

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral Missionary Station,  
Natal, Oct. 12, 1924.

Dear Friend:—

Home again! We had a whole month's vacation by the ocean, with so many tokens of His care, giving us comforts that we thought ourselves unable to afford.

Such a hail storm yesterday—"a besom of destruction" is the phrase that often comes to my mind at such times. It is too early in the spring for crops to be up, but the fruit trees suffered much.

As I went across the Pongolo today I noticed that the hail had reached over a very large area. Under the peach trees over there and along the way, as here on Balmoral, about half the crop of fruit lies, only pigeon egg size.

Our meeting was very encouraging. I always feel like thanking God for our devoted, spirit-filled native workers he has given us for that field.

One of the matters brought forward today was that of a Christian girl having become engaged to a heathen man. This is contrary to our church rules, and she must be set aside from full fellowship. I often think how much stricter we are here than churches in the home land. To marry "only in the Lord" is not much emphasized as it should be. And the Christian who marries an unbeliever does so against the command of the written word and will surely reap accordingly, for "God is not mocked."

One little child was presented to the Lord for His blessing; a custom we have learned to love and value.

This morning when I started for the long ride

cottage on the sea-shore for us rent free. It would have been good, could the whole family have gone, but as that could not be, four of the most needy ones were chosen and we went—Dr. Sanders, Judson, Miriam and myself.

Oh, it was lovely to see the ocean once more! Beautifully situated on top of a sand dune, this little cottage was our home for a month. The sea was rough most of the time and the great billows were glorious to behold, but so dangerous is the under-current or back-wash, that one felt safer on the land. Daily we strolled on the sand, gathered shells and drank in the sea-air.

I really get hungry for the sea. It is a kind of "sea-sickness" I suppose and the only kind I ever have. Just as people get home-sick, I get a longing for sea-air, just to see it and to dabble in its cooling waves. We did our own cooking. Bought our fruit and vegetables from Indian coolies and natives. Here were opportunities for speaking a word for Jesus.

Sundays are taken for pleasure, and many pleasure parties we saw. Some played ball, all went in bathing and there seemed no thought for God's day. Surely everywhere people are drawn off for pleasure and less and less care for God and his word. If they really believed the Bible is true, they could never do it. But unbelief is so blinding they do not see how sinful they are.

I am sure you would wonder over the acres of sugar cane one passes through by train. Sugar mills and other manufactures from usgar cane. Small hills and plenty of them, often are covered with one or banana plantations clear over the top. Various fruit trees also in abundance. Then so many of the Indian coolies have taken up the land and they do know how to grow all kinds of vegetables and fruit. Their living quarters are such comfortable affairs, mere shacks of iron and thatched. They can live so cheap and increase so rapidly that the Europeans are becoming very concerned as to the future. One place the Hindu temple is in ruins as the result of a great flood. The houses built on very low, swampy country, are broken into and as we passed it in the train. I thought what a picture! How it typifies the powerlessness of their gods.

Durban is a lovely city. Beautifully situated on a hill and at its foot is Port Natal. Here the ocean steamers from every quarter of the globe call. The dredgers are continually at work keeping the shipping channel and bar clear of sand.

The streets are well lined with wide spreading trees and it has many fine buildings. In its large stores everything obtainable may be bought. It has a good market where all eatables are sold in the stalls and by auction. Here in the early morning housewives come to buy supplies, as it is more economical than to buy from the coolies who purchase by the ton here and sell it at the houses.

There is a beautiful public library and a museum filled with both common and rare specimens, and the art gallery well worth the time spent to see it.

A huge floating dock can repair any vessel and is of great service. Natal has plenty of coal so ships can

coal or even take a cargo of it if they wish.

Great attractions of all kinds of amusements are found at the beach and various appliances for bathing, swimming, etc. As there are very dangerous currents along this coast and a tremendous backwash an enclosure has been made by high iron-grill for safety's sake and this also keeps out the man-eating sharks which abound in these southern waters. Rickshaws and tram-cars take you anywhere you want to go, while trains leave here for down coast, up coast and up inland. I was much impressed with the increased number of autos, hundreds of them in the streets.

It almost seemed, as one gazed at the well dressed people who filled the streets that Durban had no poor, but abounded in rich people, for most of the women were dressed in silks or other expensive materials. But there are many who hardly know how to live. Everywhere one goes one finds weary, aching hearts, and while there may not be many grand sermons to preach there always are opportunities to speak "a word in season to him who is weary."

After a month we returned home to find God had given much blessing on the station during our absence, and all were glad to see us again and we are glad to be back and take up again our part of the work.

Lovingly yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

#### A GRAND METHOD OF APPREHENDING THE MEANING OF SCRIPTURE

We once heard Bishop Mallalieu give his experience. He said in a sermon, "Do any of you know what it is to go away by yourself, and kneel in prayer and put your finger on that passage in Matthew 3:2, "He shall baptize me with the Holy Ghost," and say, O Lord, I do not know what that passage means but I want to know?" Well, I do. I went up into the attic and knelt by the cradle in which mother had rocked all her children and asked God to show me what that verse means and he showed me."

This is the very best way to know what those passages of scripture mean that refer to experience. Thousands have found out more by this means than by a lifetime of study of the commentaries, as good as the commentaries are. If there were more of this kind of kneology there would be less crookedness in the theology of the day. There would be less Higher Destructive Criticism and less spiritual dearth. Kneology is a wonderful help to theology. What a pity that when He who inspired the Bible is always at hand and ready to guide us into all truth, that we should consult Him so little concerning the very words that He has inspired!—Christian Witness.

When the Holy Spirit generates within your gracious, glad happiness that seems "too good to keep" (maybe almost uncontrollable) the voice intonations, the facial expressions, and other movements have such genuine marks of being sky-born that even sinners discern the superhuman presence of Divinity and are stricken with conviction.—J. A. Harris in Christian Witness.