

# The Weekly Pilgrim.

"REMOVE NOT THE ANCIENT LANDMARKS WHICH OUR FATHERS HAVE SET."

44

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## POETRY.

### YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY WESLEY.

The light that disperses the gloom,  
That sin has cast over the land;  
Believing the shades of the tomb,  
No power can its progress withstand.

The radiance that spans the wide seas,  
To gather the erring ones in,  
That power sufficient displays,  
To crush the dark armies of sin.

The light whose effulgence shall bear,  
On its wings, the glad tidings of peace,  
Till every nation shall hear  
And share in its rapturous bliss.

Oh, Zion! thou light of the world,  
Illumine the mountain and plain,  
Till satan in fury is hurled  
From the throne of his infamous reign.

Thy pillars so massive and strong,  
Are founded on Infinite love,  
To thee all the graces belong,  
That center in Zion above.

Oh! glorious light of the cross,  
From Calvary's summit sent forth;  
Consume from our hearts all the dross,  
And purge every sin from the earth.

Go forth then all-conquering light,  
No shade can thy fleetness oppose,  
Till thou hast thy mantle of white,  
Thrown over the last of thy foes.

Then earth shall rejoice in thy peace,  
And hushed be the voices that weep;  
And righteousness cover her face,  
As the waves do the face of the deep.

The lion shall cease to devour,  
And dwell with the lamb of the fold;  
When light in meridian power,  
Assumes her eternal control.

Then over the dark realms of night,  
From heaven's high dome shall be hurled,  
The message, LO THIS IS THE LIGHT,  
MY CHURCH IS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

From the *New York Observer*.  
**GATHERING LILIES.**

BY MRS. E. H. J. CLEAVELAND.

"My beloved has gone down into his garden to gather lilies."—Solomon's Song 6:2.  
The Lord went down to his garden, one day,  
To gather lilies, the Scriptures say,  
And set them again in the borders green  
That blossom the heavenly hills between.

And just as he came in the sweet old song,  
Year after year he has passed along,  
Seeking the bowers of the 'sons of men,'  
Gathering now as he gathered then.

A miser sat by his bag of gold;  
Hundreds of times were its contents told.  
'I've gathered the fragments, Lord,' said he,  
'All for myself, and none for Thee.'

'Go, scatter it all, your shining store,  
To feed the hungry and clothe the poor;  
These were the words that the dear Lord said;  
'I'll gather you, then, for my royal bed.'

And as he went on his shining way  
He came where another had toiled all day  
In the winter's cold and the summer's heat,  
Was he for the heavenly garden meet?

'I have builded churches, great and small,  
For all persuasions, and given them all

For the worship of Thee,' he pleading cried.  
Then the gentle voice of the Lord replied:

'But you have not offered a single prayer,  
Nor bowed your head in those temples fair;  
And there stood a tear in his pitying eye  
As he looked on the man, but passed him by.

Still looking for lilies, he came again  
Where another strayed from the haunts of men;  
Trembling, he stood before the Lord,  
And made this plea, says the holy word.

'I had one talent, but I was afraid,  
And safe in this napkin it is laid;  
There now thou canst take what is just thine own.'

Then the eye of the Master turned to stone,  
And he moved his lips these words to say:  
'Coward! thy talent I'll take away;  
No leaf can bud and no flower can bloom  
On thy naked stem in my heavenly home.'

Then he stood where a pure and simple child  
Sat humbly down by a savage wild,  
And was telling him o'er and o'er again,  
How the Lord came down to ransom men;

And a radiant light from his Christ-eyes fell  
As he heard her warning of death and hell.  
'Lo! here is a flower in my home to set,'  
Said he, and his cheeks with tears were wet.

'Since then hast told with thy feeble breath  
The way that a soul can be saved from death,  
Thy sins, so many, I'll freely hide,'  
The Lord, in his loving-kindness, cried,  
'And I'll gather you now, O lily fair;  
Come up to my garden and blossom there.'

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

### CAN A MAN COME TO CHRIST IF HE WILL?

*Dear Brethren:* I am a reader of the *PILGRIM*, and though not a member of your Church, I advocate the principles set forth in the columns of your paper. I will venture a few thoughts upon the question, Can a man come to Christ if he will?

The work of the Holy Spirit, in the regeneration and sanctification of sinners, is described as giving life to the soul. Every faculty of the soul is operated upon, and the understanding is illuminated; the will is subdued, and the affections rectified. In this machine there are several wheels. Some think that there is a propelling power to every wheel; one to the understanding, another to the will, and another to the affection; and that every faculty of the soul will be turned some time before it is launched into Eternity. This view of the subject has puzzled the brains of many, and caused them to make a diligent search, whether the Spirit of God operates first on the understanding or the will. All the wheels in the machinery of human redemption are

cog-wheels; they all turn together, and it is impossible for one to turn without the other. That knowledge which is immediately connected with eternal life, is not merely a speculative, but a feeling, an experimental knowledge of the soul in all its faculties. An unconverted man may have sufficient knowledge to write a good body of divinity, but this sort of knowledge will avail him nothing in the day of judgment. It is not connected with life eternal, for it produces neither peace of mind nor holiness of conduct. There are others who cannot compile a penny catechism; but they know the truth and the truth has made them free.

Without due consideration of this view of the subject, a man may ride his horse against the fence all the days of his life. He may say that the chief difficulty, in the way of a sinner coming to Christ, is in the understanding, but if his head were as light as the head of an angel, while his will is contrary to the will of God—while the carnal mind is enmity against God—the difficulty still remains.

But the moment the bars of the lock of the will are drawn back, to his great astonishment he finds himself in the bosom of his dear Redeemer, clasped in the arms of him whose bowels of compassion yearn over him. If any man, under the sound of the Gospel, is so ignorant as not to know God, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, it is because he will not come to a knowledge of the truth. The fact is, all the wheels are turning the wrong way, on the pivot of enmity against God. It is true the understanding is darkened: darkness has covered the whole earth and gross darkness the people; but the understanding may say to the will, there would have been more light in the garret had it not been for the smoke that ascended from the furnace of (loving) darkness more than light. It is the steam below that darkens the windows above. Here lies the mischief. Here is the mother of all the evil. The sun shines as bright as ever; the windows of the house are neither few nor small; but who can see in the smoke of unwillingness? The house of our

first parents in Paradise was almost as light as heaven itself, until it was darkened by the infernal smoke arising from the furnace of unwillingness, heated by hell-fire in their wills and affections.

Can a man come to Christ if he will? Most certainly. Who is to hinder him? But who can subdue his stubborn will? The Holy Spirit of God.

Now I imagine I see four men endeavoring to raise Lazarus from the grave. The first is rubbing him well with the salt of duties, under the consideration that he can if he will; but there is no hope of accomplishing the object. Well, said the second; I will whip him with the scorpions of threatenings of hell and damnation. I think I will make him feel; but still there was neither life nor feeling. I have a band of music, said the third, that has made many to dance before now. He tries it, but still there is no life. The fourth said, I will go to Jesus, the God of means; He has promised the Holy Spirit to those who ask him; if Jesus, the resurrection and the life, will undertake the work, he will live. I have heard that He raised Jarius's daughter from the dead,—the power of the resurrection dwelleth in Him. Let this consideration encourage every minister of the Gospel. Nothing less than the operation of the Holy Spirit of God can truly convert the most moral individual; and that agency is able to convert the chief of sinners.

O! that all the ministers of the Gospel would believe this, and turn their faces towards the heavenly wind,—the gale which blows from the New Jerusalem,—the glorious promise in the prophecy of Joel—and pray, O breath! breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

Respectfully submitted.

JOHN B. WRIGHTSMAN.

Amsterdam, Va.

He who rejoices in God will never be confounded or ashamed, world without end. It is an abiding joy. If I rejoice in the sun it sets; if in the earth it shall be burned; if in myself, I shall die; but to triumph in One who never fails and never changes, but lasts forever—this is a lasting joy.—*Spurgeon*.

## LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE.

HEB. 13: 1.

Every organization of whatever name design, has some distinguishing or badge or word whereby the members are known to each other. And the inference may be deduced, that so the Church has a mark. That mark is stamped on all the teachings of Christ and the apostles, and is quoted by one of the ancient writers, as proof that those who were called Christians were indeed such. That mark I conclude is *love*, for the heathen word in beholding the dealings of Christians with one another said "See how these Christians love." the theme of the beloved disciple, was love. "Love, says he, is of God" He also says, "God is love." And again, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Love then we conclude, is to be the ruling spirit of the Christian, for the first fruit mentioned of the spirit is Love.

In reading over the Epistles, we find, one church particularly commended, "The Thessalonians." Paul writes to them, "As touching brotherly love, "Ye need not that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another." This church, in all the purity of its actions, became "Ensamples of all that believed in Macedonia and Achaia." And when he wrote his second Epistle to them, he said, "We are bound to thank God always for you brethren, as it is meet, that your faith groweth exceedingly, and the love of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth." Here then we have an instance that human nature is capable of this high attribute of God. This church, composed of members redeemed from idolatry, laid firm hold on the principles of Christianity and practiced them daily. What a lesson for us who have had these truths sounded in our ears from our earliest existence, but who alas! practice more in the letter, than in the spirit. Much is said of love, union &c., by professing Christians all over the land, but do we always remember that "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." The apostle John, in his 1st epistle, 3d chapter, latter half, clearly defines the position of brethren. Let us then turn to the concluding part of the 12th and whole of the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and following Paul's course of argument and see how he makes brotherly love paramount to all other gifts and graces. The most distinctive feature of the Apostolic church was its possession of supernatural gifts. There was the gift of healing, a particular branch of the gift of miracles. The gift of tongues, sometimes supposed to be

the knowledge of foreign languages, but we never read of its exercise for the conversion of foreign nations nor indeed foreigners, except on the days of Pentecost. It would seem from the 14th chapter that the individual from some cause, was in such an ecstatic state perhaps, that he uttered words unintelligible to the bystanders, and it would seem indeed, that his own understanding was suspended. This gift must have been highly esteemed on account of its being strange and wonderful, for Paul speaks at some length on it, but concludes that the gift of prophecy, reveals God's will to us more particularly than foretelling future events, more to be desired than that. But he sums up all the spiritual gifts and comparing them with love, says they are as nothing if that essential be lacking, and in conclusion of his argument says, "If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." And again he said, "Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, but the greatest of these is Love."

It is not only essential for new converts, for he says Let brotherly love continue." The promise in every case is to him that overcometh. And in the Revelation which John wrote to the Church at Ephesus, occur these words: "I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen and repent and do thy first works or else I will come unto thee quickly and remove thy candlestick out of his place except thou repent. And to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

HATTIE F. MILLER.

## JESUS WEPT.

JOHN 11: 35.

As I was made to weep a few days ago over a departed sister, I have had some serious thoughts. To day I was by the bedside of one that had perhaps made but little preparation for the future and as she breathed her last, I was made to weep. The thought struck me, why do we weep? The answer was, because Jesus wept. But this is not fully answering the question.—Then I will first notice that Jesus was not the first to weep, and secondly why he wept.

The prophets also wept. We find Isaiah weeping over the spoilings of his people. Isaiah 22: 4. Jeremiah wept over his people. He says, they are foolish; they are wise to do evil, but to do good, they have no knowledge." Then he complains that he cannot weep enough and says, "Oh, that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night." And he tells

his people to "give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness. But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eyes shall weep sore and run down with tears." Jer. 4: 22; 9; 1, 13, 15, 19, 17. When we sum it all up, we see that the prophet wept for the downfall and pride of his people.

Then why did he weep? It seems he wept on his way to the grave of Lazarus. Why did he weep? Did he weep because Lazarus had died?—No, for he knew he was going to raise him again. Did he weep because he was not present when he died? No, for he heard of his sickness, but he looked around and saw the stubborn Jews weeping, and he remembered the many miracles he had done to show that he was the Son of God, and now I am even going to raise the dead from the dusty bed, and with all this they still will not believe. This is the reason I believe, why Jesus wept. Then the question comes, why do we weep? Do we weep because our friends die? Of course we feel sad, but when we have a hope and remember that it is the Lord's doings, we should not weep so much.

But there is something else to weep for, when we remember the provisions the Lord has made for us, and bids us come to him. He calls us in many ways. He comes and takes from our midst one who has been engaged in his service, telling us, "Be ye also ready." Next he calls a sinner showing that God is no respecter of persons, and also our mortality, but with all this, we see some heedless sinners standing as unconcerned as the stubborn Jews, just as if there will be no hereafter. This causes us to weep.

Brethren and sisters, let us weep a little more for them and ourselves; let us pray a little more, let us pray with a little more zeal, and let our light shine a little brighter that they may see our good works.

Sinners let me say to you, you have no assurance of your life; you are traveling on a dangerous road, you are as it were standing upon slippery rocks while fiery billows roll beneath. All the tears that are shed for you, all the prayers that are offered for you, will not save you unless you render your service to God; your abode will be in everlasting torment. God only wants your obedience. Then dear sinner, think before you die.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward"

S. N. WINE.

## VALEDICTORY.

J. S. FLORY.

This day my ministerial labors in W. Va., close, for awhile at least, and it may be forever, that is in a personal capacity. I preached my farewell discourse to a crowded house of brethren, sisters and friends; text,

last chapter 2 Cor. 11th verse, after which four more precious souls were united to the church by baptism.

I had for a long time considered the propriety or impropriety of severing my personal connection from this field of labor. A peculiar chain of circumstances seemed to force me to the decision I made, and impressions from a higher source than earthly considerations prompted me to this decision. May the Lord's will be done.

I anticipated a severe trial would be my lot, but the realities of that trial was unforeseen in a great measure, for when the time drew near for my departure, I then and then only began to feel what it was to leave the dear ones of the household of faith, and when the hour of separation came it was indeed an hour of sorrow. It was a sad thought to me to leave the congregation where I first was led to know the Lord in the pardon of my sins, as I hope; where I was nurtured with spiritual food; where I was first called to the labor of the holy ministry, and to leave those who imposed such confidence in poor me as to set me with others to feed the flock of Jesus. All these and more were the thoughts that came to my mind, and to this was added the thought what sorrow seems to pervade the souls of those that are to me brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and children in the faith, and I the cause of that sorrow. O brethren, forgive me for thus leaving you in sorrow, they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. The Lord's ways are not our ways, and if I am recreant in my calling or duty, I hope the Lord will forgive me.

The hope of meeting again, did indeed sweeten the cup of bitterness. In God I put my trust and am willing to do His bidding. If the God of peace remaineth with you, you must prosper. O may the strong arm of His love be around and about you, and though the floods of opposition surge around you, God will comfort you, help you and bless you. May you and my God forgive all my past follies and shortcomings. We will meet again near the grave, nearer eternity, or perchance at the judgment. How shall we meet? Nearer, oh yes, nearer our God, I hope more perfect, more happy, more like Christ, so may it be. Amen.

LET US BE PATIENT.—Let us be patient. As the years wear on towards the deep sunset we are weary at making no near approaches to a reconciliation and real intimacy with God. But do we long for that rest religiously enough to wait for it? stillness is our needed sacrifice. Baffled and broken, the soul must often be, before its immortal strength comes. Humiliation of pride—an utter consciousness of infirmity—to be kept painfully out of our inheritance—all these are the price of conquest. Do not pray for exemption from them but victory by them.—*Huntington.*

## A MEMORIAL.

For the encouragement and consolation of the husband, children, friends, and members in general, of the church of Jesus Christ, who feel themselves bereft through the sudden and unexpected departure of sister N. D. from our midst.

It is true, we all know this, that this world is not our home; it is not our permanent abiding place, yet we are placed, by our Creator, into this mundane sphere a little season for our mutual benefit, and attachment to one another as probationers for eternity. And if we live in obedience to God's law, we form lovely and peaceful association together; such ties and natural relationship that nothing in this world is able to dissolve. But God, who is the Governor of the Universe, interposes, and for reasons unknown to us, does sometimes very suddenly, by the icy hand of death, snatch asunder the closest, the loveliest and nearest relationship that can be formed; and *where* is the creature that can resist or even may demand of God to know why dost thou thus deal with me? Hence, submission to his will, and willing resignation to his Divine providence in all cases, is acceptable in the sight of God. But we are human, and in consequence our sympathies excite our feelings, and we cannot refrain from weeping, and it is certainly not wrong to do so; for Jesus in his humanity, wept at the grave of Lazarus. "Weep with those that weep," is an apostolic command.

Dear brother, you feel bereft of a devoted wife whom but a few days ago you accompanied to a large meeting; your unworthy Bro. saw her there, cheerful, in reasonable health, apparently bidding fair for a long life. Little did we expect that her mortal remains would be laid beneath the clods of the valley in so short a time; but now she hath left us, we shall see her no more; her sweet voice will be no more heard amongst us here in this vale of tears; the children's call, the dear and lovely appellation, MOTHER, will receive no response; Silence shall take the room of her ready answers, gloom and solitude occupies her place in your fireside. O, we can compassionate your feeling. Grief, undoubtedly, has stricken your heart and when the unexpected fell-destroyer came, sorrow penetrated your soul, and trouble overwhelmed your feelings and disturbed your mind, we may well imagine. But amidst all these trials, there is a hope that reaches beyond this time. Be of good cheer, persevere in your calling, be faithful unto death; we believe that you can meet her in a better world, for we have a hope that your loss is her eternal gain. If so, you have a gem in

heaven, a star added to the constellation of the celestial world. A happy welcome to expect in the church triumphant in heaven, where joy will extinguish sorrow, and gladness shall root up gloom and solitude, death lose its sting, and the grave be swallowed up in victory; faith end in vision, and hope in reality.

And you dear children, you as the tender offspring of your departed mother, you are now deprived of the further instruction and admonitions of a tender-hearted mother. Let her voice be heeded and become fruitful; though she sleepeth, yet she can be heard and obeyed in order to conduce happiness to your undying souls, and minister an entrance into the everlasting kingdom, to meet your dear mother in the embrace of Jesus, with all the redeemed, who are singing the *new song* of redeeming love; gladness and everlasting joy will be upon your head; sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Come to Jesus, unite with your young sister in the service of the Lord. Sustain dear father in his trials, assist him in his devotions, where possible, fill the place of your mother at the family altar, around your fireside, and in the church. By so doing glory will redound upon your head, honor to your name and exaltation to heaven shall be the consequence; and the pleasure of a happy re-union with your mother in the regions of bliss, the final result.

Mother you feel the loss of a daughter, you were loathe to part, but *soon*, *soon* your race is run, your journey will be ended; be thou faithful unto death, hope in God, confide in His promises, you shall meet your daughter, happy in eternity. Brothers and sisters, hold fast to that which you have, that no one may rob you of your crown.

"A few more rolling days and years,  
Shall bring a period to your tears.  
Soon you shall reach that blissful shore,  
Where parting will be known no more."

Finally, my brethren, my sisters, let us be of one mind, earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the Saints, that we may all meet in heaven, never more to part.

LEONARD FURRY.

## A MEMORIAL.

SICKNESS AND DEATH OF ELDER JOSEPH F. ROHRER.

On the 3rd of October, in company with his oldest daughter, he repaired toward Marsh Creek, Adams Co., Pa., to attend a Communion meeting to take place, the day following. They remained over night with Elder Joseph Sherfy and family near Gettysburg. The meeting convened next day according to appointment, at 1 P. M., and our dear brother was among the number, enjoying himself in meeting with the Marsh Creek brethren. Meeting was opened and our

brother Joseph, consented to address the congregation from the second chapter of Philippians and fifth verse. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He, in the exposition of this Scripture made some very good and close applications; some soul-stirring appeals in warning the sinner, and also encouraging the faithful on the way to Zion. At the close of his remarks he felt an acute pain in his left arm, to which he was subject, and which seemed to increase in severity, drawing toward his chest and body. After the afternoon service, he went to the house of Bro. J. D. Pfoutz near by. He was deprived from enjoying any further services with us that evening and night. The best medical service was rendered, but notwithstanding he suffered much pain. His wife and son arrived on Monday morning, and remained until Wednesday; he feeling better, and worse by times. On Wednesday, the 8th, they brought him home. He seemed to stand the ride well, only tired. On Thursday the indication of disease seemed to promise a speedy recovery; he rested well. In the afternoon he called for some nourishment, afterward he told his wife and family, he thought he could sleep. The family left the room for some minutes, when his wife returned to see whether he was resting well, when behold! he was just about expiring. He breathed his last apparently without a struggle. The feelings of the bereaved and sorrow-stricken family may be imagined.

On Sabbath, the 11th, his remains were conveyed to their last resting place, at Welty's Meetinghouse, amid a large and sorrowing concourse of friends and people. The funeral cortege consisted of some two hundred carriages, &c.

Thus another of our faithful veterans and standard bearers of the cross, have passed over, while the community has lost one of its worthy and exemplary citizens; and the church one of its devoted members, an Elder and counsellor in Israel, and the family a kind and affectionate husband and father.

To the dear family I would say, we deeply sympathize with you, and may your and our loss be his great gain, and may God who is rich in mercy, grant you grace for the day of trials, and a rich effusion of his spirit for the enjoyment of the Eternal.

D. F. GOOD.

## THE LATTER RAIN.

It is very usual in the life of grace for the soul to receive, in after years, a second very remarkable visitation of the Holy Spirit, which may be compared to the latter rain. The latter rain was sent to plump out the wheat, and make it full, mature, ready for the

after harvest ripening. So there is a time of special grace granted saints, to prepare them for the glory, to make them completely meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

To some this is given in the form of what is very commonly called a second conversion. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren," was Christ's remark to Peter, who was even then a converted man. My brethren, there is a point in grace as much above the ordinary Christian, as the ordinary Christian is above the worldling. Believe me the life of grace is no dead level; it is not a few country—a vast flat. There are mountains, and there are valleys. There are tribes of Christians who live in the valleys, like the poor Swiss of the Valoise, who live in the midst of the miasma, where fever has its lair, and the frame is languid and enfeebled. Such dwellers in the lowlands of unbelief are forever doubting, fearing, troubled about their interest in Christ, and tossed to and fro, but there are other believers who, by God's grace, have climbed the mountain of full assurance and near communion. Their place is with the eagle in his eyrie, high aloft.

They are like the strong mountaineer, who has trodden the virgin snow, who has breathed the fresh, free air of the Alpine regions, and therefore his sinews are braced, and limbs are vigorous; these are they who do great exploits, being mighty men—men of renown. The saints who dwell on high in the clear atmosphere of faith are rejoicing Christians—holy and devout men, doing service for the Master all over the world, and everywhere conquerors through him that loved them. And I desire, O! how earnestly I desire you to be such men. My craving is that all of you, my beloved, who have been watered by the former rain, may also be refreshed by a more than ordinary latter rain, which shall make you more than ordinary Christians, bringing you beyond the blade period and the ear period, into the full corn in the ear.—*Spurgeon*.

SMALL means often accomplish great things. Each of us may do something for others, and true sympathy and loving ministry are never lost.

THE knowledge of evil may help to do good, and assist us to measure its value; every new idea should be to us a new feather in wings that bear upward.

A MUDDY stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may, for a time, keep its purity in foul company; but a little later, and they mingle.

It was a saying of Aristotle, that virtue is necessary to the young, comfortable to the aged, serviceable to the poor, ornamental to the rich, honorable to the fortunate, succorous to the unfortunate, ennobling to the slave, and elevating to the noble.

## THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

There are many voices in these last, perilous times clamoring to be heard, yet there is but one which it is safe to follow, and that is the voice of the Good Shepherd, who said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."—John x: 27. Let us notice some of these voices, and contrast them with the voice of the Good Shepherd, that we who are looking for his immediate coming may learn to distinguish between his voice and that of a stranger, for in these days, if it were possible, the very elect will be deceived.

Spiritualism is lifting up its voice, saying, "Here is the mighty power of God." Beware. "The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy." "My sheep know not the voice of strangers," said Jesus.

Again we hear his voice (Matt. vi: 19) saying, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," but who is giving heed to it? There are a few, we trust, but the greater mass are listening to another voice, and grasping the world as never before—heaping up treasures for the last days although the true Voice says, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!" Let us make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by using it for God and the poor, that when we fail, they may receive us into everlasting habitations. This voice may seem as an idle tale to many, but it proceeds from Him who will judge the world by the word which he has spoken. xii: 48. Who will hear it? "My sheep hear my voice."

Listen again: "How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?" John v: 44. It would seem that many are out of the hearing of this voice, and are listening to the voice of a stranger. While indulging in the vain fashions of the world, bowing at its shrine, seeking its pleasures, and adorning themselves with all the superfluities the wicked one can invent, they do not heed the direction, "Let your adorning be the hidden man of the heart, not the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, or of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but that of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Pet. iii: 3, 4. "My sheep hear my voice—they know not the voice of strangers."

When we see the church amalgamate with the world—in "church fairs," "sociables," etc., etc., forgetful of God and mindful of mirth, the attentive ear can hear above the murmur of the throng the voice of the Shepherd, saying: "Come out from

among them, and be ye separate, and I will receive you." 2 Cor. vi: 17. "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me."

When those who profess to be looking for the return of the true Shepherd, habitually absent themselves from the meetings, and yet tax themselves more to attend worldly visits and parties of pleasure than it would be necessary for them to do in order to attend religious services, have we not reason to fear that they have forgotten the Voice which is saying to us; "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhort one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching?" Heb. x: 25. "My sheep hear my voice."

Again, if we join with the vain in foolish talking and jesting, are we not listening to the voice of a stranger more than to the voice of Him who said: "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Once more hear the voice of the Good Shepherd: "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." Matt. xviii: 15. "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear."

To hear this voice effectually, there must be inward stillness and quietness, with full consecration and faith. May the Lord help us to listen to the Shepherd's voice now, that we may be found ready to hear him say in the last day, "Well done."—*Advent Herald*.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The trial of Edward S. Stokes, for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., in New York City, began October 15. Several days were consumed in getting a jury. The evidence produced thus far is about the same as that given at the other trials. Considerable speculation is had as to the result, and but few expect a verdict of murder in the first degree.

A terrible prairie fire swept over twenty-five miles of country, near the Omaha and South-western railroad, in Saline and Jefferson counties, Nebraska, on Tuesday of last week. Many houses and large quantities of grain were destroyed. At Wilbur ten children were caught in the flames. Three perished on the spot, three others were fatally burned, and the rest terribly scorched. A woman in trying to rescue them received fatal injuries.

THE AUGUST GALE.—The losses caused by the terrible storm in August are summed up thus: One

thousand and thirty-two vessels, of which 435 were small fishing schooners, are known to have been destroyed during the 24th and 25th in the neighborhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic shores of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland. In addition to this large number, over ninety vessels were destroyed by the same storm in its course before reaching Nova Scotia, making a grand total of at least 1,122 vessels destroyed within a few days. Two hundred and twenty-three lives are definitely reported as lost, and the most moderate estimate of the numerous cases in which whole crews are stated to have been lost, swells this number to nearly 500; while if to this be added the loss of life on land and in the earlier history of the cyclone, the grand total amounts to about 600 lives. The records also show that about 900 buildings were injured or totally destroyed in the same dates by this storm.

RELIGION DEFINED.—A new definition of "Religion" is given by the Rev. J. W. Chadwick in the "Free Religion" Convention last week; he said that the best definition of religion was "Man's sense of the relations to the powers behind phenomena"

This is something new indeed, and exhibits some of the material of which that convention was composed. If you wish to know whether a man has religion and interrogate him as to whether he has "a sense of his relations to the powers behind phenomena," if he be a man of good judgment, he will tell you you are a fanatic, and it would really strongly indicate it.

UNION COMMUNION.—Referring to the communion service at Dr. Adams church, in which members of the Alliance of all denominations participated, the *Baptist Union* says: "We saw several Baptist ministers present who took the bread and cup with the saints, and gave a good testimony for Christian communion. High Churchism received a tremendous blow by this union service. What can proscriptive Episcopalians say in defense of their dogmas when the Dean of Canterbury unites with a Presbyterian ministering the Sacred Supper? How can close communion Baptists persist in exclusiveness when their leading men participate in such a service as this? Surely the Spirit of Christ is dissolving the fetters of sectarianism, and making us all better Christians, whatever may be the fate of customs which have divided us into sects. The influence of that blessed hour in Dr. Adam's church will be most salutary, wide-spread and lasting."

This act on the part of some of the leading men in the Baptist Church shows that either they have no principle at all, or are willing to sacrifice it for the sake of popularity. How

any man can claim that immersion only is baptism, and then go and commune with those who are not baptized at all, according to his view, is a question we cannot solve. But, "how can close communion Baptists persist in exclusiveness when their head men participate in such service as this?" This is a wonder indeed. It is altogether likely that some of the close communion Baptists are a little more closely allied to Jesus and his word, than to their head men and this solves the mystery as to how they can persist in exclusiveness. They have learned from Him that the Communion is intended only for the Lord's people, and they are those who follow Him in the way. That pedobaptists follow Christ in the way is an admission that no true Baptist can make, and when he participates with them in the Communion, he destroys the power of the doctrine that immersion only is Christian baptism. It may seem strange to those who are born of men that Baptists will persist in exclusiveness when some of their leading men have launched out on the sea of popular delusion, but to those who are born of God, it is no strange thing. They do not look to poor, weak, fallible men as a guide. If the spirit of Christ is at work in that convention and its dictates followed, then indeed will the fetters of sectarianism be dissolved. Its office saith Jesus, is to lead us into truth, but whether this spirit is really at work, and whether that grand union Communion will have a salutary and wide spread influence for good is another question.

DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART IN JERUSALEM.—During the recent disgraceful squabble and riot of the monks around Jerusalem there was one incident that should especially pain all lovers of art. This was the destruction of the two pictures by Murillo in the Bethlehem church that fell a victim to ecclesiastical fury. They were true Murillos, and masterpieces; and, what is worse, having been dispatched to the church immediately on their execution, and there retained, it is believed that they have never been ingrated. They were unusually well preserved, too, for, on being placed in the oratory of La Creche, both canvases had been covered with glass to protect them from candle smoke. One of the subjects was the Nativity, the other the adoration of the Magi. In reading with involuntary indignation and disgust of this barbarous instance of iconoclasm, one is reminded of what Thackeray wrote on the same scene and topic nearly thirty years ago. In his *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, speaking of the leading Christian sects in and around Jerusalem, he says, "These three main sects hate each other; their quarrels are interminable; each bribes and intrigues with the heathen lords of the soil to the prejudice of his neighbor. Now it is the Latins that interfere, and allow the common church to go to ruin, because the Greeks purpose

to roof it; now the Greeks demolish a monastery on Mount Olivet, and leave the ground to the Turks, rather than allow the Armenians to possess it.—On an other occasion, the Greeks having mended the Armenian steps which lead to the (so-called) Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the latter asked for permission to destroy the work of the Greeks, and did so. And so round this sacred spot, the center of Christendom, the representatives of the three great sects worship under one roof, and hate each other!" The church of La Creche is, as its name implies, the church of "The Manger" (*i. e.*, the reputed place of the nativity of Christ); and to this spot, and the furious wrangles of which it has been the scene, we may therefore apply the exclamation which Thackeray makes regarding the tomb of Christ: What a place to choose for imposture, good God!—to sully with brutal struggles for self-aggrandizement or shameful schemes of gain!" The Germans had the grace to try to spare with their bombs the spire of Strassburg cathedral. Religious fanaticism in the Middle Ages directed itself to the destruction of "pagan art, no matter how beautiful; but in these enlightened days for ecclesiastical fury to take up the barbarous role of destruction, which even savage war discards, is pitiable indeed.—*Lippincott's Magazine*

## Youth's Department.

### SCHOOL DAYS.

I suppose my little readers are beginning to think that uncle Henry is sick or has forgotten his young charge. I wish to tell you that neither is the case, but there has been so many good things in the PILGRIM of late that I thought I might as well wait awhile, but as the evenings are getting long, my class is doubtless getting larger and therefore will want more good things to read and talk about. School days are now here and my young readers all have the opportunity of going to school and learning to read and write and a great many other things, some perhaps that you should never know or learn. But what I intended to tell you about is the great privilege which you now enjoy over those who were boys and girls thirty or forty years ago. Things were quite different then to what they are now, especially schools. Uncle Henry can well remember when he went to a school house built of round logs and an old fashioned fire place in it something like some of our old wash houses of the present day. Into that a number of large logs were laid and around the poor little shivering scholars gathered, with one side burning and the other freezing. As uncomfortable as the schools were, they lasted only three months, and it was a favored boy that could attend more than half the term.

You may wonder why this was, but you will understand when I tell you that there has been changes in

other things beside schools. In those days the farmers had no threshing machines and large separators to thrash out their crops in a few days like they now have but had to tramp it out with horses. To do this, it took nearly all Winter and while this kind of thrashing was going on, it generally took two boys to ride the horses. Uncle Henry was always fond of riding, but this was too much of a good thing and when he got an opportunity of going to school, he capered off with a light heart. So you need not wonder that some of the old uncles do not know so much about Grammar and Geography as some of the young people now do. In these days the young people did not have the many good and pretty books and papers that they now have. You also have many other advantages now that they did not have. I speak of these things to remind you of the great privileges you enjoy, and hope you all will make the best possible use of them. You may not now see all the advantages of a good education, but if you live to become men and women, you will deeply feel the loss of it if you neglect to obtain it. Only a short time ago I heard a man say that he would give two thousand dollars, if he could now have a good education. He was an old man and a minister of the Gospel. He felt that his lack of a good education was a great hindrance in his holy calling.

I just now, think of several young men who when boys, thought it was no use to go to school, but they are now in callings that greatly demand a good education and they now sorely regret that they were so foolish as to waste their golden opportunities. So it may be with you if you neglect the many advantages that you now enjoy.

In conclusion, uncle Henry advises you as one who knows, make good use of your time, go to school every day that you can, and strive to learn as much as possible. You will never, never regret it. Remember golden opportunities always run forward, and unless you catch them as they come along they will be forever lost.

UNCLE HENRY.

### GRANDMOTHER.

BY ELSIE G.

For a long time I did not understand it at all. I thought that because grandmothers often were feeble and old-fashioned, they could never really feel as we children do; they needed no particular notice or enjoyment, for it was their nature to sit in rocking-chairs and knit. They seemed quite different from the rest of the world, and not to be especially thought about; that is, by girls who were as full of merry plans as we were.

Grandmother lived with us, as father was her only son. We had a

vague idea that she helped mother mend the clothes and knitted all fathers winter stockings, besides some pairs for the church society. We were supposed to love her, of course, and we were never openly rude, for indeed we had been taught to be polite to all aged persons. As for grandmother, she was one of those peaceful souls who never make any trouble, but just go on in their own way so quietly that you hardly know they are in the house. Mother sat with her sometimes, but we girls, in our gay, busy pursuits, rarely thought of such a thing. She seemed to have no part in our existence.

It went on so for some time, till one day I happened at sundown to go into the sitting-room, and there sat grandmother, alone. She had fallen asleep in her chair by the window. The sun was just sinking out of sight, leaving a glory of light as he went, and in this glory I saw grandmother—saw her really for the first time in my life!

She had been reading her Bible, and then, as if there had been no need of reading more, since its treasure already lay shining in her soul, she had turned the book over upon her lap and leaned back to enjoy the evening.

I saw it all in a moment,—her gentleness, her patience, her holiness. Then, while her love and beautiful dignity seemed to fold about me like a bright cloud, the sweet every-day lines in her face told me a secret, that even then in the wonderful sunset of life she was, O, how human! So human that she missed old faces and old scenes; so human that she needed a share of what God was giving us,—friends, home interests, little surprises and expectations, loving offices, and, above all, a recognition in the details of our fresh young lives.

Girls! when grandmother woke up, she found us all three stealing into the room; for God had helped me, when I went to tell my sisters about it. Mary only kissed her and asked if she had had a good nap; Susie picked her ball of yarn off the carpet, where it had rolled, and began to wind it, all the while telling her a pleasant bit of news about one of the school-girls; and I—well, I knelt down at grandmother's feet and just as I was going to cry, I gave her knees a good hard hug, and told her she was a darling.

That's all, girls. But it's been different ever since from what it was before.—*From St. Nicholas for November.*

### PROFANITY.

TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA.

DEAR BOYS.—Did You ever see a lovely plant overshadowed and choked by great ungainly weeds, till it had no strength to bud or bloom? Just so the noxious weeds of *Profanity* shadow your character and choke

from your heart every sweet blossom of purity and refinement.

I hope there are many among you who never use bad language of any kind, but I want to warn you all against profanity. First it is exceedingly sinful to take the name of God in vain, and how often do we hear the name of our blessed JESUS CHRIST—who died for us—profaned. Any boy has some influence, be it more or less; and if he indulges himself in the use of profane language he places a very bad example before his acquaintances. Besides, this ensnaring practice would surely bring you into bad company and evil companions would lead you to many vices. Vicious boys would soon trace you and flock around you, while the good could find no pleasure in your society. If you have a friend on earth—one who seeks your best interests, you may rest assured that that friend would suffer deep sorrow and humiliation if you were to entangle yourself either with bad associates, or the disgraceful fault of which I have warned you. Every boy should have a certain independence to enable him to stand up for what he knows to be right, no matter who or what resists him. The lack of independence, is the stumbling-block over which very many fall into temptation. Do not be led through the world by a set of loafers, unworthy to be your leaders. Be independent; have a mind of your own; find where the right is, and uphold it; then you can respect yourself and be respected by others, even by those who desire to lead you astray; while on the other hand, they could not despise you in their hearts, for demeaning yourself in what all know to be wrong.

Putting aside the wickedness of profanity, you cannot be a gentleman in a worldly sense, and use rough or profane language; for this vulgar habit would transform you into an ill bred unmannerly boor, and stamp the unmistakable mark of a nobody upon you, and thus you would be excluded from refined, intelligent society. Who desires to be a *nobody*? Think of this boys, when you are tempted to *swear*! Avoid all slang expressions. They are often the prelude to this vile evil. To those, young or old, who have already formed the habit, I say—"It is never too late to mend." Resolve, at once, that you will prove yourself stronger than the habit. If in a moment of anger or forgetfulness, you fail, do not be discouraged, but try again, and yet again, if need be. Do not despair, I entreat you; but persevere until the hideous monster is trampled under your feet!—*New York Observer*

As travelers in a foreign country make every sight a lesson, so ought we in this our pilgrimage.—*Hall.*

## The Weekly Pilgrim.

JAMES CREEK, PA., Nov. 4, 1873.

How to send money.—All sums over \$1.50, should be sent either in a check, draft or postal order. If neither of these can be obtained, have the letter registered.

WHEN MONEY is sent, *always* send with it the name and address of those who paid it. Write the names and post office as plainly as possible.

EVERY subscriber for 1874, gets a *Pilgrim Almanac* FREE.

### THE PANIC.

Of late the great theme of conversation is, the panic, *the panic*, and we are commanded to weep with those who weep, and mourn with those that mourn, but at this time, we scarcely know whether to weep or to thank God and take courage. It would be well, just now, to bear in remembrance the sayings of the good old prophet, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth but the righteous are as bold as a lion" and again; "I was young but now I am old, yet have I not seen the the righteous forsaken nor their seed begging for bread"

That the American people had become terribly extravagant is admitted by all, and the more the Lord prospered us as a nation, the more profligate and sinful we became. The goddess of fashion has become the god of the world and millions strew their all at her feet without a sigh of regret, and if a Paul takes the courage to speak against it, the long and deafening cry is; Great is the god of the Ephesians (Fashion). But, says one, what has this to do with the panic? Much in different ways. God works by means and this may be one of the ways of stripping many of the fashionable world of the curse which tempted them into this whirlpool of destruction and give them an opportunity of becoming more sober and reflecting. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and if men and women will persist in worshiping gods made with hands, the only remedy is to be-reave them by destroying their idols. If extravagance was the cause, the remedy is very evident. Let us cease to be extravagant, and the panic will vanish as the dew before a morning sun. To-day, there is more money spent in one month, in sinful extravagance than it would take to feed and clothe all our poor until spring. But Ephraim is joined to his idol and we will be to let him alone, and examine our own situation. The question for us to solve is, what effect will the panic have upon us?

There is a class that, no doubt, will be necessitated to experience some inconveniences during the coming winter. We mean those who were laboring along public lines and public works. But even these, if willing to labor and economize, may be cared

for, as, where there is a will, there generally is a way.

Railroad building and manufacturing is a blessing to a country when kept in bounds, but all extremes are dangerous, as these things proved to be. They not only robbed the country of its surplus money but they took from it the motive power. In other words, they monopolized all other kinds of labor. Such inducements were held out by them for labor that farmers and local mechanics could not compete, and as a result they suffered loss, so much so that many of the producers ceased to produce, and became consumers, the fact is, farming did not pay any more especially if it had to be done by hired labor.

The present panic will revolutionize the labor system. The old adage runs: "Ill is the wind that blows nobody any good." We do not make large pretensions in prophesy, but our humble opinion is that, at least, a little of this good will be blown towards farming and local industries, and that eventually, will flow towards all other honest occupations of life. Elevate the producer and we elevate the nation. Starve the mother and the children must suffer. This has been the late policy and the result is before us. Our future policy must be, increase the producers by decreasing the consumers, or feed the mother that the children may grow fat.

There is no necessity for us becoming alarmed, as the panic, to the mass, is more imaginary than real, and what little there is of it, we are helping to make by hoarding up what we should circulate. If all those who have a little surplus money will persist in wrapping it up in a napkin, the result will and must be, hard times. The money is in the country and all we need, is to have it circulated. There never was a better time to invest money in improvements than just now. Produce is plenty and labor and material will be cheap. Such a course will not only benefit the inventor, but will give employment to the laboring class, and thus drive the wolf from their doors during the winter that is now upon us. Our population must be provided for, people will not starve in sight of steaming tables and full storehouses, therefore it will be much better to make arrangements for people to earn their living than to encourage idleness by bestowing to them that for which they can have no opportunities to labor. The circulation of our money, is the only possible remedy for a panic, even, if the government was to issue millions and every one that would receive it would lay it away, the country would be none the better for it. Then let

us cease talking panic and go to work. God will help those who help themselves. The one that gained five talents received five more as a bonus, while the one that hid his, had even that taken from him. There is no call for desponding. God is not dead, neither is he sleeping, every storm is followed by a calm and every panic, by its years of prosperity. The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous will God hold in everlasting remembrance and their seed shall not be found begging bread.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

Under the above head we have been noticing such books &c., as are sent us for that purpose. To this, a few good meaning and well disposed brethren take exception, and fearing that there may be others of the same kind, we make an explanation. We have become a reading people, and perhaps, read more good substantial books than any other class of people. On this account we have repeated and numerous queries in regard to books. Our opinion is wanted of certain works, others wish to know where good books can be had, and still others, what kind of books they should read.

Editors are expected to know anything and everything that people are pleased to ask them, and if they fail to give satisfaction, the verdict is, "they have mistaken their calling." Hence, to meet our wants and those of our readers, we have opened a literary column in which we notice and review such books as are sent us by a few of the leading publishing houses. These books are generally of the highest type of morality, and many of them contain just such information as we all should know, the fact is, we do not notice any books that we would hesitate to place before our children. We have been raised among books and therefore claim that our judgment, after examining a book, should have, at least, as much respect as that of those who judge from the titles only. We are aware of the dangerous influence of bad books, and there are none that are more zealous in excluding from our homes and children, books of erroneous or irreligious tendencies than ourself. We are too closely wedded to the sacred cause which we have espoused and the "ancient landmarks," to admit favorable notices of books calculated to lead the enquirer after truth astray.

While a few object to these notices, many commend and consider it quite a favor to be informed of the new and interesting publications. Many of our ministering brethren have went all the way to Philadelphia in order to purchase their books of J. B. Lippincott & Co. Those same

books we can furnish, postpaid, as cheaply as they can be purchased in the city unless taken in large quantities. We can also supply books from other publishers at their published prices.

These facts in connection with our notices, afford our readers privileges which should not be ignored even by those who do not care to read books. But to avoid every possible excuse for objection, we have determined to enlarge the PILGRIM, thus enabling us to give so much good reading that those who object to book notices will have no time to read them unless they do like it was said of those who objected to the report of A. M., read them first. Brethren, do not be too hard with us. The eighth page we claim for our own use and if, by it we can make a little money to meet the many losses we sustain by careless brethren not paying us our dues, you will not complain.—Please don't.

PROSPECTUS.—Our Almanacs are now ready, and this week we send one containing a prospectus, to each of our agents so far as known to us. We neglected to mark all our agents so that in many cases we could not tell who they were. In such cases we generally sent it to the first one on the list. If we have made mistakes and sent to the wrong ones, we hope they will be kind enough to hand over to the proper person. If any of our agents fail to receive one we hope they will inform us of it immediately and we will send at once. All others who may feel like working for us will be supplied with Almanac and prospectus on application.

NANCY CROUSE, The money you sent for your sister's PILGRIM is received, but we cannot remember her name. If you will send her name we will give her credit for the amount sent.

### MARRIED.

KAGARICE—OTTO.—At the residence of John S. Brumbaugh, Oct. 23d., 1873, by the undersigned, David E. Kagarice to Miss Mary Otto, all of Bedford Co., Pa.  
S. A. MOORE.

MOURER—SINGER.—At my residence Oct. 7, 1873. Peter Mourer, near Upton, Franklin Co., Pa., and Sarah E. Singer, near Waynesboro, same county.

BONEBRAKE—WOODS.—Also by the undersigned, at the residence of the bride's son-in-law. Baltimore, Md., Henry Bonebrake, near Waynesboro, Pa., and Mary A. Woods, of Baltimore. All were members of the Church.  
J. F. OLLER.

### DIED.

DOOLY.—In the Yellow Creek Congregation, near New Enterprise, Bedford Co., Pa., Oct. 20, 1873, sister Nancy, wife of Thomas Dooly, daughter of Bro. Daniel Replogle, dec'd., and sister Nancy Replogle, aged 45 years, 7 mos. and 27 days. Her mortal remains were committed to the earth witnessed by a large concourse of people. Occasion improved by the brethren from Thess. 1: 4, latter part.

The subject of this notice was an amiable sister, much attached to the Church, as her seat was never found vacant in the meetings, unless unavoidable reasons. Sudden and unexpected was her departure from the devoted husband and her dear children, of whom 5 are living, one belonging to the Church. May the deep wound struck into their fireside be the means of doubling the seats left vacant in God's church.

LEONARD FURRY.  
(Visitor please copy.)

## Correspondence.

*Brother Brumbaugh:*—Having closed our Communion Meeting on the Merced River, we thought some brethren in the Atlantic States would like to hear from us and our Communion Meetings in California, therefore if these lines will be favored with an insertion in the *PILGRIM*, the opportunity is offered.

Three meetings were held in a beautiful grove on the bank of the Merced River, five miles from Cressies' Station, on a branch road of the Western Pacific R. R., in Merced Co., Cal., in the San Joaquin Valley. The brethren and friends met on the ground previous to holding the meeting, cleared the ground of the brush and weeds, prepared or erected seats, a stand for preaching, and tent for sleeping for the women, children and aged, the more unincumbered went to barns and houses close by. In preparing the place, the brethren and friends showed a zeal for the blessed cause we profess, worthy of imitation.

Preaching commenced on Friday evening, October third, Saturday 11 o'clock, public preaching, in the afternoon, church council till evening, then preaching, every morning at half past seven, morning worship. Up to this time, Sunday, our labor in preaching the Word was on general principles. Sunday at 11, Trine Immersion was the theme dwelt on, and as the evening drew on, those solemn ordinances were attended to, according to our Lord's direction. At 4 o'clock, public preaching again, on the great theme of the Christian Passover, from the bondage of sin to the liberty in Christ Jesus, from law to Gospel. That this was not a Jewish institution, for Jesus Christ Himself had instituted it at least 24 hours in advance of the true Jewish time,—that He Himself, as the Lamb of God would expire on a Roman cross for the sin of the world, at the true Jewish time of slaying the lamb.

At five o'clock, Sunday evening, commenced the lecture of self-examination, from 11th chapter of 1st Cor., this done, the supper was all placed on the table, and the members took their seats around it, 7 o'clock Feet-washing commenced. At the reading of the 4th verse of the 13th chapter of St. John, the administrator rose from supper, laid aside his garments and took a towel and girded himself, then poured water into a basin and washed the brothers feet next to him and wiped them with the towel wherewith he was girded. The brother that had his feet washed, washed his next brother's feet, and so on till the last brother at the end of the table had his feet washed, he then washed the feet of the administrator, so every brother washed and wiped his brother's feet and had his feet washed and wiped by his brother. The sisters proceeded in like manner; the salutation accompanied Feet-washing. Then we ate the supper, and as Jesus commanded, so did we, while some were yet eating, the administrator arose, took the unleavened bread, emblematical of Christ's broken body, blessed and brake it, then the brethren brake with one another; in like manner we proceeded with the cup, or emblem of Christ's

shed blood,—a hymn was sung and our Communion season closed. The brethren and sisters were made to rejoice, our spiritual life refreshed and strengthened. The very best attention was given by the spectators, who watched every move with profound silence. At the close, some of the spectators were head to say; "That fills the bill the best of anything we ever saw."

Monday morning, the sun rose beautiful and fair, shining on our little camp ground like it always does in the Summer season in Cal. I thought of Israel's camping at Elim where there were twelve wells and seventy Palm trees; Israel had the type and we the substance.

After morning worship on Monday, 6th of October, the church considered some matters pertaining to the church till 11 o'clock, then public preaching. Between one and two o'clock we went to the river-side where prayer was wont to be made, and baptized one. After dinner we convened again in council, considering the necessity of calling an active, clear-minded, zealous brother to the field of the Gospel, to labor in the different places in California as the church might direct. We have seen the weakness of our present system of preaching the Word, and desire to put forth more Gospel-like effort to send the glad tidings of God's love to a perishing world. Arrangements were made and decided upon for the maintenance of the missionary and family, if he had one. The plan was new to us and was talked over with a good degree of caution, for pride and self-will sometimes clings very closely to those who are called the servants of Jesus Christ. Monday evening was to be our farewell discourse, but at the hour of preaching there came up a shower of rain and disconcerted us for the evening, (an early rain for California.) Tuesday morning we met early on the ground, the sun shone bright, the winds still, the clouds all gone; after singing and prayer to God, thanking Him for His mercy to us, we ate our breakfast together and started for our homes, rejoicing in God and sorry to part with one another.

The cost of the meeting and amount of provision was as follows: 200 lb bread, 230 lb beef, 100 lb pork 440 lb cabbage and sweet potatoes, 100 lb Irish potatoes, 20 lb coffee & tea, 20 of butter, 20 of honey and sugar, pepper and salt to answer the demand, and a cook three days. The contributions by the brethren and friends over reached the cost of the provision \$13, which was voted to the preachers to pay their traveling expenses.

I have attended many Communion seasons, but have never witnessed one of more love and zeal on the part of the brethren and friends.

ELD. GEO. WOLF.

*Dear Editor of Pilgrim:* It was my privilege once in my life to visit your district, and formed during my brief sojourn, the acquaintance of some of the beloved brethren which I shall ever cherish. I first met brother George Brumbaugh at Cross Roads, preaching in the morning, heard a sermon by old brother Geo.

Brumbaugh in German. At same place in the afternoon we attended a funeral, the subject a young girl of ten or eleven summers; the bud just nipped as it began to blossom in the parents view, and here I cannot refrain from using a stanza of the poet:

"E'er sin could blight or sorrow fade  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there."

On Tuesday morning was solicited by brethren Brumbaugh and Maddocks to attend a Lovefeast in brother James A. Sell's congregation. Bro. Sell, though very young, stands at the head. He much needs the prayers of the church. O that the brethren were more watchful, prayerful and faithful. Stayed over night with brother John H. Stifler whose house consists of six interesting daughters, and what a pity it is that but one has consented to follow Jesus; the way, the truth and the life, while the rest perhaps, have made excuse either to bury their father, or give them good-by which are at home. And he also has six sons, and two have left the ancient landmarks, and have gone in the way of Balaam, the son of Bozer, and after Balak for a reward.

Wednesday we returned to Martinsburg where we had an evening meeting. It is written the Lord can shut and no man can open the door of utterance. Here I made the acquaintance of N. B. Blough, the author of the religious dialogue. Was glad to form his acquaintance, as well as our sister E. R. S., who also contributes to the columns of the *PILGRIM*. May they consider what they say and the Lord be with them.

Thursday evening we took leave of our dear friends and boarded the cars for Altoona, where we remained over night, next morning, Friday, we took the train for Harrisburg, then changed cars for Hagerstown, tarried all night with our cousin A. Lecklider. Saturday morning we took the train for Brownsville, home, on W. Co. B. R. R.

Our visit was short and hurried, although very pleasant, owing to the contemplated Lovefeast at home, which was appointed on the 14th inst at Brownsville, Washington Co., Md. The weather being very fine, there was a good attendance both of the members and friends generally. The ministers of other congregations present were D. P. Sayler, Hanson Seney, David Long, Jacob Trostle, David Rinehart and Jeremiah Brown. The preaching was good and was well received, if strict attention and good order are fair indications.

About eighteen months ago Bro. Geo. D. Bear died, who was for many years the elder of this congregation, and since that time the congregation has been without an elder, but at the recent Lovefeast it was agreed with great unanimity to have Bro. Eman'l Slifer ordained to be elder. His co-laborers are Cornelius W. Castle and Eli Yourter. The members of this congregation reside in the southern part of Middletown Valley, Frederick Co., and Pleasant Valley, Washington Co., Md. The principal place of worship of this congregation is Brownsville, within three hundred yards of the Washington Co. branch

of the B. & O. Railroad, and about 7 miles east of Harper's Ferry, W. Va. The regular appointment for preaching at Brownsville will be on the 25th of this month, and every two weeks from that time on. We would be pleased to have ministering brethren stop with us when they pass this way. Yours in love.

C. W. CASTLE.

Brownsville, Md.

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

J. S. FLORY.

October 20. The day set for our departure has come, and we are on our way with our family, which consists of wife and eight children, for Colorado. The morning was indeed a stormy one, something like 6 inches of snow fell during the night, fruit trees are badly broken, the forest trees are bent near the ground and roads blocked up by fallen trees. Through the snow, we had to make our way seven miles to the Railroad Station. At 12:20 m., we were off all right, aboard the train,—arrived at Huntington at 5:50 p. m. Boat at the wharf awaiting the train, all was bustle and confusion for a time, however, in a little while we were "at home" around a hot stove in the cabin of the Steamer "Exchange," which immediately rounded out and set her head down the beautiful Ohio, for Cincinnati. Owing to the extreme low tide of water and dark and rainy night, she struck ground several times and then lay up.

Oct. 21. At daylight the boat was again on her way, the shores are white with snow and it has been snowing all forenoon, the atmosphere is indeed "winterish." As usual, we have a variety of characters on board. A very talkative M. E. minister makes himself agreeable to us. We have aboard a Roman Catholic Priest who looks and acts just like other people. Then we have a fair representation of fashion, folly, and bombastic conceit and selfishness. In their actions, these butterflies of fashion would seem to say, "Wish we could live in a world where we would not necessarily come in contact with plain, humble, modest people." They will get the privilege doubtless by and by, for there is such a world,—to come, however. Also we have to wonder if they were ever children, or just born into the world with full grown noses to turn up at every childish wish or whim! One *right we have*, and that is to smile in "our sleeve" at their peculiar sensitiveness.

Oct. 22. Arrived at Cincinnati. Last night at 1 o'clock, at the landing, met with brother and cousin Noah Flory and brother Daniel Cline, both of Rockingham Co., Va., who were just on their return from Colorado, were well pleased with their trip, and made a purchase in the town of Beaver, Col. Also met with brother J. K. Holsberry of Barbour Co., W. Va., who is going to accompany us to Col. To-day is pleasant, we are lying over here until this eve, at 5:50, when we expect to leave by the Ohio and Mississippi R. R. for St. Louis. All are well, thank the Lord.

LITERATURE.

A. B. Brumbaugh, Huntingdon, Pa.  
Literary Editor.

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ONE of the great dangers attending the use of the various sedatives employed in the nursery is that they tend to produce the *Opium-habit*. These quack medicines owe their soothing and quieting effects to the action of opium, and the infant is by them given a morbid appetite for narcotic stimulants. The offering for sale of such nostrums should be prohibited, as tending to the physical and moral deterioration of the race. In India mothers give to their infants sugar pills containing opium, and the result is a languid, sensual race of hopeless debauchers. In the United States the poisonous dose is administered under another name; but the consequences will probably be the same. Popular Science Monthly for October.

OLD AND NEW, for November, is before us, and is the first visit of this interesting monthly. It is conducted by Edward E. Hale, and is now completing its 8th volume. The premiums and inducements for new subscribers are truly wonderful. 1st. A Chromo—lithograph—"Confidence." 2d. A new book by Mr. Hale, worth \$1.50. 3rd. Three numbers free, next before the year begins, or 4th, two handsome engravings instead of Chromo. Besides all the magazine itself is excellent. Will send it with PILGRIM, both for \$4.75 including premiums. F. B. Perkins, Business Agent, Boston, Mass.

Literary Intelligence.

THE initial chapter of a new serial entitled "A Daughter of Bohemia," by "Christian Reid" (Miss Fisher) contained in *Appleton's Journal* of October 25th. It depicts life in a Southern city, and exhibits all the peculiar poems, and constructive talent which have marked the previous works of this author.

THE best photographs of Tennyson, Darwin and Carlyle are taken on the work of a Mrs. Cameron an amateur artist in photography living in the Isle of Night.

THE readers of *Harper's Magazine* for November have the opportunity of welcoming back to the Easy Chair Mr. George William Curtis. Prof. Jas. De Mille commences a new serial—"The Living Link" in the same number.

In the November *Scribner*, Mr. Froude begins his "Annals of an English Abbey," (illustrated). "Old and New Louisiana," the second paper of "The Great South," is superbly illustrated. A paper on Steadman, with portrait, by A. R. Macdonough, and a paper by Steadman, on Mrs. Browning, doubly celebrates the name of that popular critic and poet.

THERE seems to be no limit to the editions of Dickens' works. A "New Household Edition" in fifty-six elegant volumes and with 550 illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and John Gilbert, &c., on steel, is announced from the "Riverside Press" of Hurd & Houghton.

WE notice by the announcement in the *Phrenological Journal* for November that the second volume of the "New American Cyclopaedia" revised edition, now in course of publication by D APPLETON & Co., New York, is now ready. This is a great work, and a large library in itself. It will consist of 16 bi-monthly volumes, and is an immense undertaking; but just such an one as will be satisfactorily accomplished by the enterprising house having charge of the project. We predict for it an immense circulation and expect to arrange to supply our patrons with the work as issued.

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