

# 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, MAY 3, 1870.

NO. 10.

## ESSAY DEPARTMENT.

*For the Pilgrim.*

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

TO R. B. R\*\*\*\*

Would it not seem strange, if not foolish, were you to obtain a ticket for Missouri, where your possessions lie, and then take the train for Boston? Or if your buildings were on fire, would it not excite universal astonishment to see you engage at football or cricket, within sight of your burning home? Is it any less amazing that with an unending future before you, with God's Heaven offered you, and God's terror overhanging you, and the tremendous issues of everlasting happiness or misery dependent on the passing hour, you should still give your attention to the low and transitory pleasures of earth, in preference to an inheritance so vast that angels fail to measure it, pure and exalted as God's character, and durable as this existence?

Your late visit to my room has filled me with concern for one whom God has so richly endowed in mind, body and estate. I am glad to hear you converse so intelligently on a rarity of topics, and especially that you entered so freely on the obligations and solemnities of religion. This is rare for one of your age and situation, and I would fain hope that it indicates your proximity to the Kingdom of God. Your remarks and concessions naturally lead to the inference that your mind is considerably occupied with the momentous realities of Eternity, and that you have not that enjoyment in alienation from God which is the case

with youth generally. You cannot help at times being painfully conscious that you are naked, and an object of loathing to beings who discern the features of an inner life, and indeed, an object of disgust to yourself. Your knowledge of scriptures, your contemplative bent of mind, the frequent visitations of the Holy Spirit often lift the veil of sense, and reveal the hunger, the rags, the filth and penury that belong to your prodigal estate. You know that you are under condemnation, that every heart-beat widens the distance between you and Heaven, that all your temporal possessions if not enjoyed *in* God, and employed *for* God, will eventually canker your soul as it were fire; and yet all the wealth of the Father's Kingdom, all the warmth of the Father's love, and all the brightness of the Father's house, are powerless to draw you from the road that inevitably leads to perdition. Does not your heart groan at the sight of yourself?

What a power you might be at home, what a help in the church, what a blessing to the young of your neighborhood, if you would unreservedly consecrate yourself to the service of God. If you would make such a surrender of yourself as to place every moment of your time, every mite of your money, every faculty of your mind, every member and power of your body, at the disposal of Him who purchased all these with his blood, what streams of living water might flow through you unto souls which are now the habitation of devils! You might become the means of leading your parents and sisters to Jesus, and making your house a sanctuary for God, a home for the brethren, and the centre of holy influence which would

draw sinners to the Cross, and help to populate the mansions of glory.

Can you find an object so worthy of your affections? or any pursuit so deserving of all your powers as the advancement of His Kingdom? Seriously ponder the matter. Neutral you cannot be. Christ has declared in the most emphatic manner, "he that is not with me is against me." This points out our position so precisely that there can be no possibility of mistake. Your life exhibits a high moral cast, and I rejoice in it; yet it comes not within a sphere of Divine favor. You are outside the commonwealth of grace. "What is born of the flesh is flesh," even if it borders on angelic loveliness. You have neither your "heart sprinkled from an evil conscience," nor your "body washed with pure water." You fully concur in the doctrine that the highest type of morality stops short of the conditions of grace, and lacks the first elements of salvation. Your many amiable qualities are worthy of commendation, but I am confident that when you seriously contemplate your relation to God and Eternity, you find no satisfaction in the highest and best qualities in your character. You have large capacities, warm affections, generous impulses, fair attainments and great extensive ability. In what direction will you unfold them? Heavenward or Hellward? In whose service will you expend them? Christ's or Satan's? What empire will you help to build? Emmanuel's or Beelzebub's? Whose treasury will you enrich? The Redeemer's or the Destroyer's? One of these opposites you are doing every moment.

What joy must you sacrifice that is worth possessing, if you devote yourself to the promotion of Christ's great and glorious undertaking? The Christian is not cut off from anything that tends to the fullest and noblest expansion of mind and heart. Do you want select society? Can the world offer anything equal to the fellowship of God, angels and saints? Do you seek high attainments in learning? "In Christ are his *all* the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Here you can delve and soar, survey and explore, millions of ages hence. Can the world uncover such exhaustless stores of wisdom and wonder? Is *pleasure* your object? Where can you find anything to counterpoise the blissful indwelling of the Holy Trinity and the blessed hope of forever sharing the life and joy and glory of God? Does not the loudest laugh of earth turn into a wail when compared with the joys that spring from communion with God? The tears of the saint are sweeter than the most exquisite delights of the sinner. Is it *wealth* that holds up its glittering prerogatives to your ravished gaze? The *gain* of the Christian's possessions outweighs the globe. The least particle of the saint's wealth shows

George Peabody's princely fortune lighter than down. So immensely great and valuable and blessed is the believer's inheritance, that the Father, Son and Holy Ghost combined all their energies to achieve it. Does it not challenge all your *immediate* regard? Is it a small favor in your eyes that you are intended to become an "heir of God, and joint heir with Christ?" Have you any rational excuse for deferring the vital concerns of your eternity another day? another hour? Would you allow your hireling to treat you as you treat God? Nothing less than your undivided service will satisfy Him who has offered up soul and body for you.

C. H. BALSBAUGH.

### HUMAN MISERY AND HEAVENLY BLISS.

"Man often weeps in his sleep. When he awakes, he scarce remembers that he has shed tears. So regards life; in the second, thou wilt no longer know that thou hast wept in the first."  
—*Jean Paul*.

The anguish, the bitterness, the woes of "this our mortal life," can scarcely be borne sometimes by the human soul, and man is ready to sink under the burdens of human unhappiness.

Wearily he treads the pathway of earthly life. Heart-agonies await him at every turn; he plucks a rose, and lo! an asp is concealed within the pink cluster of leaves. Luscious fruit surrounds him, he is tempted to eat, does so, and discovers that it is bitter. A marble fountain, with its crystal streams, refreshes the heated atmosphere around him, he approaches the alabaster basin to sip a draught of the nectar, when a huge serpent lashes the water, and raises its green head with a perceptible hiss.

But in the next life—the spiritual existence beyond the stars—man will forget the misery endured upon earth, nothing will mar his supreme happiness when there, in the enjoyment of bliss only known in Heaven.

O, is it not worth striving for such a life, such joy? Must man always remain a being of sinfulness? Must he never know happiness, such as heaven alone can impart? Look around you, sinful man, behold the wonders of creation, behold the sun by day, the sublime beauty of nature, the



magnificence of the heavens, the perfection and beauty of all created objects, and where the sun sinks from your view, amid clouds of amber, violet and gold, and the shades of night darken nature's face, look above you and behold God's handiwork in the millions of stars and planets which glitter in the dark canopy, *and you must recognize the power of a Supreme Being*, infidel, panthist or heathen though you be.

Now, if He could create such superb objects for our earthly happiness and gratification, what must the glories of Heaven be in comparison with these?

O, creature of sin! you who have always been surrounded with the sensual atmosphere of the present world, will you not turn from the fascinations of evil, and finally attain heavenly happiness hereafter, if you must weep here in this abode of sorrow? May everlasting repose be thine is our prayer.

SYDNEY JOHNSON.

*Ringgold, Md.*

#### MURMURING.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. 8:28

DEAR PILGRIM:—Allow me through your columns to write a few thoughts on the above language, for your readers, and especially to those fellow pilgrims, who are in the habit of murmuring at the circumstances that surround them. We are all aware that we are, at present, situated in the midst of a crooked and perverse world, and that it is through much tribulation that we are to enter into unfading bliss.

But there is an evil existing among us, in which many indulge to great excess—that evil is, murmuring or complaining about the unavoidable situation in which we are placed. Now those who indulge in this evil, should remember the above text, for if we would do this, we would be more resigned to the dispensations of divine providence; knowing that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and does not do this out of any malice to us, but out of love for our good in this world, and our eternal happiness in the world to come.

Most of us have an evil nature to contend with, but God's grace is sufficient for us, if we trust him for guidance and direction. Then let that silver-headed veteran of the cross, bear the yoke of Christ a little longer. It won't be long till God will say; "it is enough, come up higher." Then let the great soldier of the cross fight manfully, knowing that fiercer be the tempest the sooner it is over, and that if he loses his evil life in his Master's cause, he

will gain an immortal life beyond the confines of mortality. Then let the child in Christ learn the rudiments of christian warfare, so that when the evil days of life come, he may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil; for be assured, young pilgrim, you cannot sail to heaven on flowery beds of ease, while others fought to win prize, and sailed through bloody seas.

I for one set out on pilgrimage when quite young and more than ten years have gone by since that time, and I can truly say that my journey has been checkered with varied scenes—such as disappointments in the projects of life, the loss of relatives, separation from home to a distant land, sickness of myself and family, loss of property &c. Dear fellow pilgrim, through all this I have clung to the chain of faith that reaches to the anchor of hope, which is securely riveted in the haven of rest.

By the grace of God, I hope I may not grieve Him by murmuring against Him as some of the children of Israel did, and were destroyed by the destroyer. Then do you reflect whether you have not sinned against God by complaining about that which concerns you, and which the Lord will perfect in due time, if you faint not?

Your brother in Christ,

JOEL SHERFY.

*Jonesborough, Tenn.*

*Selected by Sarah Lutz.*

#### HERE AND YONDER.

Here we are but straying pilgrims.

Here our pathway is often dim;

But to cheer us on our journey,

Still we'll sing the wayside hymn.

Here our feet are often weary

On the hills that throng our way;

Here the tempest darkly gathers,

But our hearts within us say:

CHORUS:

Yonder over the rolling river,

Where the shining mansions rise,

Soon shall be our home forever;

And the smiles of the blessed giver

Gladdens all our longing eyes.

Here our souls are often fearful

Of the pilgrim's lurking foe,

But the Lord is our defender,

And he tells us we may know.

Here our shadowed homes are transient,

And we meet the strangers frown;

So we'll sing with joy while going

E'en to death's dark billows down.

*Altoona, Iowa.*

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## INTRODUCTORY.

BRO. BRUMBAUGH.—As I have seen the offer that has been made to boys and girls under the age of fourteen, I thought I would try and contribute thereto. My father takes the *PILGRIM*, and I read it and think it is a very nice and interesting little paper, and I love to read it very much and hope the rest of the children love to read it that are on the narrow path that leads to happiness and to God's city. I am trying means of calling others that are out of the ark of safety. Oh, dear young friends that are travelers with me to the judgment seat, did you ever read the beautiful things that our good Lord has promised to those that love him and keep his commandments, and the awful sentence that is pronounced upon those that follow the pleasures and vanities of this life, and serve that wicked one whose joy is everlasting punishment?

Choose ye this day whom you will serve, God or Mammon.

"O, ye gay, ye young, ye proud,  
You must die and wear a shroud.  
Time will rob you of your plume,  
Death will drag you to the tomb;  
Then you'll cry and want to be  
Happy in eternity."

LIZZIE ROBINSON.

*Milford, Ind.*

## THE BOOK OF NATURE.—NO. 2.

The Sun—how wonderfully it is made to rise in the East in the morning, and set in the West in the evening. After it, comes the Moon, first called new, then full, and then old. When full it gives much light in clear nights, and the stars also shine and it becomes quite pleasant. How strange it is that when the wind is strong the clouds are low, and that they can fly in the air and produce rain. It is God that doth these things. He can do all things; it is He that sends rain to moisten the land, and to cause the springs to give forth their water for our use. How good God is in providing for all of our wants, and placing us in a land with power over all manner of animals, and the fishes of the seas at our command. Surely we ought to be thankful to him for his kindness.

In some places in the world they make Idols, and call them their Gods, kneeling before them and thinking that they can hear what they say. "Little children keep yourselves from Idols."

S. S. ZUG.

*Mastersonville, Pa.*

VERY few men see 50 years.

## LOVE.

We all know that love is the sweetest flower that ever blowed. Love saved the human family. Jesus loved us—every one of us, and we ought all to love him. All that do love him will see him as he is, in his shining glory, beyond this world of pain and death, where there is nothing but joy, peace and love. O, will it not be glorious, when we die to go to that beautiful throne where Jesus is? All who love him will go there, I fear that many will not be ready to enter when he opens the door, because he says: "many will strive to enter, but will not be able."

We should not disobey, or do anything that would be against their wills, but when told to do a thing, we should love to do it immediately, and not tell them to do it themselves, as some naughty children. Love—what a lovely word. "Love your enemies and do good to them that despitefully use and abuse you."

"Love is the sweetest flower that blows;  
Its beauty never dies.  
On earth, among the saints it grows,  
And ripens in the skies."

JONA J. FRYFOGLE.

*Brimfeld, Ind.*

*From the Little Sower.*

## BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

We were playing with bricks one afternoon in our old nursery. We had begun to build a castle, and were very anxious to see it finished. So we took all the bricks to build it with, each a heap for herself, and left none for the baby to play with. She did not cry, but came to me, and asked, in her sweet childish accents, for one little brick. It was refused. The bright face clouded, and the blue eyes filled with tears. Generally the sight of my dear little sister's distress would have touched me; but I was too much taken up with play at the time to care.

She went away to another sister, and got a brick from her. So the baby was happy, and soon both she and I had forgotten all about it. But I was to remember my unkindness again; for when the trees were getting green, and the flowers springing up, and the earth looking her loveliest, God took our baby sister to the land where the trees are ever green and the flowers never fade.

"The baby is dead!" they told me. They took me to see her lying on her little bed. As I looked on her face, now so cold and passionless; on her eyelids, shut fast by the hand of death, the memory came back to me of an earnest, pleading face, and blue eyes filled with tears by my unkindness. I lay down on the floor by her bed, and wept long and sore.



Then they told me she was happy—quite, perfectly happy; that nothing could ever grieve her any more; that even now, as we looked at the body of our baby, her spirit was in Heaven—one of those infant angels whom Jesus keeps so close and near to himself; that in her little hands a harp is placed; on her sorrowless head a crown of gold is set.

They could not comfort me. I believed every word which they told me of her happiness, but that did not comfort me.

They laid her under the green grass, and soon the daisies grew over her head. Not so soon did my sorrow pass away.

God saw that this sad and sore lesson was needed to make me less selfish; and not until it was fully learned in all its bitterness did he send me comfort. And though it is a long, long time ago now since then, and many a winter's snows have laid on her grave, and many a summer's flowers bloomed there, I cannot yet think without pain, of the day when I grieved the baby sister whom God lent us for a season; and have written this for you, dear little ones now reading it, in the hope that, by God's hope and blessing your little hands may be made gentler, and your little hearts kinder towards those little ones whom your loving Father has given you to love.

"Little children, love one another."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS OF PILGRIM:—Inasmuch as many brethren desire me to give a report of my journey from time to time through the PILGRIM, I shall in this second article commence at Covington, Ohio, where I wrote the former article. On the morning of the 18th. of April, meeting at 10 o'clock A. M. in the church where brother Risser has the oversight, evening meeting in the Oakland church, Dark Co., Ohio. April, 19th., left Versailles for Indiana and arrived at brother John Holsinger's, in the Honey Creek Church, Henry Co., too late for evening meeting. Preached four times in that church, and on the 23d. met with the members in church council. By their request, tried to speak of the necessity of abounding in love, and being filled with fruits of righteousness, as there was nothing special to be transacted. The Brethren there have regular church meetings for the members which, I think, is truly commendable.

Brother George Hoover has the oversight there. The members, in general, manifest a zeal for the promotion of the Kingdom of God, and love seems to prevail among them. Truly I had a time of refreshing while with them, and hope the Lord will bless the weak efforts of my labors for good, as there was one thing I found lacking there. Few of

their children being within the fold of Christ—a careless disposition among the youth for securing the one thing needful for which I made a special effort to arouse them to a sense of their duty with solemn appeals, which I hope may have made a lasting impression on the immortal minds. The Brethren there have somewhat to contend against the absurd and deluding doctrine of Soulsleeping.

In the evening went to the Hagerstown Church, had two meetings on the 24th., one in the brick meeting-house, near Hagerstown, at 10 o'clock, and at the White Branch in the evening—large meetings and good attention. The Brethren are numerous here but scattered over a large territory.

My request is, dear Brethren and sisters, that you remember me in your prayer, that God may protect me on my wearisome journey and mission of love, and more especially, that He may endow me with his Holy Spirit, that I may declare his word in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power; and that it may have free access to the hearts of sinners, to soften their stubborn and flinty hearts, and to make them willing to enter the fold of Christ.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

LEONARD FURRY.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*

DEAR EDITORS:—I am a reader of your paper, the PILGRIM, and think I could not do without the wholesome food it brings. It is a thrice welcome messenger to our family circle, and from its character, we truly believe that it is the design of its Editors not to mar its pages by admitting anything that may be the means of causing disunion; or ill feelings among the children of God.

There has been various divisions and different sentiments obtained among the Brethren, for a few years past, which seems to have had their origin through our Periodicals; but so far, the PILGRIM is pure and spotless, and we are always glad to meet its lovely face and fair countenance.

J. H. ARNOLD

*Cerrogorda, Ill.*

We are glad to know that the PILGRIM is giving such general satisfaction, as is manifest from the many favorable testimonies, which we are receiving from our readers, although many of them are rather flattering, yet we feel that our mission is a good one, and we are endeavoring to discharge our duty in as faithful a manner as our humble ability will admit. Our object is to preach Christ and him crucified. If we shall be able to carry out our noble project, we certainly think that there

will be no cause for any objections or unfavorable results. Our age calls for the employment of every lawful means of doing good, and as the press is now used as a mighty engine in distributing the seed of carnality, so it should be employed in the disseminating of gospel truth. This we shall endeavor to do, and if we shall be able to give consolation and encouragement to the saints, and save the sinner from impending ruin, we shall feel amply rewarded for our labor.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MONEY LIST.

Miss C. J. Miller, A. B. Holl, Henry C. Morningstar, C. H. Walker, Noah Longenecker, Michael Keller, Emily A. Whitten, Miss S. K. Rohrer, Sarah M. Prestinen, Allison Heitfiner, Anthony Beaver, Wm. Reed, R. Mason, Elder D. P. Sayler, Jacob Mohler, S. A. Moore, E. D. Baty, H. F. Peightal, Eld. D. P. Sayler, Jno. W. White.

### NOTICE.

Brethren wishing to visit us, on their way to and from A. Meeting, will find Bro. Lewis Lerew 10 miles south of Omaha, on the U. P. R.R. Those wishing to stop at Brother Lerew's, will get off at Gilmore, and those stopping with me will get off at North Bend. Those coming, by dropping a few lines to either of us will be conveyed to our place, or to place of meeting. There is much need of labor in this part of the country.

Yours in love,

J. P. MOOMAW.

DEAR EDITORS:—Please announce through the PILGRIM that we have appointed a Communion Meeting on the 12th of June, 1870, in the Cerrogoda District, Macon county, Illinois. A general invitation is given to all to be with us, especially the ministering brethren. Those coming by rail road will stop off at Cerrogordo where there will be conveyances.

Be in Cerrogorda by Saturday. By order of the church.

JOHN METSGAR,  
JOS. HENRICKS.

### NOTICE.

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

D. M. HOLSINGER,  
COR. SECR.

*From the Companion.]*

## LOVEFEASTS.

Communion meeting on the 13th and 14th 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 next Annual Meeting will be held in the Brethren's meetinghouse, 4 miles north of the city of Waterloo, Black Hawk county, Iowa, and will begin on Tuesday after Pentecost, June 7th next.

E. H. BEUCHLEY,  
S. M. MYERS,  
COR SECR'S.

*From the Companion.]*

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE JAMES CREEK CHURCH.

We propose to give to our readers a brief sketch of the James Creek Church, the PILGRIM's birthplace. This church, geographically, embraces that portion of country lying between the Tussey's Mountain, and the Sideling Hill, in Huntingdon county, Pa.; bounded on the West by Clover Creek Church, East, by the Aughwick, South by the Snake Spring, and North by the Warrior's Mark. There is here a considerable portion of country lying between that is not occupied by the brethren as a field of labor, including the Hart's Log, and Shaver's Creek Valleys. Historically, it stands, as one, among the old churches of Pennsylvania, though not by this name, as it formerly belonged to the Clover Creek until the year 1862, when it was separated from it, the Tussey's Mountain forming the line between, leaving to our side between 30 and 40 members, part of whom live in Woodcock Valley, and part along the Raystown Branch, and a few in Troughereck Valley, South-east of the Terrace Mountain. The first, and oldest Minister in this church was our grand-father, George Brumbaugh, who died about twenty years ago, and well known by many of our old brethren of Pennsylvania, as his house was a stopping-place for them when on their way Westward to the churches on either side of the Alleghany Mountains. Many and pleasant are the recollections we still have of him, although we were young when he died, yet we shall never



forget the kind christian spirit that seemed ever to be manifested in his character. At the time of the division, the Ministry consisted in Eld. Isaac Brumbaugh and myself, shortly after, however, G. B. and H. B. Brumbaugh were called to the work. Since the division we have added quite a number to our little band, mostly young persons, who now stand as lights in the church, and to the world, and some, prospectively, as instruments through whom God may call sinners to Himself. Among this class, we have lately lost one among the most noble, A. W. Brumbaugh, whose loss to us is still felt, and the place of his residence while here looks desolate and gloomy to us, although we feel well assured that the place of his present residence is both bright and glorious. Our church-house stands within several hundred yards of the H. & B. T. R. R., at Brumbaugh's crossing, about 10 miles from Huntingdon, the junction connecting this road with the P. C. R. R. Woodcock Valley, in which our meeting-house is situated, and in which the greater part of our members reside, is a pleasant location and rather fertile, but hilly, made up of limestone and red shale soils, producing excellent crops of wheat and other grain. Along the base of the Tussey's Mountain, iron ore abounds in great abundance, and which is now being shipped by way of the H. & B. T. R. R., and P. C. R. R. to different parts of the State, forming a lively and profitable business to the miner and others getting it to the road. The Raystown Branch, one of the tributaries of the Juniata river, takes its rise and gathers its waters from the Eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, and empties into the Juniata a little below the town of Huntingdon. Along this stream we now live, and here we were raised. There are also quite a number of our members living here, where we have our regular meetings which are well attended and are very interesting, and on the whole we have rather a pleasant congregation. The Alagrippas Ridges lie between the Branch and Valley, separating the church by a distance of about five miles, hence the "Valley and River Brethren, (a phrase used among us), but notwithstanding this natural division between us, we are

all united in the work of the Lord, and earnestly hope that God may keep us united as a part of that glorious Bride that will be made up of all His people, when He shall send His Son, our Saviour, to gather us from off this earth.

GEO. B., ASSO. ED.

### OUR CALL.

Our call which we made some time ago, is being complied with quite encourageingly, and if there is a little effort made on the part of all of our dear patrons, the call can be filled easily. Bro. D. P. Sayler, of Double Pipe Creek says: "I thought that we ought to send our quota of two subscribers as asked for from each office, and as no one seemed to look around, I did it myself, by aiding our Bro. D. R. S. a little. When a thing is to be done by others, there always is an uncertainty connected with it, but when *myself* undertakes it, we have a result. In our case the result was two new subscribers."

Since the above we have received through the hands of D. P. S., another name, solicited by a little Ida, who is only 11 years old, with a contribution for the PILGRIM. Next week she may speak for herself. There are hundreds of little Idas that could do the same thing if they would only make an effort.

In this week's paper we introduce our young readers to another contributor for the Youth's Department, from Milford, Ind. If they continue to come in we will be supplied in this department at least.

Bro. S. A. Moore, of New Enterprise, Pa., is making a special effort in introducing our periodicals, and among the rest, the little PILGRIM is by no means forgotten. Bro. Samuel will please accept our thanks for favors received in the shape of new subscribers. *my father*

### ANSWERS TO PATRONS.

J. H. ARNOLD, Cerro Gorda, Ill. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress can be had at most any of the principal book stores. We can furnish you with a copy if you inform us just what you want. The Pilgrim's Progress alone will not come very high,

but it is more difficult to obtain than his writings complete. We are not posted on the different prices now, but will obtain the necessary information.

HENRY M. SHERFY, Freedom, Tenn. Your name, with John W. Browning, has been forwarded for the *Visitor*, and if you have not received it the fault is with them, and not us. *Visitor* will please notice this and forward from beginning of volume to the above names, both of Freedom, Washington co., Tenn.

ELD. JACOB MOHLER, Lewistown, Pa. We cannot well avoid writing the full address on one paper at each office with our present system of addressing, on account of preparing the wrappers. This always happens on the last paper at each office. We will, however, try and have it written as close to the edge as possible until we get better facilities for addressing.

#### HINTS TO BEE-KEEPERS.

A pamphlet with the above title has been received at this office. From a hasty perusal we would pronounce it a valuable equipment to any person that has, or intends to keep bees. Among the contents, we glean the following: Profits of Bee-Keeping, Hints to Bee-Keepers, Italian Bees, The American Bee-Hive, Improvements, Making Hives, The Best Hives, Establishing an Apiary, &c. One copy sent free of charge to any bee-keeper by addressing,

H. A. KING & CO.,  
No. 240 Broadway,  
New York.

#### OBITUARIES.

SHOWALTER—On Friday, April 22nd., in the James Creek Church, Pa., Mary, youngest daughter of brother Isaac and sister Sophia Showalter, aged 2 years, 5 months and 1 day. Funeral services by the Editors.

Little Mary was the jewel of the family—lovely in life and beautiful in death. The little prattling tongue is quieted, the vacant seat is there never more to be filled by the little smiling face that made glad the fond mother's heart. The bud that was so rudely crushed on earth, is now opening, and blooming in that heavenly land where sorrow, sickness and death shall be felt and feared no more. It is true

we are very reluctant in parting with our little ones, yet our Heavenly Father needs just such little jewels to complete and ornament his glorious Temple. And when we can realize the consoling truth, that our little ones are now basking in the sea of God's love, who of us would call them back if we could? If they had been permitted to grow up in this world, we know not what might finally be their condition, therefore let us submit to the providence of God, and like David of old; say: they cannot come to us, but we can go to them. In this hope is our joy complete. Yes fond parents you are now represented in the Father's Kingdom and gladly will the angels clasp hands with you, when you cross over to the other side.

#### THE PILGRIM.

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