read in the palaces of princes, in places of learning, and in the homes of the poor. Ships carried them over wide seas, and they were reprinted in England, France, Switzerland, and other countries, until thousands of people were made to rejoice in the good news of salvation."

Luther's Brief Confession of Faith.

In the year 1537 Luther was taken very sick in the city of Smalcald. He thought his end had come, and on leaving the city for home, he commended himself to the prayers of the Church and made this brief confession of faith: "I cling to the Lord Jesus and His Word, and in my heart know of no other righteousness than the precious blood of Christ, which graciously cleanses me, and all who believe, from every sin, as this is freely confessed in my books and in the Augsburg Confession."

The Holy Ghost Has Sanctified Me in the True Faith.

The Holy Ghost in calling and enlightening me has brought me to Christ and made me a partaker of His righteousness and salvation. But here the work of the Holy Ghost did not yet come to an end, for I further confess that He has "*sanctified* me in the true faith."

The word *sanctify* is here used in a narrower sense than we have used it heretofore. Sanctification, namely, may be used to designate the whole work of the Holy Ghost, or it may be employed to name a part only of His work. In the wider sense, the work of sanctification comprises all that the Holy Ghost has done, does, or will do in us, from the first call until He has brought us to glory in heaven; but in the narrower sense the work of sanctification is that which the Holy Spirit does in us when He has brought us to Christ, or, what is the same, wrought faith in us. In this latter sense we use the word when we say, "The Holy Ghost has *sanctified* me in the true faith."

He that is enlightened by the Holy Ghost has become a child of God; he has been born again and become a new creature. Having learned to place his confidence in Christ as his Saviour from sin, and having experienced the blessed comfort of justification, and heard the precious assurance, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee," man becomes wholly changed in heart. Through faith he has been brought into communion with Christ, and the apostle says, 2 Cor. 5, 17: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The old things are passed away; the fear of God's wrath has been displaced by love and gratitude to Him, my Saviour and my Lord. The old things are passed away, all things are become new. Faith has renewed our hearts. What we once hated we now love, and what we loved we now hate. An entire renewal, a radical change, and not a mere reformation, has taken place. It is not cutting off the limbs of a tree, nor shifting it to another place, that will change a briar into a rose; the sap must be changed. The heart must be renewed; the inner man must be made completely new; the prayer of David must be heard, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

A marvelous change! The Bible, what a dry old book it used to be; but now it abounds in fatness and marrow! Prayer, before a wearisome work, has now become a delightful exercise. Going to church, once an irksome duty, is now a blessed

privilege. Thus all things are altered; all things are become new.

But let us remember, though we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and though the life that is in us, the ruling life, is new, and holy, and heavenly, yet the old nature still survives. Though crucified, it is long in dying and struggles hard. Sin dwells in us, so that we see to our sorrow that, though we are new men, we are yet men; and though the grace of God reigns within us, yet there is a struggle for the kingdom, and sin that dwells within us, and its allies, Satan and the world without, strive with might and main after the mastery. We must daily experience that, though we are renewed sinners, we are sinners still. Our Christian life must therefore be a constant battle against this powerful triumvirate, Satan, world, and flesh. And were we left to ourselves, the outcome would not long be doubtful, for we would soon be vanquished. But the Holy Ghost comes to our rescue and gives us power to fight and overcome our enemies.

The Holy Ghost, however, does not only give us the power successfully to fight against evil, He has also given strength "to walk in godliness and good works." Our hearts have been renewed not only to hate evil, but to love that which is good. As God's children we will be desirous to do what pleases Him. St. Paul writes: "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them," Eph. 2, 10. The Holy Ghost has newly created us that we should do good works. Holy labors await us, good works are expected of us; we are created in Christ Jesus for the very purpose that we might be zealous in them. He who died for us calls us to do works like His own. The Holy Spirit within us prompts us and gives us strength to consecrate ourselves to a life of godly service. How ungrateful, if we were not to use the power given us by God! Christ says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," Matt. 5, 16. A light must shine, and faith must show itself by good works. These good works, however, shall not be done to glorify ourselves, but to the glory of God, that men may praise our Father in heaven.

F. J. L.

Sin and Grace.

The error of not knowing nor understanding what sin is usually brings with itself another error, that of not knowing nor understanding what grace is.

Luther.

All Things Work Together for Good.

Mary, the Catholic queen of England, known in history as "Bloody Mary," tried every means to suppress the Evangelical faith in her country. During her reign fire and sword were used to root out the Bible doctrine. Many faithful witnesses of the Gospel chose death rather than the favor of the queen.

One day the pious Evangelical preacher Bernard Gilpin was informed that he was accused of heresy before the Bishop of London. Knowing full well what that meant, he answered, "May God forgive them their wickedness and grant me strength to endure the trial!"

When the officers came to get him, he received them with the words of the Apostle Paul: "All things work together for good to them that love God," Rom. 8, 28.

On his way to London he was treated very roughly, so that he broke one of his legs. This gave one of the officers an occasion to ask him mockingly, "Does this also work for your good?"

"Why should I doubt it?" replied Gilpin.

And he was right. The sick man could not appear in court, and the enemies of the Gospel could not put him to death without a trial, if they would preserve the appearance of justice. He was, therefore, brought to an inn. While he was confined there, Queen Mary died, and one of the first official acts of the Protestant Queen Elizabeth, the successor to the throne, was to set free all those who had been imprisoned on account of their faith.

An Unexpected Reply.

A Romish priest, watching the children coming from a Protestant mission school, at last discovered a boy from his parish. Calling the boy to him, he asked where he had been.

"To the Sunday school," was the prompt reply.

"Sunday school?" said the priest. "What is that?"

"A place where they teach the Gospel," was the boy's quick explanation.

"Oh!" muttered the priest, "but do you know what Christ said to Peter?"

The priest most probably expected, as a reply, a reference to what Christ said to Peter about building His Church on the Rock. But the boy's quick and unexpected reply was: "Yes, He said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

The priest at once departed.

He Knew His Bible.

The Elector John Frederick of Saxony was a warm friend of Dr. Luther and the Reformation. His love of the Gospel made him a diligent student of the Bible. Thus he gained a good knowledge of God's Word, which even theologians admired.

At one time some Romish priests argued with him concerning the Lord's Supper, maintaining that the bread only should be given to the laymen, and that the wine is for the priest only. The Elector declared that to be false doctrine and referred to the words of the institution: "Drink ye all of it." The priests, however, said the word "all" did not mean the common people, but only the priests. "I cannot see," said the Elector, "how the word 'all' can mean the priests only." And as the priests insisted upon their interpretation, he drew from his pocket his New Testament and opened it at John 13, 10, where Christ says: "Ye are clean, but not all." To these words he pointed the priests, saying, "According to your explanation these words would mean: 'Ye laymen are clean and pious, but not the priests.'" His opponents soon left him, not willing to argue with one who knew his Bible so well.

"Not Barabbas, but Jesus."

A Christian lady visited an old Jew in Boston, who lay on his dying bed. He listened attentively as she spoke of Jesus, the Messiah of Israel. Then she asked a Christian friend to visit the Jew. He did visit the dying man, and read to him from the Bible many passages proving that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah of Israel. At last, by God's grace, light broke into the darkened soul of that Jew, and he accepted Jesus of Nazareth. As the old man was dying he raised his palsied hand, and in faltering accents cried with his dying voice, "Oh, my God, not Barabbas, but this man; not Barabbas, but Jesus, I take to my heart."

A Rich God.

Luther did not desire earthly riches. In this world's goods he was always poor. But he trusted in a rich God. Once, when one of his children came to him to say good night, he bade his darling good night, and then added: "Go, be a good child; I shall not leave you any money, but I shall leave you a rich God."

Cornerstone Laying of Immanuel College at Greensboro, N. C.

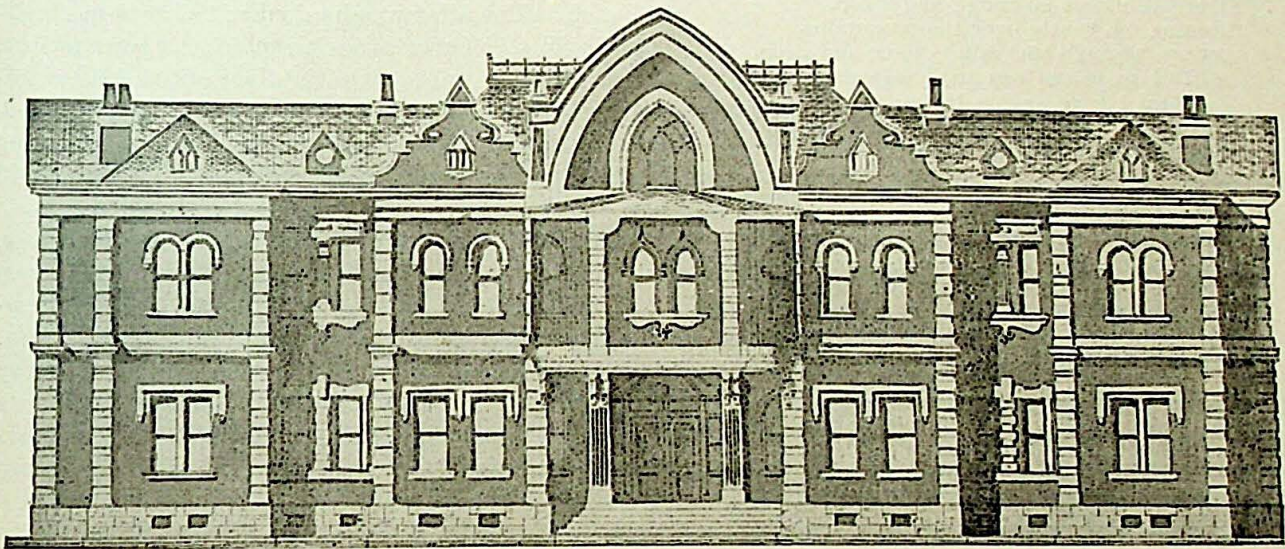
Sunday, September 17, 1905, was a most joyful day for the congregation at Greensboro, for the Lutheran Colored Mission in North Carolina and, in fact, for the entire Synodical Conference. On this day the cornerstone of Immanuel Lutheran College, which is being erected at Greensboro, N. C., was laid with appropriate ceremonies. At 3 P. M. the service was begun on the college site. After hymns of praise, the reading of the 122d Psalm, and a prayer the history of this institution was read by the undersigned, showing how the Synodical Conference had come to erect this colored Lutheran College in the South. Then this history was deposited

exposed sides, bearing the inscription in front in conspicuous letters: "Immanuel Lutheran College, 1905;" and on the side: "Eben Ezer. Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." After the ceremony of setting the stone was finished, Prof. N. J. Bakke delivered an educational address, in which he spoke at great length on the difference between parochial and public schools. A large concourse of white and colored people rejoiced with us on this festive occasion, and wished Immanuel College God speed.

J. C. S.

A Point Settled.

A Scottish minister being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the



Front View of Immanuel College, Greensboro, N. C.

in the cornerstone, together with the following articles: a Bible, the Synodical Catechism, the students' roll, all the copies of the *Missions-Taube* (24 in all) that ever contained references to Immanuel College, and therefore shed light on its history, copies of the LUTHERAN PIONEER, the *Lutheran Witness*, the *Church Record*, *Der Lutheraner*, *Zeuge und Anzeiger*, containing the first printed appeal for a colored Lutheran college under the auspices of the Synodical Conference, the last four Reports of the Synodical Conference, from which the history of Immanuel College can be traced, copies of the *Greensboro Record* and *Telegram*, the *Charlotte Observer*, a picture of Dr. M. Luther, the photographs of the professors of Immanuel College, clippings and statistics of all Protestant denominations, and various coins.

The cornerstone is a beautiful dark granite block, 24 inches wide, and long and thick, polished on the

door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard on account of the noise of a quarrel and contention within. After waiting awhile, he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice: "I should like to know who is the head of this house."

"Well, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a time, parson, we may be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

The parson did sit down a time, but not to see them settle a point settled already for every Christian family, but to read to them from the Bible about the office and duties of husband, and wife, and parents, and children.

WHERE there is true faith, the Spirit gives you no rest, you must break out and speak to others. (Ps. 116, 10.)—*Luther*.

Life's Pathway.

Though the path through life may have some briars
And thorns, I find there are roses too,
And each dark cloud has a silver lining—
I find the rose where a thorn once grew.
Sometimes my feet become worn and weary
As I try to walk life's narrow way.
My eyes are fixed on the golden city
That I hope to gain some future day.

The walk may lead along amid troubles,
The burdens may seem too hard to bear;
On my path is a radiance falling—
The Shepherd leads me through pastures fair.
And now the path leads through choicest blossoms,
A fountain is sparkling pure and bright;
On yonder tract is Calvary's mountain,
Off in the distance the city of light.

Tenderly, safely the Shepherd leads me
Over the places so rough and steep,
Leading me gently over the mountains,
And on through the valleys dark and deep.
Softly I tread the way with rejoicing,
Thankful I have such a loving Friend.
Through the vale of tears I hear Him calling,
"I will go with thee unto the end."

Quickly He leads me o'er valleys of danger,
Into gardens of joy and delight.
With such a kind and loving companion
If I but follow, all will be right.
When I stray in paths rough and thorny,
The Shepherd points to the narrow way
That is bedecked with flowers and garlands,
The path that leads to eternal day.

And now my feet no longer are weary
As I walk through this beautiful place.
For beyond is the heavenly city
Filled with radiance, beauty, and grace.
Onward I wander while time is fleeting,
Close by the side of my faithful Friend,
Lovingly, sweetly I hear Him whisper,
"I will be with thee unto the end."

Esther Peterson.

Harvest Home and Mission Festival at Gold Hill, N. C.

Among the first invitations I received since coming South was the one to preach at the Harvest Home and Mission Festival at Gold Hill on August 20th. I left Charlotte on Saturday morning, and went to Concord, where I was met by Rev. S. Doswell, going with him in a buggy to Mount Pleasant. He introduced me to quite a number of his members, and showed me the meeting-house. This is the worst building we have in North Carolina, with the exception of the old dining hall of Immanuel College. The people, however, are collecting money with which to build a new church. I passed the night at Mount Pleasant, and early next morning we began our drive of fifteen miles to Gold Hill. The rolling country of Rowan County with its wooded

hills, fertile valleys, and fine orchards is the most picturesque I ever saw. We arrived in Gold Hill at 9 A. M. At 10 o'clock, the congregation began to assemble. The church is a modest frame building. It has a seating capacity of 150 persons. The members made preparations for a large crowd, and they were not disappointed. The weather was ideal. Half an hour before services commenced, the visitors began to arrive from Concord, Mount Pleasant, Rock Hill, Salisbury, and other stations. The church was soon filled, and all the seats outside near the windows were taken. The church had been beautifully decorated, as is customary, with all kinds of vegetables and fruits. Looking down the aisle, one would imagine it was a corn row. On each side of the aisle a corn stalk was tied to each bench. The altar was banked with fruits of all descriptions. There were peaches, pears, plums, grapes, and apples. On the floor around the reading-stand were watermelons, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, onions, stalks of okra, bunches of sage, long strings of red pepper, baskets of string beans, field peas, tomatoes, and cabbage—a veritable fair.

At 11 o'clock, the morning service began. Rev. Phil. Schmidt, of Concord, preached the Harvest Home sermon from Luke 12, 16—21. After showing his hearers how richly God had blessed them, he admonished them to use these gifts to the glory of God and the furtherance of His kingdom among men. The singing at this and also the other services was grand. After services, the visitors did not go home, but were the guests of the congregation. There was a long table made of rough boards in front of the church; cloths were spread on it, and it was soon laden with food. Every visitor came up and was served gratis. Three o'clock soon came, the church again filled up, and the people listened to a mission sermon based on 1 Pet. 2, 9, by the undersigned. Rev. James Doswell then baptized two children. At the conclusion of this service, most of the visitors returned home. Those who remained found entertainment in the rural homes of the hospitable members. A good-sized audience was present at the evening service, which began at 8 o'clock. Rev. Stewart Doswell preached an able and edifying sermon on "Individual Mission Work," based on John 1, 40. 41.—The congregation returned home edified and instructed. They were liberal in their contributions. The collections taken during the three services amounted to \$24.50.

The congregation at Gold Hill is prospering, and is among our strongest in North Carolina. May our heavenly Father continue to bless them with all spiritual and temporal gifts. JOHN McDAVID.

Harvest Home and Mission Festival at Concord, N. C.

On the last Sunday in August Grace Ev. Luth. congregation celebrated its annual Harvest Home and Mission Festival. It was largely attended. Three services were held. In the morning the sacred desk was occupied by the Rev. John McDavid, of Charlotte, who preached from the Gospel lesson. In the afternoon the Rev. Lash, of Salisbury, broke the Bread of Life to a large audience. He had for his text 1 Pet. 2, 11. 12. The evening service was conducted by the undersigned, who had for the basis of his discourse Luke 12, 15—21. The collection at each service was good. The exact figures are unknown to the writer, so suffice it to say that the congregation gave the morning's collection to Immanuel College, the afternoon's to the Board of Colored Missions, and the proceeds of the evening service to the congregation at Salisbury. Mention may be made of the excellent music rendered by the choir under the leadership of Prof. Persson, and many thanks are due to the ladies of the congregation, who looked after our temporal welfare.

S. D.

"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

The Rev. C. G. Lewis, of the China Inland Mission, writes: "A little company of missionaries in Southwest China, during the Boxer outrages of the summer of 1900, found themselves in circumstances which led to a fuller and deeper appreciation of Luther's noble hymn than they had ever had before. Situated two thousand miles inland, and seven days' journey from our nearest neighbors, we found ourselves cut off from all communication. After waiting for light and guidance, we attempted flight through the Southern provinces, but only to discover, after journeying several days, that all roads in that direction were closed. Returning to our station, we determined to await the uncertainties of the situation rather than attempt further traveling. Knowing something of the fate of many of our brethren elsewhere, we realized full well what might be ours also. To flee seemed to run into certain danger; to sit still seemed as certain to invite it. What to do was no easy thing to settle. It was during these days that Luther's hymn, 'A Mighty Fortress is our God,' took on new meaning to us, and our hearts received fresh strength and courage as we recalled, as never before, how the Lord's people in other days found in our God 'a mighty fortress' from every danger."

NOTES AND ITEMS.

JUST CONCEIVE.—New York's "famous orator," in an address on Romish mission work, recently said to the students of a Roman Catholic seminary: "Just conceive, gentlemen, what the conversion of the United States to the Catholic faith would imply. Conceive of the importance of such a conversion to the welfare and prosperity of the people." That is a horrible thing to conceive! What that would mean, Catholic countries like Ireland, Spain, Italy, and the Philippine Islands can tell us. It would mean the loss of all liberty, the loss of the Bible, the reign of superstition and corruption, the return of the world to the dark and cruel days of the Inquisition. Just conceive! God in mercy protect our dear country from such a calamity!

CATHOLIC ROME.—Dense ignorance and great wickedness are found in Italy, and especially in Rome. According to late statistics there are 190,000 grown people in Rome who can neither read nor write. That city also has within its limits the largest number of lawbreakers—83 to 1000 citizens. A traveler in Italy recently wrote: "The nearer Rome, the more of ignorance, poverty, violence, degradation and impurity of life! This was the discovery that shocked Martin Luther. This is what led a distinguished priest of America to say, a few days ago, to a Protestant minister: 'I have been to Rome, and would to God that I had never seen it.'"

It is well known that at Luther's time corruption and wickedness in Rome were so great that the Romans themselves had this proverb: "If there is a hell, Rome is right over it."

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN ROME.—A Japanese professor, in a public lecture on "The Church of Rome in Rome," said: "As we visited some of the numerous (250) churches in this 'holy city,' we had to ask ourselves whether we had not been suddenly transported to Japan, because we found ourselves at home, and not in a far-away country. The so-called 'Christian' churches in Rome look exactly like the Buddhist temples in our home country. As it is here, so there: statues without number, burning candles, smoking incense, and fat, richly-gowned priests. When, several years ago, I was in the United States, I was surprised to hear speaking of the necessity of sending missionaries to Italy, for I took Italy, the pope's native country, to be a Christian land—but now I know that Italy is as much in need of Christianity as our Japan is."

ROMISH HATRED.—A Lutheran missionary, writing from Montreal, Can., to the Philadelphia *Lutheran*, says: "Calling on a Lutheran lately she said to me: 'I happened to fall on the icy pavement, when a man hurried to my assistance and with much politeness assisted me to my feet. He walked with me and offered to do anything possible for me. Later he asked me whether I was a Catholic. When I told him I was a Lutheran, he spit in my face and abruptly left me.'"

FOXY POPE.—Says an exchange: The Pope's professed fondness for Americans reminds us very forcibly of the fable of the fox and the rooster.

"I am so very fond of poultry," said the cunning fox to the rooster; "I want all your hens to think well of me. They may all be sure that I have a very deep and ardent affection for them. Just let me into the poultry yard, and I will prove my fondness for them. Why will they harbor such base suspicions of me? I am so fond of them that I would do almost anything to induce them to permit me to take up my abode in their midst."

"So, so," said the watchful guardian of the yard, "you are fond of us, are you? Are you not the fellow that stole into the coop the other week and carried off the plumpest hen? Is that your fondness for us?"

Raising his warning cry, he called the farmer, who soon had the sly robber driven away.

Thus the pope professes great tenderness for Americans, "Protestants and all."

And yet, is this not the one whose predecessors (of whose principles he is the present exponent) caused the land to be dyed with the blood of the Lord's saints?

Is he not the man who annually curses all Protestants with a solemn curse?

Was it not Leo XIII who but a short time ago declared, through one of his servants, that if he had the power, he would transport the Inquisition to this country?

The Lord graciously be with us, and protect us from all machinations of the Antichrist! As a disciple of Jesus Christ, we plead that He may help us to "continue in His Word." "Continuing in His Word" we shall be His disciples indeed. "Continuing in His Word," we shall know the truth. "Continuing in His Word," the truth shall make us free, John 8, 31. 32.

THEY who read the Scriptures again and again will always find in it something new.

Tertullian.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

CATECHISM. *German-English edition.* Price, 30 cts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

A very convenient edition of our Catechism for pastors and teachers who give catechetical instruction in both the German and the English language. The well-printed and neatly bound book contains, in German and English, Luther's Small Catechism, together with the favorably known Exposition of the same from the able pen of the late Rev. Dr. Schwan.

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This pamphlet of 128 pages presents an instructive and edifying doctrinal treatise on The Spiritual Life of the Christian and a full report of the extensive missions carried on within the bounds of the Western District of the Missouri Synod.

SUPPLEMENTARY EXAMPLES to Book II and to Book III Standard American Arithmetic. Compiled by G. H. Runge. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 5 cts. each.

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St. Louis, September 15, 1905.

A. C. BURG DORF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lankeau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Kossman, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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No. 11.

After Life—Rest.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God," Hebr. 4, 9.

Rest for Christ's weary pilgrim,
After life's toil is o'er;
No more of pain or weeping,
Rest on the golden shore.
Joy in the home of glory,
After the day is done.
Safe with the loving Master,
Peace for the ransomed one.
Sweet is the rest that cometh,
After this life is past.
Off in the golden city—
Rest to the soul at last.

ESTHER PETERSON.

A Little While.

The end of the church year reminds us of the end of all things at the coming of Christ with power and great glory. We know not the day or the hour of His coming, but we do know from the Bible that He may come at any moment, and that His coming is near at hand. "A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry," Hebr. 10, 37.

"A little while." What an earnest warning to those who put off their repentance and heed not the Gospel invitation! Every church year is a year of grace, during which Christ comes to us in the Gospel as the Saviour with pardon and salvation. But as the church year comes to an end, so the time of grace will also come to an end when Christ will come to judge the quick and the dead. His coming will be a terror to all that rejected Him in the time of grace. To them He will come only as the stern Judge from whose lips they must hear the awful sentence: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into

everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," Matt. 25, 41; for "he that believeth not shall be damned," Mark 16, 16. And this coming of Christ as the Judge of the world is near at hand. "Behold, the Judge standeth before the door," James 5, 9. "A little while, and He that shall come will come." He may come at any moment. Are you by faith in Him as your Saviour ready for His coming? The words of warning come to you: "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh," Matt. 24, 44.

"Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?"

"A little while." What sweet comfort for the children of God who pass through much tribulation on their pilgrim journey! Their sufferings will soon end, and all their sorrow shall soon be turned into everlasting joy. "A little while, and He that shall come will come." They will then see the fulfillment of His promise: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also," John 14, 2, 3. Then the struggle with sin, the hardships of poverty, the infirmities of old age, the lingering sickness of the body, the shadows upon darkened homes, the tears of sorrow—they shall all be no more; for it is written: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away," Rev. 21, 4.

Cheer up, then, tried children of God, oppressed by sadness, weakened by sickness, wounded by unkindness and neglect, burdened with sorrow, worn

with suffering! It is but for a little while. "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."

"A little while"—'twill soon be past!
 Why should we shun the shame and cross?
 Oh! let us in His footsteps haste,
 Counting for Him all else but loss.
 Oh! how will recompense His smile
 The sufferings of this 'little while.'"

"A little while." What a loud call to work for Christ and His kingdom! "Preach the Gospel to every creature." That was Christ's last commission to His Church. The Gospel "shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." To the Church the Gospel is given. It is the Church that preaches the Gospel in all the world, and every member of the Church, every Christian, must be a helper in this mission work. The time is short, and the devil is very active in destroying the souls of men, "having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time," Rev. 12, 12. How much more active should Christians be in the winning of souls for Christ and His kingdom! "A little while!" This call to work grows louder and louder as the days pass by and the coming of Christ draws nearer. "A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Let us, then, make good use of the "little while" in the Master's service, becoming more and more zealous in our mission work.

"Work, for the day is coming
 When Jesus shall return:
 At the thought of His appearing
 Our hearts within us burn;
 For we shall see His beauty,
 And share His loving smile,
 Then let us not grow weary,
 'Tis but 'a little while.'

"Work, for the day is coming;
 Work, children of the light;
 See thousands round you lying
 In sin and darkest night.
 Up! rouse them from their slumber!
 Tell them there yet is room,
 That Jesus still is waiting,
 And longs to see them come."

Count Your Blessings.

If we would count the many blessings God bestows upon us, we would find much to be thankful for, not only on Thanksgiving Day, but on all the days of our life. There are too many that do not count the blessings they themselves enjoy, but look

at the good things which others have. This makes them discontented and unthankful. Said old Uncle Silas to his complaining wife: "When we begin to look at the things our neighbors have and we haven't, we always pick out just the things we want. They live in a nice house, we say, and we have only a little one. They have money, and we need to count every penny. They have an easy time, and we have to work. We never say: 'They have the typhoid fever, but it did not come near us. They have a son in the insane asylum, but our brains are sound. Staggering feet go into their grand door, but nothing worse than tired ones come home to ours at night.' Count your blessings, my dear, and be thankful."

Saadi, the Persian poet, as quoted by Luther, says that he never complained of his condition but once, and that was when his feet were bare, and he had no money to buy shoes; but meeting with a man without feet, he instantly became contented with his lot and thankful for the blessings and mercies he was enjoying. No matter what our condition is, we shall find many reasons for thanksgiving, if we only count our blessings.

The late Pastor Krummacher, of Elberfeld, Germany, in making the rounds of his visits to the sick of his congregation, came across one of his parishioners who had been unwell for some time, and who complained bitterly of the heavy cross he had to bear in being confined for such a long time in his bed, and thought God was dealing harshly with him.

After listening patiently for some time to his lamentations, Krummacher cut him short by saying: "I will pray for you," and, suiting the action to the word, said: "Dear heavenly Father, Thou knowest how many poor sufferers are lying upon miserable beds of straw and rags, and have no one to care for them, or furnish them medicines to mitigate their sufferings which in many instances are of the most distressing kind, whilst I lie on a good, comfortable bed, am carefully attended by my own kin, and treated by a skillful physician; nor do I suffer any notable pain. Thou hast had patience with me, a murmuring Jonah, till now"—

"Hold on! hold on!" cried the murmurer excitedly; "I promise you, dear pastor, never to murmur or complain again." Whether he kept his promise or not is not known, but it is probable that the murmuring spirit was driven out for some time.

There are murmuring Jonahs, even among Christians, who might be cured and made thankful by counting their blessings.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits," Ps. 103, 2.

Of Good Works.

We have heard that the Holy Ghost gives us power to walk in good works. We Christians are to let our light shine before men, that they may see our good works. Such being the case, it is necessary to know what good works are in God's sight.

Not every deed praised by men is a good work in God's eyes. Men can judge the deed only by its outward appearance, but God judges the heart out of which it proceeds. Only such works can please God as are the fruit of faith; therefore only the true Christian can do a good work. The natural man is a child of wrath, and all he does is displeasing to God. Whether he be working or resting, waking or sleeping, walking or sitting, he cannot please God. All that he does is displeasing to God. On the other hand, whatever the Christian does in faith is God's delight. For Christ's sake the person of the believer is acceptable to God, and therefore all he does in Christ is also acceptable. Whatever imperfections his works may have are covered up by Jesus' righteousness. Christ says, John 15, 5: "He that abideth in me, and I in Him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." Christ is the vine and the believers are the branches. As long as the branch is on the vine, it draws from it life and strength and brings forth fruit; but when it is cut off, it soon withers and bears no fruit. So we, as long as we remain in Christ by faith, draw life from Him and bring forth the fruit of good works; but he that is not in Christ is dead and can bring forth nothing that is pleasing to God. Without Christ we can do nothing good.

From the story of the poor woman who gave her mite in the temple and was praised by the Lord for her deed (Mark 12, 41—44) we learn that all we do in faith is well-pleasing to God. The most insignificant deed calls forth God's praise if it proceeds out of faith. We are apt to think only such works to be worthy of being called good works as have a special halo of holiness about them; as for example, going to church, praying, preaching, and the like. But this is a great mistake; washing dishes, scrubbing, plowing, even eating, drinking, and sleeping, are good works if they be done for Christ's sake in true faith.

In this connection I would call your attention to another mistake people frequently make. It is often thought that good works can be done only by *doing*. This, however, is not true. We have learned that every transgression of the Law of God in thought, word, and deed is sin. Not only the evil deed, but

also the evil word or thought is sin. So it is likewise true that not only every deed we do, but every thought we think and every word we speak in Christ's name is a good work.

We have also heard of sins of omission and sins of commission. In like manner, good works can be done by omission as well as by commission. Leaving an evil thing undone or unsaid is as much a good work as doing or saying what is good. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," says the proverb.—

Good works are works done in faith according to the Ten Commandments. In the Ten Commandments God, our Lord, has told us, His servants, what He wants us to do. It is not left for a servant to decide what he wants to do, but it is his duty to do what his master wants done. So, also, it is for God to decide and say what works He wants us to do, and this He has done in His holy Commandments. It is wrong, therefore, for us to suppose that we are pleasing God when we do things which we think have special merit, but which are not commanded by God. Christ says, Matt. 15, 9: "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men." If we in childlike faith faithfully perform the ordinary works of our earthly calling, wash clothes, scrub, plow, and the like, we are doing good works. But when certain people fast, count their prayer-beads, become monks and nuns, and so forth, they are not doing good works, since these are all works of which God's Law knows nothing.

Finally, it is necessary particularly to call your attention to the purpose for which good works are to be done. We are not to do good works to earn heaven, for Christ has already gained heaven for us; neither are we to do good works in order that people may see how good we are, for this is just what the Pharisees did whom Christ so severely condemned. Paul tells us, 1 Cor. 10, 31: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." He exhorts us Christians to do what we do to God's glory. Christ tells us the same: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," Matt. 5, 16. Christians are to do good works, not in order to be praised, but to the end that all the glory be given to God.

Peter writes, 1 Pet. 4, 10: "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." We are to regard ourselves as servants of our fellowmen. We are not to think that we are here in this world to get all the good we can out of it

for ourselves, for that would be selfish. Nay, rather should it be our desire to serve one another according to the ability God has given us.

O grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou shalt command:
My calling here fulfilling;
To do it when I ought,
With all my strength, and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success.

F. J. L.

Serving God.

What does it mean to serve God? Simply this, that we should do what He commands. But what is it that God commands? First of all, that we should hear Christ and accept His Gospel. After this, God commands that children honor father and mother, that parents should provide for their children and train them; that the wife should love her husband and take care of her household, and that the husband should protect her and make provision for her. With monks and nuns the rule has been to pass by the commandments of God and take up other things which He had not commanded. It has been

considered a very small matter that a servant girl should cook and clean and attend to her household duties. But inasmuch as she does it under God's commandment, even those common works must be exalted as a true service of God, far above the sanctity and hardships of all monks and nuns.

There can be no greater joy and satisfaction than to know that our whole life with its daily work is a service of God.—*Luther.*

The Lost Treasure.

One day a man who sells Bibles and good books was making his rounds through one of the villages on his route, and entered a house that was anything but in good order. The father was a drunkard. He sat by the fire in a sullen stupor, the very picture of wretchedness. His wife was in rags, and so were

the children. The broken furniture, the uncarpeted floor, the dilapidated surroundings were in keeping with the appearance of the inmates.

The book-seller looked around the room and then said, "Friends, you have a treasure in the house which would make you happy." Having said this he went away.

The man and woman kept those words in mind. They often spoke of the lost treasure, and wondered what it was, and where it might be. Many an hour they spent in searching for it.

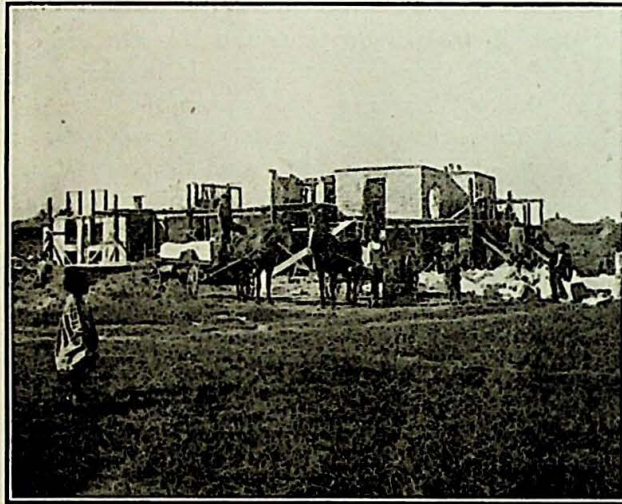
One Sunday the man thought of a shelf in the house on which they had not yet looked. He got on a chair and took down all that was on the shelf. Among other things he found an old dusty book. He dusted it and opened it. It opened at the fifteenth

chapter of St. Luke; for it was a Bible. He read there the story of the prodigal who went into a far country and wasted all he had. He looked up and said, "Wife, that's me." He read further on about the prodigal's misery in that strange land, and about the husks, and again he said, "Wife, that's me." He read on about the prodigal's sorrow, and about his return to the father, and his confession of his sins, and then he felt very uncomfortable. He knelt down

and said just what the prodigal said: "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

The drunkard became a different man. He and his wife both saw their sins and found their Saviour. They continued to read their Bible. Then they began to go to church. They also became more industrious and more cleanly. When the book-seller visited that home the next year the first words he said were: "You have found the treasure." "Yes," said the husband and wife, "God's Word is the treasure. Our home is now a palace, and we are happy."

I WELL know that no human life can appear otherwise than weak and filthy in the eye of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer.—*Walter Scott.*



Basement and First Story of new College Building at Greensboro, N. C.

A Little Girl Missionary.

An Englishman with his family once went into the country some distance from Bombay, in India, for the sake of his health. His little girl, accompanied by an old native servant, often went into the forest, where there was a small temple with a small stone image, or idol.

As often as they came near the temple, the old servant worshiped the idol. Once when he had done this, the child asked him in her innocent way: "Soamy, why did you do that?" He answered, "Oh, Miss, that is my god." "Your god, your god, Soamy?" said the little girl; "your god cannot even see or hear; your god is a stone. My God sees and hears everything."

But as often as they came to that place, Soamy never failed to worship, and the child never failed to rebuke him for his idolatry. Nevertheless he loved the girl very dearly, and when he heard that she was going back to Europe, he said to her, "What will poor Soamy do when Miss goes to England? Soamy has no father nor mother anymore." She replied immediately, "O Soamy, if you would love my God, He would be father and mother to you. He will care for you."

The old man promised with tears in his eyes that he would love her God. Then said she, "You must learn my prayers." And she really taught him the Lord's Prayer, the Three Articles of Faith, and her morning and evening prayers. Once when the family was holding its morning devotions, Soamy of his own accord walked quietly into the room, removed his turban from his head, and repeated the Lord's Prayer after the master. From this time on there was a visible change in his manner. He was very anxious to learn English, so he could read the Bible. He soon became a firm Christian, lived a good life, and never again stood before a stone idol, saying, "That is my god."

Twenty-five Years in the Mission Service.

Twenty-five years ago, on November 7, 1880, the Rev. N. J. Bakke, our oldest missionary among the colored people, was ordained for the ministry at St. Louis, Mo., and soon after entered the mission field. Ever since that time he has been laboring faithfully among the colored people, during the first years in New Orleans and later in North Carolina. He is at present visitor of all the mission stations in North Carolina and president of Immanuel College at Greensboro, our institution in which colored preachers and teachers are to be trained for the mission field. God has graciously been with His servant in days of joy and of sorrow, and has richly blessed his labors in church and school.

Twenty-five years in the mission service! This is cause for congratulations, and these we and, no doubt, all our readers most heartily tender to our beloved missionary. With him we thankfully acknowledge God's blessing upon his work in the past and pray for continued blessing in the future.

"Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever," Ps. 106, 1.



Rev. Prof. N. J. Bakke.

Shine as Lights. Phil. 2, 15.

A traveler visiting the lighthouse of Calais said to the keeper, "But what if one of your lights should go out at night?"

"Never! impossible!" he cried. "Sir, yonder are ships sailing to all parts of the world. If tonight one of my burners were out, in six months I should hear from America or India, saying that on such a night the lights of the Calais lighthouse gave no warning, and some vessel had been wrecked."

Would that all Christians felt as deeply the responsibility that rests upon them as lights in the world.

The Mercies of God.

The mercies of God
Are the theme of my song;
Like beneficent rivers
Life's pathways among,
They flow full of blessing
Through valley and plain,
As free as the sunshine,
As rich as the rain.

The mercies of God
Are as sure as the light;
They wait for our waking,
They guard us at night;
They fail us not ever,
But as day follows day
They come from our Father
To prosper our way.

Oh, mercies most wonderful!
Who can declare
God's tender compassion
And infinite care?
His love forgets nothing;
He, Shepherd and Friend,
Is our joy through life's living,
Our rest at its end.

Oh, corn that is golden,
Oh, forests of green,
Oh, seas of blue beauty
With white waves between,
You tell of His mercies,
But I shall proclaim
Through ages eternal
How great is His name.

Marianne Farningham.

"Jesus Sinners Doth Receive."

In the summer of 1869 a Jewish doctor at Kishinew, in Southern Russia, treated a poor Lutheran widow, who was suffering from a painful disease. The doctor admired the Christian patience and calm submission with which she bore her sufferings.

As she grew weaker and weaker, she one day asked the doctor, "How long will it be before the end comes, doctor?"

The doctor told her that she might have but a few hours to live yet. Her face brightened, and she joyfully looked at him as if she were going to a wedding.

The doctor was surprised, but the widow said to him: "Doctor, you have been so kind to me, and I should like to leave you a small token of my thankfulness. You are a Jew, but you are also a sinner. You cannot be saved without the Saviour of sinners. O seek Him! Seek Him here in this book!" Saying this, she handed him her Bible.

To please the woman, the doctor accepted the book. He took it along home, and laid it aside.

When the doctor, the next morning, made his calls, he came also to the dwelling of the poor widow. At the door he stood still and listened as he heard some one singing. The adopted daughter of the dying woman was singing the verse:

"I, a sinner, come to Thee,
And acknowledge my transgression;
Tender mercy show to me,
Grant me graciously remission;
Let these words my soul relieve:
'Jesus sinners doth receive.'"

The words of the singing child entered the heart of the Jewish doctor; his eyes were opened; he could not but confess to himself: "You, too, are a poor sinner; only the Saviour of sinners can save your soul!"

Two months later the old doctor also lay upon his dying bed. At midnight he sent for the pastor and wished to be baptized.

As the pastor was told all that had occurred during the last weeks, he was deeply moved and joyfully granted the doctor's request, baptizing him in the name of the Triune God.

The next day the old Jewish doctor fell asleep in Jesus. His last words were:

"Jesus sinners doth receive!"
Me, too, hath received the Saviour,
Opening heaven, that I may live
With my Lord in bliss forever;
Gladly, then, this world I leave—
"Jesus sinners doth receive!"

What a Song Did.

A Scottish youth learned with his mother to sing the old Psalms that were then as household words. When he had grown up, he wandered away from his native country, was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary states. But he never forgot the songs of Zion, although he sang them in a strange land and to heathen ears.

One night he was solacing himself in this manner when the attention of some sailors on board of an English man-of-war was directed to the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" as it came floating over the moonlit waves. At once they surmised the truth, that one of their countrymen was languishing away his life as a captive. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat and lost no time in effecting his release. After eighteen long years in slavery, is it strange that he ever afterward cherished the glorious tune of "Old Hundred"?—*Bible Reader.*

Mission and Harvest Home Festival at Catawba, N. C.

The fourth Sunday in September proved to be quite an eventful day in the history of the little band of Lutherans at Catawba Station. As the sun mounted in the heavens and shed his glorious light upon the earth, the members and friends of the congregation mounted their different conveyances and wended their way towards the chapel to celebrate their mission and first harvest home festival.

They found the chapel tastefully decorated with the fruits and flowers of the season. Indeed, this presented a true type of the gathered harvest.

As the bell tolled the hour for the opening of the services, the chapel was filled to its utmost; and from every window peered eager, expectant faces.

The pastor of the congregation, Rev. W. H. Lash, conducted the morning service, which was followed by a brief confessional address by the Rev. Jas. H. Doswell, of Gold Hill, N. C. After the administration of the Sacrament, a brief recess for dinner was given. The friends brought their viands which they generously spread, and all partook with seeming satisfaction.

The afternoon service began with a much larger attendance than the morning service. Rev. Jas. Doswell opened it with a well-prepared sermon to the catechumens. A harvest home sermon was then delivered by Prof. Weiss, of Conover, after which three persons were confirmed by the pastor of the congregation. The afternoon service then closed and the congregation dispersed, to return for the evening service conducted by Rev. Jas. Doswell. The collection for the day amounted to \$11.20.

Indeed, the occasion was an encouraging one, and we are convinced that this is only a beginning of the successful meetings of this kind at Catawba, N. C.

M. V. G. LASH.

Installation of Prof. Martin Lochner at Greensboro, N. C.

Saturday, September 30th, Rev. Prof. M. Lochner, a graduate of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo., arrived in Greensboro, N. C., from an extended trip to Europe, and was inducted into his office as Professor of Immanuel Lutheran College on Tuesday morning, October 3d, at eight o'clock, in the presence of the students of the college, at their temporary home in this city, by Prof. N. J. Bakke. The

President of the institution based his installation address on 2 Tim. 2, 24, and urged the new professor to follow Christ's example, and be 1. gentle unto all men, 2. apt to teach, and 3. patient, if he desired to conduct his office for the glory of God and the eternal welfare of the souls entrusted to his care.

May the great Shepherd, Jesus Christ, richly bless the work of this young laborer and make him a chosen and faithful servant for teaching many souls the way of peace.

J. C. S.

Letter from New Orleans.

Under date of October 3, a friend of our Colored Missions in New Orleans informs us that during the yellow fever epidemy God was graciously with our congregations and proved their safe Refuge and their mighty Delivery "from the noisome pestilence." Our friend writes:

"We have in New Orleans ten congregations of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Missouri Synod; of these three belong to the Colored Mission. These congregations aggregate about 5000 souls in all. I have taken pains to learn, as near correctly as possible, the number of cases of yellow fever which occurred in each congregation; but the figures for each are so small that it would be a waste of space to give them in detail; let it suffice if I say that the total number of fever cases in these ten congregations is less than 50, and of these less than 10 were fatal.

"As we pass along here in our daily vocation we seldom, very seldom, hear anything of the fever. If it were not for the daily papers, we would know but very little or nothing of it. No fear or terror affects the hearts of our Lutherans; none that the writer knows of have gone away for fear; all are here at their posts, fortified, buckled, and shielded against terror by day or by night, against the destruction that wasteth at noonday, and against the pestilence that walketh at night, by the protecting powers of the Almighty.

"I am writing you from the midst of the Bethlehem Mission. We have—thank God for His protection!—not one fever case to record. So far we have all escaped and are all of good cheer. The reader would be astonished to see how little worry and anxiety manifest themselves; not that the gravity of God's visitation is not appreciated, but I think because of the patient submission, which accepts the situation as coming from God for our best. I know of some who stand firm on this basis, and I doubt not that others of whom I do not know

also profess this, and I hope that all believe this with me.

"The church services have been fairly well attended, especially on Sunday evening, which is our main service. During the present sad time Pastor Kossmann thought it appropriate to read the Litany with the congregation every Sunday. This is participated in by the entire congregation, apparently with a contrite and humble spirit. Last Sunday's attendance numbered about 60 adults.

"The school has had vacation since the close of July. The reopening in the beginning of September was postponed at the suggestion of the Board of Health until October 2d. Further postponement is not deemed advisable.

"During vacation Pastor Kossmann renovated the entire interior of the Bethlehem school building and built a division wall in the lower room to give accommodation to two classes, to enable him to transfer the first class to this room from the vestry, which was much too small. Our school now gives scant room for 190 children, with the first and second classes rather crowded. If school progresses this season in the same ratio as last year, more school room must necessarily be provided. God bless our mission and the schools of our mission with His richest blessing!"

Letting His Light Shine.

A mission worker, who had been preaching at the Reform School, was accosted one day upon the street by a colored boy. "Howdy do, Mr. Wells?"

"How do you do, sir?"

"Don't you know me? I heard you preach at the Reform School."

"Were there any other colored boys there?"

"Yes, sah; 'bout two hundred and fifty."

The missionary did not tell him that all colored boys looked alike to him, but said: "No, I don't remember you, but I am glad you remember me, and maybe you remember my text?"

"Yes, sah, it was, 'What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?'"

"Well, what did you do with Him?"

"I took Him, sah."

"You did? And you are a Christian?"

"Ask my boss."

"Who is your boss?"

"Mr. Beale, up here on the avenue."

The missionary found Mr. Beale's store and said to him: "Do you know a boy named Jim?"

"Yes, sir, he works for me."

"What sort of a boy is he?"

"The best I ever had in my employ."

"He says he is a Christian."

"Well, the way he acts, I believe he is."

The missionary was glad to hear that Jim was not one of those who profess Christianity merely by talking, and jumping, and shouting, but that he proved his faith by his works.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," Matt. 5, 16. "Walk as children of light," Eph. 5, 8.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1906. Price, 10 cts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Besides the usual calendar and statistical matter, this welcome and useful annual contains 14 pages of well-written and instructive reading matter, the biography of the late Rev. J. P. Beyer being of special interest. It also brings a very beautiful colored picture representing Christ, the Good Shepherd, as our Guide and illustrating Ps. 23, 3: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness."

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions from St. Paul's Church in Charlotte, N. C., \$5.00; Mount Zion Church, New Orleans, La., 25.00; St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., 35.00; St. Paul's Church, Mansura, La., 10.00; Grace Church, Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; Grace Mission, St. Louis, Mo., 3.00; Liza Smith, Charlotte, N. C., .86.

St. Louis, Mo., October 17, 1905.

A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.; F. J. Lan-
kenau, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday,
7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; K. Kretschmar, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday,
7.30 P. M.

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; J. W. F. Koss-
mann, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday,
7.30 P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; L. E. Thalley, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

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St. Louis, Mo., December, 1905.

No. 12.

Good Tidings.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2, 10.

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

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

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

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

L. S.

Good Tidings.

The Christmas tidings are good tidings. They tell us that the Saviour is born. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." It is just such a Saviour as sinners need. A mere man could not save us from sin

and its punishment. God's own power was necessary to bear the dreadful burden of sin and the heavy weight of its punishment. Our Saviour must be God and man in one person. And behold! God in His great mercy sent us just such a Saviour. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." God's own Son became man, born of the Virgin Mary. The angel called the Child born at Bethlehem "the Lord." That Child is true man, born of the Virgin Mary, but He is also true God, begotten of the Father from eternity. The Child wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger was the Lord, the great Jehovah, God over all, blessed forever. In that Child the Son of God became the Son of man. For what purpose? In order to be the Saviour of sinful man. He, the God-man, took the sinners' place and bore the sinners' punishment, and thus redeemed man from sin and all its woe. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." A Saviour from sin and everlasting damnation! Indeed, these tidings are good tidings. What better tidings could there be for lost and condemned sinners? In the manger of Bethlehem we find redemption for the slaves of sin, peace for the restless, help for the helpless, salvation for the lost, heaven for the condemned! There can be no better tidings than the Christmas tidings: "Unto you is born a Saviour."

The Christmas tidings are good tidings. They are "unto all people," as the Saviour whose birth they make known is the Saviour of all sinners, even the chief of sinners. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," 1 Tim. 1, 15. The Saviour born at Bethlehem is the Saviour of all men. If there were one exception, then each sinner might think himself that one, and

the tidings would not be good tidings. But there is not one excepted. The Saviour born at Bethlehem "came to seek and to save that which is lost." All are lost. "There is none righteous, no, not one," says the Bible. There is no exception: all are lost. So the Saviour came to save all. There is no exception: He is the Saviour of all. The Saviour born at Bethlehem "came into the world to save sinners." All men are sinners. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," says the Bible. There is no exception. All have sinned. So the Saviour came to save all: There is no exception. Therefore the angel who brought the Christmas tidings plainly said: "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to *all* people." To *all* people—to the learned and the unlearned, to the high and the low, to the rich and the poor, to the young and the old, to *every* sinner the Christmas tidings bring the Saviour from sin and woe. "God so loved the *world* that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever*"—no matter who he is and what he is—"whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. The Christmas tidings are indeed good tidings. There are none better. They make known the birth of a Saviour who is the Saviour of all sinners.

These good tidings are for *you*. Believe them, and your heart will be filled with true Christmas joy. The Saviour whose birth they make known they at the same time offer to you as *your* Saviour. Receive Him in true faith, and you find in Him all that your soul needs for time and eternity.

These good tidings are for all people. Let us, then, as we have opportunity, spread the Christmas tidings for the salvation of sinners. Enjoying the peace and salvation which the good tidings bring, let us make known these tidings to others, that they also may find God's peace and good will in the Saviour born at Bethlehem for all sinners.

The Holy Christmas Night.

Without the shining Christmas night of Bethlehem our whole life would be deep darkness. Without Christmas, no Good Friday; without Good Friday, no Easter; without Easter, no Pentecost, no Gospel, no baptism, no salvation, no heaven, no happiness. Here we would be lost, because we would have no God; there we would be condemned, because we would be without heaven. That would be the fate of all of us, without the holy Christmas night at Bethlehem. Thought, dark as midnight, depart! Thought, pale as death,

flee from us! Thought, terrible as the terrors of hell, leave us!—No, our fate is not to despair, for unto us the Saviour is born in the holy Christmas night.—*W. F.*

Unto You is Born a Saviour.

This little word, "you," ought to cheer our hearts. For of whom and to whom does the angel speak? Most assuredly not to wood or stones, but to men. And not to one man or two, but to all that are men, as he says this joy "shall be to all people." Whosoever is a man, himself born of woman, may and ought to accept this new-born Saviour. Angels do not need Him. Devils do not want Him. But we need Him, and for our sake He has become true man. Ours is this Christ, with body and soul, with everything He has, so that we may trust in this and defy our enemies, that Christ is our brother, our treasure, more fully ours than a husband belongs to his wife, or a son to his father. And if He be ours, we are His. Wherever He is we also are to be, and whatever He has is to be ours.

Luther.

Christ Our Light.

Pastor Frommel relates the following:—

I was called one Christmas Eve to the bedside of an old man of eighty years, who lay dying.

He was poor, very poor. As long as he was able, he had earned his daily bread by carpentering, but now he was old, blind, and sick. As long as he could see, he had searched diligently in God's Word. As long as he could go, in spite of his blindness, he went Sunday after Sunday to church, a two hours' journey over the mountain, led by his little grandson; but he had fallen once and was now so lame that he could not leave his bed. I had often sat by his side, yet in the twenty years that I had known him he never uttered a word of complaint. Deep peace rested upon his noble features, and his highest joy was to speak of the mystery of God's love, to my edification. As the end drew near that Christmas Eve, I asked him what text I should take for his funeral sermon. Raising himself up and turning his sightless eyes upon me, he said, "My text is in the book of Micah and reads: When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me."

"Christ is come to be thy light
Shining through the darkest night;
He will make thy pilgrim way
Shine unto the perfect day.
Take the message! Let it be
Full of Christmas joy to thee."

The Holy Ghost Has Kept Me in the True Faith.

Thus Luther says in his explanation of the Third Article. And so every true Christian confesses. That I am still a Christian I owe to the gracious working of the Holy Ghost. He that has brought me to Christ has also till now kept me with Christ in the true faith. And the latter is just as important and necessary as the former. It is absolutely necessary that I stay with Christ in true faith, if I would be saved. Only he that is faithful unto death will receive the crown of life, Rev. 2, 10. Only he that endures unto the end will be saved, Matt. 24, 13.

I can, however, no more stay with Jesus by my own reason or strength than I can come to Him by myself. Let a man rely on himself and soon he is lost, for there are three mighty enemies who are busy day and night endeavoring to draw us away from Christ and His salvation. These enemies are the devil, the world, and our own flesh.

The *world* is always busy trying to induce us not to persevere. Sometimes she will try to bully us back to her, and at another time she will use words sweet as honey. At one time she will try to gain her end by mockings and persecutions, and then again she will try it with flattering and coaxing. So fierce are the world's onslaughts and so enticing her gentle beckonings that not one of us, if left to himself, could withstand her, and every one of us would soon cease being a pilgrim to the promised land.

No less dangerous is our second enemy, the *flesh*. Its sole aim, too, is to have us give up our pilgrimage. It is an enemy that is ever with us. The Old Adam we can never rid ourselves of as long as we live this life in the flesh. Daily we must experience that in us, that is, in our flesh, dwelleth no good thing. If we are prosperous, the flesh tries to make prosperity a tool to bring us to fall; if adversities assail us, the flesh presses these into its service. When we are enjoying honor and good repute, we are in great danger because of our Old Adam; and when we are in shame and disrepute, the danger is no less. Yes, the flesh is a terrible assailant which is ever busy undermining our perseverance.

Finally, there is also the *devil*, who is forever planning and plotting our overthrow. "Deep guile and great might are his dread arms in fight, on earth is not his equal." He knows our weak points better than we know them ourselves; he knows where and when and how to touch us; for every soul he has his temptation, and for every man he has his trap. He knows how to take one this way,

and the other the opposite way; he knows when to beat the big drum and cry in thunder tones, and he knows when to speak softly and sweetly to gain his end. He tries to stay our perseverance in service by calling our attention to our poor success; when sufferings come upon us, he uses them to persuade us to give up our faith in God. If you are zealous, he will try to turn you cold; and if in simplicity of faith you continue steadfast in Jesus' words and the apostles' doctrine, he will try to make you believe that steadfastness in doctrine is wholly unnecessary.

Must it not be plain to us all, that "by might of ours naught could be done, soon were our loss effected"? Blessed are we that it is not our strength that must keep us, but that we are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, 1 Pet. 1, 5. God has given us His promise, and so we may be confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in us will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, Phil. 1, 6. The "good work" is the enkindling of faith in our hearts. Through this faith we were brought to Christ, and in this faith the Holy Ghost will keep us with Christ until the last day. He that has called us is faithful, and He will preserve us blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have God's promise that His Holy Spirit will strengthen us in our warfare against Satan, world, and flesh, and obtain for us the victory.

The means by which the Holy Ghost keeps us in the true faith is the same which He uses in working faith in us, namely, the Gospel. By the Gospel the Holy Ghost teaches us and increases our knowledge of Jesus. By the Gospel He strengthens our faith, inflames our love, and increases our hope. By the Gospel He affords us enduring comfort in all trials and tribulations, in all sorrows and sufferings.

Let us, therefore, diligently and faithfully use the Gospel; let us gladly hear and learn God's Word and faithfully use the holy Sacraments, and thus be saved unto life everlasting. To neglect the use of the means of grace is soon to lose God's grace and be lost; but the diligent use of the Word and Sacraments, through which alone the Holy Ghost works, insures us the crown of life.

"Let me be Thine forever,
Thou faithful God and Lord;
Let me forsake Thee never,
Nor wander from Thy Word.
Keep me from error's mazes,
Lord, grant me constancy,
And I will sing Thy praises
In all eternity."

F. J. L.



JESUS, OUR IMMANUEL.

“Ring out, ye bells of Christmas!
Far out o'er sea and land!
Let strains of joyful sweetness
Reach earth's remotest strand!

“For unto us is born—
O wonderful to tell!—
A King who saves from sin,
Jesus, Immanuel.

“Ring out, ye bells of Christmas!
The work of death is done.
Descends the Christ of glory,—
His reign is now begun!

“O King, I bring Thee homage;
I worship and adore.
My heart, my lips, my members
Are Thine for evermore.”

He Found the Christmas Message.

When the New York Bible Association was making exertions, some years ago, to supply a copy of the Scriptures to every family that was without it, one of its distributors called at a house where he met with an angry repulse.

“Take it off to the barn,” said the father of the family; “I'll not have it in the house.”

“Very well,” the distributor replied, “I do not know that I could leave it in a better place. Our

blessed Saviour once lay in a manger.” He went to the barn and placed the Bible in a safe place. As he left, a prayer went up to God that He would incline the man to take it into his house and bless its message to the conversion of his soul.

For several days, after the distributor had left, the thought of the rejection of the Bible followed the owner of the house wherever he went and in all he did. He could not get it off his mind. “The man was very civil,” thought he. “After all, the book won't hurt me; and to tell him to put it in the barn was folly! I dare say he left it there. I'll go and see.”

He went, and found the Bible, and in it the Christmas message; for as he turned over the leaves, he came to a place where it is written: “Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes lying in a manger.”

The man wept because of his guilt and his folly. It was the Spirit's work in his heart. By the grace of the Spirit he also found in that Christmas message his Saviour and in Him Christmas joy and Christmas peace. He became a diligent reader of the Bible which he had once rejected, but which was now his most precious book.

Reader, it may be you have never rejected the Bible—I mean the book itself. Perhaps you possess one. Do you value it? Do you read it? Speaking of the Bible, Luther says: “Esteem this book as the precious fountain that can never be exhausted. In it you find the swaddling-clothes and the manger to which the angel directed the shepherds to find Christ; the words seem poor and mean, but dear and precious is the treasure that lies therein.”

Little George's Christmas Letter and Its Answer.

Little George had just knelt in prayer, and then, after saying good night to his mother, had lain down in his bed. The mother was busy with her sewing and was deeply wrapt up in her thoughts. George had been in bed an hour already, and his mother thought that he had gone to sleep long ago. But he was lying there with his eyes wide open.

Suddenly he said, “Mother, I must tell you something before I can sleep.”

His mother felt alarmed and said, “My child, I hope you have not been doing something wicked.”

He answered, “Not that exactly, and yet I must tell you of it before I go to sleep.” Then he pro-

ceeded: "You know, dear mother, that Christmas will soon be here, and I am very anxious to have a sword and a soldier cap. But whenever I tell you of it, you always say that I should tell the Saviour of it, and that you are poor and cannot buy them for me. And since I cannot speak to the Saviour, I wrote Him about it to-day."

His mother asked: "What did you do with the letter?"

"I put it into the post office," was the answer.

"And did you write your name under it?"

"Certainly I did; the Saviour must surely know what my name is and where I live." Now he felt relieved, and fell back on his pillow and soon was asleep.

The mother's heart was filled with earnest thoughts. She studied how she might get the letter back again. For the little boy had written his name, "George von R.," to the letter, and the letter must not become public. She thought of the past. Her husband was a member of a noble family, and his relatives refused to consent to his marriage with her on account of her poverty. But, nevertheless, he married her, because she was pious, as was he also. Only a short time ago they had come to the city where they now lived.

She did not expect her husband home for some time yet, but suddenly someone knocked, and Uncle Emil, her brother, who was stationed as a lieutenant in the same city, entered. She told him all that had happened, and he immediately went over to the post office and inquired whether there was a letter in the office addressed to the Saviour. He was informed that such was the case, but that it had already been sent to the postmaster as a curiosity, and that further inquiries would have to be made there. Although it was already late, yet the young man went there also. He asked the same question. The postmaster, who was a God-fearing man, greeted him pleasantly and said: "Your nephew is a splendid little fellow. Here, read the letter. But you will not get it back." It read thus:

"MY DEAR SAVIOUR: You are rich and have everything. Please have the kindness to present me with a sword and a soldier cap on Christmas. My father and my mother cannot give them to me, as they are too poor. As for the rest, you can send whatever you please; but do not forget these two things. Send something for father and mother also, so that they, too, may have a Christmas joy.

"Yours,

"GEORGE VON R.

"No. 18 Bienen street, third story."

The postmaster said: "You must permit me to take the place of the Saviour in this case. The child's faith shall not be put to shame. Do me the honor and celebrate Christmas with me here at my house. I myself will go to George's parents to invite them to come with their boy and add to the joy of the occasion. I would like to become acquainted with parents who have brought their child to Christ so early in life. Of course, George must learn nothing of all this."

On Christmas Eve George and his parents went, in company with Uncle Emil, to the house of the postmaster, who had already become a family friend, but George did not know why they went. What a sight met his eyes! The Christmas tree was all ablaze; a number of beautiful presents for George lay on the table under it, and among them was also a sword and a soldier cap. The parents, too, were kindly remembered and made happy.

The mother asked George if he was not astonished.

"No," he answered, "did I not write to the Saviour about it? I knew that I would get what I asked for."

After he had put on his sword and cap, the postmaster asked him whether he did not want to become a lieutenant like his uncle Emil.

He stood still and said, "No, I want to become a captain."

"But first you must become a lieutenant."

He answered, "But I want to become a captain, because I have read in the Bible of pious captains only, but not of pious lieutenants, and for that reason I will become nothing but a captain."

"That is right," said the postmaster, "stick to that, ever remain faithful to your Saviour, and no matter what turn your life may take, you will never be in want."

The postmaster further was enabled to secure a better paying situation for the father, a place in which he could apply his knowledge and abilities to a better advantage. Soon the circumstances of the family assumed a more favorable character. The friendly relations with the postmaster continued. But George became a respected man, who never had reason to hide his noble descent on account of poverty, and the best thing he retained, namely, the true nobility of heart, for he walked as became a true child of God.—*From the German.*

If we truly believed that all things come to us purely through God's grace and mercy, our hearts would leap with joy and would always be in heaven.

Luther.

Meeting of Immanuel Conference.

The semi-annual meeting of Immanuel Conference was held in the St. Matthew Lutheran Church at Meherrin, Va., from the 12th to the 15th of October. The pastoral conference was held on the 12th. Rev. D. H. Schooff read a paper on the question: "Can a Christian partake of the Lord's Supper unworthily?" Of course, the question was answered in the affirmative, both by the essayist and the brethren, in the discussion of the question. Many important matters came up in this private conference, the question of having an Old Folks' Home being probably the one that will interest the readers most. In all of our missions there are a number of old and, in many cases, infirm people, who have no one to see after them and care for them. Now, in Meherrin we have a large tract of land, and, at a small cost, a comfortable dwelling could be built that would be an asylum where our aged and forsaken ones could be cared for, and at little expense. Our congregations could support the home easily. Some of the churches have already subscribed money for the erection of the home.—Another interesting matter that came up for the consideration of conference was Rev. N. J. Bakke's silver jubilee on the 7th of November. The matter was left in the hands of a committee. Thursday evening Rev. W. Lash, of Salisbury, N. C., preached a sermon on 2 Thess. 2, 13, 14.

Conference proper began at 10 A. M., on Friday, the 13th. After devotional exercises conference was organized. Rev. D. H. Schooff was elected chairman for the ensuing year. Prof. N. J. Bakke was chosen vice-president, and Prof. Wahlers reelected secretary. Prof. M. Lochner and the undersigned were received as members of conference. Rev. C. Lauterbach, of Ridgeway, N. C., was given the privileges of the floor. Conference accepted the invitation to hold the next session at Immanuel College in Greensboro, N. C. The new building will then be finished and dedicated. In the afternoon session, Rev. J. H. Doswell read a timely and interesting paper on "Christian Giving." This paper ought to be read in all of our churches. At the evening session the undersigned delivered a brief discourse on Luke 17, 11—19, and Rev. Doswell finished reading his paper. On the 14th, after some minor business had been transacted, Prof. Wahlers read an essay on "Christian Suffering." He finished reading this paper in the afternoon session. Rev. J. H. Doswell preached at the evening service on Matt. 16, 26. In divine service on Sunday morning, Rev. Schooff preached a confes-

sional address from 1 Cor. 11, 27—29, and Rev. Lash delivered a sermon on Acts 16, 30, 31, after which the brethren and the congregation partook of the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon, Rev. J. C. Schmidt, of Greensboro, N. C., preached a mission sermon from Matt. 28, 19. In the evening, Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, of Concord, N. C., delivered a sermon from Ps. 139, 1—12, after which the undersigned, in the name of conference, thanked the members and the pastor of St. Matthew's Church for their hospitality, and conference adjourned *sine die* by singing "God be with you till we meet again." Next morning the brethren left for their respective stations, strengthened and refreshed, to continue to win souls for Christ and spread God's kingdom on earth.

J. McD.

Christmas in the Himalayas.

Swen Hedin, the famous Norse explorer, on his return journey, spent Christmas with the missionaries at Leh, a town in Little Tibet on the northern slopes of the mighty Himalayas. He mentions this pleasant incident in his book, "In the Heart of Asia," as follows:

"The days passed only too quickly. I was overwhelmed with kindness by Messrs. Ribbach and Hettasch and their estimable wives. Miss Bass and Dr. Chawe treated the sick fellows in my caravan with tender care. I went to the missionaries daily and became acquainted with their work of faith and love and patience.

"We celebrated Christmas together in the neat chapel of the mission. The room beamed with candle light, and the Christmas tree with its fruits and its countless little candles awakened in me sweet memories of my childhood days in my dear old homeland. Mr. Ribbach preached in Ladaki, and the whole audience, which filled the chapel completely, joined in the singing heartily. All the people had put on their best clothes. I hardly ever before attended such a soul-stirring, solemn worship. The soft radiance of the lights on the Christmas tree and the sweet tones of the organ enchanted me. I was moved to the depth of my soul, for I had so much cause for thankfulness to God, as all our hardships had now come to an end and I had found good friends in the first Europeans I met with on my return to civilization."

My times are in Thy hand, O Lord! Go Thou with me, and I am safe. And, above all, make me useful in promoting Thy cause of peace and goodwill among men.—*David Livingstone.*

NOTES AND ITEMS.

CLOSE OF VOLUME.—This number closes another volume of our LUTHERAN PIONEER, and as a new volume begins with the new year, this is a suitable time to send in the names of new subscribers. If our friends will speak a kind word for our paper and get new subscribers for it, we should be very thankful. With their assistance the circulation of the PIONEER can be increased, which would also be a help to our mission work since all the profits go into our mission treasury. The close of the year is an excellent time to get subscribers for the new volume, and we hope that the friends of the PIONEER will make use of their opportunities in this direction.

A PENNY A DAY.—Right after a missionary meeting, a poor woman called at the residence where the missionary was staying, and told him she had been prevented from attending, but hoped she was not too late to present a little contribution she wished to make to the Missionary Society. The poverty of her appearance induced the missionary to say, he feared she could not afford to give anything; but the poor woman assured him that though she was a widow and had four children to support, she had contrived to save a little, and that she should be much grieved if he should refuse to take it. She then untied a bundle she had brought with her and produced three hundred and thirty cents. She had laid by one cent every day for the year past, excepting those days in which illness prevented her from working.

A THANK OFFERING.—The British and Foreign Bible Society received from Rev. Mr. Casalis, of the Paris Mission in Basutoland, South Africa, \$826 as an offering for its Century Fund from the Basuto churches. About \$40 of this amount is from a newly organized church under charge of a young native pastor, which has very few men on its list of members. The most of the money came from the sixty women of the church. These black women earned it, a few cents at a time, and made it truly a thank offering.

YOUR NEIGHBOR.—A minister was soliciting aid for foreign missions, and applied to a gentleman, who refused him with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbor." "Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbor?" "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land adjoins yours?" inquired the minister. "Yes." "Well," said the

minister, "how much land do you own?" "About 500 acres." "How far down do you own?" "Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way through." "Exactly," said the clergyman. "I suppose you do, and I want the money for the New Zealanders—the men whose land joins yours at the bottom."

THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.—A friend once tried to dissuade a young man from going as a missionary to Africa, by telling him he would die there in a short time, as he could not stand the climate. His answer was, "I think it is with mission work as it is with building a temple. Some stones must be buried in the earth for a foundation. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave, I am content."

ANOTHER.—A true missionary spirit was also manifested by a young missionary candidate whom Bishop Hedding, of New York, was examining, in order to test his fitness for the work. Said the bishop: "Have you considered that you will have to go away from home and friends, and be among strangers and enemies?" "I have," replied the young man. "Have you considered that you must leave your native land, with all its institutions and privileges, and be a foreigner in a strange land, where everybody will regard you with suspicion and prejudice?" "I have considered it all," said the preacher. "Have you considered that in that land your health may fail, you may be prostrated by malarias and fevers, and you may die prematurely by disease or violence?" "Yes," continued the young man, "and if I had a thousand lives I would give them to Jesus. Bishop, please don't ask me any more questions, but send me, send me!"

EARNESTNESS OF NATIVE CONVERTS.—The earnestness of native converts is illustrated in a recent report of a missionary from Fukien, China: "Some of the Christians who worship here come from a great distance. Three women walked seven miles to-day to get here. One was an old lady of sixty-four, with snow-white hair. Only a short time before she walked the same distance to join the church. Another one, who is sixty-two, came with her little nine-year-old grandson. After morning service they were in my room, and just before going out, she put her hand caressingly on the little fellow and said: 'Son, you must plead with your mother to be a Christian.' He promised to do so, and his arm went up in a loving embrace to grandma's neck. That dear grandma had only just reached the place where

she was willing to give up her Buddhist beads, and yet in the afternoon I heard her learning from one of the older Christians how to pray, and saying she was going to get her daughter-in-law to follow Christ too."

FOLLY OF IDOLATRY.—A striking illustration was used by a mission worker in India, to show the folly and shame of the idolatry of the Hindus. He said: "Supposing that a woman should dress a dog in men's clothes and tell people it was her husband, how would the husband like it? But you do worse: you dress up a stick or stone and tell people that it is God!" The Bible says: They that make these idols are like unto them: so is everyone that trusteth in them.

Installation of Mr. Napoleon Seeberry.

Mr. Seeberry is a former pupil of Bethlehem school, New Orleans. After Confirmation he entered our Teachers' Seminary at Addison, Ill., where he remained four years, and finished his studies in the newly opened Luther College, under the direction of the Rev. F. J. Lankenau. Graduating last June, he was soon after called to take charge of the third class of St. Paul's School, thus remaining under the supervision of his former instructor. On the 17th Sunday after Trinity he was installed in his office with appropriate ceremonies conducted by Rev. Lankenau, who preached from Matt. 18, 10, 11. May God abundantly bless the efforts of this young laborer in His vineyard, and may the work he is doing bear fruit in a rich harvest of souls.

K. KRETZSCHMAR.

Not a Friend of Noisy Meetings.

Aunt Judy was not a friend of noisy meetings, in which people jump and shout. To one of her shouting colored sisters she said: "'Tain't de true grace, honey; 'tain't de sure glory. You hollers too loud. When you gets de love in your heart, and de Lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as if you was in dat stable at Beth'lem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleeping Baby to hold."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

LICHT DES LEBENS. Ein Jahrgang von Evangelien-Predigten aus dem Nachlass des seligen *Dr. C. F. W. Walther*, gesammelt von *C. J. O. Hanser*. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.25.

The Rev. O. Hanser has done the Church good service by collecting and preparing for publication this new volume of Gospel sermons from the brilliant pen of the sainted

Dr. Walther, whose praise as a sound theologian and as a master of the art of preaching is in all the churches. Of Walther as a preacher one of Germany's divines wrote: "Walther is as correct in form as a University or Court Preacher, and yet as popular as Luther himself. If the Lutheran church wishes to bring her doctrines again among the people, she must be as faithful and firm in doctrine and as touching and timely in form as is the case with Walther. Walther is a model preacher in the Lutheran church." And an American divine wrote of Walther's sermons: "They are models of Christian sermons, full of Christ and of the way to God through Him. They are withal so simple, so transparent, and so direct that the common people can read them gladly, and yet so thoughtful, so comprehensive, and so suggestive that the educated cannot but be instructed and edified. What a blessing for all time, that these sermons will be read and pondered over in tens of thousands of households, teaching how to believe in Christ and to overcome by the blood of the Lamb!"

This new volume of Walther's sermons also sets forth Christ as the Light of the world, in whom all that believe find the light of everlasting life. May the precious book be blessed for the salvation of sinners, for the perfecting of the saints, and for the edifying of the body of Christ.

Acknowledgment.

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