

AN INTERESTING LETTER

DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: –

When passing through Dayton the other day, I was delayed in the station long enough to serve the people going out on two trains. With one or two exceptions all seemed very glad to get the BIBLE STUDENTS MONTHLY. The thought occurred to me, Why could not every station in the large and small cities in the country be served at every train time? In some of the cities I have observed Methodist Deaconesses rendering assistance to incoming and outgoing passengers. Maybe railroad companies would grant such privileges to Deaconesses of the I.B.S.A.?

When at _____ last winter, Sister _____ told me about the successful work done at a booth conducted by the I.B.S.A. at the big Fair held in that city. The booth was rented at a nominal sum and was under the immediate charge of that very zealous and clever Sister. The booth was made very attractive by great piles of SCRIPTURE STUDIES in the various bindings, Mannas in many styles, Bibles galore and Tracts treating a variety of subjects. In this way everybody entering the Fair grounds could be served with some memento of the I.B.S.A. Would it not be a good thing if every Fair in the country could have an I.B.S.A. booth, conducted by either a local or a nearby class or by some representative of your selection?

I am still serving the trains with good success. Conductors have occasionally objected, saying something like this: "A rule of the company prohibits the distribution of advertising matter on trains." A ready reply to this effect, has with one or two exceptions silenced the objection: "This is not advertising matter – it is a little religious paper." I have always gone on then, as if that settled the matter. The opposition of one of the two hardest conductors I have run up against was turned into friendly support when he observed my zeal in

getting out at every station in a run of over 100 miles on a local train. I gained the impression, from a very fine conversation I had with him toward the end of the journey, that he had sneakily read something he liked in one of the Tracts. My stop was the end of his run and he invited me to his hotel to have supper.

Much love and many prayers for you and for all the Madison Conventioneers. In His dear name,

R. H. HIRSH.

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