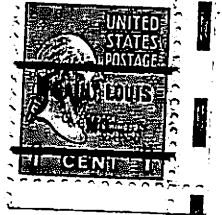


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HOME AGAIN

A few weeks ago, with a raging blizzard driving snow down one of the most beautiful avenues in the world, Princess Street, Edinburgh, Nell and I stood with Brethren Dave Mellis and Albert Winstanley, looking up at the towering monument erected to Sir Walter Scott. I do not know what thoughts were in the hearts of my companions. They seemed mainly interested in shaking the accumulating snow from their clothing. I also engaged in that occupation, but in my mind was repeating that well known portion from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" which helped to make Scott famous and deserving of such a memorial as we beheld.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:

"This is my own, my native land?"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand?"

On the morning of May 9, the majestic Queen Elizabeth nosed into Pier 90, at the foot of 50th Street, New York, and for me there came to an end one of the most thrilling experiences of Christian fellowship in all of my life—no, not to an end, for I feel that the almost three months spent abroad has opened up a great opportunity for closer fellowship, and only the initial phase is over.

I promised that upon my arrival home I would immediately retrace on my typewriter all of the highlights of our journey, and take you with us in words on a resumé of our trip. I propose to do that, dedicating most of the space available in this paper to the task, regardless of how long it takes. I consider that nothing is more important than that which pertains to the extension of the Kingdom of our blessed Lord, and I trust that our regular readers will not become bored in the months ahead as we unfold the picture of the work across the sea.

At the conclusion of the day-by-day account, I shall then take up in regular succession points of agreement and points of difference. I shall open up the columns of the paper for frank discussion by brethren over here and over there, and we shall seek to understand their viewpoint and to give them ours. I expect to report objectively, without prejudice or bias, the conditions as I understand them. Since this paper will go to several hundreds of brethren in England, Scotland and Ireland, they will correct me if I have misunderstood their position. I

expect the brethren over here to do the same, if I mis-state conditions on this side. It is only by candid, humble, sincere, earnest consideration of matters that we can come together on any issue. Misrepresentation never gains anything in the long run except a fear of judgment for him who is guilty of it.

I found among brethren in the United Kingdom some of the best informed men on the Scriptures whom I have ever met. We have a great deal in common, so much, as a matter-of-fact, that we generally had to cross-examine each other very closely in order to find anything upon which to disagree. In the future I shall state their position on Mutual Ministry, Colleges to train ministers, Re-baptism, The War Question, Communion, and other matters of like importance. It will be an education to all of us as we read their articles and they read ours. We shall eliminate all objectionable

material, by which we mean that which deals in personalities as distinct from principles. This journal, while I have it under my jurisdiction, will be used to carry forth the message outlined in the masthead. Our contributors will do well to consider that when they submit articles.

Summarizing, I will say that we have much to learn from our brethren across the Atlantic. I shall point out those lessons for our benefit. They are likewise weak upon some vital points. Systematic development of the church as a whole for more effective mutual ministry, discipline of the wayward, the government of the church on a scriptural basis, the forwarding of the gospel through God's only medium, the local church; these are things in which we can also help them. I shall point out those facts without reserve, and in open discussion. This bids fair to provide interesting subject matter for years to come. We suggest that you save your issues of the paper as references for the future.

DAY BY DAY — ON OUR WAY

TUESDAY, February 18. A group of thirty brethren and sisters met with us for breakfast at Fred Harvey Lunch Room, Union Station, St. Louis. Among them were 3 of our preaching brethren, Hershell Ottwell, C. R. Turner, and Bob Duncan. We said tearful farewells to members of our own family, and to all those of the Lord's family, knowing the weeks which would elapse ere we met again. Our train was the famous Sunshine Special, pulled on its eastern journey over the Pennsylvania Lines. As we sped through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio we made contact with our fellow passengers. An aged Italian couple from Rome gave an interesting account of life under dictatorships. I spent several hours in conversation with a Mr. Stetson, a Jewish attorney, graduate of Cornell University, and a former teacher of English in Monterrey, Mexico, who speaks four languages fluently. Learning that he was reared in an orthodox Jewish home, I questioned him about the Old Testament, and received a great many original ideas which I shall pass on to you some day. In the diner at both luncheon and dinner we had as table companions a Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt, of Connecticut. He is an engineer who has travelled in every country of South America, she is a former buyer for a New York store in foreign countries. The day sped by

as we engaged in uplifting conversation with all whom we met.

WEDNESDAY, February 19. Arrived in New York City at 7:30 a. m., with a full day before us. Breakfasted at an Automat for our first time, then made arrangements for a tour of Rockefeller Center. The ingenuity of man in the construction of this modern city within a city provides an overwhelming fund of illustrations for the use of one who is interested in pointing a lesson to his fellow-man. Don't be surprised if you hear frequent reference to some of them in the future talks on the radio. The tour ended on the 70th floor of the RCA Building, from which we could look down on the Queen Elizabeth lying in dock, and away to the Statue of Liberty, which we knew we would pass on the morrow. Luncheon at Childs Restaurant was followed by a shopping trip on Fifth Avenue. At 8:30 p. m. we arrived at the Cunard White Star Pier in anticipation of embarking on the world's largest ship.

The hustle and bustle on such an occasion is furious. We alighted from the taxi to have our bags grabbed by a dock worker, who promptly proceeded to smash one, necessitating the placing of a claim at the desk set aside for that purpose. Next we checked to see if stateroom luggage previously forwarded had been sent to our room.

Falling in line with other American citizens we passed four inspectors, who checked passports, embarkation cards, and other identifications. Then, with the guidance of a steward, we were taken directly aboard the huge floating city, for in no other way can such a vessel be described. People were milling about by the thousand. In addition to the 2300 passengers, and 1200 members of the crew, there were many hundreds who were aboard to say good-bye to loved ones. In one lounge a religious group was holding a farewell meeting with the singing of hymns, in another section of the same lounge liquor bottles were being passed around for final swigs by another group. The confusion was checked at 11 p. m. when the word was sounded out, "All visitors ashore!" Sobbing, crying, laughing, waving groups broke up and within half an hour an almost sober silence settled over the occupants. At midnight we retired to our cabin for rest after a long night and busy day.

THURSDAY, February 20. We were awakened by the soft voice of our bedroom steward calling "Quarter past seven." Since we arranged for first sitting for our meals, we ate at 8 a. m., noon, and 6 p. m. Traveling "Tourist," which is the cheapest rate, we found that our stateroom was very good. It has a lower and upper bunk style bed, wardrobe, dressing table, chair, and wash basin with hot and cold water. The room is small but adequate. Meals are excellent, except for the fact that English people are much more skilled in the art of making tea than they are in making coffee. We left the dock at 5 a. m. and by the time breakfast was finished were out of sight of land.

Our table steward is Mr. Davage, who lives at Southampton. Typically English, he provides our first real test in grasping the dialect. Fortunately he understands our pronunciation, and is adept in bringing the food and serving it. There are only 7 tables for two in the whole dining room which seats 400 at each sitting. We have one of those tables, so are in a position to converse without disturbing or being disturbed.

After our first breakfast on board, we return to our cabin to find a stack of letters from brethren all over the United States. What a thrill of happiness! Thanks to all of you! This kindness will never be forgotten!

FRIDAY TO MONDAY, February 21 to 24. Let us show you readers over the Tourist portion of the ship, and have you meet some of our fellow-travelers. The ship is 83,673 gross tons, and has 14 decks. She is as long as five city blocks, 118 feet wide, and 234 feet from keel to masthead. The total deck space available to passengers for deck games and strolling is greater in area than 2½ American football fields. There is even a special exercise deck for dogs. There are 3 anchors, each of which has a weight of 16 tons. There are 2,000 port holes, con-

taining 2500 square feet of glass. There are 30,000 electric lights in the liner, and 4,000 miles of wiring. In all there are 35 public rooms on the vessel. These include lounges, smoking rooms, dance halls, restaurants, children's playrooms, libraries, swimming pools, gymnasias, and several theaters. One of these theaters alone seats 338 persons, and the area of the First Class Restaurant is 13,133 square feet.

As tourist passengers we have our own deck space. This can be reached either by elevator or stairway. Here deck chairs, cushions and rugs can be rented for the entire voyage, so that one can bask in the sun. At this time of year there is little sun and the wind is very sharp. Few souls are hardy enough to venture out for deck quoits, shuffleboard or the other games which are arranged for exercise. However, the deck shelter proves a popular place, as it is completely enclosed, and here one can sit with a cup of hot tea before him and look out across the vast expanse of blue-green water.

Let us go down to the main deck. Here is the winter garden. We walk in through the solid glass doors which swing easily at a mere touch. Inside the great room, fresh flowers are blooming. Tables are everywhere with comfortable chairs surrounding them. Built into recesses about the wall are cushioned settees. One whole side of the room is glass, etched with a design representing the "Birth of Life." The orchestra plays classical selections each afternoon and night in this room, and here each morning you can obtain free a copy of the "Ocean Times," printed the night before on board ship and giving you latest news from America and England. Tea is served here at 4 o'clock each day. But we cannot wait if we see the rest of the ship.

We walk down a flight of stairs to "A" Deck. Here there is a shop where you can buy anything from a safety-pin to a box of chocolates. Souvenirs of the ship seem to be in special demand. We examine a pencil with a picture of the Queen Elizabeth engraved on it. An excellent souvenir, we are tempted to buy one for Jerry, until we note in small letters the words "Made by Rite-Point Pencil Co., St. Louis, Mo." On this deck is a beauty shop for women and a barber shop for men. We learn that in England these are called Hairdressing Saloons. We trust that when our English brethren come over here they will not enter a saloon by mistake. Here also is a beautiful Smoke Room. We are not smokers but let us look in anyway. The name is evidently a misnomer. More people are writing letters home than are engaged in smoking. Notice especially the beautiful panels depicting bird life which are on three walls. These are all made of specially selected woods, and the pictures are created by inlaying.

We drop down to "B" Deck and glance

into the Nursery. Here mothers leave their small children under the watchful care of a trained nurse. The walls are tastefully decorated in linoleum with inset figures of monkeys, parrots and parrakeets. The cupboards are full of enchanting toys, and the children seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. We glance into the cinema and note that it has a stage, from which religious services can also be held, and then we go into the library. A fine collection of books awaits the avid reader. We check out one entitled "This Man Truman," which purports to give the life of the president as written by an Englishman. We get several good chuckles out of some of the expressions, for instance, "Biscuit-barrel politics," which is the nearest approximation to our "cracker-barrel politics."

From this same deck one also reaches the Tourist Gymnasium, equipped with material for exercise by those who are strenuously inclined. Also there is a "Valeting Service Room," which turns out to be a "Cleaning and Pressing" establishment.

The next deck down is "R" deck. It is important because it is the Restaurant Deck. But it has much more of importance also. Here is located the Travel Bureau, a radio office from which you can send a cable to any part of the world at any time, a bank at which we exchange our currency for English money. We find that the rate is favorable, and we get 5 shillings to the dollar, making each English pound worth four dollars. The pound was formerly worth almost five dollars. The Purser's Office located on this deck takes care of all inquiries and acts as a liaison staff between the traveler and the country he is entering. There are telephones here from which one may call any of the various departments of tourist accommodation.

On Deck "C" is located the hospital, with the offices of the medical staff and Ship's Surgeon. Consulting hours are from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. and on a rough voyage they are kept busy in the office advising patients that there is nothing they can do for seasickness.

And so the days go by, days spent in writing letters, in reading, in walking about the decks, in listening to the news programs which tell about the increasing severity of the weather in England and Scotland, in visiting with others who are getting as anxious as we to see land. Perhaps you'd like to meet few of the passengers who are crossing with us, from the scores we contacted.

Here is Mario L. Foah, age 26, from Naples, second largest city in Italy. Landing in the United States without a cent, with the aid of an uncle who is in Chicago he enrolled in the university at Ames, Iowa. His special interest is forestry, and he is now working on his degree, so that he may be able to do something for his nation. He doesn't drink, smoke or swear. Reared a

Catholic he tells us that he has given up that faith, because he has seen that it is nothing but a sham. He tells us that it is losing out among the younger Italians, and that in America it has helped to create a very low moral standard since the priests do so many things that are hurtful. We are to correspond with him further and mail him tracts and information about the One Body.

Here is Mrs. Moulton, wife of a former American Consul to France. English by birth, she is a member of the Episcopalian church. Her son, Prof. Noel Moulton, was formerly on the staff of St. Louis University. Mrs. Moulton was living in a French Chateau when the German armies invaded. She painted for us a four-hour word picture of conditions under the invasion army.

Then we have Eugene Bray, 60, from Belgium, with whom we talked for several hours about religious conditions in his home country; Frank Polasek of Czechoslovakia, who leads us to believe that if Russia loosens her restrictions it may be possible to preach the gospel in his homeland. He suggests trying to reach some of the younger Czechs in this country and preparing them to carry the message. There's also Thomas S. Tota, who is from Albania, but now lives in Saint Louis. A quaint character, he runs a "soup house" until he gets enough money together to return to his homeland and distribute it amongst his people. This is his sixth time across. We're on this trip to meet as many people as we can, and sow the seed of the kingdom where it is possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean promise to come to church if we notify them at Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, and they are close enough. (Bro. McDonald later went to see them when we were at Dewsbury and gave them a special invitation to come.) The Trezonas, from Lansing, Michigan, give us an invitation to visit them in the future. You'll hear about them again.

TUESDAY, February 25. This was a day of excitement. We were to land at 2:00 p. m., with the Tourist Passengers disembarking at 4:30. But our arrival produced a dock strike, and after part of the luggage was off, the officers announced that no one would be permitted to leave ship until tomorrow. Frantic and angered passengers besieged the Purser's Staff. Reservations had to be cancelled, friends who had come to Southampton had to seek for lodging. One girl is due to meet her fiancé for a wedding in the morning. Sheets have already been taken off all the beds. Bedroom stewards are aggravated that they now have to make up those beds, using clean linens which will be needed on the next crossing. We are concerned about the fact that brethren will be at Waterloo Station, in London, two hours away from here, awaiting us in vain. However, since there is nothing we can do to remedy conditions, we decide to

take it calmly and help to pacify others. The Winter Garden is filled with passengers, so we make our way up there and invite various ones to assemble with us in one corner. There I announce an Open Forum Discussion on world conditions, and act as chairman. Each person is permitted an opportunity to express his views. We have men and women from several nations of the globe. We stay on each subject an hour. Others nearby, listening, become engrossed and we invite them to join us. We lead the debate into such matters as divorce, family responsibility, moral standards. Constantly we seek to inject the Bible into it, and find that some are well-informed. When the hour grows very late we adjourn over many protests of those who want to continue.

WEDNESDAY, February 26. A busy day for us. We are permitted to leave the ship at 9 a. m. We find the huge letter "K" under which our luggage is placed, and when it is all together, we summon a Customs Inspector. He is very polite and we pass right through customs after making declarations of our cameras and movie equipment. We see several who are picked up though, for trying to smuggle cigarettes and liquor into the country. "The way of the transgressor is hard." We board the Boat Train for London at 10 a. m., and soon are rolling northward. Immediately we see the effects of bombing raids. Blocks of buildings have been wiped out. Some factories still bear their camouflage paint. We are entranced by the old world style of building, and especially by the chimney pots which we have never seen before. Our arrival at London is exactly at noon.

We step into a new world for us. At home we "check our baggage." Here we "register our luggage" and having done so, seek a restaurant. The station is a mammoth affair, and we find several large eating places in it. There is nothing of the crisp sparkle or cleanliness we are accustomed to in the large Station Restaurants at home. The waitresses wear green faded smocks, and they are not too clean. The laundry problem is a great one in this country, we learn. The meal is very substantial, the portions ample. We have pork and peas cooked together, with mashed potatoes, spinach, roast potatoes, and coffee. There must be an abundance of potatoes. Later we learn they are not rationed.

Anxious to meet some of the brethren we take a taxi to the home of Brother Scott. It goes dashing madly down the wrong side of the street, past typical London police, the world-famous "Bobbies"; past the familiar "Big Ben," all the time clicking away on the meter recording shillings and pence. What a job we are to have learning the English monetary system. But that is no worry when we meet the hospitable Brother Scott and his good family. If all of the brethren over here are like this friendly

brother we know that we shall have a great adventure in fellowship. Len Channing, of whom we have read a lot, walks in and we thus meet the first of a noble group of young brethren who are giving their whole time to gospel work. We learn that Bros. Scott, Channing and Wood waited at Waterloo Station for us the night previous until virtually midnight, one of them carrying a Macedonian Call, another a Scripture Standard, and the other a copy of "The Bible and the Church" for identification.

Time is a factor. Everything is rationed in this country so we hasten to go to the Government Board and get Emergency Ration Books, before we leave tomorrow for Scotland. When we get back again, Bro. Black of the Kentish Town (London) congregation is present for tea. This is our first opportunity to hear the Scotch brogue in action, for he comes from Dalmellington in the "land of the thistle." We know we're in for a merry time if we make them understand us. They're in for one, too, if they make us understand them.

Since this is Wednesday, it is the night for the midweek meeting. We ride the bus down to Prince of Wales Road, where Hope Chapel, the meeting place, is located. The night is cold, and because of the severe fuel restrictions, the street lights are not turned on. London is again in the enforced blackout. It is darker than the proverbial "stack of black cats." But that means little in our interest to observe the first service of the church over here. The church building was bombed during the war, not by direct hit, but by concussion. No repairs of a permanent nature have as yet been made. We meet in a little vestry room behind the pulpit. There are only 12 of us. The gathering is quiet and solemn as the time comes to start. Bro. Black presides and announces a hymn. There are no notes in the little books, just the words in poetic fashion. We learn that some of the hymns can be sung to many tunes. The leader reads a verse of the hymn, then all stand and sing it. Bro. Scott leads in prayer. A brother reads first chapter of 1 Corinthians. He reads well and gives a wealth of meaning to the lesson. Bro. Black then expounds the chapter from notes he had made on it. After this I am asked to speak on our position. The brethren discuss what is said, and ask me a good many questions. Some of them are quite pointed, and this I like, for it will help us to reach a clearer understanding. Afterwards Eric McDonald, a young and consecrated brother, leads us in the benediction. No sooner is the service over than I am asked about our position on war. I wonder about the haste in asking it, but in weeks to come I shall learn more about it.

Back again at Bro. Scott's home, we sit before the fire and discuss the things of mutual interest to us. I can see that it is rather difficult for brethren in England to grasp the full significance of our conditions

in the United States, especially as concerns such questions as the college, one-man pastor system, etc. I also know that it is going to be hard to explain to brethren in the United States the full picture of conditions in England. All this and we haven't even been in England a full day yet. We read a chapter together, pray before the open hearth, and retire for that portion of the night which is left. Tomorrow we journey 400 miles to Scotland. We know it will be an arduous journey, for we have just read the ominous weather report which reports some trains stuck in snow drifts and others running 8 hours late.

THURSDAY, February 27. We board a train at King's Cross Station, London, at 9 a. m., on the London Northeastern Railway. We are told that there is no certainty we'll get through to Edinburgh, and with that happy thought we settle down in a compartment to ourselves waiting for what the day will bring forth. English trains are very different from ours. The coaches are small, and passengers all occupy compartments, walled in from the rest of the train. Ours has room for six but we are alone in it as we leave London. At noon we unwrap the lunch provided for us by Sister Scott—cheese sandwiches, meat pie, cake, muffins, cheese sticks topped off with black currant juice. Delicious! In the afternoon 3 soldiers come into our compartment. In conversation we learn that 2 of them are taking a third back who has been A. W. O. L. for 7 weeks. We pass them the remainder of our lunch and they gulp it down with profuse apologies. They have had no food all day. We learn that they live in an old castle, with no heat at all. All are members of the Durham Infantry. As they leave us at Newcastle-on-Tyne, one says that this has been the happiest afternoon ever spent in his short life.

It is growing dark, and the little engine is struggling to pull the train through ever deepening snow. There are no conductors to come through and tell you where you are on English trains. You must tell by looking out and reading signs on station platforms. We seem to be pulling into a large city. When we stop I notice a lot of people getting off, so I lean out and ask if it is Waverly Station. It is! We made it! Hastily getting our luggage out of the racks we begin our search for Bro. Winstanley whom we have never met. Nell sees him first, and soon we are shaking hands with one of the hardest laborers in the vineyard of the Lord I have ever met. A prince of spiritual Israel if ever I have known one! "Uncle Will" Allen is there with his taxi, and we start the 12-mile journey to Newtongrange where we are to begin our labors. In a little while we arrive at the home of Uncle John and Aunt Mary Pryde, and at once we are AT HOME. They were in America for a number of years, and we're all talking at once as we try to tell each other all

about it. A beautiful home and two lovely characters live there!

FRIDAY, February 28. Albert and I make some personal calls in the morning, asking people to attend future meetings. We drop in for a chat and cup of tea with "Granny" Allen, for more than 50 years a member of the One Body. Her husband, David Allen, was one of the faithful. We call in upon Bro. George Allen, oldest member living. In the evening we have tea with "Young Will" Allen and his good family, then Albert and I attend a meeting of the oversight of the church, where I am questioned about our position. They were pleased to learn that some churches still contended for mutual edification in the States. I was asked about discipline and how it was administered, and also if we voted on officers of the church. I explained our position as fully as I could.

We next attend a session of "Sunshine Corner" for boys and girls. With Albert directing, about 40 boys and girls sing for us. They are lusty singers with strong voices. They also have a Bible Drill and recitations. It is very interesting and well-conducted. It is obvious that Albert has a knack for working with children. Later I talk to them for 30 minutes and tell them some of the differences between Scotland and America. They like especially the chorus to "Love Lifted Me" and we all learn it that night.

SATURDAY, March 1. A bus load of us go to Motherwell, near Glasgow, in the afternoon, to attend the conference of the Slamannan District Churches. It begins with a business meeting at 4 p. m., with Bro. Abe Haldane presiding. David Dougal is secretary of the conference. This represents a group of Scotch churches combining in their work, with a specially elected Evangelistic Committee to receive and disburse funds, and to recommend where and when preachers shall work. Since we are definitely opposed to any other institution to do the work of the Lord, outside of the church, we sit there and wish that these fine brethren were not involving themselves in something which surely will work the downfall of the church eventually. The reading of reports drags out a little long, we feel, and there doesn't appear to be too much interest in them after all. But it eventually ends, and then comes the pleasant prospect of tea. It doesn't last too long—just about right!

I spoke to the people gathered for 45 minutes, then a question and answer period is arranged. I am anxious to learn what the brethren want to know about us, so answer questions on a number of subjects for a lengthy period. It is interesting. We spend the night in the home of Willie Wardrop. That home consists of Willie and his wife and two sons, Jim and William. Grandpa James Wardrop also lives with them. He is our oldest living evangelist in

Scotland, a wonderful soul. I listen entranced as he tells me about his early days of preaching with Bro. James Anderson, one of the stalwarts in another generation. Before we retire, Grandpa reads the chapter which will be considered next day and voices a prayer to God as the whole family kneels before the fire on the open hearth. A fitting way to close the day, and to prepare for the Lord's Day to follow.

SUNDAY, March 2. Our first Lord's Day in Scotland. The service at breaking of bread is different than ours. The Lord's Table is spread upon the platform as we go in. Bro. James Wardrop, who presides, takes his place with two assistants behind the table. He announces the beginning of the praise service by giving out a hymn. The hymn books have no notes in them. We turn to the place as the president reads a verse of the hymn. All stand and sing. The singing at Motherwell is beautiful. A prayer is offered. Another hymn is sung. Then a brother volunteers to read the Old Testament lesson. Another does the same with the New Testament lessons. All of the loyal churches in the land are reading the same chapters in both Old and New Testaments on this date.

A kindly welcome is extended to visitors present as members of the Body. Bro. Wardrop makes an excellent table talk and prepares the audience for the proper reception of the emblems. Thanks are offered and the loaf and the cup are passed in due order. The fellowship is attended to, then a period is given for prayers for the church. Anyone may offer such a prayer. At the conclusion of the prayers I am asked to exhort the church. This being briefly done, we then have a final hymn and the benediction. It is solemn, worshipful, devoted, and we wish that there was more of this spirit of reverence in the American churches.

We have tea in the home of Bro. John Snedden, and then I speak again at night in the gospel meeting. Afterwards we go by bus to the home of Bro. John Anderson, in Glasgow, largest city of Scotland.

MONDAY, March 3. We're having a good time at Bro. Anderson's. He lives with his three daughters and a son. One of the daughters, Jennie, teaches school and tells us a great many interesting things about the school system, of especial interest being her account of happenings during the war when all of the schools had to be evacuated. Bro. Anderson was in the offices of one of the large steel manufacturers for years. He is a good thinker and a very excellent writer for one who is 85 years of age. It is a genuine pleasure to listen to him talk, and one learns much about the church and the Word of God.

Nell and I ride one of the double-decker trams downtown thinking we may find souvenirs for the children. It is a cold, dreary day. The stores have no heat in them. Girls

wear heavy coats, and one who waits on us has on woolen gloves. There's little to buy, and it requires precious coupons which we do not have. Unable to find anything worthwhile, even in the large department store of Lewis's, we return home to prepare for the night service. I speak at Hospital Street, Glasgow, after a tea is served to all, especially for the benefit of those who come directly from work. The brethren are in a very undesirable location to carry on their work. The meeting place is an old store building, situated in the slum area. They have tried to find a better place, and are even yet putting forth an effort, but in Scotland, as in America, desirable locations are very scarce. I can commend them sincerely for their efforts under difficulties. The little building was nearly filled as I spoke on "The Kind of a Church God Wants in Glasgow."

TUESDAY, March 4. John and Mary McCallum, with Albert Winstanley, come by to take us to Pennyvenie, a little coal mining town down in Ayrshire. It is a pleasure to drive through the open country. On our way we stop in Ayr to take pictures of the statue of Robert Burns, for this was his original home. We drive out to the place where he lived, a low, heavily-thatched cottage. We enter through the room which was the stable and where the "beasties" were housed away from the storm. We pass through a room formerly used for storage and into the place where a great stone fireplace was used for heat and cooking. The old crane with a kettle hanging from it, still swings from the side of the "ingle." The floor is of stone. The old table is handmade, and the bed is built into a nook. Simple, hardy were these old thatch cottages and they produced a hardy race. I stand beneath the low roof repeating under my breath, Burns' own words,

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"

And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

We take time to look at most of the originals of the poems written by the Scotch bard, housed in the nearby museum, and then journey onward to Dalmellington, where in the hospitable home of Bro. Jess, we sit down to a welcome tea of Spam, bread and butter, tea cakes, scones, and all of the wonderful pastries that these women are so adept in making. Only 12 of us are present at the little schoolhouse at Penny-

venie at night, so I teach the first analytical study it has been my privilege to conduct in Scotland. What a fervent little group this is; and we shall not forget Bros. Chalmers, Black, Jess, and McGinn, the latter from New Cumnoch. It is after midnight when we arrive back in Glasgow, after having sung and talked about the work of the Lord every mile of the way.

WEDNESDAY, March 5. In the afternoon we drive out to Slamannan, going to the home of Bro. Wilson for tea. I feel as if I am on familiar ground. In the same house where we have tea, Bro. Adam Bruce once lived. Nell and I have been to his house in Canada. This was the home of Bro. Harry Topping also, whom we knew in the States. The Wilson family consisting of father and mother, and two daughters, Jean and Mary, are excellent singers. We have only time for a couple of hymns before we must bundle up and leave for the meeting. The men walk down Station Road to the meeting-house. It is a cold, crisp, snowy hike, but feels good after being in the house for so long. Slamannan has a large church building, but we use the small room to one side, as it is easier heated. The tables are set for tea as we come in and the sisters are busying themselves to serve, so we sit down and the brother who presides calls for a hymn followed by a prayer. Afterwards, Albert is called upon to sing a solo, which he does, with all joining in on the chorus. Nell and I are asked to sing, so we render "Give Me the Bible." They'll think it's the only song we sing, we use it so often. Later I am introduced and speak for 40 minutes, after which the brethren ask me questions for about that length of time. It's good to see Bro. John Snedden with us from Motherwell.

THURSDAY, March 6. Albert comes in about 1 p. m., to take us on the bus to Blackburn, by Bathgate, where we are to have tea with John and Mary McCallum, a wonderful Christian couple. We are sorry to say farewell to the Anderson family. The hours spent in their home are hours that we shall always recall. When we look at their tartan (plaid), a replica of which they gave us, we shall always think of the time when we stayed with a real Scotch clan member. We have fish and chips for tea. I'd better tell all of you that chips are "French fried potatoes" in America. Our potato chips are called "crispies" in Great Britain. John's father and mother drop in for a little chat. The elder, Bro. McCallum, is song director for the group at Blackridge and lives on a small holding (acreage). Word comes that the pipes have frozen and burst at the church building, so we men hurry away in order to build a fire. Albert attempts to start one in the open hearth, with very little success. He fans it, gets down on hands and knees and blows it. Only a faint glimmer results from all of these efforts, and I promise to warn Jean

Day, whom he is to marry soon, that she'd better learn how to build a fire, for her husband-to-be is about as awkward as the average preacher when it comes to working about the house.

We have an excellent meeting, just the same. John presides and it is good to listen to his fairly broad Scots accent. A brother asked me one day if their speech sounded funny to me. I replied, "Yes, frankly speaking, it does." He said, "Don't worrit, if ye ken what I mean, yours sounds aboot as funny to us." At first, we thought the Scots were bashful (shy, as they have it), but later we learned that some of them were just keeping still, because they got such a kick out of the way we talked.

The talk I made was followed by a question period and this was really a question period. They put them one right after the other. Such a plan makes a meeting interesting. After service we go to Harthill to stay all night with Joe and Agnes Kerr. Agnes is a sister of Willie Steele whom we are to meet later, so we find out all we can. The prospect is pleasant. Joe tries to talk American so I'll understand, I try to talk Scots dialect so he will. I dinna ken some of his talk; and he doesn't understand some of mine. The girls, Nell and Agnes, are out in the scullery (kitchen) making fun of both of us. This is the second Pre-Fab we've stayed in, and that's an abbreviation for "pre-fabricated" as representing some of the newer type houses being erected. I've written to Joe several times before I left the States. I had him pictured as being about 60 years old, with a gray beard. He's quite a bit younger than I am, and smooth-shaven. However, a lot of them had me pictured a wee bit different also. We'd like to stay here a lot longer, especially after hearing Agnes, who is a Burns enthusiast, recite "Tam-O'-Shanter," but we must "gang alang" tomorrow.

FRIDAY, March 7. Albert, Joe, Nell and I ride the bus into Edinburgh, reputed to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. We walk down the marvelous Princes Street, and it's full of interesting sights. We stop to look at the remarkable memorial to Sir Walter Scott, the war memorial to the Americans of Scotch descent who died in the First World War, the statue to Livingstone, the great missionary. Then we climb the hill to the great castle which frowns down as a lonely sentinel from the huge rock rising in the very center of the city. What scenes of carnage and strife have been viewed by watchers of 800 years ago and more as they beheld the armored knights scrambling up the tall crag in vain attempts to storm the castle. Today the huge structure with its many buildings is used as a barracks for Scottish soldiers, and permission is granted to wander around amidst and through buildings, one of which was built in 1030 A. D.

We come down from the castle rock and

take the train for Kirkcaldy, in Fife, which is across the Firth of Forth. Joe having returned home, only Albert goes with us, as he is to be one of the speakers at the annual social meeting on the morrow. We cross the remarkable Forth Bridge, an engineering masterpiece, and ere long we are at the Kirkcaldy Station. No sooner do we arrive than we are greeted by our host, Dave Mellis and his son, Stanley. Then, to our surprise, we are introduced to a living image of our own W. G. Roberts, and it turns out that his name is Roberts. We've never seen a "double" more like the original. The home of Bro. Mellis is like all of the other homes we've found in Scotland—truly a home.

SATURDAY, March 8. Today is the big day, the day of the annual social. Most of the congregations celebrate their anniversaries with such an event, and to it brethren come from far and near. The afternoon is given over to a program composed of various parts arranged along an inspirational line. We meet for tea at 4 o'clock, and it will take 3 sittings in the little room to serve all who attend. The church building is an old one, but recently remodeled. It stands on Rose Street, and a block away the breakers of the sea can be seen as they dash against the sea wall. The pulpit was left intact when the church was refinished. Here it was that Alexander Campbell stood when he preached a century ago, the congregation then being known as Scotch Baptist.

Bro. Roberts acts as chairman of the social meeting. He presents a short history of the church, then a group from Rose Street sing, after which Mary and Jean Wilson (Slamannan) sing a duet; David Dougal (Wallacestone) gives a solo. Another is rendered by Bro. Monigan of Kirkcaldy; Sister Green of Buckhaven gives a recitation called "Trouble in the Church"; Bro. Morris of Newtongrange gives a solo, and then I am called upon to speak. The second half continues much as the first except that in conclusion Albert is the speaker and presents an excellent lesson. It is announced that 183 have been present. Inasmuch as the church had arranged for 150 to be fed, they've had to do quite a bit of scrambling about to take care of the other 33 who showed up. But everyone is happy as they leave at night and return home.

SUNDAY, March 9. The meeting starts at 11:30 a. m., and is conducted much as at Motherwell. Bro. McDonald presides. One difference is that they take up two collections. The last one is for a building fund and is used to pay off the debt incurred in the remodeling. It is announced that only members of Kirkcaldy are to lay by in store in this particular fund. I am requested to exhort the church, and speak on the topic, "Ye Are the Salt of the Earth."

Nell and I remain at the meeting house after the service is dismissed at 1 o'clock,

for the Bible Study class for children. It begins at 2 p. m. and continues for an hour. Bro. Mellis has charge and opens with chorus singing, followed by a prayer. The children also put their pennies in a special contribution maintained for their work. All classes are kept together in the auditorium today, contrary to custom, so that I can speak to them. They are an interested group of about 60 boys and girls. Most of them are from homes not connected with the church.

We have tea, about 3:30 o'clock, and then Bro. Mellis and I visit the sick and aged of the church until time for the evening meeting which begins at 6 p. m., and at which I speak on "Measuring the Temple."

Kirkcaldy is called the "Lang Toon" (Long Town) because it is built principally along one street, running along the Firth of Forth. It is a very quaint old city, and is the home of the Nairn Linoleum works. Those who have Congoleums probably have on their floors coverings made in this city. The odor of linseed oil permeates the atmosphere, and the wharf is littered with cork brought by ship to go into manufacture of linoleum.

MONDAY, March 10. It is a cold, snowy day, but after luncheon we go out to the home of Bro. John and Sister Agnes Wotherspoon. It is a unique house which formerly was built over a shaft to the coal mine. Bro. W. fixed it up himself. We admire the beautiful antique clock and wardrobe, and especially the two heavy mahogany chairs from the captain's quarters of an old ship. I especially admire the tea of oven scones, pancakes and bramble jelly. But best of all is the conversation around the cheerful hearth about the church. I find this home is "set for the defence of the gospel" without compromise. We hate to break away but must return to town for the Ladies' Meeting. It is presided over by Sister Roberts, and after the inevitable cup of tea, she introduces Nell to tell about the work in the meetings of the sisters in the United States. I also am called upon to speak, and the talk is followed by a question period. I stress the necessity of studying the Bible, and building up a knowledge to pass on to the children. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." I learn that at Kirkcaldy the sisters always have tea, knit, read books, and occasionally have a speaker. I find a lack of adult study of the Word of the Lord in this country, and I am pained by the fact, for without a well-informed membership the church will lose its witness for the Lord. I stress the fact that nothing is a substitute for God's Word, and that book reviews cannot save humanity. Only the Bible can do that. The sisters in this congregation are very friendly and helpful.

TUESDAY, March 11. Today we visit one of the most interesting places we have ever seen. In the afternoon Nell and I take a

bus for Leven, where we transfer to the Anstruther Bus. We are enroute to Pittenweem, quaint little fishing village on the coast. Dave Mellis meets us at Leven to see that we get on the right bus. Good old Dave! We follow the Firth of Forth coast until, after winding through narrow streets in various villages, we finally arrive at Pittenweem. Neil Patterson is at the bus to meet us. It is like stepping off into a "Story Book World." We follow our guide as he takes us to his home for tea, down through little narrow cobble stone streets, until we get to the head of one of those little paved passageways called "Wynds." This one takes us down from the upper level of the town to the street on the harbor. Virtually every inhabitant of this village is a fisherman. We see some of the men working with their nets. The sea is rough today and the water hits with a resounding-slap against the wall, as the spume and spray dash high into the air. Sea gulls amble down the middle of the street cocking a curious eye at us, but refusing to move, so tame are they. We turn back up another little passageway, climb a few steps and we are in the Patterson home. Here I'm introduced to Scotch shortbread, an acquaintance I will continue to cultivate. Delicious!

We talk in the glow of the warm fire, and then Neil, with a voice made strong by long years in a small dory tossed on the open sea, sings for us. One song after another! He likes to sing hymns, and they sound as if they are from the very heart as well as from the depth of his lungs. Jimmie Hughes drops in and with Neil takes us to see the village. School Wynd, Water Wynd, Cove Wynd, then up on the brae, and to the homes of the various members. A hearty welcome in each home of the fisher folk. In the home of Sister Strachan, her father tells me about more than 50 years of salt water fishing. We speak an exhortation in each home, and then go to the "Toon Hall" to take pictures of the boys and girls who attend Bible Study there each Lord's Day. It is hard for us to snatch ourselves away when the bus comes at night. Both Nell and I are agreed this day has been worth the whole trip. These brethren and sisters in Christ have impressed us deeply with their simple and wholesome lives. Wondering if we'll be able to find our proper stop in the dark, we are made happy as we ride along on the bus to see a tall policeman step on. It is Walter Hoggan, one of the Kirkcaldy brethren. He tells us where to leave the bus, and soon we find Dave Mellis and Stanley walking up to meet us. We are home again!

WEDNESDAY, March 12. Bro. Roberts takes us on a tour of Kirkcaldy in the morning. We view it from the top of a double-decker bus. In the evening we have tea at the Roberts' home, where it is a genuine pleasure to visit also with Bro. Albert Odd, whose heart and soul are in the

work of the Lord. We attend "Sunshine Corner" which is held every Wednesday at 6 P. M., for the boys and girls. Sister Glass directs this work, and is adept at the art of getting children to cooperate. The meeting starts with singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," which is followed by prayer. Then a number of choruses are enthusiastically sung, such as "Ask, Ask, Ask;" "Be Like Jesus;" "Zaccheus"; etc. The children like these a lot. I am introduced and speak to the boys and girls for twenty minutes, after which I teach them a chorus that we use in Vacation Bible Study in Saint Louis, 4000 miles away. I impress upon them that a lot of things are different in America, but we have the same Bible, need the same Savior, and should become members of the same church—the One Body. To do this we must all obey the same things, whether we are American, English, Scotch or Irish.

After the boys and girls are dismissed, the regular prayer meeting service convenes. Tonight I am introduced as soon as the prayer is over, and I speak at some length. A question period follows, with some of the questions being: "Can a man who has no children qualify for the eldership by adopting children into his home? Is it right to take the communion service to the homes of those who are sick? If so, should those who accompany it partake again if they have previously done so? Can you outline for us a specific program for the development of our young men in every act of public worship? What part can women take in the public services of the church? Do the churches in America believe in "open communion"? Do the American churches teach that one must definitely understand all about the design of baptism in order for it to be valid?"

The questions were just getting interesting when we had to stop. It was late when we arrived at Dave's home for fish and chips, but even later Walter Hoggan came in, as he was on night police duty, and we talked about mutual edification and kindred subjects until far past midnight, on this last night we shall spend in the "Kingdom of Fife."

THURSDAY, March 13. A blizzard is raging across the country. Snow is piling high and in many instances interfering with train service. Dave takes off from his work as "Wagon Inspector" for the L. N. E. R. lines to accompany us by train to Edinburgh. Bro. Roberts and his son, Alec, are at the station to see us off. Once again with hearts endeared to good brethren, who beg us to stay and labor with the church, we find it hard to go. We settle down in the train to watch the beautiful coast to Inverkeithing, then the engine puffs out across the Forth Bridge. We look down upon two great aircraft carriers immediately beneath us, and on the other side see the ferry as it lists heavily in the stormy seas. At noon we are in Waverly

Station, and Albert is there to meet us despite the heavy snowstorm.

We have luncheon at Mackies and it is good. Pea soup, Russian steak, potatoes, rutabagas, steamed pudding and coffee. I think I shall always refer to this as "The Land of Swedish Turnips," for those rutabagas are really good and about as plentiful as anything you can find.

We climb up through the blizzard to Edinburgh Castle again. The oldest building in it, a chapel, dates back almost 1000 years. The castle itself is a source of constant wonder. Leaving it, we walk down a portion of the Royal Mile, which leads from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Castle, where the king and queen live when in Scotland. We see the Houses of Scotch Parliament, St. Giles' Church, where John Knox preached, and then the house of John Knox, the place where this noted reformer and founder of Scotch Presbyterianism lived. In the late afternoon we leave for Newtongrange, and at night Albert and I walk 2 miles into town where I address a meeting of the sisters, about 40 of them being present in all. I speak on the topic, "Women Who Served God." When the service is over, we find that the storm is unabated, so leaving Albert in town I walk the 2 miles alone in the teeth of the gale that is blowing. It seems peculiar to be walking down a road in Scotland late at night, but it gives me time to recall in memory the acts of the past few weeks. I offer a prayer as I walk along that God may grant unto us fruit of righteousness for the long journey, that he will bless our children thousands of miles away, that His love may shine down upon the churches in America which have made the trip possible, but most of all that he may use us as humble instruments to bring about closer fellowship throughout the world. Overcome by my feeling I stop in the dark night and pray that somehow, somehow, men may learn to love the Lord Jesus and each other, until hatred, envy and malice may disappear from their hearts and truth may prevail unsullied by the littleness of any of us. Then I resume my walk with the swirling snow almost blinding me, and soon I'm at the door of the cheerful home of Uncle John Pryde. We talk until almost midnight.

FRIDAY, March 14. It is snowing when we arise, but at noon the sun bursts through—a welcome sight. I personally press all of my clothes, because I've found that it requires a month to get them back if you send them away for Valet Service. In the afternoon Albert and I go to visit a Council School as I'm interested in the educational systems in Scotland and England. The headmaster is Mr. Lamb who is soon due to retire. He is very generous in taking us through the whole school. I am amazed at the good discipline as, compared to American schools. The youngsters start in at the age of 5, and I see them no older than that

working arithmetic problems, adding figures such as 8 and 7. I ask a great many questions of the teachers, and I learn that they are stern as compared to ours. All children must sit straight, no slouching is permitted. There is none of the "learning by play" methods as in our country. It is a definite task, and the children are taught responsibility. I go on through all of the grades, and am finally convinced that the children get far ahead of ours in learning during their first years, but by the time they have reached 15, ours have passed them in general knowledge of the world and its peoples and problems. There is little of the Sociological approach in the schools in Scotland, and very little teaching of world history. Much of it is confined to England and her dominions, and I'm amazed at the lack of knowledge as to other countries in the world. The strap is used freely in the schools for even minor infractions.

We go to "Young Will" Allen's for tea, and afterwards to the Sunshine Corner. A much larger group of youngsters assemble, because word has gone about that an American will speak. There is particular enthusiasm in the chorus singing. The memory verse tonight begins with "I" and is "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Albert reads a lesson in which he purposely makes errors, which the children detect and correct. They're good at it, too. There are several volunteer recitations. I am introduced and speak on "My Favorite Bible Story" which, by the way, is the story of David. After the class is dismissed a number of the youngsters walk with us to the bus and standing at the bus stop on the Main Street, we have an impromptu singing of choruses, hymns and various songs. Several people passing by stop and listen.

SATURDAY, March 15. We have luncheon today with Bro. Allen, the oldest member at Newtongrange. Every minute of the time is spent talking about the various Biblical subjects which are particularly alive in Scotland at this time. I've always heard of the argumentative nature of the Scotch, and I'm inclined to believe that the report is not too exaggerated. In the afternoon I conduct an Analytical Study at the meeting house from 3 to 5 o'clock. All are amazed at how quickly the time passes away as we start in the Philippian letter. This is the first of such studies ever conducted here and there is a deep interest in it. After the study the sisters serve tea in the adjoining hall, and at 7 o'clock we assemble again for the gospel meeting. A good audience is present despite inclement weather, and I am happy to declare the Word of the Lord from the platform. When the meeting is over we go to the home of George Robertson for supper. A fine family with three children, the baby 9 months old. This is where Albert stays. Time flows by as we visit and it is 10:30 when Nell and I get

ready to catch the bus to Gorebridge. That isn't bad, but at midnight we must set our clocks forward one hour. When we leave the bus at Newtonloan Toll for a walk of a half mile, the snow is blowing and swirling

again, and it is bitter cold to us, as we are not accustomed to the damp cold so characteristic of an island country. We are happy to get in before the cheery hearth.
(To be continued in July issue)

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

By ROBERT H. BRUMBACK

In the preceding lessons we have found that God ordained marriage for the good of the human family; that it is an arrangement to bless both men and women. While God designed that marriage should bring happiness, it brings also great responsibilities and, therefore, should be entered *only* after considering its importance. One of the disturbing facts of this present age is that so many, both within and without the church, give but little thought to the sacredness of marriage before entering its portals.

Attention must be directed to the importance of teaching young and old the truth upon this subject. Today every third marriage ends in divorce. One of the contributing factors to this condition is the lack of scripture teaching from the pulpit upon this subject, for few preachers are preaching upon marriage and divorce.

Writing to the Corinthian church on the subject of marriage, Paul said: "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth, but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will, only in the Lord" (1 Corinthians 7: 39). Under the Mosaic Law, the children of Israel could not marry one who was not a child of God lest their hearts be turned away from serving the true God. From the scriptures it is evident that NO ONE, who is a child of God, has a right to marry one who is not a child of God.

Many parents, anxious for their children to make a "good match," encourage them to marry outside of the church with the result that though the young people were once a great help to the church, they lose their zeal and devotion to the Lord after they marry non-Christians. Every person approaching marriage should consider with care the teaching of God's Word upon the subject.

Marriage is not to be hastily entered; neither is it to be lightly considered. Paul, in writing to the church at Ephesus, said: "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband" (Ephesians 5: 33). The Revised Version translates the word "reverence" into "fear." This must not be understood to be fear as used in the ordinary sense. This fear is a noble, loving sort of fear, a fear to offend, a fear or reverence that is akin to adoration.

A woman should not marry a man whom she cannot reverence. To pity a young

man's misfortunes or his weakness for the evils of this world is not an enduring basis for marriage. For a woman to marry a man to reform him, or with the hope that she may assist him in overcoming evil, is not a foundation for a successful marriage. Usually such unions bring grief and not joy. Marrying a man to reform him is in opposition to the Word of God.

No woman can truly reverence, love, honor, esteem and respect a man who needs to be reformed, made over and changed, and, if a man does not respect himself and fear his God sufficiently to live as He would have him live before marriage, there is little reason to expect him to do so after marriage. The Bible teaches that a woman is to approach marriage with reverence, honor and love for her intended husband. Such teaching prohibits marriages of convenience. A woman then has no right to marry a man because of his wealth so she can free herself from labor and be assured of fine clothing. Such a marriage is a marriage not of love, but of convenience, in which the woman virtually "sells" herself for riches. Such an arrangement is comparable to the tactics of the woman of the streets. A true wife brings to her companion, in addition to her love and esteem, the willingness to merge her life with his, happy to be his companion and helpmeet.

The husband as the head of the family is responsible for the family life. The atmosphere of the home depends upon him. If his habits, thoughts, and conversation are high and noble, the atmosphere of the home will be the same. But if he is indifferent to that which is good, if his habits and thoughts are vile and wicked, such will be the atmosphere of the home. Yes, a husband is responsible for the life that is manifested in the home.

THE ZERR COMMENTARY

The first volume of the Commentary in preparation by Bro. E. M. Zerr is now being distributed. The book is attractively bound in black linen finish cloth, stamped in gold on front and back. It is arranged so that the student can instantly ascertain the location of any passage in the Bible upon which he desires comment and explanation. For those who do not possess a large library, this book simply means that you have a library in one handy, convenient volume. Obviously it will do no good for those who do not study it. Those who

do will be richly rewarded. The cost of the first volume is \$4, and you may order from this office, assured now of immediate delivery. Why not send at once and start studying the Word with the benefit of the teaching which you'll receive in this book?

SPECIAL MEETINGS

All-day meeting at Bonne Terre, Missouri, June 8. Three speakers will occupy the platform in the morning service, with a special service to be held in the afternoon and a gospel meeting at night. This is an annual meeting held on the second Sunday of June each year.

All-day meeting at Webster Groves, June 22. Three services with good fellowship in the work of the Master. All are invited.

Announcement is made of the Fourth of July meeting to be held at New Castle, Indiana. The schedule for speakers has not been completed yet but will be announced soon. Invitation is given all to be present.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Bro. Harold Shasteen, Des Moines, Iowa, has undertaken the task of compiling a directory of the faithful Churches of Christ. He asks the assistance of the brethren in this matter, and you are urged to send him the correct address of the congregation where you worship, together with the name of one of the brethren, who can receive correspondence in behalf of the church.

AN INDIANA TRIP

The auditorium of the meeting house at New Castle, Indiana, was virtually filled with eager listeners on the night of May 26, when I spoke on "What I Learned about the Churches in Scotland." I met with the elders for one hour preceding the meeting, and was happy to know that Bro. Zerr is sending 100 copies of "New Testament Questions" to be distributed in England without cost to brethren there. Bro. Zerr is also well along with the manuscript on the second volume of his commentary. The following night I addressed a capacity crowd at Anderson on "What I Learned about the Church in Ireland." Preaching brethren present included Hershel Ottwell, C. R. Turner and E. M. Zerr. An interesting question period followed the talks both nights. A group of brethren and sisters met in the home of Muri Howard after the Anderson talk, and we continued to answer questions asked until midnight. The work at both Anderson and New Castle is in excellent condition, and the churches are in position to grow. Brethren in Indiana have purchased a lot in Indianapolis and there will soon be a building erected and a congregation started in that state capital. The faithful churches of Christ are marching forward, and God is blessing their endeavors. May all of us by maintaining the unity of the Spirit advance the Cause of Christ.