

Hallville Missouri.

Sunday, Jan. 9. 1887.

Pres. A. Clark.

Add Ran College.

Dear Teacher

Your most esteemed letter was received some days since and was read with much interest. I am rejoiced to hear of the success of the college and its good work.

I am still preaching almost every Sunday and am also having some success, calls for preaching are becoming numerous.

The winter is very severe and water is scarce, as we have had no rain for some

times and what little water
there is, in the ponds is
frozen, just think of it, from
18° to 20° below zero.

I would have enjoyed the
Entertainments of the holidays,
the "Institutes" and especially
the lectures of Bro. McPherson.
I think that they should be
published in the Texas Christian
for the benefit of "our" unfortu-
nate ones, who could not
be there.

I have been informed that
Walton Society is "the same
as dead" Hildebrand, Ellis and
I, have already congratulated
ourselves that 'twas not so
in '84 and '85 and also '80 and '86.

I am reading "Communings
in the Sanctuary" by Richard-
son and I pronounce it good.

Have also read Home's Life of A. Campbell, Life of Ben. Franklin, Samuel Rogers, and some of Bro. Franklin's sermons.

I am studying all of my spare time.

I recently preached a sermon on the "wedding garment" and I made the wedding garment to have reference to the Christian graces spoken of by Peter, virtue, knowledge, &c. a prominent brother objected to this and he referred this matter to Bro. Mouser and I have not heard his decision. I am contented with the way I preached it: am I correct in my view? I was also accosted by one recently with this question "If Methuselah was the oldest man who did he die before his father?" I easily explained this.

Some think that it would be a grand thing to get a preacher entangled.

I will be there at the annual Commencement, if possible: my arrangements are to that end.

Accept ever the earnest wish for your success in your labors of love and sacrifice for the cause of Christ
from,

Your Pupil and Bro.
in Christ.

G. L. Bush.

P.S. Attributes scribbling to my cold hand, honestly as I am now sitting by the fire I am compelled to turn around and warm my hand every few minutes. Excuse for me. G. L. B.