

Dayton, Ohio,

Nov. 22, 1906.

Rev. J. Howe.

Dear Brother:

Yours of the 20th, came
this afternoon. I do not think I
have much to write, but it will
take less time and space to write it.

The spirit of missions is a lost
art among our preachers, therefore
the Macedonian cry of the West is
unheard or unheeded! Yes, the
aged McClure has with his substan-
tiality and hard sense, comical
mental flecks, I never smoke, only
when they make me smoke, but
some of the finest and most suc-
cessful preachers I ever knew, burned
as incense the filthy weeds. Spring-
field is in the Ozark Mountains, a
Jerusalem jewel, compared to Engedi
and Gehenna, not far away, that you escaped.

The impediments and obstructions of the South Missouri veteran, are the scowl of age and its ^{death} struggles and groans. It was meet that McBrine's and Clap's going out should tare the church as the demon tore the lad. Peter Cartwright tells of many dirty devils!

Like you I was favorably impressed with young Malson, but he broke down Sunday morning at Fowlerton, and turned the service into a class-meeting, and, in sheer despair, did the same in the evening, wholly refraining from any attempt to preach, however. The matchless orator Sheridan failed humiliatingly in his first effort, and I should not be surprised if Bro. Malson should have a brilliant future. Probably he does not know (1) the necessity of preparation (2) how to prepare (3) how to throw off stage fright. As I do not know how to reach him by letter, I commit to your nursing care.

All well,
Your brother, Milton Wright.