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## **A CHINA MISSIONARY WRITES.**

**Chefoo, China.**

MY DEAR MRS. RUSSELL: – Many thanks for your kind letter, and for the copies of MILLENNIAL DAWN and the WATCH TOWERS. It is such a comfort to know that Jesus calls us his "friends" and is making known to us "all things that he heard from his Father." (John 15:15.) In the far away days of my youth, and the not so far away days of my orthodoxy I, thought I knew it all, but now I see how blindly I read my Bible. And how I thank God for having compassion on me, and touching my eyes, and giving me sight. May I follow Him as did those of old whose eyes were opened.

I am giving away and lending my copies of MILLENNIAL DAWN and my papers, and any time you can send me extra copies of the WATCH TOWER I can use them to advantage. I expect to see a good many missionaries from other parts of the country during the summer, as this is a health resort, and I shall scatter my TOWERS, and lend MILLENNIAL DAWNS. The last bound copy I gave away before taking the wrapper off.

Wishing you abundant success in your efforts to spread "the everlasting gospel," the "good tidings which shall be to all the people." I remain Yours in Christ,

C. B. D\_\_\_\_\_.

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## **Lebanon, O.**

MY DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: – I have probed the mystery of selling MILL. DAWN and find that I can sell it with some success. Day before yesterday I went to a village of several hundred inhabitants, and in about three hours worked about one third of the place and took twenty orders. Tomorrow I am going back to finish. I am not certain but that I may put the greater portion of my time, the next year, to this work, if my affairs will permit. If I could turn my whole attention to it, I believe I could sell six or seven thousand in the next twelve months. However I am pleased to do what I can, be it much or little, feeling that every book I sell is a footprint in the sands of time to guide some discouraged, disheartened fellow-mortal to the fount of truth at no far distant day. I wish I could flood the world with it. I am surprised at myself in this work; it seems that I am particularly adapted to it.

A week from next Sunday I go to Miamisburg or near it to preach. Bro. Van Hook filled my pulpit last Sunday morning. Yours in faith and service,

J. P. M.

In a later letter the same Brother says: –

This Sabbath afternoon finds me at leisure to write you a few lines. I am quietly leaving my hold go on secular business and as quietly laying it on the Lord's business, and within the next six months I expect to be able to turn my attention largely to canvassing. The harvest is a big one, and the laborers are few. I think the Lord will have us go on until every country, where the Bible is read, will be canvassed for MILL. DAWN. I have only canvassed our little town, and have

taken 40 orders. I am confident I can make a living for my family at it, and therefore I shall drift into it as fast as circumstances permit. Of course the world thinks me foolish, but that is just what I think of the world; so no difference as to that, I am free.

I do not talk much in canvassing, only explain how much the Chart of the Ages facilitates Bible reading; speak of the book in a general way, showing its qualities of workmanship, leading them to expect it to be a tolerable high priced book, and then tell them the price of it a quarter; some have actually taken a long breath on hearing the price, and have me repeat it, for fear they misunderstood me.

It sells; it is bound to; but Oh! what a commotion it will create! how it will dig into their former belief! What a struggle! and how many of them will wish they had never seen it; and yet how they will return to it again and again, until, at last, the conflict over, how they will rejoice in their freedom! Lord haste the day when all shall know.

J. P. M\_\_\_\_\_.