

INTERESTING LETTERS

RE PHOTO-DRAMA OF CREATION

DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: –

I want to thank you; oh, I want to thank you so much, for the privilege of seeing the PHOTO-DRAMA OF CREATION! I had never thought to live to see the everlasting Gospel preached to those who dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people!

Yet so it is. Our Boston audience is cosmopolitan. Some are not able to understand English; some cannot read; yet all are reached. All have the Gospel preached unto them. Words cannot tell you how my heart rejoices! How near, how blessed, how real, these things are to me!

Last Sunday as I was making my way to a box, an usher said to me, "We have strict orders to allow no one in the boxes." I said, "Oh dear! what shall I do? I cannot take a seat while strangers are being turned away!" She said, "But you cannot see the pictures there." I answered, "I can see fairly well, and I can hear splendidly, and best of all I can see that great audience having the everlasting Gospel preached to them."

Surely they are being prepared for the manifestation of the sons of God and the blessing of all the families of the earth! The DRAMA is put so wisely, so kindly, that no one can take offense. When some great truth is brought out, then always the view from the other side is taken, as some pleasing picture is thrown across the screen. Thus much wisdom, much love is shown.

Our ushers must find their work quite a physical strain, but all, I am sure, wish to show the politeness that comes from a heart fully

consecrated to follow in the Master's steps – laying down life for the world. I love to think that we are dealing with our children of the next Age! What privileges, what joys, are ours!

I love to think of that audience as one day catching up the mighty song begun in Heaven, and extending to every creature on the earth, praising Him who is worthy of every adoration! And so, dear Brother, we thank God most heartily, and are glad to co-operate even in the smallest way.

Your Sister in the most blessed Faith,

F. E. RILEY.

TOWER A PARTICULAR MEANS OF GRACE

MY DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: –

For some time I have been thinking of writing to tell you how much I have been helped and stimulated by THE WATCH TOWER, but have refrained from doing so, partly because I did not want to take up your time. Like the two disciples of old, however, my heart so burns within me that I feel I must express my deep gratitude for the "meat in due season" that is so bountifully served to the Lord's people by you.

Many of the articles seem to have been like a message direct from the Lord Himself to me; and, in consequence, my heart goes out to Him in loving gratitude, and to you also, as His faithful messenger.

Often, the Lord has, in response to prayer for guidance in various matters connected with the "daily round," shown me, through one of your articles in a current TOWER, quite clearly and definitely the course He would have me pursue. This has been so marked that I am convinced that the Lord, knowing the needs of His

people, has made THE WATCH TOWER a very particular means of grace and help.

This thought has been confirmed to me in another way: Some time ago, under an extra pressure of work – Harvest work – I allowed my regular morning reading of the VOLUMES and TOWERS to lapse, and I soon found, to my cost, that my rest of heart and trust in the Lord were being very easily disturbed, and for a little time I wondered why this should be. But a remark of yours to the effect that the first and most important work that every one of the Lord's people should engage in, is the making of his *own* calling and election sure, enabled me to view the matter of work for the Lord as He would have me see it. Since that time the regular, daily reading has brought me an ever-increasing peace and rest in the Lord and an ever-increasing joy, and, consequently, strength in His service.

Your untiring labor of love for the Lord and the brethren is a constant encouragement to me to serve in like manner; and I thank God upon every remembrance of you, and particularly as I remember you daily at the Throne of Grace. With much love, I am Your brother by His grace,

GEO. T. R. SWAIN. – *Eng.*

SURELY, USE EVERY OPPORTUNITY

DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: –

I thought I would write you for information and advice. We had the pleasure of spending three days with our dear Brother T_____ in our old haunts – Lima and Van Wert. There we met some of our old friends and they were surprised to see us. They all thought that I had long filled a drunkard's grave. But thanks be to our Lord for His Mercy toward me!

While in Lima I called on a friend who is now one of the leading business men in that city. He had done all in his power to get me on the sober path, but he did no good. So we told him and his friends of our experience and how we had found the Truth and how it had made me free from Satan's bondage.

Oh, how happy he was! Then he urged me to give a public talk to let them all know, in Mendon, Ohio, where we once lived. So this is what I would like to have some advice on. We thought that it would be good to use for our subject, "How I Became a Sober Man," telling all our experience, how we came to learn the Truth, bringing in God's great Plan of the Ages, and after the meeting pass the literature.

This Lima man would go with us, also a former saloon keeper who is about to symbolize his consecration.

May the Lord bless and keep you! Pray for me.

In the service of our King,

C. B. H.

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REJOICING IN THE WONDERFUL LIGHT

DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: –

I gladly improve this opportunity of expressing my deep appreciation of your progressive work along the lines of Present Truth. The **STUDIES IN THE SCRIPTURES** and all other helps which the Lord has provided through you are a great blessing to me, and I am constantly rejoicing in the wonderful light now shining. Pray for me, dear Brother, that I may be found faithful, even as I remember you every day at the Throne of Grace.

Please accept the enclosed sum to be placed in the Good Hopes fund. May the dear Lord richly bless you, is my daily prayer.

Your Sister in the Lord,

BARBARA JONES.

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CREDULITY FEEDS UPON LITTLE

DEAR BROTHER RUSSELL: —

Since reading Brother Baker's letter in a recent WATCH TOWER, "I feel it borne in upon me," as our Quaker friends say, to write you. Had the brother stopped to think he might, like many of us, have recalled how he had seen a crowd of children frightened at the suggestion that the "school-killer" or some other goblin, terrible to the childish imagination, was coming. The children of believers do not hear about the "bogy-man" perhaps, but they hear and read about demons, and their imaginations are as susceptible as those of less favored little people, and it does not require more than a shadow to start a wave of hysteria. But were it proven that demons did appear, what would they have to do? Can they touch the "Lord's anointed"?

Regarding the case of the brother mentioned, who knows that he was not already insane when he went to the meetings of the society named? It is a point that has come under my observation, that often persons "change their religion," as well as become over-zealous in attendance upon church services, before their relatives or acquaintances discover their mental impairment; so they say "they have gone insane over religion." The source may be that in themselves they feel a loss, a sense of insufficiency, and in searching for help turn to any or all forms of faith. I am sure we do not wish to give the demons more glory, credit and notoriety than we can

help! Only a week ago a bright, attractive woman was brought to the hospital, and to my usual question: "What do you think is the cause?" put to two of the family separately, the prompt reply from each was, "Russellism." (They were shown that she had been insane seven years before she attended a meeting.)

This is the third case in which this cause was given without any hesitation, and in each case the fallacy of the reasoning was made apparent to the relatives. Credulity is such a common weed! and it flourishes because it requires so little to feed upon. But "O, the blest morning already is here!"

Your sister in the glorious hope,

MARY CHRISTIANCY (M.D.)
Of State Hospital for Insane.

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