

## INTERESTING LETTERS

DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: –

I am glad to have the favor of writing you a few lines. I often would like to write you, but I know the interest and work of the Harvest press you, so I refrain from cumbering you with less important things. I would like to assure you of my interest and love for you as an humble, yet very greatly used instrument in the Lord's hand for the blessing and satisfying of His own true sheep. Well I remember how the burden rolled away when the scales of ignorance and tradition fell from my eyes and I was permitted, through the *STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES* to see the light on God's Plan (not man's) for His creatures, and only then for the first time could I truly believe God was love. I rejoiced and was glad and my joy continues increasingly; the sacred yoke of fellowship in His sufferings is easy and joyous. His Law of love is my delight.

Now, dear Brother, the work of Harvest goes on here as best we can with the available labor. A considerable number of *STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES* have been placed in the hands of the people of Auckland and suburbs during the past six years by diligent Colporteurs. Each year since first the *STUDIES* were sold here we have systematically put out from about 30,000 to 50,000 tracts and the Truth has been watered by Pilgrims from Melbourne. We were making preparations in hope of having you pay us a visit, and when we learned that it will not be His will now, we were sorry, but bowed in loyal submission. We had hopes that the Truth would have a good presentation and that an interest might be awakened. Many have the books on the shelf, and only an awakening is needed to investigate, we feel sure.

Yours in the grand Hope,

DAVID HOOK. – *New Zealand.*

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BELOVED PASTOR: –

Oh, what a feast our present Lord spreads before us, via our precious WATCH TOWER. Surely His bounty flows like a river, so full, so free.

The issue of Oct. 1, p. 304, "Fight the Good Fight," *abounds* with "milk and honey." It is unlike our temporal food, for after having eaten our feast we can return to it again. We must prepare again ere we renew our failing *bodies*, but this table has the *old* story always fresh.

As I read back over the past TOWERS, they have so ripened in flavor, I eat, I digest; eat and digest; wondering why they taste so *much* sweeter now than when I first read them, but the Word reminds me – "growth" – yea, it is all within me. I was not *able*, had not the capacity to assimilate it *all* at once. Praise His holy name for such a plan and for such "green pastures" and "living waters!"

Yours in His Service,  
\_\_\_\_\_, – *Phila.*

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