

Foreword



MANY small conventions have been held during the year 1911, but we were not permitted to attend all, and as interest especially centers around those in connection with the "Transcontinental Tour" and the "General Convention," at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, we therefore make a partial yet quite extensive report of only these conventions.

Early in the year Pastor Russell laid out a route that would take him to many of the principal cities in the United States and Canada on an eight thousand mile tour, where he was to be the principal speaker at conventions at these places, under the auspices of the INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Upon learning of the proposed tour, we asked Pastor Russell if he would have any objection to our getting up a party with a special train, to accompany him, and if he would travel with us. He replied that he would have no objection, but that such an arrangement would enhance his pleasure, and that he would be glad to travel with the party. Arrangements were therefore made.

Some people might be inclined to inquire as to why any should desire to accompany Pastor Russell on such a trip, any more than some other man. Our reason was, we have FAITH that the Lord has returned, that HE is the CHIEF REAPER in this "Harvest," that HE has been supervising the work, for now about thirty-seven years, and that HE has placed Pastor Russell in charge of the work this side the veil. We are glad therefore to recognize him as "that servant", spoken of by the Lord; glad to recognize that the work he is doing is the work the Lord has appointed him to do, and we are glad to co-operate with him and be associated with him as much as possible.

Many have thought what a grand thing it would have been to have made one of the convention tours with the Apostle Paul. Well, this was considered an opportunity of traveling with "a Paul"—one who is doing a work in this end of the Gospel age, similar to the work the Apostle did at the beginning of the age.

There was still another reason for making the trip and that was, to receive the pleasure and profit from being associated with so many of "like precious faith" for over a month, and also the privilege and pleasure of fellowship with friends along the way, giving and receiving blessings. It was considered that the fellowship would be a rich inheritance for all the coming years.

The same reason also applied to those attending the General Convention at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland. All who appreciated their privileges, and were permitted to enjoy either the Transcontinental Tour or the General Convention, or both, were richly blessed.

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Farewell Remarks by Brother Russell



DEAR FRIENDS. By vote it was concluded to continue this convention another day, but since a good many of us will be going away this evening and tomorrow morning, it has been urged that we have a Love Feast tonight, instead of waiting until tomorrow. A love feast is not a very important matter, but it is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. So, in harmony with the request, we will have a Love

Feast.

I want to say, before we close, for myself, and on behalf of those visiting in the touring party, and for others from other cities and towns nearby, that we have been very pleasantly entertained by the Seattle Class of Bible students. As many as would like to join in that expression, please raise your hand.

I hope our Seattle friends will be well repaid for their labor of love. I am sure they did their best to make us comfortable and happy, and I believe you have all been very comfortable and happy; the Lord has been with us, and we go away from here

blessed, and I trust some blessings will remain here; and that the remaining day of the convention will be one of blessing and profit to all.

I was very much pleased with the large congregation that was out to hear us on Sunday. It seems to me from the amount of interest manifested that there are some hungry souls in this city, and we trust that they may be further nourished, and that the blessings of the Lord may be especially with the class at Seattle, to help them to make the proper use of all the glorious opportunities which belong to them, that they may assist in the great work of garnering the wheat.

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At the close of Brother Russell's remarks a number of the brethren, representing the Seattle class, and nearby places, and the touring party, and the Society, were lined up in front of the platform. Some held plates of bread, and then the friends in general passed by and shook hands with these representatives, and broke bread together.

The Voice in the Twilight

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won.

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble,'"
I said, "it will all be burned"—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when he sees such building,
He never will let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me.
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh! what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,

And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence;
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew his meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-builder
Comes down his temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew.

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right.

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said to her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was that spur."

"And for the true love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew, by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
That will tenderly guide and hold me
Till all my labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim,
But my heart is strong and restful.
And my eyes are looking to him.