

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 1, 1870.

NO. 6.

ESSAY DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

IMPROVE YOUR TALENTS.

Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone—Ex. 34:29.

Dear Brethren and Sisters—A meek spirit, an humble mind and a submissive will, are graces characteristic of the true Christian character, and are of the best gifts which St. Paul exhorts to covet. Yet we should guard against an under-estimate of our abilities in discharging our Christian duties. Many dear brethren and sisters, whose faces shine with the grace of God, have worked themselves into the belief that any effort they make at prayer in their families, or in religious conversation with others, amounts to nothing, and is not worth trying, although others see their faces to shine in grace. Such a feeling is slavish and lays as a dead weight on the Christian, and either stops his mouth altogether, or renders the performance of his duty irksome and extremely burdensome. *This ought not to be.* The Saviour says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." The Lord says to Peter, "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." In order to strengthen my dear brethren and sisters in the discharge of their duties I write.

Dear members, while we exhort you unto meekness and humility, as well as to submissiveness, you must not conclude that these disqualify you from a faithful discharge of Christian duties devolving upon you, nor to mistrust your ability to discharge that duty to such an extent as to render you unhappy when in the presence of those you fancy to be your superiors in gifts and graces. To illustrate: Some years ago a very worthy and dear

brother and friend paid us a visit of love, and as he came from far, he tarried with us several days. The first meal we ate together I asked him to be peer at the table. He thanked God for his mercies, and asked him for blessings so appropriately and to the point, that no one could do it better; but I discovered a tremor in his voice which indicated fear. In the first family prayer I asked him to lead; he declined this, but concluded with the Lord's Prayer, but became so nervous and confused that he got wrong and could not finish it. All this was the result of his underestimating his abilities, that he could not pray in my presence. At night when I showed him to bed he said, "Brother Daniel, may I ask of you a favor?" "Most certainly you may, and anything I can do for you will afford me much pleasure." He said, "My circumstances are such that I could be much among the brethren, and my soul is delighted to do so, but, then, the brethren ask me to pray with them, which is right and ought to be, and at home I try to do it, but when I am among the brethren I consider their gifts so far superior to mine that I cannot even say what little I know. Would it be wrong if you would write me out several prayers suited for the table and family, and I commit them to memory and use them when I am from home, &c." I answered, "my dear brother, we need not inquire whether it would be right or wrong to do so, but I would ask you, *why do you want it?* for a better worded and more appropriate prayer than that you prayed at my table is impossible for me to write." And the Lord had given him a prayer which he had committed to memory from his youth, yet he became confused in it, and it was not likely to go

better with him in the repetition of one I would compose for his use. I assured him it was not the want of knowledge, words or ideas that incapacitated him in prayer, but the want of confidence in himself to say what he knew and felt. He said, "*Do you think so?*" I am sure of it. "Well if you think so I will try." After that no one has ever prayed with us to more edification than the dear brother did.

Dear brethren and sisters, hundreds and thousands of us are represented in this brother. I am in receipt of many letters, both from brethren and sisters, complaining of this very thing. I know, say they, I ought to have seasons of prayer with the family, and also on our social visits, &c., but I am so weak; I have no abilities, &c., &c. Dear brethren and sisters, I am not without some experience in this matter. When the brethren said I should preach, and my old father (who was a great Scripturist) sat before me, I trembled at every word, thinking that he thought, "*Danah is wrong.*" When I was to pray or preach in the presence of able brethren, my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth; my mouth would become so dry I could not speak. And, even now, although I have tried to preach for 30 years, if I would sit down and hear able brethren preach for one week, daily, and take no part, I could very easily work myself into a state of mistrust in my abilities to preach in their presence, that I would be like the dear brother referred to on his visit of love.

Dear brethren and sisters, while we exhort you against pride, self-esteem and exaltation, we wish not that your extreme modesty should make you ashamed or afraid to do your duty; in humility and meekness to open your mouths in prayer and praise to God, and on all suitable occasions. Many a Christian's face shines in true grace, and he knows it not; *he need not know it.*" His friends may see much of God in him, while he is ready to think he has no grace. It should be his humility, that, though his face shine with eminent gifts and usefulness, not to know it to be puffed up with it. Whatever graces and gifts God may put upon some of you; you should still be filled with an humble sense of your own unworthiness, and infirmities as to overlook and forget all that makes your face shine. But by no means become so depressed through fear and timidity as not to do anything in the discharge of Christian duties. And this will we do if the Lord helps us. Touched with the feelings of our common infirmities, I remain your brother, in meekness and love.

D. P. SAYLOR.

Double Pipe Creek, Md.

Engrave on your mind that sacred rule "of doing unto others as you would wish that they should do unto you."

LIFE OF A PILGRIM PORTRAYED.—NO. 2

Second. His journey towards the City of God.

We left our pilgrim on the borders of the Pilgrim-land. Here he met a chief officer, ordained by citizen pilgrims to receive fellow-pilgrims by initiation. He is an experienced traveler, well acquainted with the boundaries and landmarks of the Pilgrim-land. Seeing his venerable appearance, he felt a little dejected, as he had a very low opinion of himself, believing him to be the chief of sinners, and fearing his credentials might be rejected. However, he made known his design and presented his credentials—Repentance, faith, and submission to the laws of the Pilgrim-land, which were signalized by his external appearance—they were at once accepted. He steps forward in faith, says he, I came from the City of Destruction, where King Apollyon reigns, and am a traveler to the Holy City. I willingly renounce all allegiance to my former kingdom, and solemnly vow obedience to King Emanuel, who reigns in the Pilgrim-land. And, upon his confession of faith in the King of the pilgrims, he was immersed into the name of the *Father*, and into the name of the *Son*, and into the name of the *Holy Ghost*. Being now buried with Christ in baptism, he is recognized as a citizen with all the privileges of citizenship to travel in the land of pilgrimage, with a full assurance of the forgiveness of his sins; and clothed with the atoning blood sprinkled robe of Christ's righteousness, and if he keeps it untainted, the undisputable diploma for admittance into the City of God. O what joy and holy comfort pervades the soul of our young pilgrim. The load of his sins gone, and with what light steps he hastily pursues his journey, his heart leaping for joy. He sings, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! How beautiful is the site of Mount Zion, *the City of our God!*" But he was not exempt from temptation; perhaps he felt too happy, or his spirit too much elevated. Bitter water checked his progress. Reproaches and persecution daunted his courage, and he fell in with the giant Despair. O, says he, God has forsaken me. My journey is a doubtful one. May it be possible, after all, that I am led in the wrong road, because I meet with many obstacles, and sits down in a mood of despondency; yea, he hides in a cave; wrapt up in thought what to do, whether to return or to proceed on his journey. Finally, he lifted up his voice in faith, *calling for help from the Lord God Almighty*. Soon he heard a voice, "What dost thou here?" "I have been jealous for the Lord God of hosts; I have fled from the City of Destruction, and am on a journey to the Heavenly City, and my road is obstructed; what shall I do?" A still small voice—"Proceed on your journey,

for I am with thee; fear no evil, my rod and my staff they shall comfort thee." Cheered by this Omnipotent promise, he redoubled his steps. Fairly started, he met *Fearful* retracing his steps with rapid speed. What is wrong? The answer was *Evil Report*. Evil report, I met a company of travelers returning with a regret that they had ever started on a pilgrimage, for the pilgrims are too exacting or particular to come up to the old landmarks, and will not allow us to go beyond the old boundaries of the land of pilgrimage. We met opposition from mighty pilgrims, giants who can handle the Sword of the Spirit, "to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing," and our little company was as grasshoppers in their eyes. They have driven us from the land of pilgrimage, because we would not submit to their iron rules. *Fearful* concludes, I have outrun them to bring the sad news to the City of Destruction, lest some others might be deceived to meet with like sad disappointment. But Pilgrim, not daunted with the story of *Fearful*, presses onward with redoubled energy, armed with the whole armor of God, the girdle of truth, the breast plate of righteousness, shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit. Thus equipped, he out-journeys many who started long before him. He pressed through every difficulty, now eating the bread of sorrow, then again, the bread of life, the heavenly manna; now he drank of the bitter water of Mara, then again of the crystal waters of life, which makes glad the City of God. So in his meanderings he passes on in his pilgrimage. Finally, he saw the end of his pilgrimage drawing nigh. His eyes grew dim, and he fell into a reverie, and in his dream he beheld, with Jacob of old "a ladder set upon the earth, the top of it reaching to heaven," showing him, in a figure, his journey from earth to heaven. Again he awoke and said: truly "the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." And he was afraid, and said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the House of God, and this is the Gate to Heaven," and then in the triumph of his faith, he shouts, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave where is thy victory?" Chants, with his expiring breath, "Thanks be to God, which giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." We viewed the pilgrim in the triumph of his faith, fallen asleep in Jesus, in the anticipated hope of soon gaining admittance into the City of God, and to have his diploma recognized by the King of Glory, and the bolts of the gates of heaven unlocked, to unite with the immortal spirits of just men made perfect; to await the re-union of soul and body in the

morning of the first resurrection, which we will consider in our next No.

LEONARD FURRY.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

PRAYER.

It has been truly said, "Prayer moves the arm that moves the world." O! if it were not for prayer, how lonely would be our condition here—how solitary our journey through this vale of tears. We would have no place to rest our burdens when tired and weary; no shade to screen us from the noonday's sun; no rock to shelter us from the blast. But, thank God, by prayer, through faith believing, we can ask and receive those things which we need. We can commune with him who was "tempted in all points like as we, yet without sin;" in the ears of an all sympathizing God we can pour out every trial and temptation, and receive consolation and encouragement to press onward and upward toward our heavenly home. We can ask forgiveness for sins past, and implore strength for days to come. How essential then that we pray. Pray for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands where, in their blindness, they bow to wood and stone, and, in their ignorance, call upon gods to hear who possess not that sense, and to save who have no power. Let us pray, too, that the missionary work may go forward in our own dear land—a country claiming to be the most enlightened and civilized upon the face of the vast globe, and yet containing thousands upon thousands who know not the living God. Pray for our neighbors, ourselves, and for all humanity. Pray earnestly; pray without ceasing. Christian friends don't neglect this all important duty. Whatever else may be on hands let it all give place to communion with our God, and may our prayers ascend to the Most High, united as it were in one great petition. Enter your closets, and there unbar your bosoms to him who knows the secret intent of every heart. Remember the "prayer of the righteous man availeth much." Ask freely. Ask largely, knowing that "giving doth not impoverish the Lord, neither doth withholding enrich him," so large and so bounteous is his store of heavenly blessings. May God give us strength and grace to press on, and give us His Holy Spirit to bear witness with ours that we are his children.

MOLLIE.

There is no vice that doth so much cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious. All that a man gets by lying is, that he is not believed when he does speak the truth.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

THE YOKE OF JESUS.

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Matthew 11th chap. 30th verse.

Can the same be said of Satan, or sin? With regard to them, how faithfully true is the reverse—"my yoke is *heavy* and my burden is *grievous*." Christ's service is a happy service, the *only* happy one; and even when there is a cross to carry, or a yoke to bear, it is His own appointment. "My yoke." It is sent by no untried friend. Nay He who puts it on His people, bore this very yoke Himself." He carried our sorrows. How blessed this feeling of holy servitude to so kind a Master; not driven but led, and led often most tenderly when the yoke and burden are upon us. The great apostle rarely speaks of himself under any other title but *one*; that one he seems to make his boast. He had much whereof he might glory; he had been the instrument in saving thousands—he had spoken before kings—he had been in Caesar's palace and Caesar's presence—he had been caught up into the third heavens,—but in all his letters this is his joyful prefix and superscription: "The servant of Jesus Christ." My dear reader, do you know this blessed servitude? Can you say with a joyful heart, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant." He is no hard task-master. Would Satan try to teach you so? Let this be the refutation, "He loved me, and gave himself for me." True, the yoke is the appointed discipline he employs in training his children for immortality. But be comforted. It is His tender hand that puts it on; and keeps it on. He will suit the yoke to the neck, and the neck to the yoke. He will suit His grace to your trials; nay, He will bring you even to be in love with these, when they bring along with them such gracious unfoldings of His own faithfulness and mercy. How His people need thus to be in heaviness through manifold temptations, to keep them meek and submissive.

Never is there more gracious love than when God takes His own means to curb and subjugate, to humble us, and to prove us—bringing us out from ourselves, our likings, our confidences, our prosperity, and putting us under the needed *yoke*. And who has ever repented of that joyful servitude? Tried believer, has He ever failed thee? Has His yoke been too grievous? Have thy tears been unalleviated—thy sorrows unsolaced—thy temptations above that that thou wert able to bear? Ah! rather canst thou not testify, "the word of the Lord is tried." I cast my burden upon Him, and "He sustained me." How have seeming difficulties melted away? How has the yoke lost its heaviness, and the cross its bitterness, in the thought of whom thou wert bearing it for. There is a promised rest in the very carrying of the

yoke, and a better rest remains for the weary and toil-worn, when the appointed work is finished, for thus sayeth "that same Jesus," "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find *rest* unto your souls."

LUCY C. S.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

What means the little crystal stream, gushing forth from beneath the rocks of yonder high and lofty mountain? It is the source of a stream. Many a weary traveler has quenched his thirst and cooled his parching tongue from the waters of this beautiful stream. Rushing like a mighty torrent, on, *on* it flows, over a bed of marble-like pebbles, cataracts, or whatever may perchance have come in the way. As onward it flows, *other* streams join to increase the tide, until it has grown to be a large stream. So our lives, our talents, our education, *all* commence as did this river. God has placed us here as also were our first parents in the garden of Eden, yet not without sin, as were they. Yet God has promised to stand by us in every trying hour, will give us grace to overcome "every sin which doth so easily beset us." In our midst He has placed a beautiful river, on either side, was there the tree of life. His only begotten Son, who died the agonizing death on the cross, stands by this beautiful river, with out-stretched arms, pleading daily, yea hourly, and at any moment for us to accept of the water of this onward stream, without money and without price. Who will refuse to give heed to his pleadings? If we perish by the side of this flowing fountain, we cannot reprimand any one else; we *only* are to blame. Another beautiful river is the swelling Jordan, which we all must, sooner or later, pass over, prepared or unprepared. May we so live that when the summons come to bid us depart to that invisible world, we may reply as did the bleeding Lamb on the cross, "*It is finished*." "To-day, as ye hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

EMILY R. STIFLER.

Hollidaysburg, Penna.

BRO. JESSE CALVER, of Milford, Indiana, says: Soon may the HAPPY PILGRIM find its way to many happy firesides, freighted with messages of love and encouragement to all, is our prayer. I would gladly contribute to its columns, but am overburdened with labor. I have preached every day for the last six weeks, and our labor has been crowned with great success. More than one hundred have been added by baptism. May the good work still go on, and keep us all from the evil.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

WINTER.

While having the materials ready to write another article for the PILGRIM, I was sitting at the window overlooking our orchard, I thought that Winter would be a good subject to write upon. In Winter the trees are all bare; the apple and peach trees have nothing but limbs and bare branches. The large forests are all barren; the oak, the chestnut and many others. We would not think that they might get green again in a few months, but God has made it so. If he would not make it so I would really not know what would become of us. In Winter the ground is frozen hard most of the time. In Summer the trees are all green; but in the Winter they are all stripped of their leaves. Some places in the forests there are some dry leaves on such little trees. In Winter it is cold, that we all know, but soon it will get warmer again, and the leaves will soon come out, according to their kind, and fruit to their kind. How good God is in providing for all our wants. He provided us with wood and coal to keep us warm, and cook our food, and make us comfortable when he sends Winter upon us. God, in the creation of the world, made coal in the earth and wood to make our houses warm, and now we can live, but not as good as God; but if we live according to his word, we may have a hope to live with him in a world to come, because it is written in the New Testament that "there is yet a rest for the people of God, after this life," where

"No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore.
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

SAMUEL STEPHEN ZUG.

Mastersonville, Lanc. Co., Pa.—No. 2.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

EDWARD AND JOE.

I once heard of a boy whose name was Edward who had two dollars given him as a Christmas present by his father. He was so happy that he run into the street, intending to get some books or pretty toys with his money. He met another boy, whose name was Joseph, and says to him in great glee, "See here, Joe, what a gift I have," then asked what he had got for his Christmas gift. Joe began to cry, and said he had nothing. He had no father, and his mother was sick, and they had no money to get food or medicine. Edward gave his two dollars to Joe and said, "Take them and get what you need, I will do without any present this year." His father blessed his boy

for being so kind, and got him fine presents. Little Joe soon loved Edward better than any one else, and in time Edward learned him to read and taught him about Jesus, and Joe became a servant of the Lord. So we see little folks can do good and help to bring neglected ones to Christ.

Fayetteville, W. Va.

W. H. FLORY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN R. DEPPEN, — DEAR BROTHER:— Yours of Feb. 16th is received, and I avail myself of the first opportunity to reply. I would have answered earlier, but as we were breaking up our former home, and moving to another county I was unavoidably delayed. I will proceed at once to answer your several questions.

1st. "Have the farms living water generally?"

In some localities there are several, from one to a half dozen good springs on every farm, and in others it is necessary to dig wells. These latter vary in depth from 15 to 100 feet, generally about 30 feet will supply very fine water.

You could hardly fail however in getting a place to suit you that had, at least, one good spring on it. On the east of the Blue Ridge the water is freestone. Between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies we have the purest limestone.

2d. "Have you a sufficient supply of wood on most of the farms?"

In this part of the State, the Vallies of the James and the Roanoke rivers, wood is very abundant. The mountains are in easy reach of the plantations and many of our largest landholders supply their fires from them. Besides this, coal is very abundant here, and that removes any and all fears of want from that source. In the flat lands a large proportion is still in timber, and with economy, several generations will pass away before the stock is exhausted.

3d. "Do you burn lime as they do in Pennsylvania?"

We are just awakening to the importance of using lime. Every facility is offered here in the way of wood and stone and a want of energy and enterprise has hitherto prevented the farmers from applying it. It repays us here very richly and but few years will elapse before its use will become universal. Slavery, that heavy incubus on our prosperity, has been removed and we soon, with the aid of the ample means within our reach, will renovate our wasted soils.

4th. "Is fruit plentiful?"

It is, on the small farms, but the large plantations are poorly supplied. The soil and climate is very favorable for fruit growing, and a few years only is wanted to enable everybody to have plenty of fruit.

5th. "What can improved farms be purchased for?"

That varies very much, say from \$25 to \$150 per acre. The best lands of Roanoke are worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre, but good farms can be bought for \$30. In what is known as the Valley of Virginia, where we live, you can get farms of any size that you want from 100 to 2000 acres. Our average farms are about 200 acres, and these generally, have comfortable houses, and outbuildings, fruit, &c., &c.

I live about 200 miles South West of Richmond, on the line of the Va. & Tenn. R. R.

I will now give you a general outline of information concerning our State which may be of much advantage to you and the readers of the PILGRIM.

If you desire to locate among the brethren take the most direct route for Baltimore. From there you will find a Railroad leading through the Valley of the Shenandoah, and running Southward as far as Harrisonburg. On your journey stop off at Winchester and inquire for brethren who live in that vicinity, (I am not able to give you their names) and they will wait on you gladly. Stop again at Mowrytown and go to brother Geo. Shaver, an Elder in our church. Stop at Mt. Jackson and call for brother John Neff. You will like that locality if you fancy rich and highly cultivated farms. Stop off at Timberville and inquire for David Cline, and when you arrive at Harrisonburg take the Warm Spring Turnpike and walk about 4 miles to Dayton and stop at bro. Daniel Bowman's, who will offer you every facility for prosecuting your mission. After you are satisfied with that part of the Valley, get aboard the stage coach running from Harrisonburg to Bonsacks, distance 110 miles, and stop one mile before you arrive at the latter place and my father, B. F. Moomaw will receive you and aid you to the extent of his ability, to secure you a habitation in our midst. There is some very superior land lying on this latter route, but there are but few brethren. The people are very friendly and peaceable and glad to see Eastern or Western emigrants coming among them. In the lower valley farming is very profitable. Wheat, corn, oats and grass are raised in immense quantities. During the war it was called the granary of Lee's army. Large numbers of beeves are fattened there for the markets of Baltimore and Philadelphia. In the upper valley the country is not so highly improved, but is building up very rapidly.

If you would like to buy grazing farms you will find favorable inducements in Montgomery county where I now live, and in Pulaski, Wythe and Tazewell counties. In the three last named counties there are no organized churches of brethren. If you come to this part of the State, write me when you

will be at Christiansburg and I will meet you any time and take pleasure in showing our county. Address to Blacksburg, Montgomery county, Va.

If you would prefer the stock trade, and certainly that is a beautiful business, and withal very profitable, as Jacob the great cattle dealer and grazier of Mesopotamia no doubt realized, you will stop off at New Creek, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad as that county affords greater inducements for it than any other part of the South. That is in W. Virginia. There are flourishing congregations of brethren in the adjoining counties. Try and reach bro. Daniel Hayes, of Greenland, Grant co., W. Va.

As to the population in the Valley of Virginia, the German element largely predominates. There were but few slaves, comparatively speaking, before the war and consequently the baneful influence of slavery on the minds and hearts of the whites, has not affected us so seriously as where that element abounded.

You would find a striking and agreeable harmony between our people and those of your native State, Pennsylvania.

Should you desire to settle in a locality where the brethren are unknown you will go to Norfolk, or Petersburg, or Richmond, and in the tributary counties to those cities, large areas of very fertile and cheap lands are in the market. The labor in that section of the State was almost exclusively performed by the slaves, and since the war they have been unable to cultivate their large plantations, and consequently, offer their lands at greatly reduced prices, often less than the improvements cost. Besides they are deeply involved in debt and their property is sold to liquidate their indebtedness. This part of the State was settled by the English, and those old, obnoxious ideas of superior blood, of pure, and noble, and impure and ignoble extraction which prevailed in England two centuries ago obtains there now to a considerable extent, and makes it unpleasant to hard working and frugal foreigners.

If you come as far South on the Va. & Tenn. Railroad as Lowry's Crossing go to bro. Abraham Brubaker's. There are a few members there and some good land for sale on very moderate terms. He will be glad to serve you. All over the Eastern part of our State there are immense tracts of worn-out tobacco lands which can be bought for a trifling sum, and which will take a generation to recuperate. They farmed on the principle of killing the goose to get the golden egg. I have nothing to say in behalf of this quality of land, only to direct attention to it, and let emigrants choose or refuse as they prefer.

Hoping that this will be of service to you and others who would like to come to the Sunny South,

to live among its vines, its fruits and flowers, I am your humble brother in Christ.

D. C. MOOMAW.

Blacksburg, Va., March 7, 1870.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

MISSIONARY.

"And he said unto them, go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, Mark 16. 15."

DEAR PILGRIM:—Believing it is your design to preach the Gospel to every creature. Then you have a noble purpose in view, and your visits will be hailed with delight by many of the brethren and sisters. But how are you to reach all the world? It is true you are in your youth, and time may do much with you, but I fear your mission will be limited without we who are pilgrims with you, will take you up with the doctrine you advocate and carry you to and fro, and scatter you broadcast in the world. This has been a question with me ever since I have connected myself with the church, which is not very long, and perhaps I think more about it than many of the brethren as I am so circumstanced that I very frequently meet with those that have very great missionary spirit, and they frequently attack me on that point, which is the hardest question they can put to me. They will generally admit anything that we think is a command, and to do it is all right, though they think many things that we hold as commands are unessential, but this one command, from the stress they place on it they must think it essential. They say we do not carry it out, and I have always to confess that according to my weak judgment, we do not carry it out to that extent that we should. Now, brethren, could we not fix upon a plan that would fully carry out that command, or if it is fully carried out by us who claim to be the true followers of Christ, will some of the brethren be kind enough to let me know how it is carried out to its full extent, so that I may be able to give an answer to the gainsayer.

Your fellow Pilgrim to Eternity,
New Hope, Va., S. J. GARBER

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

PILGRIM RECEPTION.

Hail welcome PILGRIM! With Christian gratitude, we greet thy timely arrival to our family altar. Though thou hast roamed far and near, over mountain, hill and dale, at our home thou hast found an open door; though at first sight we entertained some doubt as to the genuineness of your mission, but then came the injunction: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby you may entertain angels unawares." And when we saw the beautiful title, PILGRIM, we

hailed you with joy to our fireside. Thrice blessed Messenger, thou art ever welcome in the mansions of the Pilgrim's rest. We congratulate your appearance, and have read with interest, and we believe with profit, the wholesome truths contained in your columns, and my weak and humble prayer is, that God's blessing may accompany your Editors' and contributors' efforts, that every number may be filled with profitable instruction as dictated by the Holy Spirit, that may comfort the pilgrim's heart and cause him to go on his way rejoicing.

And now dear PILGRIM, permit me, through your columns to call the attention of our membership to our Periodicals. Beloved brethren and sisters I tell you in truth and sincerity that I am made to rejoice in the zeal and wisdom of the Church in taking hold of the pen and press which are mightier than the sword, to promulgate the true Gospel as taught by our blessed Saviour, from shore to shore. First we had the *Visitor*; then the *Companion* and now the PILGRIM; and besides these we have another little Messenger, the *Pious Youth*, which I think contains very good instruction for our children. But my friendly pilgrims we must lend our aid in order that much good may be accomplished. First, let us open our hearts in humble prayer to God, that His blessing may accompany both Editors and Contributors, and then loose our purse strings and contribute liberally that our Editors may be enabled to carry on their good work in the fear of the Lord successfully. Why should we not try and support our periodicals when we see some of the good fruits which they have yielded, and hear of the many souls that have been made to rejoice through their instrumentality. As my article is growing lengthy and may weary your patience, although I might fill columns of encouragement and suggestions, I will forbear for the present. A few more words to the Editors of the PILGRIM, and then I am done.

Dear brethren, enclosed find \$1.00 for the PILGRIM which you will send to my address. At present I have little more to say in favor of the PILGRIM, and nothing against it; as the first number only is upon my table. I have perused it carefully, and am prompted to say, you are laboring in a good cause. Go on and give encouragement to the pilgrims on their way to Zion. Labor assiduously for the conversion of sinners. Hope it will not be long until the PILGRIM will come weekly. What I have written has been prompted through pure love, as I am not interested otherwise. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ abide with us all. Amen.

FRANKLIN FORNEY.

Stony Creek, Pa.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WITH this No. we commence the weekly issue, according to promise, and with this we hope our kind patrons will be satisfied for the present. The future is promising, and our readers can feel assured that we will do the *very* best that we can. We are not desirous of becoming rich, nor need we have any fears of that, according to Ex-Editor's article in the *Visitor*. (People see some strange things while dreaming.) We started on a solid basis, without owing any man; therefore, we know just how we stand, and if we loose by the enterprise, we will reflect on none but ourselves. By good economy, and living in close proximity to our farms, we hope to succeed and also put out a cheap paper, especially if our patrons will rally to our aid. We would much desire to have about four or five hundred more subscribers, to see us through nicely and put out double numbers at the latter part of the year. We have booked about 250 post offices. If we could get two more names at each office we would have the desired number. Shall we have it dear readers? If so the *PILGRIM* will be doubled from, at latest, September. This, we think, will be a very liberal offer when the low price of our paper is considered. Make an effort, and we feel assured that it can be accomplished. We can yet supply all back numbers. Always state whether those subscribing have received No. 1, as we have but a small number of them. When they run out, we will put down the price. Please let us have more church news, correspondence, &c. All are welcome to our columns.

OBITUARIES.

Died, on the 5th ult., in Mechanicstown, Frederick co., Md., (Monocacy Church), Brother David Wilhide, aged 67 years, 8 months and 21 days. Brother Wilhide was a very worthy and consistent member for a number of years. Of him it was said—"he lived and died without an enemy." On the 6th his body was followed by a very large concourse of people to his resting place in the grave, till the Lord will bring it forth immortal. The occasion was improved by Elder D. P. Saylor, from 1 Cor. I:9.

MARRIED.—On the 8th ult., at the residence of friend Christian Garber, in the Beaverdam Valley, Frederick co., Md., by Elder D. P. Saylor, Mr. Samuel Avey, of Washington co., Md., to Miss Emily Strine, of Frederick co.

THE LITTLE SOWER.

The *Little Sower* is a beautifully printed youth's magazine, profusely illustrated. It has for its contributors the best writers of the Christian church, and in every respect it may safely challenge comparison with any juvenile publication of America. Terms, \$1.

Address, W. W. DOWLING,
Indianapolis, Ind.

LITTLE WATCHMAN,

A little paper for little folks. Its mission is to provide food for the little lambs of the fold. Issued semi-monthly, at 50 cts. per year.

Address, LITTLE WATCHMAN,
Box 528, Indianapolis, Ind.

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.