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DAY BY DAY — ON OUR WAY

A Regular Diary of Our Visit with the Churches in the
United Kingdom of Great Britain

NEWTONGRANGE, SCOTLAND

SUNDAY, March 16. The boys and girls assemble at 10:30 for Bible study, but the regular meeting starts exactly at noon. The procedure is much the same as described elsewhere, and needs no repetition. A young brother has been immersed during the week, so before the breaking of bread, Bro. Will Allen extends to him a welcome into the fellowship. The remarks are well chosen and appropriate. After my exhortation a song is sung and we are dismissed at 1:30 o'clock. It's a busy day, so we hurry over to Will and Ise Allen's for luncheon. There are two articles on the menu today that are special. One is Scotch Dumpling. We can thank Albert for that. He insisted on having it, and I'm glad he did. Then we also have ice cream. That's a scarce item in this country as compared to America, where you stop in and get a quart of ice cream every few days.

We hurry back to the meeting house in a pouring rain, and I teach an analytical study for two hours, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Again the sisters serve tea at the conclusion, for we now have but one hour until the gospel meeting starts at 6 p. m. An excellent audience is present for the gospel service, one of the largest in years, I am told. There are two decisions for Christ tonight, and we rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is a miserable night in so far as the weather is concerned, as we leave the meeting house at 7:30. The rain has turned to snow and the slush in the streets comes up over one's shoes. The walking is most disagreeable, but with the aid of Uncle John Pryde we finally arrive again in that wonderful home where we stay, and, as is the custom, we must eat again before retiring. This time it's cold sliced tongue, Heinz baked beans, plums, Sultana cake and tea. We get to bed at 11 p. m., the earliest we have retired on any night since leaving America.

MONDAY, March 17. This is to be a busy day indeed. Uncle Will Allen comes for us in his Wolseley, and go to his home for luncheon. It looks like we're back home again when Sister Allen brings in a steaming bowl of navy beans. I am happy to converse at length with Bro. Allen about the work of the Lord. He agrees with me that the Cause is standing upon the thresh-

old of a brighter day in Scotland, and I am sorry indeed that I cannot accept his suggestion that I remain for several months and assist in advancing the truth in this area by teaching and training the brethren for service. At 2 p. m. I meet Albert for a visit to another Council School. We have permission from the Minister of Education at Edinburgh for me to go, so we are glad to make the round of all of the classes, watching, observing, and asking questions. We're given the absolute freedom of the school and taken into every room we desire to see. I take advantage of the opportunity to talk to the children in Miss Nicol's room and then give them a chance to ask questions. They warm up to it, and before we know it, we've run past school quitting time and the headmaster has to ask me to desist, since the parents will be out looking for the children. It is 10 minutes past 4 o'clock, and we are due at the meeting house at 4 to start another session of analytical study. We get off to a belated start, then stop at 6 p. m., for we must begin the gospel meeting at 7 o'clock.

During the brief interval we have tea in the home of Bro. Morris, W. H. Allen, "Wee Willie" Allen, Abe Haldane, Albert, Nell and I all share with this hospitable family the gracious gifts prepared for the strengthening of the physical man, and then at 7 o'clock are back at the meeting house ready to preach the Word in its fulness. We are conducting the meeting American style tonight by request, letting them see the difference. An excellent crowd is present, and we have a glorious gospel meeting.

TUESDAY, March 18. Another blizzard is raging when we get up this morning and the Pentland Hills cannot even be seen from the big front window of the house. Nell is quite ill with a deep-seated cold which she took on Sunday night and will be unable to travel with me this week. At noon I walk the 2 miles into town where I meet Albert, and we take the bus to Edinburgh, from which we'll transfer to one that will take us to Bathgate. It's a long journey and due to a stop or two, it is almost tea time when we arrive at the home of Bro. Banks.

This family is made up of Brother and Sister Banks, their daughter Nan, and little granddaughter, Moira. Nan's husband

is in the Royal Navy and in the Far East. Bro. Banks has been confined to his bed for many weary months with asthma, but is cheerful and eager with reference to the work of the Lord. We have a good visit with them all, and then walk to the meeting house where a goodly crowd has assembled in "an upper room" to hear the gospel preaching. I use as the basis of my remarks the words of Jesus, "What Do Ye More Than Others?" We check on the bus schedule and learn that we have just time enough to "pop in for a spot of tea" at the home of Bro. Fleming. Since you never refuse such opportunities in this part of the world, we "pop in" and "pop out" again about as quickly so we'll not miss the bus. As it is we'll just about make the last one leaving Edinburgh. We make it all right and just before midnight I arrive back home again to find the table all set, ready for tea. It seems as if life has suddenly become a round of gospel meetings and teas. It is just exactly a month since we said farewell and boarded the train at Union Station in Saint Louis. In that interval we've met hundreds of good brethren and sisters who have found a warm spot in our hearts. Too, we have learned that there are Churches of Christ in this part of the world which are anxious, eager and alert to serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Our spirits are strengthened and our hope increased at what we have found. We're happy in our hearts that the brethren in the United States have made it possible for us to come and meet with these of like precious faith. We feel that all of us will be better for the association and fellowship.

WEDNESDAY, March 19. Today we are treated to a good sample of the fog which we have heard about so much. It really envelops everything until you cannot see for ten feet. As it clears a wee bit by noon, I again walk into Newtongrange, where I meet Albert, and we make the trip to Wallacestone for a gospel meeting. We have tea in the evening with David Dougal and family. Dave is very anxious to be freed from his labors that he may devote his full time to preaching the Word. He will make good in that field of endeavor we are sure, for he is studious, sincere and a good proclaimer of the gospel. The church meeting place at Wallacestone is at the very top of a high hill. We leave the bus at the foot of the hill and make the long hike. From the meeting house we can see out across a great valley. The hills across the Forth are plainly visible. A lovely spot and a com-

manding view. I speak on "Who Wants to See You Saved?" The little house is virtually filled for the service. A question period follows, broken only by the fact that we must once more catch the bus to Edinburgh, for we have a long ride ahead of us.

THURSDAY, March 20. On this date Albert and I ride into Edinburgh where we take the bus to Tranent. After I am safely ensconced in the home of Bro. Wilson, Albert returns to Newtongrange for a meeting which he has at night. Bro. Wilson and I visit several of the members after tea at his home, and at night we journey to the meeting house where a fine crowd is present for the gospel meeting. There is a real spirit of fellowship manifested. I meet Willie Steele and family, and find that they remember Walter Henry who visited them during the year. Walter is a member of the Manchester Avenue Church where I hold membership in Saint Louis. After the meeting we return to the home of Brother Wilson and sit about the hospitable fire, conversing about the work of the Lord until a late hour. Bro. and Sister Wilson and Jean are hospitable beyond question and I feel truly at home.

FRIDAY, March 21. I take the bus into Edinburgh today to attend to a little business relative to our departure. On the bus I meet a young man from Norway and engage him in conversation. He promises to attend the social meeting on Saturday afternoon, and we become engrossed in discussing religion. When we leave the bus at Edinburgh, we seek shelter under an awning away from the rain, and continue to talk about the church as it is revealed in the New Testament. This lad is a student in Edinburgh University and is an architect. He speaks several languages quite fluently and is deeply impressed with our plea. I take his name and address and am to send him additional material about the One Body. In the afternoon I return to Tranent for tea at the home of Bro. Wilson. I find that he is expecting a large attendance at the annual social to be held tomorrow. It was postponed a month in order to be held during our stay. Bro. Wilson has spent the day making arrangements for the meat pies and other foods to be served at the social meeting. We have the largest number of non-members at the gospel meeting at night that have attended at Tranent in years. All are elated over the good prospects. At night I go back into Edinburgh and take the bus from there to Newtongrange. I am anxious to see how Nell is feeling by this time, and am scheduled also to teach an analytical study upon the morrow, before the chartered bus leaves for the Tranent Social.

SATURDAY, March 22. We were fortunate to get a ration of beef today and Aunt Mary Pryde did herself proud in fixing luncheon. In addition to the meat we have mashed potatoes, pork and beans, leeks,

pudding with sauce and tea. I teach a session of analytical study from 2:30 to 4:30. Then we board the bus at once which is to take us to Tranent for the annual social. It is held in the Town Hall auditorium. A great crowd is present with visitors from most of the places where we have preached and taught in Scotland. There are 242 in all for tea. Bro. Steele presides, and the singers from Motherwell and Blackridge sing for the group. Albert presents a short message and I speak at their request for an hour and fifteen minutes. I am forced to say farewell to many of our beloved brethren and sisters, perhaps for the last time I shall ever see them. Afterwards I go home with Will and Dorothy Steele and their fine family. They live in an attractive bungalow with the sea just beyond their front door. From the living-room window you can gaze out across the expanse of water. Bro. Steele is a son-in-law of Brother Crosthwaite and has done much in the way of preaching and teaching the Word. He printed a small paper for young people in the church for sometime, and conducted a correspondence class in the Bible. He is a good student and personal worker. We have a pleasant visit until past midnight.

SUNDAY, March 23. We attend the Lord's Day service with a good audience present for the breaking of bread. I am asked to exhort the church and do so briefly. I have luncheon with Bro. Walter Wilson, and Sister Wilson gives me Scotch oatcakes to take along to England on the morrow, as well as promising to send me some more in America. At 3 o'clock we return to the meeting-house where I speak to about 80 boys and girls who gather for the Bible classes. Bro. Stevenson has charge of this work and is good at the job. I go home with him for a delightful tea, to which Bro. Nesbit and family are also invited. He is a Burns lover, and it is a real joy to listen to him as he recites "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and other poems. What a sensation he would be if he came to America and visited some of the literature classes in High School. He can really roll the Scotch brogue. At night we have almost a house full for the gospel meeting. It is hard to say good-bye when there are so many interested souls and so much that could be accomplished. Uncle Will Allen has driven over from Newtongrange and I ride back home with him. John McCallum drives over, as does Brother Steele. All want to see Nell before we leave on the morrow.

MONDAY, March 24. It is snowing hard when we arise and come down for our last breakfast in Scotland. As a celebration we have bacon and eggs with our porridge and tea. Uncle John like most of the Scotsmen does not use sugar on his porridge. He puts salt on it. He eats a little ditch around the edge of it first, then fills that with milk. Many folk do not use milk on their porridge at all. We say farewell with tear-

dimmed eyes to the lovely couple and the delightful home which has been our Scotland headquarters. May God watch over and protect them always is our prayer. Uncle Will Allen picks us up at 9 o'clock, then we go by to get Albert and Abe Haldane. Albert doesn't know it but Brethren Allen and Haldane are going in to purchase him a wedding present. We bid them good-bye at Princes Street Station in Edinburgh and settle down on the train for Carlisle. Our work in Scotland is over!

We arrive at Carnforth at 3:15 p. m., and board a train for Ulverston at 4 p. m., and in less than an hour we step off to be greeted by one of the noblest of God's saints, Bro. Walter Crosthwaite. A short taxi ride takes us to his home "Ford Villa," and in a few minutes we feel that we've been there always. We three men decide to take a walk, and we select a cane each, which we rather jauntily twirl as we climb the steep hill to the Barrow monument. The hill is 430 feet high, and the lighthouse monument another 100 feet. It is possible, from the summit, to view an arm of the sea as it extends inland, to see the snow-capped peaks beyond and especially to look down upon the village and surrounding farmland. At night, Bro. Crosthwaite and I walk through town with Albert, taking him over to Sister Woods' home, which will be his abode during our stay. After our return to "Ford Villa" we have a Scripture Reading before we retire. We are tired as we fall into bed.

TUESDAY, March 25. The sun comes out early, and things already are taking on a spring-like appearance. Albert comes over and talks with Brother Crosthwaite and myself until noon. I am more impressed every minute I am with Bro. Crosthwaite. It is apparent that this man has stood like a Rock of Gibraltar against the innovationism of the modernists who have tried to infiltrate and destroy our plea in the United Kingdom. Much of the training given to the younger brethren who are out proclaiming the Word is the result of his effort. His knowledge of the Sacred Writings is amazing, his fund of anecdotes and illustrations apparently inexhaustible. He has held a number of public debates in defense of the gospel, and is a worthy antagonist to any false teacher. I fear that he may not be as fully appreciated in England as he ought to be. I would give a great deal if only I could remain here for three months and study under his tutelage. He is one of the finest, noblest and purest men I have ever met anywhere on earth.

We have two kinds of pudding for luncheon among other things. One is an Australian pudding, which was sent from that continent. The other is made of rice which came in the packages of food mailed by the congregation at Flat River, Missouri. So we eat the products sent from about four different countries, if you count the oat cakes we brought from Scotland. Nell and Bro.

Crosthwaite wash and dry the dishes, while Albert and I engage each other very warmly on the subject of the work of women in the church. Bro. Crosthwaite acts as referee. It appears to me that he is having a difficult time staying out of the forum. Afterwards all of us walk to town except Sister Crosthwaite who has been in quite ill-health and has not recovered fully. At night I address a gospel meeting. The church meets in a room of the home of Bro. and Sister Crosthwaite. The room is small and the 34 who attend are packed in like the proverbial sardines. But 18 are non-members. I am surprised for I have had it intimated by several that Bro. C. was wasting his time in trying to build up a work at Ulverston since the odds were so great. On the contrary I find that he has built up a great deal of interest in and for the Cause. It was a special pleasure to me to meet Bro. Levi Clark from Barrow.

WEDNESDAY, March 26. Bro. Crosthwaite, Albert, Nell and I board a bus at Ulverston to make a tour of the famous English Lake region. In spite of the heavy rain which falls most of the day it is a long-to-be-remembered occasion. We cross over swiftly flowing little rivers hurrying under antique stone bridges, drive through narrow streets of aged villages, and always through scenery that impresses one with the beauty and dignity of this old world. The great moss covered rocks which overhang the roads in some spots have ferns springing from them. Always through every little opening you can see out over the entrancing vista of lake and forest. We stop at Bowness and walk up to the village proper. In the old church which we visit there is a huge old Bible with the chain still attached, relic of the days when the Bibles were chained to the pulpit, exclusive right of the clergy. Here also we see a window which was installed by the great great-grandfather of George Washington, for the Washington family came from here. Little did they know that George would become embroiled with his English associates and get his picture on our dollar bills instead of that of George VI. The church building is about 700 years old, and out in front is the little cemetery with graves bearing dates hundreds of years in the past. Some of these grave stones were erected before the thirteen colonies were started.

We eat luncheon at Adkinson's Bay Cafe. It is served upstairs in a room with little fireplace, a warm cozy spot away from the cold rain. The menu is not very choice but we have soup, fish and French fries (chips). For dessert there is jam pudding with sauce. Afterwards we again board the bus and go on around the lake region to Windermere, and from thence to Ambleside. It is almost 5 o'clock when we get back to Ulverston and tea.

There are 23 at the evening meeting in spite of the dreary weather. When they are

all gone, I persuade Brother C to show me his slides which he uses in talks to boys and girls. He has done considerable temperance lecture work in the bygone days, and has also talked to hundreds and thousands of children. I am sure that the illustrated slides have been a great help in presenting his messages.

THURSDAY, March 27. Still raining when we arise for breakfast. We spend the morning writing letters. Luncheon consists of mutton, lima beans, chips and rice pudding. The beans hit the spot with me! I like them with corn bread but in England no one knows what corn bread is. The rain ceases about noon enabling us to go out and see the old original Quaker meeting house established by George Fox, their founder. It is a quaint structure erected in 1688. A stone wall about 7 feet high surrounds the building and grounds, and we are admitted through a gate a couple of centuries old. The house is very plain and unadorned. A schoolroom adjoins the auditorium, with a seat running completely around the wall, the teacher sitting in the center. The place of worship has plain benches, with a hassock or footstool for each person. They assemble on each Lord's Day but sit in silence sometimes for the entire period. In an upstairs room we found the old desk and bedstead left by George Fox. His Bible, a huge one is also preserved. Outside in the churchyard the purple crocuses were coming up and daffodils were blooming. We walked to the little burying ground, where graves of the Friends are marked with the simplest of stones all of them very plain and uniform in appearance.

We have tea in the evening with Sister Woods, a widow. She is one of the most influential personal workers I've met, and probably brings more people to the services of the church than any other in this section. In her lovely large home we also met Sister Ormondy. Bro. Wood left a large library and I was told to take any book I desired. However, some of the English brethren had been there before, and I want to pay them the tribute of saying that they are very thorough in research. I did locate one that somehow they had overlooked, a small volume by Alexander Campbell, called "Family Culture or Conversations in the Domestic Circle." Written in dialogue form it is most interesting. Sister Wood also gave Nell a pair of beautiful candlesticks more than a century old. At the service at night we had 27 present, two of them Methodist ministers. I spoke on "Why Do You Wait?" Albert followed with "Was Jesus Wrong?" Brother Crosthwaite then spoke for a few minutes. I would like to have heard him in a much longer address.

FRIDAY, March 28. We are accompanied to the train station by Bro. Crosthwaite, and Sisters Wood and Ormandy. It is to me a sad leave-taking for I feel the need of more time spent with Bro. Crosthwaite, knowing

it would strengthen me greatly in the spirit. I shall never forget this godly man who is much like a father to me while with him. Our train leaves at 9:30 and we arrive in Wigan at 11:50 to be met by Leonard Morgan of Hindley. Carlton Mellis of Scholes, and Leonard Channing who is there in a gospel mission also come down to the Station. We learn that the series of gospel meetings is producing excellent results and our hearts are all rejoicing over the renewed prospects for the work in this area.

In the Morgan home, consisting of Leonard and wife and their little son, John Morgan, we find a welcome to the family circle. On this first day after luncheon, we open the parcels sent by the churches at Hartford, Illinois, and Eureka, near Meadville, Missouri. I know that the latter one was packed by the Springer family, for they have included a sack of pop corn. No one in England has seen it before it is popped, so I take the bunch out to the scullery to demonstrate. When I'm just about ready it occurs to Leonard what it is, and he says, "Oh yes, I know. It's that stuff that bloats!" The English brethren are not too fond of it at first, but the little dog and I lap up what there is left.

Doris Morgan is a grand cook and we shall not forget those scones and trifles, which with some of our American Spam make tea a real occasion. I'm called upon to meet the elders and deacons of Hindley church at night and a fine group of men they are. Two of them, Bros. Winstanley and Worgan, have sons in the field as evangelists, one of them, Bro. Kemp, has a brother in the same capacity. It is a genuine pleasure to talk to these men, for they have much information as to the development of the church and the conduct of the services along the line of God's plan of "mutual ministry." I feel that the church here has a great future.

SATURDAY, March 29. It's a gray, gloomy day. Nell and I write letters to America, while Leonard makes the round of his shops, of which there are four. It keeps one chap busy counting the ration points. There's more "red tape" over here than in America, so you know that's a lot! For luncheon we have as one of our main dishes navy beans, sent from Eureka church in Missouri. They taste good, and we learn today that napkins are called "serviettes." We also learn that little John Morgan is not going to be left out of anything. When our plates are being filled and served, he jumps up and down on his chair and shouts, "What about me? What about me?" He is one of the most attractive youngsters we have ever seen. At night we journey to Scholes, in Wigan. I am called upon to speak in this meeting where Leonard Channing presides. A full house greets me for the occasion. Leonard has already led several to the Lord and as a result of his past labors two more make the decision at the close of the service to-

night. Carlton Melling, a brother of great talent and ability calls the audience back together to announce the fact and all join in singing the "Doxology" in honor of the event. Carlton works at the library and is a great lover of books. Very studious and possessed of ability for expression of his thoughts, he is an able man in God's service. We are impressed with the future for the church at Scholes, and I'm made happy to know that Leonard is to return for a special mission in the autumn. I predict it will be blessed with many souls saved.

SUNDAY, March 30. This is to be a full day. It is cold, misty and rainy. The morning service is at 10:30. Leonard Morgan presides. The service begins with the singing of a hymn, followed by prayer and a second hymn. The Old Testament reading is given by one brother, the New Testament reading by another. The "prayers of the church" are called for and three brethren on this occasion volunteer to present petitions to God's throne. Another hymn is sung, and the "fellowship" (contribution) is taken. Then the presiding brother makes an appropriate talk on the communion of our Lord, and thanks being returned for the bread and the cup in order, they are offered to the disciples. I exhort the church briefly afterwards, and then with a final hymn and benediction, the service concludes. We hurry home for luncheon because we must be back again soon for the children's classes. Bro. Harold Baines from Morley eats luncheon at the Morgan home, and tells us that all is in readiness for our visit to Yorkshire, where we are promised the famous "Yorkshire pudding."

At 2 o'clock, Bro. Stephen Winstanley calls the children together and gives out the various notices, also leading them in the singing of choruses. He is thoroughly capable, with his friendly disposition and kindly manner to lead boys and girls. I speak to a room filled with older attendants and the teachers. It is a good meeting. I am very happy at the privilege of meeting Sister Simpson, who has been writing to the sisters in Anderson, Indiana, for so long. Having heard so much about her, it is a genuine pleasure to see her face to face.

At 6 o'clock I speak at a gospel meeting. An excellent audience is present. My subject is "Shall Christians Pray for Sinners?" After dismissal many of the members remain for the second gospel meeting which starts at 8 o'clock. This time the house is filled to capacity, and my topic is "For What Can the Sinner Pray?" Leonard Channing is with us, having closed his present gospel mission with Scholes to return to work in London. I have spoken four times today.

MONDAY, March 31. For luncheon today Nell fixed a macaroni-cheese combination that came in one of the parcels. Leonard and Doris didn't like it. They countered with banana fritters, and I didn't like them.

Score tied! We meet Frank Worgan today. Another of the faithful, capable young preachers of the Word, he is home in preparation for going to Ilkeston. At night 34 of us go in a double-decker bus to Albert Street Church, Wigan. The congregation numbers about 90 in all. Leonard Channing and Frank are among the number. It is good to have these young proclaimers of the gospel with me. I learn much from them about the problems and difficulties of work in a land where the State Church is almost supreme. We have a grand meeting at Albert Street.

TUESDAY, April 1. The day is typical of the English rainy spring weather, damp, cold and generally disagreeable. Since I have contracted a severe head cold I remain in to read until the night service. Picking up an old book containing the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, I am surprised to learn that Captain Miles Standish came from this very place. He was a resident of Duxberry in Wigan, and named his New England estate after it. His wife Rose, was the first to become sick on that fateful winter trip on the Mayflower, and she was likewise the first of the brave little band to die. She lies sleeping in Burying Hill, at Plymouth Rock. The attempt of the captain to win the hand of Priscilla at a later date is well known as it is featured in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."

At night a bus load of us go to Blackburn for a good meeting. We are informed that Andrew Gardiner, one of the young preachers who comes from Glasgow, is soon to start a mission there. It is a pleasure to announce the event and urge all to back it with their every talent. Bro. Harry Helling tells us that they became well acquainted with Walter Henry of the Manchester Avenue church in Saint Louis, when he was a soldier in Great Britain. It seems like a small world when we meet kindred souls like this.

WEDNESDAY, April 2. It is a privilege to return to Scholes in Wigan for another meeting. The effect of the effort put forth by Leonard Channing will be observed for many months. In his work at London there are many and grave obstacles, not the least of which is the fact that it is such a large city, and filled with all of the vices and wickedness that accompanies such a gathering of humanity into one spot. At Scholes, it was possible for Len in his personal work to get into many of the homes. Being especially adapted to this type of endeavor he was able to teach the way of truth more perfectly to interested souls and the results are noticeable in the increased interest among the members, and the additions by primary obedience. We expect to hear good reports of his labors when next he returns to this section of England.

THURSDAY, April 3. The sun shines for a very little while during the day, the first time we have seen it in a week. In the afternoon Frank Worgan with his wife Isa-

belle and son Peter visit with us for a little while. Frank and I make some house-to-house calls in the streets adjoining the meeting house. I'll admit that it requires a different technique than in America. A lot of people seem to draw back within a shell when you approach them. Some make no reply at all to the invitation to attend. We take turns in knocking on the doors and issuing the invitations to come. Some of the people are very friendly, others obviously not concerned about their souls. However, it is good to be with Frank for a little time. He has a good personality, as well as a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures. Moreover, his heart is in the work of the Lord.

At 6:30 we attend the Children's meeting, where I speak to the boys and girls. It is interesting to see that most of them wear clogs, thick wooden soles with leather uppers, for shoes. Leonard Morgan conducts the class and the youngsters are an interesting and interested group. They cannot keep from turning around to look at an American, however. At 7:30 I am called upon to address a Farewell Rally, to which brethren from all of the other Lancashire congregations come. The brethren are very kind in their expressions of appreciation for our little services, and it is hard to leave a place where all are so generous in their expression of desire for you to remain. It is our earnest, fervent prayer that through the efforts of this congregation that the Truth may be sounded out through all the regions round about, and that from them may go forth the gospel in power and strength. They have excellent talent, the officers are qualified and there is a desire to accomplish things for the Lord in their hearts. Their sponsorship of the annual Vacation Bible Study, which is a gathering of brethren from all over Great Britain is indicative of their willingness to enlarge the borders and strengthen the walls of spiritual Zion. God help them in their efforts and God grant them success in their work of faith, labor of love and patience of hope.

FRIDAY, April 4. Today we fly to Belfast from Manchester via the British-European Airlines. We drive over to Manchester along the beautiful East Lancashire Highway, one of the best we are to see in the United Kingdom. It has four traffic lanes, with a pedestrian lane and a bicycle path on each side. In Manchester we see many signs of the terrible blitz warfare. Houses have been obliterated for blocks, others are burned out shells, standing as empty monuments to "man's inhumanity to man." After coffee in the lounge room of the huge Midlands Hotel, which makes Leonard Morgan wince at the price of four shillings, sixpence; and luncheon in the beautiful French dining room, we depart by bus for the airport. It is like tearing away from our own loved ones to say farewell to Leonard and Doris. Leonard is interested in seeing the church grow by every legitimate means. He has in-

vested much in the printing of tracts and booklets, and has sponsored numerous activities for the good of the whole brotherhood. It is a pleasure to be with one who has such vision for the future, such courage and determination to spread the gospel regardless of what it may cost.

At 2:32 p. m. the plane leaves Ringway Airport and we soon attain the height of 2500 feet and the speed of 160 miles per hour which we are to maintain. Straight out across the Irish Sea, and out of sight of land we go, until we sight a beautiful island, the Isle of Man. Then on across the sea again until we gaze down on Belfast. Across the heart of the city and out into the country we go until we near Loch Neagh, large and beautiful lake, near which is the port. We have a perfect landing, and soon are on the bus which takes us through the picturesque country. We see a typical little Irish thatched cottage, and when we near Belfast we wind down off a mountain from which we can gaze out across the harbor and see the ships at dock, and beyond the blue-green water of the North Sea.

The bus stops at Donegal Place and immediately we are taken in tow by three of the finest people on earth, Mary Hendren, Pearl Hunter and Bobby Hendren. In three minutes we learn that the Irish are talkers, and it's a genuine pleasure to listen to them. do it. What friendliness! What hospitality!

We're to stay with Sammy and Pearl Hunter, so we ride the tram out to Ballygomartin Road and walk up Glencairn Crescent. Immediately we feel as if we've been at home here always. A lovely tea is served and then we walk down across the corner of a beautiful park to Shankhill Road, and from there to Berlin Street where the church meets in a schoolhouse which the brethren purchased and remodelled with their own hands. A welcome rally is being held for all who have come from England, Scotland and America to visit the conference being held next day. Willie Hendren presides, and in characteristic Ulster fashion claims that all of the great men came from North Ireland. He claims about 19 presidents of the United States, Alexander Campbell, Saint Patrick, and a host of other greats and not-so-greats. Speeches are made voluntarily, among the speakers being Bro. Hudson from Birmingham and Andrew Gardiner from Glasgow. I also address the audience at their request. The Irish brethren are as we say in America "full of pep." One old brother said once that a certain church was loaded to the brim with "Get up and get!" That describes the Irish brethren!

SATURDAY, April 5. The first service today is at 11:30. During the first hour three of us speak: F. C. Day, Birmingham; Andrew Gardiner and myself. Tea is served by a catering company at 12:30 o'clock. In the afternoon the meeting of the Conference is held. (I will give my reaction to this in a special article in a later issue.) Joe

Hamilton presides, and reports are made by various brethren of evangelistic efforts, mission work, publications, etc. It is decided that the next gathering will be at Tranent, which is in Scotland.

The caterers return to serve sandwiches, biscuits and tea in the evening and following that we have a service in which Willie Hendren and myself are the speakers. These brethren all have the ability to express themselves. It is somewhat amazing to me to find that almost any of them can get up with very little advance notice and speak upon any subject assigned. It has been a full day and tomorrow will be another of the same. We go back home in the rain to our cozy Irish cottage. A lovely home with lovely people.

SUNDAY, April 6. The breaking of bread service is at 11:30 and brethren from elsewhere conduct the service. R. McDonald, Dewsbury, England presides in a masterful and impressive fashion. George Hudson, Birmingham, reads the Old Testament lesson; George Hendren, Belfast, reads the New Testament scripture. The emblems are passed by Stephen Winstanley, Hindley; and Fred Hardy, Morley, both in England. I am asked to exhort the church and speak briefly on the appropriateness of the emblems for the purpose intended. The service is over at 1 p. m., and we hasten home for luncheon so we can be back again at 2:30 for the Children's Meeting. Joe Hamilton superintends this meeting and calls upon several of the youngsters to tell what they learned the previous Lord's Day. They do a wonderful job of reciting the stories of "The Good Samaritan"; "Naaman"; etc. Bro. Winstanley and I speak to the boys and girls and after the meeting take pictures of them in front of the meeting-place.

We go to Granny Hendren's place for tea. A lovely little Irish home on Brussels Street, near the church, there is a welcome for all who come. And they all come! At 6:15 everyone gathers at the church building again for the open air meetings. The whole congregation gets hymn books and starts out to conduct meetings on various street corners. A hymn is sung, announcement of the meeting is given, all are exhorted to be present, and then another hymn is sung. The group moves on to a new location singing as they go. As a result the meeting place is crowded at night. All of the benches (called "forms" in Ireland) are filled and some stand around the wall to listen. It is a great occasion and I feel constrained in the spirit to do my best to move men and women to accept the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus. When the meeting is over we make a visit to the home of Mr. Hunter (father of Sammy) who is ill and close the day's activities with prayer at the bedside.

MONDAY, April 7. It is a beautiful day so we ride Tram 32 to the center of the city where we view the memorial to the Titanic,

sunk on her maiden voyage in 1912. Here at the beautiful and renowned City Hall we also view the temporary monument commemorating the landing of the first American troops in Ireland in the last war so recently finished. General Eisenhower personally attended the dedication of the site. Nearby are monuments to other persons and events, including the World War I memorial.

We visit Queen's College, one of the world-famous educational institutions with a very high admission standard; also Royal Botanical Gardens and the museum, which is very interesting with its complete arrangement of early life in Belfast, even including the old time wooden bicycles, flax machines, and linen weaving devices. It is all very entrancing to study and we wish for more time. A tram takes us out past the beautiful Irish Parliament Building, with its mile long street leading straight to the front steps. Afterwards we go to George and Rachel Hendren's for tea. I have a session with the oversight of the church: Joe Hamilton, George Millar, William, Charles and George Hendren. At this meeting these brethren agree to make an appeal to the churches in America which sponsored my trip to arrange for me to return and help them in a program of teaching and preaching to take North Ireland for Christ. It is one of the most fertile fields I have ever seen anywhere in my life. We hold two open air meetings before time for the services to start and a good audience is present for the gospel meeting.

TUESDAY, April 8. The members of the Body have arranged for an outing for the entire day. We are to tour all of northern Ireland around the beautiful coastal route, and return in time for the service at night in Belfast. The chartered bus is ready to leave the meeting place at 8:30 a. m. and we go from County Down through County Antrim. On the way we pass Loch Neagh and a great many scenic spots. There are lovely little Irish cottages with their picturesque thatched roofs. We pass peat bogs from which the fuel is dug to heat the rural homes. In a lot of places we find the road narrow and have to wait for one of the brilliantly painted two-wheeled Irish farm carts to pass. People are out in the fields working at the task of cleaning and putting potatoes in bags. All of the potatoes at time of harvesting are placed in long rows which are covered with straw and soil. Later they are dug out and made ready for market.

At the sea coast resort town of Port Rush we hesitate long enough to stroll about a bit and to eat luncheon. Here I see my first bowling green, which gives the name to some of our American towns. I also see an American car, a Packard. It looms large beside the small cars manufactured over here. Luncheon is excellent for 3 shillings, sixpence (70c) and consists of roast, potatoes, gravy, peas, jelly sponge with custard and tea.

In the afternoon we drive through amazing scenery past the ruins of famous old Dunluce Castle, and on to Giant's Causeway. There's no way of describing this last. It beggars human description and is unaccountable by any scientific method thus far devised. In the evening we stop at the Bay Hotel at Cushendun for tea, and afterwards stroll through the immense ocean caves near the beach. On our way back to the city we pass Carrickfergus and the old castle where William of Orange landed and started the drive which made northern Ireland a Protestant country. It is the most intensely Protestant place we have ever seen. Everyone wants it clearly known that his affiliation is in that direction, and here Rome has no toehold. How different it is from southern Ireland. We arrive an hour before services are to start and that allows just time for an outdoor meeting. Due to the great parade of the Junior Orangemen, our crowd is smaller tonight, though still large enough to provide an excellent audience to address on the gospel. After the meeting we are entertained in the lovely home of Margaret Wilson, and after tea we return to our place of abode, tired but happy.

WEDNESDAY, April 9. We arise rather late after the strenuous trip of yesterday but find it a beautiful day. Nell catches up on her notebook work and I spend the morning writing to America. For lunch we have soup, bacon, potatoes, beans and dried peaches. Some of these items have been sent over from America to assist during our stay. Pearl Hunter really knows how to prepare them too. In the afternoon I take a trip down to go through the internationally famous City Hall, and am fortunate to find a chap who takes me into nooks and crannies not ordinarily open to visitors. I visit the old Smithfield Market an antiquated, dilapidated old structure a block square, in which are old book stalls, shops and markets of all descriptions. It is a reminder of fifty years ago. All of the shops being closed on Wednesday afternoon, there is little to buy, but one can certainly spend his time gazing at the beautiful displays of pure Irish linen. For tea we go back out to

Mr. Hunter's, and then attend the open air meeting, after which I speak the gospel at the church on Berlin Street. Then we are guests of Bro. and Sister Millar where we are made to feel very much at home, and generously Bro. Millar gives me a well-preserved copy of the Millennial Harbinger.

THURSDAY, April 10. Under the direction of that capable Irish colleen, Mary Hendren, we visit the beautiful Irish Parliament buildings, going through the Senate chambers, and the House of Commons, and learning how the business sessions are carried on. The building is large and impressive. We have our luncheon at Cottar's Kitchen, made in the form of an Irish thatched cottage, and serving wonderful food. After an afternoon of shopping, and for me, the exploration of old book shops, we go out to Bro. and Sister Sell's home for tea. We can see from their home many of the bombed areas of the city.

The building is crowded out for the service tonight. Extra seats are brought in and placed around and still there are some who stand. It is a grand occasion for preaching and all are interested and eager listeners. In all during our few nights, seven are added and restored to the church. This is my final night in Ireland and I'm saddened dear ones very much. After our regular service a farewell meeting is held. Joe Hamilton presides, and the meeting begins with the serving of tea and scones. Rachel Hendren makes a speech of appreciation and Nell is given a lovely hand embroidered Irish linen table cloth. Bobby Hendren presents us each with a gift. The chorus stands up to sing "Will ye no come back again?" We feel a wee bit flattered for it is the song which Capetown Africans sang to the king and queen as their ship pulled away. There are tears shed in Belfast this night, for it seems a shame to break up this wonderful fellowship. Sammy and Pearl Hunter even give us the key to their front door so that if we ever come back we can go in, if they're not at home. It is far past midnight when we get to bed, still wishing we could stay longer.

(Continued in August issue)

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

By ROBERT H. BRUMBACK

The aftermath of war has brought about an unusual increase in divorces. Even in the church of Christ the trend is alarming. Responsibility for this condition rests largely upon the preachers who have refused to discuss this problem in the light of God's Word. While the war is directly responsible for the increase in marital difficulties there are other contributing factors. The unrest and instability of this age tends to shake some loose from their homes and companions. A shifting of the responsibilities of marriage, a failure to maintain a high regard for one's companion, the diffi-

culties of establishing a home, are contributing their part to the marriage breakdown of the present. The allurements of life, the desire to taste again the liberty that has in a measure been lost, cause the man of instability to shake off the shackles of matrimony and turn again to the glamour of the world.

Thirty years ago religious organizations and their preachers were teaching that marriage was ordained of God and circumscribed and regulated by the Bible. That teaching has been forgotten today with the result that both married men and women

often find their companions and associates in the business world more alluring than the common place creature they meet at home every evening. Their fellow workers in the office is seen always at his or her best. The weak minded husband sees the "other woman" in her best finery. He saw his wife that morning with her hair done up in wavers, a slipper on one foot and a shoe on the other and a faded robe or housecoat worn in lieu of a dress. The contrast sets him thinking. The next thing is a dinner date and he tells the office beauty how badly he is misunderstood and her sympathy deeply impresses him and the foundation for another divorce has been laid. The Lord said of such a condition—"Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." (Matt. 5: 32.)

The Scriptures show one cause and one cause only for divorce and that is marriage unfaithfulness. A divorce granted by the courts of our land on incompatibility, drunkenness or for other reasons is not valid in God's sight and does not give either party the right to remarry. Should either do so the Lord would look upon them as having two living companions. Should such a one not be a Christian, it would still be wrong in the sight of the Lord. Neither would his conversion change his status in God's sight. If a man steals a sum of money and then is converted to Christ, his obedience to Christ forgives the sin but does not allow him to retain possession of his stolen wealth. Neither does God overlook the unscripturalness of a man's marriage and allow him to go on living in a relationship that every one would call adultery, just because he is converted. The time to head off such trouble is before it occurs. This can only be done when the evangelist, elders and teachers wake up to their duty and begin teaching the will of the Lord on the subject of divorce and remarriage. All marriages can be made permanent if teachers will set about to prevent bad or unscriptural marriages before they occur. If Paul's admonition to husbands and wives was seriously considered and given a place in the hearts of all who enter marriage there would be fewer divorces.

Few things are worse than a broken and disrupted home and few things are finer and
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Dedicated to the task of arousing churches in this state and elsewhere to a greater zeal in mission work, and assist in developing the talents of all to be used to the glory of God.

A Letter from England

We are the happy recipients of this welcome letter from Bro. Crosthwaite, of Ulverston, Lancashire, England.

"Dear Bro. Ketcherside: Many thanks for yours with impressions of your visit to Britain. I note by postmark that you had arrived back on shores of U. S. A. We hope you found your loved ones well. Everywhere here your visit is being talked about. We miss you both very much. We so much enjoyed your brief visit in our home.

"There is so much we have in common. You are right about the weakness of the churches here on Eldership and Discipline, two most vital matters. The eldership has always been the weakest spot in our movement. If there had been an efficient oversight in the churches things would be very different here.

"Our meetings here are going well. Bro. Dougall is giving very acceptable help. A young man was immersed on Saturday, and was welcomed to the church on Lord's Day. We are now having our Lord's Day evening meetings in the Odd Fellows' Hall. You are far too generous in your estimate of my work. I have tried to do my best for our Lord and His church. It has been a long, hard, and often disheartening fight, but by His grace and help we have won through. . . . I do hope that some day if the Lord wills we shall see you both again in England. If not I pray that we shall all meet on the golden shore. I shall be glad to have a copy of your American report. Trust that dear Nell, yourself and yours are all well. All very best wishes for all from both of us. 3 John 5: 2. Yours very sincerely in Jesus,

"Walter Crosthwaite."

"I JUST KEEP TRAVELLING ON"

Since last report I have visited the following places, being guest in the homes of those whose names appear in parentheses:

Vincennes, Ind. (Fred Biery, Clyde Owens); Bicknell, Ind. (W. D. Mundy, A. E. McClaffin); Bloomfield, Ind. (Ellis Crum); Martinsville, Ind. (Harry Powell); Flat River, Mo. (J. W. Watts—Nell's father and one of my best counsellors); Bonne Terre (at the wonderful all-day meeting which made Henry Mabery as happy as I've ever seen him); Springfield, Mo. (Robert Morrow, T. J. Larkin, Henry Boren—with a visit next door with the Stracke family); Nixa, Mo. (John O'Neil and a host of others who gathered in for an old-fashioned visit and pow-wow until about midnight); Carrollton, Mo. (Sister Nettie Owens—who also had a bunch of those fine young people in for dinner—and Z. F. Baugher, with whom I spent the night); Hale, Mo. (W. E. Balenger—who was feeling much better and with whom I spent several very happy and profitable hours. He is a prince in spiritual Israel if ever I've met one—Vearla Foltz); Eureka, near Wheeling, Mo. (Dewayne

Springer); Chillicothe, Mo. (Earl Sallee, F. R. Bailey); Hartford, Ill.; Jerseyville, Ill. (L. C. Roberts, who was in a good Vacation Bible Study and will soon help in another at Anderson, Ind.); Topeka, Kansas (my mother, who is feeling good for one her age who works so hard); Kansas City, Mo. (B. A. Boyce, Carl Landes); Gallatin, Mo. (Harold Hays, who labors diligently in the vineyard of the Lord in north Missouri).

This covers the time I have spent during the month up to June 26, and I am looking forward to fellowship at Sullivan, New Liberty and Mattoon, in Illinois; as also at Milan, West Concord, Unionville and Kirksville, in Missouri. I want to thank all of those with whom I have had the pleasure of discussing the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God for the wonderful and inspiring fellowship we have had. Truly there is nothing in this world which compares with the joy and gladness derived from talking with those who are kindred souls. I have learned much this month which will be of great value to me. Thank you brethren—all of you! God bless you, everyone!

"HEARKEN, BRETHREN!"

One of the worthiest calls in many months is now being sent out to those who love the Lord. We refer to the plea for assistance by the little group of brethren at Spokane, Washington. In this western outpost of the church, the brethren have been meeting in a hall. With utmost courage they have purchased a good corner lot on a main thoroughfare of the city. This was paid for in cash. Now they have sacrificed and built up a fund of \$2100. This means that brethren there have given "until it hurts." But they need assistance from others of us and they need it now. The Cause will be held back if we refuse to hold it up before the world, so that they can appreciate its glory and beauty of righteousness. *Pray for and help pay for the effort at Spokane.* Please send a substantial contribution now to Floyd K. Fleming, W. 52 Twenty-sixth Avenue, Spokane, Washington.

The Bible Commentary

The first volume of the Bible Commentary by E. M. Zerr is attracting favorable comment from every student of the Word who obtains one.

Richard D. Kerr (young evangelist) says: "It's a masterpiece! Never before have I seen such an attractive, useful commentary for the average student."

Carl D. Landes (Kansas City elder) says: "The book is grand and I earnestly pray that Brother Zerr may be spared to complete the set."

David Kreeger (elder, Pomona, Calif.): "I am mighty well pleased with it. It is

done up in nice shape and will be a valuable addition to any library."

Now folks, you know that for years we have been needing just such a work by one of our faithful brethren. Brother Zerr has addicted himself to the study of the Word and the teaching of the same. A wide reader of history in connection with the Bible, he has prepared himself for just such a momentous task as is now being undertaken. You cannot afford to be without these books as they come from the press. Don't make a mistake, though, and wait until all are completed before you get a set. Start right now to get yours as they are released by the publishers! Make a present of one to your children for their future study in the greatest book in the world—the Bible.

The cost is very nominal. Just a penny a day for a year, plus 35c. One of these books costs you less than the price of two candy bars per week. If you were to put eight cents a week in a piggy bank, you'd have one of the books paid for by the end of the year. Yes, you can obtain one if you like to study the Bible above everything else, for we generally arrange to get what we want most. Don't wait! Order your copy today by sending \$4 to the Missouri Mission Messenger, 7505 Trenton Avenue, University City 14, Missouri. Your copy will be mailed to you at once. Act on this without delay. **SEND TODAY!**

NEW TRACTS

We are giving consideration to the printing of additional tracts, although printing costs have climbed so much since we first began this work that we do not know if it is advisable to resume publication or not. It is now an established policy with us that we will issue only tracts that will sell our message to the world in a dignified and at the same time attractive fashion as to printing, use of color, etc. Perhaps we shall have additional information for you soon on these matters.

We need the prayers of those we love! We also need your assistance in answering those prayers. If the truth is to be sounded out, it must be paid for by those who love it. Subscribe for the Triple-M and help in the work of "sounding out the truth."

(Continued from page 6)

more noble than a happy marriage and a home life in which there is a mutual courage and integrity, coupled with a love that never fails. Such marriages survive poverty and misfortune. Trials borne in the spirit of love and devotion serve to bring a husband and wife closer together. But such marriages do not just happen. They have their foundation laid upon the teaching of God's word and in the character and integrity of the contracting parties. Such a marriage will endure.

THIS and THAT from HERE and THERE

Robert Brumback closed a good effort of 2 weeks at Brookport, Illinois, on May 25, and the following night started a 3-week meeting at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. . . . Richard Kerr is now engaged in a 4-week session of Bible Study at Brookport, with attendance excellent, and representing several states. Classes are morning and night, with special afternoon work. . . . William Hensley began at 26th and Spruce, Kansas City, on June 9, to go for one month. Vacation Bible Study will be featured. . . . The church building at Compton, California, which many of you helped to finance, is going right on up and will soon be ready for the brethren to worship in. . . . Congratulations to Art Freeman on a job well done at Auxvasse, Missouri. After having conducted home Bible studies in that section for months, Art launched a meeting in the Community Hall. This was the first time the Church of Christ had ever attempted a meeting at Auxvasse, but average attendance was 47, and 6 were immersed. How long has it been since you contributed to the Mexico mission effort? The funds for that work are about exhausted. Enough said! . . . Kenneth Morgan has been on a tour of Southern California and among other places visited was National City, where he conducted a two-week protracted Bible Study. . . . The annual all-day meeting at Bonne Terre, June 8, attracted 279 brethren and sisters at the morning worship period. Speakers were J. H. Mabery, Ed Uland and Dick Kerr. In the afternoon I spoke and presented the record program from England. The attendance this year was the largest in the twenty-two-year history of the event. . . . Bernell Weems starts a three-week meeting with Vacation Bible Study in connection, on July 13, at Bloomington, Indiana. Bob Duncan will assist him in the work there as he has elsewhere. . . . Preceding the Weems-Duncan meeting I will conduct an analytical Bible study for one week starting at Bloomington on July 6. . . . Ivan Dennis and his younger brother, from Iowa, are working with Art Freeman. Both of these boys have a great deal of talent and sound judgment to accompany it. . . . Here's a worthy and worthwhile appeal. The little group at Klamath Falls, Oregon, have bought a lot and expect to build. The meeting-house is very much needed. Your aid in this project is very much desired, and we request that you give it your prayerful and careful consideration. Send a contribution at once to Burl E. Price, 1326 Shelly, Klamath Falls, Oregon. . . . William Hensley visited the congregation at Warrensburg, Missouri, June 15. . . . H. L. Carlton invites me to visit Vienna, Ill., where he

has been laboring against great odds but with courage and faith to keep the little band going. . . . The church at Nixa, Missouri, has just about completed the class room annex to their building. It makes a wonderful addition to the property. Good going, Nixa! . . . W. G. Roberts spoke at Peoria recently on Lord's Day morning and night. Glad that W. G. can still put forth the Word. This will answer your many queries as to his health. . . . Henry Boren is at Bridgeport, Conn., now for one month of labor in the vineyard of God. He directed a wonderful Vacation Bible Study at Springfield, Missouri, and will assist churches at Ozark, Summersville, and Carrollton, Missouri, later in the summer. . . . Bro. Edward Buttram tells us he is feeling good. He is on a small acreage near Springfield at present. . . . Sister Morrow (formerly of St. Louis) has been quite ill at her Springfield home. Send a card to Mrs. Robert Morrow, RFD 6, Springfield, Mo. . . . The church has recently redecorated their meeting house at Springfield and it is very neat and clean looking. . . . Wilford Landes has been assisting in Vacation Bible Studies at Vincennes and Lyons, Indiana, this month. . . . Winford Lee conducted a two-week meeting at Chillicothe, the meanwhile teaching a Vacation Bible Study with assistance of his wife and Sister Wigfield. From Chillicothe, Winford went to Unionville for two weeks. . . . Roy Harris has completed his work at Bloomington, Indiana, during which time he took special teaching at Indiana University. . . . Charles (Chick) Powell directed the Vacation Bible Study at Martinsville, Indiana, using all home talent. . . . Raymond Wofford, 5449 Christy, St. Louis, Mo., is home after a lengthy tour of song directing and vocal music teaching. He is available for additional work, and if you have need of such training be sure and contact him at once. . . . The brethren at Bonne Terre and Flat River are in the process of obtaining an excellent church building at Fredericktown, Missouri, and if successful there will soon be another faithful congregation in a county seat town in our state. There are more mission efforts underway and more new meeting-houses being erected than at any one time in our history. It augurs well for the future. Forward, march! . . . Sorry we went to press too early to bring you an up-to-the-minute news report of the all-day gatherings at New Castle, Indiana, and St. Louis, Mo., on July 4. New Castle did a good job by turning theirs into a three-day meeting. The elders there are on the alert to assist the work of faithful churches in that area. . . . Lois Stevens had charge

of the Vacation Bible Study at Manchester Avenue Church, St. Louis; Frances Broadard at Lillian Avenue Church; and Jar Simpson, Webster Groves. With a competent staff of teachers they taught the youngsters daily in the Word of the Lord, all activity being carried on by the local church independent of any outside aid or supervision. That's the way it ought to be. Each congregation ought to be a school for teaching the Word. . . . Bert Cain labored with the congregation at 59th University, Des Moines, Iowa; and C. R. Turner with the church at 2907 Dean Avenue, same city, in meetings and Vacation Bible teaching during the last month. . . . Melvin Short is teaching the Word one night per week in Rippey, Iowa. . . . Don't forget that you can get "Lessons from Yesterday" that large book of sermons by W. G. Roberts, for a one dollar bill, by writing W. G. Roberts, Box 163, Hammond, Illinois. Send today. . . . And that reminds us that at the same time you can send for a 43 page book of "New Testament Questions" by E. M. Zerr. Cost also one dollar. Send your order for this book to E. M. Zerr, 1914 South 14th Street, New Castle, Indiana. . . . Fred Killebrew immersed two in Christ at Senath, Missouri, recently. The new church building there is fast nearing completion. . . . Winford Lee has a new address. You can reach him at Box 26, Clarinda, Iowa. . . . Winford is to be at Bloomfield, Indiana, the last two weeks of July. . . . Don't forget the winter session of the Saint Louis Bible Study, which will last for six weeks, starting December 2. Plan to come to a study that will mean much to you in the years that lie ahead. . . . W. E. Ballenger is feeling much better for which we give sincere thanks to our heavenly Father. . . . Robert Brumback baptized three in that Shippensburg meeting and moved on to Bolivar, Penn., for meeting and development work. . . . James W. Trull was with the church at Canalou, Missouri, June 13-15, and spoke the next two nights at Bridge Church, near Dexter. . . . Wilbur Storm spoke twice at Compton, Calif., June 15, and the church there will have as the speaker on June 29, Elmer Scott, of St. Louis, Mo. . . . We appreciated much letter received this month from Karlee Williams, formerly of Kansas City, now located at El Salvador, Central America. . . . J. Ed Uland is at Shelbyville, Illinois, in Vacation Bible Study. He reports enrolled at Bonne Terre this year. . . . William Hensley was at Topeka, Kansas, on June 22 to assist in plans for future work. . . . Art Freeman is now doing special teaching in Oklahoma. More about that a later date.