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The Lutheran Pioneer 1909

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Recommended Citation

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1909.

No. 1.

A Pilgrim's Song.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Let us by faith draw nigh,
And thankful off'rings bring
To Him who reigns on high,
Our Savior and our King;
Join the triumphant host above,
And gladly praise the God of love.

By His all-gracious hand
Thus far we have been led
From Egypt's gloomy land
Of darkness and of dread;
We joyful sing upon the way
That leadeth to eternal day.

Though in a desert waste,
We are not left alone;
We forward press in haste,
Right onward to the Throne,
Where we shall with our Lord sit down,
And cast at His dear feet the crown.

As pilgrims here we roam,
But Christ the Lord is near;
And He to call us home
Will presently appear;
We soon shall meet upon the shore,
Where partings will be known no more.

We Are Pilgrims.

We are pilgrims and our life is but a journey. Of this the passing years remind us. Year after year is numbered with the past, and every day brings us nearer to our journey's end. What shall that end be? It must be either an eternity of woe and misery or of bliss and joy. We should therefore so "number our days that we apply our hearts

unto wisdom." It is not wisdom, but folly, not to heed the lesson of the passing years: Prepare to meet your God! It is not wisdom, but folly, to say: "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Foolish man! Death does not end all. The Bible says: "It is appointed unto men once to die, *but after this the judgment.*" The man who lives in sin and dies in sin, rejecting by his unbelief the only Savior of sinners, passes through the dark gates of death to the judgment-seat of God with all his sins upon him. The wrath of a just and holy God will hurl him into everlasting damnation; for it is plainly written: "He that believeth not shall be damned." And again the Bible says: "He that hath not the Son hath not life." And again it is written: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

They only heed the lesson of the passing years and apply their hearts unto wisdom who see to it that they are prepared to meet their God by faith in Him whose name was called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins. In Jesus they have "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins," and they are happy. It is written: "Blessed," or happy, "are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." The believer knows from the Word of God that his sins are "blotted out," "cast into the depths of the sea," "removed as far as the east is from the west," "forgiven," and "remembered no more." Why should he not be happy in his journey through life? The new year may bring grief or gladness, pain or pleasure, but whatever the morrow may bring, it shall surely bring Jesus with it, who says: "Lo,

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I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The believer knows not what lies before him in the darkness of the future, but he knows Him who declares: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The passing years remind him of his journey's end, but he need not fear. For it is written: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" he "shall not come into condemnation." He is God's pilgrim, and the end of his journey brings him to his heavenly home, where "God shall wipe all tears from our 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."

A little while of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more days to wander here below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of woe.

A few more days, and we shall dwell forever
Within our bright, our everlasting home,
Where time, or space, or death no more can sever
Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can never come.

Of Holy Baptism.

As in the Church of the Old Testament there were two Sacraments, so the Church of the New Testament also has two Sacraments. These two Sacraments are Holy Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The Fourth Chief Part of our Catechism treats of Holy Baptism. It tells what Baptism is, what its great benefits are, from whence it has the power to grant such great benefits, and, finally, how Baptism obliges us, and give us the power, to flee sin and lead a godly life.

I. WHAT IS BAPTISM?

Our Catechism tells us: "*Baptism is not simple water only, but it is the water comprehended in God's command and connected with God's Word.*"

The visible, earthly element used in Holy Baptism is water, plain, simple water. But it is not simply water, as the unbelieving world and many bearing the Christian name think. Nay, there is something in Baptism in addition to the simple water, to-wit, the Word, which is joined to the water and makes it a Sacrament. The water in Baptism is "*comprehended in God's command and connected with God's Word.*" The natural water in Baptism is comprehended in God's command; that is, God has commanded us to baptize, and He

has also commanded us to baptize with water. Just as little as it is left to our discretion to baptize or not, just so little is it optional with us to use water or not. Without God's command to baptize there would be no Baptism; so, also, without water there is no Baptism.

This divine command in which the water in Baptism is comprehended we find Matt. 28, 19: "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This command Christ gave to His disciples shortly before His Ascension. Christ, to whom belongs all power in heaven and on earth, who is the almighty God and the Lord over all, instituted the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. And this command to baptize Christ gave to His disciples, to His followers, to those who believe in Him, in short, to the Church. The Church has the command to baptize all nations.

This, however, does not mean that every member of the Church should under ordinary circumstances make use of his right to baptize; for this would give rise to much disorder and confusion. Ordinarily, the called pastors of the Church, who are the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God (1 Cor. 4, 1), should administer Baptism. The pastors, as servants of Christ and the Church, are entrusted with the administration of the mysteries of God. These mysteries are the Word and the Sacraments. Pastors are called by their congregations to administer these means of grace in the name of Christ and the Church. Only in case of necessity should any other than a called pastor administer Holy Baptism. If, for instance, a child be in danger of death and a pastor not to be had, then, rather than have the child die unbaptized, any Christian should administer Holy Baptism. Such a Baptism may be administered by praying the Lord's Prayer and then administering water to the child, saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This being done, the child will have been truly baptized. But if the child continue to live, its Baptism should be publicly confirmed for the sake of the parents, the child, and the Church.

Christ tells His disciples to *baptize*. The word "baptize" means to wash with water. This we learn from Mark 7, 4, where we read: "And when they (the Pharisees) come from market, except they *wash*, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the *washing* of cups, and pots, and brazen vessels, and

of tables." And Acts 22, 16 it is written: "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins." The same word that is translated with *wash* in these two passages is given as baptize, Matt. 28, 19. Baptism, then, is a washing with water. But how is the water to be applied, and in what quantity is it to be used? Christ does not tell us, and where He makes no law, it is wrong for man to make any. That which is essential is the application of water to the body of the person to be baptized, but whether this application be by pouring, sprinkling, or immersing is immaterial. If people wish to baptize by immersion, they are at perfect liberty to do so, but they must not do so under the delusion that it is the only proper mode of Baptism.

Our Catechism also tells us that the water in Baptism is "*connected with God's Word.*" Christ, namely, tells us that we are to baptize "*in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*" The mere application of water is in itself no Baptism, but the water must be applied in the name of the Triune God, by His order and command. And the Baptism thus administered is really administered by God Himself, the officiating person being an instrument only. While it is a human hand that pours the water on the child's head, yet the child is baptized by God Himself, in whose name Baptism is administered.

However, to be baptized in God's name has even a deeper signification, — it means that we are baptized *into God's name*, into *communion* with God. In Holy Baptism we become partakers of all that God has done for us. The love of God the Father, the grace of Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, become our own and we are made God's own.

My loving Father, Thou dost take me
To be henceforth Thy child and heir;
My faithful Savior, Thou dost make me
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share;
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
When darkest clouds around I see.

F. J. L.

"A Wall, O Lord, Around Us Build!"

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

It was a dreary November evening in the year 1630, the same year in which the brave and pious Lutheran King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, had landed on the German coast to help his brethren in the faith in their defense against the Catholic

legions, which, under their leader, the cruel and heartless Tilly, pressed them hard and threatened to overwhelm them. Twelve long years already had this fearful religious war raged throughout Germany. The soil was soaked with the blood of the slain; the fields were devastated, the towns depopulated, and the whole country sighed and moaned under the burdens of war. The chronicles of those times are filled with the sad stories of atrocities and barbarities committed by the armies against the unfortunate inhabitants.

On the above-named November evening there sat an old woman in a farmhouse on the outskirts of a Saxon village. Her son, a young man of about twenty years, had just brought home the news of a rumor that had spread in the village that a detachment of the much-feared Spanish troops was approaching, and would probably pass through the village during the night. Terror and anxiety reigned. The young man besought his mother to take refuge in the mountains. But she said that they were in God's protection, and that, if He willed it so, they would be saved, and exhorted him to seek consolation in prayer.

She lighted the lamp, took her prayer-book, and began to sing her favorite hymn, "A Wall, O Lord, Around Us Build." At this the son revolted, telling his mother that by her foolish singing and by the light of her lamp she would certainly show the enemies the way to their house, and uselessly expose them. But she persevered and continued to sing, "A wall, O Lord, around us build!"

The son grew angry and said, "How can the Lord build a wall around us? Stop that nonsense, mother; the time of miracles is past."

"The Lord can, if He so will," she quietly answered, and continued to sing and to pray through the whole long night, "A wall, O Lord, around us build!"

When the morning broke, the son took courage and went to the door; but when he tried to open it, he found that it would not give way. A heavy snow-drift had obstructed it and perfectly buried the house, concealing it from the enemies, who, during the night, had passed through the village, carrying plunder and murder into almost every house. But the house of the praying and trusting old mother was protected by the snow wall which the Lord had built for the safety of His children.

A LIE is like a snowball; the longer it is rolled, the larger it is. — *Luther.*

The Flight into Egypt.

When the cruel King Herod, after hearing from the wise men of the East of the birth of Christ, sought to destroy the Christ-child, the angel of the

Herod sought to murder the Christ-child, because he foolishly feared to lose his own kingdom through the newborn King of the Jews. He had not learned that Christ's kingdom is not of this world. The kingdom that was in danger through the birth of the Christ-child was Satan's kingdom. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil." This Satan knew very well. He knew that the time of redemption had come, and that the Child born at Bethlehem was the promised Savior of the world. He feared for his kingdom, and sought to destroy the Child Jesus through Herod as his instrument. But his and Herod's raging was in vain. God protected the Child Jesus and disappointed the murderous devices of His crafty enemies.

Satan and the world at all times rage against Christ and against those that are His. But we need not fear. They rage in vain. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." The Church of Christ is built upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. How comforting it is for Christians to know that the God who guided and took care of the Christ-child will also guide and take care of them in their journey through life! He is their Refuge and Strength, and under His almighty protection they are safe from all enemies.

The Beauty of the Sermon.

General Lee always expressed his preference for those sermons which presented most simply and earnestly the soul-saving truths of the Gospel

in their purity. After listening to such a sermon, preached before a body of young men, he said to a friend: "It was a noble sermon, one of the very best I ever heard, and the beauty of it was that the preacher gave our young men the very marrow of the Gospel, and with a simple earnestness that must have reached their hearts and done them good."



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matt. 2, 13-23.

Lord appeared to Joseph and told him to take the young Child and its mother and flee into Egypt. Joseph obeyed and took the young Child and its mother and fled into Egypt, where he stayed with them until the death of Herod. He then, in obedience to the Lord's command, went back into the land of Israel with the Child and His mother.

Too Late.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Doctor," she said, "I wanted to shine in the world, I wanted to outshine all others. Great God, fashion, fashion! Now I have only one hour — one hour! It is too late!"

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

"The night cometh when no man can work."
S. C.

Looking On While a Woman Drowns.

Under this heading a Chicago paper says:

A terrible illustration of the spirit which is beginning to take possession of the hearts of some was manifested when recently a woman in Chicago fell into the lake and two hundred men and boys stood idly by and watched her as she struggled and uttered screams for help.

One of them rushed up and seized her purse which lay at the spot from where she had fallen. Before the life-saving men could come, she had gone down for the last time.

The captain of the life-saving crew said: "Those men acted like a pack of dogs; any one of them could have stepped down and pulled her out by hand without any peril to themselves."

No one can read this without feeling a thrill of righteous indignation sweep over his soul; but let me ask: Are there some in your community who are being overwhelmed by discouragement and despair and who are losing their souls while you are looking idly on, never reaching out a helping hand to them? No matter what your professions are, in the Day of Judgment will you not have to line up with those two hundred men and boys?

H. K.

God Able to Make Happy.

Christians might avoid much trouble if they would only believe what they profess — that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable, whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one has been removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. — *Dr. Payson.*

All the Way.

All the way He walks beside me,
Precious Jesus, Savior, Friend!
In His love I'm sweetly resting,
Safe, secure, until the end.
Though the dangers thick surround me
And the path be rough and wild,
All the way He walks beside me,
Lets me feel I am His child.

All the way He walks beside me,
Whispering words of love and cheer;
And I rest upon His promise,
Knowing He is ever near.
Oft my feet are worn and weary
As I journey day by day,
But the Savior walks beside me,
Holds my hand and leads the way.

ESTHER PETERSON.

Perfect Trust.

A gentleman was walking, one evening, with his little girl, upon a high bank, beneath which ran a canal. The child was pleased with the looks of the glistening water, and coaxed her father to take her down to it.

"The water looks pretty. Please, papa, do take me down there," she said.

The bank was very steep, and the road a mere sheep-path. In getting down, the gentleman had to take hold of his little girl's arms, and swing her from point to point. While doing this, she would sometimes be hanging in the air, directly over the water. Yet she only laughed and chuckled, but was not the least bit afraid, although she really seemed to be in danger.

At last they got down the bank, and reached the tow-path in safety. Then taking up his daughter in his arms, he said, "Now tell me, Sophy, why you were not afraid when you were swinging over the water?"

Nestling her plump little cheek upon her father's face she said:

"Papa had hold of Sophy's hand; Sophy couldn't fall!"

This was a perfect trust. And this is just the feeling that David had toward God when he said, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." Sophy would have screamed with terror to find herself hanging over the water in the canal, unless she had had confidence in the person who held of her arms. But it was her father, her kind, loving father, who held her, and so, what time she would,

have been afraid she trusted in him. And that is the feeling that we ought to have toward God. The thought of His power should lead us to trust Him.

Newton.

A Word in Season.

The late R. C. Morgan, of London, England, whose death the papers reported in the last weeks of the past year, was known for his active interest in all mission work. Many a missionary in the Home and in the Foreign Mission Field had to thank him for timely assistance in many ways. He also spoke many a word in season by which others were led to the Savior. Of this the following incident is an illustration:

His eldest boy was drowned when eighteen years old. While the body lay on the river's bank, surrounded by a curious crowd, the weeping father bent over it. Then looking up, he said, rent with sobs: "My boy is dead, but he was ready to meet his God. How would it be with some of you standing here, if you were thus suddenly called away?"

Almost twenty years later, a Christian friend of Mr. Morgan said to him one day: "I have something of interest to tell you." And then he told him that in conversation with a stranger he found that the man he was talking with had been one of the crowd that stood looking at the body of the drowned boy and heard the father's earnest question. The man had been startled into anxiety of soul by that touching appeal at the riverside, and did not find rest until he was brought to trust in the Savior, whom he now loved and served.

How to Study the Bible.

Dr. Luther says: "It is very certain that we cannot attain to the understanding of Scripture by study or by intellect. Your first duty is to begin by prayer, entreating the Lord to grant you of His great mercy the true understanding of His Word. There is no other interpreter to His Word, as He Himself has said, 'They shall all be taught of God.' Hope for nothing from your own labors, from your own understanding. Trust solely in God and in the influence of His Spirit. Believe this on the word of a man who has had experience."

THE heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious. — *Luther.*

Dedication of Mount Zion Chapel, Rocks, N. C.

The readers of the PIONEER will remember that in a previous issue the then forthcoming dedication of Mount Zion Chapel at Rocks, N. C., was announced. Missionary Lash, pastor of this congregation, tells of the dedication in the following words:

"Sunday, November 15, 1908, marked a new era in the religious life of Mount Zion's Lutheran members at Rocks, N. C. On that day the new chapel, practically the work of the members' hands, was dedicated to the Lord's service.

"Although the weather was cold, the road muddy and rough, about 300 people came from far and near to witness the event. The congregation of Mount Zion was especially glad and thankful to the Lord to know that their long wished-for chapel was now completed and ready for dedication.

"The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, of Concord, N. C. At 3 o'clock he again delivered an instructive sermon to the many hearers.

"Teacher Frank Alston, of Charlotte, N. C., was also present the entire day and gave an interesting address at 7.30 P. M. to an appreciative audience. The pastor of the local congregation then preached a short confessional sermon, and administered the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. Miss E. J. Johnston, teacher of St. John's congregation at Salisbury, was present with her choir and rendered beautiful and appropriate music for the occasion, which was enjoyed by all present. After the administration of the Lord's Supper the services closed with the singing of 'God be with you till we meet again.'

"Mount Zion Chapel is a neat little building, 20×30 feet, with an ante-room, 8×14 feet. The entire cost of the chapel amounted to about \$650.00, \$75.00 of which were donated by the friends of the Negro Mission. The remainder was raised by the congregation." (The Dedication Day collection amounting to \$50.46 left a debt of \$48.00.) "It was the pastor's intention to have the picture of the chapel and congregation taken on that day and sent to the PIONEER, but the weather would not permit it. It will be done at a later date, so that all the friends who contributed towards the Mount Zion Chapel may get an idea of the building.

"Now we have our new chapel, but it needs painting and also new seats. The members are going to do all they can to paint their house of worship and get new seats as soon as possible.

"Mount Zion Congregation is prospering nicely, and by God's help and the faithfulness of its members it will increase in the future also. May God continue to prosper His work at the Rocks, which has been begun so well!"
H. G.

NOTES.

A NEW VOLUME.—With the beginning of a new year we open a new volume of our LUTHERAN PIONEER. For thirty years it has been paying its monthly visits wherever people were willing to invite it. May many new homes be opened to it, and may God bless its work also in the new year! We tender our hearty thanks to the friends that have helped us in our work and have aided in the circulation of our little monthly, and kindly request their help also in the future in the interest of our mission work. A Happy New Year to all our readers!

THE EPIPHANY SEASON.—The Epiphany season reminds us of our missionary duties. Epiphany means manifestation, and the season takes its name from the Epiphany festival, which tells us of the manifestation or appearing of the newborn Savior to the wise men who came from the East to find the newborn King of the Jews. These wise men were Gentiles or heathen. But the Savior born at Bethlehem was also their Savior, and as such they worshiped Him, and presented to Him their gifts of love. Jesus is the Savior of the world, and every human being has an interest in the salvation which is in Him, and in Him only. Therefore those who have found the Savior should see to it that He is manifested, or made known, to others that know Him not. They should be active in mission work. Not all can go into the mission field, but all can help in the mission work with their prayers and with their gifts. The Epiphany season should stir our hearts to increased missionary efforts.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—From *The Arkansas Lutheran* we learn that our little band of colored Lutherans in Little Rock recently lost one of their faithful members in the death of Sallie Arthur, wife of John Arthur. It was at her home that for some time services have been held for a number of colored people by the Rev. A. H. Poppe, pastor of the Lutheran church at Little Rock. Her pastor writes: "She was without doubt a sincere Lutheran Christian; though others left the church, she

steadfastly remained true. She now wears the crown of glory." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," Rev. 2, 10.

THE HARVEST IS GREAT. — Director H. Zeller, "statistical expert" at Stuttgart, Germany, estimates that of the many human beings in the world only one third are professed Christians. There are 10,860,000 Jews, 157,920,000 Mohammedans, and 823,420,000 heathen. The harvest, indeed, is great, and the laborers are few. There are many millions of human beings who have never heard the Gospel and are still in the darkness of sin and death.

They are 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 the Gospel!" Christ has said.
Go, all the famished feed —
To every creature give Life's bread,
Over earth Christ's message speed!

A BLESSED WORK. — Our Lutheran Home for Feeble-Minded and Epileptics at Milwaukee, Wis., is doing a blessed work. From its Report for the past year we see that there were 41 inmates. There were many more applicants, who could not be received for want of room. An effort is being made to secure a larger building and better accommodations, and Christians are given an opportunity to help in this blessed work of mercy. The aim of the Home is to give to the poor afflicted ones not merely bodily relief, with shelter and food and needful care, but a knowledge of the Savior and a personal love to Him.

INDIA. — The Lutheran mission carried on by the Missouri Synod in India has enjoyed God's richest blessings in the past year, a new field being opened to the missionaries in the Southern part of that heathen land. It is a very promising field, where two missionaries find abundant work to do among young and old, in church and school. In the midst of difficulties and hardships their hearts were gladdened by seeing God's blessing resting upon their labors. Many received instruction and baptism, 37 being baptized at one time. May God continue to bless and prosper the work for the salvation of many souls!

God Makes No Mistakes.

A Christian, who had to pass through many trials, writes: "I once experienced a great bereavement, which tested my trust in God's providence be-

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

Acknowledgments.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., \$25.00; Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 25.00; St. Paul, Mansura, La., 8.00; Mount Olive, Catawba, N. C., 6.80; St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00; St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50; Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 2.50; Holy Trinity, Springfield, Ill., 5.25.

St. Louis, Mo., December 16, 1908.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Received with earnest thanks from St. Paul's School, Luzerne, Iowa, per Rev. G. Schroeder, for Christmas presents for colored children, \$6.50. N. J. BAKKE.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address. — In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., FEBRUARY, 1909.

No. 2.

Will You Be There?

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of grief and tears
There is a region fair;
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day;
O say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare;
Upon that bright eternal shore
Earth's bitter curse is known no more;
O say, will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh;
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow;
O say, will you be there?

Those who have learned at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss
So that His love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died,"
These, these shall all be there!

E. R.

The Key of Heaven.

Uncle Brown and his wife had been at church. When they came back home, Uncle Brown tried to unlock the door of their house, but could not, because he had the wrong key, as his wife soon noticed.

"Why, John," she said, "you have the wrong key; how can you expect to open that door?"

But Uncle Brown was obstinate, or "thick-headed," as his wife said. He kept on for some time, trying the wrong key, but all in vain; the door remained closed until the right key was used.

Later in the evening, when they talked about Brown's experience, his wife said, "It makes me think of what the preacher said about Christ being the key of heaven. Many people use a wrong key to open heaven. Those that try to get to heaven by their own works surely use the wrong key and will never get there."

Mrs. Brown was right. Man's own works are the wrong key and will never open heaven.

It is true, if man could keep the Law of God perfectly in thought, word, and deed, he could then be saved by the Law and could get to heaven by his own works. But that is impossible. We are sinners by nature, and therefore "*by nature* children of wrath," Eph. 2, 3. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the Law of God, *neither indeed can be*," Rom. 8, 7. "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one," Ps. 14, 3. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. 3, 23. As sinners and transgressors of the Law we are under the curse of the Law. For it is written: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the Law to do them," Gal. 3, 10. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," Ezek. 18, 4. "The wages of sin is death," Rom. 6, 23. So you see, if a man wants to get to heaven by his own efforts, by his own works, he is trying the wrong key, and that key will never open heaven for him.

Christ has opened heaven for us. His righteousness is the right key, the only key of heaven. Because sinners could not save themselves, God, in His great mercy, sent His own Son into the world to be their Savior. "When the fullness of the time

was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sins," Gal. 4, 4. 5. God's own Son became man and was made under the demands and under the curse of the Law for us. For us, all the demands of the Law were perfectly fulfilled by Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," Hebr. 7, 26, who "did no sin," 1 Pet. 2, 22, who could testify of Himself: "I do always those things that please my Father," John 8, 29, and of whom the Father solemnly declared: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," Matt. 3, 17. He also in His sufferings and death bore in our stead the curse of the Law, which we have deserved by our transgressions. For it is written: "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the Law, being made a curse for us," Gal. 3, 13. Thus Christ redeemed all sinners and gained for them a righteousness by which they can enter heaven.

This perfect righteousness of Christ is offered to every sinner in the Gospel. It is for him to take it with the hand of faith, that is, to believe in Jesus as his only Savior. Good works will surely follow such faith, but these good works are not the key of heaven; for faith, out of which these good works grow, has the right key of heaven already, namely, Christ and His righteousness. The Apostle Paul therefore 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.

Those that get to heaven have nothing to boast. Standing before the throne of the Lamb, they give all honor and glory to Him for their salvation, singing the new song: "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," Rev. 5, 9.

Dear reader, will you be there?

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

Of Holy Baptism.

II. WHO IS TO BE BAPTIZED?

The apostles generally baptized adults only. They went out into the world and called the nations into God's kingdom by the preaching of the Gospel, and as a rule they baptized such only as had become acquainted with the Christian faith and were

able to confess the same. Only in exceptional cases did they baptize children. They were missionaries sent out to gather congregations from among Jews and Gentiles. Our missionaries among the heathen do just as the apostles did. Our missionaries among the heathen do not simply go out and baptize people wherever they find them unbaptized. What the heathen need first of all is the preaching of the Gospel; they must be instructed in Christian doctrine before they are baptized. Then, after proper instruction on the part of the missionaries, and after they have confessed their faith in Christ, they are baptized.

But where the apostles had prepared the grown members of a family for Baptism, they also baptized the children. And here we also follow in the footsteps of the apostles, by baptizing the children of Christian parents and all other children of whose Christian rearing we are reasonably certain. Where the grown members of a family are Christians, we may and must also baptize the children, since in such a case the command of Christ can be obeyed: "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," Matt. 28, 20. Accordingly, we read Acts 16, 15 that Lydia, the seller of purple at Thyatira, was baptized with her whole *household*, hence also her children; and of the jailer of Philippi we read in the same chapter that he and *all his* were baptized. Paul tells us 1 Cor. 1, 16 that he baptized the *household* of Stephanas. Peter said on the first day of Pentecost, "The promise is unto you and to *your children*," Acts 2, 39. Therefore we find that Origenes, a celebrated teacher of the third century, refers to the baptism of children as a custom derived from the apostles, and the great St. Augustine tells us the same.

All Christian denominations, excepting the Baptists, practice Paedobaptism, or the baptism of children. The Baptists claim that faith belongs to baptism, but that children cannot believe, and that, therefore, the baptism of children is void. Now it is true that only he that believes and is baptized is benefited by Baptism, but it is not true that little children cannot and do not believe. Of course, little children are not conscious of their faith, as little as you are of yours when you are asleep, but for all that they do believe, just as well as you do while you are sleeping. How do we know this to be the case? Why, from God's Word, from which we draw all our knowledge in spiritual things. Take your Bible and find the 10th chapter of Mark, the 13th verse. There we read that certain Jewish

mothers brought their children to Jesus, that He might bless them. But the disciples of Jesus, who seem to have held an opinion similar to that of the Baptists, thought it foolish on the part of the mothers to thus trouble the Lord with their children, and rebuked the mothers for their action. But what did Jesus think? With whom did He agree, the mothers or the disciples? He says: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Yes, He even adds: "Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Now these children that were brought to Jesus must have believed; for the same Jesus who says of these children that were brought to Him that theirs is the kingdom of God tells us that it is only by faith that we can enter the kingdom of God, and He positively declares that all that do not believe shall be damned. But how had faith been enkindled in the hearts of these children? By nature these children were flesh born of flesh, and therefore in need of regeneration; by nature they were unbelievers, and therefore the children of wrath. How, now, had they been regenerated, how had they become the children of grace, subjects of the kingdom of God, in short, believers? These children had been circumcised, and by means of circumcision this change had been effected in them. But as Circumcision was the divinely appointed means of the Old Testament to enkindle faith in children, so Baptism was instituted by God for the same purpose in the New Testament.

Christ commands us: "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Now, surely, nothing can be plainer than these words. If we are to baptize all nations, we are also to baptize the children of these nations; for a nation is not made up of the adults only, but includes also the children. Christ certainly wants the children baptized, too. Children also stand in need of that which Baptism gives. As we have heard, they are flesh born of flesh, polluted with original sin, and incapable of entering the kingdom of God unless they be born again. But this regeneration is effected by water and the Spirit, that is, by Holy Baptism, John 3, 5. 6. —

In conclusion, it is necessary that we call attention to an institution in connection with Baptism. From very early times it has been deemed proper to have *sponsors* at the baptism of children for vari-

ous reasons. For one thing such an important act should and must have witnesses, and the sponsors are to testify that the child has been actually and properly baptized. Sponsors, together with the parents, bring the child to the Lord Jesus, and in the child's stead they renounce the devil, world, and flesh, and confess the Christian faith. Then, also, the sponsors, together with the parents, shall remind the child of what they promised for it when it was baptized, and do what they can to have it fulfill its promises. And especially in case of the early death of its parents, the sponsors shall use their best endeavors to have the child brought up in the Christian faith. Finally, the sponsors should earnestly pray for the child at its baptism, and diligently remember it in their intercessions ever after. — From all this it is plain that only God-fearing persons should be taken for this important and holy office, and that no unbelievers or persons of another faith are to be accepted as sponsors.

F. J. L.

Our Representatives.

The laborers in the mission field are our representatives. To all Christians the command is given: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Those whom we send to make known the Gospel of salvation are doing our work. It is therefore our duty to help them in their labors. How can we? We can help them with our prayers. It has been well said: "Prayer is the most important part of mission work." Missionaries of themselves can do nothing. The work is of God, and from God the blessing must come. He must give the increase. He must give health, and strength, and patience to the laborers in the mission field. He must open the doors and the hearts, and crown the work of His servants with His blessing. Therefore St. Paul, the great missionary apostle, wrote to his brethren at Rome: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me," Rom. 15, 30. And to the Colossians he wrote: "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds; that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak," Col. 4, 3. 4. And to the Thessalonians he wrote: "Brethren, pray for us," 1 Thess. 5, 25.

The great missionary apostle desired the prayers of the Christians for himself and for the cause in which he labored. This ought to move us to pray earnestly and diligently for our missionaries and for the mission cause. By prayer we help our representatives in the mission field.

If we are sincere in our prayers, we shall also be cheerful and liberal givers, and thus gladly help in the mission work with our gifts. We must not be like the man who prayed for a poor family in the neighborhood, but never gave them anything from his well-filled barn. He acted like a hypocrite. A praying Christian is also a paying Christian. For the spread of Christ's kingdom he gladly gives as God has prospered him.

Let us not forget to help our representatives in the mission field with our prayers and with our gifts for the mission treasury!

How Much Water?

A colored preacher in the South was annoyed by Baptist proselyters, who worried his people with their notion that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism, and that every one who wanted to become a Christian or join the church must be "dipped." This induced him to preach on the subject to instruct his people, and he made use of a good illustration to show the fallacy of the immersionist notion, as follows:

"My brethren," said he, "if I were to sprinkle some water on the head of a person, but would not say any words while doing it, would that be baptism?"

"No," was the answer from the congregation.

He asked again: "If I would dip a person under water once forward or once backward, but would not say any words with it, would that be baptism?"

"No," was again the answer.

Again he asked: "If I were to dip a person under water three times forward, or three times backward, and say no words to it, would that be baptism?"

"No," was again the answer.

He continued: "If I were to take a person into a river, or creek, or baptistery, and have him stand in the water up to his waist, and then pour or sprinkle a handful of water on his head, but say no words with it, would that be baptism?"

"No," was again the answer.

"But if," now said the preacher, "in all these different ways of baptizing persons, I had said: 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' would that have made it baptism?"

"Yes," was the answer that came from the congregation.

"Well, then," said the preacher, "don't you see that baptism does not depend on the amount of water that is used, nor on the manner in which it is applied, but on the Word of God connected with the water? That makes it baptism, and it does not matter how it is performed, if the Word of God is properly used with it."

Silenced.

When a certain young university student of Germany was traveling through Baden, he espied a village with a very fine church, and remarked to several intelligent-looking men near by: "These good people might have put their money to better use had they erected a hall of music or a club house instead of so fine a church."

"What have you against the church?" remarked his neighbor.

"What intelligent man cares for the church nowadays?" was the reply. "None but ignorant people go to church."

"Then I must be an ignoramus," remarked one.

"And I must be one also," said another.

"And I belong to the same company," chimed in a third.

It so happened that the first was a university professor in Leipsic; the second, an official of high rank in the government; and the third, president of a college in Berlin.

When the young man discovered what a fool he had made of himself, he withdrew from this distinguished company. — *Ex.*

A Subject for Eternity.

A preacher had spoken in his sermon on the subject of Christ as the Deliverer. On his way home from church he said to one of his hearers, an old Scotchman: "I didn't finish the subject."

"Ah, man," was the reply, "you didn't expect to finish, did ye? It will take all eternity to finish telling what Christ has done for man."

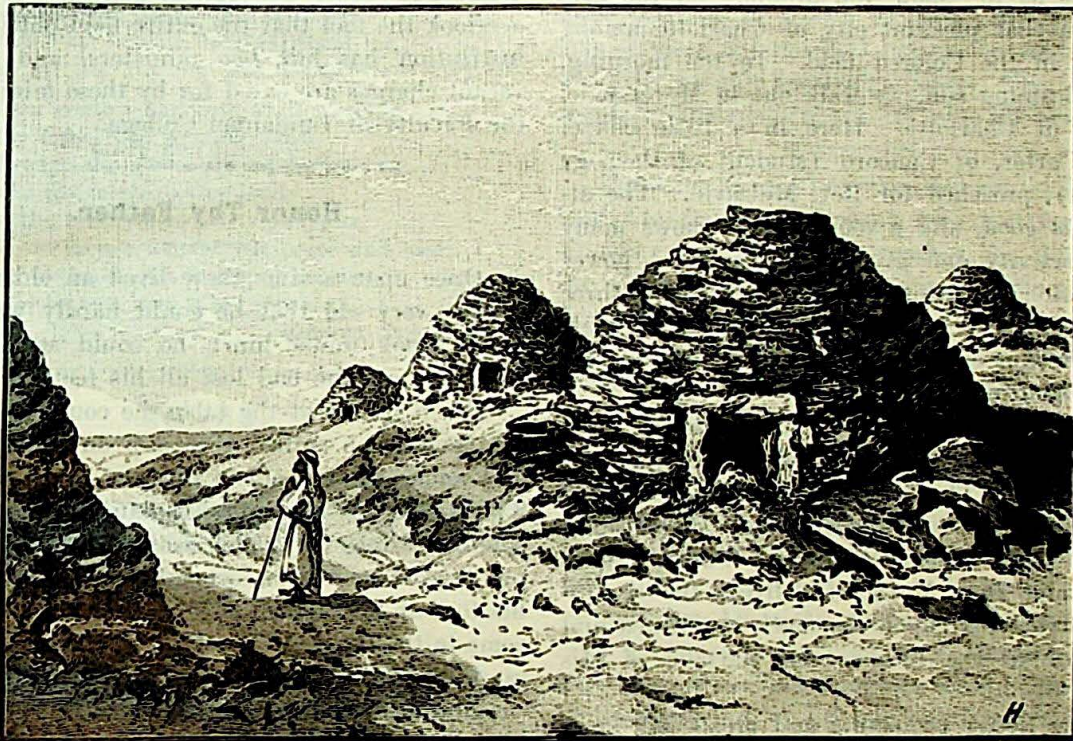
Only a Little Heathen.

She was a very wretched little heathen, too, far up in Alaska. Her parents were dead, and no one loved her; all regarded her as a burden and wished she were out of the way. Her long, soft hair was a tangled mat, her big dark eyes were generally full of tears, her dark, smooth skin was dirty, and on her half-starved little body hung her sole garment, a ragged cotton frock.

Among all the people the teacher's heart fixed on this poor waif, and longed to rescue her. Well,

soap; and then she cleaned and combed and braided her long hair, and put on her a clean nightgown, taught her a prayer, put her in a clean little bed, and gave her a kiss. Next day the little heathen was clothed in tidy garments, and began to learn sewing and housework, and her letters, and how to be a good child.

She was a very happy little Indian now, but by and by there grew up in her childish heart a great wish for an "American doll," only a little doll, such as sells here for ten or fifteen cents, but costs more in Alaska. She began saving her pen-



Native Stone Houses in Palestine.

one Sunday some Indian who claimed power over this little girl set her to cleaning fish while teaching was going on, and just out of reach of the teacher's voice she cleaned salmon, and plenteous tears ran down and helped wash her fish as she stood barefooted in the slush, the raw wind blowing her ragged gown. Suddenly the teacher stood beside her.

"None of you love this child, no one wants her; I claim her for mine. I will feed and clothe her, and she shall go into my home, and not come to your houses to live any more."

So the Indians gave the child to the teacher. The teacher took her home, put her in a tub of warm water and scrubbed her clean with carbolic

nie's to buy a doll. One hot summer day she picked seven or eight quarts of berries, for which some one gave her ten cents. That afternoon at school the lesson was about Christ, who "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." This made the little girl think. Before she went to bed, she came to her teacher with her beautiful ten cents. "Teacher, divide—Jesus half, me half." She would wait a little longer for her "American doll," and give something to Jesus, "who loved us, and gave Himself for us." I am glad that when Christmas came, this rescued child-heathen got two little dolls on the Christmas tree. In six months, this little girl learned to speak English, to read her English Testament, to write her name, to sew pretty

well, to do many kinds of housework, to be tidy and pleasant-mannered. Now her face is bright with smiles; she is clean, plump, and well clothed.

Selected.

North Carolina Notes.

Hardly had the last items gone to press when interesting news of our Charlotte district reached us. It is of especial interest as it is an observation and not so much a report of the pastor in charge, thereby showing how our work appears to others.

Permit us to "show you around" on the first Sunday in that pleasant city of Charlotte among our work in the Colored field. In the morning, under a beaming sun, we walk out to Meyersville, a suburb of Charlotte. Here in a little chapel Teacher Carter, of Concord (student of theology at present), preached for Rev. McDavid. The attendance is good, and a look around shows many signs of activity and growth. By natural power of locomotion we are again in Charlotte at three in the afternoon to attend Sunday school. The attendance here is exceptionally good, about 280 persons gathering on this occasion.

At the evening service we are witnesses to a baptism, confirmation, and administration of the Lord's Supper. Three are baptized and six confirmed. The answers to the questions come readily and with earnestness. Teacher Carter again preaches, and Rev. McDavid delivers the confessional address, whereupon the newly confirmed and other guests at the Lord's table partake of His Body and Blood.

May the Lord's protecting and prospering hand be upon the missionary, his helper, and his charge!—

In Greensboro things have taken on a different aspect. Christmas was celebrated in the usual way at Immanuel College, a special children's service of the parochial school in connection with the college under the lead of Teacher Read and Miss Sutton being the chief object of interest. The program interchanged with "speeches," catechisations, and songs on the Savior's birth.

On the Sunday after Christmas a colored "Lydia" with her whole house was baptized and confirmed.

During the week the pastors and teachers in the field held their regular midwinter conference. These meetings are not only of value for the instruction received thereby, but for one who is sepa-

rated from kith and kin it is also a pleasure to be with those who are his brethren in the Lord. May conference ever serve that twofold end!

A special joy fell to the lot of the professors at Immanuel College when, on January 10, the new professor, Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, formerly at Concord, N. C., was installed. For most of the members the burden will be considerably lighter now. But while we rejoice, we must implore the Lord that He may speedily refill the now vacant charge at Concord, for which Prof. Schmidt will still care until a pastor can be found for the place. While Immanuel College has gained, we must not overlook the fact that the entire field outside of the institution has but *two* ministers, and that five vacant charges are cared for by these ministers and the Faculty of Immanuel College. H. G.

Honor Thy Father.

Once upon a time there lived an old man who was so very old that he could hardly walk. His knees shook under him; he could see little and hear less, and he had lost all his teeth.

When he sat at the table, he could hardly hold the spoon; he spilled the soup on the tablecloth, and some of it ran out of the corners of his mouth. This made his son and his daughter-in-law, with whom he lived, very much ashamed of him; so they put the old man in a corner by the stove, gave him his food in an earthen bowl, and would not let him come to the table. He looked at them sadly as they ate their dinner, but he did not complain.

One day his trembling fingers let the bowl fall to the floor, and it was broken. His daughter-in-law scolded him for it. He made no answer and only sighed. Then they bought him a cheap wooden bowl and made him eat out of that.

A few days after this they found their little son trying to whittle something out of a piece of wood.

"What are you doing, my boy?" asked the father.

"I am making a bowl for mother and you to eat out of when you grow old like grandpa."

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence, and then their eyes filled with tears.

After that the old grandfather always ate at the table and was never scolded when he spilled his soup. — *Church Notes.*

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

A Prayer for Guidance.

Heavenly Father, lead and guide me,
Lest my feet should go astray;
Through life's pathway walk beside me,
Keep me in the narrow way.
Through the vale of tears be near me,
When life's joys are turned to grief,
With Thy love and blessing cheer me,
And my soul shall find relief.

Gentle Savior, hear my pleading,
Help me live more close to Thee,
Turn not from my prayer unheeding,
Let a blessing rest on me.
When dark shadows fall around me
And the way seems dark and drear,
With Thy precious love surround me,
Let me feel Thy presence near.

When death's darkness shall o'ertake me,
May I feel Thy guiding hand,
Through the gloom do not forsake me,
Lead me to the better land,
To the land where all is gladness,
Where there's naught but peace and love;
Let me leave this world of sadness
Soon to rest with Thee above.

ESTHER PETERSON.

NOTES.

MISSION IN PITTSBURG.—The Rev. J. C. Schmidt, formerly missionary among the colored people at Greensboro, N. C., and at present city missionary in Pittsburg, Pa., does also some mission work among the colored people in that large city, in connection with his city mission. In a report of his work as city missionary we read: "Since February, 1908, the missionary has also given some attention to the children of Ham by serving colored Lutherans, some of whom were members of our Negro Mission in Virginia and North Carolina. On Tuesday nights he preaches to them the Word of Life. Three catechumens are looking forward with joy to their confirmation."

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—From *The Arkansas Lutheran* we take the following:

"Sunday afternoon, December 27th, Rev. Poppe (Little Rock, Ark.) had an extra Christmas service in his church. He had invited the colored mission for a Christmas celebration. Only those who were ill were absent. O how the old Lutheran songs rang out, with a vim, known only by the colored! The Christmas Gospel was well answered, and parts of the Catechism said with emphasis. The pastor

preaches every other Sunday afternoon to the mission, although his work is amply arduous in his own congregation. The Christmas tree was resplendent with its 100 vari-colored electric lights. Each child received a 'bag' as usual, the gifts of the white Sunday school. May God prosper the negro mission work, that soon they may be able to have their own pastor!"

JEWISH MISSIONS.—The Rev. N. Friedmann, our missionary among the Jews in New York, finds his arduous work richly blessed. The chapel of the mission has often been too small to accommodate those desiring to attend services. For the Christmas services a large hall had to be rented, which was filled by an attentive audience. The missionary regularly instructs about 100 Jewish children.

TURKISH HATRED OF THE SAVIOR.—The Turks hate the Savior and want him not for Turkish sinners. A writer, who vouches for the truth of the story, relates the following: "When William Jennings Bryan, during his recent tour of the globe, was leaving Syria for Constantinople, a zealous missionary, bidding him farewell, pressed into the hand of the Nebraskan a religious tract which was headed, 'Christ Came to Earth to Save All Sinners.' Mr. Bryan placed the tract in the top of his trunk, and upon his arrival at Constantinople it was promptly confiscated by the police, together with all his other literature. A protest was made through the American Ambassador, and three days later his books and papers were returned uninjured. The tract alone had been tampered with, and that, by the clever use of red ink, had been made to read, 'Christ Came to Earth to Save All *Christian* Sinners.'"

Yes, they hate Jesus, the divine Savior of all sinners. Therefore Luther sang:

Lord, keep us in Thy Word and work,
Restrain the murderous Pope and Turk
Who fain would tear from off Thy throne
Christ Jesus, Thy beloved Son.

CHINA.—The latest report of the China Inland Mission shows that during the last year 2796 persons were added to its churches in China. Since the beginning of its work its missionaries have baptized 28,000 persons. During the first thirty years of the existence of the Mission, 13,000 persons were baptized, and during the years since 1900 and the Boxer outbreak, 15,000 have been baptized.

The Mission now has 206 central stations, and 900 missionaries in China. From the beginning to the present time, Great Britain has contributed more than \$2,865,000 for the work of the mission, all of which has come to it without direct appeal to any but God.

SWEDISH MISSION IN CHINA.—The Lutheran Church in Sweden has also been doing mission work in China for some years. It now has 24 missionaries and 49 native helpers at work in its 25 stations. Its 12 schools are attended by 315 pupils, and the seed sown in preceding years is gradually beginning to sprout. In 1907 the missionaries baptized 107 converts.

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.—Dr. Underwood, who recently lectured in our country on mission work in the island of Korea, says:

"The native Korean convert is zealous to study his Bible. Bibles are not given away in Korea, nor sold for a small fraction of their cost, but fetch the full cost of their production. Yet, in spite of the Koreans' poverty, so great is the demand that last year, when the Bible Committee had ordered a new edition of 20,000 copies of the New Testament, the whole edition was sold before a word had been printed. Koreans will endure great privations and travel for days to attend a Bible class, and these classes, varying, according to locality, from 250 to 1180 enrolled members, will continue from ten to fourteen days. Then the attendants upon these larger classes in their turn hold smaller classes, so that one station in the north reports during the past year as many as 192 of these smaller classes with an enrollment that exceeded 10,000."

ON THE CONGO IN AFRICA.—One evening at nightfall, a few months ago, says the *Book of Missions*, a missionary on the Congo River in a steam launch, seeking a place to moor the boat for the night, was startled by a lusty chorus of men's voices singing in the native language: "All hail the power of Jesus' name." The missionary had found his place to stop; for there among the reeds were some big canoes full of young Africans on a fishing excursion, and there were Christians among them with Bibles and hymn books. And this in the heart of the Dark Continent! The missionary gladly joined in the words: "and crown Him Lord of all."

BOOK TABLE.

PASSIONSPREDIGTEN. By Rev. H. Sieck. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 50 cts.

This neatly bound and well-printed book contains 21 instructive and edifying discourses for the Passion season on our Lord's sufferings and death.

THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY. Vol. XIII. No. 1. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 35 cts.

This first number of the *Theological Quarterly* for the year 1909 will prove of special interest and value as it contains the following timely articles: "Jerusalem, Rome, and Washington;" "Church and State;" "A Lutheran Letter to President Roosevelt;" "Roman Catholic Toleration."

THE LOGICAL AND HISTORICAL INACCURACIES OF THE HON. BURKE COCKRAN in his Review of the Lutheran Letter of Protest to President Roosevelt. By Prof. W. H. T. Dau. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

An able and valuable paper which deserves the widest circulation.

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$6.20 (Nov.), 11.25 (Dec.); Mount Calvary, Sandy Ridge, N. C., 25.00; St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 2.25; Zion, Gold Hill, N. C., 1.61; St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00; Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50; St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50; St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 50.00; Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 25.00; Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 25.00; St. Paul, Mansura, La., 6.00; Napoleonville, La., 15.00; Holy Trinity, Springfield, Ill., 4.00.

St. Louis, Mo., January 16, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, Treas.
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISOHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH, 1909.

No. 3.

For Me and Thee.

Upon a lonely hill I see
One on the cruel tree;
From hands and feet and wounded side
There gently flows a living tide;
His life is ebbing thus for thee—
For me and thee.

Pressed rudely on His brow I see
A crown of cruelty,
Though I and thou have helped to place
The piercing thorns upon His face,
His prayer ascends from yonder tree
For me and thee.

With bitter grief and shame I see
That head bowed low for me.
But also, in that saddened face,
I see a sweet forgiving grace,
And deep compassion, friend, for thee—
For me and thee.

Oh, He endured so much for thee—
For me and thee.
He suffered on the shameful tree;
The Lord of glory died for thee—
For me and thee. *W. C. Martin.*

Jesus on the Cross.

Jesus on the cross! What does it mean? It is written: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." But how can He be cursed over whom the heavens were twice opened and the Father's voice was heard saying: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased"? He "was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." He was "a lamb without blemish and without spot." On a certain occasion He said to His enemies:

"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" and, although they had watched Him with the keenest interest, and had eagerly sought some ground of accusation against Him, not one of them dared to say that He had been guilty of the slightest wrong. Pilate, the Roman governor, before whom He was tried, called Him a "just person," and said again and again, "I find no fault in Him." And yet, Jesus on the cross! What does it mean?

Let the Bible tell you. St. Paul says: "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the Law, being made a curse for us;" "Christ died for us;" "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." St. Peter says of Christ crucified: He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" and St. John says of Him: "He is the propitiation for our sins."

From these and other passages of Holy Scriptures we learn that Christ suffered and died for us, in our stead, in our place. We are sinners. And sin is not a light, a trifling thing, as many people think. No. Sin is an awful thing, and dreadful are its consequences. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "The wages of sin is death," eternal death. Sin is a transgression of God's holy Law, and brings upon the sinner the curse of that Law; for it is written: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the Law to do them." Sin is rebellion against the Most High and brings upon the sinner the wrath of a just and holy God, who hates sin and must punish sin; for it is written: "Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with Thee." And "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," whose wrath against sin "burns unto the lowest hell."

In order to redeem us from sin and its punishment, God's own Son became man, took upon Himself our sins, and bore the curse and the wrath which we deserved. Being "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," He endured in our stead the greatest agony, the most bitter sufferings, the most cruel and shameful death.

Jesus on the cross! What does it mean? For us! For me and for thee! That is what it means. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," says the prophet. "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," says the apostle.

Jesus dying on the tree,
Means that wrath deserved by me
Has descended on His head,
And that He has died instead.

Jesus dying on the tree,
Means eternal life for me,
Since for me the Savior died
And God's justice satisfied.

Of Holy Baptism.

III. WHAT DOES BAPTISM GIVE OR PROFIT?

Luther answers this question thus: "*It works forgiveness of sins, delivers from death and the devil, and gives eternal salvation to all who believe this, as the words and promises of God declare.*"

That which Christ has procured for the whole world by His holy, precious blood and His innocent suffering and death, Baptism imputes to the individual. Gal. 3, 26, 27 the apostle writes: "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." Here we are told that they who are baptized have entered into so close a relation with Christ that they, so to speak, are clothed with Him as with a garment. God no longer sees them, but only Christ. They that are baptized have become partakers of Christ's merits and can say:

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.

Jesus' merits and righteousness are appropriated by us in Baptism. Now, in the Second Article we already learned that Jesus purchased, won, and redeemed us from sin, death, and the power of the

devil. Christ has redeemed us from sin; hence Baptism works forgiveness of sin. Peter tells his hearers on Pentecost: "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins," Acts 2, 38. Ananias also says to Saul, Acts 22, 16: "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins." As water cleanses the body of uncleanness, so Baptism, which is the water comprehended in God's command and connected with God's word, washes away the filth of sin. Baptism, indeed, does not remove sin itself, neither original nor actual sin, but works the *forgiveness* of sin; it removes the *guilt* of our sins, that is, God is induced not to charge our sins against us.

But if Baptism works forgiveness of sins, it also delivers from death. The wages of sin is death, and death is followed by judgment. But he that has forgiveness of sins does not enter into judgment and need, therefore, not fear death. "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the Law." Since we have forgiveness of sin, since the Law cannot condemn us, death has lost all its terrors, and we may exultantly cry, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

So Baptism has also delivered us from the devil. Through the devil sin and death came into the world. He that sins is of the devil and in the devil's power — he is the devil's subject and slave. Every man by nature is born in sin, and hence is also born into the devil's kingdom. But when Christ came, He destroyed the works of the devil; He broke the shackles of sin and death, and thus gained for us freedom from the thralldom of Satan. We are united with Christ by Baptism, which grants us forgiveness of sin and redemption from death, and which, therefore, likewise delivers us from the power of darkness and brings us into the kingdom of Christ, Col. 1, 12—14.

He that has forgiveness of sins and is delivered from death and the devil has eternal salvation; hence, Baptism gives eternal salvation. Christ Himself tells us, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," Mark 16, 16. And Peter also says that Baptism saves us, 1 Pet. 3, 20, 21.

Great, indeed, are the gifts of Baptism! Forgiveness of sins, deliverance from death and the devil, and eternal salvation: in these glorious gifts does baptismal grace consist. These precious gifts are offered everyone that is baptized. But do all receive these treasures? Alas! no. God will compel no one to accept His grace, and therefore these gifts come into the possession of those who appro-

appropriate these treasures. Now, faith is the hand with which we take these gifts of God's grace. While these treasures are always present in Baptism and are offered to every person in the Sacrament, yet they come into possession of those only who believe, as the words and promises of God declare. On the other hand, he that does not believe will be damned. "Faith alone makes the person worthy to receive profitably the saving, divine water. Because these blessings are here promised and presented in the words in and with the water, they cannot be received, except we believe it with the heart. Although it is in itself a transcendent divine treasure, it is of no avail without faith."

O that we may in true faith accept the glorious treasures offered us in Baptism, and throughout our whole life comfort ourselves with the thought that the grace of Baptism is to be ours through life. Though we sin and turn our backs upon God, God is and remains faithful and true.

My faithful God, Thou failest never,
Thy covenant surely will abide;
O cast me not away forever,
Should I transgress it on my side;
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

F. J. L.

The Only Hope.

On one of the highest mountain passes in Switzerland, where the road leads down into the valley, a niche, or hollow place has been hewn in a mighty rock. In the niche there stands a large shining cross of white marble, bearing the inscription: "The Only Hope." This cross was placed there by pious parents in memory of their only child, which, at that dangerous spot, had been hurled down into the abyss through the misstep of the animal it was riding over the mountain pass.

The cross is to remind the wanderer of the cross on Calvary as the only hope of sinners. Over the abyss of sin, over the wrecks of time, in the darkness of death, the cross of the Savior shines forth as our only hope for time and eternity, our only hope in life and death.

Therefore the apostles, the first Christian missionaries, went forth as messengers of the cross, bringing to a hopeless world "the preaching of the cross" as the sinner's only hope. The Apostle Paul says: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And including the other apostles, he says: "We preach

Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

We still to-day preach Christ Crucified. All true mission work is but a "preaching of the cross." As in the days of the apostles, this preaching is still "to them that perish, foolishness," but to them "that are saved, it is the power of God." As long as we preach the cross of Christ as the sinner's only hope, we need not be discouraged in our mission work. It is true, Christ crucified is also in our days a stumbling-block to the self-righteous and foolishness to the worldly wise; but there are at all times also those to whom He is "the power of God and the wisdom of God." They cling to the cross as their only hope and are thus saved through the "preaching of the cross." Our work cannot be in vain.

"Abide With Me!"

An aged pastor writes: "I recall a most touching and sublime scene that I once witnessed in the death chamber of a noble Christian woman who had suffered for many months from an excruciating malady. The end was drawing near. She seemed to be catching a foregleam of the glory that awaited her. With tremulous tones she began to recite Henry Lyte's beautiful hymn, 'Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.' One line after another was feebly repeated, until, with a rapturous sweetness, she exclaimed:

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

"This death chamber seemed to me a vestibule of heaven."

Working Cheap.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a Christian young man of an acquaintance whom he heard using profane language.

"He does not pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well," said the young Christian, "you work cheap — to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and other Christian people, to offend your God, and to risk your precious soul — and for nothing. You certainly do work cheap, very cheap, indeed."

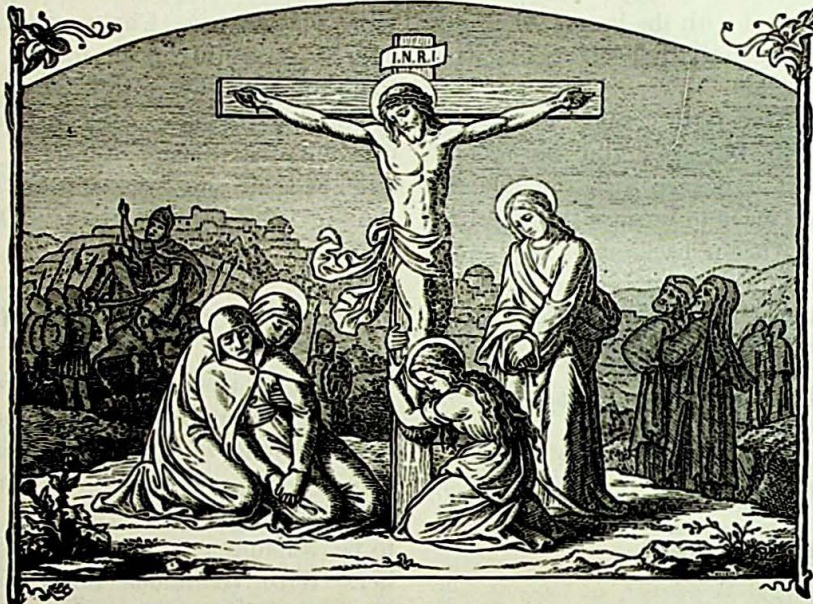
He Died for Me.

When in Germany, writes a well-known traveler, I visited the Dusseldorf Gallery, and my attention was called to a painting which has touched many hearts. Let me tell you about it.

First come with me and look at two paintings — one of a wild gypsy girl and another of the Lord Jesus — who gave Himself for us. The gypsy girl lived the wild life of her tribe, and had been called

Day after day as this gypsy girl came into the studio to have her picture painted, her eyes were fixed upon this painting of Christ. As the last sitting was over and she was about to leave the room, she whispered: "Master, how can you help loving Him who, you say, has died for you? If anybody had loved me like that, oh, I'd like to die for him." And then with a sad heart she went back to her people.

And the painter? He was struck as with an



Christ Crucified.

Oh teach me what it meaneth,
That cross uplifted high,
With One, the Man of Sorrows,
Condemned to bleed and die.
Teach me awhile to ponder
What human guilt hath done
To Thee, the King of Glory,
And God's beloved Son.

Oh teach me all their meaning —
Torn hands and thorn-clad brow;
And teach me why, with anguish,
Thy heart is breaking now.
Oh teach me what it cost Thee
To make a sinner whole;
And teach me, Savior, teach me
The value of a soul.

O Jesus, dear Redeemer,
I bring no other plea —
Because Thou dost invite me,
I cast myself on Thee!
I know Thou wilt accept me
And wash me with Thy blood,
Which Thou didst shed for sinners,
Dear Jesus, Lamb of God!

in by Sternberg, a German painter, that he might paint her pretty face. She had never been in an artist's studio before, and did not fail to notice on the other side of the room an unfinished painting of the crucifixion of our Lord. One day she asked, "Master, who is that?"

"That is Jesus Christ, Son of Mary," replied the painter carelessly.

"But was He a bad man that they treated Him so cruelly?"

"Oh, no! He was the best man that ever lived."

"Tell me more about Him;" and so he did, though unwilling to do so.

arrow. God's Spirit sent the words home to his heart. He fell on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, confessed before God's blessed Son how for twenty-seven years he had neglected Him and sinned against Him; and, looking for pardon to the cross of Jesus, he gave his life to Him. His heart was filled with new joy, and he then became a worker for Christ. He put aside the half-finished picture and began a fresh one, with his heart full of love towards that Savior who had died for him.

When the painting was finished, it was placed in the gallery at Dusseldorf. Crowds came to gaze upon it.

The gypsy girl also came to see the picture, and Sternberg, happening to be there, found her weeping before it.

"O master," she cried, "He died for you, I know, but, oh, I wish He had died for me, a poor gypsy girl, too."

Ah, he then knew something about the love of Jesus, and out of a full heart and with deep interest in that dying Savior he told her—as he could not have done before, the story of His sufferings and death in our stead.

Some time after, a stranger came to him with a message from a gypsy who was dying, and would the master come to her, as she would very much like to see him?

He went, following the guide to the forest, and there, in a poor hut, no longer in her dark beauty, but pale and wan, lay his gypsy friend. Her eyes were closed, but when she heard his voice she opened them, and, with a smile, she slowly said, "O master, I know now He died for me, and I am going to live with Him." Then she passed away. She had gone a poor gypsy girl, to be with Jesus.

We do not need Sternberg's picture of the Crucifixion. The simple Bible story of Christ's sufferings and death for us, which is brought to us especially in the season of Lent, is enough to melt our hearts. Let each one be sure that he can say of the Lord Jesus: "He loved me and gave Himself for me, and now I love Him who died for me."

And as there are many who, like the gypsy girl, know not the Savior who died for them, let us help to bring them to the saving knowledge of Jesus and His love.

A Remarkable Rescue.

It was in the year 1907, on a Wednesday, the 24th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, on the very day that I moved from Dry Creek to Sam's Valley, Oreg. My son at that time was living ten miles distant on a rented farm and had been helping me to move. It happened that my little grandson, Henry Monterey Limonn, three years and ten months old, who was on the farm of Mr. R. Sheldon, on the Rogue River, in Jackson Co., Oreg., fell into a well that was twenty-two feet deep. The water was six feet deep in the well and sixteen feet down from the surface. His drowning, therefore, would seem inevitable; but through the kind providence of God Almighty he was saved at the hands of his mother.

The mother at the time was at home alone with her two little children, aged two and four years, respectively. The well near the house was protected with boards, but they were weaker and more decayed than they were supposed to be. The boys, playing as children do, must have trusted too much to the boards. The boards broke and one of the little fellows fell into the well.

Startled by his cries, the mother ran to the well, and to her horror found that her little boy had fallen in. No neighbor was within a half mile of the house. The only means of rescue was the well-rope, and this the mother hastily lowered to the fully-conscious little lad clinging to the stones at the surface of the water. He grasped the rope with both hands, and his mother drew him out safely under the protection of the Almighty. When he had been fully drawn up, he lost consciousness and fell to the ground; but we were doubly thankful to find that he had received but a few scratches and was soaked only up to the waist. He soon regained consciousness, and he is sound and well, saved by Him of whom it is written: "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," Ps. 91, 11. 12.

*(Written by H. Holst, the grandfather,
January 24, 1909.)*

What a Song Did.

A Scottish youth learned from a pious mother to sing the old psalms that were then as household words to them in the church and by the fireside. 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 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. What a joy to him after eighteen long years passed in slavery! And is it strange that he ever afterward cherished the glorious tune of "Old Hundred"?

The Doctor's Story.

"My children," said the old doctor, "I have a story to tell you of something that happened many years ago, which I shall never forget:

"One day—a long, hot day it had been—I met my father on the road as I was coming home from the hayfield, tired, dusty, and hungry.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said hesitatingly.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, fond of play, and not overfond of work, and it was a good mile to town. My first impulse was to say I couldn't, but something stopped me.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving him my rake.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself, but I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; as he left me he put his hand on my arm, saying, 'Thank you, my dear boy. You've always been a good son to me, Jim.'

"I hurried to the town and back. When I came near the house, I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me with a pale, sad face.

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now; but I have thanked God many and many a time since that hour that those last words were, 'You've always been a good son to me.'" — *British Friend.*

Overhappy.

A pastor was called to see a young woman who lay hopelessly sick. He went to the house to which he was directed, ascended a high stairs, and entered a small, poorly furnished room high up under the roof. In the room he found a woman of middle age, and a young woman hardly twenty years old. The young woman lay on a wretched bed in a dark corner of the room. She lay there almost like a skeleton, wasted and worn by consumption. Her brow was wet with cold perspiration, her mouth and eyes were closed.

When the pastor felt her pulse, he did not doubt that death was very near. He asked her: "Have you any pain?" She did not answer. He repeated the question in a louder voice. Still no answer.

The middle-aged woman said she thought her daughter was too far gone and could not understand what was spoken. The pastor thought so too. Still he once more bent over the sick woman and asked her: "Do you know Jesus?"

The sick woman at once opened her eyes, looked at the speaker, and whispered with a smile: "Yes, He is my Savior."

The pastor then asked: "How long have you known Him as your Savior?"

With tears in her eyes she replied: "Not so very long. Only since I am sick and thought of what I learned in school. Oh, I have been a great sinner; but the Lord Jesus has loved me and has rescued me. He has redeemed me from all sins with His holy, precious blood—from all sins."

"And are you now happy?" asked the pastor.

With an expression of joyful trust on her face, she looked upward. "Overhappy," she whispered.

A few hours later she passed away to join the happy multitude that stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, crying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

Overhappy! Do you wish to be overhappy? Then learn to believe and confess: "My Lord Jesus has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy, precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death."

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

A mother was very much interested in a conversation carried on by her two little girls. One of them had been singing "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and the other had interrupted her with the question: "How do you know that you are safe?" "Because," was the response, "I am holding on to Jesus with both hands." "But that does not make you safe," persisted the other; "suppose Satan should cut off your hands." For a moment a troubled expression came into the trustful little face, but it almost instantly cleared and she joyously exclaimed, "Oh, I made a mistake! Jesus is holding me with His hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off. I am perfectly safe in His arms." Could any answer have been more beautiful? — *Allan Sutherland.*

THE wisdom of God is nothing but foolishness to our reason. — *Luther.*

The Missionary Pig.

Not long ago one of our pastors sent \$14.65 to the missionary treasury. The givers' names were not to be mentioned, but \$11.00 came from a farmer, being the profits from the sale of a hog. Every year a little pig is selected on his farm and is called the "missionary pig." When well-grown and fat, it is sold. This year it brought \$16.00, of which \$5.00 were given to the Building Fund of synod.

The \$3.65 came from a woman who kept a little box in her kitchen and every day put in a penny for missions. For several years this faithful woman has brought her pastor the same amount for missions.

These deeds are mentioned that others may do likewise. How little we care and do for the Lord's great work, and yet how much we might do if we only would! — *Little Missionary.*

Fifty Dollars, or Fifty Cents.

There is a small town which, though weak and feeble, still, with the help of a "Home Missionary Society," supported a minister and maintained regular divine worship.

About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal and other similar labor. It was noticed that this man was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer meeting; but, in a pecuniary point of view, he was not considered a valuable acquisition.

It was a custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could from the people, and to obtain the balance from the Missionary Society. In accordance with this custom, one fine morning Deacon A—, a man of considerable means and considerable penuriousness, started forth, subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of the minister. The first person he met was the above-mentioned coal-carter moving along the road with a cartload of that material. The deacon considered within himself that it might be worth while to ask him to contribute (seeing that he was a good sort of person, and every little helps), and so accosted him with, "Good morning, B—, are you willing to give anything toward the support

of our pastor?" at the same time handing him the subscription paper.

The man stopped, stood thoughtfully for a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket, and with his dirt-begrimed hand headed the list with the sum of \$50.00.

The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes; and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take advantage of him, asked him, "Did you not mean that for fifty cents?" The coal-carrier turned and drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied, "I do not value the Gospel at fifty cents a year." This answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said, "If that man can give \$50.00 I can give \$250.00."

The same spirit actuated the rest of the church, on hearing the story, and in a few days the salary was raised by the people themselves, without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

Reader, it becomes you to consider the question suggested by the incident.

NOTES.

NEW ORLEANS. — Luther College is attended by 13 boys and 10 girls, four of the boys having the ministry in view. The college needs contributions to assist such as are being prepared for mission service in church and school. — In Mount Zion Colored Lutheran Church 7 adults were confirmed at the end of December. On the same Sunday two former members were again received into the congregation. During the winter 15 children have been attending the catechetical instructions.

WHY NOT ACCEPT HIM? — A Boston paper reports that "the most advanced of the Reformed Jewish rabbis recently gave expression to a remarkable statement to his own people. He said that no one could read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah without seeing in its utterance the life of Jesus of Nazareth." "Then why not accept Him?" adds the writer. Yes, why not accept Him? Jesus said to the Jews of His time: "If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." "Because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not." The crucified Savior is at all times a stumbling-block to the self-righteous and foolishness to the worldly wise.

THE BIBLE. — A discussion has been going on recently in a popular weekly paper as to what single book it would be best for a man to have were he cast upon a desert island for a year. To a Christian there is but one answer — the Bible.

LUTHER'S CATECHISM IN SPANISH. — Luther's Catechism in Spanish has recently been published. It is the work of Missionary Ostrom, of Porto Rico. May God bless its mission work in that sunny land where Romish superstition and idolatry have ruled for so many years.

GREENLAND. — The Lutheran mission in Greenland, where Hans Egede, the devoted Norwegian Lutheran pastor, began work in 1721, now numbers about 11,000 souls. Work is to be extended to the 600 heathen still on the island.

DEVOTION TO THE LORD'S CAUSE. — Says the *Lutheran*: An instance of what may be considered exceptional devotion to the Lord's cause is related by one of our missionaries. For more than a year, and in spite of the hard times keenly felt in that neighborhood, the pastor and his people were laboring earnestly to gather funds for the much needed completion of their church. Among his devoted members was a frail woman who could hardly be expected to do the heavy housework of her family, and who was wont to let out her washing. As her husband was not strong physically and his income barely sufficient to conduct a modest home life, the wife determined to do her own washing and lay by each time what it would have cost her to have it done. When the pastor called at her home, what was his surprise when she handed him two envelopes — one containing a liberal offering for foreign missions and the other her contribution of \$125.00 for the building fund! What a commentary on the Savior's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"!

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN THE FOREIGN FIELD. — According to the *Mission Review of the World*, the number of Protestant foreign missionaries that have been sent out in the last five years from America has increased remarkably, the force now numbering 6500. Of these, 1350 are in India; 1300 in China; 600 in Japan; 600 in Africa; 410 in South America; 280 in Turkey; 250 in Mexico; 210 in the West Indies; 180 in the Philippines, Siam, and Malaysia; 160 in the Canadian North;

150 in Corea; 120 in Alaska; 90 in Oceanica; 60 in Eastern Europe; 60 in Persia; 50 in Central America; 45 in Madagascar; 22 in Arabia; 20 in Australasia.

CHURCH BUILDINGS IN MINNESOTA. — It is reported that the state of Minnesota has 3613 churches, the Lutheran Church heading the list with 864 church buildings.

DENVER SANITARIUM. — "The continued and persistent agitation of the question of 'The White Plague,'" says an exchange, "reminds us of the fact that Lutherans have and maintain quite a creditable hospital for consumptives, known as 'The Evangelical Lutheran Sanitarium,' at Denver, Colo."

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$8.33, St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 3.25, St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 40.00, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 25.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, St. Paul, Mansura, La., 7.90, Napoleonville, La., 18.50. — *Total*: \$149.98.

St. Louis, Mo., February 16, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.
Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M.
Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address. — In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., APRIL, 1909.

No. 4.

Easter Joy.

Christ is risen from the dead!
Darkness now no more shall reign,
Thorns no more shall crown the Head
That was bowed with grief and pain.
Christ the Lord, the Mighty King,
From our sin hath made us free!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Where, O Grave, thy victory?

Joyful Easter Tidings.

Christ is risen! These are the Easter tidings, and they are joyful tidings which should fill our hearts with gladness and thanksgiving. Joyful were the Christmas tidings telling us of the birth of a Savior. But what would that Christmas message signify if it could not be said of the same Savior: "He is risen"? If we had no Easter, we could have no Christmas. If we had no Easter, we could have no Gospel. St. Paul says: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain." And again he says: "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." But the joyful Easter tidings tell us that Christ is risen. His resurrection is the seal which God has set to the truth of the Gospel.

Christ is risen! Joyful tidings! They assure us that our Savior is not a mere man. A mere man could not save us. A mere man could not bear the sin of the human race, together with the wrath of God and the curse of the Law, nor satisfy infinite divine justice, nor overcome death, hell, and the devil. Our Savior must be not only true man, but

also true God. Christ, in rising from the dead, proved Himself to be true God. In the grave all human power is at an end. All the wisdom of the wise and all the power of the mighty of the earth cannot conquer death. But Christ did conquer death. Death and the grave could not hold Him. He rose triumphant from the grave as the Lord of life, the almighty Son of the living God. Therefore St. Paul says of Jesus that He was "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." We have a *divine* Savior, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him. God's own Son is our Savior. Joyful Easter tidings!

Christ is risen! Joyful tidings! They assure us that the work which Christ came to do is finished. He came to redeem sinners. To that end He took our place under the Law, fulfilling for us all its demands, and bearing for us the curse and punishment which we deserved. Our sins were laid upon Him and brought upon Him the deepest agony, the most bitter sufferings, the most shameful death upon the cross. And when He had done all that was to be done and had suffered all that was to be suffered, He cried out upon the cross: "It is finished!" He then bowed His head in death and was laid in the grave. Had He remained there in the power of death, the work of redemption would not be finished, the victory would not be won. It would mean that the burden of the world's sin and woe was laid upon Him and crushed Him. But, blessed be God, it was not so. Christ is risen, and in His resurrection we see that the atonement for sin is complete, that the work of redemption is finished. Laden with our sins, He, as our Substi-

tute, was thrown into the prison-house of death, but free from these sins He came forth triumphantly from the grave. In Him we are set free, in Him we are justified. Therefore St. Paul says: "He was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification." Those that trust in Christ and His work for salvation are safe and need fear nothing. They can cry out triumphantly: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again." The work of redemption is finished. Joyful Easter tidings!

Christ is risen! Joyful tidings! They take away the fear of death and of the grave: Christ has conquered death and has triumphed over the grave. All that trust in Him share His victory and His triumph. To the believer death has been robbed of its terror and the grave of its gloom. To him death comes as a kind friend, taking him to heavenly scenes, to heavenly joys. To him the grave has become a chamber of rest where his body sleeps until the morning of a glorious resurrection, when Christ shall raise our bodies from the grave by the same almighty power by which He raised His own body from the tomb. Christ Himself says: "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life; and I will raise Him up at the last day." "Because I live, ye shall live also," is His sweet promise to all that believe in Him. Death is swallowed up in victory! Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory? Joyful Easter tidings!

May the blessed Easter tidings fill our hearts with true Easter joy and also make us more willing and zealous in the work of bringing the Gospel to those who still are in the darkness of sin, in the slavery of Satan, in the fear of death, and who have not yet come to the saving knowledge of the joyful tidings of the risen Savior.

Of Holy Baptism.

III. HOW CAN WATER DO SUCH GREAT THINGS?

Great and glorious are the gifts of Baptism, as we have heard. It gives us forgiveness of sins, life, and salvation. But how can the mere application of water do such great things? In answer to this question our Catechism says: "It is not the

water, indeed, that does them, but the Word of God which is in and with the water, and faith, which trusts such Word of God in the water; for without the Word of God the water is simple water and no Baptism, but with the Word of God it is a Baptism, that is, a gracious water of life and a washing of regeneration in the Holy Ghost."

Water indeed cleanses and refreshes the body, but it has no influence on the soul. All the water in the world in itself cannot cleanse a man of one sin. If the Word of God is not joined to the water, or if the water be used aside from the Sacrament of Baptism, the water is simple, ordinary water and no more. But in Baptism the Word of God is added to the water, and for this reason it can do such great things. We must never separate the water from the Word of God in Baptism. Luther says in his Large Catechism: "It is out-and-out wickedness and blasphemy of the devil in our new spirits to mock at Baptism, separate it from God's Word and institution, and regard nothing but the water which is taken from the well; and then they prate and say: How is a handful of water to save souls? Yes, indeed, my friend, who does not know as much as that, that if they be separated from one another, water is water? But how dare you thus interfere with God's order, and tear out the most precious jewel with which God has connected it and set it, and which He will not have separated? For the germ in water is God's Word and commandment and the name of God, which is a treasure greater and nobler than heaven and earth." Because the Word of God is added to the water, it is no longer simply natural water, but a divine, heavenly, and blessed water, a gracious water of life and a washing of regeneration in the Holy Ghost. Yes, Baptism, because of the Word of God which is in and with the water, is rich in grace and works a new spiritual life. Man by his natural birth receives natural life, but in Baptism he is born anew unto spiritual life. In the blessed washing of Baptism man is regenerated, and the germ of a new life is implanted in him by the kindling of faith through the gracious working of the Holy Ghost. St. Paul tells us all this when he writes to Titus: "We are saved by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ, our Savior, that, being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. This is a faithful saying." Here the apostle tells us that Baptism is the means by which we are born

anew unto spiritual life, that in Baptism the Holy Ghost is given us who imputes unto us the righteousness of Christ and makes us, according to hope, the heirs of eternal life.

Forgiveness of sin, life, and salvation are present in Baptism, because the Word of God is in and with the water. But this Word of God in Baptism must be embraced by faith on the part of man, if Baptism is really to benefit him. It is, indeed, only the Word that makes Baptism a sacrament, and these great treasures, forgiveness, life, and salvation, are in Baptism, whether we believe or not. But if these great treasures are to be ours, we must believe the Word of God which is in and with the water. Our faith trusts the Word of God in Baptism, and the visible water is to us a seal and pledge. Luther says: "Faith clings to the water, and believes that in Baptism is pure salvation and life, not in the water (as we have said plainly enough), but in the Word and institution of God incorporated therein, and the name of God which inheres in it. If I believe this, what else is that than believing in God as in Him who has given and set His Word in this ordinance, and proposes to us this external element wherein we apprehend such a treasure?" All the merits of Christ are deposited in Baptism, and as our faith trusts such Word of God in Baptism, it trusts in Christ who has merited these treasures for us.

The eye of sense alone is dim,
And nothing sees but water;
Faith sees Christ Jesus, and in Him
The Lamb ordained for slaughter;
She sees the cleansing fountain red
With the dear blood of Jesus,
Which from the sins inherited
From fallen Adam frees us,
And from our own misdoings.

F. J. L.

The Burning Bush.

In the third chapter of Exodus we read that the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a burning bush. And though the bush burned, yet it was not consumed. In this Luther sees a type of Christ. Speaking of the burning bush, he says:

"But what is this that the bush is not burned and consumed? It is this: Although Christ suffers and dies, He shall not remain in death, but rise, and live. And why is this? Because He is not a mere man, but the very God. If He had been a mere man like us, He would have been far too weak for death and hell; but because He is

God, and God is life, it is impossible that, according to eternal Godhead, He should die. For even if He dies according to the flesh, He cannot remain in death, because life must live. Therefore this God, manifest in the flesh, though dead, must rise again, in order that He may give forgiveness of sin, life, and salvation to all that believe on Him. Hell has broken her teeth upon this Christ, and has thereby lost her power."

"He Rose Again from the Dead."

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, rose again from the dead for our justification. The more firmly we believe this, the more will our hearts rejoice and be 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.*

He Died for Me.

Maggie G. lived in a garret room in a small court in the city of New York. She worked in a factory. Near her worked a Lutheran girl, who invited her on Good Friday to accompany her to the services, held in her church, a few blocks away.

There Maggie heard, for the first time, the precious story of Christ's suffering and death. She could not forget it. The cross seemed facing her as she walked through the dark streets, and she kept repeating, again and again, the words, "He died for me — He died for me!"

She went home to her garret room in all its barrenness, but she did not think of any discomfort. Her thoughts were centered in this new message: "He died for me."

It seemed so strange that He, the Son of God, Christ, the King, should have anything to do with her, that poor, forsaken child.

A few days later she was taken ill and had to be removed to the hospital.

After days of suffering she died. Her last words, as she looked up with a wondrous smile and her eyes ablaze with delight, were still these, "He died for me."



The Risen Savior.

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.
 Therefore let us all rejoice,
 Singing loud with cheerful voice,
 Hallelujah!

“Christ Is Risen; I Fear Nothing.”

Some years ago, Paniotes, a Greek youth, entered the service of a Turkish nobleman, by the name of Osman Effendi. With his master he came to Jerusalem, and when the master entered the Turkish mosque of Omar for religious worship, the young

man accompanied him, but did not take the least part in the Mohammedan worship.

Soon after, Osman Effendi made a journey to the city of Damascus, intending to return to Jerusalem, where Paniotes was to await him.

In the meantime the Pasha, or Turkish governor, came to Jerusalem, and before him Paniotes was accused of having desecrated the mosque of Omar by entering the same. He was summoned before the Pasha and asked why he did so. He replied, “I followed my master; for it was my duty to follow him.”

The young man was then told either to suffer death or to become a Mohammedan. He was urged to deny the Christian faith. But Paniotes cried out, “Christ is risen, the Son of the living God; I fear nothing!”

The Pasha then said, “Confess that Allah is God and that Mohammed is his prophet, and I will receive you as my son.” But the young man’s only reply was, “Christ is risen — I fear nothing!”

Paniotes was then led to a place of execution and was surrounded by a company of soldiers, who held their swords pointed towards him; but he fearlessly cried out, “I am a Christian; Christ is risen; I fear nothing!” He knelt down in prayer, repeating the joyous cry with which he strengthened his soul. Even some professed Christians wanted to persuade him to become a Mohammedan and thus save his life; but again he said, “Christ is risen; I fear nothing!”

The executioner now told him to kneel down, and with sword in hand hesitated a few minutes to deal the fatal stroke, thinking the young man would, out of fear of death, in the last moment deny his Christian faith. But for the last time the joyful cry came from the confessing lips of the young Christian, “Jesus is the Son of God! Christ is risen, I fear nothing!” By the stroke of the sword his head was soon severed from the body. The soul of the young martyr entered the joys of heaven to be with the risen Savior whom he so nobly and faithfully confessed.

Christian Day Schools.

The late Rev. C. F. Heyer, known as “Father Heyer,” is described as “a Lutheran missionary of untiring energy, cheerful disposition, unflinching courage, and self-denying spirit.” He labored successfully both in the home and in the foreign mission field. In the year 1830, when laboring in the

home mission field, he was made the agent of "The Sunday School Union of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States." As such he traveled a great deal and labored with great zeal and enthusiasm in establishing Sunday schools, being "convinced that what the church needed at that time, above all other things, was a movement that would organize a Sunday school in every Lutheran congregation." However, "experience," adds his biographer, "seems to have cooled his ardor. Some years later he wrote: 'Sunday schools are only small plasters on large sores. We consider it our duty to recommend their establishment most heartily, but they are not to be considered as substitutes for Christian day schools.'"

A Blessed Good Friday.

Deacon Wong, a native helper in the China mission field, told Missionary Voskamp the following story of a "blessed Good Friday."

On the island of Hongkong a Chinaman one Good Friday entered the Anglican church out of curiosity. The preacher spoke on the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus. The Chinaman did not understand what was said, for it was all spoken in English. But he was astonished to see the faces of the hearers so solemn and sad and to hear the sad tone in the voice of the preacher. "Maybe some one died," thought the Chinaman, looking around for the coffin; but there was no coffin.

After the service, the Chinaman turned to the janitor, or doorkeeper, a countryman of his, saying, "Brother, what did the stranger preach?"

"Well, the teaching of Jesus," was the reply.

"Why," said the Chinaman, "Jesus, as I have heard, teaches men to practice virtue. Ought not that to make people joyful and not sad?"

"Oh," replied the janitor, "to-day the minister preached that Jesus died on the cross for us men."

"Died?" said the astonished Chinaman, "for us? What is the meaning of that? Why did the man die for me?"

After listening to the story of the sufferings of Jesus, the Son of God, and to the explanations given in Holy Scripture, the Chinaman again asked, "And cannot God forgive sin without the blood of Christ?"

By way of answer he was told of the great agony of Christ in Gethsemane where the Savior, in the bitter anguish of His soul, prayed: "O my

Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It was not possible for the cup of suffering to pass from Him who took upon Himself the sins of the world. The holiness of the sin-hating God required the punishment of sin. Therefore His wrath was poured out upon the sin-bearing Son who had taken the sinners' place to endure the punishment due to sin. It is written: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Therefore all had to be fulfilled that had been foretold by the prophet concerning the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

The Chinaman listened attentively to the Word of God as it was explained to him by his Christian countryman, and his heart burned within him. That Good Friday was a blessed Good Friday for him. He became a faithful believer in the Savior, "in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace."

Resurrection.

On the eleventh of April, 1539, Dr. Martin Luther was walking in his garden, absorbed in thought. Looking at his trees he said: "How fair and lovely they are, budding and blossoming and growing green!"

"Praised be God the Creator, who, in the spring-time, brings that which seems to be dead to life again! Look at the little twigs," he said, "so sweet and full; so pregnant with new life. What a beautiful image we have here of the resurrection from the dead! Winter represents death, and summer the resurrection from the dead, for then everything springs into new life and grows green."

Jesus Lives; I Shall Live with Him.

"Knowest thou not," said Luther to Death, the King of Terrors, "that thou didst devour the Lord Christ, but wast obliged to give Him back, and wast then thyself devoured by Him? So thou must leave me undevoured, because I abide in Him, and live and suffer for His name's sake. Men may send me out of the world, — for that I care not, — but I shall not on that account abide in death; I shall live with my Lord Christ, for I know and believe that He liveth!"

"Be Ye Reconciled to God!"

2 Cor. 5, 20.

Though this earthly house of ours
Be dissolved, we firmly know
That there is a home eternal,
For the Bible tells us so.
This home is for faithful pilgrims
Who in paths of peace have trod.
Listen to this earnest pleading:
"Be ye reconciled to God!"

Jesus died for all poor sinners
That we might be saved through grace,
And within the pearly portals
There behold His blessed face.
We should not forget God's kindness
As we tread this earthly sod.
Travelers on life's fitful journey,
"Be ye reconciled to God!"

Take your cross and follow Jesus,
Let Him be your closest Friend.
He will help you bear your trials,
He will guide you to the end.
Follow onward with sweet patience
The same pathway Jesus trod;
And through all your earthly blessings
"Be ye reconciled to God!"

ESTHER PETERSON.

The Work at Conover, N. C.

About twenty colored families live at Conover. A few others live near. Conover is the seat of the college of our English Missouri Synod. Prof. R. A. Bischoff, the beloved editor of the PIONEER, and his family have their home here. We have here a congregation of white Lutherans numbering 400 souls. The professors of our Concordia College, their families, and many others here are good friends of our Colored Mission.

The little Bethel congregation at this place, with 4 members, and Mount Olive congregation, with 18 souls, seven miles from here, are served by our faithful missionary, Pastor W. H. Lash. From his home at Salisbury he must travel 50 miles to Conover, and because of his services at other places he can reach these two churches in Catawba County only once each month.

Almost every Sunday, one of our members, Mrs. E. Abernethy, teaches a class of children in our Bethel chapel. Our people are poor in this world's goods, and the white friends of our mission are by no means rich. The latter have now much work in hand to support missions among white people in North Carolina.

The debt on our Bethel chapel is now \$60.00. This ought to be paid at once, in justice to the brother who has given us now nearly two years' credit. If free from this debt, we could better provide for some other needs. We especially need a bell, and the building should have a third coat of paint this year. 1 Tim. 6, 18. 19. J. S. K.

Saved by a Song.

On a warm summer night, a young man, with a face betraying marks of dissipation, and with the uncomfortable feeling that his present course was making a wreck of his life, passed slowly and thoughtfully down a quiet village street. Soon there fell on his ear from a neighboring balcony, embowered in leaves, the full, rich voice of a young girl singing; and as he passed the house, he could distinctly hear the words:

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

He had heard the hymn often before, and was perfectly familiar with these lines; but they came to him now with a new and a powerful personal appeal. Try as he would to prevent it, the words kept repeating themselves again and again in his memory. Before he went to sleep, he earnestly considered the great question of his soul's salvation, and by God's grace "the peace that passeth all understanding" came to him, as he trusted in the Savior who redeemed him with His precious blood, that he might be His own and live under Him in His kingdom. To the service of his Redeemer he thenceforth devoted his life.

Jesus Is Stronger.

A little boy came to his father, looking very earnest, and asked: "Father, is the devil stronger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy," said his father.

"Is he stronger than you, father?"

"Yes, my boy; he is stronger than your father."

The boy looked surprised, but thought again, and then asked: "Is he stronger than Jesus?"

"No, my boy," replied the father, "Jesus is stronger than he is."

The little fellow, as he turned away, said with a smile: "Then I am not afraid of him."

NOTES.

STATISTICS OF OUR COLORED MISSIONS. — From the *Statistical Year Book* of the Missouri Synod we take the following statistics of our missions among the colored people for the year 1908. — The mission numbered 31 congregations and preaching stations (21 in North Carolina, 5 in Louisiana, 3 in Virginia, 1 in Illinois, and 1 in Arkansas). 33 laborers were at work in the mission field: 11 white pastors and professors, and 3 colored pastors; 5 white and 7 colored teachers; 1 white student as assistant. The mission numbers 1940 souls, 870 communicant members, 217 voting members, and 1287 pupils in the day schools. Immanuel College, Greensboro, N. C., has 5 professors and 75 students. Luther College in New Orleans has 2 professors, 1 assistant teacher, and 23 students. The total receipts for the year amounted to \$24,632.25, of which sum our colored congregations contributed \$1796.15. — In order to correct statements recently found in some of our exchanges regarding our missions, we wish to say that the church directory on the last page of the PIONEER does not comprise all our colored Lutheran churches and preaching stations.

THANKS FOR ORGAN. — The members of Mount Zion congregation at Rocks, N. C., tender sincere thanks to Mr. Andrew Werling, Ossian, Ind., for the beautiful and valuable organ presented to them. May God bless the kind friend of our mission! The organ was dedicated to the Lord's service on the first Sunday in February.

NEW ORLEANS. — In a report of the recent meeting of the Southern District of the Missouri Synod at New Orleans the *Southern Lutheran* says: "The cause of the Colored Mission was presented by the missionaries laboring here in New Orleans. Although the work is now in charge of an entirely new body of men, much progress is being made, especially at Napoleonville, La."

THE DEAF LUTHERAN. — This is the name of a missionary monthly published since the beginning of this year in the interests of our Lutheran mission among the deaf-mutes of our country. Besides instructive and edifying articles the paper brings encouraging reports from the missionaries in the various mission fields. We bid the bright little monthly a hearty welcome and wish it God's

blessing in its important mission work. The price of the monthly is 25 cents per annum. Orders are to be sent to *The Deaf Lutheran*, 1711 Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE. — On the 21st of February the Lutheran Hospital at St. Louis, Mo., celebrated its golden jubilee, it having been founded fifty years ago by the sainted Rev. F. Buenger, known for his active zeal in all charitable and missionary work of the church. He was also the founder of our Colored Missions. The hospital has enjoyed God's richest blessings during the past fifty years and has proved a blessing to many hundreds of patients, caring not only for their bodily welfare and relief, but also for the interests of their immortal souls.

CONTRIBUTION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. — Dr. Leonard, in his yearly survey of the foreign missionary field, states that the total contribution of the evangelical churches of Christendom in 1908 for foreign missionary work amounted to \$22,846,465, while \$4,843,814 was given on the mission fields, many of the heathen converts proving themselves cheerful and liberal givers to the mission cause.

THE ISLES OF THE SEA. — Within the last 77 years, 300 of the islands of the Pacific have been evangelized. Many of them have become altogether Christian, with no professing heathen left. They have not only self-supporting churches, but are engaged in mission work among their heathen neighbors on other islands.

WONDERFUL CHANGE. — Wonderful, it is said, is the change that has come to Africa during the last 25 years. When Stanley, the famous African explorer, wrote that in a quarter of a century a railroad would join Victoria Nyanza Lake with the Indian Ocean on the eastern coast of Africa, he was laughed at. But his words have come true. In February of this year there appeared a handsome handbook of this Uganda railroad, 584 miles long, completed in 1902 and joining the northeast corner of the lake with the ocean at Mombasa, the place from which the American expedition, under the leadership of ex-President Roosevelt, will start on its trip into Africa. It took Stanley eight months to reach the lake, but tourists now make the journey in the daylight hours of two days. Also in other parts of Africa railroads are being

built, and the whistles of locomotives are heard daily in the capitals of Dahomey and Ashanti, once notorious as the scenes of wholesale human butchery. Africa owes much to the self-denying labors of Christian missionaries; but there is still much work to be done there for Jesus and His kingdom, and the changes that have come during the last years will serve, not only the material, but also the spiritual welfare of millions of the black race.

SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.—The same writer tells us that slave trading in Africa is coming to an end. Africa, excepting a bit of it in the Sudan, is now redeemed from the shame of Arab slave raiding. Thirty-five years ago, the towns of Mombasa, Tanga, and Dar es Salaam on the eastern coast were known chiefly as places where miserable gangs of captives were marched through to be sold into slavery. But all this has changed, and these once notorious towns are now thriving young cities, with well-kept streets, public gardens, hospitals, and railroads stretching far into the interior. They are ports of call for several steamship lines and carry on a large trade in hemp, cotton, ground-nuts, hides, and other articles.

A Good Illustration.

A clergyman once tried to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead; they listened, but evidently did not understand. Taking out his watch, he said:

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"Because we see it, and hear it tick."

"Very good."

He then took off the case, and held it in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down here in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch tick."

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, go, and keep time, as you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat, just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case; the body may be taken off, and buried in the ground, and the soul will live just as well as this watch will go when the case is taken off."

BOOK TABLE.

VERHANDLUNGEN DER 22. VERSAMMLUNG DER SYNODALKONFERENZ. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 15 cts.

This pamphlet brings the proceedings of the latest session of the Ev. Luth. Synodical Conference. It contains an important and instructive doctrinal paper on the Great Blessing of Brotherly Fellowship and a comprehensive report of our mission work among the colored people.

STATISTISCHES JAHRBUCH der Deutschen Ev. Luth. Synode von Missouri, Ohio u. a. St. fuer das Jahr 1908. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 40 cts.

A storehouse of information regarding the missionary, the educational, and the charitable work of the largest Lutheran synod in America.

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$11.65, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, St. Paul, Mansura, La., 6.05, Napoleonville, La., 20.65, St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 2.50, St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 3.80, Zion, Gold Hill, N. C., 3.00, Concordia, Rockwell, N. C., 1.60, Holy Trinity, Springfield, Ill., 5.75, Grace Mission Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo., 1.00. *Total: \$170.50.* St. Louis, Mo., March 16, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St. Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY, 1909.

No. 5.

Christian Assurance.

"Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." *1 Cor. 15, 58.*

Go when the skies are brightest,
And smoothest is the road;
Go where the fields are whitest,
And gather sheaves for God.
To cheerful toil inviting,
O what a best employ,
When, all our powers exciting,
God's service is our joy.

Go when the way is dreary,
And fears the bosom thrill;
When heart and steps grow weary,
God guides and guards thee still.
O dally not with seasons,
The weakness nor the pain;
Ask not the Savior's reasons —
Ye cannot toil in vain.

What though thy foes are strongest,
And cruel be their rage,
The day of conflict longest,
And none thy wounds assuage;
Though fainting now, and bleeding,
Doubt not thy strength and shield;
The Savior still is leading,
And all thy foes shall yield.

O blest, divine assurance!
Our weary toil and tears
But sweeten faith's endurance —
A day of triumph nears,
When Christ, His trophies bringing,
Will call from pain and strife,
And we, victorious singing,
Receive the crown of life!

S. Dyer.

The Debt Paid.

Henry Clay, the great American statesman, was at one time greatly troubled by a debt of \$10,000 due to the Northern Bank of Kentucky at Lexington. Some of his friends in different parts of the country heard of his condition, and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt.

Not knowing what had been going on, Clay went to the bank one day and, addressing the cashier, said: "I have called to see you in reference to that debt of mine to the bank."

"You don't owe us anything," replied the cashier.

"Why!" said Clay; "how am I to understand you?"

"A number of friends have paid off the debt, and you do not owe this bank one dollar," was the reply.

The tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank.

This is a faint image of what Jesus has done for us. Our sins in thoughts, words, and deeds form a debt, and that debt is so large that we could never pay it. And yet that debt must be paid if we are to escape punishment. If not paid, we would be cast into the prison-house of hell to stay there till we had paid the uttermost farthing, that is, for all eternity; for we could never pay that debt.

And now behold the greatness of God's love! God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son to pay the debt for us, and thus to redeem us from everlasting damnation. The Son of God became man and took our place under the Law and paid our debt with His own precious blood and with His innocent sufferings and death. When

He cried out on the cross, "It is finished!" full payment for our debt had been made, and the handwriting that was against us had been blotted out. By raising Christ from the dead God the Father Himself declared that the price which His Son laid down for us has been accepted as the full payment of all our debt. Therefore Christ, before His ascension, told His disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The Gospel is the glad news of what Christ has done for us; yea, the Gospel is a receipt in full, and the sinner who by the grace of the Holy Spirit believes the Gospel accepts this receipt, and with the unerring knowledge of faith, which rests upon God's own receipt, he knows that his debt is paid. Happy believer! Well may tears of thankfulness rush to his eyes, and well may his heart be filled with a joy which his lips cannot express, and well may he in loving gratitude serve this Redeemer by making known to others the glad Gospel tidings of Jesus' unspeakable love.

Of Holy Baptism.

IV. WHAT DOES SUCH BAPTIZING WITH WATER SIGNIFY?

Our Catechism answers: "It signifies that the old Adam in us should, by daily contrition and repentance, be drowned and die with all sins and evil lusts, and, again, a new man daily come forth and arise, who shall live before God in righteousness and purity forever."

In his Large Catechism Luther writes: "Finally, we must know what Baptism signifies, and why God has ordained just such external sign and form for the sacrament by which we are first received into the Christian Church. But the act or form is this, that we are sunk under the water, which passes over us, and afterwards are drawn out again. These two parts, to be sunk under the water and drawn out again, signify the power and efficacy of Baptism; which is nothing else than putting to death the old Adam, and after that the resurrection of the new man, both of which must take part in us all our lives. So that a truly Christian life is nothing else than a daily Baptism, once begun and ever to be continued."

Baptizing with water "signifies that the old Adam in us should, by daily contrition and repentance, be drowned and die with all sins and evil

lusts," says our Catechism. The old Adam, or old man, "is that which is born in us, from Adam, malicious, hateful, envious, lascivious, avaricious, indolent, haughty, yes, unbelieving, infected with all vices, and having by nature nothing good in it." In other words, it is that utter depravity of our whole nature which we have received from Adam. Of this old man Paul says, "Put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." This old Adam is to be put off, drowned, and die with all his sins and evil lusts. How? By daily contrition and repentance. Day after day we shall examine ourselves in the mirror of God's Law and learn to know and lament our sins, and day by day shall we turn from our sins to Christ, our Savior. As St. Paul puts it, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," Gal. 5, 24. He that is crucified is to be deprived of his life; thus the flesh, the sinful nature, of those who belong to Christ, is to lose its life. But this can only be done gradually. Crucifixion is a slow way of putting to death; thus also the evil in us will die but slowly. But though death comes slowly to him that is crucified, his powers gradually diminishing, so also the old Adam in us is daily to grow weaker in us with all sins and evil lusts.

Now, this warfare against the old Adam is a most bitter one, for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. It is as a certain converted heathen once complained. This convert came to his missionary and said: "When I was yet a heathen, I had but one heart, a black one; now that I have become a Christian I have two hearts, a black one and a white one, and these two are always opposed to one another. The black heart always wants what the devil wants, and the white heart what God wants. The white heart says: 'Go and pray;' the black heart says: 'Go and work, you have no time to pray.' The white heart says: 'Go to church;' but the black heart in opposition says: 'Go and sleep awhile.' And thus it is every day; the white heart and the black heart are always at war and never agree." "Go, my son," said the missionary to him, "continue to fight and do not lose courage. Just because you have two hearts you are a Christian; for the heathen have but one heart. Continue the good fight, but see to it that the white heart always gains the victory; then all will be well, and you will receive the crown of life. And when you are once with Jesus, the black heart will be gone."

But baptizing with water means more than the drowning of the old Adam; it also signifies that "a new man daily come forth and arise, who shall live before God in righteousness and purity forever." Baptism is the washing of regeneration; in Baptism we were born anew; a new life was given us through faith in Christ Jesus. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," 2 Cor. 5, 17. In holy Baptism we have been made new creatures. But as newborn babes are yet weak and only gradually increase in strength, so also the new man in us does not at once attain to full maturity. The new man must daily increase in righteousness and purity. How this is done St. Paul tells us Eph. 4, 23, 24: "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." By daily appropriating the grace given us in Baptism we are to clothe ourselves more and more in righteousness and holiness. As the new life in us grows stronger the new man is to show himself more and more; he is daily to acquire a greater control of our heart and soul and help us to increase before God in faith and love, in righteousness and purity.

This is what baptizing with water signifies. But that which Baptism signifies it also works. It not only obligates us to put off the old and put on the new man, but it gives us the power to do so. This we learn from Rom. 6, 4: "We are buried with Christ by Baptism into death, that, like as He was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." In holy Baptism Christ's death with all its merits is imputed to us; "for since one died for all, they have all died," 2 Cor. 5, 14. "We are buried with Christ by Baptism into death;" all our sins are buried with Christ. But as Christ "was raised again from the dead by the glory of the Father," and then entered upon a new life, so should we also, all our sins having been buried with Christ, walk in newness of life by the power which Baptism gives us. Thus Baptism, by making us partakers of Christ's death and resurrection, enables us to shun sin and walk in the newness of life; it gives us grace, spirit, and power to overcome the old man, so that the new man may come forth and become strong.

To such daily combat against sin and striving after holiness we are also admonished by our baptismal vow. At the time of our Baptism we by our sponsors vowed to renounce the devil, and all his works, and all his pomp, and, on the other hand,

to be faithful to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This solemn vow which we then made we should daily renew and confirm. Daily let us say:

Yea, all I am, and love most dearly,—
To Thee I offer 'new the whole;
O let me make my vows sincerely,
Take full possession of my soul;
Let naught within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post.
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high.

F. J. L.

Faith.

It is faith in Christ that saves thee, not the quantity of thy faith. A drop of water is as truly water as the whole ocean; so a little faith is as truly faith as the greatest. A child eight days old is as really a man as one of sixty years; a spark of fire is as truly fire as a great flame; so it is not the measure of faith that saves thee—it is the blood of Christ which faith grasps that saves thee. As the weak hand of a child that leads the spoon to its mouth will feed as well as the strong arm of the man, for it is not the hand that feeds thee, but the meat; so if thou graspest Christ ever so weakly, He will not let thee perish. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Selected.*

"Whosoever."

Baxter used to say that if the Bible had said: "Richard Baxter may take the water of life freely," it would not be such good news as when it says, "Whosoever will," because there might be some *other* Richard Baxter who was meant. But the word "whosoever" embraces all sinners, every sinner, even the chief of sinners.

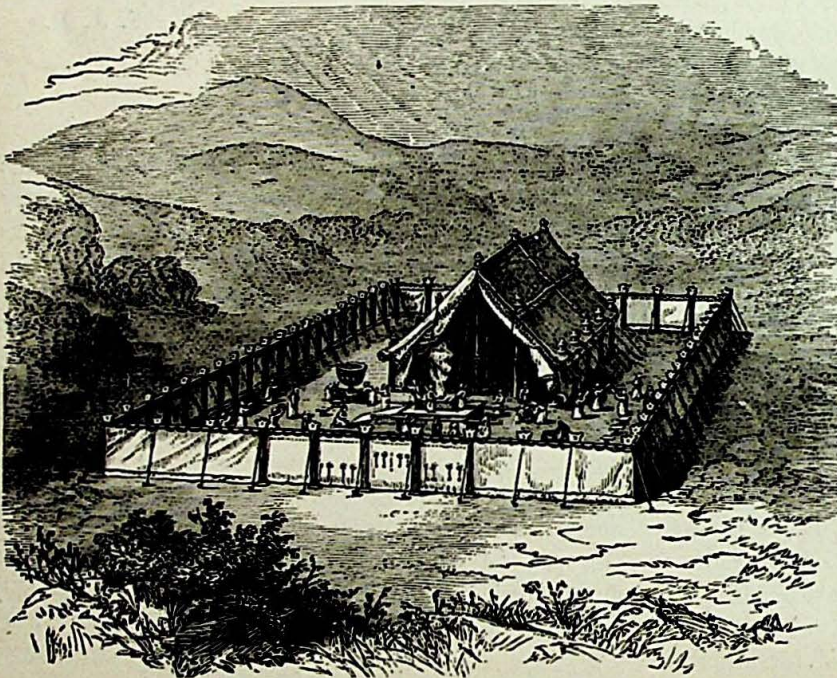
A Little Pharisee.

A little, six-year-old fellow, who was praying for his big brother, showed a good deal of the Pharisism which is in our human nature. The little fellow prayed: "O Lord, bless brother Bill, and make him as good a boy as I am."

One Girl's Influence.

A Boston lawyer who has for forty years been eminent in his profession, and no less eminent in Christian work, and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed his course of life:—

When he was a young man, he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting—a plain man—said he had a girl in his domestic service at a wage of less than \$2.00 a week, who gave \$1.00 every month to missions; she also had a class of poor boys in Sunday school



THE TABERNACLE. (Exodus 26.)

who never missed her from her place. And he said of her, "She is the happiest, kindest, tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen."

The young man went home with these broken sentences sticking in his mind. "Class in Sunday school," "Dollar a month to missions," "Happiest girl."

The first result was that he took a class in Sunday school; the second was a resolve that if this girl could give \$1.00 a month to missions, he could, and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But who can count, who can imagine the sum total? That lawyer was, for almost half a century from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.—*Selected.*

The Tabernacle.

The Tabernacle, made by Moses according to directions given by God Himself, was for many years the place of worship in the time of the Old Testament until the building of the temple at Jerusalem. It was a large tent, with a wooden framework covered with fine cloth and skins. It was divided by a heavy, precious curtain into two apartments, the outer apartment being the Holy Place and the inner apartment the Holy of Holies. The Tabernacle, or Tent, was enclosed in an open square, called the Court. This Court was enclosed by curtains fastened to posts at regular intervals, the Tabernacle standing at the western end of the Court. So you see the Tabernacle area had three divisions—the Court, the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies. In the Court stood the Altar of Burnt-Offering, near the entrance, and the Laver, or large basin, containing water for the sacrificial purifyings. In the Holy Place were the golden candlestick with its seven lamps, the table of showbread, and the Altar of Incense, which stood near the entrance to the Holy of Holies. In the Holy of Holies, the innermost and holiest room of the Tabernacle, and the one into which only the High Priest entered once every year, on the Day of Atonement, there was kept the Ark of the Covenant with its golden

lid, called the Mercy-Seat, on which the High Priest sprinkled the blood of the sacrifice on the great Day of Atonement and which was a type of Christ, "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation," or Mercy-Seat, "through faith in His blood," Rom. 3, 25.

The Tabernacle, with all its precious furniture, was an example and shadow of heavenly things, which we Christians in the time of the New Testament enjoy through faith in Christ Jesus, who came "a High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us," Hebr. 9, 11. 12.

Having finished the work of our redemption, He ascended into heaven and "is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, a minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle," Hebr. 8, 1, 2, making intercession for us, Hebr. 7, 25.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

During the Civil War, the Rev. Mr. Rankin was serving under the Christian Commission and was often called to minister to the wounded and dying. After one of the battles he was bending over a dying soldier. He had ministered to the physical wants of the brave sufferer as best he could, and then offered a brief prayer commending him to the merciful Savior. "Is there anything more I can do for you?" said the minister as he was about to go to the help of others. "Yes," said the dying soldier, "please sing to me 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'" Softly and tenderly the minister sang, as never before, with the thought that it was comforting a human soul in its extremity. As the words floated out in the darkness, where the dead and the wounded lay, a strange quiet fell upon all, and the dying man clasped the hand of the singer with a heart full of gratitude, while he sang on:

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

With the closing strains there seemed to come a sweet peace over the dread battle-plain. The soldier relaxed his grasp; the prayer was heard; he had gone to be with the Savior.

"Was There Some Bran There?"

John Frederick, the pious Elector of Saxony and friend of Luther, once spoke with a rich nobleman about the Gospel and its blessings. The nobleman, whose only concern was how to get more money, said, "What do I care about the Gospel! Most gracious lord, what does the Gospel concern me?"

Some one told Dr. Luther this, and the Doctor said: "The good man is right. Was there some bran there?" And then he told the fable of the lion who, once upon a time, prepared a great and costly feast, and invited all the beasts to be present. The hog was also invited. Now when the excellent food was placed before the guests, and they were

invited to eat freely, the hog threw up his snout and asked, "Is there some bran here?"

Thus, said Luther, it is with our worldly-minded men. We ministers place before them in our churches the best and most precious food, forgiveness of sin, the grace of God, and eternal life, but they throw up their snouts, scratch around, and ask after dollars, or some other worldly treasure.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," says Christ.

Right Over It.

One Sunday morning an old gentleman was on his way to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, but somewhat singular in his manner of giving reproof. As he was going along, he met a man driving a heavily loaded cart through the town.

When the old gentleman came opposite the cart, he suddenly stopped, and lifting up both hands, as if in alarm, he exclaimed, as he gazed under the cart:

"There, there, you are going over it; you have gone right over it!"

The driver was frightened, and instantly cried out, "Whoa, whoa!" He then looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or at least some poor dog or cat that had been crushed to death.

But after gazing about and not seeing anything under the wheels, he looked at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked, "What have I gone over, sir?"

"Over the Third Commandment, my friend: 'Thou shalt sanctify the holy-day!'" was the slow reply of the aged friend.

A Child's Prayer.

There is a touching story told of a little girl who was to undergo an operation. The physician said to her as he was about to place her upon the operating table, "Before we can make you well, we must put you to sleep." The little girl looked up and, smiling, said, "Oh, if you are going to put me to sleep, I must say my prayers first." Then she knelt down beside the table and said:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

Closing Exercises of Immanuel College.

The end of the schoolyear is again drawing near, and many are the preparations being made for the closing exercises and finals. Graduates are arming themselves with essays teeming with the wisdom of a finished collegian, and other scholars are making a last strenuous effort, some to increase their already good percentages, others to make up for lost time. But alas! while those who have faithfully plied their books now find that "knowledge pays good interest," those who have squandered their time and talents cannot recall with even the subtlest bribe the lost opportunity! The outline for the closing exercises embodies a baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, May 30th, an entertainment by the students of the Preparatory Department on Tuesday evening, June 1st, religious addresses by the graduates from the Theological Department, Wednesday evening, June 2d, the annual concert, Thursday evening, June 3d, and the commencement exercises by the graduates from both the Theological and the Preparatory Departments on Friday afternoon, June 4th.

The valedictory will be delivered by student Charles Peay, graduate from the Theological Department, the commencement address by Rev. J. McDavid of Charlotte, N. C. H. G.

"God Is Not Mocked."

The following sad and warning incident we heard some years ago from the pastor under whose personal observation it occurred.

A young man, just entering upon the practice of medicine, had become a scoffing infidel through the reading of some wretched books in which the Bible was attacked and its teachings were ridiculed. He seized every opportunity to pour forth a tide of shocking blasphemy against Christ, and spoke of the Bible in coarse and obscene language. In his desperate wickedness he at last went so far as to utter a willful lie and plan to carry out a monstrous fraud, in order to express his contempt for Christianity. He pretended to be converted, and asked permission in a meeting of Christian young men to confess the Lord Jesus publicly by leading in prayer.

His request was gladly granted, but meanwhile he had carefully prepared a prayer filled with horrible blasphemy and devilish insult of the Savior.

Spreading the writing before him on a seat, he kneeled down and began to read, when his voice was suddenly hushed, and his body was heard to fall on the floor. The young men who were present hastened to him, but found that he was dead. In unspeakable awe they carried the corpse of the scoffer to his home.

Ever and anon God causes His voice to be heard, and lets His hand be seen among the children of men, at least enough to show that His eye is still on them. If there are not many such instances, it only proves the long-suffering of God; but that long-suffering, despised and set at naught, may give place, and sometimes it does give place, to sudden and overwhelming judgment. "God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded," Ps. 64, 7. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," Prov. 29, 1.

It is a serious thing to make light of God and His Word. Alas! alas! for the doom that shall sooner or later overtake the despisers of His offered grace.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked," says the apostle.

A Mild But Effective Reproof.

A Christian rode in a stagecoach with a young man who swore a great deal. When they stopped to change horses, the Christian said to him: "Young man, I see from the registry books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favor to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so far forget myself at any time as to swear or use any profane language, you will oblige me if you will caution me about it."

The young man instantly apologized and offended no more.

Do not allow profane or obscene language in your presence. Nasty talk is only for nasty people.

A Boy's Faith.

Two little boys were talking together about the story of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire, which their mother had lately told them.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride in a chariot of fire?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving it."

NOTES.

AN APPEAL. — Our Mission Board for Colored Missions has published an earnest appeal to all congregations of the Synodical Conference for contributions to the mission treasury. The treasury has a debt of \$6161.00, for the payment of which the Synodical Conference at its recent meeting recommended an extra collection to be taken up by each congregation. For the running expenses \$1720.00 are at present needed every month. And what of the future? As God blesses the work and opens new fields of labor, increased efforts and larger funds are needed to carry on the blessed work of extending Christ's kingdom for the salvation of many souls among the colored people of our country. May our Lutheran Christians, constrained by the love of Christ, give a hearty and liberal response to the earnest appeal of our Mission Board!

WELCOME GIFTS. — An unnamed and unknown giver, who is "not weary in well-doing," has for the twelfth time brought to our treasurer his yearly gift of \$500.00 for our mission work among the colored people. Another friend of our mission recently sent to the treasurer the sum of \$14.25, which sum was realized from the sale of the eggs which his chickens laid on the Sundays of a year.

MISSION SCHOOLS. — Christian schools prove an important and blessed missionary agency also in the foreign mission field. One of the two commissioners recently sent to India to visit the mission stations of the General Council writes in a letter from India: "In nearly every place we had the chance of meeting with the schoolchildren and hearing them recite, and in many places examining them through the medium of an interpreter. At first we were astonished at their knowledge of the Catechism and Bible history, but by and by, after touring the several districts, we became so accustomed to it that we ceased to wonder. It is not overstating it to say that on the whole the children in our mission are better posted in these subjects than the average Sunday-school children of the same age at home."

SUBSTITUTES IN THE MISSION FIELD. — A well-known merchant lately informed his missionary society that he was willing to support six missionaries. He had, in his younger days, planned to go abroad as a missionary himself, but family duties

kept him at home. Now he was too old to go, but as the Lord had prospered him, he wished to support six missionaries instead of only one.

A FALSE CLAIM. — From one of our readers we recently received a paper containing a report of a "Lenten lecture," in which a Romish priest tried to make his hearers believe that "the world owes all liberty to the Catholic church." Well, it is an old false claim set forth again and again by Romish speakers who seem to think that by a constant repetition of a false claim some people are at last brought to believe it. We remember that the same false claim was made some years ago by Romish bishops in their Council at Baltimore. At that time *Harper's Weekly* well said of the bishops and their claim: "They claim for their church what the facts of history positively deny. They can hardly expect Americans to accept such an astounding statement. The liberty which the Roman Catholic church enjoys in the United States is the product of Protestantism — a liberty which the Roman church never conceded when possessed of political power. At the time of the Reformation this church was crushing liberty, and but for the intervention of the Reformer would have held the world in bondage until this day. Luther spoke the truth when he said that but for the revival of which he was the leader, religion would have become extinct in Germany. The most superficial acquaintance with modern history is sufficient for the refutation of these episcopal perversions of plain matters of fact."

INDIANS. — The American Indians, says an exchange, are not dying out as many people imagine. The humane treatment they are now receiving at the hands of the Government and the Christian missionary efforts in their behalf result in an increase of numbers. In the United States there are 292,000 Indians, more than three-fifths of whom are connected with Christian churches. There are 110,000 Indians in Canada, of whom 74,000 are professed Christians.

LIBERIA. — One of our readers wishes "to know something about Liberia." Liberia is a republic on the western coast of Africa. It is the earliest and most unfortunate of American colonies. It was in 1819 that the American Government, anxious to blot out the slave trade and to make reparation to the slaves, with the help of various mis-

sionary societies, formed in Africa the free negro republic of Liberia. Some men expected a wonderful future for the new nation, as the colored people of America would return to Africa and spread the Christian religion throughout the Dark Continent. But it was only a beautiful dream. Ninety years have passed and the dream is shattered. The colored people of America have remained in America; Liberia has made hardly any progress. "To-day, in all the vast territory, larger than that of Ohio, there are but 50,000 civilized negroes." Surrounded by a million and a half barbarians, unlearned in political and financial methods, these people recently asked America for help. This is the reason why former President Roosevelt recommended that Congress appropriate \$20,000 for a commission to Liberia "to examine into the situation and report as to the best manner for the United States to help that republic under the present critical circumstances." The restoring of order in the republic would also benefit the missionary work carried on in various parts of Liberia.

A NEW FIELD.—In British East Africa, says *Life and Work*, ninety miles from Kikuyu, dwells a section of the Kikuyu people, 50,000 strong. Until within the last few months their land had been closed to the Christian missionary. Now a door has been opened, and the call has come for missionaries to go in and possess the land for Christ. The call has been answered, and missionaries are already at work in this new African field.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.—The sick and helpless in heathen lands are often treated with horrible cruelty. This is also seen in the treatment of lepers. Those afflicted with this dread disease find no mercy among the heathen. They are treated most cruelly, especially in China. It is said that a mandarin, a Chinese public officer, invited all the lepers of his district to a meal. Whilst they were eating, the house was set on fire. Those who tried to escape were simply slain; the rest were burned to death. It is known that in this cruel manner one mandarin put out of the way 300 poor lepers in two years. Another missionary tells us that among the Africans in Kamerun the cruel custom still prevails of burying children, whose mother has died, alive with the corpse of the mother, whilst in China children who are in any way a burden to their parents are exposed to starve to death or to be eaten by animals.

Thus Satan, like a strong man armed, keeps

his palace in the darkness and cruelty of heathendom. But in the Gospel preached by the missionaries, Christ, the stronger, still comes upon him, and overcomes him, and takes from him all his armor.

The Alarm of Fire.

"I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man as the church bells were calling the people to service one Sunday morning. A pastor, who was just passing and who heard the sneering remark of the unbeliever, quietly replied, "Yes, my friend; but the fire is not in this world."

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$8.20, Grace Mission Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo., 1.00, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 40.00, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00, Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 3.50, Zion, Gold Hill, N. C., 1.70, Concordia, Rockwell, N. C., 1.95, St. Paul, Mansura, La., 5.75, Mission at Napoleonville, La., 32.00, Holy Trinity, Springfield, Ill., 20.15. Total: \$196.25.

Rev. McDavid, Charlotte, N. C., from Mr. Willman .95.
St. Louis, Mo., April 17, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, Treas.
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.

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

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE, 1909.

No. 6.

Holy Trinity.

We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory, too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe.
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One.
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Selected.

The Doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

Trinity means Three-Oneness. The doctrine of the Holy Trinity teaches us that there are three persons in one God. It is a doctrine of which human reason and nature know nothing and can know nothing. The Bible alone teaches it, and faith alone accepts it. Daniel Webster, the great orator and statesman, well said: "I believe that God exists in three persons. This I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief

that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one."

The Bible clearly teaches that there is but one God. In the Old Testament we read: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, our God, is one Lord," Deut. 6, 4. In the New Testament we read: "There is but one God," 1 Cor. 8, 6. And again: "There is one God," 1 Tim. 2, 5.

The Bible also clearly teaches in many places that this one God subsists in three persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. At the baptism of Christ the one God plainly revealed Himself as three distinct persons. The Son stood in the river Jordan and was baptized, the Holy Spirit came down upon Him like a dove, and the Father's voice was heard from heaven: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," Matt. 3, 16, 17. Here we read of three distinct persons. But these three are one God. "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one," 1 John 5, 7. Therefore the command is given to baptize "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," Matt. 28, 19. Therefore also the benediction reads: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all," 2 Cor. 13, 14. The blessing flows from the three persons, and baptism must be administered in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, because these three persons are one God.

This Triune God is the only true God, and he who has not this God has not the true God. Whatever other god he has is a false god. He is outside the Christian Church and cannot be saved as long as he continues in his unbelief. He who holds not

this true Christian faith "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly," we read in the Confession of the early Christian Church. Without the doctrine of the Holy Trinity there can be no Christianity and no salvation. Christ says: "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him," Matt. 11, 27. And the Apostle John says: "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father," 1 John 2, 23. And the Apostle Paul says: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His," Rom. 8, 9.

To the Christian the doctrine of the Holy Trinity is a blessed doctrine, closely connected with the blessed doctrine of our redemption and salvation: the Father sent His Son into the world to save sinners; the Son became man, took upon Himself the sins of the world, dwelt here on earth among sinners, and suffered and died for our salvation; the Father and the Son send the Holy Spirit who comes to sinners in the Gospel to lead them to Jesus and to keep them in the true faith unto everlasting life. To the Christian, therefore, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity is a precious doctrine, a source of sweet comfort and bright hope. May others in the pride of blind reason reject this doctrine, Christians heartily believe it and rejoice in the God of their salvation. And knowing that there is salvation only in the true God, they are active in the work of bringing to others the knowledge of this true God, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, the only true living God. "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things; to whom be glory forever!"

Comfort from the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

Philip Melancthon, a friend and colaborer of Luther, relates that John Velcurio, professor of physics in the University at Wittenberg, was asked on his deathbed whether he was grieved that he had to die.

The professor's happy reply was: "The Father is my Lover and Friend; the Son is my Redeemer and Savior; the Holy Spirit is my Comforter and Helper — how, indeed, could I be sad!"

When Melancthon himself had fallen asleep, there was found on his table a paper on which were written the reasons why he rejoiced soon to depart. There was also written this reason: "Because I shall

know, not in part only, the blessed mystery of the most Holy Trinity."

All the saints in glory behold what here they believed. With all angels they adore the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and at His throne they sing the song of praise: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come," Rev. 4, 8.

Grant, God, that we, Thy people, may
All reach the heavenly portals,
And in Thy kingdom sing for aye
'Mid all the blest immortals:
That Thou, O Lord, art King alone,
Above all gods whatever,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
Thy people's Shield and Savior,
One Essence, but three Persons!

The Office of the Keys, and Confession.

The Fifth Chief Part of our Catechism treats of the Office of the Keys, and Confession. From the fact that these two things are treated of in one chief part, we naturally conclude that they bear a close relation to each other. And upon examination we shall find such conclusion to be correct. Let us first speak of the Office of the Keys.

THE OFFICE OF THE KEYS.

We all know what an "office" is. Perhaps, not a few of us have already held an office. In every society there are duties or services to be performed by certain persons elected or appointed for the purpose. Thus, the president of a society has the duty of conducting its meetings, appointing committees, and the like; the treasurer takes care of the society's moneys; and the secretary attends to the minutes and necessary correspondence. The Office of the Keys is also such a duty or service. It is an office which comprises the duty of taking care of *keys*, as the name implies. What keys? Why, the keys of heaven. There are two keys: the Releasing Key and the Binding Key, and to handle these two keys Christ has ordained and instituted the Office of the Keys. By means of the one key, the Releasing Key, heaven is opened, and by means of the other key, the Binding Key, heaven is closed. This is what Christ says, Matt. 16, 19: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Of course, we all understand that this is what is called figurative language. Heaven is here, namely, compared to a house. Now, if you have the keys of a house, you may lock or unlock it. If you lock it, you prevent others from going in; but if you unlock the door of the house, you open its door for others to enter. Thus the Office of the Keys has the power to open and close heaven unto men.

But how is heaven opened and closed unto men? By forgiving and not forgiving their sins. Men's sins prevent them from entering heaven; for into heaven nothing unclean can enter, Eph. 5, 5, and sin makes men unclean. Only if man's sins be removed can he enter heaven. But now the Office of the Keys is the power to loose men of their sins or to retain them. Whoever, therefore, has this Office of the Keys has the keys of heaven. But who has this Office of the Keys? Originally this office is Christ's. Christ came into the world to give His life a ransom for many, Matt. 20, 28. By sacrificing Himself on the cursed wood of the cross, He redeemed and ransomed us from our sins and opened heaven to the whole world of sinners. Thus Christ has the Office of the Keys by virtue of His work of redemption. But this office Christ does not wish to administer Himself, and therefore He has delegated it to others, namely, to His Church on earth. What the Church is we learned in the Third Article of the Creed: "It is the congregation of saints, the whole number of believers; for only believers, and all believers, are members of the Church." To the believers, then, Christ gave the power to forgive and retain sins.

"But," I hear somebody say, "did not Christ give the keys of heaven to Peter?" It is true, Christ did say to Peter: "I will give unto thee the keys of heaven," and He not only said He would do this, but He also did it. But why to Peter? Because Peter had confessed his faith in Christ; and whoever believes in Christ as Peter did has the same power that was given to Peter because of his faith. That this is the case we learn from John 20, 22, 23: "The Lord Jesus breathed on His disciples and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Here Jesus speaks to all of His disciples, not to Peter or the eleven only, but to them and all that were gathered with them. He gives them the Holy Ghost and together with the gift of the Holy Ghost He delegates to them

the Office of the Keys. To those whom Christ gives the Holy Spirit (and He gives the Holy Spirit to all His believers), to them He also gives the Office of the Keys. But if Christ gives this power to every believer, it is evident that where a number of believers form a congregation, there this power is also to be found. Matt. 18, 17, 18, 20 the Lord says: "If he [a sinner] neglect to hear them [individual Christians], tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican. Verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

And this power to forgive and retain sins is a power *peculiar* to the Church. Nowhere else, only in the Church, is this power exercised. Christ has given the Office of the Keys to His Church on earth, and to it only; therefore no one else on earth besides the believers can open and close heaven by forgiving and retaining sins. To Peter was given the Office of the Keys because he by faith was a member of the Church. To those disciples on Easter Day Christ gave the Office of the Keys because they had received the Holy Ghost, because they were believers and, hence, members of Christ's Church on earth. No Church, no Office of the Keys; but wherever the Church, and if it be but one believer, there is the Office of the Keys.

F. J. L.

God's Word and Our Faith.

God's Word and faith belong together. For whenever God speaks, He cannot speak anything else but what is beyond our natural reason, such as the resurrection of the dead, the incarnation of God, the forgiveness of sins through Baptism and Absolution. We therefore must believe these things. And having believed them, we shall find out and experience that they are true indeed. — *Luther*.

The Greatest Enemies of the Gospel.

"The greatest enemies of the Gospel," says Luther, "are the self-righteous; for with them the Gospel cannot possibly agree. They want to be rich in works, while the Gospel wants them to be poor; they will not yield, neither will the Gospel yield. It is God's own unchangeable Word."

Footprints.

A French scientist was traveling across the desert with a guide. In the evening the guide knelt down and prayed.

"What have you been doing?" asked the infidel, when the guide rose from his knees.

"Praying," was the reply.

"How do you know there is a God?" asked the scientist; "did you ever see Him?"

"No."

"Or hear Him?"

"No."



"Or put out your hand and touch Him?"

"No."

"Well, then," said the Frenchman, "you are a great fool to pray when you have never seen, or heard, or felt God."

The guide said nothing, and they retired for the night.

In the morning the Frenchman said: "There was a camel round my tent last night."

"How do you know?" asked the guide; "did you see it?"

"No," replied the scientist.

"Did you hear it?"

"No."

"Or put out your hand and touch it?"

"No."

"Then," said the guide quietly, "you are a great fool to believe there was a camel round here, if you did not see it, or hear it, or feel it."

"But," said the Frenchman, "here are its footprints on the sand, round the tent, so I know there was a camel here."

Just then the sun rose above the horizon in all his glory. The guide pointed to the rising sun, saying: "Behold, there are the footprints of the Creator, and so I know there is a God."

The guide had the best of the argument.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork," Ps. 19, 1.



Evening Prayer.

"I will lay me down in peace and sleep." Ps. 4, 8.

Dear Father, hear my prayer
Before I go to rest:
Keep safe Thy little child,
And let my sleep be blest.

Dear Savior, hear my prayer:
Wash all my sins away,
And let me sleep in peace
Until the break of day.

Dear Spirit, hear my prayer:
Be Thou my heav'nly Light,
And let me never fear
The darkness of the night.

Now look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is Thy little child
That cometh to be blest.

"Out of the Mouth of Babes."

The pastor of a large city congregation writes: The psalmist says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." The truth of this may also be seen from the following incident.

One day an aged pious woman came to see me. In our conversation she told me of her past life. Thank God, she said, she had always had her daily bread, though it often had been very little. When she, in her youthful years, married, she had only the most necessary things in her new home. Her husband was a shoemaker in a small village; he had but little work and did not earn much. At last he had to give up his trade and seek some other

work. This he also found, but the wages were so small that they were hardly enough to feed and clothe the large family of nine children. In those days of great poverty and need she would often worry and be discouraged and sad and downhearted.

One evening, she said, she was alone with her nine-year-old boy, whose name was Christian. The boy, a bright child, was memorizing the multiplication table. When he came to the number 1000, he all at once said as he looked at his sorrowful mother: "O that some one would make us a present of one thousand dollars!"

The mother replied, "Yes, my boy, then we should get along well, pay all debts, and be well off."

"But, mother," said the little boy, "poor Lazarus did not have one thousand dollars; and yet he came to Abraham's bosom."

The words from the mouth of her child entered the mother's heart. She had him read from the Bible the whole story of the rich man and poor Lazarus, and learned that one may not have one thousand dollars or any wealth whatever, and yet get to heaven.

The boy is taken from this world and is, I doubt not, with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. The aged mother is still on earth, takes good care of her grandchild, does not think of getting rich, but heeds the Savior's words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," Matt. 6, 33.

The simple faith of her child strengthened the mother in the dark hour of sore trial and directed her heart toward heaven. She may now often console herself with the hymn of the pious Paul Gerhardt:

Why should sorrow ever grieve me?
Christ is near,
Who can here
E'er of Him deprive me?
Who can rob me of my heaven
That God's Son
As my own
To my faith hath given?

A Story of Faith.

Some time ago I stood by the bedside of a sick laborer who had a wife and four children. He had lain sick for three weeks, and the sickness had exhausted all his means. Noticing that he was weeping while we sang a precious song of Zion, I asked him why he wept? was he troubled with the thought of parting with his wife and children? He looked

at me steadfastly, almost reproachfully, and answered:

"Does not Jesus stay with them? Has not the Lord said that He is a Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow? No; they are all cared for. I have prayed the Lord that He would be their guardian. Is it not so, wife? You are not troubled; you are not afraid; you believe in Jesus."

"Surely," she replied, "I believe in Jesus, and rejoice that you go to Jesus. I shall follow you, with the children, in His own time. Jesus will help me to train up the children through His Holy Spirit."

"Why did you weep, then?" I asked.

"For joy; for I thought if the singing is so beautiful here, O, how beautiful will it be when the angels help in it! I wept for joy that this blessedness is so near."

Then he motioned to his wife. She understood, and went to the shelf, and brought down a little saucer in which her husband kept his money. There were six groschen (about seven pence) in it, all that remained of his store. He took them out with trembling fingers, and laid them in my hand, and said:

"The heathen must have these, that they may know how to die in peace."

I turned to his wife who nodded assent and said:

"We have talked it over already. When everything has been reckoned for the funeral, these six groschen remain."

"And what remains for you?"

"The Lord Jesus," she replied.

"And what do you leave for your wife and children?"

"The Lord Jesus," he said; and whispered in my ear, "He is very good, and very rich."

So I took the six groschen, and laid them in the mission box as a great treasure, and it has been a struggle for me to pay them away. But if they had not been paid away, the dying man's wish would not have been fulfilled.

That night he fell asleep. And neither his wife wept, nor his three oldest children — neither in the church nor at the grave. But the youngest child, a boy of about five years, who followed the body, wept bitterly. I asked him afterward why he wept so bitterly at his father's grave, and the child made answer:

"I was so sorry that father did not take me with him to the Lord Jesus, for I begged of him with my whole heart that he would take me."

"My child," I said, "your father could not take you with him; only the Savior could do that: you should pray to Him."

"Ought I, then, to pray to Him for it?" he asked.

"No, my child, if the Savior will take you, He Himself will call for you; but if He will have you grow up, then you must help your mother, and have her live with you; will you?"

He said:

"I would like to go to Jesus, and I would like to grow up that mother might live with me."

"Now, then," I replied, "say to the Lord Jesus that He must choose."

"That is what I will do," he said, and was greatly delighted, and in peace.

Pastor Harms in "Good Words."

Somebody Forgets.

There is a story of a little boy, living in the most poverty-stricken section of a large city, who found his way into a Christian school, where he learned to know His Savior and was led to faith in Him. One day, long after, one of those wicked, skeptical, grown-up people who take pleasure in doing mission work for the devil, tried to shake the child's faith and began asking him puzzling questions: "If God really loves you, why doesn't He tell somebody to send you a pair of shoes, or else coal enough so that you can keep warm this winter?"

The little lad thought a moment, and then said, as he drew himself straight up to look at the speaker: "I dare say He does tell somebody, and somebody forgets."

Yes, somebody forgets. That is the explanation of much misery in this world. How many could be helped from the misery of sin, if so many Christians would not forget what God tells them as to their duty in regard to mission work! Are you among those who forget?

A Good Answer.

A proud infidel scornfully asked an aged Christian, "What is God doing now?"

The Christian's ready answer was: "Just what He has always done and always will do; He is putting down the proud and exalting the humble."

In the Darkness of the Congo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES.

TRUE IN TOO MANY CASES. — To the question, "What is matrimony?" one of our missionaries in the Colored Mission field recently received this answer in his catechumen class: "The lifelong suffering between man and wife." It is only too true in too many cases. There are too many Christless homes, where God's Word does not rule, where there is no Christian family life, no peace, no harmony between husband and wife. And the children? Well, the children of such families generally get their education in the street, where they have their own way, and children that have their own way usually end in a bad way.

STREET EDUCATION. — A city missionary visited an unhappy man in jail who was awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "my street education ruined me. I used to go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to loaf; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to steal and to do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young." The late Joel Chandler Harris, known as "Uncle Remus," a friend of the colored race, said, "I see a brand-new generation of colored people different from those of olden times. The trouble is, too many of the colored children grow up on the streets. They have no home life." Pity the poor children, both colored and white, that are without the influence of a Christian home and grow up amid the manifold temptations of the street!

A WEAK POINT. — Says an old pastor of many years' experience: "Religious life in the family is one of the weak points in the present day life of Christian people. Its declension is responsible for no little of the weakness of the church life of to-day."

OUT OF DEBT. — The three great missionary societies of the Northern Baptists jubilantly announce that they are out of debt, a million and a half dollars having been raised for missions since last June.

INDIAN MISSIONS. — From a report of the Lutheran mission among the Indians in Shawano Co., Wis., we learn that the work has been abundantly blessed during the past year. The mission school numbers 70 children, for whom a suitable boarding

house has been erected, where they find a Christian home and Christian training. Besides the school-children, 60 adults on the average attend the church services as devout and attentive hearers of the Gospel, which proves itself also among them the power of God unto salvation.

BIBLE WORK. — The Bible Society of Scotland reports that last year the copies and portions of the Scriptures issued reached the record number of 2,058,375, being 420,846 more than in 1907. Over 1,944,000 of these volumes were circulated in foreign countries, chiefly among Roman Catholics and non-Christian people.

PIONEER MISSIONARIES. — In 1705 the Lutheran missionary Ziegenbalg came to India as the first Protestant missionary in that heathen land. Others followed him, and it is said that 54 Lutheran missionaries labored in India during the eighteenth century. All of these fifty-four missionaries died in the foreign mission field except eight, and eighteen were buried in the New Jerusalem church at Tranquebar, the church which Ziegenbalg built and where his body also rests.

INDIA. — Before a large audience in New York City Sir Andrew Fraser, ex-Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, recently gave an address on India, bearing testimony to the progress of Christian missions. He said in part: "I have served for a long time in India — thirty-seven years. I have lived long in two provinces. I have lived in every province and have come to know that India is a great continent — not a little country. India is not one; she is many nations, with many different tongues and traditions. I have served on two commissions that took me twice each year over the entire country, and I have studied the schools, the churches, and the hospitals, and have seen the blessed work of the self-denying missionaries. I know the missionary — I have watched him at work. Christianity is taking its hold. I have worked side by side with Indian elders. I have known an Indian, converted, to go into a region untouched by the missionary to found a school and a church. The work is progressing."

ENCOURAGING RESULTS OF MISSION WORK. — A writer in *The Interior* calls attention to the "encouraging results of mission work" in the kingdom of Uganda, in Africa. He says: "Mr. Winston Churchill tells his readers, in his late book, 'My

African Journey,' that Uganda was the only country he has ever visited where every person of suitable age to go to church went to Christian worship every Sunday morning. He estimates the native Christians in Uganda at 100,000. Bishop Tucker puts down 62,867 as the number of baptized Christians in the Anglican churches of Uganda, and the average Sunday morning attendance is 52,471. The church buildings of the kingdom of Uganda have seats for 125,851. There are 2936 native Christian teachers and evangelists. And Mr. Churchill, who explored Central Africa last year, says that he never saw better order or happier homes than in this central region of the great Dark Continent, where only a few years ago pioneer missionaries were mercilessly put to death by the natives. Uganda, shut out from the white man's occupancy because of diseases which are fatal to the Caucasian, seems reserved for a happier lot than Madagascar."

The Difference.

All sinners, says Luther, are alike in this that they give themselves into the bondage of the devil against the obedience of God. But then comes the difference. Some of them, even the majority, no matter what you may preach and tell them, always remain the same in their sin, without any change and correction. They think in their hearts: There is no danger. God is merciful. He will be pleased whenever I may come and desire His grace. So I will first enjoy this world, afterwards I may yet go to church, hear the Gospel, and be converted. These sheep do, indeed, hear the voice of the Shepherd, but they refuse to be found by Him. What will be the result? Nothing but this, that from day to day they will go more and more astray and fall into the power of the devil, so that they cannot extricate themselves. This we ought to fear, and whenever we hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, at once come to Him, that is, repent and trust in God's goodness and forgiveness through Christ.

The Ring Without a Jewel.

A young girl found a gold ring which gave her much joy. But after she had examined it more closely she noticed to her sorrow that the eye, that is, the jewel, was missing. "My child," said her mother to her, "behold, this ring without a jewel is like youth and beauty without honor and modesty."

BOOK TABLE.

DEIN REICH KOMME! Missionsvortraege. Erstes Heft. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 20 cts.

This pamphlet of 64 pages contains instructive and stimulating addresses on various Lutheran missions carried on by the Missouri Synod. The subjects treated are: Home Missions, Life of a Traveling Preacher in the Northwest, Brief Survey of Various Missions of Our Synod, Mission in India, Negro Mission, Deaf and Dumb Mission. The addresses are by competent men, well acquainted with the different mission fields, and will prove most helpful to pastors, furnishing them the needed material for missionary sermons, by which to inform their people as to the work that is being done, and to awaken and increase their interest in the mission cause.

Acknowledgments.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$5.40, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 45.00, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Zion, Gold Hill, N. C., 3.70, Concordia, Rockwell, N. C., 1.80, St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 1.50, St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50, Mission at Napoleonville, La., 37.70, Grace Mission Sunday School in St. Louis, Mo., 2.00. Total: \$179.10.

St. Louis, Mo., May 16, 1909.

H. A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Received with thanks for indigent students from Mansura at Luther College through Rev. Ed. Schmidt from the Young Ladies' Society of St. John's congregation at St. Louis, Mo., \$15.00, from Rev. H. Bartels sen. 3.00, from Rev. P. G. Schmidt's congregation, Sherwood, O., 8.50.

F. WENGER.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.

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

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY, 1909.

No. 7.

The Happy Believer.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. *Ps. 32, 1.*

I know that God forgets me not;
For whom the Lord doth love,
His name is written in the Book
Of Life in heaven above.

My faithful Savior comes to me,
Who all for me hath won,
And nothing shall be lost at all
But sin and guilt alone.

My sins are cast into the sea,
Where they cannot be found,
My God remembers them no more,
And grace and life abound.

M. C. Weisze.

Sins Not Remembered.

The believer's sins are not remembered. By faith in Christ he has God's forgiveness, and God is not like a man who says: "I will forgive, but I cannot forget." No. When God forgives sins, He remembers them no more. He Himself says that He will not remember the sins of those who trust in His Son for salvation: Jer. 31, 34; Hebr. 8, 12; 10, 17.

When Christ, the Son of God, died upon the cross, He died for us. By His death the claims of God's Law are fully and forever met; the demands of God's justice are perfectly and forever satisfied. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1. The believers are in Christ Jesus, having accepted His salvation offered to sinners in the Gospel. There is no condemnation to them, for they are accepted of God

according to the value of Christ's finished work. God beholds them in His Son, in whom He is well pleased and with whose work He is perfectly satisfied. Trusting in God's well-beloved Son as their Savior, believers know from the Word of God that they have in Him "redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins," Col. 1, 14. By faith they have become God's "dear children," whose sins He will remember no more. All their sins are cast into the deep sea of God's forgetfulness.

The faithful God Himself says: "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more," Hebr. 10, 17. Words of comfort and cheer for the troubled heart of the very humblest, poorest, weakest believer! They tell us God is satisfied with Christ's work of redemption, and the believer being satisfied with that same work, there is sweet peace between him and God, as there rises from his thankful heart the cry of adoring gratitude:

O depth of love, in which, past finding,
My sins through Christ's blood disappear;
This is for wounds the safest binding,
There is no condemnation here;
For Jesus' blood through earth and skies
Forever "Mercy! Mercy!" cries.

Blessed believer! Well may the joyful experience of such great mercy fill his heart with thanksgiving, and move him to bring to others the glad message of God's infinite love and unspeakable mercy in Christ Jesus.

LET the world have their rich ones, their powerful ones, and their wise ones, and their consolations; let them trust and glory in their wisdom, their might, their wealth, and their possessions — my heart triumphs in the living God. — *Luther.*

The Office of the Keys, and Confession.

THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION OF THE OFFICE OF THE KEYS.

We have heard what the Office of the Keys is and to whom it has been entrusted; namely, that it is the power to forgive and retain sins, and that it was given to the Church. The question now arises: Who is to administer this office publicly? Is every individual Christian to exercise the duties connected with the Office of the Keys? The so-called Anabaptists in the days of the Reformation said, "Yes," and the consequence was the greatest kind of disorder. Good common sense already teaches us that in a society where all the members have the same rights and privileges it is necessary to choose certain members whose duty it is to exercise the rights and privileges belonging to all. Thus every well-conducted society must have its chairman, who in the name of all preserves order, appoints committees, and the like. In this country we citizens all have the same rights and privileges; yet it will never do for us all to exercise these rights and privileges publicly, and for this reason we elect officers to do in our name that which it would not be possible for us *all* to do. Just so it is in the Church. Every true member of the Church, that is, every believer, has received from Christ the office to preach the Gospel, administer the Sacraments, and, in particular, the power to forgive and retain sins. But what would be the outcome of matters if each and every individual Christian would insist upon publicly exercising the Office of the Keys? Anarchy could be the only result; the wildest kind of disorder and final ruin would be the inevitable consequence. Now, however, God would have decency and order in His Church, and to secure this He has instituted the Office of the Ministry which is publicly to exercise the Office of the Keys that belongs to all Christians alike. The Christians are to choose and call men out of their midst, and to the men thus chosen and called they are to delegate the public administration of the Office of the Keys. These chosen men are to be the ministers, or servants, of the congregations that have called them. They are to preach and teach, baptize, forgive and retain sins, and administer the Lord's Supper in the name of the congregation and by virtue of the call extended to them. Every public minister of the Gospel can and must say to his congregation what Paul said to his congregation at Corinth: "If I forgave anything, to whom I forgave it, for

your sakes forgave I it in the person of Christ," 2 Cor. 2, 10.

Let us, however, not forget that the public ministers of the Gospel are not only the servants of their congregations. The Scriptures are very emphatic in telling us that they are also the servants of Christ. We must by no means forget that the Office of the Keys is originally Christ's, that the congregations, in calling men to exercise this office, are merely acting as the agents of Christ, and the men whom they call to the ministry are, therefore, responsible to Christ, the Lord of the Church and of all its goods and gifts. To the elders of Ephesus, who had been chosen by the congregation to be their ministers, Paul says: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." Here the Apostle plainly says that the congregation, in calling its elders, or pastors, acted as the agent of God. 1 Cor. 4, 1 Paul writes: "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." Ministers are Christ's servants; they are the stewards of the mysteries of God. The mysteries of God are the Gospel and the Sacraments. These mysteries they are to administer in God's name to the edification of the congregations by whom they have been called.

It may be well here to call attention to the fact that while God nowadays calls ministers indirectly through the congregation, as He did the elders of Ephesus, there have been times when He called them directly to their holy office. Thus the twelve disciples of Jesus, Paul, Elijah, and others were directly called by God to be His apostles and prophets. Upon all these directly called ministers of His God always conferred the power to perform miracles, as it was only in this way that they could expect to prove their divine authority. To-day all ministers are, as has been said, called indirectly, through the congregation. But let us not forget that, though indirectly called, the call of our ministers to-day is no less divine than was the call of the prophets and apostles. The ministers of to-day are no less God's appointees than were Paul or Peter, Elijah or Elisha, Acts 20, 28. Every called minister of Christ, in exercising his office, deals with us by God's command and in God's name.—

There is yet another thing that we must not forget. In case of necessity, any Christian may administer the Office of the Keys privately. If, for

instance, a child is in danger of dying unbaptized, a Christian should not hesitate to baptize it; or if a fellowman is in need of comfort or instruction, or admonition, we should not neglect supplying his need.

F. J. L.

Thy Kingdom Come.

We pray, "Thy kingdom come" — to us and to all men. But the prayer will be a hollow mockery upon our lips if we do not labor and give that mission work may be done, by which God's kingdom is brought to men. It will also be a mockery if we permit those to whom the kingdom has already come to lose it again because we, though able to do so, refuse to lend a helping hand, that missions already begun need not be discontinued. We should give as we pray and sing, and not be like Aunt Dinah. Aunt Dinah, you know, could shout and sing with the best of the church members. It was common at the missionary meeting to sing the hymn, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," while the collection was being taken, and Aunt Dinah always threw her head back, shut her eyes, and sang away lustily till the basket had passed. Old Deacon Moses, who took up the collection, observed her habit, and one evening stopped when he came to her, and said, "Look-a-hear, Aunt Dinah, you needn't be a-singing, 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!' if you give nothing to make her fly."

Old Deacon Moses was right. Dinah's singing was mere lip service, and mere lip service is not pleasing to the Lord. There is truth in the rough language of the converted cowboy, who, as we see from a clipping sent us by a reader of the PIONEER out West, said: "Lots of folks think that serving the Lord means merely shouting themselves hoarse. They easily open their lips, but will not open their pocketbooks, nor will they do anything for Christ and His kingdom. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm working here for Jim. Now, if I'd sit around the house here, telling what a good fellow Jim is, and not do anything for him, I'd be doing just like some church people do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and not suffering for water and feed, or being off the range and branded by cattle thieves, then I'm serving Jim, not only with my lips, but as he wants to be served."

If all would give as they pray, there would be

no empty mission treasury, and the church would be well supplied with means for the extension of Christ's kingdom. That woman did well who reminded her husband to give as he prayed. She had for some time heard him pray, "Thy kingdom come," but had seen no cash going in that direction, whilst money was spent for useless things and things of luxury. So she one day said to him, "Now, dear John, I think it is about time to help the kingdom of God to come by the giving of some cash, and show that we mean what we say."

"Thy kingdom come!" How dare we pray
These sacred words, when we care more
For things that perish in a day
Than souls for whom Christ anguish bore?

The Joy of Saving Souls.

The heart of a physician must thrill with joy when he realizes that by a surgical operation or a wise administration of medicine at a critical moment he has been the means of saving life. Yet this is nothing compared to the joy of saving souls. Jesus delighted in His ministry to the sick, but His greatest joy was the joy of saving souls. For this He "endured the cross, despising the shame." We may enter into the joy of saving souls by helping in mission work, bringing to others the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

False Gods.

You don't have to go to heathen lands to-day to find false gods. America is full of them. Whatever you make most of is your god. Whatever you love more than God is your idol. A man may make a god of himself, of a child, of a mother, of some precious gift that God has bestowed upon him. He may forget the Giver, and let his heart go out in adoration towards the gift. Many a man's heart is like some Kaffir's hut, so full of idols that there is hardly room to turn around. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, all classes of men and women are guilty of this sin. — D. L. M.

Look Unto Christ.

Out of Christ as the Way, there is nothing but wandering; out of Christ as the Truth, nothing but error; out of Christ as the Life, nothing but death. Look unto Him, and be saved. He Himself says: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me," John 14, 6.

He Sent His Prayers.

Spurgeon used to relate an incident which occurred in his early ministry. A poor man with a large family broke his leg, and as he would be confined to his house for some time and could not attend church, the members of the church agreed to hold a prayer-meeting in the room. Soon after Deacon Brown had opened the meeting, there was a knock at the door. A boy stood there asking to see the deacon. "Father could not come to the meeting," said the boy when the deacon came, "but he has sent his prayers in the cart." Looking into

ing, plundering, killing. During times of riot in Turkey, says an historian, the cry is always raised, "Kill the Armenians!" And statistics show that since 1850 more than 135,000 Armenian Christians have been massacred in Turkish possessions. The bloody Armenian massacres of 1895 and 1896 are not yet forgotten. They aroused the horror of the entire world.

During the recent disorders in Turkey last April, a series of massacres again took place in Asia Minor. A report says: "Bands of fanatical Moslems began rioting. Thousands of Christians were slain. Two American missionaries were killed. The lust of



Driven from Home.

the cart the deacon saw a bag of potatoes, a ham, a joint of beef, and a sack of flour. The hint was taken, and after prayers had been offered, more "prayers" came like those that had come in the cart.

Driven from Home.

Our picture takes us to a mountain region in Asia Minor. It shows us a party of Christian Armenians who have been driven from their home by fanatical Moslems, or Turks, and who are now seeking a place of safety from their cruel enemies.

The Armenians have at different times suffered most cruel persecution at the hands of fanatical Turks, who would go through their villages, burn-

blood once aroused demanded more victims, and soon all the Armenian Christians in the cities and villages of Cilicia in Asia Minor were in danger."

Another report, sent to a church paper in Germany, closes with the words: "We still have good reason to pray with Luther,

Lord, keep us in Thy Word and work,
Restrain the murderous Pope and Turk."

Blind Stephen.

Stephen Adorin, or Blind Stephen, as the people called him, was a slave boy working on a farm in West Africa when he became a Christian. Soon after his conversion, he was bitten on the forehead

by a snake. This caused the loss of his eyesight. His cruel master then drove him away, having no longer any use for him. His relatives also cast him out. A native helper in the mission field took poor blind Stephen into his home and cared for him, for which kindness Stephen thankfully made himself useful about the house as much as he could.

Blind Stephen could not read; but he had a very good memory, and through hearing gained a good knowledge of the Bible, so that he was soon able to help in mission work. Under the direction of the missionary he instructed those who wished to be baptized, and also held devotional meetings for the small congregation of the village in which he lived. Thus Blind Stephen led many into the light of the Gospel, until a few years ago he took sick with smallpox and passed to his heavenly home to behold his Savior in the light of everlasting glory.

A Consecrated Servant Girl.

An Eastern lawyer, who has for many years been eminent in his profession, and at the same time noted for his earnestness in the work of the Church, as well as for his princely gifts, relates the following story of a missionary gathering which he attended and which left its impression on him for life.

One of the speakers on mission work told in his appeal of a servant girl in his employ whose wages were two dollars a week. She gave one dollar every month for missions. She had a class of poor boys in Sunday school who never missed her from her place; and the speaker added: "She is the tidiest, cheeriest girl we ever had in our kitchen."

The young man went home with these words ringing in his ears: "Class in Sunday school," "Dollar a month for missions," "Happiest girl." He resolved, if this poor girl could give one dollar a month to missions, he could and would. Then he announced his willingness to take a class in Sunday school. These were the results of that plain girl's consecrated life.

The Christian and Good Works.

"Good works," says Luther, "do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth fruit, not the fruit the tree. No one is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ, he brings forth fruit for Him."

A Faithful Steward.

The late Henry Thornton was known as a cheerful giver, always willing to subscribe for missions. One day a collector for missions came to him for a subscription, and Thornton subscribed \$25.00. He had hardly handed the paper back to the collector when a telegram was brought to him. He opened it, read it, and turned pale. Then he said to the collector: "I have received bad news; I have lost many hundreds. Please give me back the paper; I must change my subscription."

The collector could not but think that Thornton would strike out the \$25.00; but to his surprise Thornton simply changed the 25 into 250 dollars, saying: "God just now teaches me that I might possibly not long be in possession of my property; therefore I must make good use of it while I have it."

And Thornton did not lose anything by this. He died as one of the richest merchants of his time, after having placed his wealth, his influence, and his time in the service of the Lord, whose steward he considered himself to be.

Christians should remember that they are but stewards, and that they must give an account of their stewardship. They should make good use of that which is entrusted to them, as long as they have it, and work while it is day. "The night cometh when no man can work."

Faithful.

A Chinese convert, named Hiung, had a brother-in-law of considerable influence at Peking, who offered him a lucrative post in which he would earn about \$90.00 a month, with prospect of increase. But he would have to give up his Christian faith. When the offer came, he brought the letter to the missionary, Dr. Griffith John, who said to him: "You are in the wilderness with Christ; the devil is offering you wealth and position, the two things the Chinese covet. What are you going to do about it?"

Hiung replied: "I have made up my mind to decline the offer. Matthew left the customs to follow Christ. The devil wants me to leave Christ to follow the customs; that will never do."

His wife tried to persuade him to accept, and he found it more difficult to resist his wife's wishes than the offer. But he resisted all temptation and remained faithful.

Colored Lutheran Mission at St. Louis, Mo.

Grace Lutheran Colored Mission of St. Louis, Mo., has recently experienced a revival of interest in its affairs. For some time it was feared that the mission place would have to be closed; but recent events have demonstrated that we still have a number of colored Lutherans who are serious in adhering to their Lutheran Church and its doctrine. And so the work of helping and advancing this mission has been earnestly taken up again, and the good results are already forthcoming. At the Grace Lutheran mission place, northeast corner of 13th and Gay Streets, services have been regularly conducted for the last several months, which are attended by 15 to 20 adults; and the Sunday school, in charge of Mrs. Marg. Baehler, is also prospering, 35 to 40 children coming regularly to the meetings. On Pentecost Day Rev. J. H. Doswell, colored missionary of Springfield, Ill., came to preach the festival sermon, and at the same time to dedicate a fine organ which had been presented to the mission by the Jesse French Piano and Organ Co. of St. Louis.

Eight adults have expressed their purpose of receiving catechetical instructions prior to being admitted to the Lord's Supper. It is hoped that the colored mission of this city will soon have enough members to require a permanent missionary to be stationed here. The field is a large one; there are upwards of 40,000 colored people in this city. They need the Gospel of Christ, so that they, too, might come unto a knowledge of the truth, and learn to be saved through faith in Christ Jesus. May God prosper this work among the colored people here, and gather into the fold of the church many who are yet in ignorance of Christ and His salvation.

W. H.

How She Knew It Was God's Book.

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

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

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

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

"God told me Himself," she replied, with child-like innocence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Messiah's Herald.

Looking after the Heathen at Home.

An aged preacher, known for his quiet ways, once met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions.

"Why doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" said the man.

"We do," said the preacher quietly, and gave the man a tract.

THE whole-hearted life for God means a whole-hearted opposition to the world, the flesh, and the devil.

NOTES.

NEW LABORERS. — Four of this year's graduates of our seminaries have been called to labor in our missions among the colored people — two in New Orleans and two in the North Carolina mission field.

WHAT THE COLORED PEOPLE NEED. — A writer in an Episcopal church paper says: "We believe that the liturgical form of worship is what the colored people most need; and that can be given them by our Church, for we have a sound liturgy." A rather strange belief! It is the Lutheran Church that has a sound Scriptural liturgy; but Lutherans are not so foolish as to believe that the salvation of the colored race is to be found in a liturgy. The colored people need the same that all other people need. They need churches and Christian schools in which God's Word is preached and taught in its purity. That is what the Lutheran Church gives them in its mission work. Would to God all our church members would see the great opportunity offered them and would show more active interest in this glorious work.

AN OLD COMPLAINT. — In an exchange complaint is made that "some pastors show little interest in the general work of the Church outside of their own congregations." That is an old complaint. The Rev. Paul Henkel, a pioneer in the home mission field of the Lutheran Church, says in his report submitted to his synod in the year 1806: "It is a pity that learned and otherwise upright men, who are faithful and useful in their calling, and who labor diligently in their congregations, have so little inclination to do something for the general furtherance of the Church."

A PRAYING CHILD'S EXPERIENCE. — The following story from life was reported under date of Pittsburg, Pa., April 13: Miriam Sawyers, nine years old, was kneeling in front of her bed and, glancing down, saw a man's feet protruding. She did not scream or become excited, but slowly finished her prayer. Then she told the man, who was a burglar, to come out. "You wouldn't hurt a little praying girl, would you?" she asked him. "No," the man answered; "you need not be afraid. Just show me the way out." Dressed in her white night dress, the child went with him to the front door. He bade her a hurried good-night and started

on a run down the street. No attempt was made to catch him. Several "jimmies," or burglar's tools, were found under the bed in Miriam's room.

CITY MISSIONS. — Most interesting and encouraging missionary news is found in the annual reports of our Lutheran city missionaries, who labor with untiring zeal and great self-denial in the large mission fields of our great cities, bringing the message of peace and salvation to sin-burdened, troubled souls and words of comfort and cheer to sorrowing hearts. Such an annual report we recently received, telling of the blessed work done in the city mission at Milwaukee. The missionary has had access to all the public institutions of that large city and in many of them held services regularly, which were well attended and proved a blessing to many souls. The missionary ministered also privately to many afflicted, sick, and dying persons, and his Gospel message brought comfort and salvation to many a poor soul. Our city missionaries are indeed doing a blessed work, and those who take no interest in such work might find it hard to answer "The Master's Questions" found in the following lines recently sent to us by one of our readers:

Have you looked for the sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have you been in the dark, dark places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?

Have you folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The heavenly Shepherd's name?

Have you carried the living Water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have you said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole"?

Have you stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?

Have you wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Have you guided the tottering footsteps
To the land where God's children go?

The Widow's Mite.

A collector for missions called on a rich friend for a contribution.

"Yes, I must give my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked the collector.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend, smiling. "How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars," was the answer.

"Then give me your check for \$35,000; that will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her *all*."

The rich man looked as one that is cornered. Stingy people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite.

Festival Week at Immanuel College, Greensboro, N. C.

Commencement week was festival week at Immanuel College.

Sunday night, May 30th, Prof. Bakke preached the annual sermon before a large and intelligent audience. He selected for his text Matt. 16, 25, taking for his theme: "What Is Life?" He first showed wherein true life does not consist; namely, not in worldly pleasures, aspiration after fame and honor, nor in seeking riches. He then showed from Holy Scripture that true life consists in following Christ in true faith, walking in His footsteps, and manifesting Christ in our lives.

Tuesday night an exercise was given by the students of the Preparatory Department. This exercise consisted of declamations, singing, and dialogues. On Wednesday night religious addresses were delivered by the graduates of the Theological Department.

The annual concert by the students' choir, assisted by Prof. Lochner, was rendered on Thursday night. Some very beautiful songs were sung by the choir, and the selections played by Prof. Lochner on the pipe organ were very touching and charming.

Friday was commencement day. The program of this day consisted of essays, orations, and an address by the Rev. John McDavid, of Charlotte. He showed very forcibly why so many graduates make a failure in life.

This term we had more graduates than we have ever had in the history of Immanuel College. The graduates from the Theological Department were: John Alston, Fred Ford, and the undersigned. The graduates from the Preparatory Department were: Pearl Windsor, Mary Brown, Willie Wagstaff, Otho Lynn, Claudie Galloway, Martha Brandon, and Blanche Galloway. We see from this that God has richly blessed Immanuel College, and that the

professors have been working hard and faithfully in the work whereunto God has called them.

May God bless Immanuel College in the future as He has done in the past: the Faculty, their instructions, and the students. May He also bless the Church at large to the praise of His glorious name!

CHARLEY PEAY.

Card of Thanks.

Bethlehem congregation, at New Orleans, La., herewith tenders sincere thanks to the kind donors that have again helped us to a complete Communion Set after our former set had been stolen. May God graciously reward the liberal donors in time and eternity, and may He always grant that our work in the Colored Mission be backed by many praying and giving Christians.

G. M. K.

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: Grace Mission Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo., \$3.00, St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., 7.38, St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.00, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 2.50, St. Paul, Mansura, La., 7.55, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 30.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 35.00, St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 2.75, Zion, Gold Hill, N. C., 3.10, Concordia, Rockwell, N. C., 1.65, Holy Trinity, Springfield, Ill., 4.00. *Total: \$141.43.*

St. Louis, Mo., June 16, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.

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

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUGUST, 1909.

No. 8.

A Prayer for Reapers.

Far and near the fields are teeming
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest time pass by.

Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.

Selected.

Turn to Jesus.

If it is the sense of sin which troubles you, then turn at once to Him with whom you have to do. Remember, it is not with Satan that you have to do, nor with your accusing conscience, but with Jesus. He will deal with all the rest; you have to deal with Him only. And He is your great High Priest. He has made full atonement for you — for the very sins that are weighing on you now. The blood of that atonement, His own precious blood, cleanseth us from all sin. The apostle plainly says: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1, 7. Cleanseth whom? People that have not sinned? No. "Cleanseth us" — us who have sinned. Cleanseth from how many sins? From some only? No. "From all sin." And you have to do with Him who shed that blood for your cleansing, who His own self bore your sins in His own body on the tree, and who now comes to

you in the Gospel as your Savior, offering you forgiveness of sins, life, and salvation. It is His voice which speaks to you in the Gospel: "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee," Is. 44, 22.

God's Love Is Our Comfort.

Not our love to God, but God's love to us is the source of true comfort. The apostle says: "Herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

A well-meaning friend, praying by the bedside of a pastor laid low by weakness, said in his prayer: "Lord, Thou knowest how he loves Thee."

"Ah, do not plead that," cried the invalid; "my love to Him is not my comfort; it is His love to me. 'Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick.'"

The same plea may go up to heaven for you, dear Christian. Amid all your need and weakness and trouble you are one that God loves. He has loved you with an everlasting love and has made you His child, for which He cares in loving kindness. Therefore fear no evil evermore.

Thy love, dear Lord, not mine,
Speaks comfort to my heart.
It tells me I am Thine
And bids all fear depart.

WHEN you hear the Gospel inviting you to come to Jesus, then say not: "I can't come, I am a great sinner." That is *the very reason why you should come.*

The Office of the Keys, and Confession.

THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION OF THE OFFICE OF THE KEYS.

(Continued.)

Whenever ministers of the Church perform the duties of their office, whenever they preach the Gospel in its purity and administer the Sacraments in accordance with Christ's institution, then such acts of the ministers are as valid and certain as if God Himself had done them. This is plainly said by Christ when He declares: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," Matt. 16, 19, and again: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained," John 20, 23. The Gospel proclaimed by the minister is God's voice, and in the Sacraments it is really God who announces His grace unto us, the minister being merely the agent. As our Catechism puts it: "I believe that when the called ministers of Christ deal with us by His divine command . . . this is as valid and certain, in heaven also, as if Christ, our dear Lord, dealt with us Himself."

This validity and certainty of what a minister does in God's name is particularly to be remembered in two cases; namely, when they, as the mouthpieces and agents of God and the congregation, exclude manifest and impenitent sinners from the Christian congregation, and, again, when they absolve those who repent of their sins and are willing to amend.

According to God's will a Christian congregation is to be composed of Christians only. When, therefore, a person shows himself to be an unbeliever, he no longer belongs in a congregation of Christians, and God wants him excluded. Now, such excluding, or excommunicating, is to be done in the following manner, which Christ Himself has prescribed: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone. If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican," Matt. 18, 15—17. When you see your brother sinning, you are to go to him privately and correct

him with the intention of bettering him. You are to speak to him in a brotherly, kind manner. But if he will not listen to you, then you are to take two or three fellow-Christians with you, of whom you have reason to believe that they may succeed where you failed, and another trial to gain the erring brother is to be made. If, however, you should still fail to lead the sinner to repentance, the congregation is to be informed of the case, and the congregation is to regard him as a heathen and publican, if he continues to be stubborn and impenitent; that is, the church shall no longer look upon him as a brother, but shall exclude, or excommunicate him. Mark well, this the congregation shall do, for it is the congregation that has received this command from Christ. But this judgment of the church, this sentence of excommunication, is to be publicly pronounced by the minister, the mouthpiece of the congregation.

But let us not forget that this whole procedure, from beginning to end, has the one purpose in view of bringing the sinner to repentance. Even when he is excluded, such excommunication has in view the repentance of the erring one. Not the destruction of the soul, but its preservation is the purpose of excommunication. Whenever, therefore, such an excommunicated sinner repents and signifies his willingness to amend, the church may and shall absolve him of his sin and again receive him as a brother, 2 Cor. 2, 6—8. 10. And when such a penitent sinner is again received into the congregation by the pastor in the name of the church, it is God that receives him, just as it is God that excludes the impenitent sinner when excommunication is pronounced upon him.

F. J. L.

Peace in Storm.

I have heard the nightingale, tucked away in a bush, sing its sweetest song during the severest thunderstorm and in the darkest night; and so have I heard earnest Christians joyfully sing, "All glory be to God on high" in like storms. It filled my heart with joy, and with tearful eyes I said to myself: Sing on, sweet bird; sing on, ye Christian souls! Let us enjoy peace and tranquillity. Let God terrify the obdurate world by the thunder and lightnings of heaven and show forth His power, majesty, and glory; what matters that to His children to whom He has promised grace and peace in Christ? — *Scrivener*.

The Gospel in a Sentence.

"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.

This Bible verse has been called "the Gospel in a sentence." It teaches in few simple words the Gospel way of salvation and has often been owned of God in the conversion of souls in the mission field. Missionary Nott read it at Tahiti when fourteen years had passed of fruitless and seemingly hopeless toil. The Gospel of John had just been translated into the Tahitian tongue, and he read the precious verse and explained it to a group of savages. One of the warriors, stepping out from the rest, asked that this verse might again be read. "That," said he, "cannot mean *us*, though it might mean *you*." The missionary called attention to the word "*whosoever*," which includes every one. "Well," said the savage chief, "if that is so, your God shall be mine, for we never heard of any such love as that in our religion." That was the first conversion in all Polynesia, where now there are many thousand members of the Christian Church.

Similarly was this verse blessed in Burmah, among the Karens, when Dr. John E. Glough, in the famine of 1877, gathered his vast camps of men to work on the government canal. In the evenings he used his opportunity to preach to them the Gospel, and although at that time he knew but little of the native language, he committed that verse to memory, and however he might get "stuck" in a sermon, could always fall back on that "Gospel in a sentence." As souls were converted, he bade them commit that same verse to memory, and go and tell it to their comrades; and that message of God's love was blessed for the salvation of many others.

"Could we gather together the annals of missions," writes a missionary, "we should find similar results following from that same precious verse in other parts of the mission field."

How to Awaken Missionary Zeal.

When the late Prof. A. Craemer, the zealous and self-denying laborer in the mission cause of the Church, was asked how greater zeal for mission work might be awakened among the people, his reply was: Preach the Word, which is the power of God! Picture in vivid colors the deep misery

of sin, so that the hearers become alarmed at their sinful state. Then preach also the Gospel in all its sweetness, pointing the people to Christ crucified, so that they come to a living faith in their Savior. From the knowledge of their own misery caused by sin they will come to know the great spiritual misery of the heathen, and by faith in their Savior they will become cheerful and willing givers—givers who will not look on their contributions as great sacrifices, but who will thank God that they are considered worthy to help in the spread of the Gospel by which they have been saved. Thus their gifts will be a blessing, not only to the heathen, but also to themselves.

"Who Cares for Me?"

A poor, lone woman sat one evening, thinking how sad was her lot. She was old and almost helpless, with little of this world's goods that she could call her own. "Who cares for me?" thought she. Suddenly this verse of the Bible came to her mind: "We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," Hebr. 4, 15.

It was like a flood of golden sunshine. Her dark doubts and fears were gone. What need of earthly friends to cheer her declining years? She had a heavenly Friend, even Jesus, who knew all her care and sorrow, and who as the great High Priest was touched with the feeling of her infirmities. He cared for her. It is He who says to all that are His own: "I will not leave you comfortless. 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.

"Thou, God, Seest Me."

When Hans Christian Andersen, the noted writer of stories for children, was a little boy, he was attacked by a wicked man, who often beat children that came near him. When the man was about to strike him, Hans turned and said: "Oh, sir, how can you be so wicked as to strike me while God is looking on?" These words so awed the cruel man that he lowered his club and did not strike.

Would it not keep us from many a sinful act to remember that God is watching all we do? It is well always to bear in mind the words of the Bible: "Thou, God, seest me."

From Our Mission at Mansura, La.

Referring to our Evangelical Lutheran mission chapel situated on a lone country road between Mansura and Marksville, La., a Catholic priest once remarked that it was wrongly adorned with a small cross on its belfry, meaning that the Church of Rome alone really has a right to the cross, and that none but its church edifices ought to have this emblem affixed to its steeples, etc. But surely the misguided priest betrayed a woeful ignorance of actual facts in making such a statement about our modest little chapel on the Mansura road. For though it

the crucified Savior, is preached and confessed to the glory of a merciful God and for the salvation of lost and condemned mankind.

For years this Gospel has been preached and taught in this chapel with the cross, and true to the Lord's promise, "it has not returned void," but "bore fruit an hundredfold," as is evidenced by the goodly number of faithful believers in Christ that worship there at regular intervals. Indeed, here in this little church especially God has continually blessed the preaching of His Word and established a true Zion in the very heart of Roman Catholic superstition and heathen worship.



Colored Lutheran Congregation at Mansura Chapel on Pentecost Sunday.

is a most unpretentious looking structure and cannot boast of much splendor and finery within or without its four walls, yet it is adorned with an ornament of which we are justly proud and which makes our little chapel one of the most beautiful places on earth.

The secret of this modest little chapel's beauty is this: within its crude walls is preached and confessed the Gospel of Jesus Christ pure and simple, to-wit, that there is salvation in none other, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts 4, 12. The rough wooden cross which faces the road from the top of the church belfry is, as it were, an emblem of the invisible beauty and riches of the place, proclaiming to all that in this building Christ Jesus,

It was just recently that our heavenly Shepherd through the Gospel proclaimed in the little church with the cross added another band of true, faithful followers to His fold. On Pentecost Sunday, before a large congregation, two adults and three children were baptized, and three adults and five children were confirmed. It was a most glorious service and one long to be remembered by our dear Mansura Christians. After the usual beautiful and inspiring liturgy, collect, and Gospel lesson, there followed the baptism of four converts, the examination of eight catechumens, an address based on Rev. 3, 11 by the missionary, confirmation, confession, and partaking of the Lord's Supper by the catechumens as well as by many other members, interspersed with singing by the congregation, the class of catechu-

mens and the mixed choir, under the able leadership of Student Calvin Thompson. A long service, to be sure, but none too long for the large number that had congregated in the humble church to join in heartfelt thanks and praise to a good God for the wonderful blessings bestowed. It was a joy indeed to every Christian heart to hear such devout confessions, solemn vows, and fervent prayers from the lips of the young converts. From the depth of their hearts all therefore could joyfully sing the grand hymn: "Now Thank We All Our God."

sort of musingly as I thought of the case in hand: 'Well, it's all so; the wages of sin is death.'

"He whirled around and stared at me fiercely, saying: 'What do you mean by that? Are you trying to preach to me?'"

"'Not a bit of it,' I answered; 'what are you getting excited about? That's in the Bible. Don't you think it's true?'"

"He paused and studied several seconds, and then said slowly: 'Yes, it is true. I know it's true. And I haven't been living as I ought to; I know



Student Calvin Thompson and Catechumens at Mansura.

May the Lord grant grace to these young confirmed Christians to ever hold fast that which they have, and may He continue to bless the preaching of His Word in the little church with the cross to the everlasting glory of His name and for the salvation of many souls!

ED. S.

A Word in Season.

"One day," writes a Christian lawyer, "I had been working with another lawyer over a case; and when we finally wrapped up the papers and he was ready to leave, the words slipped out of my mouth

that. There are a lot of things I have been doing that I wouldn't dare to have my wife know. I'm going to try to cut them all out. I don't want the wages.'"

The words spoken by the Christian lawyer proved a word in season. They roused a sleeping conscience, and gave him the opportunity to tell his friend how to be made free from sin and its wages and how to obtain the gift of God, which is eternal life.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord," Rom. 6, 23.

A True Friend.

There is a friend so loving,
So gentle, kind, and true;
He knows our ev'ry weakness,
And shares our troubles, too.
Though earthly friends may fail us,
And joys and pleasures flee,
This dear friend gently whispers:
"Come, leave it all with me!"

There is no friend like Jesus
To help us on our way;
So tenderly He leads us,
And guides us day by day.
Soon we shall end our journey,
Much brighter scenes to see;
And God will gently call us:
"Come home and rest with me!"

ESTHER PETERSON.

The Old Servant with a New Heart.

In Holland, not far from the city of Amsterdam, a farmer had a servant who worked only when he felt like it. When he did not feel like working, he simply would not work. He was also known for his coarse speech and his rough manners, so that the people were afraid of him. Many a time the farmer threatened to send him away, but again and again he forgave him and kept him, as he worked well when he felt like working.

One summer day this servant had to take a wagon load of fruit to the city. At night he came back home quite sober. The farmer was very much surprised, as this had not happened before. Again he was surprised when the servant the next day went to his work quietly, without grumbling and scolding. The farmer, indeed, thought this would not last long. But it did last. The servant continued quiet and industrious. He also attended church services regularly and frequently read in his big Dutch Bible. The farmer himself did not wear out many shoe-soles on the way to church and talked as little about religion as he did about the cholera; but he did not say anything against the church-going of his servant, who had become a puzzle to him and his family.

At last the farmer accidentally learned that at a mission festival in the city, where the sinful nature of the heathen heart was described, a certain hearer had cried out: "That am I," and had then hurried from the meeting. From the description of the person given the farmer concluded that it could have been no one else than his servant. He was

astonished, but quite satisfied, as the servant now did much better work on the farm. To the other servants the farmer, when dissatisfied with their work, often said, "I shall have to take you all to the mission festival."

And sure enough, when a mission festival was again held in the city, he took upon his large wagon as many as he could, and drove to the mission festival. The best of all was that the farmer himself came back home a changed man, a friend of the church and of mission work.

"I Cannot."

"I cannot," was the usual answer of a wealthy merchant when asked for a contribution for church purposes. He was an able business man and had a pretty large income; but, though a church member, he gave little for God's kingdom, and to most of the requests his short answer was, "I cannot."

One day a collector came to see him about a contribution for missions.

"I cannot," was the merchant's reply.

The collector, who had noticed the costly furniture of the rooms, said in a quiet, modest tone: "I indeed see, sir, that you cannot give anything. He who needs so much for himself and has such large expenses as this luxury requires, has nothing left for God. I shall molest you no more."

The words of the collector had a blessed effect upon the merchant. He felt ashamed for having used all for himself, so that he could do nothing for God's kingdom. He henceforth proved himself a faithful steward of the wealth intrusted to him and a cheerful giver for God's kingdom.

Going Home on Her Favorite Text.

A Christian woman had a favorite text which she often repeated for her own comfort, and which was included in a collection of Bible texts that she used for daily help. This was her favorite text: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." On the morning of the day on which she died those words were read at her bedside, with the remark that it was the text for the day. Looking up amid her pain, she said: "Is that the text for to-day? Oh, then I will just go home on that."

NOTES.

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY. — In a sermon on neglected opportunities in the mission field, one of the leading clergymen in the South said: "Our Southern churches have spent probably a hundred times as much money since the Civil War in an effort to evangelize the people of China, Japan, India, South America, Africa, Mexico, and Cuba, as they have spent to give the Gospel to the negroes at our doors. It is often true that opportunity is overlooked because it lies at our feet."

MISSION AMONG INDIANS. — The Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin and Other States is carrying on a very promising mission among Indians in Arizona. Four missionaries are at work in that field, and their labors in church and school are abundantly blessed. 300 Indian children attend the mission schools.

AN AFRICAN'S PLEA. — An African convert, at a missionary meeting in England, said: "What pity it is, what sin it is that you Christians have so many years got that heavenly bread and hold it for yourselves, not to give one little bit, one crumb, to poor heathen. There are so many millions of heathen, and you have so much bread; and you could depend upon it you should not have less because you gave, but the Lord Jesus would give His blessing, and you should have all the more."

CHINA'S MILLIONS. — There are many millions in China that need the Gospel. A careful computation gives the following results: "The people of China, joining hands, in ranks, will gird the globe ten times with living, beating human hearts. Let them move past a point at the rate of a thousand a day, and the procession will not end in a thousand years. Let two thousand pass a given point, under the sunlight and under the stars, every day and night, and you will hear the muffled tramp for five hundred years." Among these millions there are only 3949 evangelical missionaries laboring at 647 mission stations.

WHY HE BECAME A MISSIONARY. — In answering the question, "Why I became a missionary," Dr. Hodgkiss, of Chentu, China, said: "I was brought up to find my heroes among the pioneers of missionary enterprise, rather than on the battlefield. At my mother's knee I heard of the victories of the Cross in the Hawaiian Islands and the Fijis.

I never questioned the thought that the missionary calling was the noblest to which a man can aspire, and I regard my whole life as having been shaped by this early ideal."

A CHEERFUL GIVER. — An Indian missionary in Canada relates the following story about a Christian woman who could not always come to the services, but would not miss contributing to the collection: She called at the mission house one day holding in her hand a new deerskin purse filled with silver. She said, "I live seven miles from the church, and cannot come when the roads are bad or the bridges gone. I feel disappointed when I do not have a chance to put my money in the hat. You always go to church. You carry my purse every time, and if the hat is passed when I am away you put in my money. I shall feel happy all the time to know that my money never gets left out."

GIVING THE BEST. — Not a great while ago a missionary was speaking to the Indians and asking them to make an offering which was to be sent to other Indians, and he said, "Give the best you can; the very best you have in your homes should to-day be offered to God." The baskets were passed, and the minister was just about to bless the offering, when an Indian rose in the rear of the room and, with his wife by his side and their little boy between them, came to the front. He said, through an interpreter, "Minister, you told us to give the best we have, and our best is not money, it is this little boy," and there was not even the suggestion of a smile when he said, "We could not put him in the basket, so we brought him to you. We want you to take him, and we may never see him again, but we give him to God to-day, and we want him to be trained so that he may himself become a preacher. From this day on he is God's boy."

Our Mission Duty.

If all the heathen shall praise God, Ps. 117, He must first be their God. Shall He be their God, then they must know Him and believe in Him, and put away all idolatry, since God cannot be praised with idolatrous lips or with unbelieving hearts. Shall they believe, then they must first hear His Word and by it receive the Holy Spirit, who cleanses and enlightens their hearts through faith. Are they to hear His Word, then preachers must be sent who shall declare to them the Word of God. — *Luther.*

Giving All Glory to God.

A Christian is humble. He does not boast of his own worthiness or his own doings, but gives all glory to God. John Newton said: "I am not what I ought to be; I am not what I wish to be; I am not what I hope to be; but, by the grace of God, I am not what I was. I confess with the Apostle Paul: 'By the grace of God I am what I am.'"

All that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

The Gifts of the Poor.

A flower-girl who sold buttonhole nosegays at a half penny, near Charing Cross, in the heart of London City, heard that there were millions without the knowledge of salvation, and she went to the pastor of one of the churches and asked him to put her down for 40 shillings (\$10.00) every twelve months. Not long after, she was run over on the Strand and fatally injured. At the hospital, when her clothes were removed, a little bag was found hanging on her neck, and on it were the words, "For the poor heathen." Inside were 40 farthings. This was the way in which she was saving the promised sum. When the facts became known, these farthings were sold at auction and were bought for a sovereign apiece. Thus the poor girl was credited with a donation of 40 sovereigns (almost \$200.00). Another touching case is reported of five pence given by a poor Yorkshire woman, "to send a bit of the bread of life to the poor heathen." She and her husband were among the very poor, and on investigation it was ascertained that this humble couple, whose main meal of the day consisted of "taters," had saved their potato peelings for a year and sold them for five pence. — *M. R. W.*

The Sandboy's Mission Gift.

William was his name, but the folks all called him the sandboy. He was a poor boy and drove to the city regularly with his mule, selling sand. One day he attended a missionary meeting, where he heard the preacher speak of the sad lot of the poor heathen who are without Christ, having no hope, being without God in the world.

William made up his mind to do something for these poor people, that the Gospel might be brought to them. However, the little he made with his small trade he needed for himself and his widowed mother. But where there's a will there's a way. He got up an hour earlier and drove to the city twice instead of once. The people soon found out why he made that extra trip and readily bought of him.

The extra money which William thus made he laid aside for missions. When next year's missionary meeting was held, he was there with his gift. And the preacher said at the close of the meeting: "The sandboy has given more than all the rich people."

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., \$7.00, Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 2.50, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 30.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Napoleonville, La., 10.00, Grace, Concord, N. C., 15.00, Mount Calvary, Sandy Ridge, N. C., 20.00, Zion, Gold Hill, N. C., 1.70, Concordia, Rockwell, N. C., 2.75, St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 2.50, Grace Mission, St. Louis, Mo., 2.00. From the Hoppie Twins, St. Louis, Mo., 2.00. Total: \$167.95.

St. Louis, Mo., July 16, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

- St. Paul's Chapel*, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.
Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M.
Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

- Holy Trinity Church*; James Doswell, Pastor.
Divine Services: Sunday, 10.30 A. M. and 8 P. M.

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address. — In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1909.

No. 9.

Christ's Blood Alone.

Not any works that we have done,
Or any we may do,
Can fit us for the mansions bright,
To dwell in everlasting light,
Or hide our sins from view.
Naught but the blood of Christ alone
For sinners' sins could e'er atone.

To put away our sin, God's Son,
His well-beloved, came;
He only could for sin atone
And bring us to His Father's home,
Free from all sin and blame.
But He, the Lamb of God, was slain
To save us from our guilt and shame.

"'Tis finished," on the cross He said;
By Him the work was done;
Therefore it is not *do*, but *trust*,
And to be saved we only must
Believe on Christ, the Son.
God loved us so His Son He gave,
That by His death we life might have.

Selected.

None Other Name.

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

Poor ignorant heathen! No wonder the Gospel brought by the missionary was an offense and a foolishness to him!

But is not such heathen ignorance found also in Christian lands with people who trust in their own merits and worthiness?

A reader recently sent us for the PIONEER what she calls "a touching story taken from a popular magazine." The story runs thus:

Mary lived in the tenement district of St. Louis. She was only thirteen and was the eldest of seven children. When her mother was dying, she said to Mary, "I must leave you, and you must take care of the children; don't let them be separated, and be patient with father." A great burden had thus been laid on Mary's young shoulders; but she took it up bravely, and for two years she toiled and slaved. Then she came down with fever. To a friend she one day said: "I am dying as mother did. I have worked hard; but I am afraid to die. I had no time for church and prayers. What shall I say to God?" The friend took the hands, hardened by toil for others, and said, "Don't say anything, Mary; just show Him your hands."

Well, we read the same silly story many years ago. It was then told as having occurred in Philadelphia, and has since then, no doubt, been published in many papers as "a touching story." It is, indeed, touching in its display of heathen ignorance as to the way of salvation. It teaches that man can get to heaven by his own works and worthiness. If there were a particle of truth in such teaching, then the Bible would not be true. The Bible tells us that man is a lost, condemned sinner, and is saved only by grace through faith in Jesus who suffered and died for our redemption. "All

have sinned and come short of the glory of God, being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," Rom. 3, 23. 24. "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. "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me," says Christ. There is no other way to God and to heaven than by faith in Jesus. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," says the Bible. No other name than the name of Jesus.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

The Office of the Keys, and Confession.

CONFESSIO.

As the heading indicates, the Fifth Chief Part of our Catechism also treats of Confession. The Catechism tells us that Confession, as here understood, embraces two parts; namely, Confession proper and Absolution, or the announcement of forgiveness. Of these two parts, Absolution is by far the more important and is a practical application of the Office of the Keys. And being an exercise of the power to forgive sins, given by Christ to His Church, we are to receive such Absolution spoken by the pastor as coming from God Himself, and in no wise doubt, but firmly believe, that by it our sins are forgiven by God in heaven.

It is customary in our church that a short preparatory service is held for the communicants at every celebration of the Lord's Supper. In this preparatory service, also called confessional service, the pastor in a short address prepares the communicants by showing them their great need of forgiveness. After this address the pastor, in the so-called general confession, as the mouthpiece of the communicants, gives expression to the conviction of sinfulness which the confessional address purposed

to bring about. Hereupon, as the agent and instrument of God, the minister pronounces the absolution; that is, he forgives them their sins in the stead and in the name of God, by virtue of his office as minister, called thereto by the congregation. This General Confession as it is found among us is a confession to God, and in it we plead guilty of all sins, even of those which we do not know, as we also do in the Fifth Petition of the Lord's Prayer, and the Absolution is nothing else than the special application of the Gospel and the execution of the command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

Here and there, however, in our church, we also have the so-called *Private Confession*, where the individual person privately confesses his sinfulness to the pastor, not only in general terms, but also by mentioning those sins which he knows and feels in his heart. This Private Confession is of great value in cases where a person is particularly troubled because of his sins; for the absolution pronounced to him individually can leave no doubt in his mind that *his* sins are actually forgiven. While the general absolution might leave doubts in his mind that God really wants to forgive him, the private absolution must induce him to believe that God has forgiven him, since His servant has pronounced the absolution to him individually and has forgiven his particular sins.

But, perhaps, somebody will say, "Is not this Private Confession papistic?" By no means; for there is a great difference between such a voluntary private confession of sins which trouble a person, and the compulsory Auricular Confession of all sins as found in the Romish Church. In Private Confession as found among us, after having examined himself according to the Ten Commandments, a person voluntarily confesses those sins which worry and trouble him. There is no compulsion, no searching judicial examination for a detailed statement of sins, but the confessing person tells what he wishes to tell, and that is all. There is no idea on the part of the pastor of telling the confessing party that he must recount all his sins, and there is nothing said by the pastor to lead the sinner to believe that the absolution will go only as far as the confession of particular sins goes. On the other hand, the Romish Auricular Confession is wholly compulsory; the one who confesses is given to understand that a detailed confession is a necessary condition of absolution, that only those sins which are confessed will be forgiven, that willful

hiding of any sins from the confessor precludes absolution. Thus confession is made a torture and a torment, and poor sinners are never certain of forgiveness. On the other hand, where private confession is free and voluntary, it brings comfort to the sinner and strengthens his faith, for it assures him that God is his loving and gracious Father in Christ Jesus.

It requires but little thought to see what great comfort Absolution must afford every poor sinner, whether it be private or general, and we should, therefore, never neglect to make diligent use of this institution. F. J. L.

Hold Up Your Light.

We can always do something, be it ever so little, for our neighbor when in need and distress. And that little something may be a very great thing without our knowing it. A pastor writes:

"During a voyage to India, I sat, one dark evening, in my cabin, feeling unwell. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do?' I asked myself, and unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea and as near as possible to the ship. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right, he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp in its place. The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the means of saving the man's life; it was by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

The Difference between Belief and Unbelief.

A Norwegian Lutheran missionary in Zululand, Africa, usually meets with his native helpers on Saturdays to review with them the Sunday texts as they on Sundays go out to teach among their people. On one occasion, when speaking on the history recorded in Mark 9, 14—29, he asked one of the teachers: "What is belief, and what is unbelief? And how would you explain both to your hearers?"

The following answer was given: "Belief means holding fast to Christ and His Word; unbelief means getting away from Christ and His Word."

And this the native teacher tried to explain thus: "We know that at certain fords in Zululand there are strong men who carry the people over when the rivers are high. Before they go through the river, they tell those who are to be carried over to cling to them and hold fast. He who has confidence in the carrier and does what he says, gets over, whilst he who loses his trust and lets go, perishes in the river. Here we have belief and unbelief. He that believes in Christ holds fast to Him, no matter what happens to him in life; he holds fast to Christ and does what He says. He passes well through this world and lands on the beautiful shore beyond the river of death. The unbeliever, however, perishes on the way because he has no guide, no leader, no carrier."

The missionary was pleased and satisfied with the answer given by the native teacher.

A Silent Peacemaker.

"I was a peacemaker to-day," said little Annie happily, on her return from school one Monday afternoon. The Sunday school lesson the day before had been on the Savior's words: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." The text had greatly impressed little Annie, and she had evidently been trying to carry its teachings into effect. "I know I was a peacemaker," she said.

"What makes you think so?" asked some one in a teasing tone.

"'Cause there was something I didn't tell," replied Annie.

The answer provoked a smile; but was not the child right? There is a good deal of peacemaking in not telling things—things that we hear and that would cause ill feeling, and enmity, and strife when repeated.

Prayer for Missions.

Prayer is a great power in the kingdom of God. In missions, in particular, we need the strengthening that is in prayer. It is much more difficult to pray for missions than to give to them. As far as I can see there are five principal points to be included in the content of prayer for missions: missionary workers, converts, those in authority in mission fields, opponents of missions, and thanksgiving.

Dr. Warneck.

A City Missionary's Experience.

A city missionary of New York was passing through a hallway of a tenement house, and halted at an open door. It was a clean and tidy room, but meagerly furnished. Three children and their mother sat about the table on which there was nothing to eat but a loaf of bread. As the missionary paused, the mother and children had just bowed their heads, and he heard the grace they were saying. It is a verse used in many German Lutheran churches in closing the service, and the pastor was somewhat familiar with it. It reads as follows:

Let our going out be blest,
Bless our entrance in like measure;
Bless, O Lord, our toil and rest,
Bless our bread, our grief and pleasure;
Be in death Thy blessing given,
And make us blest heirs of heaven.

That evening there was a meeting of the Board of Directors of the mission, and supper was served. Being invited to say grace, the missionary did so in the words he had heard in that tenement house. He afterwards related to the guests his experience that day. Scarcely had he finished, when a stranger approached him, much excited. He was passing through the city, and had come with a friend to the meeting.

He requested that the missionary would take him to that tenement house. He then related the following story:

Many years ago my sister and I were orphans, and our good old grandmother in Scotland brought us up carefully in the fear of the Lord. She taught us the table-prayer you have just heard. My sister married very young and moved far away. Soon after that my grandmother died, and I came to America, and lost all trace of my only living relative. But out in my home in the West we say that prayer every day, and I am sure my sister, if she is still alive, does the same in her family. God knows how I have longed and prayed to find her again. May not this prayer bring us together once more by the good providence of God?"

And so it really came to pass. When the widow opened the door in answer to the missionary's knock that evening, she at once recognized her long-lost brother, and after the first joyful greetings he provided light and warmth and food in plenty, so that the children, on waking from their sleep, thought they were dreaming.

The widow's story was a sad recital of the long struggle in a strange land that left them daily

poorer. "To-day we ate our last loaf of bread," she said, "and I did not know of another thing to pawn, or where to go for a loan. My trust in God was so shaken that when we said our grace, it seemed like mockery, until I came to the words, 'Bless our bread, our grief and pleasure,' when I felt how much we needed God's blessing, and besought it with all my heart. Little did I think that He would answer the prayer so wonderfully."

As the missionary went his way, he felt it was worth all his days of weary and oft seemingly fruitless work to have had a share in bringing about so much happiness. He meant to keep sight of this family in the future, but the good brother took them all along to his Western home, where, no doubt, the old petition for grace is said with a deeper reverence than ever before. — *Exchange.*

A Little Boy's Mission Gift.

Cyrus Hamlin, a missionary in Syria, told the following story from his early life:

In my boyhood days the greatest event of the season was the autumn muster, or gathering of soldiers for review. Every boy who went to the muster had his money to buy gingerbread on that great day.

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

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

I went along for a time very comfortably after I had come to this decision. But by-and-by the old reasoning came back to me: "Four cents for ginger-

bread and three cents for the heathen." How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it to four for the heathen and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that. Then I thought of the other boys who would be sure to ask: "How many cents have you got to spend?" and I should be ashamed if I had only three cents. I wished mother had given me six cents or eight cents. Then I could have divided it evenly, but now I did not know what to do.

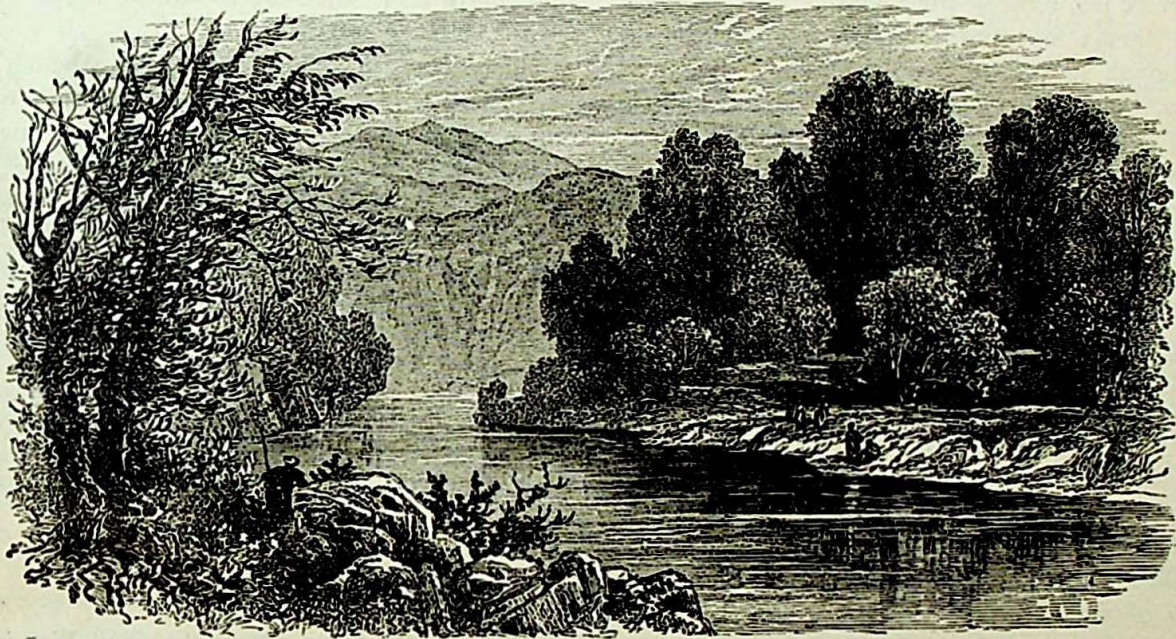
I got to Mrs. Farris's house and went in. I remember just how I felt. I thought: "I might as well drop all seven cents in, and then there will be no trouble." And so I did.

Bardo, the First Mongolian Convert.

Missionaries have often labored for years in a heathen land before they saw any idolater turn unto the Lord. And, oh, how their hearts rejoiced over their first convert!

This was also the experience of the laborers among the Mongolian Tartars. Years passed away, and no one had come to them to learn the way of salvation.

At length a youth named Bardo came to the mission school. He did not know even the letters of the alphabet; but he soon got on, and in a short time he could read and write very nicely, and had



On the River Jordan in Palestine.

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

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

"Why, Cyrus, where is the money I gave you?" asked mother.

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

Mother kissed her little boy and gave him a good supper.

also committed to memory a catechism and many passages of Scripture.

He then gave up the worship of the heathen gods, and told the children of the family with whom he lived that he now believed there was only one God and one Savior, Jesus Christ.

From this time on he led a Christian life and also confessed his faith in the true God. When mixing with his own people, he told them of the salvation he had found, and invited them to come and hear the Gospel for themselves, lest they, trusting in gods that could not save them, should perish forever.

But they would not listen to him and tried in many ways to bring him back to the worship of heathen gods. The Tartars place their idols on a table opposite the door of their tent, and every

person, as he enters, is expected to bow before these idols. When his countrymen saw that Bardo did not bow as he passed, they tried to force him to worship the idols, but finding their efforts in vain, they turned him out of their tents.

One day a lama, or priest, in his rage beat him severely on the head, which brought on violent pains and a fever. The fever kept on for several weeks, and he slowly wasted away. Pain in the chest and a cough followed, so that poor Bardo was brought very low. Fearing he would die, his people began to talk of using some of their heathenish ceremonies to save his life, but he would not consent to this. They placed on the wall, opposite to where he lay, some of their charms, that he might look at them; but Bardo turned his back to the wall, though he had to place himself in a painful position, that his eyes might not behold the sinful folly of his people. He also begged to be taken to the missionaries.

On the morning of the day on which he died he was asked, "Should you die now, where would your soul go?"

"To heaven," was his glad reply.

"In whom do you trust for salvation?"

"In Jesus Christ," he said with great feeling.

He also said he was not afraid to die; yet he would rather live, if it were God's will, that he might honor and take care of his parents.

His breathing became softer, and, like one falling into a gentle slumber, he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus died the first convert among the Mongolian Tartars—one who may be said to have fallen a martyr; for there is little doubt that the blows on the head by the heathen priest were the chief cause of his death. His schoolmates from the mission school carried his body to the grave, where it rests until Christ shall call it to life on the resurrection morning.

A Missionary's Restless Night.

A missionary in India, whilst on his preaching tour, stayed over night at the home of a native Christian in an Indian village. It was a restless night for him as he tells us in the following:

"What a night that was! We had eaten and had held family prayer, and I wanted to sleep; for I was tired out. But there was no sleep for me. I had hardly lain down on the veranda when the rain came down on me; pat—pat! the rain fell in drops just on my nose. No matter how I

stretched myself, there was no help. I had to look for another place; but there was not much choice. When I at last lay down again, the rain still came down to the right and to the left. That was the first disturber of rest.

"And then there was the pig-pen just next to me. The animals were fighting like lions to get a dry place. Of course, might was right. The big, fat hogs would push and bite the little pigs, which in their anxiety could find no rest and squealed terribly whenever they were pushed or bitten. A wonderful music all through the night!

"Then there was a door which, opening and closing, creaked so horribly that that noise alone would have been sufficient to banish sleep. There was no help. I had to listen!

"Then there was the sheep fold, in which were many sheep with a severe cold and a terrible cough. All through the night they did not quit sneezing and coughing, to which was added the noise made by the goats that became uneasy whenever one of their young ones was out of sight.

"And last, but not least, there was the howling and the barking of the dogs. Alas, there was no end to it! When one stopped, another began. And how those dogs in India can howl and bark!

"My readers can easily understand why I, after such a night, rose very early in the morning and was in time on the road, continuing my journey."

Redeemed.

It is said that just before the Civil War in this country a wealthy gentleman, who was walking the streets of a Southern city, had his attention called to a group of slaves about to be sold. One of them was weeping bitterly, and when he asked her why she was crying, she replied that she did not know what kind of master was going to buy her, nor where she was going. He said nothing more, but when she was placed upon the block for sale, he bid a higher price for her than any one in the crowd, and she was knocked down to him as his property. She was still weeping, because she did not know him, nor where she was going, until he gently said, "I did not buy you to make a slave of you, but to set you free; go where you please." She instantly turned to him with the glad cry, "Let me go with you, I will serve you all my life."

Christ has redeemed us with His precious blood. Let us gladly serve Him with all our powers!

The Weeping Savior.

Jesus wept! Those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting name.
Savior, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of trouble roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

Jesus wept! That tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art still the same to me,
Living One of Bethany!

Selected.

How Pastor Hsi Stopped Idol Worship.

Mrs. Howard Taylor, in her biography of Pastor Hsi, tells how this earnest Christian taught the lesson to his fellow villagers that there is no other God but the true God of the Bible. Suspicious of him when he became a Christian, their respect for him grew as they noted his careful, upright life. And when they were about to choose a village elder, the official responsible for the collection of taxes, the care of the temples, and other public duties, opinion became unanimous that no one was more suited to fill the position than the scholar Hsi, now that he was no longer an opium smoker. He tried to decline, but the office was forced upon him. Before accepting he made two stipulations: that he should have nothing to do with temple sacrifices, but should pray only to the true God; and that no one in the village should, during his term, worship the gods in the temple or bring gifts to them. The temple must be closed for a year. There was much discussion. Finally the citizens agreed to the terms. The temple was closed, and Hsi prayed to the true God for the prosperity of the village. At the close of the year it was found that the affairs of the village had never been more prosperous, and the headman was re-elected on his own terms. Again harvests were good, money matters successfully dealt with, and peace and contentment prevailed. For three whole years the temple was closed, and no public festivals were held in worship of the gods. At the close of the third year Hsi was once more unanimously chosen. But he was too much occu-

pled with his Christian work, and declined. When congratulated on the service he had rendered, he smilingly replied that perhaps the village had been saved some needless expense, adding: "By this time the idols must be quite starved to death. Spare yourself now any effort to revive them." It was a practical lesson, not easily forgotten.

Foreign Missionary.

Mohammedans.

Mohammedans are people that follow the teachings of the false prophet Mohammed. They reject the Bible and deny the true God. They are divided into many sects, which number, according to the latest statistics, 200,000,000 members in the different countries and islands of the East, 250,000 being found in the Philippine Islands. They have of late been making strong efforts to spread their false religion, especially in Africa, so that a Lutheran missionary in that country, in a recent pamphlet, sounds the alarm of a "Mohammedan Peril" to the native church, as well as to many pagan districts in West Africa.

The Mohammedans are very fanatic, and mission work among them is very difficult. Still it is carried on at many points, and not without God's blessing. The Bible has been translated into every language of the Mohammedan world, and a large number of books especially intended for Mohammedans have been prepared in all the chief languages spoken by them. Less than a century ago there was not one Protestant worker in any Mohammedan land. At that time the giving up of the false religion meant death to the convert. Now there are converts in every land where Christian missionaries are laboring. Villages that could not be reached safely in Arabia ten years ago now welcome the missionary. Thousands of Mohammedan youth are receiving a Christian education in Egypt, India, Java, and Sumatra. In Sumatra and Java there are over 16,000 converts organized into churches. It is a great and difficult task which the Church has to do in the evangelization of the large Mohammedan world.

A Lost Sheep Found.

Writing of joys that sometimes come to the laborer in the mission-field quite unexpectedly, a missionary says: A Hindu girl had been instructed

in the Christian faith, had been baptized and was prayerfully cared for. But later the missionary's heart was deeply pained by her falling away from the faith. With all heathen pomp and ceremony she was married to a heathen man and moved into another district far away.

Fifteen years later, the same missionary went to a distant village and preached there. Not long after, a man came to him with the request to dedicate a house of prayer which the man himself had built. The missionary went with the man, who soon pointed with a certain pride to a neat little house made of palm leaves. He called it a church; there were indeed a number of heathen assembled awaiting the missionary's coming.

"I should like to be a Christian," said the man who had built the little church, "and I wish you to bless the house of your God." The missionary wondered how it happened that in a heathen village some one wished to become a Christian. "My wife is the cause," said the man. "Fifteen years ago you baptized her. But she left all, even her faith, to become my wife. At first she was happy; then she grew sad. She wished to have her children baptized and also wished me to learn to understand the Christian religion. Therefore she sent me to you after we had recently heard you speak of Christ."

The missionary was deeply moved. There was no doubt, the wife of this man was his former pupil for whom he many years ago was deeply grieved when she moved away from her former home with her heathen husband. He learned that, whilst grief and doubt burdened his heart, God's Spirit worked in the soul of the woman through the Word which she had learned from the missionary. His labor had not been in vain. The wandering one was brought back to the fold and the missionary rejoiced with the Good Shepherd who had found the sheep that was lost.

Bitter Reward of Unbelief.

Years ago I was visiting a friend of mine, who possessed a large estate. Incidentally I spoke of paradise to him. Then he smiled and said, pointing out of the window toward his extensive estate: "That is my paradise." And indeed, vineyards and meadows, surrounded by blossoming fruit trees, extended there in a gentle slope down to the blue lake, and on the shore beyond beautiful hills arose, and above them the snowy Alpine peaks mounted into the very sky. A beautiful picture!

After a few years I visited him again. The lake was still smiling in the sunshine, and the trees were green. But in the room the owner, broken in spirit, sat brooding gloomily in his armchair. His beloved son had been drowned before his eyes in the lake, one daughter had entered an unhappy marriage, and he himself was slowly sinking into the grave with an incurable disease. Just then his youngest daughter came into the room and said, "Father, I am going to town. What shall I bring for you?" And the father answered sullenly, "A revolver." — *F. Bettes.*

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$8.68, St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.50, Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50, Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 2.50, St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50, Mount Calvary, Mt. Pleasant, N. C., 5.00, Grace, Concord, N. C., 15.00, Concordia, Rockwell, N. C., 8.83, St. Paul, Mansura, La., 2.10, Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 30.00, Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00, St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 35.00, Grace Mission, St. Louis, Mo., 3.00. Total: \$157.61.

St. Louis, Mo., August 17, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address. — In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 10.

Reformation Day.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation.
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown.
Let all His saints adore Him!

When in distress His people cried,
He heard their sad complaining;
O trust in Him whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining.
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;"
Let all His saints adore Him!

H. W. Baker.

The Reformation Festival.

The Reformation Festival, which falls on the 31st of October, is celebrated on or near that date in the Lutheran Church with joy and thanksgiving. It reminds us of the blessings which God conferred upon His Church through His servant Dr. Martin Luther.

The greatest of these blessings is the restoring of the Gospel of salvation by grace through faith in Jesus, the only Savior of sinners. This Gospel, which had been preached by the apostles, lay hidden for centuries under the rubbish of Romish errors and superstitions; and the Bible, in which that Gospel is plainly revealed, was kept away from the people. Man's word was put in the place of God's

Word and man's work in the place of Christ's work. The anxious sinner was led in ways in which no peace and no rest can be found. He was told to trust for salvation, not in Christ's merits, but in his own merits and in the merits of the saints. Luther himself, having become anxious for his soul's salvation, earnestly tried to find peace in the way pointed out to him in the Romish Church. But he found no peace until God opened to him the Bible, from which he learned the Gospel way of salvation through faith in Jesus. This Gospel brought peace to his soul and opened to him the gates of heaven. He himself says: "I felt as if I were newborn; I had found the gates of paradise wide open."

The Gospel, in which Luther found peace and salvation, he made known for the salvation of others, and defended it against the pope and all its enemies. Thus he became the Reformer through whom God restored to His Church the everlasting Gospel.

That Gospel remained dear to Luther's heart all the days of his life. 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."

That Gospel was Luther's only comfort in the hour of death. For the revelation of that Gospel he thanked his heavenly Father on his dying bed when he prayed: "O my heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thou God of all comfort, I thank Thee for having revealed to me Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom I have loved and praised, whom the malicious pope and all godless men dishonor, persecute, and blaspheme.

I pray Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, receive my poor soul into Thy hands. O heavenly Father, although I must quit this body and be torn away from this life, I nevertheless know assuredly that I shall be with Thee forever, and that no one shall pluck me out of Thy hands." Then three times he repeated from the Bible the Gospel passage: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Lutheran Church still rejoices in the possession of the pure Gospel, which God restored to us through His servant Dr. Martin Luther, and well may we as children of the Reformation celebrate the Reformation festival with thanksgiving to God for His great blessing. The Reformation festival also admonishes us to new diligence in holding fast what we have, and to greater zeal in bringing to others the great treasure. The Gospel of Jesus is the sinner's only hope, and the spreading of that Gospel must be the inspiration and aim of all our mission work.

Plainness of Speech.

Many years ago, students of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their regular hearers was a sincere and humble, but uneducated Christian colored slave, called Uncle Sam. On his return home, he would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, but complained that the students were too deep and learned for him. One day, however, he came home in great good humor, saying that a poor "unlarnt" old man, just like himself, had preached that day, who, he supposed, was hardly fit to preach to the white people; but he was glad he came, for his sake, *for he could remember everything he had said.* On inquiry it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlarnt" old preacher was the learned Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the criticism, considered it a high compliment.

A similar compliment was paid to the celebrated Dr. Whately, as we learn from Arthur Helps, who tells the story of an illiterate soldier at the chapel of Lord Morpeth's castle in Ireland. Whenever the learned Archbishop Whately came to preach, it was noticed that this somewhat rough soldier was always in his place, mouth open, listening attentively. Some of the gentlemen teased him, thinking that his keen attention was due to the vulgar admiration

of a celebrated man. But the rough soldier had a better reason, and was able to give it. He said: "That isn't it at all. The Archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me can follow along and take every bit of it in."

It was one of America's greatest speakers that said: "Speak so that the lowest may understand, and the rest will have no trouble."

Luther said: "I preach as simply as possible. I want the common people, and children, and servants to understand me."

A Confession.

The Rev. J. T. Finn, formerly a Romish priest, explained in a lengthy letter to his old parishioners why he felt compelled to leave the Romish Church. Among other things he said: "Christ is not, as Rome represents, a cruel and hard Judge who needs to be appeased. The Scriptures represent Him as a loving, sympathizing Savior and the Friend of sinners, ever willing to hear the cry of the penitent." At the close of his letter he said: "I never had rest of soul while I remained in the Church of Rome. There was a feeling of dissatisfaction all along, for the affections of a pious Roman Catholic are divided between the church, the saints, and other objects of devotion; but I now see that the heart can never find true rest till its affections are centered in One—the Lord Jesus Christ."

Teaching the Catechism.

Dr. Christian Scriver entered the Lutheran ministry in the year 1653, soon after the terrible Thirty Years' War, which brought much suffering and ruin to the Church in Germany. He was a very conscientious and self-denying pastor. In regard to the importance of teaching the Catechism he writes:

"I have again introduced the instruction of the young and the teaching of the holy Catechism, which had been obstructed and abandoned on account of the disturbed condition of the Church. I often have left the pulpit tired and exhausted, and yet have not let it annoy me to stand half an hour longer among the children, and explain the Catechism to them in simple language. It is to be wished that the congregations which have hitherto been negligent in this might at last see their mistake, and at once introduce the teaching of the Catechism."

"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

At a terrible accident in the coal mines near Scranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them had proved unsuccessful. The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own balked efforts.

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

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

There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined that of the girl, and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn words of the hymn. A great quiet seemed to fall upon the hearts of all. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found — alive.

The Baron's Son and the Monk.

On the 8th of April, 1538, Dr. Martin Luther told the following:

A monk visited a baron who was dying. The first thing the monk did was to ask the dying man how much and what portions of his property he would give to the cloister. "Sir," said the monk, "will you give this to the cloister? Will you give that to the cloister?"

The poor baron was so near his end that he could not speak, and therefore every time a question was asked he only nodded with his head. "There," said the monk to the son of the dying man, "you see

that this is the last will of your father. He wants to give the greater portion of his property to the cloister."

"Yes," said the son. "But now will you please let me ask a question?" And he approached the bed, saying, "Father, do you want me to throw this monk down the doorsteps and into the streets?"

As before, the man nodded. "There," said the son to the monk, "you see it is my father's last will to have me kick you out of the house." And in a moment he had the door opened and the "last will and testament" was duly administered. The monk was kicked out, but the cloister received no money.

If all sons were as shrewd as this young baron, the fine palaces now occupied by monks and nuns would be less numerous, and the papists would not be able to build so many expensive churches.

Lutheraner.

A Boy's Argument with a Romish Priest.

An Irish boy asked his priest: "Will the Virgin Mary take care of me?"

"Yes, my son, if you are true to the requirements of the holy Catholic Church, she will take care of you."

"Are you sure she will take care of me?"

"Quite sure, if you do as I have commanded you."

"Will she keep my soul and take me to heaven when I die?"

"Yes, if you die in the bosom of the Church."

"You are very sure, sir?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Well, sir, I am not sure, for I read that once in going from Jerusalem, she lost her own child; and if she could lose Him, she might lose me. But Jesus will take care of me. He will not lose me. He knows His sheep, and He says: 'They shall not perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.'"

A Martyr's Death.

When Leonhard Kayser, on account of his Evangelical preaching, was burned alive in Passau on the 16th of August, 1527, he asked the people to sing one of Luther's hymns while he was tied at the stake. This they did, and when the flames rose high, he was heard several times to cry, "Jesus, I am Thine; save me!" And so he died a martyr to the truth in Jesus.

The Victory of God's Word.

On the island of Tahiti, where Missionary Williams labored with great zeal, God's Word gained a great victory. The natives loved the Word more and more. They read it with great delight in their own language.



Dr. MARTIN LUTHER.

When, in the year 1844, the French waged war on the island, the Protestant missions had to suffer a great deal. The Catholic French local government tried to drive away the Protestant missionaries. Catholic priests were brought to the island, who were to deprive the natives of God's Word. But they did not succeed. God's Word was deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, and they cared not for the fables and lies of popery.

In a conversation with the natives a Catholic

priest said that the Romish Church is the only true church, and in order to illustrate this, he pointed to a large tree with root, trunk, branches, and twigs. He tried to explain the meaning of these different parts of the tree. "At the root," he said, "stands a lamb; that is Jesus, the Lamb of God. The tree itself signifies the Catholic church; at the trunk, next to Christ, stands Peter, the first bishop of Rome."

"Yes!" said the natives, "we know who Peter is; we have two epistles from him in our New Testament; it was he who denied Jesus and upon whom Jesus looked in pity. By that look Peter's heart was softened, and he was forgiven. But," continued the natives, "who are all those on the trunk of the tree above Peter?"

"Oh," said the priest, "those are the popes, the successors of Peter."

"Of these we know nothing," said the natives, "but that does not matter; for we have the root, the Lamb of God. But what do those straight branches signify which grow out of the tree?"

"Those are the various priests, and bishops, and monks," said the priest.

"Of these also we know nothing," was the reply; "we have the root, and we can very well do without the rest. But tell us what do those dry twigs signify?"

"Those are the heretics that are to be burned," said the priest.

"But tell us, where are we?" asked the natives.

"You? You are there," said the priest pointing to the dry twigs. "And there," he went on, "that big dry twig is your Luther, and next to him are your missionaries; you shall all be burned; for you are heretics."

"We well understand the picture of the tree and your explanation," said the natives; "but the main thing of the tree we have; namely, the root, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and in this we will continue, for in our Testament it is written: 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.' This was said by the Savior, the root. He also says: 'He that abideth in me, and I in Him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered.'"

Filled with wrath and rage, the priest cursed the evangelical missionaries for having given the Bible to the people. But the missionaries thanked and praised God for the precious fruit which His Word bore among the natives of Tahiti. God's Word won the victory. The people continued in Christ's Word, and though the Romish priests labored on the island for more than sixteen years, they gained not a single member for their sect.

These faithful natives of Tahiti put to shame many church members in Christian lands.

Why She Became a Lutheran.

Veit Winsheim, a professor in the university of Wittenberg, had an aged mother living in France devoted to, and zealous in, the Romish faith. Though often urged by her son to give up her errors and accept the true faith of God's Word, as taught by the Lutheran Church, she persistently refused to do so.

After an absence of some years, the son came home on a visit to his mother. He learned that she had embraced the Lutheran faith with all her heart. Anxious to know what had produced such a change in her convictions, he upon inquiry learned that his mother had been much around the sick and the dying, and had observed that those who died in the Romish faith were restless, without peace, and troubled with doubts, while those of the Lutheran faith, resting alone in the saving merits and pardoning mercy of Jesus Christ, had calmly fallen asleep in peace and in the full assurance of salvation. "This," she said, "convinced me that the words of St. Paul are true: 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Rom. 5, 1.) This induced me to embrace the Lutheran faith, and I thank God for this great grace."

"All Glory Be to God on High."

The Lutheran inhabitants of Austria had to suffer much tribulation up to 1781, the Romish priests persecuting and torturing them as though they were heathen. But in the year named, the Emperor Joseph II granted them religious liberty. They were permitted to build chapels, and everywhere the hymn resounded: "All Glory be to God on High." Upon a Sunday, toward the close of that year, the church newly built, on the shores of

the Lake of Hallstadt, was dedicated. The people gathered from every quarter. Joyful songs re-echoed from the skiffs that studded the lake. One of the pastors present began the hymn "All glory be to God on High." It was transmitted from vessel to vessel, until the whole congregation floating on the lake were singing the hymn of praise.

"Can't God Count?"

This was a question a tiny little girl asked her brother. It occurred in this way. This little girl and her brother were carrying a basket of cakes to their old grandmother. They were curious to see what was in the basket, and so they carefully raised the cover and looked in. They saw the tempting cakes, and their mouths watered to taste them. After counting them over several times, they almost made up their minds they might eat just one of them. "Nobody would know it, and it would taste so good."

While they were gazing at the cakes, and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up in her brother's face and asked the question, "Can't God count?" This settled the matter. The lid was shut down, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.

Assurance of Faith.

Duke John George of Mecklenburg, when on his dying bed in the year 1675, spoke many edifying words. After having received the Lord's Supper for the strengthening of his faith, he said to his pastor: "When still a boy, I learned my Catechism. I have not yet forgotten it, especially not Luther's words: 'Where there is forgiveness of sins, there is also life and salvation.' I now have received forgiveness of sins, therefore I have also life and salvation, and I shall die a blessed death."

What the Priest Could Not Burn.

A boy of Romish parents, who attended a Protestant school, had committed to memory several chapters of the Bible. When a Romish priest had taken his New Testament from him and had thrown it into the fire, the boy was able to say: "Thank God, I have learned seven chapters of St. Matthew which he could not burn."

Morning Hymn for a Little Child.

O God! I see the morning light,
And Thou hast kept me through the night!
I thank Thee for Thy love and care,
And beg Thee hear my morning prayer.

Keep me, O God! again to-day,
And take my naughty heart away;
O make me gentle, good, and mild—
Just like the Savior when a child!

And when to-night I fall asleep,
O come again the watch to keep!
So let my life all pass away,
With God my Keeper night and day.

"None Other Name."

A German statesman, lying on his deathbed, sent for a Christian pastor, well known to him, and said: "I am very ill, my friend, and believe death is not far off. I should like you to converse with me on the subject of religion, but to spare you useless trouble, let me say at once that I do not wish to hear anything about Jesus Christ."

"Be it so," replied the minister; "there are other religious topics on which we may converse. To begin, then, shall I speak to you of the character of God?"

"Certainly; for I have always held the Supreme being in the highest veneration."

So Pastor A—discoursed of God's love, and this with so much eloquence that when he rose to leave the Count pressed his hand, and charged him to repeat his visit very shortly. And when next he came he received a cordial welcome.

"What shall be our subject of conversation to-day?" asked the sick man.

The servant of God spoke of the divine wisdom and omnipotence; his hearer pronounced these truths beautiful and sublime, but was in no other way impressed by them.

On a third visit the pastor dwelt on the holiness of God, demonstrating that a being so spotlessly pure cannot enter into union with any less holy than Himself. The fourth interview was devoted to the contemplation of God's inflexible justice; and at last the sword of the Spirit had found a joint in the armor.

"Stay, I implore you!" cried the nobleman. "Such thoughts are overwhelming. If the Almighty be indeed holy and just, as you depict Him, I am lost."

The pastor made no reply, but left him, and earnestly prayed for a deepening of the spiritual impression which at length his dying friend appeared to have received.

After several days' interval there came an urgent message, entreating him to visit the count immediately.

"Oh, Pastor A—," cried the latter, "why have you so long delayed returning to me? My mind is a chaos of doubts and fear. It is as if I were in hell, or hell in me. In God's name, tell me something which may restore the calm of which you have robbed me. Either modify the harshness of your doctrine, or give me some comfort and encouragement."

The pastor replied: "I can retract nothing I have said to you of the greatness and justice and holiness of God, and the impossibility of fellowship between such a God and sin-stained, rebellious humanity. Grand and consoling truths I could indeed impart to you; but in view of the restriction you have imposed on me, I can but leave you now, for time and eternity, in the hands of God. Though my heart bleeds for you, I am powerless to give you help, not daring to present to you the only means of deliverance."

"Nay, speak not thus!" exclaimed the dying man, in a tone of anxiety. "Tell me, I entreat, if there is any way of salvation still open to me."

"I know of one, and only one; but you cannot hear it without my speaking to you of Jesus Christ."

"Speak to me as you will; only show me a door of escape from the misery I now am suffering."

And then for the first time the pastor brought forth his New Testament and read therein the blessed words which assure the sinner of pardon and peace through Him who came to seek and save the lost; through Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, whose grace is freely offered to every sinner.

It was good seed falling into well-prepared ground. Quickly that world-worn, conscience-stricken soul found rest in Him who calls "not the righteous but sinners," and he passed away, giving thanks with his latest breath for the free grace of God in Christ Jesus, with childlike confidence commending his spirit into the hands of his Father in heaven.— *Word and Work.*

"THE birds are winged arguments for God's Providence."

The Master's Call.

Up and be doing! the time is brief,
 And life is frail as the autumn leaf.
 The harvest is white, and the field is wide,
 And thou at thine ease may'st not abide.
 The Master has given His pledge divine:
 Who winneth souls as the stars shall shine.

Meeting of Immanuel Conference.

Immanuel Lutheran Conference met in Salisbury, N. C., August 19. On Thursday, the pastors and teachers had their private conference. In this conference such matters were discussed as will serve for the spiritual edification of our congregations. A very practical paper was read by M. N. Carter, of Concord, N. C. The subject was: "How to Eradicate the Unionistic Tendencies of Our People." The essayist brought out some very good and strong points, and the paper was discussed fully by the brethren of the conference. A constitution for our colored Lutheran churches of the South was also read and adopted. On Thursday night a good and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. S. J. Alston, of Mount Pleasant, N. C.

Friday morning, at 10 o'clock, the public sessions of conference began. Rev. W. H. Lash extended a cordial welcome to all the pastors, delegates, and visiting friends. Rev. Prof. J. Ph. Schmidt responded. The entire morning session was utilized for the transaction of business relative to the conference. Friday evening a paper on "Unionism" was read by Rev. John McDavid, of Charlotte. He proved in the first place that all Christians, of whatever denomination, were invisibly united inasmuch as they all have the same faith in Christ Jesus, the spiritual Head of the Church. The essayist stated what kind of faith makes one a member of that spiritual union. First of all were stated the different kinds of faith that do not make one a member of that body, *viz.*, the faith of the Universalists, the Roman Catholics, head faith, in short, any faith that is not based on Christ Jesus. Only faith in Jesus, the Savior, makes one a member of this invisible union. In his second thesis the essayist proved that it is the will of God that there should be only one true visible Church here upon earth. It is the duty of every Christian to find out which is the true visible Church, and, having found it, he should connect himself with it. It also was stated by the essayist that the true visible Church is that which teaches the whole counsel of God

according to the Scriptures. The essayist showed in the third place that since there are many who out of ignorance do not remain in the Word of God, but are led away by false teachers and false churches and thereby leave the true visible Church, it is our duty to shun them, not associate with them, not to go to their churches nor take part in their false services. It was stated that the Lutheran Church has never caused dissension and strife in the Church. We as Lutherans would gladly see the churches unite. We believe in union, but union based solely and alone upon the Word of God. If any union is brought about, therefore, the false churches must come to us and not we to them; they must give up their false doctrines and accept the doctrines of our church, which are the doctrines of Scripture. This paper is one of vital importance, and all the pastors and delegates took a lively interest in discussing it.

Friday night a sermon was preached by the undersigned on Deut. 32, 11. 12.

Saturday morning the pastors and delegates spoke of plans whereby we can improve the financial condition of our congregations. We must do more in the future towards contributing to the cause of Christ than we have done in the past. And this we should do because it is our duty as Christians, and because God has given us such a great gift, His own Son, to suffer and die for us.

Saturday night an entertainment was given in honor of the brethren of the conference and the visiting friends, at the residence of Rev. Lash.

Sunday morning a sermon was preached by Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt on Luke 18, 9—14. He took for his theme: "How Should We Come into the Presence of God?" 1. Not as the Pharisee, but 2. as the Publican. Sunday afternoon a soul-stirring sermon was preached by Rev. Prof. N. J. Bakke on Rev. 2, 4. 5. His theme was: "The Charge of Jesus, Thou Hast Lost Thy First Love." The speaker pointed out in the first place what that first love is, and how it declines. Secondly, he showed how this love can be restored. Sunday night, before a large, intelligent audience, Rev. Prof. Lochner preached a good sermon on prayer, basing his remarks on Luke 11, 1—13. After the sermon Sunday night Rev. John McDavid thanked the members of the congregation and the kind friends of Salisbury for so highly entertaining the conference and for treating us all so hospitably. Rev. W. H. Lash responded very eloquently. All these services were well attended, and many were greatly benefited by the instructions given.

Many of the delegates and friends returned home with the burning zeal within their bosoms to do more for the Lord and for the spreading of His kingdom than they have done in the past. May the God of all grace bless Immanuel Conference, bless the individual members of the conference, bless their congregations! And may greater work be done in our dear old Lutheran Church for the salvation of many souls and to the glory of our God!

CHARLEY PEAY.

Spain and the Lutheran Pilgrims.

In the early sixties of the sixteenth century, seven hundred Huguenots, exiled from France, landed on the coast of Florida, and, like the Pilgrim Fathers who came later, sought to make the new country their permanent home. Word concerning their movements came to the Spanish court and an expedition was fitted out under the infamous Menendez to make a crusade against them. Priest and monk preached a "holy war," and the ports were crowded with adventurers to enroll themselves for the plunder and massacre of the "heretics."

The Spanish reached Florida in the autumn of 1565, and immediately began the persecution of all the French colonies, who professed themselves Lutherans. By deception and treachery they decoyed party after party into ambush, or under promise of safety led them into places where they were cut to pieces by the maddened bigots. One company of 140 were slain in and around their fort, their bodies mangled and their eyes torn out.

Several hundred others, upon confessing that they were Lutherans, had their hands tied, were led out, in companies of ten, and chopped to pieces by the Spanish soldiery. Others, after being subjected to the most horrible indignities, were hanged to trees, and the ferocious Menendez placed over them the inscription: "I do this not as to Frenchmen but as to Lutherans." Thus fifty-five years before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth seven hundred Lutherans baptized the soil of America with their blood.

The Difference.

Under this heading *The Watchword* says: "The difference between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism has an illuminating exhibit in the Island of Guam. For three hundred years that island was governed by Catholic Spain, and nothing was done

to provide its natives with either a secular or religious education, except to make them 'workable' subjects of the church; and for that end the more ignorant they were the better. It was captured by the United States cruiser *Charleston*, June 21, 1898, and was formally ceded to our government by Spain in the Treaty of Paris, December 10 of the same year. Where Old Glory floats, there is religious liberty. Protestantism's opportunity came. The Rev. Francis M. Fitch, a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, entered the island. The language of the natives of Guam was the Chamorro. Hitherto it was only vocal. Mr. Fitch learned it, reduced it to writing, made a grammar and dictionary of it, and thus made translations into it possible. As a result the American Bible Society now prints the Chamorro Bible. Protestantism makes Bibles, does not destroy them."

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., \$6.48; Grace, Concord, N. C., 15.00; St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.50; Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50; Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 1.50; St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50; Mount Calvary, Mount Pleasant, N. C., 3.00; Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00; Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 30.00. Total: \$103.48.

St. Louis, Mo., September 17, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St.
Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISONOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., NOVEMBER, 1909.

No. 11.

Your Mission.

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here I am; send me, send me!"?

If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Christ demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here I am; send me, send me!"

Selected.

A Faithful Witness.

A gentleman of wealth and of high social position, living in the suburbs of London, was suddenly stricken down by a dangerous illness. Through

the long night his faithful wife sat by the bedside, offering many a silent prayer for the soul of her dear husband. Her pastor, who relates this story, says that she had often begged her husband in vain to attend church with her. During his sickness she wished the pastor to be called for, but her husband would not consent. One morning she again ventured the request that the pastor be called. "No," her husband replied, "send for our coachman."

Not knowing what to think of the strange command, she did as directed, and soon the humble servant stood respectfully at the foot of the bed.

"John," said the master, "three weeks ago I heard you speak to some poor people. You did not see me, but I stood near by and listened to every word you said. You told them that on account of what Jesus Christ did on the cross, every sinner may be saved just now, and just as he is, and that he, by the sure Word of God, may know he is saved. I have sent for you that you may prove to me out of the Bible the truth of what you said."

This was a delightful service to the grateful coachman, who at once began to read from the Bible: "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5, 8. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," John 3, 36. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," 1 Pet. 2, 24. "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1, 7. "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.

Many similar passages did the happy servant read from his Bible, for he was "deeply read in the oracles of God." He showed clearly that we are saved, not by doing, but by believing, and that by believing in the work of Christ alone, without the addition of feelings or anything else, we have a present and certain salvation, of which we are assured by the infallible Word of God. The Gospel which he brought to his sick master proved a power of God unto salvation. It brought comfort and assurance to his heart, and soon master and servant rejoiced together in the common salvation.

Thus the poor, humble coachman proved a faithful witness for Christ, and by his testimony became the instrument in God's hand to bring the soul of his master into the way of life.

Every Christian should be a faithful witness. Having found salvation in Jesus, he should be diligent in bringing to others the message of Him who is the sinner's only hope. Jesus is still saying to every one whom He has delivered from the power of the devil, "Tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Every child of God is a witness of the heavenly Father's love. Every believer in Jesus can bear testimony to the grace which brought him comfort and peace. He who has heard and accepted the Gospel call to salvation will consider it his duty and his privilege to bring that Gospel to others. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come! And let him that heareth say, Come!" Rev. 22, 17.

There Is a God.

All nature tells us that there is a God who has made and ordered everything so wisely. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," Ps. 19, 1. "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches," Ps. 104, 24.

He, therefore, that studies the mysteries and wonders of nature must behold behind them all an all-wise God, who has made and who governs all things.

There has been no greater practical scientist in these latter days than Thomas A. Edison, who has been called the "Wizard of Menlo Park" for the wonderful things he has done with electricity. He is reported as saying recently, after many years of study and work: "No person can be brought into close contact with the mysteries of nature, or make

a study of chemistry, or of the laws of growth, without being convinced that behind it all there is a Supreme Intelligence."

Yes, it is only the fool that says, "There is no God." (Ps. 14, 1.) The infidel, who boastfully asserts his disbelief in the existence of God, and the modern agnostic, or know-nothing, who says, "There may be a God, but we do not know whether there is or not,"—they are both fools, and as fools they "despise wisdom and instruction," Prov. 1, 7, no matter how wise they think themselves in their self-conceit.

Such a self-conceited infidel one day laid open his folly by arguing against the Christian religion. Among other things he boastfully said he did not believe there is a God.

An old preacher, standing near by and listening to the infidel's harangue, at last said, "Yes, yes; I've read all about you, sir, a good many times."

"Where, please?" the infidel asked in delighted surprise, thinking himself a celebrated man mentioned in the writings of others. But he looked rather surprised when the old preacher replied:

"In the Bible, sir, which you despise. It says: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'"

God's Word.

If a man wishes to become wise, says Luther, he must fear God, he must fear the Word as *God's Word*. For this is the chief reason why many people hear the Word of God (which is nothing but God's wisdom), and yet do not learn anything from it, namely, that they regard it as a *word*, but not as *God's Word*. They think they understand it as soon as they have heard it; but if they had respect of it as the Word of God, they would certainly think thus: Very well, God is wiser than you are; He will also speak greater things.

Submission to God's Will.

"Are you sanguine of the result of the war?" asked Bishop Wilmer of General Lee in the closing days of the Civil War.

The Christian soldier's reply was: "At present I am not concerned with results. God's will ought to be our aim, and I am quite contented that His designs should be accomplished and not mine."

For Thanksgiving Day.

We plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love!

From the German of Matthias Claudius.

A Lesson on Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Day was near. But Farmer Brown did not feel like observing that day. Others, he thought, might have reason for thanksgiving, but with him matters had not been going to his liking. His wheat fields had produced but half a crop. His fruit trees had been robbed by insects and worms. Sickness had killed many of his hogs and cattle. So Farmer Brown was in a bad humor. He was almost provoked on seeing the President's proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, and when his pastor announced the usual service on that day, he made up his mind that he, for one, would not attend.

Two days before Thanksgiving two of his brother's children, Maud and Walter, came from

the city for a visit. The young people had seen but little of country life and were delighted at the new scenes. They had come from a humble home and were not used to the abundance found at their uncle's. They compared their uncle's garner of wheat with their little flour bin, his smoke-house full of meat with their almost empty cellar. His barn full of hay and horses and cattle and their aunt's stacks of quilts and comforters and shelves full of canned fruits, preserves, jellies, and jams made them think of the scarcity in their home, and they felt that their uncle and aunt were surely highly favored people. Maud, indeed, was surprised to hear her uncle complaining and declaring that he was not going to the Thanksgiving service this year.

On the evening before Thanksgiving, Farmer Brown was unusually talkative, and took time to converse with his niece and nephew. He asked many questions about their father, his only brother. Maud described their humble home, told of their mother's long sickness, of their father's small wages and heavy expenses, and of their constant struggle to make ends meet. She also told of their church and their father's interest in the good work, and how regularly they attended services.

As Farmer Brown listened, he was deeply moved. Indeed, he was ashamed of himself. He had learned a lesson on thanksgiving. For many an hour that night he lay awake, counting the many mercies of God for which he ought to be thankful. The next morning his wife was gladly surprised to see her husband changed and in a better humor than he had been for six months.

At nine o'clock the team stood at the gate, and everybody was asked to go along to church. When the preacher spoke of how much every one had to be thankful for, Farmer Brown said Amen in his heart and could scarcely keep from saying it out aloud. And when, on the next day, Maud and Walter started for home, they took an expression of their uncle's thanksgiving with them in the shape of useful gifts for the kinfolks in the city.

The Influence of Bad Example.

"To give children good instruction and a bad example," says an old theologian, "is but beckoning them with one hand to show them the way to heaven, while we take them by the other and lead them to hell."

Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland.

Our pictures take us to a far northern country called Greenland, the land of ice and snow, where the Eskimos live, up towards the North Pole.



Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland.

Hans Egede is called the "Apostle of Greenland" because he was the first to bring the Gospel to the heathen Eskimos in that distant land. He was the beloved pastor of a Lutheran church in a village of Norway, when he one day read in an old book about a distant land which had been discovered by Norwegians in the latter part of the tenth century. It was a land of snow hemmed in by seas and icebergs. And there was no Gospel there! This came to the village pastor as a call "from Greenland's icy mountains." He longed to bring the Gospel message to those poor people in that distant land. His wife at first used every plea to keep him at home. When, however, she plainly saw that it was God's will that her husband should go as missionary to Greenland, her heroic faith proved itself stronger than her woman's fears. "Dear husband," she said, "since the Lord calls, I will no longer hold thee, but I will say, 'Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will

lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

In the spring of 1721 the ship that was to take the missionary and his family cast anchor in the bay. Sad were those days of leave-taking. Groups of tearful men and women stood by the parsonage doors, and the pastor's wife had to encourage her husband with the words of the Savior: "Whoso loveth father or wife or children, friend or brother, more than me is not worthy of me."

When Egede stepped upon the plank of the ship, a sailor said, "May I ask whither you sail?"

"To Greenland," was the answer.

"Then, in God's name," said the sailor, "stay at home; cannibals live there. Do not give your wife and children a prey to those wild heathen."

The pastor looked sad, and his people, who loved him dearly, shouted, "Stay with us! It is God's will!" But the pastor's wife stepped boldly forward, and laying her hand on her husband's arm, said, "If God be for us, who can be against us? Do you not hear the prayers and sighs of the heathen in Greenland? You know that the need there is great. Dear husband, in the name of God, we must go!"

They did go. And for many years their faith was sorely tried by many disappointments and sufferings and privations in their new home amid the dreary snow-plains and icy mountains of that cold country; but they bore it all and patiently labored on for the good of the people whom they had come



Eskimo Family in Greenland.

to bless with the Gospel. They saw but little fruit of their hard mission work. The people at first avoided them; nor for seventeen years was there much of Christian life. "A stolid race were those

Greenlanders; content with their blubber, they cared for no paradise without it." But the faithful missionary, very often encouraged by his noble wife, toiled on and continued to sow the good seed of the Gospel, from which other missionaries were permitted afterwards to reap a rich harvest of souls for Christ.

Sometimes dreadful diseases, including small-pox, raged among the natives. The missionary and his wife would then give their time and strength to nursing the sick. Their own little home was crowded with the sufferers, and the care of the children of the sick and the dead also came upon them. Under these repeated strains the health of the missionary's wife broke, and in 1735 she was taken from the land of snow to the beauties of her heavenly home. The missionary's health also began to give way. So he left his son Paul to continue the mission work in Greenland, whilst he took the remains of his "dear Elizabeth," and bore them over the sea, and laid them to rest in the Lutheran church at Copenhagen. In this city he passed the remaining years of his life as the head of the college for training missionaries for his beloved Greenlanders. He passed to his heavenly rest in 1758, at the age of 73.

In the history of missions no name shines brighter than the name of that faithful Lutheran missionary — Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland.

"That Is My Book."

Many years ago, when Bibles were almost unknown in Mexico, a man in Chihuahua in some way obtained one. He read some of it, liked it, and asked the village priest about it. Curiously enough, the priest told him it was a good book and well worth reading, so the man gave it to his little son to read. The boy, who had few books, read it with delight, and in time came to know much of it by heart. As he had never seen another Bible, he believed his was the only one in the world. After the death of his father, when he was about twelve years old, he carried his beloved book to school one day to show it to his teacher. To his surprise and consternation, the master, throwing up his hands, cried, "Ave Maria! Boy, where did you get that wicked book? It is one of those accursed Protestant books. Give it to me at once!"

The boy begged for it in vain. The teacher said he would give the dreadful book to the priest. The

boy cried nearly all night for his lost book, and went the next morning to the priest to beg for its return. The priest told the boy the book had been burned, and that to read such books meant excommunication from the Church.

This was enough for the boy. He cared nothing for a church which would consider his precious book a bad one, and thereafter he led a most reckless life.

Some years after he drifted to El Paso, and one night accompanied a friend to some kind of a gathering, he did not know, or care, what it might be. He entered the place listlessly enough, but there, on a platform, was a man reading from a book. He listened a moment. It was his book!

Breaking away from his companion, who tried to detain him, he rushed up to the pulpit and cried: "Senor, have the kindness to give me back my book. That is my book you are reading; they took it away from me years ago, but it is mine. Please give it back to me!"

The preacher, astonished, asked him to explain. "It is mine, and I can prove it," he cried, and began repeating parts he had committed to memory years before, obviously believing that his was the only book of its kind.

The result was that they gave him another copy of his book, and it changed his whole life. He is now an honored physician, member of an evangelical church in the city of Chihuahua, and he still believes there is no other book in the world so good as his book. — *Bible Society Record*.

Why He Wanted a Christian Wife.

Some years before the Civil War a well-known judge in one of the Southern states, speaking of his younger days, said that in those days he had become skeptical, and that Mr. H——, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was a confirmed free-thinker, though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out and tried to fill his mind with his own infidel notions. "But he charged me," said the judge, "not to let his wife know that he was a free-thinker or that I was skeptical." I asked him why. To which he replied that if he were to marry a hundred times he would marry only a pious Christian woman. Again I asked why.

"Because," he said, "if she is a Christian, it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, and a better neighbor. If she is poor, it

enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous, it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die — well, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I, and if we are in error, she is thousand times better off than we can be."

I asked him if he knew of any other system attended with so many advantages. His reply was not to the point. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself, and I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully, by which I, a poor sinner, have been led to a full and living faith in the Savior.

A Missionary Tale.

The teacher of a certain mission school has a strange history, and a brief account of what happened to her in early life will, no doubt, interest you. Her parents were heathen. The mother was of a caste above that of her father, and she and her relatives would not allow any of the children born to her to live. The father quietly yielded and allowed the first babe to be killed. But when a second babe was born he wished to keep it. He tried to spare its life, but the mother's relatives succeeded in taking its life. The third babe was a fine girl. The father pleaded that it might live. But when he was away from home his wife's relatives seized it and carried it off. One of the many ways in which they put children to death in heathen lands is to dig a hole, throw in the babe, cover it with a plank or stone, and then cover it with earth. This they had done with this babe. When the father returned and was told what had been done, he hastened out, uncovered the babe, and found it still alive. He carried it to a friend some seventy-five miles distant, and here the babe was cared for, and grew up to be a fine young woman.

The father never told his wife that he had saved their daughter. Some years after he had died the widow became a Christian, and then realized what a sin she had committed by killing her babes. One day when she was lamenting about this, a distant relative told her of how one of her daughters had been taken from the grave, and was now living with the relatives who had reared her about 75 miles distant.

The mother left her home in search of her daughter. On reaching the place where the relative

lived, she saw a young lady, the very picture of herself, standing in the doorway. She knew it was her daughter, and hurried to clasp her to her bosom, exclaiming: "Rejoice with me, for this my child was dead, and is alive again." And it is this young lady who became such a help in the Christian schools of her native heathen land.

A Merited Rebuke.

At the beginning of the Civil War companies of volunteers from different states of the North gathered near Washington to be formed into the army of the Potomac. Among them was a company from Concord, Mass., under Captain Prescott. A cadet, freshly graduated from West Point, was directed by General McDowell to drill the different companies in succession. Having but slight respect for volunteers, the young man thought he would give his orders emphasis by a plentiful use of profane language.

When he came to the Concord company, Captain Prescott, who was standing by, walked across to him and said: "I must request you, sir, to give the orders in the plain terms of the military code, for my men do not like profanity. If you do otherwise, I shall order them to march off the ground, and they will obey me and not you."

The drill went on without an oath.

Two Kinds of Neighbors.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Gregory were neighbors. Mr. Gregory's cattle trespassed on Mr. Jones's property, and Mr. Jones dealt with him strictly according to law, making him pay the fines every time it occurred. But one day matters were turned around; Mr. Jones's cattle found a weak place in the fence, and trespassed on Mr. Gregory's property. When Mr. Jones sent for them, he sent also the money to pay the fine. But Mr. Gregory would not take it, saying he did not want his money, for he knew that it was only through an accident that the trespassing had occurred. Mr. Jones was struck. He declared he had never had anything touch him as that did. The action of Mr. Gregory was like the heaping of coals of fire on Jones's head. (Rom. 12, 20.)

A few days later the two neighbors shook hands for the first time in years.

A Day of Rejoicing.

For eight years our Lutheran brethren in Australia have been carrying on mission work among the native blacks on the western coast of that distant land. God has abundantly blessed the labors of the missionary, the Rev. C. Wiebusch. During the past years many have received instruction, and a congregation of native converts has been organized at the mission station, the members of which are diligent hearers of God's Word, cheerful givers for His kingdom, and fearless confessors of their Christian faith, which they adorn by a godly life. "It often happens that these blacks take their catechisms with them into the fields where they work, and during recess take them out and study them."

From a Report just received we learn that the 21st of February was especially a day of rejoicing at the mission station. On that day, in the presence of a large congregation, 28 native blacks were received into the church by holy baptism. Thirteen of these were adults who had been instructed and who, in the public examination, proved themselves well grounded in the doctrines of salvation. It was a solemn service in which, after an appropriate sermon and address, these blacks came one by one to the baptismal font, bowed their heads, and were baptized in the name of the Triune God. Among them was a poor cripple, who some years ago had been carried to the mission station by relatives to be taken care of. After the baptism of the catechumens fifteen children, under five years old, were brought to the altar for baptism. Then several girls of the congregation of natives sang the following hymn in praise of the Savior for all His mercies:

I found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him!
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him:
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His and He is mine
Forever and forever.

I found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.

I found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!
All pow'r to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now — to watch! — to work! — to war! —
And then — to rest forever.

I found a Friend, oh, such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What pow'r my soul can sever?
Shall life? — or death? — or earth? — or hell?
No! I am His forever!

Three services were held on that festival day, the evening service being a communion service, in which all the members of the congregation partook of the Lord's Supper, among them several of the newly baptized.

It was, indeed, a day of rejoicing for the mission and its friends. The hearts of all were filled with joy and gave thanks to God for all His goodness and lovingkindness. May the gracious Lord continue to bless the labors of our brethren among the blacks of Australia!

"Rock of Ages."

One summer evening two friends were going from Grand Portage, Lake Superior, to Isle Royal, twenty miles out in the lake. They started with a fair breeze, and the two boatmen assured them that they would have a short and pleasant run to the island. But when half way over, the wind failed; calm was in the air and on the lake. Evening was coming on, and the only thing to do was to take the oars, if they did not wish to spend the night on the water. But it was slow work, even for the four of them, to row that heavy sailboat. The sun went down, leaving a great glory of red and gold on lake and sky that presently faded away, and darkness came on. Far away to the northeast a light gleamed in the darkness like a star; it was the light at Thunder Bay.

The boatmen began to worry. "We are right in the track of the big boats to and from Port Arthur," they said, "and we have no lights and may be run down at any time."

Here was cause to be anxious, indeed. Presently, one of the men said,

"If we can only get inside the Rock of Ages, we'll be all right."

"Rock of Ages?" the two friends asked; "what is it and where is it?"

"It is a big rock that is so called by the people, three miles west of Washington Harbor, on the island. The big boats all keep outside of it.

The two friends were silent for a time, the only sound being the noise of the oars in the rowlocks and in the water. And then, thinking of the hymn which they had often sung, both began to sing softly:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Suddenly one of the men said, "There it is; we're all right now!" By looking closely, they could make out in the darkness, on the right, a darker spot. The boatmen said it was the rock, and that they were now safe.

"What is that verse," said one of the friends, "in Isaiah about trusting in Jehovah as the Rock of Ages?"

"Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," or, a Rock of Ages. We have had a fine illustration of this to-day. Outside that rock yonder we were in constant danger; in here, we are in perfect safety, and getting nearer the harbor every moment. So we are safe or unsafe as we trust or distrust our Rock of Ages, which is Christ, Jehovah."

BOOK TABLE.

FIFTH READER. *Standard American Series.* Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 50 cts.

This handsomely bound and well-printed volume completes the Standard American Series. Like its predecessors in the series it can be heartily recommended. The choice, instructive, well-graded reading lessons, pure in tone and spirit, give the Readers of this series their true excellence, and place them above other Readers.

PORTRAITS OF JESUS. By *William Dallmann.* American Lutheran Publication Board, Pittsburg, Pa. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

This beautiful volume of 227 pages contains 24 discourses on Jesus and our salvation in Him. It is worthy of the warmest commendation, and we hope it may be blessed to many in leading them to apprehend for their own salvation the person and work of our Savior, "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely."

AUXILIARIUM. Predigtentwuerfe aus der fuefnzigjaehrigen Amtszeit des seligen Pastor *O. Gross sen.* Zweites Heft. Price, 50 cts. Address Rev. C. Gross, Sebringville, Ont., Can., or Rev. E. Gross, Pleasant Plains, Ill.

This is the second number of sermon outlines from the late Rev. C. Gross. The first part of the booklet contains outlines for sermons on Gospel and Epistle lessons of the church year from Septuagesima Sunday to Easter Monday.

The second part contains sermon outlines for special occasions. We heartily recommend these sermon outlines, which will surely prove a valuable help to pastors in their pulpit work.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1910. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

This useful annual contains, besides the usual calendar and statistical matter, 23 pages of instructive and edifying reading matter, which will make it especially welcome in our German Lutheran homes.

UNTERSCHIEDUNGSLAHREN. By *Rev. T. J. Grosse.* Fourth enlarged and revised edition. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 40 cts.

A very useful little book, clearly setting forth the distinctions in doctrine between the true Lutheran church and the other various church bodies in our country. It will prove a helpful and trustworthy guide to all who wish to try the spirits, beware of false prophets, and prove loyal to the truths of God's Word.

Acknowledgment.

Received for *Colored Missions* from the following congregations: Grace Mission, St. Louis, Mo., \$3.00; St. Matthew, Meherrin, Va., 39.62; Mount Calvary, Mount Pleasant, N. C., 18.00; Bethlehem, Monroe, N. C., 2.50; St. James, Southern Pines, N. C., 2.50; St. Paul, New Orleans, La., 5.00; Bethlehem, New Orleans, La., 30.00; Mount Zion, New Orleans, La., 35.00; station at Napoleonville, La., 3.40; St. Paul, Charlotte, N. C., 7.50; Mount Zion, Meyersville, N. C., 2.50; Grace, Concord, N. C., 15.00; Mount Zion, Rocks, N. C., 16.77; Mount Olive, Catawba, N. C., 2.25; St. John, Salisbury, N. C., 2.25; Grace, Greensboro, N. C., 3.00. Total: \$193.57.

St. Louis, Mo., October 16, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, *Treas.*
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

St. Paul's Chapel, 1625 Annette St., near N. Claiborne St. Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.; G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Holy Trinity Church; James Doswell, Pastor.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, EDITOR.

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

Vol. XXXI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER, 1909.

No. 12.

The Lord Has Come.

Lo, God, our God, has come!
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the blessed morn,
O happy, lowly, lofty birth,
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

Rejoice! Our God has come
In love and lowliness.
The Son of God has come
The sons of men to bless.
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

Praise ye the Word made flesh!
True God, true man is He.
Praise ye the Christ of God!
To Him all glory be.
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain;
Praise ye the King that comes to reign!
Bonar.

Joy to the World.

The lesson of Christmas is joy. The first Christmas was ushered in by the angel's tidings of great joy and by the song of joy sung by the heavenly host on the plains of Bethlehem.

But the joy that Christmas teaches is not mere earthly joy, much less sinful joy. It is joy in the Lord. "Joy to the world! the Lord is come!" The coming of the Lord as the Savior to take away the sins of the world is the source of all true Christmas joy. Therefore the angel, when bringing the good tidings of great joy, said: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord." And the song of the heavenly host in the holy Christmas night was a song of joy-

ful praise to God for sending into the world a Savior, by whose birth God is glorified, peace is brought to earth and good will toward men.

True, the Child born at Bethlehem in the holy Christmas night does not appear as one from whom joy could come. He is born in great poverty and lowliness. But who is that Child? He is "true man, born of the Virgin Mary." Yes. But He is more than that. He is at the same time "true God, begotten of the Father from eternity." He it is of whom it is written: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. And the Word was made flesh," John 1. In that Child the Word was made flesh, that is, God's eternal Son became man, taking upon Himself our human nature and becoming like unto us, only without sin. The angel that made known His birth called Him "Christ, the Lord." The Child for whom there was no room in the inn, and who was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, was the Lord of heaven and earth, the Maker of all things. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh," 1 Tim. 4, 16.

And what was the purpose of this wonderful birth? The apostle says: "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." By sin man became subject to everlasting punishment, for it is written: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." There was no escape for man from this just punishment. No creature in heaven and on earth could rescue him from ever-

lasting damnation. But the merciful God pitied us in our helplessness and lost estate, and desired to save us from the everlasting woe which sin brought upon us. To do this, He must Himself bear the punishment due to sin. Therefore God's own Son became man and took man's place under the Law, fulfilling all the demands of the Law and suffering all punishment in the sinners' stead. Thus God's own Son became our Savior, redeeming us from sin and all its woe and opening again for us the entrance to our heavenly Father's house. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," says the apostle. "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior," said the angel who brought the first Christmas message to the shepherds in the holy Christmas night. No wonder these glad tidings were followed by the joyful song of the heavenly host: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

It is this coming of the Lord in the flesh for our salvation that gives Christmas all its worth and blessedness. It is this that makes Christmas so joyful to hearts that believe. In the Christ-child born at Bethlehem they behold the Redeemer of sinners, the Savior of the lost, the Helper of the helpless, the Comforter of the sorrowing. They know also that the joy which fills their hearts is meant for all. "Joy to the *world!* the Lord is come!" He has come as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the *world!*;" for in Him "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to *all* men," Tit. 2, 11. He has come as the Savior, not of a favored few, but of all sinners. Therefore the good tidings of His coming "shall be unto *all* people." "For God so loved the *world!*, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16.

How gladly should they who by faith realize and enjoy the full blessing of Christmas help in bringing the Gospel, the good tidings, to others, that they also may become partakers of the joy which has been brought to the world in the coming of the Lord for the salvation of sinners.

Trust in God.

When Luther saw the frightened birds fly away as he came near, he exclaimed: "Ah, little flutterers, do not fear me; I wish for nothing but good,

if you could only believe me. It is thus we refuse to trust in God, who, so far from doing us evil, has given us His own Son."

Shall we still dread God's displeasure,
Who to save
Freely gave
Us His dearest treasure?
To redeem us He has given
His own Son
From the throne
Of His mighty heaven.

God Is Love.

In a large Home for Feeble-minded and Epileptics, a teacher sang with her class of epileptic boys before the opening of the children's service: "God is love, He did redeem me; God is love, He loves me too."

Among these poor boys was one who seemed to be more stupid than the others and who gave the teachers and nurses much trouble, as he did not seem to understand human speech and always stared with a glassy look when spoken to. He also sang the hymn of God's love together with the others. All at once he rose, went to the teacher, and said: "Me too? God loves me too?" The teacher assured him: "Yes, God loves you too." His look then changed, his eye beamed with joy, and now he sang louder and more heartily: "God is love, He loves me too."

The singing had ended. The children's service was over; but the boy's joy continued, and again and again he sang: "He loves me too!" Towards evening the pastor of the Home came into the room where the boy was. The boy at once went to him and said: "Is that true, me too?" And when the pastor asked, "What, my child?" the boy repeated his question, "Is that true, God loves me too?"

The pastor took him in his arms and said, "Yes, the Savior loves you too." The boy was satisfied.

We also may, in days of joy and in days of sorrow, say trustingly: "God is love; He loves me too." And when doubt tries to creep into our hearts, we may think of the manger in Bethlehem where we have the assurance of God's love in God's own Son who came into our misery to save us from sin and all its woe. Above the manger of Bethlehem we find it written in flaming letters: "God is love!" And the Christmas bells ring it out to

the world and ring it into our hearts: "God is love! He loves me too!"

What better assurance of His love could God have given than the sending of His own beloved Son into the world to lay down His life for us miserable, wretched sinners? "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him," 1 John 4, 9.

A Christmas Festival Near the North Pole.

It was the day before Christmas, some years ago, when a ship lay ice-bound in the Arctic Ocean. It had been sent out in search for some traces of Franklin, the Arctic explorer. But it was held fast between the ice for so long a time that most of the crew became discouraged. Provisions were nearly all gone, one sailor after the other had died, famine and cold threatened to bring death to them all; even the bravest were losing heart. With the crew was the son of a German missionary on Labrador, whom the captain, on his voyage toward the North Pole, had rescued from a wrecked vessel as the only survivor. He was always cheerful and was the favorite of all. Even now he looked into the dark future with a childlike trust.

On that day before Christmas, the young man said to one of the ship's officers, who had also become downhearted, "To-morrow is Christmas, and this evening is Christmas Eve. We must celebrate."

"But where shall we get a tree?" said the officer in a sad, doubtful voice.

"Be patient! You shall see," was the reply.

The young man then went to the captain of the ship and said, "You know that melancholy has seized the crew. We must do something to cheer them up."

"You? I?" said the captain.

"No; God!" said the young man.

"Poor boy," said the captain, "God is forsaking us."

"But He will come back. You must trust Him," was the young man's reply.

He then laid before the captain his plan for a Christmas celebration. But the captain shook his head. "A Christmas tree?" he said; "child's play!" but after thinking over the matter a little while, continued, "Well, the Christmas tree speaks its own language and calls to mind the happy days

of childhood. God bless you, my boy! Get everything ready. I will be with you and speak on the meaning of the Christmas festival."

All approved of the plan. Only the doctor said in his cold, dry way, "Yes, the Christmas tree is an old German custom. It may be very nice. But what good will it do us?"

At the appointed hour on Christmas Eve, the officers and the crew entered the rear cabin. There stood the Christmas tree. I was not really a tree. How could such be found in that icy desert of the North? But it looked like a tree. To a stick was tied some dry grass, or broom, like twigs; a little moss was the green ornament; gifts from the captain for his men hung there as fruits; at the top of the tree shone the ship's lantern bright like a star.

The captain entered and spoke to his men as follows: —

"My dear friends, God still lives. The thought that His love is at an end comes from our unbelief. It is we that have forgotten to trust, to love, to hope. But He who came in the holy Christmas night to suffer and die for our sins cannot forget us. Of Him we must not believe that He has forsaken us. Friends, when mist and fog hide the polar star, we still know that the star is not extinguished. In the sky of the Christian there is also a polar star. When misfortune hides it like a mist, our faith pierces through. Therefore, take heart! Look aloft! Lift up your hearts! What God's purpose is with us I do not know. But this I do know: we are in the hands of a loving Father, and in all our distress and need we have a Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Under His banner, the banner of the cross, we are safe. Under that banner our fatherland is everywhere, joy is everywhere, God is everywhere!"

He then shook hands with each of his men, and they were happy to press the hand of their dear, brave captain. Even those who had shaken their heads at the idea of celebrating Christmas in the icy field near the North Pole stepped up to the captain and thanked him for his words of cheer and comfort. The Christmas festival had given back to all peace and trust in God. And their trust was not in vain. Deliverance came at last. They all got back to their country and saw their homes and loved ones again.

May the Christmas festival with its glad tidings and sweet hymns, may the Christ-child with His blessed gifts awaken in our hearts new faith and love, and give us all new courage, new hope!



The Christ-Child.

Behold, He comes in manner mild,
 For unto us is born a Child,
 Yet Son of God is He;
 For unto us a Son is given
 Who comes with all the might of heaven,
 The Savior, Christ, to be.

An Indian Boy's Christmas Day.

His Indian name was Wa-se-wa, but at school, a few miles from his home, he was given the name Thomas. He proved a bright and well-behaving scholar, gaining the love of his teachers.

The day before Christmas, Thomas came to the superintendent or director of the school, who, looking up from his work, said, "Good morning, Thomas; what can I do for you?"

"Good morning," said Thomas, "I wish to visit my mother to-morrow and spend Christmas day with her over on the reservation."

"Is your mother sick?" asked the director; "why do you wish to go over to the reservation? You know I do not like to have my boys visit

there. The Indians will be gambling and some drinking, and I am sure you would not like to go among them. Tell me why you wish to see your mother, and maybe I can help you out."

"My mother," said Thomas, "does not know what Christmas is. She does not know that it is the day that God gave His Son to the world as a Savior, and that when Christmas comes we try to do something to make others happy by giving presents to them. I have saved the money I have earned by working for the teachers, and have bought things that I wish to give to my mother, and then I will tell her about Christmas."

The director was impressed with the words of the boy and the love for his mother. After thinking over the matter a few minutes, he said, "Well, Thomas, I am glad that you have remembered your mother, and to-morrow morning I will send my team after her and she will remain with you for two days."

Christmas morning Thomas was looking eagerly in the direction from which the team would come that was to bring his mother. He soon saw it in the distance. It came nearer and nearer and at last stopped at the front gate. An Indian woman was helped from the buggy. With a small bundle in one hand and a staff in the other, she went forward to meet her son. She was old and feeble, her sight was becoming dim, and as she came nearer her boy, she hardly recognized the trim, neatly dressed boy who three years before had left home for school. But Thomas knew his mother, and as he spoke to her in the half-forgotten Indian language, she, too, knew her boy.

That Christmas Day was a day of joy for Thomas and his mother. When he had given her the few presents which he had bought with his hard-earned money, and had told her the Christmas story of the Savior's birth, the eyes of the mother filled with tears as she said, "My son, I am glad that you have called me here. Call others and tell them the Christmas story, and it will make them as happy as you have made your mother."

Such was the Indian boy's Christmas Day. It was a day of blessing, both to him and to his mother.

Napoleonville, La.

Through the kindness of dear Christian friends in Nebraska, who contributed so liberally toward our bell-fund, we were able to dedicate our bell on

Sunday, October 31, with beautiful and impressive ceremonies. A large congregation, consisting chiefly of schoolchildren, assembled to take part in the service, to thank and praise God for the many blessings bestowed. Under the leadership of Teacher Eberhard, the schoolchildren rendered two fitting selections: "Now thank we all our God," and "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation." It is needless to state that this singing on the part of our children added very much to the beauty and impressiveness of the service. Our colored scholars in general sing up to the Lutheran standard, but on this occasion they fairly outdid themselves. No Christian with a heart for our

Our bell-dedication having taken place on the 31st of October, we were obliged to postpone our Reformation day services to the following Sunday. Although no special program was arranged for this service, we were permitted to celebrate the joyous festival in a most interesting and uplifting manner. In both services, afternoon and evening, the missionary lectured on "The Life and Chief Work of Dr. Martin Luther," the man chosen by God to cleanse the Church from the many gross errors, corruption, and malpractices that had crept into it, and again hold up the Word of God, especially the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to the misled people as the sole authority in matters spiritual and the only way



Pupils of Our Colored Lutheran School at Napoleonville, La.

Rev. Ed. Schmidt to the left, Teacher F. W. Eberhard to the right of the picture.

mission work could listen to such singing without rejoicing and inwardly most heartily joining them in their songs of thanks and praise to their Lord and Savior. Surely, there was rejoicing and singing above also.

Basing his arguments on the words of Numb. 10, 1—10, the missionary endeavored to instruct his congregation as to "The Meaning of Church-Bells." Most devout attention was manifested throughout the discourse.

The mission herewith wishes to heartily thank its distant benefactors for their kindness in presenting a bell to us, and trusts that God will reward each and every one a hundredfold.

May the bell be instrumental in regularly calling many to worship, and thus help build the kingdom of God in our midst.

to life. He closed with an earnest appeal to his hearers to appreciate this most important fact, to thank God for having sent Luther and for the privilege we enjoy in still having the Gospel preached and taught among us in its purity and simplicity.

Our church and school building, which was quite severely damaged by a storm some time ago, is again in good condition, and our work is once more taking its usual course. May the Lord bless us and our labors according to His pleasure!

Ed. S.

Christmas Festival in East Africa.

A Lutheran missionary laboring among the Wakambas in East Africa writes in regard to the Christmas festival:

The day came nearer and nearer which is called by our Wakamba children "the great day of the birth of Jesus Christ." When this great day dawned, I went with the boys to the bush to get a Christmas tree. That was not an easy matter. We felled three, but they were too large to be carried by the boys. At last we found near the station a nice little tree, which the boys carried home, singing all the way.

We decorated the tree in the chapel with many candles, paper roses, and silver tinsel, and, what pleased the dusky boys most, with ornaments made of sugar by my good wife. Everything was ready when the sun set behind the mountains. As soon as the candles were lighted, the boarding school children entered, singing merrily in their native language: "O thou blessed, O thou joyful, mercy-bringing Christmas-time!" I then spoke to them of the heavenly Father's great gift of love to men and of the glad tidings brought by the angels. Then they sang again in their native language: "Silent night, holy night." Friends had sent a large Christmas box which contained many gifts for our children: small looking-glasses, paper, penholders, lead pencils, slate pencils, slates, thimbles, spools of thread, combs, brushes, pocket-knives, dresses, and other things. My good wife had baked a loaf of sweetened bread for every one. Underneath the gifts were lying the Sunday clothes made in Wakamba fashion, with many colored stripes. Our native helper distributed a load of dates and another one of rice. On the following day each child got a measure of salt, an article highly prized in East Africa.

You ought to have seen the boys carry all their treasures to the boarding house, where they stored them. When all was quiet again, we sang another Christmas hymn and offered prayer.

On Second Christmas Day the children of the three outstation schools came in. I catechized them on the Christmas story. My heart was glad when I heard them answer so well. Each child got a dress, two measures of salt, and a handful of dates. Some thought that they were rewarded for their industry in school. They were told the gifts were not rewards for their good reading, but a reminder of God's great gift to us—the gift of His own Son to be our Savior.

THIS only is a true, strong faith when the heart believes what it cannot see nor comprehend, resting on the Word alone.—*Luther.*

Christ Is Come.

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!

Christ is come to be my Friend,
Leading, loving to the end;
Christ is come to be my King,
Ordering, ruling everything.
Christ is come! enough for me,
Lonely though my pathway be.

Colored Lutheran Mission in St. Louis.

Some time ago the readers of the LUTHERAN PIONEER no doubt observed an article on the new lease of life taken by the Lutheran Grace Colored Mission of St. Louis, Mo. It was shown that a new start was attempted to revive the interest of the colored people with regard to the spreading of the Gospel message according to the Lutheran acceptance of this doctrine. Since that time, we are glad to report, the work has been progressing quite satisfactorily. A new location for our mission has been secured, a more centrally located place, so that we are now conducting this mission right in the heart of the colored population. On Morgan Street, between 14th and 15th, on the south side of the street, the passer-by will observe on the first floor of a store-room painted on the show window a large sign telling of the regular services held there every Sunday morning and evening, besides special meetings every Wednesday evening; also advertising a religious day school conducted by Rev. Jas. H. Doswell. This school was opened in the month of September. Half a dozen children composed the total enrollment, whereas to-day the school numbers 40 pupils, who rejoice with thanks that they are permitted to attend a religious day school, and who exhibit their appreciation by a careful study of the branches taught them by their ambitious teacher and pastor. The services are being attended by 15 to 20 adults, regular church-goers, who are sincerely grateful to be privileged to attend a Lutheran church, where they can learn of the will of God and their duty toward Him in such an exact and plain manner as they have not heard it before. The pastor, besides attending to his arduous duties in the school, spends much of his time in visiting people that might become interested in this new

mission and thus be won for the Church of their God and Savior. In view of this progress we have every reason to thank God for having thus far prospered this work among the colored people of this large city. May the good Lord continue to bless the pastor and his flock and bring many erring souls into the fold of the blessed Shepherd, Christ Jesus, to the glory of His great name! W. H.

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NOTES.

CLOSE OF VOLUME.—Another volume of our paper is brought to a close with this number, and the next issue will begin a new volume. We hope that the friends of our little monthly will use this favorable time to win new subscribers. The increased circulation of our mission papers will be a help to our work, as all profits from the same go into the mission treasury. We would kindly remind all subscribers also of the fact that according to the new rules of the Post Office Department all subscriptions should be paid in advance, lest the publisher be obliged to pay extra postage.

HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL AT CONOVER.—On the fourth Sunday in October the colored Lutheran congregation at Conover celebrated Harvest Home Festival in its neat little chapel. The *Conover Tribune* reports thus: "At Bethel Colored Lutheran Church last Sunday Rev. John Alston, of Mount Pleasant, preached twice, Rev. G. Luecke once, and Rev. J. S. Koiner spoke at night. These services were all well attended by our colored people, and they devoutly heard the Word of Life. Rev. W. H. Lash, of Salisbury, was present, directing the harvest home services."

NEW LABORERS.—During the last few months several new laborers have entered our colored mission field. In New Orleans the Rev. Albert Witt has been installed as pastor of St. Paul's Congregation, whilst Teacher M. L. Palm has taken charge of the school of Bethlehem Church. In North Carolina the Rev. H. Messerli has been installed as pastor of the congregation at Concord, the Rev. John Alston was called to Mount Pleasant, the Rev. F. Ford to Gold Hill, and the Rev. Chas. Peay to Monroe. The last three are graduates of our Immanuel College at Greensboro. In Virginia, we are told, Prof. J. Koiner, of Conover, will take charge of the mission station at Meherrin. May God richly bless

the labors of His servants, and as the work increases may He also move the hearts of our Christians to increase the gifts for our mission work. The treasury is in need of larger contributions, and the work is worthy of the most liberal support. It is the Lord's work.

CHEERFUL GIVERS.—Says *The Mission Field*: "The Christians in the diocese of Madras, which covers a large section of South India, contributed last year 19,789 rupees. This represents practically two shillings for every man, woman, and child. Does not this statement put to shame many professing Christians at home, whose contribution toward the establishment of the kingdom of Christ outside their own country consists of an odd copper which they give with reluctance? Many of the Christians in South India live on the verge of starvation for a good part of each year, yet they value the faith of Christ so highly that they are willing to endure real self-denial in order to extend its knowledge."

A LIBERAL OFFERING.—A New York paper reports that at the recent meeting of the Christian and Missionary Alliance the contributions for missions among the heathen amounted to \$63,749. And this large sum was not contributed by rich people only. In that sum were many liberal offerings of the poor. We are told that a woman who supports a family of some size by washings came down the aisle with her contribution, which consisted not of one dollar, nor of five dollars, but of fifteen dollars. Fifteen dollars of the money that she earned standing over the washtub, of the money she needed to support a family of some size, was her offering for mission work. How many wealthier people are put to shame by this poor washerwoman!

CATHOLIC SPAIN.—Writing of the recent disturbances and troubles in Spain, where the Romish Church has ruled for centuries, a missionary, who is described by those who know him as "a conservative and truthful man," says: "It seems to be the general idea that the Romanists, by their intrigues in matters of government, as well as in all branches of social life, are chiefly responsible for the sad state to which this poor country has sunk; therefore the enmity of the people was directed almost entirely against them. Thirty-two convents and churches have been burned down, and such things are said to have come to light that those who knew

not the depths of wickedness of which the Church of Rome is capable will not believe them. In one convent a complete theater was found. In a nunnery bodies were discovered in walled-up cells in such a way that it was seen they had been placed there alive and left to die, some with their knees chained to their necks. Elsewhere, complete machinery for making false coins and false bank notes was found, improper letters and picture post cards, instruments of torture, and other things which cannot be put on paper. It is pretty safe to suppose that a history of these revelations will never be published in Spain, and if such is published abroad, most people will think the statements are gross exaggerations and libels."

What One Bible Did.

Some time ago, an old, worn, and tattered Bible, in a foreign language, was sent as a gift to the British and Foreign Bible Society. On the fly-leaf of it was this inscription:

"This Bible, unassuming and plain in its appearance, and tattered and worn as to its condition, has been the instrument of pointing out the way of salvation to a whole generation of faithful children of God. Forty-six adults have been added to the Protestant Church as the result of reading this book. A number at least equally great, who did not secede outwardly from the Romish Church, learned, through its teaching, saving faith in a crucified Savior, and died a blessed death, relying only on the grace of God in Christ."

BOOK TABLE.

LUTHERAN ANNUAL 1910. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

We heartily welcome this newcomer among the church almanacs for 1910. It is a handsome booklet of 80 pages, well printed, of convenient size, in very neat and attractive paper cover. Besides the usual almanac and statistical matter, found also in the German Calendar, this English *Lutheran Annual* contains 15 pages of pleasant, as well as instructive, reading matter. We hope it will find a welcome in thousands of homes.

OUR HOMES AND OUR CHILDREN. Lectures by *O. Klykken*. Translated from the Norwegian by *Peer Stroemme*. Lutheran Publishing House, Decorah, Iowa. Price, 75 cts.

In transparently clear and simple style, the lectures contained in this beautiful book of 232 pages treat of a timely and important subject. They speak of the Christian home and of those that make the home. The book gives much wholesome advice and teaches lessons of great value both to the old and to the young. The profitable

contents and the attractive get-up of the book ought to make it a welcome gift book for the Christmas season and for other occasions.

LOBT GOTT, IHR CHRISTEN, ALLZUGLEICH! Programm fuer die Weihnachtsfeier. Zusammengestellt von *Wm. J. Schmidt*. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 5 cts.; per dozen, 30 cts.; per hundred, \$2.00, not postpaid.

VOICE TRAINING FOR SPEAKERS. By the *Rev. C. O. Morhart*. American Lutheran Publication Board, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price, \$1.50.

A helpful book for the practice of voice culture.

SYNODALBERICHT DES NORD-ILLINOIS-DISTRIKTS. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 20 cts.

Contains an excellent doctrinal paper on "The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures."

Acknowledgment.

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St. Louis, Mo., November 17, 1909.

HENRY A. SCHENKEL, Treas.
1447 John Ave.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches.

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

Mount Zion Church, Franklin and Thalia Sts.; Ed. C. Krause, Pastor.

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

Bethlehem Chapel, Washington Ave. and Dryades St.;
G. M. Kramer, Pastor.

Divine Services: Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.;
Thursday, 7.30 P. M. Sunday School: Sunday, 10 A. M.

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Holy Trinity Church.

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

TERMS:

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

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

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.—In St. Louis by mail or carrier, 35 cents.

All business communications to be addressed to Concordia Publishing House, Jefferson Ave. and Miami St., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Conover, Catawba Co., N. C.