

The Pilgrim.

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

H. B. & Geo. Brumbaugh, Editors.

J. B. Brumbaugh & Co., Publishers.

VOL. I.

JAMES CREEK, APRIL 19, 1870.

NO. 8.

ESSAY DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

TO A SISTER IN SUFFERING.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

This is an unfinished prayer. Although the cup has been drained, it will not be drained again; for a chalice of infinite depth, containing dregs of infinite woe, can be exhausted only by an infinite sufferer. All suffering in the finite comes by infringement; and the sin which is the source of suffering, can be atoned for only by One who was before sin, and comes under its liabilities and disabilities voluntarily and vicariously. Now He is ready and able to relieve all, and no nerve in our organism is more sensitive to pain, than He is to the sorrows and burdens and sufferings of His children. Every throb of agony in the saint throbs into the depths of his Infinite Being. He has been at the bottom of every experience that a believer, as such, can possibly meet with. Your bodily disorders may be intensely excruciating, yet they bear no comparison to what your mental agony would be if you had not the grace of Jesus to sustain you. The physical incapacity with which you are afflicted, evinces serious derangement in some vital part; your union with the Abolisher of death, enables you to live though you die, and gives to life all the fresher bloom for the decaying elements that lie around its roots. You are surrounded by kind friends, whose sympathy and kindly offices mitigate your sufferings; but when the sanctuary of life is invaded by an insidious, untractable disease, in secret undermining the citadel of mortality, we feel most urgently the necessity of a support that cannot fail us in

any emergency. Such a rock on which to repose your hopes, I am sure you have. Even if you recover your health, and live many years, you will never find Jesus more ready to offer His arm, His bosom, His love and upholding grace, than *now*. Justified by grace through faith in the blood of Christ. Heaven will not be surer one hundred years hence *than at this moment*. Babes in Christ have as good a title to the eternal inheritance, as those who have advanced to the stature and positions of fathers. Every moment of the Christian's stay on earth has something to do in fixing his *rank* among the Heavenly Host, and in maintaining the security of his Divine relationship; while the *relation itself* is established at the time of justification. When two congenial souls are united in the connubial alliance, they cannot be more really man and wife, as to fact, after having living together fifty years, than they were in the first hour of their wedded life. They can grow in the knowledge of each other, be absorbed in each other's being, become more like each other, and ever deepen in their consciousness that their happiness is bound up in each other's presence and loving companionship, but this does not render their marriage any more legitimate and comprehensive in its immunities, than if death had sundered them in the first gush of conjugal love. If we are drawn into wedlock with Jesus by the power of Divine love, so as not only to be formally connected by an external ceremony, but with a vital bond that runs *through* the ceremony, out of the heart of Jesus into ours, and back again from ours into His, where in reserve, by Divine promise, a dowry of comfort and bliss and love and glory and joy unspeakable, such as an al-

mighty, all-wise, all-loving Bridegroom alone can bestow. You are betrothed to Jesus, and your betrothal is forever. The time between your espousals and death, He has allotted you for the adornment of your soul with the jewels of grace against the day that he intends to call you into His glorious love-pavilion, to fill and thrill you eternally with the raptures of His presence. Your daily preparation to meet Him will not make you His bride, but being His bride, you are to employ every moment in clothing yourself with humility, and throwing around you the luminous drapery of love, so that when the second, final bridal-hour arrives, he may lead you with joyous welcome into His royal palace. So may it be with you, with me, and with millions more.

C. H. BALSBAUGH.

[FOR THE PILGRIM]

KINDNESS.

There is indeed much involved in this little word; more, at least, than I shall be capable in my weakness to lay before the readers of the PILGRIM. But if we scrutinize it a little closely, we can of course trace up some arguments that will tend to prove that it is of vast importance that we exercise charity whenever an opportunity presents itself, and to all creeds and sects. We must admit that it is one of the ruling principles of every civilized and intelligent man. You will observe, that wherever that spirit of benevolence prevails there is prosperity, friendship, union and love. You will perceive that if this principle is substantially and fully adhered to that there are no discontents or contentions of any brevity of complying with all its requirements. There is no danger that we will confer too much charity and hospitality upon others. We can very easily keep in our proper sphere, for we very well remember the old proverb—Be kind to all, both great and small. We find by benevolence we can ease the pains of those that are sad; we can conquer by kindness where all other means fail; we can put anger and malice to flight by substituting kindness as our shield. How congratulating it is as we look back through the dim vista of the past, and there learn that we have been kind to those who have passed the dark and dismal grave to eternal felicity. I say again, we can congratulate ourselves if we have such an assurance resting in our bosoms.

C. H. WALKER.

Berlin, Pa.

Should misfortune overtake you, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance; should you then fail, you will be honored, but shrink, and you'll be despised.

[FOR THE PILGRIM]

IGNORANCE THE PARENT OF VICE.

SECOND PART.

The human mind as it exists at first, is "like those marble blocks, hewn from Carara's steppes which in themselves are but unpolished shafts of stone;" but by the magic skill of the sculptor are carved into shapes of marvellous artistic perfection and beauty. Thus, by the genial and refining influence of scholarship, the intellect is polished and the original dross and roughness is removed, when it appears laden with new beauties, and symmetrical as a Greek statue. Of course when we speak of knowledge, we mean the TRUE knowledge. Not those superficial accomplishments which so frequently render certain young folks rather simple than wise. Not that ordinary culture which causes its possessor to laugh at the weakness of his neighbor. Not that aristocratic distinctiveness which teaches its slaves to disregard the feelings of "ordinary beings." But that superb intelligence, and those regal attainments which soften the heart, and cause us to overlook the small imperfections of mankind; the knowledge which imparts nobleness of character, suavity of expression, and nobility of soul. This is the knowledge which causes men and women to be truly great, to be ornaments to society, and gentle, loving creatures at home. Let us turn the mirror and behold the picture upon the opposite side: A man and woman stand conversing, they are man and wife. In a few moments we hear the man blaspheming in his wife's presence. Need we look back to his past history to discover whether he be a gentleman of education, or social refinement? No gentleman will use profanity, for a gentleman is one who reverences God, and he would no more think of swearing than he would think of stealing. In connection with the precedent sentence, behold the American nation (morally) at the present time. Ask its wise men, its scholars, its philosophers, its theologians—why Satan's banner floats so proudly from almost every quarter of it, and they may surprise you by pointing to certain illiterate rulers, or some startling government depravity. Whither are we drifting as a nation? Turn back ten years, read the history of our magnificent land from its discovery to that period, behold the character of the men who then governed it, compare its growth and prosperity at that time with its present condition, and perhaps your intellect may seize upon the truth—why we are a people whose very Temples are polluted with sin.

Let us look at the subject in still another ramification. Goethe tells us that "Piety is not an end but a means of reaching the highest culture, through the purest repose of the mind." We have

deferred coming to this point, because it is one that many may object to (i.e. in the light which we look at it). In the limited space of our unpretending little essay, we cannot enter into argument concerning the many strong points of the subject, but must remain content to only give some thoughts concerning it.

We pause. Those whom we have interested, if there be any, can carry their reflection to any length, for the subject is boundless; those who differ from us can, with the aid of type, enlighten us by expressing their views of the thesis.

S. JOHNSON.

[Selected by Catharine Ploutz.]

TO MY OLD HOME.

Farewell to thee, my peaceful home,
A long, a last adieu,
Where e'er I go, while life remains,
My thoughts will turn to you.

The happy hours with thee enjoyed
Are numbered with the past;
Too happy, ah I found, alas!
They could not always last.

May peace and plenty, joy and love,
Within thy courts abound;
And all the sweets of life be strewn
With liberal hand around.

Thy pleasant walks, thy cooling groves,
Thy grottos and thy glens,
I now resign to other hands—
To those I call my friends.

They too, will leave to other hands
The work that they have done,
For time and seasons work a change
To all beneath the sun.

The dear companions of my love,
My joy and every care;
I often ask, where are they gone?
But echo answers, where.

I'll not despise my humble home,
Nor murmur at my lot;
But years of pleasure once enjoyed,
Can never be forgot.

I'll journey on life's downward road,
Not wishing more to roam;
While faith and hope will lead the way,
To an eternal home.
Double Pipe Creek, Md.

Faith, Hope and Charity, or Love, are three such inseparables, that they have been likened to a plant, Faith being the root, Hope the upward-rising stem, and Love the bright and glowing fruit.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING.

Dear fellow-Christain, you have perhaps learned by a woeful experience to pity those who, by a restless activity in what they call Christain work, are seeking to settle the unsolved question of their salvation. You have perhaps learned something of the order in which salvation and service are presented by the Gospel. By the grace of God you know that Christ is *all our salvation*. But it may still be asked, are you sitting down, after the long, dark night of uncertainty and vain striving for salvation, merely to enjoy the thought of a salvation accomplished? We would ask not only what are you enjoying, but *what are you doing*? Are you glorifying Him in your body and your spirit, which are His? You have no longer salvation to seek, but are you seeking His glory? You may dwell with rapture on his love, but does the love of Christ constrain you? Are you living not to yourself, but to him who died for us, and rose again? Assuredly he has not left his redeemed in such a world as this, merely to enjoy salvation. He has plainly told us for what end he has left us here, and in view of this we ask, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

It is most true that Christ's beauty seen, his love felt, and his word known, are the springs of acceptable service. But what avails it if you can speak of all these, and yet they do not move you in his service? Do you hear his word, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me?" Do you visit the saints in their sickness and sorrow, and minister to the poor of your substance? Are you prayerfully and practically seeking the welfare of the Church of God? Do not say you can do nothing; for you are a member of his body, and he has given you a place of service. "Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary." He has given you talents to use for him, and has said to you "occupy till I come." Your blessing and spiritual growth will be hindered, as well as the Lord's name dishonored, if you are not occupied in service according to his mind.

Think also of the Gospel which he commands to be preached in all the world. Are you helping this forward by your prayers and substance? Are you preaching it according to your opportunities? If so, are you "steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord?"

Consider the awful precipice on the verge of which so many are standing; and think how few of our relatives, friends, and neighbors truly confess the Lord Jesus! Think of the tens of thousands at our very doors, and the millions throughout the world, who do not know the only name given under heaven or among men whereby they can be saved. Think of the multitudes within

your reach who make no secret of their neglect of this great salvation; and can you be walking in fellowship with him who came to seek and save the lost, who shed his blood for the ungodly, who wept over impenitent Jerusalem, if you are sitting at ease in the midst of these careless sinners over whom an awful doom is pending?

Once more, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? Can we say with Paul, "I am pure from the blood of all men?" Will the Lord, when he comes, say of you and me, as he said of that poor woman who loved much, "They have done what they could?"

THIS being a gloomy day, on account of excessive rain and wind, so that I did not go to meeting, I take my pen to note or refer my fellow travelers to some of the many scriptural passages that will convince the humble mind that the Christian's path is somewhat obscure, and sometimes very gloomy. For brevity's sake I will merely refer the inquirers to the places where the passages can be found, and let them examine them at leisure, or in gloomy seasons:

See Genesis, Chapter 3d Verse 8th.

" " " 15 " 12 and 13

" " " 22 from 1 to 13

" " " 28 " 10 to 15 both inclusive

See Exodus " 14 Verse 10. (This chapter is mixed with consolation.)

See John, Chapter 15, Verse 19

" 2nd Kings " 19, " 10 to 14

" Job " 1st and 2nd

" Psalms 30th

" " 34th, Verse 19

" Isaiah Chapter 55

" Book of Wisdom, Chapter 5

" Matthew, Chapter 5, Verse 1

" Luke, " 24, " 13 to 24th

" Hebrews, " 12, " 6 to 11th

Many of the above passages are connected with consolation, and ten times as many more might be added connected with promises and comfort to the weary pilgrim.

DAVID BOSSERMAN.

Gettysburg, Pa., March 27, 1870.

THE ROSE.

The Rose had been wash'd, just washed in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd.

And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps, by a smile.

—COWPER.

Selected for the Pilgrim.

LIFE'S CONSUMATION.

When life's work is done, and life's journey is ended,
And all of its burdens are gently laid down,
When we to the bright spirit-shore have ascended,
The glories of heaven our labors shall crown.

When the beauties of earth are lost to our vision,
And loving friends' voices shall wake us no more,
We'll then understand how wise the decision,
That led us to start for the heavenly shore.

If we've fought a good fight 'gainst sin and temptation,
And tried all the evil within to overcome,
Though humble our sphere, and lowly our station,
Kind spirits in glory will welcome us home.

And there freed from all that on earth is annoying,
Exalted to know as we never have known;
Still learning of God, still progressing, enjoying,
Will reap a rich harvest, if rightly we've sowed.

EMILY R. STIFLER.

Hollidaysburg, Penna.

[SELECTED BY KATIE REICHARD.]

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Pray without ceasing, when the arms of sorrow
round thee fall,

With God thy friend and counsellor, they never
can appall;

This spirit pure shall e'er descend upon thy heart
to bless,

Beneath His smile, though dark, thine is true
happiness.

Pray without ceasing, when the light of joy and
hope is thine,

Pray that its cheering light may still upon thy
pathway shine.

Pray without ceasing to the close of life's oft
weary day;

And when death calls thee to his arms, still with-
out ceasing pray.

Oakland, Md.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

THE BOOK OF NATURE.—No. 1.

My dear young readers, why do we go to school? Do we not go to learn and improve our minds? We can learn a great many things without going to our common schools. Let us now take hold of the Book of Nature, and study its contents. If we attain to a full understanding of its contents, then we may think we are through with seeking knowledge.

Let us think of the earth whereon we live. Why is it not all land? Why are we not created to live in the water, like some of God's creatures? How are the numerous springs supplied with water, and never run dry? If any of my young readers can answer all these questions, it will enable them to advance still further in the lessons contained in "The Book of Nature."

The Bible says, before the world was created darkness was on the deep, and the spirit of God floated on the water, and in six days the earth was made and all things in and on it, and on the seventh day he rested, which he called the Sabbath.

Then was water and land separated, and all manner of animals were created to live on the land, and the fishes to swim in the water. The sun he made to rule the day, and the moon to give light by night.

Did you ever think why it is that the earth, or at least the land part, was not made a plain, perfectly smooth and level, as far as the eye could see, or if hills and mountains must be, why we can not find any two exactly alike? If you can find any two things alike, be they hills, valleys, creeks, springs, trees, herbs, plants, flowers, leaves, or even blades of grass, or anything else that could be named, you will please let me know through the columns of the PILGRIM. I will now let you consider over the foregoing questions, and I may perhaps write again upon the same subject hereafter.

S. S. ZUG.

Mastersonville, Lancaster county, Pa.—No. 3.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

CONTINUED.

My Dear Little Readers.—In my last chapter I told you about the baptism, fasting, and temptations, of our dear Saviour; in this I will try to tell you of some of His miracles. A miracle is something which no one but God can do. The Bible tells us, our Saviour performed his first miracle in Cana of Gallilee, at a wedding, where he turned water into wine. He also healed persons afflicted of diseases that no man has ever been able to cure, for instance the leprosy, an aw-

ful disease which covers the body with a kind of white scales, and is also contagious, or catching. A poor leper once said to Him, "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," and the Saviour merely said, "I will, be thou clean," and he was cured immediately; at another time he cured ten lepers in the same manner, and only one of them thanked him. Were they not ungrateful? Sometimes He would only touch the sick, and sometimes they would only touch the hem of his garment and would be cured. There once came a Centurion to Him, (that is a man who is a Captain over one hundred Roman soldiers) and begged him to cure a servant of his that was very dear to him, our dear Saviour was, as He ever is, ready and willing to go at once to cure him, but the Centurion told Him to speak the word only, that he was not worthy that He should come under his roof," that was faith and humility, he believed that the Saviour could and would do what He said; the Bible tells us the servant was healed in the selfsame hour. Again, he was traveling in a ship with his disciples, when a great storm arose, he was asleep, but his disciples awoke Him, and said, "Lord save us or we perish;" He arose, and commanded the sea and the wind to "be still," and there was a great calm. I told you He also cast out devils. Upon one occasion He met two men possessed with devils, wild and fierce, so that persons were afraid of them, but all He did was to command the devils to leave these poor men and they were obliged to obey. He also cast seven devils out of one of His followers, Mary Magdalene, who afterwards annointed his feet with ointment, and another poor man who was possessed with a legion of devils, a very great number. He also restored sight to the blind, to one who was born blind. At another time He had been preaching and healing the sick all day, and his disciples wanted him to send the people away to get something to eat, He would not, but fed them Himself; "five thousand men, besides women and children;" and with how much food would you suppose? Why only "five loaves and two fishes." Upon another occasion he fed "four thousand men, besides women and children," with only seven loaves and a few small fishes.

I will close for this time, having as I suppose told you enough to interest you for some time. But my dear little pilgrims let me advise you not to depend on what I have been telling you, but after praying that you may understand what you are about to read, open your Bible, and learn whether what I have told you corresponds with the sacred truths of the Bible. In my next I will continue the subject of our dear Saviour's miracles.

Ever, and lovingly, The Little Pilgrim's Friend.

I. C. S.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

BIRTHDAY.

Dear Pilgrim.—I see in your last number that you wish to know the age of your young writers, and as this is my birthday I thought I would take it as a subject. I see in our family record in the Bible that to-day I am twelve years of age. So you see that my years are not many but yet in them the good Lord has given me many blessings. He has given me good health most of the time—plenty to eat, and clothes to wear. He has spared my kind father, and mother, and sisters, and one little brother. I was quite small when the great war commenced—my parents had to leave our home and go hundreds of miles away where there was no war. When it was over we came back again, but our home was all destroyed, yet we were all taken care of by God. How thankful we should be to him for his kindness. I do not know whether I shall live to see another birthday or not, but if I do not I hope the Lord will bless me. I know that Jesus will take care of all those who are good, and take them to himself in Heaven. Then little readers of the PILGRIM let us all try to be good.

W. H. FLORY.

Fayetteville, W. Va., March 31.—No. 2.

A LITTLE girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have? She paused a little, and then said, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she choose this above all the rest. "Sir," said she, "If I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter."

VALUABLE PRESENTS.—Some one speaking of presents, says: "The best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your children, a good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, love; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, obedience."

While the passion of some, is to shine, of some to govern, and of others to accumulate, let one great passion alone inflame our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which Heaven inspires; that of being and doing good.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him.

Be civil and obliging to all; it costs nothing, and is worth much.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Pilgrim: A little while ago I dropped a few lines to you, but when they appeared in print I was almost ashamed of them, because they were so abrupt and imperfect. Taking a second thought, however, I resolved I would try again. I well know that when children of a kind family come home from a visit, every member of that family is anxious to hear the prattling of their brother and sister, and they are not so particular about the grammatical construction of sentences, so that they hear some news of whatsoever description that may be.

I had left home in the early part of the winter, as I noticed before, but was called back to my sick wife, and as soon as she was restored again, she accompanied me to visit a son in Sturgis, on the Michigan Southern R. R., whose wife is sorely distressed with rheumatism, dropsy and heart disease. We stopped over Sunday. Hearing of a Spiritualist meeting in town, I was curious to go and see or hear. (I like to go as a spy sometimes to learn the situation of the enemy.) They sang some, and then a young and intelligent looking man commenced lecturing. The position he took was the enlightening of the human family for the purpose of making them happy, and thus presented the immortality of the soul for his theme, and though the orthodox world harp on the resurrection of Jesus Christ to prove immortality, yet that hath become an old song and is no longer interesting. Science, however, hath come to our aid, and by it every problem can be solved, and the time is not far distant when the whole human family, by the aid of science, shall become one common brotherhood.

The conclusion I formed was that this is a very fine novel, but hath nowhere its reality, and consequently I resolved I would go on a while longer preaching Christ and him crucified, though it may appear foolishness to the Greeks and a stumbling block unto the Jews.

We took the train on Monday, and after several delays arrived at Milford, Ind., on Wednesday, 23d, where we enjoyed a season of refreshing in social capacity with many of the late converts, as well as our old and tried brethren and sisters, with whom we had lived twenty years. On the 25th we were taken to Warsaw by Brother O. L. Baer, and in a very short time arrived in Piercetown, Kosciusko Ind., and were met by Brethren J. and E. Umbaugh, and cared for by that kind family. Next day we met with the brethren near Dodgertown, where four brethren were chosen to the service of the Church, and a Church organized called Spring Creek. Bro. Lewis Workman was ordained elder, and Brethren Jonas Umbaugh

and Norman Workman co-laborers. While Bro. Joseph Hardman and myself tried to preach every evening in the neighborhood, Brethren Workman and Umbaugh preached a piece off on Sundays, and brought the gratifying news of several that applied for admission into the kingdom. Though it was dark and raining and deep mud, while here, yet there was a good attendance every evening, and we trust the words spoken in great weakness, through the power of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, may become effectual when the time of germination is fulfilled.

We shall leave to-morrow morning (if God will) for next adjoining churches, where we labored 25 years ago in the first settlement of the brethren, and pay our old Swiss Brother, Philip Rotthenberger a visit. You may hear again from us if the Lord will. Yours, fraternally,

F. P. LEHR.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

We now have three regular contributors for the PILGRIM who are only between eleven and twelve years old. Two of them write for the sake of having it to read, while the third, having it already in the family, wishes it for his nurse. This is very noble; not to forget those who cared for us when we were quite small. It is true we can never repay fully a good, kind and faithful nurse, but we can show ourselves grateful, just as little Miltie does. Hope she will be well pleased with the little offering thus so kindly given.

Dollars and cents might have been useful in obtaining food for the body, but we sincerely hope that in the reading of the PILGRIM she may find food for the soul, which is far more profitable.

We say, you write for the PILGRIM that you may have it to read, yet we believe that you have been prompted by still better motives. There may be many reasons why you write, but we think the leading one is to do good. This is the great object of your lives, and you have made the proper step, we feel to encourage you, as we know that your labors will be appreciated by our little readers. If you can be the means of saving one little boy or girl from degradation and ruin, you will be amply repaid for all your labor. Then

let charity commence at home, be good, be kind and dutiful to your parents which is the first command with promise, and don't forget to pray. Remember, you can do nothing good of yourselves, therefore when you go to write for the PILGRIM ask God to help you that you may be able to say something that may be for the good of other little boys and girls. And to you my little readers we have the same to say, be GOOD. To be bad and naughty is to be miserable, but to be good is to be happy. But we hope our little readers are all good. If not we want them to be, or get good as we will try from time to time to give you such instructions through our columns as may tend to that result.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANSWER to Query on page 39, Pilgrim No. 5. Matthew 23d Chap., 15th verse.

We venture the following ideas on said scripture: The term Hell we understand in some places to mean *darkness*. The Scribes and Pharisees whom the Saviour addressed were *hypocrites*, they comprehend the light of the Gospel, hence their minds were not involved in darkness, but would, with their vain philosophy deceive their proselytes, and keep their minds involved in gross darkness, hence make them two-fold more the child of Hell (darkness) than themselves. They could "see" the kingdom of Heaven, but would not go in themselves, nor let others go in if they could help it.

So it may be said of Priests and others this day. Great efforts are made to proselyte the heathen world, "compass land and sea," and when proselytes are made how often the true light is hid from them, and thus they are two-fold more in darkness than those that know the will of our Heavenly Father, but because of other considerations they will not do it. And do all they can to keep the minds of their converts in darkness, lest their source of worldly gain be hindered.

If a more scriptural answer can be given to said query let us have it. J. S. FLORY.

LOVEFEASTS.

Communion meeting on the 14th and 15th of May, 1870, in the Jerusalem District on the Sanjoquin River, Sanjoquin county, Cal. Brethren far and near are solicited to attend. By order of the church.

GEORGE WOLF,
JONATHAN MILLER,
ANDREW GIBSON,

Elders.

The District meeting of Middle, Pa., will be held (God willing) with the brethren in the Upper Conawaga Congregation, Adams county, commencing on the 16th of May.

From the Companion.]

D. M. HOLSINGER,
Cor. Secr.

OBITUARIES.

Died, in the bounds of the Beaverdam Church, Frederick co., Md., 7th inst., friend John Miller, aged 46 years, 8 months and 1 day. On the 9th the diseased was followed by a numerous concourse of relatives and friends to the burying ground at the Beaverdam Meetinghouse, where his body was consigned to its last resting place in the earth; when the occasion was improved by the brethren from the words of the prophet, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." (Isa 38:1.)

The circumstances connected with this case are of an extraordinary character, and are worthy of notice; and to enlist the sympathy and prayers of the brethren we give them. Some 14 months ago the dear companion, whom we now call sister, was brought to her bed with a tumor in the stomach, which so prostrated her that she required nursing and caring for all the time. Her husband being one of the few, extraordinary, industrious and hard-laboring men, would labor hard all day on his clearing, and at night being assiduous in his attention to his wife, whom he so dearly loved, that sometimes he worked with her all night. At last his body of clay succumbed, took cold, which run into typhoid pneumonia, and died in a few days; leaving his dear Harriet in a prostrate condition on her bed, so weak that it was thought best to move from the house in silence.

Friend Miller made no open profession of religion; his parents were, and his brother is a member in the church. John was strictly moral, and scrupulously honest, and in this state he died. His companion, the afflicted sister, was raised in the Lutheran faith, though for several years past she has been wavering, and on her bed of affliction she sought her Savior more fully, and while seeking she called the brethren of the Beaverdam Church to her home again and again to minister in word and doctrine. The dear Saviour revealed himself to her soul most precious. And when the writer returned to the home after the funeral exercises, he engaged with her in conversation and prayer, [it being the first time he saw her in her affliction]. He asked, her, "dear Harriet, what are your hopes of recovery?" "I have none at all I had three Doctors. They have all told me there is no hope," "Then what is your hope beyond the grave?" "My hope is to be in Heaven." "On what ground do rest your hopes?" "On faith in the promises of God through my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Well, Harriet, I will write a notice of John's death in the PILGRIM, what shall I say for you?" "You know what I have told you, tell that, and ask the prayers of the brethren in my behalf. And I told Brother Waltz, (a deacon), yesterday, and I now tell you, that I want to be baptised as soon as I can be taken out of bed to do so." Brethren here is a case for your sympathies and prayers. At present the sister cannot be moved; she swoons away upon the least movement of the afflicted body. My prayer is that God will give her strength to be buried with Christ in baptism.

D. P. SAYLOR.

Died April 1st, 1870, near Wakefield, Carroll county, Md. in the bounds of the Pipe Creek church, Mrs. Mary Jane, consort of friend William Engler, aged 26 years, 2 months and 15

days. Leaving a kind, loving, affectionate, sorrow stricken husband, with three motherless children, (the youngest 10 days old), to mourn their irremediable loss. On the 3d, her remains were followed to the grave in the Pipe Creek church burying ground by an immense concourse of sorrowing friends; and citizens. When the solemn occasion was improved by the brethren, from Numbers 10: 29, "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

This being one of the cases in which all the ties of friendship were concentrated, and combined; being a child, a wife, a mother, a sister, a friend, can we not say that the occasion was more than usually solemn; and very distressing. But having journeyed to the place of which God has said, I will give it you, we finally hope she realizes the good the Lord has spoken concerning his people.

D. P. SAYLOR.

THE PILGRIM.

The PILGRIM, edited and published by Brumbaugh Bro's., is a Christian journal, devoted to Religion, Moral Reform, Domestic News of the Church, Correspondence, Marriages, Obituaries &c. The PILGRIM will be burdened with invigorating food for mind and soul, aiming to be truly Christian, and having for its purpose ESSENTIAL BIBLE TRUTHS. It will advocate, in the spirit of *love and liberty*, the principles of true Christianity, and shall labor for the promotion of peace and unity among us as brethren; the encouragement of the pilgrim on his way to Zion; the conversion of sinners, and the instruction of our children—carefully avoiding everything that may have a tendency towards disunion or sectional feelings. The PILGRIM will be published on good paper, new type, and in good style, and will be issued semi-monthly until April 1st, and then weekly.

TERMS:

Single copy 1 year, payable in advance, \$ 1 00

Eleven copies (the eleventh for Agent), 10 00

Any number above eleven at the same rate.

Address, H. B. BRUMBAUGH,

James Creek,
Huntingdon co., Pa.

The GOSPEL VISITOR and PILGRIM sent together for \$2 00.

P. S.—Those accepting this offer will not count in our Club Terms. Any persons wishing the PILGRIM and not having the money now, may send on their names and pay for it when more convenient. Subscriptions may be sent at any time, and back numbers will be sent as long as we can supply them.

HOW TO REMIT: Checks or drafts for large amounts are the safest. Postal Orders, made payable at Huntingdon, are also perfectly safe. Where neither of these can be had it may be sent in registered letters. Small amounts can be remitted by letter, if put in carefully and well sealed.