

ANOTHER PILGRIM LETTER

Buffalo, Texas, April 3, 1916

My dear father:

I have not been unmindful of your requests for more letters, but if you knew how busy I am kept you would even wonder that I write as often as I do to mother; indeed it frequently takes most rigid economy of time to even send her the hasty notes I do. It sometimes seems the more there is to write the less time there is for writing it.

Considering that the present Pilgrim trip has already covered over 9 months of continuous service and has made it necessary to travel about 12,000 miles, I think it most astonishing that my physical strength and general health has been kept so good. TO me it is only one of the many "miracles" with which this trip has been filled. Like everything else, it seems to show our Heavenly Father's care and providence and reminds me of the words:

*"Surely though canst trust thy Master,
He will give thee naught to do
But will grant thee grace and courage,
And the strength to do it too."*

For He surely has given me strength, yes, and grace and courage to do some things which looked well nigh impossible from a physical standpoint. It was on this account that when Bro. Russell asked me whether I wanted to go straight home, saying that if nothing stood in the way he would like me to stay for the Denver Convention next July, I told him it would be perfectly agreeable to me. It is only 3 months off and when it is over I hope to come right home, making comparatively few stops.

I would like to send you some account of recent experiences, but it would take a whole writing pad to make any beginning worthy of the name. Particularly in Texas there has been such a diversity of experiences as to make it appear almost kaleidoscopic. We are having the largest congregations in this state as a whole that I have had anywhere. Here at Buffalo, we are using the Presbyterian Church; at Beaumont the Salvation Army gave us their building; at San Marcos we had the Christian Church; at Austin the German Methodist; at Kerrville the Union Church; the same at Call, Grand Opera House at Smithville; elsewhere schools, halls, and homes.

At Sabinal after getting off the train I came across the husband of one of the ladies who is deeply interested and consecrated. However he is opposed to the Truth, yet I was led to believe he was the interested one. He didn't let me know of his wife's interest and as her name had no 'Mrs.' Before it, I did not realize the true situation. I found him deficient both in the spirit and knowledge of the Truth, and saw that if he was a subscriber to the "Tower" he wasn't very much interested in many things. I inquired of him about another lady, who was a subscriber, but he told me she had no real interest but read merely out of curiosity. He said no meetings could be held and advised me to take the train and go on to the next place. Judging by his case there wasn't much to be accomplished at Sabinal, I went on to San Antonio, a distance of over 70 miles, and imagine my surprise to learn that his wife and daughter and this other lady were most deeply interested and consecrated. That will give you an idea of some of my experiences which are not quite so pleasant as others.

There are some especially grand little groups in Texas. At San Antonio and Houston particularly, they have fine spiritual companies. Bro. Edwards was in San Antonio some time ago. I also heard of him through some of the Denver brethren who are now in California.

The trip with all its varying experiences has proved and is still proving a wonderful blessing to me spiritually. The way is growing constantly brighter and I am still sinking deeper in the love of God. "he brought me out into a large place" and yet it keeps getting larger and larger. Measured in the direction of faith, its length seems without end; Measured in the direction of mercy, its width seems infinite; Measured in the direction of wisdom, its height is unfathomable; and love and power and goodness and justice all unite declaring the unsearchable riches of his grace.

Recently the Lord showed me a beautiful thing while reading # 2Pe 1. In # 2Pe 1:2 he says: "Grace and peace be *multiplied* unto you," and in # 2Pe 1:5, "Add to your faith fortitude, and to fortitude knowledge," *etc.* Notice these two words *multiply* and *add*. We *add* but God does the *multiplying*. 10 added to 10 makes 20; but 10 multiplying 10 more makes 1,000. We do a little for God, then He does much for us. We *add*, little by little, to our character, and it takes all our care and attention to do that; we couldn't have any hope if it was necessary for us to *multiply* the graces of the Spirit, but as we *add*, God *multiplies* grace and favor. Thus it is that the more we give Him, the more we owe Him; we can never get out of His debt, but for all eternity we must continue getting deeper and deeper in His debt.

Such things make me feel great sympathy for the Christian who must shout, for somewhere *on the inside*, I am shouting all the time; men may not hear it, but I believe God and the angels do.

I am glad to hear of the steady progress of the Phila. Church. Give my Christian love to any inquiring for me. Am glad to hear of the testimony meetings. How I would enjoy being there! They are often in my prayers and I am sure they do not forget me.

With love to you and all the home folks, especially my sweet mother.

Your affectionate son in the King's service,

Benjamin