

The Pilgrim.

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

H. B. & Geo. Brumbaugh, Editors.

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NO. 4.

ESSAY DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.
—Psalms 95: 8.

DEAR PILGRIM: As you pass to and fro over the world, you have an enviable opportunity to "do good and communicate." You visit the aged, the hoary headed pilgrim, who has seen more of this vile world than you have, the strong and vigorous and the youthful, the men and women of business, enterprising, energetic spirits, who are always "troubled about many things," and the indolent and improvident, who "don't work," as St. Paul has it. You visit the searchers after the mysteries of godliness, who talk and think about their home in Heaven, the blessed company there, the narrow causeway that leads to the pilgrim's rest and the landmarks which our ancient fathers (including the Apostolic) have set. You also visit the unwary, the careless, the fearful, the doubter, "the disputers of this world," the profligate, the intemperate, the abandoned, and all the company of the Evil One.

What a vast field of usefulness! What a record of worth can be established! To the latter class, the unconverted, bear a message of love from the Lord of Heaven. Poor sinner! I say poor sinner, for of all the poor you are the poorest, being without hope and without God in the world. Hear the admonition which the voice of love bears to you in our text: "To-day, if ye hear His voice, harden not your heart." There are three different ideas expressed in it, which I wish you to note. They are not adverse to each other, but only declare different parts of the same immutable eternal truth. It says:

1st. "To-day, if you hear." You will understand that you *cannot* hear it to-morrow. It declares to you that the future is not yours. Sinner, how much time do you possess? How much have you inherited? How much have you bought or can you buy with your gold? Examine the records in your court house and see how much you have a deed for. Ah! I can tell you how much, *not one second, not one second*, and a wail of anguish comes up from the departing spirit of the unforgiven, echoing *not one second of time*. Then what are you waiting for? O, I'll repent to-morrow. Yes, that dreadful siren of the father of lies has infected you. I say, before to-morrow you will be summoned to the judgment. I'll repent when I've married a wife. Why not before? Will a godly life be a hinderance to you in securing your associate for life, your partner to the tomb? Will God's blessing be of no importance in this the most important step of your life? Say not so, but choose first the Kingdom of God and all else shall be added. You must remember and not forget that God's mercies are only to the penitent, and not to the impenitent. The latter may *seem* to flourish, but when you consider the *end* of their days you will find they are not.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise,

Stay not till to-morrow.

You are blessed to-day; you talk, hear, see, eat, sleep, &c., now; why not obey God, the Author of these mercies, now? Then, to-day, if you hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

2nd. It says, "If you hear His voice." There seems to be some doubt implied here whether you will hear his voice to-day. But you must remember that *whether it is doubtful or sure, depends*

on yourself. You have ears to hear, and if you *want* to hear his voice you *can* hear it. So the matter is with you. You are sovereign. Your will is untrammelled. But I want here to call to your attention the illustrious personage or rather the mighty eternal that speaks. This is not the voice of man that you are admonished to hear, else you could turn away without danger, but it is God's voice. It has spoken very terribly to the sons of men in the past. At one time it so terrified the chosen people of Heaven that they entreated that they might not hear it again. But see how it speaks to us now. In these last days he speaks to us by his son, that is, through the New Testament. It cries mercy, pardon, forgiveness, through the blood of Christ. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. If you are tired of your vanities and follies, and profanity, and all other weaknesses which afflict you, then come to Jesus. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, oh, house of Israel? Why should you die unregenerated when salvation is offered without money or without price? Why should you dare the wrath of Jehovah, and despise his threatenings, and walk in the open road to hell, when you *can* enjoy his love and affectionate favor, his blest promises here, and after death a blissful home in Heaven, the joys and happiness of which no mortal tongue can describe, or heart conceive.

His voice then speaks to you through His book, through His Son, through His ministers whom you hear, or ought to hear, every week. It speaks to you through His continual, never-ceasing ever-returning mercies, the light of the Sun, the Moon and all the heavenly host that adorn the evening sky, the changing seasons, seed-time and harvest, the rain and snow and hail, the storm and calm, your food and raiment, home, friends, kindred, all that you enjoy convey the voice of God, for "from him cometh every good and perfect gift."

This voice shook the earth, "but once more he will shake, not the earth only, but also heaven." Then what will you say? Ah! it is written what you will say. You will say, oh! ye

rocks and mountains fall upon us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand. That will be a horrid imprecation. If you should hear one of your neighbors invoke such a calamity, you would say he was either crazy or drunk or both. When every mountain and every isle shall fly away at that awful voice, (awful to the sinner, but full of melody and sweetness to the humble disciple), the poor unconverted will stand, or rather will fall before the great Judge in all the naked repulsiveness of their filthiness, unwashed, unredeemed, foul and abominable, accursed and condemned, forever from the presence of God and the joys and glory of Heaven.

3d. It assures you that you have the power to accept or reject. "Harden not your hearts." Could you desire more favorable terms? Your salvation is in your own hands, and if you continue in your sins, you deliberately and madly cast it from you. Your Lord and Master has mercifully granted you your own choice, and if you are lost you cannot reproach him. Not only is your salvation or damnation committed to you, but the height of joy in one, or the depth of misery in the other, is also in a great measure within your control, for "the measure you mete to others will be meted to you again." That is altogether reasonable and just. Forgive as you desire forgiveness. Be merciful as you hope for mercy, &c.

If you were subject to others, and they fettered and entrammelled you, then you might justly murmur at your hard fate, but, as it is just the reverse, your miseries will be only more intense and terrible. To be condemned forever, to weep and wail in awful anguish in that horrid lake or sea of fire, when you could far more easily have secured a mansion in Heaven, will be too unspeakably dreadful to contemplate. Accept, then, the admonition here offered you, "Let the wicked man forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts." Hear the words of our text, and don't forget to remember them: "To-day if you hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

D. C. MOOMAW.

Clover Dale, Va.

IGNORANCE THE PARENT OF VICE.

Popular opinion, we are aware, differs from our view as regards the truth of the assertion which heads this article. Popular opinion, we are likewise aware, is seldom correct in its estimate of people and things. This is highly consoling.

The uneducated masses do not know the value of scholarship, hence they condemn it. As a child would value a piece of cut glass as much as it would a diamond of similar size and shape, so do the illiterate become attached to ignorance and vice, because they know nothing of the beauties of education and virtue; give them the one and they will love the other.

Parents and guardians need not fear that those under them will receive too much book knowledge. Many superficial people are very fearful lest their children meet some *peculiar* sentiments in the course of their reading. By this we mean that they would not have them read anything which differs in the least from certain dogmas of their church, or which is against certain popular beliefs held sacred by themselves. This is laying an excellent foundation for prejudice (and its twin sister ignorance), to build upon. It may not appear wrong to those who do it, but they must, sooner or later, feel its effects upon the minds of those upon whom it is exercised. We hold that if a child be taught to deem such narrow mindedness just, that will be the standard by which it will judge people and things when it grows up; hence its ideas of life must ever be out of place, obscure and imperfect. We hold that such an act on the part of parents and guardians is not calculated to develop pure thoughts and generous views in the minds of the young.

Too many people fear education; they frequently deny that they do, but a skillful conversationist will procure the truth in a five minute's talk with them. The fascinations of vice only charm those ignorant of its real nature. Educate your sons and daughters. Teach them that it is beautiful *to do good*, and that mental if not bodily misery must follow sin, and they will *shun* it. Scholarship and religion alone can refine and make virtuous the uncultivated and immoral man; of course there are rogues, as many people say, who are talented men, but have those people who claim that as an argument against scholarship, ever found a *thoroughly* educated man a common plunderer and a very wicked man? Very few men who have ever been educated up to an ordinary standard, turn out to be worthless. What class of beings universally head mobs? What class of beings thundered at the doors of the royal palace of Versailles, during the French Revolution, and demanded the head of Marie Antoinette? Was it the scholars and refined men and women of France?

Ringgold, Md.]

SIDNEY JOHNSON.

[FOR THE PILGRIM]

CHRIST.

Up on the shameful cross by faith
Christ, the Son of God, we see;
But to an inglorious death,
Crucified for you and me.

There we see him bleeding, dying,
Hanging on the cursed tree;
'Neath our sins behold him lying,
Crucified for you and me.

Though the scene was dark and fearful,
And the sun forbade his light,
Though the crowd was sad and tearful,
And the day was dark as night,

Yet from out the shades of sorrow,
From the darkness of the night,
Comes there forth a glorious morrow,
Beams a pure, refreshing light.

If again by faith we wander,
Christ, our risen head, we see
Sitting by the throne up yonder,
Pleading there for you and me.

If we could but half his sorrow,
Half his love for us conceive,
All would, ere there comes to-morrow,
Trust, embrace him and believe.

New Pleasant Grove.]

MOLLIE A. GRIM.

[SELECTED BY E. R. STIFLER.]

"WHAT THEN?"

After the joys of earth,
After its songs and mirth,
After its hour of sight,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world loved too well;
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well;
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

Oh, then, the Judgment Throne!
Oh, then, the last hope—gone!
Then, all the woes that dwell
In an eternal Hell!

Holidaysburg, Penna.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"FATHER KNOWS."

A gentleman was one day opening a box of dry goods. His little son was standing near, and as the father took the packages from the box he laid some upon the arm of the boy. A little friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As package after package was laid upon the arm of the boy, his little friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said:

"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can carry?"

"Never mind," dear little Johnny answered, in a sweet, happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under his burden heavy though it doubtless seemed. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay upon him a burden too heavy for him. His father knew the strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not over task it. More than all, his father loved him and could not harm him.

It is such a spirit of loving trust in him that God desires all his children to possess. He says, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

A child may not understand why he is obliged to perform a certain action, or why he is sometimes refused that for which he very much longs, and which it is in the parent's power to bestow; but if a dutiful child, he will submit cheerfully, feeling that father or mother knows best. Sometimes, when a child interrogates a parent as to some course which he has been asked to pursue, he receives this answer:

"My child, I cannot explain this to you now; you are not old enough to understand it; but some day you shall know all, and then you will see that father's way was the best way."

So God calls us to walk in a path where all before us is dark. We cannot understand his dealings, but he bids us put our hands in his and press on, trusting to his infinite wisdom and his loving guidance. We may not know in this life why our heavenly Father led us in such devious paths, but in the light of eternity all will be made clear. Then shall we not only see that God's way is not only the best way, but the only way. God afflicts not willingly. If he lays a burden upon us, it is because the chastening, which for the present seemeth grievous, will afterward yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. It is sweet to the child of God to feel that his heavenly Father knows how much he can bear, and will not lay upon him burdens too grievous to be borne;

sweet, too, to feel that he will not be left to carry his sorrows alone. Into his bleeding heart the Comforter will come and heal the wounds that Love has made, and in his weakness the everlasting arms will be underneath him.

The rose is sweetest when it first opens; the spikenard root, when the herb dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it; but the odor of piety survives death, and perfumes the tomb.

Time once past never returns. Defer nothing for the morrow which should be done to-day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR PILGRIM: I promised to give you a report of my journey and visit to Mifflin and Blair counties, Penna.

I left home on the morning of the 7th of January, 1870, and went by way of Brownsville to Pittsburgh. The steamboat being behind time, I missed the train on which I should have gone East, and therefore did not reach Lewistown, the place of my destination, until 8:25 P. M. Being too late for meeting, I made my way to the house of friend Wm. Panabaker, where I was taken in and cared for. His wife is a daughter of my esteemed brother Christian Long, of Iowa. Bro. Grabill Myers, my colleague, having arrived, filled the appointment Saturday evening.

Sunday morning I was taken by friend Panabaker to the Dry Valley Meeting-house, for meeting at 10 A. M. Here I met the brethren and sisters assembled for worship. We continued to meet here every day, forenoon and evening, until Thursday evening, 13th. On the 14th brother Myers returned home, to attend his appointment at Warriorsmark. I was taken to visit brother Isaac Price, (a deacon), who had been sick for some time. Brothers Charles Royer, and John Beaver, of Buffalo Valley, assisted at the meetings in Dry Valley, and they, with Elder Jacob Mohler and others, were with us at brother Price's. My visit among the members of Dry Valley congregation was very pleasant, and I added many names to the list of those "I love to remember." From brother Price's I was taken

by brother Archy Vandyke to his house. This was the first time that I ever visited his dear and interesting family. There was meeting that evening in the Aurand school-house. Brother Archy took me to meeting and then back to his house, where I was kindly cared for and enjoyed good rest. The next morning at 10 A. M. meeting at the same place again. Here brother William Howe, one of the ministers of the Dry Valley congregation joined us. Dined with brother Geo. S. Myers, a young minister of Dry Valley congregation. This ended my time in that congregation. Having attended 12 appointments, and visited 12 or 13 families.

On Saturday 15th, in the afternoon, I was taken by brother Archy Vandyke to the Spring Run congregation. In the evening we commenced our meetings in this congregation. At this place I met Bro. H. R. Holsinger, editor of the *Companion*. But as we lodged at different places, we had not much conversation. I also met my esteemed young Brother, John B. Brumbaugh, of the PILGRIM. Had a satisfactory interview with Brother John relative to the prospects of the PILGRIM.

On Sunday, the 16th, Bro. Jos. R. Hanawalt took me to Myers' school-house, at 10 A. M. where we met a small but very attentive congregation. Dined with Brother Abraham Myers, a minister in Spring Run congregation. In the evening visited our dear young sick Sister Grimes (or Graham). Meeting in the evening in the Meeting-house; also on Monday, at 11 A. M. and evening. Brethren Mohler, Howe and Vandyke of Dry Valley, were present. On Tuesday Bro. G. Myers joined us again. On Wednesday evening I was taken to the Mattawanna school-house. Thursday was taken to Meeting-house again. Thursday evening closed our meetings in the Spring Run congregation. I was happy to find the members, generally, alive and active, in this congregation. I attended 11 appointments, visited 12 different families, and added many names to those "I love to remember."

On Friday morning I took my final leave of the brethren at Spring Run, and taking the cars

11:22 A. M., I passed on to Tyrone. Brother Myers, my colleague, passed on home, while I stopped off at Tyrone. Walked over to the *Companion* office, where I met Brother Holsinger. Found his family well, except his oldest daughter, who had the mumps. In the evening had meeting in Brother Holsinger's "hired house." Remained over night with Brother Holsinger and family. Had a pleasant visit.

On Saturday, the 22nd, took the train for Hollidaysburg. As we passed Eldorado, (Brother G. Myers' station), Brother Myers stepped in the car, and at Hollidaysburg took the stage for Martinsburg, Blair co., where we arrived in the evening, and where we were met by Brother — Snyder, and taken to the Clover Creek Meeting-house, where we held meeting same evening. Met at same place next day at 10 A. M. After meeting, I was taken some eight miles North, where there were appointments for Sunday and Monday evenings. I filled these appointments, while Bro. Myers remained at the Meeting-house. On Tuesday we met in Martinsburgh, in the place the brethren worship. Had meeting at 10 A. M., and evening at same place. Lodged with Brother James Kenaerer, at whose house I lodged six years ago, at the A. meeting. We were well cared for by this very kind family.

Wednesday morning we took the stage for Hollidaysburg. At Hollidaysburg we took the train for Altoona. Stopped off at Eldorado with Brother Myers at his residence. Spent the afternoon pleasantly with his kind family. At 7 P. M. took the train again, and arrived at Pittsburgh at 2 A. M. next morning. At 5 A. M. took the stage for Washington, our county town, where I arrived at 1:15 P. M. Here I met my oldest son with the buggy, and arrived at home at 4 P. M., Jan. 27th. Found all well. Thanks, yes, heartfelt thanks to God for his great mercy to us. And many thanks to the dear brethren and sisters for their great kindness to me.

JOHN WISE,

Scenery Hill, Pa., Jan. 29, 1870.

This report should have been in PILGRIM No. 3, but was just one mail too late.—ED.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

DEAR EDITOR: On the 6th of January I started for Bloomingdale (where I have pitched my tent), for the purpose of visiting my fellow pilgrims in their different localities, and see how they are getting along on their journey, and if I found any obstacles in their way hindering their progress, I would offer my assistance to remove the same, and in so doing receive mutual benefit and encouragement; and truly I was not disappointed. We were truly strengthened and comforted together, and resolved to double our diligence.

I passed from Lagrange, Ind., over to Elkheart. I need not tell who they were that conducted me, their names I trust are recorded, and the acts of kindness stand on the page of credit where all acts of that description will be found in the day of reckoning. We stopped for refreshments with some pilgrims in a place called Van Buren. There I met the PILGRIM, sent out on wings of love and peace by you, dear Brother, and though its first appearance is in a diminutive form, yet its pleasant countenance and gentle breathing done my heart good, and gave me hope that it might grow to greater size and corresponding strength. Communing a little while with it, I soon learned that we were of kindred spirits, and its object of sojourning the same as mine, viz: To reconcile all the pilgrims to one another into one combined body, thus enabling them to meet the force that is forming itself to destroy, or at least vex the pilgrims in their sojourn. It seems to be very evident that the enemy has yielded the ground we occupy, and admits our claim to it, as granted by a chart from the King. (Rev. 3:9.) We see that the enemy hath and doth make a bold attack upon individual pilgrims, in putting in question their sincerity and uprightness, and thus disconcerting their modes of operations, by causing disunion among the most alert and active of their number. This being well understood by those that are circumspect, I, for one, would ask leave of all the pilgrims to raise my voice in solemn warning to stand close together in solid columns, and whenever one of those darts of disunion is cast, whether it is called *self will* or *self importance*, try to put that down under foot, and take hold of the beautifully polished weapon called *To be easily entreated*, and use the watchword *Be ye all subject to one another*. I left the PILGRIM and joined with a goodly number at Brother Bekner's, near White Pigeon, on Saturday, 22d ult. Perfect harmony seemed to prevail here. Next I met with the brethren at Berkey's Meeting-house, near Goshen, both in forenoon and evening, and I trust to mutual benefit. Thence came to Milford, where the brethren made a prolonged effort after the example of those of old,

who were daily together in the temple and in other places, testifying to both Jew and Gentile, &c. The result was truly gratifying, to see the tender child of 9 years and the hoary head of three score years and ten melt together into one body by the consuming fire of God's unchanging love in the person of Jesus Christ, His dear Son. Yes, a remarkable circumstance occurred. Two inveterate enemies, who had resolved each one for himself to destroy the other's life, secretly, now coming out of the bath of regeneration, grasping each other by the hand, forgiving each other (as God had forgiven them), and sealing their friendship with a token of love, the salutation of the holy kiss, thus showing to the multitude what power there is in the obedience of the Gospel ordinances. Thus, upwards of fifty were added to the church. Here is again an evidence of the good results of continued effort in close connection. To ascertain the truth of a charge often made, that people are brought into a state of excitement by these protracted efforts. I conversed with a number of these newly adopted children, and in every instance learned that they had had it under contemplation for a long while; and of some I knew they had been moved even when I had yet lived and labored among them; and what is yet most remarkable is the fact that there was very little if any fire and brimstone preached. Now since there were all grades and characters brought together into one fold, I trust when they see these lines they will be willing to accept a little kind admonition from him that shared with them the joy that was felt in those days, when the angels in heaven rejoiced because they came back into their father's house.

Beloved ones, and especially you, my own dear children, never do you rise against your mother, the church, but be you ever ready to take advice and counsel from the church, though you should not always understand the *why* and *wherefore*. Be patient till you grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth, and that which may now appear unimportant and useless, will then show itself in a pure light. Try to subdue your own carnal will, as you have commenced, and let the will of God rule your every action, which *will* of God is taught and practiced by the church. Let the direction of Paul, not to offend any one, be adhered to, and be ye easily entreated. Labor to become meek and lowly in heart, which you will learn if you keep close to Jesus, the sinner's friend.

I must now soon come to a close, as my sheet is nearly full, only saying that I failed coming to you as was promised, because a message that my wife was on the point of death called me home. But thanks be to God, that I found her alive, yet apparently near gone; but the Lord answered the

many prayers sent up in my behalf, and now this day (8th of February) I am sitting by her bedside hopeful of her recovery. Thank you, therefore, dear brethren and sisters, for the prayer of the righteous availeth much.

The PILGRIM will now take up this little mis-sive and look it through, and if there is any word of consolation, multiply its sheet, and drop it into every tent where they welcome its visits.

I remain your fellow pilgrim,

F. P. LÆHR.

Bloomington, Mich.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

ACCORDING to promise the time will soon be here for a weekly issue, and we are trying to make arrangements to get at the work in good earnest. Our friends have come up to the work nobly. The little PILGRIM is growing in favor daily, and when it comes weekly we hope that its reception will still be more highly appreciated. We have received much good advice from those who are well qualified to give it, and we hope to be profited thereby. Our whole object is to do *right*, and if we, through weakness, should make a miss-step in our responsible position, we hope to be apprised of it, as many have promised to do. We again call upon our patrons to keep us well supplied with good original matter for our columns. Don't be afraid of crowding us. Nothing good shall be lost. Even the crumbs will be gathered. Those who wish to have the PILGRIM enlarged can be gratified by burdening us with live and instructive contributions. We will make room for all, if we have to double our pages. To our young readers we would say, improve your talents. Time spent in writing for the press is by no means lost. It is one of the *very* best ways of making education practical. The PILGRIM is not to be devoted to selfish ends, but is based upon the broad platform of *truth*. Come then, rally around our standard. Assist us by writing for our columns, and the benefit shall be mutual. Our Agents will please continue to solicit subscribers. Some have done very well, by sending us large lists, for which they have our thanks. We still have some back Numbers, which will be supplied to new subscribers. No. 1 is running short, and

will be only sent to those who especially call for it. We sent out some 400 copies of No. 1 to non-subscribers; out of that number there were only about thirty returned. Therefore those who do not call for it, we will take it for granted that they have received it. ED.

ANSWER TO PATRONS.

J. Newcomer, Middle Springs, Pa.—You letter and money came to hand all right. The fault was with us. Through a mistake, your name had not been entered in our book. Back numbers are sent, and all will be right. Please excuse.

Joseph L. Replogle, Barree Forge, Pa.—The PILGRIM is sent to you and paid for by Elder Wm. Panabaker, who also sends it to some three or four others in the same way. Hope the kind favors will be appreciated by those who receive them. We would just here say, that those receiving papers without being ordered, need not give themselves any anxiety about it. The name has been sent and paid for by some one, as we send to none but actual subscribers, unless it be specimen copies to introduce it, and those we do not expect to have sent back.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The January and February Nos. of this journal are on our table and we do not hesitate in saying that the change in form is for the better, especially to those who will preserve them for binding. We have been a constant reader of the Journal for some four years, and we have not only fallen in love with the paper, but also the science which it advocates. It teaches us to know ourselves and those with whom we associate, a knowledge which, when once possessed, is of inestimable value. Each number is complete within itself, and contains more useful information than any other scientific journal published. Price \$3.00. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

YOUNG FOLK'S NEWS.—Published every Wednesday by Alfred Martien, at No. 1214, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at \$1 a year in advance. This is a neat little sheet, especially devoted to the young, and seems to be well adapted to their wants.

OBITUARIES.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

On the 3rd of February 1870, I attended the funeral of little ANNA, daughter of Samuel and Catherine Wolf. This being the fifth child these parents followed to the grave within the last five years. I attended all these funerals. The first one, that of Ellie, aged 7 years, was on the 19th of September 1865. The second, of Sarah Elizabeth, aged 4 years 10 months and 21 days, on the 5th of October 1865. The third, of Arthur, aged 2 years, 3 months and 25 days, on the 7th of October 1865. The fourth, of Ida, aged 10 years, 11 months and 12 days, on the 10th of November 1865. And now, that of Anna the fifth, aged 1 year, 10 months and 26 days, buried on the 3rd of February 1870.

Truly it may be said, the dregs of the cup of affliction, disappointment, and death, have been wrung out to these young and interesting parents. And although not members of the church as yet, it must be comforting to them to contemplate the grand truth that they have a family of five children in heaven. And as they, like David, know that they will not come to them, but that they must go the way they have gone before, may the grace of God prevail with them to a preparation for a happy meeting with their children in the Heavenly Father's home, where their hearts will no more be rent by the icy hand of death, as I so often saw them rent here on earth.

At the funeral of Ida, the following was handed to me, headed Ellie, Lizzie and Ida's evening prayer, which these children never failed to repeat on their retiring to bed:

"Lord, this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer:
Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Dear mothers, impress upon the minds of your dear children the fear of the Lord early in life. Teach them to know they are dependent upon God, the giver of all good, for all they enjoy. Teach them to learn certain prayers which embrace and express their ideas. Compose them yourselves if you can do so satisfactorily; if not, select some expressive poetry, or prose; and see that when your children retire, that they do so orderly, repeating their prayers solemnly; it will establish a principle they will never forget. And if the words of Solomon be true, (and who will dare say they are not) "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is well worth trying. D. P. SAYLER.

Died, in the Manor Church, (of consumption) Sister Ellen Leary, aged 83 years. Funeral service by Br. D. Long.

Same Church, Susan, wife of Br. John Nally.

Also, same Church, Bennett James, husband of Sister Sally James. V. REICHARD.

Died, in Botetourt county, Va., Jan. 27th 1870, Sister Catherine Crouse, aged 75 years, past. Funeral services by Eld. John Brubaker and the writer, from Rev. 14:13, to a large concourse of people. The subject of this notice was mother-

in-law to our beloved Elder B. F. Moomaw, at whose residence she lived and died. Sister Crouse was a bright example of christian piety, being faithful in the good cause which she espoused, and leaving us a lively hope that our loss is her great gain. ["Visitor" please copy.]

Also, in the same congregation, January 11th 1870, Sister Elizabeth Firestone, aged 53 years, 5 months and 19 days. Funeral services by the writer.

Text, 14 ch. 13 v. Sister Firestone was a consistent member of the church for many years, but she has now gone to reap her reward. JONAS GRAYBILL.

(Visitor please copy.)

THE PILGRIM.

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