

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland M. S.,  
Natal, So. Africa

Dear Friends:

The blessing of God, as loosened out in answer to your constant prayer for us has continued to attend our pathway. We have had two wonderful months in this land of His call. We lived for these months under the old parental roof, and oh, it is so good to be home again and gather round the family altar once more and enjoy the sweet fellowship in Him which is ours. It has been very, very sweet, and blessed to our souls and made us strong for the parting and the loneliness and the new heavy burdens and problems.

It has been so beautiful to see how each one has grown in grace during the three years we have been parted. They have been the hardest years of their lives, but God has carried them through and brought them out mellow, sweet and humble, more dead to all else and more alive in Him. I thought to find Father and Mother worn and growing old. You will see for yourself how God has restored not only soul, but body as well. They are both far more fit than when I left. Their deepened soul experience has blessed me over and over again in our correspondence while I was away. How those dear home letters strengthened my soul! But to be with them and commune heart with heart reveals depths undreamed—oh, how I do thank God for my father and mother, and what He has done for and through them both for me and for others!

The rich experience of these precious brothers and sisters of mine is blessed to see. What a heavenly atmosphere there is in this home. Once more: Thank God! This time for my precious brothers and sisters whom He has so used and blessed here. I tell you I feel rich with a heritage like this.

Now they have gone. We rejoice in the assurance that He has planned this for them and are so very glad for all the sweet experiences which await them with you, dear homeland friends. How good God is to plan it all for them, and we just know they are going to be a big blessing to you, and you to them. Were it not for the knowledge that this is all in His plan, we might be tempted to fear as we look on the great work which they have left to our limited forces. There is such a tremendous need and opportunity, and our capacity seems so small. But "If God delight in us, we are well able." Praise His matchless Name!

We knew that the twenty years of their lives outpoured among these people had caused them to become very dear to them, but this parting has certainly been a revelation of a regard and affection so far reaching, and including so many unexpected ones that it has amazed us all. I thank God for this testimony of what His love can do in a benighted heathen community.

The natives are glad to welcome their "Nkosana" back. Paul and Ruth grew up among them and can reach them from an angle that an incoming missionary can never get. They have four lovely, healthy children. We trust, if Jesus tarries, to see them as third generation missionaries.

The Sterritt Sisters came over for the farewell Sunday and stopped with us till Thursday morning. Even then we were loth to see them go. We meet so seldom and are always so busy.

We are moved up into our little new home

now. Jesus has been invited to live with us here, and we have had such sweet, sweet evidence of His presence. Our constant prayer is that we may so walk and live that every one who comes here may somehow sense His presence. Oh, He has so richly blessed us in every way. Not the least of His blessings is our little treasure, "Maryelle," whom we trust will also be a third generation Missionary (or a fourth generation Holiness preacher).

We are so very glad that George is with us. He volunteered to stay for the work's sake, and it certainly will mean much. He and my husband make a splendid team (for George has the language well besides a deep insight into native custom and character). They have sweet fellowship together and already have had quite a number of joint experiences.

George has an unusual place in the hearts of these people as he has been—and continues to be—a sort of "Joseph" to them. Father has written and may tell you of this side of the work.

In a recent "watch-service" (it might be called) George gave a burning, glowing testimony to his consecration, his call and an experience of holiness which throbs and thrills with power. He certainly has received his pentecost, and we witness to an anointing and unction which cannot but make others hungry. Again, thank God, oh, thank God! You have, in George, a young man of rare devotion, sweetness of spirit and power with God and with man, and we are looking for more in the future from him.

Today Paul and Daniel are with the Sterritt Sisters at Entungwini (across the Pongola) for communion Sunday. You will doubtless hear from them.

Daily our prayer is with you. May God give you a great Camp Meeting at Beulah this year, even better than He gave you last—and that was said to be the bet for 20 years.

Remember we need your prayers as we never have needed them before.

With love in Him, yours to preach and live holiness here in Africa.

MRS. D. M. MacDONALD

Off St. Helena,

S. S. Arundel,

May 21st, 1929

Beloved:

We are so far from land that not a trace of it can be seen and birds no longer follow us.

Our boat is very large, comfortable and steady. We have comfortable quarters and plenty of good food, well cooked and served, and we are well pleased with third class.

Beautiful opportunities of speaking "a word in season to him that is weary" or of comforting the sorrowing soul.

There is much worldliness, trifling and carelessness among the young people, and one is astonished that smoking mothers cannot see the bad example they are setting their own children.

We have met some fine people and getting acquainted with other labourers in the Master's Vineyard. Quite a group of Salvation Army folks, and Mr. F. Penn of the Nazarenes, is also travelling to America with his family.

The old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together," seems true here.

Sundays, so far, we have held a real good gospel service, and last Sunday it was on deck. Very noticeable how few attend such services, but we trust some are helped. Here are a few instances of opportunities: A newly

made widow has sold her home at a sacrifice, going to England to live a new, sad, lonely life. Perhaps some words of God's may give her comfort and cheer. A man with his wife—she has had a stroke twice and has thus far recovered that she can walk haltingly, with help. Her husband told me this morning he believes she has been raised up in answer to believing prayer; and there are others.

May 29th: Just passed the Canary Islands. It was fine to have a view of land again. But the ocean is glorious. Such a picture of God's power, whether calm or in a storm. How frail is man! What a speck this great ship is as she rushes across its bosom! Then its measurelessness and its depth are a picture of God's love. "Boundless as the ocean" as "Deep as the sea."

We all have enjoyed every day as no one of our party has been sick save a touch of a cold.

We still find opportunities to speak for Jesus, and the last Sunday there were two services: One for children, about 25 present. They listened well, hearts were touched, and I feel, an impression was made on these young lives that, to some, will be lasting. Judson and Miriam spoke in this. The evening service was the best yet held.

The Salvationists and your missionaries had a chance to speak of real definite, know so experiences. Conviction was on hearts and some day we may learn of the results.

Sailors, stewards, stewardesses, fellow passengers each and all, as we have opportunity, we speak words of comfort, help or warning, as the case may be and leave the rest with Him whose care for each soul is wonderful.

On Monday, June 3rd, we hope to be in England, but from that date I cannot tell until we reach there as to what our next move will be.

We are happy in Jesus, conscious of His presence, burdened for the souls of the careless ones around us, and looking up to Him to prepare us to be of use to Him in the homeland.

We are much in prayer for our work we have left behind as we are well aware the Devil hates it as he does all efforts put forth to lift the heathen up out of their degradation and to teach them how to live holy lives. But "with God all things are possible."

Yours in Jesus,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS

## A POEM BY PASTOR HSI

Translated from the Chinese by F. L. F.  
When Thou wouldst pour the Living Stream  
Then I would be the earthen cup,  
Filled to the brim and sparkling clear.  
The Fountain Thou and Living Spring  
Flow Thou thru me, the vessel weak,  
That thirsty souls may taste Thy grace.

When Thou wouldst warn the people, Lord,  
Then I would be the golden bell,  
Swung high athwart the lofty tower  
Morning and evening sounding loud;  
That young and old may wake from sleep  
Yea, e'en the deaf hear that strong sound.

When Thou wouldst light the darkness, Lord,  
Then I would be the silver lamp,  
Whose oil supply can never fail.  
Placed high to shed the beams afar,  
That darkness may be turned to light,  
And men and women see Thy face.

—From Call to Prayer