

# The Pilgrim.

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

H. B. & Geo. Brumbaugh, Editors.

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NO. 5.

## ESSAY DEPARTMENT.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### LIFE OF A PILGRIM PORTRAYED.—No. 1

After solemn reflections on the vicissitudes of life, your humble fellow-pilgrim felt prompted to write an essay on the above subject, and in order that this article may be properly arranged for the benefit of the pilgrim on his journey from the city of destruction to the *City of God*, we shall present it in three parts, or numbers :

First, His wanderings in the city of destruction to his exit therefrom.

Second, His journey towards the City of God.

Third, His final entrance, and what he there enjoyed, with an appeal to strangers.

In this number, then, it behooves us to view man's changes in his associations with the residents of the City of Destruction. Man is placed into this world for a noble purpose, in order that at the end he may enjoy everlasting happiness. As he makes his appearance in this transitory world, the theatre of his pilgrimage, pure, uncontaminated, he consequently knows no evil; unconscious of what is before him, he is rocked in the cradle of God's mercy. He grows up under the parental care of his earthly parents, nursed by an Omnipotent power. God has entrusted this spontaneous gift for a little season to those by whose agency he is brought into existence; yet at the same time under the Supreme care of his Creator. Hence he watches him with a jealous eye, as a gift emanating from him to benefit the world and to labor for the advancement of God's kingdom, and for the promotion of his own eternal happiness. Therefore, he bears with his tardi-

ness in becoming useful. True, he is in the world, the theatre of destruction, but so long as he is in his primeval state he has only an indirect residence therein. If God recalls his pledge before actually sinning or rebelling against him, his soul will meet God in peace, and will forever enjoy him. Man is created a free moral agent. Life and death are set before him; he can choose which he pleases. But the design of God is for him to be happy. He is endowed with an immortal principle emanating from God; while time passes, and he grows up, this principle will develop itself, the mind becomes susceptible of impressions, and he obtains his reasonable faculties. This innate principle teaches him to distinguish right from wrong, and good from evil. Here he enters upon the arena of life. Here the conflict begins, a mighty struggle for the ascendancy, and would to God that good might prevail, and righteousness gain the victory. But *alas, alas!* Man is brought forth by corruptible seed, the seed inherited from his fallen progenitor, hence depraved, and if not born again by incorruptible seed, *the word of God*, he chooses the road to destruction; and by rebelling against him in rejecting his counsel he voluntarily initiates himself as a legal citizen of that *doomed city*. Hence he is in fellowship and associates with the inhabitants of that wicked city where Satan reigns with his hellish crew or legions of devils.

My heart shudders to think that precious blood-bought souls get their names enrolled there with that enormous black list, whose catalogue of crime calls for vengeance from the hand of Omnipotency; and yet, to our sorrow, we behold the number that do so, as the sand on the sea shore, innumerable

in multitude. Yea, many, unconscious of uniting in fellowship with such, degrade themselves lower than the lowest of the brute creation. We see from the moral man, compared with the rich young ruler who boasted of having kept the legal rites from his youth, down to the inebriate, who indulges in his god, Bacchus, all his life time, walking hand in hand, lingering in the plains of Sodom. God, in his love and mercy towards his creatures, so closely allied to him in their existence, still pursues the young pilgrim by his illuminating power, and finally succeeds in showing him the black list of his associates. *He stares at them and turns in disgust.* Is it possible that I am in union with men of such characters? Men "filled with unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, back-biters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without natural affection, without understanding, covenant breakers, implacable, unmerciful; who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, *but have pleasure in them that do them.*" Being taught this fact by the word of God, the sword of the spirit, strikes terror to his heart, he begins to loathe sin; he resolves to leave the city *and start on a pilgrimage to the City of God.* But as man naturally wishes to have company when he starts on a wearisome journey, so he seeks for some of his former associates, perhaps prompted by love or intimate friendship, to accompany him on his journey. But ah, the fatal mistep, and thousands have fallen into the same error. Instead of the holy spirit to accompany them and Jesus for their leader and guide, they seek that assistance from man. "O," say they, "why so sad? For what purpose is this haste in forsaking sin? You are as good as many that already are far on their journey, and besides you are young. You may enjoy yourselves a little longer 'in the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.' By-and-by we will go along; we do not want to perish here. We are now on the way to the theatre to gratify the lust of the eye. Come along with us; overcome your scruples; your sadness is only a freak of nature; to see the performance is entirely harmless." By their ingenuity and smooth language he is persuaded; his conscience is set at ease for the time; he pays his fees for admittance which he can scarcely spare; he beholds the performances; intoxicated with delight, his eye is gratified with their mock tragedies. He returns after separating from his gay companions; he reflects seriously upon the night; though nature is hushed in silence yet the all-seeing eye of God was seeing him during the night spent in levity, gazing on the devil's

performances. "The money I paid might have been spent for better purposes, in aiding the poor and relieving the sick, but, ah! I have given it to promote the emissaries of Satan." The conscience-stricken soul roams about in gloom. Remorse is gnawing his vitals, eating away like gangrene what little remains of his immortal principles and eternal hope of ever arriving at the City of God. The Lord sees his regret; again the hand of mercy is held out; *hope revives*; the spirit of God shows him pardon in the wounds of a crucified Savior, on condition of leaving the wicked city by fleeing hastily to the little City of Zoar for safety. He hears of an Ambassador of Christ who is to speak in the Sanctuary of the Lord. Oh, how eager to hear the man of God, to receive a word of consolation for his convicted, sin-polluted soul. But here he was driven to the extremity of suffering for the feminality of his conduct. The terror of *the law of God*, proclaimed from Mount Sinai amidst smoke and thick darkness, accompanied with terrible thunderings and lightnings and the voice of the trumpet, condemned his poor soul. "Sin became exceeding sinful." However, the time of meeting came. The man of God with a low bow enters the holy sanctuary and with a bold defiant step he took the consecrated stand, and, in the exercise of his duty, "he drew the bow at a venture," he let the arrow fly—the arrow of God's word. His discourse was directed against theatrical performances; he showed to a demonstration that it was the work of the devil, carried on under the superintendency of his agents, and all that delight therein are under his control and promote his kingdom. If they die unconverted, they must, after the day of judgment, endure with "the devil and his angels" fire everlasting, and concluded with the thrilling appeal of Isaiah, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" With a heart peirced and a conscience wounded, he determined, with the firm resolve, without a moment's delay, to start on his pilgrimage to the Holy City, with the aid of the spirit of God and Jesus for his guide. The hammer of God's word has now completely broken his heart, and the fire or the breath of the Omnipotent has melted the same, that his eyes became fountains of water, and with tears of penitence he wetted his couch. In this dejected, sorrow-stricken condition he meets some of his former associates. They seeing him in this humiliating condition took him at once to be deranged, and approaching him with disdain, "what, again troubled with religious enthusiasm? These self-interested preachers cause you to go crazy. They themselves do not believe what they preach. Their aim is to increase in numbers that they might boast of their arrogance and treachery."



But rough language could not influence him like ingenuity. Their reproachful epithet did not deter him from his design for the seed of Divine truth was too deeply rooted in his penitent, sorrow-stricken heart; the only effect was commiseration, accompanied with pathetic grief and prayer for their condition. Full of gloomy forebodings and serious reflections he fell into a reverie. Awakening from his trance, he lifted up his eyes, in a vision of the Almighty he saw the beautiful arrangements for the abode of the pilgrims in the Holy City. He exclaims, "How goodly are thy tents, O, Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O, Isreal!" O, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!' The drama of his future life passed before him momentarily in a vision. But, oh, the vista of the past! Sad reflection! Though young in years, yet old in experience. The curtain rises; he views the past. Far away in the east he beheld in the threshing floors of Ornan the Jebusite, the destroying angel of the Lord, with his drawn sword over the land, and the thousands that have fallen victims by pestilence. Turning to the west, he saw the pale horse with its rider Death approaching, with hell following close at its heels, sweeping away its millions, and he looked up with astonishment. Can it be that mercy is prolonged towards me a sinner, a disobedient sinner? He contemplated over the goodness and forbearance of God, his Creator and Preserver. He knelt down; with a fervency of devotion and a heart burning with the love of God, he poured out his heart in gratitude, prayer and thanksgiving to the God of all comfort, for the supreme love displayed towards him, causing him to see the error of his ways and fleeing to Jesus Christ his Savior, "who died for his sins, and rose again for his justification." And now he makes his exit from the City of Destruction to enter upon his journey as a pilgrim to the Holy Land, wherein he shall find the City of God. But in these travels shall meet with some difficulties, which shall be portrayed in No. 2. More anon.

LEONARD FURRY.

New Enterprise, Pa.

THE BIBLE.—There are sixty-two books in the Bible, written by forty different men. The authors lived in different countries, and wrote at different ages of the world, there having been one thousand five hundred years from the writing of the first book to that of the last. Yet there are no special contradictions, but a wonderful harmony throughout the whole.

LIFE to youth is a fairy tale just opened; to old age, a tale read through, ending in death. Be wise in time, that you may be happy in eternity.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### LIVING WATER.

We see many things here every day in the week of Nature, which constantly afford illustrations of spiritual truths. The Psalmist (Ps. 87:7) referring to the full supplies of grace that should be found in the man who was to come out of Zion as Deliverer, says of him, "All my springs are in thee." In a country when the water flows from beautiful mountain springs, they constantly speak in silence of the constant, full-abiding grace that flows from the atoning merits of Jesus. These springs are *constantly* flowing. Their waters *never* fail. In wet or dry, they still flow on the same. So of Him from whom the springs of grace for Zion flow. In wet or dry, heat or cold, springtime or harvest, he, the ever blessed, sin-atoning Redeemer, still remains the same. In looking at the vast amount of water pouring from hill-side and valley on every hand, one cannot help asking—why was so much water created? It seems far more than is necessary for human supply. It is that none may suffer thirst. It flows in beautiful streams over beautiful gravel beds, far away from the source. The man who dwells remotely from the source may yet drink and be satisfied. So, of the free grace of God, in the Living Spring, Christ Jesus. The abundance of grace is that none may perish of thirst. The hill country of Judea was no more richly furnished with springs, among which Jesus cried, "If any man thirst let him come to me and drink," than is *this* hilly country, with the most beautiful cooling springs. In many places the water flows from the cleft of a rock, reminding one of the devout spirit of the "Rock of Ages," from whose river-side flows the healing flood, which gives salvation to all those who may call upon his holy and reverential name. We bid young and old, rich or poor, halt, blind, *all*, to come now and accept of this living water. To-day he bids you come. Now is the accepted time. Now is the time salvation may be sought for and received. Do you not behold the suffering Saviour, standing with out-stretched arms, begging, pleading and entreating you to behold the crystal stream, and to drink of its waters freely. I earnestly beseech you, delay not giving heed to these earnest pleadings of the Saviour, until it is finally and eventually too late. O! give heed to the warning call; for

"He's prepared thee a home—  
Sinner, can'st thou believe it?  
And invites thee to come—  
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
O, come, sinner, come,  
For the tide is receding,  
And the Savior will soon  
And forever cease pleading."

EMILY R. STIFLER.

Hollidaysburg, Penna.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

## SING YE ME OF HEAVEN.

W. O. SMITH.

Oh sing to me of Heaven,  
When I am called to die,  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops,  
Roll off my marble brow;  
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,  
Let Heaven begin below.

When the last moment comes,  
Oh, watch my dying face,  
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,  
Which o'er each feature plays.

Then, to my ravished ear,  
Let one sweet song be given.  
Let music charm me last of earth,  
And greet me first in Heaven.

Then, close my sightless eyes,  
And lay me down to rest;  
And clasp my pale and icy hands  
Upon my lifeless breast.

Then, 'round my senseless clay  
Assemble those I love,  
And sing of Heav'n, delightful Heav'n,  
My glorious home above.

Duncansville, Pa.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

## THE PILGRIM.

Hail messenger of good tidings! May the characteristics of the Christian pilgrim be emblazoned on your pages. May it be a medium to promote union and not discord—love and not ill-will—humility and not pride—justice without partiality, and in every way be instrumental in good, and hold up to the heaven-bound pilgrim the light by which to walk, and nothing more nor less than a reflector of the Divine Oracles of God as exhibited in the Book of Books; and in that light may error be made manifest, and through the influence of its pages, lit up by the workings of the Holy Spirit, may every thing that would venture to rob Israel of her glory be cast down to the chambers of darkness, and cause the “many spirits” to seek refuge in some other organization than the Church of the Brethren, established as it is upon the faith once delivered to the Saints, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The world is moving. See the running to and for after knowledge. Everything seems to be on the move. Men are waxing worse and worse; iniquity abounds; the love of many is growing cold. Shall we get impatient, and in the whirl of excitement

say, “forward march” from the “old land marks?” No, *never*, NEVER! but “stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.” (Jeremiah 6:16.) J. S. FLORY.

You gain nothing by fretting; you only waste your strength by it. Choose your work, plan as skillfully as you can, put your whole heart into what you are about to do, and leave the rest to a kind Providence that overlooks not a single one of us. Do you know how many years of your life and happiness are mortgaged by the habit of worrying? And, after all, what does it accomplish? How much strength does it bring to you in your labors and exertions? A ruffled temper all the time throws to the surface the mire and dirt of one's nature; it does not combine the best elements and help them to work together to the best advantage, but only the worst, and gives them alone all the chance.

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## TO THE YOUNG.

Dear Friends, permit me, a friend of the young, to address you through the medium of the PILGRIM. You live in a world of sin and temptations, evil surrounds you, vice and ungodliness everywhere prevails. In this wicked world your eternal destiny must be made. Wicked as the world is, your morals need not be corrupted, nor your religion contaminated, though you may be sorely tried. The winds and the waves may beat against the rock planted in the sea, but it remains unmoved.

Dear young friends, be you firm like the rock, resisting temptation. Pride and love of fashion beget vanity; vanity destroys seriousness and leads from God and his holy service; it tempts to lust and vice; to indulge in these ends in death. Beware of them, watch these first beginnings; resist the first temptation. Guard well the ways which lead to it, stand firm as the rock, avoid all evil society; *like begets like*. If you choose for your associates the vain, the giddy, the proud, the irreligious, *so will you likely be*; avoid them. Their pleasure meetings, the pic-nic parties, the social dance, the tea-parties, and the Fair Grounds, are the nurseries in which virtue is debauched, and the fear of God and his service destroyed; and alienation from God cultivated. Abhor and avoid them as you would the venom of the adder. Clement of Alexandria says, “Let young men and women keep away from festivals, that they may not make a slip in what is unsuitable. For things to which their ears are unaccustomed, and scenes by sight inflame the mind, while faith within them



is wavering, the instability of their age conspire to carry them away. Sometimes they are also the cause of others stumbling. It is the extremest scandal for young women to be present at a banquet of men, especially men under the influence of wine." Dear young friends, this is sound logic, and if it was needful in the apostolic age, is it not more needful now?

Also avoid everything that bears the name of religion, that has not, *Thus saith the Lord*, for its support. I believe, and hesitate not to say, that the meetings popularly called *revivals*, with their mourners bench religion, is even more demoralizing than those above referred to. This to some may seem harsh, but not to the unbiased observer. In some parts of the country where this thing prevails generally, and the different sects have combined together for years in this way to convert and reconvert, the people are this day sunk in pride and degradation; that the Chinaman's integrity puts them to blush. The Roman Catholic takes advantage of it, sets up his cross, proves protestantism a failure, and quietly gathers in those who have become disgusted with such a farce. This is the fruitful cause of the alarming spread and increase of Roman Catholicism in our country.

My dear young friends, let me prevail with you to shun and avoid these as you would the most deadly poison. It will poison and destroy the soul. Search the Scriptures to learn the truth; cultivate virtue and piety; choose for your associates the holy, the godly, the meek and the humble. Hear Clement, "He who associates with the Saints shall be sanctified." Let just principles govern you in all things; accept nothing for religion but what is supported by the Scriptures; have no religious fellowship with any who are not governed by this rule. If their principles govern your youthful days, as you grow to riper years you will stand on a solid basis; while your correct habits, and just principles will shine forth and prove a bulwark against the wiles of the devil, and you will neither be ashamed of Jesus nor his word; and his yoke to you will be easy, and his burden light. Your friend

D. P. SAYLER.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM CONTINUED.

*My Dear Little Readers*—Hoping you were pleased with what I told you a short time ago, about our dear Saviour, I will continue the history, hoping that the more you read of it the better you will like it, and, as I said before, I will try to tell it in a manner so plain and simple that you may all be able to understand it.

"John the Baptist" (whose mother was a cousin of the Saviour's mother) is called the "fore-

runner of Christ," because he told the people of the Saviour's coming. At that time the Saviour came from a place called Galilee to Jordan to be baptized of John. But John was much surprised, and said he had need to be baptized of the Saviour; but the Saviour told him "to suffer it to be so now." When Jesus was baptized "he saw the heavens open and the Spirit of God in the shape of a dove descending and lighting upon Him," and a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Many of my dear little readers no doubt have seen persons going into the water to be baptized, but none of you ever saw so beautiful a sight as that. Just try to imagine a voice and the Holy Spirit in the shape of a dove coming from heaven. After that our dear Saviour was "led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil," and fasted forty days and forty nights. Think of this my dear children. But this was only a very little of what He suffered for you. Then Satan came to Him and tried to tempt Him to do wrong. He said to Him, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But he could not tempt Him. Then Satan took Him and set Him on one of the highest places of the temple, and said if He was the Son of God to cast Himself down. But again the Saviour disappointed him. He then took Him on the top of a high mountain and shewed Him all the grand things of the world, and said he would give them all to Him if He would worship him. But the Saviour said, "get thee hence Satan, for it is written 'thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.'" Then Satan left Him and angels came from heaven to comfort Him. From that time He began to preach and select His disciples, (or followers), and also to heal the sick, and to cast out devils. How awful! to have a devil within you! and yet, my dear children, when you are naughty, your actions or words prove that you are allowing a bad spirit to dictate, or, in plainer words, to tell you what to say or do; and then you also grieve that good spirit that makes you feel happy. When you feel tempted to be naughty you should go to some secret place and pray. Do not think you are too young. If you are old enough to feel when you are naughty, you are old enough to pray; to ask your Heavenly Father to take your naughty heart away, forgive you, and give you a new and a clean heart, for Jesus your dear Saviour's sake. If you do not know the "Lord's Prayer," my dear children, do not put it off, but find it in the 6th chapter of Matthew, and learn it, not to "say it" but to pray it. In order to do that you must think who you are praying to, and believe that he will do whatever is best for you. I am sorry to say I have met with children ten years of age who

did not know the Lord's Prayer, some who had never been to Sunday School, and some whose parents are *opposed* to Sunday Schools. If there are any such among the dear little readers of the PILGRIM, I hope they may be benefited by what I have said or may say hereafter.

Lovingly,

THE LITTLE PILGRIM'S FRIEND.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### "THE PILGRIM."

My father has received the first two numbers of the PILGRIM, in which I noticed that an offer is made to boys and girls, under the age of fourteen years, to contribute thereto. After some consideration, I concluded to take up the offer. I am a friend of reading, and by accepting that offer we can learn both to write and get a proper understanding of the English language. My dear young readers, while we are engaged in writing for and reading these papers, we have no time to think or do any bad or wicked things; and it may be a means of putting our ideas together. Our neighborhood is principally German; and by writing and reading we can learn to understand the English. While we read we are kept from quarreling with those around us; and while we write these compositions we are kept from planning mischief. These papers, no doubt, will teach us many good things about what Christ has done for us, and how he suffered and died. Therefore, if you will send the PILGRIM to me, on trust, I will try and send you, during the year, the twenty articles required to complete the contract. If you desire to know my age correctly, let me know, and I will state it in my next, though I am under fourteen.

SAMUEL STEPHEN ZUG.

Mastersonville, Lanc. Co., Pa.—No. 1.

We will be pleased to have the age of our young contributors, though not for publication.—ED.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### TO THE YOUNG PILGRIMS.

As the editor of the PILGRIM has offered to send the paper free to the young that would write some for it, and as I like good papers I will try and write something that I may get the PILGRIM. I am but a boy, but then I will try and do what I can. I hope there are a good many little ones that read the PILGRIM, so let us write to each other, as the editors have given us that privilege. Let us try and be good, as the Bible teaches us that God loves the good and hates the wicked. Now we do not want any one to hate us, and if God loves us, and we don't gain his love by obedience to him and our parents, and we die in sin we never can go to heaven, where God and where our Saviour is, and where all the good will be together forever.

W. H. FLORY.

Fayetteville, W. Va.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

DEAR PILGRIM: In your silent language you may tell your readers I am *at home* once again, and now will give an outline of my late travels according to promise. I left home the 13th of October 1869, traveled among the "beloved in the Lord" in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, was absent from home three months and 22 days, traveled 4020 miles, attended 110 meetings and formed the acquaintance of many dear brethren, sisters and relatives scattered throughout the ten States through which I traveled, whom I shall long remember with fond christian regards and whom I hope to meet in a brighter sphere than this. How shall I ever forget the "kindred spirits", who dwell in the unity of the spirit of Christ, and who were ever ready to administer to my necessity. Oh! may they hear the King say, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." The Lord seemed to prosper me on my journey, blessed me with good health nearly all the while and brought me safely on my way, nothing occurred to mar my pleasure worthy of note. I arrived at home the 4th of February and found my family all well. Truly the Lord has been good to me and mine in answer to the many prayers offered up in our behalf. Thanks to his Holy name for his great love to us all; may we never forget the Almighty arm that has brought us safely on our way, but render due praise to Him forever and forever. Adieu for the present. More anon.

J. S. FLORY.

Fayetteville, Fayette county, W. Va.

DEAR BROTHER: The first number of the PILGRIM came to hand some time ago. Its receipt would have been acknowledged sooner had not sickness and a great press of epistolary matter prevented. I am still too weak for any protracted mental effort. Take all in all I am well pleased with PILGRIM No. 1. Its aims are commendable and its promises fair. Your introduction has an evangelical tone excepting one point which might be misconstrued. You say, "*First for the Church.*" Again, "the Church demands our *first* attention." Without dictating to the least laborer in the Lord's Vinyard, I invariably set the *truth first* and the Church second, as the pillar and ground of truth, or as the true idea requires, that by which the truth is *supported* in its saving efficacy worldward. Bro. Sayler's "Welcome Pilgrim" presents many grand and pertinent suggestions which every Journalist would do well to heed. He speaks as one "having authority." The Motto you have selected is just the thing in these days of rabid hanker-



ing after novelties and revelations. "To Contributors" bating a few words, should be hung in large glowing Capitals on every editors desk. Care not to grow *fast* unless your development is also *compact* and *systematical*. Make little of yourself, or nothing at all, and let the Head of the Church turn the helm whithersoever He listeth.

C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Union Deposit, Pa.

BRO. H. B. BRUMBAUGH: The PILGRIM is at hand, and the contents carefully noted. I am well pleased with the arrangement, and bid it God speed. May it go forth in the spirit of the Lord, and with the power of the Holy Ghost, to the pulling down of the strong fortifications of darkness, and to the building up of the cause of Christ.

Brethren, send it forth full of love, and divine light, and it will be sure to encourage and instruct Pilgrims on their journey Heavenward. I trust the brethren will bid the PILGRIM a hearty welcome everywhere, for if it is truly dedicated to the service of the Lord we all need its instruction, and encouragement that we may be better enabled to walk together in bonds of brotherly love, and in the unity of the Spirit. That we have two good Periodicals, the *Visitor* and *Companion*, is no reason that we should not still have another, and that it should not receive a liberal patronage from the brethren generally. I feel confident that it will bring to your aid a new set of correspondents, who will furnish its columns with the best of reading matter. When we had but one paper the *Visitor*, it was not furnished with any better, and perhaps not as good reading matter as it had after the publication of the *Companion*, and I think the two have been the means of improving each other, as well as the aid and comfort they have been to us on our christian journey. I know there are many brethren and sisters, who can write that have never made an effort, whose effort if made, would be truly refreshing to us all. Then brethren and sisters, the PILGRIM opens up a new channel through which we may comfort each other, and build one another up in the Holy faith as it was once delivered to the Saints. Then make the effort, and send it along to the PILGRIM, that the Editors may be well furnished with original matter to make the PILGRIM a good Periodical, which can be done in no other way. I do not mean to say that we that have written an "occasional" for the *Visitor* and *Companion*, should relax our efforts in that direction, no, not by any means; but let us make a few additional efforts, that all our Periodicals may be well furnished with original matter for publication. And when we write let us first go to our Heavenly Father, and drink deep in the Spirit of the Lord that we may be prepared to breathe forth love in every sentence that flows

from our pens, that the hearts of Pilgrims may be made glad, and to rejoice in the God of our salvation.

JONATHAN MYERS.

Antioch, Cal.

### QUERY.

BRO. EDITOR: Will you, or some one else give an explanation of Math. 23 chapter and 15th verse. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land, to make one proslyte; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves."

J. H. BRUMBAUGH.

Centre, O.

The query is: "How they can make him two-fold more the child of hell than themselves?" We have not taken upon ourselves the responsibility of expositors. Who will answer it? ED.

### EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

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did not know the Lord's Prayer, some who had never been to Sunday School, and some whose parent's are *opposed* to Sunday Schools. If there are any such among the dear little readers of the PILGRIM, I hope they may be benefited by what I have said or may say hereafter.

Lovingly,

THE LITTLE PILGRIM'S FRIEND.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### "THE PILGRIM."

My father has received the first two numbers of the PILGRIM, in which I noticed that an offer is made to boys and girls, under the age of fourteen years, to contribute thereto. After some consideration, I concluded to take up the offer. I am a friend of reading, and by accepting that offer we can learn both to write and get a proper understanding of the English language. My dear young readers, while we are engaged in writing for and reading these papers, we have no time to think or do any bad or wicked things; and it may be a means of putting our ideas together. Our neighborhood is principally German; and by writing and reading we can learn to understand the English. While we read we are kept from quarreling with those around us; and while we write these compositions we are kept from planning mischief. These papers, no doubt, will teach us many good things about what Christ has done for us, and how he suffered and died. Therefore, if you will send the PILGRIM to me, on trust, I will try and send you, during the year, the twenty articles required to complete the contract. If you desire to know my age correctly, let me know, and I will state it in my next, though I am under fourteen.

SAMUEL STEPHEN ZUG.

Mastersonville, Lanc. Co., Pa.—No. 1.

We will be pleased to have the age of our young contributors, though not for publication.—ED.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

### TO THE YOUNG PILGRIMS.

As the editor of the PILGRIM has offered to send the paper free to the young that would write some for it, and as I like good papers I will try and write something that I may get the PILGRIM. I am but a boy, but then I will try and do what I can. I hope there are a good many little ones that read the PILGRIM, so let us write to each other, as the editors have given us that privilege. Let us try and be good, as the Bible teaches us that God loves the good and hates the wicked. Now we do not want any one to hate us, and if God loves us, and we don't gain his love by obedience to him and our parents, and we die in sin we never can go to heaven, where God and where our Saviour is, and where all the good will be together forever.

W. H. FLORY.

Fayetteville, W. Va.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[FOR THE PILGRIM.]

DEAR PILGRIM: In your silent language you may tell your readers I am *at home* once again, and now will give an outline of my late travels according to promise. I left home the 13th of October 1869, traveled among the "beloved in the Lord" in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, was absent from home three months and 22 days, traveled 4020 miles, attended 110 meetings and formed the acquaintance of many dear brethren, sisters and relatives scattered throughout the ten States through which I traveled, whom I shall long remember with fond christian regards and whom I hope to meet in a brighter sphere than this. How shall I ever forget the "kindred spirits", who dwell in the unity of the spirit of Christ, and who were ever ready to administer to my necessity. Oh! may they hear the King say, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." The Lord seemed to prosper me on my journey, blessed me with good health nearly all the while and brought me safely on my way, nothing occurred to mar my pleasure worthy of note. I arrived at home the 4th of February and found my family all well. Truly the Lord has been good to me and mine in answer to the many prayers offered up in our behalf. Thanks to his Holy name for his great love to us all; may we never forget the Almighty arm that has brought us safely on our way, but render due praise to Him forever and forever. Adieu for the present. More anon.

J. S. FLORY.

Fayetteville, Fayette county, W. Va.

DEAR BROTHER: The first number of the PILGRIM came to hand some time ago. Its receipt would have been acknowledged sooner had not sickness and a great press of epistolary matter prevented. I am still too weak for any protracted mental effort. Take all in all I am well pleased with PILGRIM No. 1. Its aims are commendable and its promises fair. Your introduction has an evangelical tone excepting one point which might be misconstrued. You say, "*First for the Church.*" Again, "*the Church demands our first attention.*" Without dictating to the least laborer in the Lord's Vinyard, I invariably set the *truth first* and the Church second, as the pillar and ground of truth, or as the true idea requires, that by which the truth is *supported* in its saving efficacy worldward. Bro. Sayler's "Welcome Pilgrim" presents many grand and pertinent suggestions which every Journalist would do well to heed. He speaks as one "having authority." The Motto you have selected is just the thing in these days of rabid hanker-



ing after novelties and revelations. "To Contributors" bating a few words, should be hung in large glowing Capitals on every editors desk. Care not to grow *fast* unless your development is also *compact* and *systematical*. Make little of yourself, or nothing at all, and let the Head of the Church turn the helm whithersoever He listeth.

C. H. BALSBAUGH.

Union Deposit, Pa.

BRO. H. B. BRUMBAUGH: The PILGRIM is at hand, and the contents carefully noted. I am well pleased with the arrangement, and bid it God speed. May it go forth in the spirit of the Lord, and with the power of the Holy Ghost, to the pulling down of the strong fortifications of darkness, and to the building up of the cause of Christ.

Brethren, send it forth full of love, and divine light, and it will be sure to encourage and instruct Pilgrims on their journey Heavenward. I trust the brethren will bid the PILGRIM a hearty welcome everywhere, for if it is truly dedicated to the service of the Lord we all need its instruction, and encouragement that we may be better enabled to walk together in bonds of brotherly love, and in the unity of the Spirit. That we have two good Periodicals, the *Visitor* and *Companion*, is no reason that we should not still have another, and that it should not receive a liberal patronage from the brethren generally. I feel confident that it will bring to your aid a new set of correspondents, who will furnish its columns with the best of reading matter. When we had but one paper the *Visitor*, it was not furnished with any better, and perhaps not as good reading matter as it had after the publication of the *Companion*, and I think the two have been the means of improving each other, as well as the aid and comfort they have been to us on our christian journey. I know there are many brethren and sisters, who can write that have never made an effort, whose effort if made, would be truly refreshing to us all. Then brethren and sisters, the PILGRIM opens up a new channel through which we may comfort each other, and build one another up in the Holy faith as it was once delivered to the Saints. Then make the effort, and send it along to the PILGRIM, that the Editors may be well furnished with original matter to make the PILGRIM a good Periodical, which can be done in no other way. I do not mean to say that we that have written an "occasional" for the *Visitor* and *Companion*, should relax our efforts in that direction, no, not by any means; but let us make a few additional efforts, that all our Periodicals may be well furnished with original matter for publication. And when we write let us first go to our Heavenly Father, and drink deep in the Spirit of the Lord that we may be prepared to breathe forth love in every sentence that flows

from our pens, that the hearts of Pilgrims may be made glad, and to rejoice in the God of our salvation.

JONATHAN MYERS.

Antioch, Cal.

### QUERY.

BRO. EDITOR: Will you, or some one else give an explanation of Math. 23 chapter and 15th verse. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land, to make one proslyte; and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves."

J. H. BRUMBAUGH.

Centre, O.

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fearful—we will gladly help you. Do not try to write as men and women, but let it be in the language used between little brothers and sisters, and you will be interesting, instructive and welcome. Parents, encourage your children in this work, and you will find that they have made one step towards heaven. We would have much more to say just here, but we forbear, hoping to fill the pages with matter that will be more instructive. When we meet again we will have something more to say.

#### MONEY LETTERS received up to March 8th:

P. H. Kurtz, W. Arnold, Eld. Peter Long, H. J. Sheleberger, Ephraim Brumbaugh, V. Reichard, J. S. Bechtel, Isaac Brumbaugh, Eld. Leonard Furry, Daniel Brumbaugh, Daniel Snowberger, D. R. Saylor, J. Newcomer, John C. Hostetler, John H. Brumbaugh, Eld. J. S. Flory, Tirzah Jane Plank, Joseph Myers, Spencer Beaver, Jona. Rogers, J. Zook, Caroline B. Custer, D. K. Tetter, Samuel Ryman, Jonas DeHaven, Wm. H. Miller, Wm. M. Lichtenwalter, H. Eliza Bosserman, J. S. Snyder, John Custer, Joseph Snowberger, David Bechtel, Miss Kate Bechtel, Jacob Berkey, Elias Grossnickle, D. Brown, S. M. Shuck, Miss S. H. Roher, Peter Brumbaugh, Andrew Brumbaugh, G. W. Hoxie, Andrew Snowberger, Gideon Bollinger, J. A. Clement, Franklin Forney, Jacob Berkey, George Barnhart, J. W. Eller.

MARRIED, March 3rd, by Elder D. P. Saylor, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Addison G. Haugh, to Miss Penelope A., daughter of Brother Daniel Grossnickle, all of Frederick county, Md.

On the same day, by the same, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Reuben Wilhide to Miss Mary Ellen, daughter of Mr. George Dern, all of Carroll county, Maryland.

On the 17th Feb., by Elder D. P. Saylor, at the home of the bride's father, Br. Thomas M. A. Stoner to Miss Laura V. E., eldest daughter of Wm. H. Bowman, all of Frederick county, Md.

#### THE PIOUS YOUTH.

The *Pious Youth* is a sixteen page quarto monthly, published by H. R. Holsinger, Tyrone, Pa., price \$1 00. We have not had the pleasure of reading all the numbers; but those we saw were rich and racy—filled with good things for our little folks.

#### THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

This is a paper for girls and boys, published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, Ill., at \$1. per annum. He is fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True and Beautiful.

#### THE CHRISTIAN.

A large, live, eight-page, monthly, religious and family paper, containing facts, incidents, tales, sketches, music, poetry, expositions, stories and pictures for the young, large print for the old, something for saints and sinners, one and all. No sectarianism, controversy, politics, puffs, pills, or patent medicines admitted. *Only 60 cts. a Year, in advance. Ten copies \$5. For Sunday Schools, 10 copies \$4. Send 10 cts. for 3 specimens before you forget it.* Subscriptions begin January or July. Address

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#### 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.

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