

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

S.S. Calgary,
April 13, 1937.

Dear Friends:

I hope to mail this letter at Freetown, S. W. Africa, tonight or tomorrow.

It is about 80 degrees in the shade on the cooler side of the boat. Light clouds are over the sky yet the heat is quite easily felt. The sea is the calmest we have had since leaving. St. John two weeks ago tomorrow. There was a sort of hazy atmosphere last evening, so dense was it that the slowly sinking sun faded from view behind this before it had reached the horizon.

I feel sure we shall never forget the kindness of the many friends who helped us complete our preparation for leaving. We have much appreciated the efficient service which your committee has rendered in getting together the needed items, and making the necessary arrangements for our going to Africa. Also I must say we truly enjoyed the Missionary Convention held in Saint John, and the kindness shown us in the home of Brother and Sister H. S. Mullen while there.

We are thoroughly enjoying our voyage and keenly appreciate God's blessing that, "maketh rich and He addeth no sorrow with it." We find ourselves in very congenial circumstances.

With gratitude I lift my heart in appreciation to the Giver of "every good and perfect gift," and trust Him to lead all His "bond-servants" on to victory in every battle.

Yours on the way to the Harvest Field,
CHARLES D. SANDERS

Durban,
March 29, 1937

Dear Praying Friends:

"I sat under His shadow with great delight and His fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting house and His banner over me was love."—Songs of Solomon 2:3-4.

I long to be able to tell forth the reality of this experience. His love and His nearness and His dearness are so wonderful, and so sweet. I have found the words of the Psalmist so true, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy and at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." Ps. 16:11—right here.

Forty-five days He kept me there, in Addington Hospital, I came out on Thursday, March 25th. Each day had its experience of pain, and some hours every breath was just a prayer for grace—but each day held fresh revelations of Himself, His will, the marvels of His grace and love, and the perfect peace, rest, and overweights of joy which He gave. It was worth every minute of pain and loneliness and suspense. He just put these things where they either could not hurt or did not matter. I pray that in this new chapter of my life as I turn to home and duties and opportunities, He may enable me to "cash in" on the wealth of this new possession so others may also share the treasure. Oh I want to go deeper with Him. He has taught me a deeper love and abandonment to His will, and love to Himself.

Friends have been extremely kind, and He has given me many new friends too. Lots of visitors brought us fruit, flowers, books and thoughtful little comforts, and many of His children united their prayers on our behalf—some perfect strangers yet hearing of our need, prayed earnestly for us. It is wonderful to belong to the family of God and to meet dear brothers and sisters—meet perhaps for the first time but find a bond so close one feels as if we had known each other all our lives. We have had very sweet fellowship with some.

The great joy of being led "to hearts prepared" continued until the operation taking place on the 2nd kept me in bed. To that date He had given fifteen and a number of "prospects."

I will tell you of one case. A woman near my own age lay in the bed next mine. She had serious heart trouble and was in great distress. I visited her in the afternoon, and asking of her spiritual welfare found her a worldly woman whose "hope" was, "It is written in the Bible that if you are sincere, it does not matter what you believe." I gently protested, giving her a few scriptures upholding Christ as our only hope, and left her. Her distress increased, and that evening as she tossed and moaned I heard her say, "Oh I suppose I must die!" My heart was deeply touched and I went to her again, dealt faithfully with her of repentance and surrender and found her wonderfully ready to take her place as a needy sinner—she soon found Jesus and He spoke peace to her poor troubled heart. Her cry was "Oh I have wandered so far from God!" She fell into a natural sleep and from that moment took a turn for the better. A minister who had evidently known her case well told me lately, "I never saw a woman so changed. She had been so hopeless and gloomy. She would say, 'Oh I know the gospel, but it can't help me—I know I am going to hell,' but now she has real joy and great peace, and is much better."

The Lord gave me another very sweet and humbling joy after I got up again—(I had just 2 days up before leaving). A white-haired lady with a broken wrist beckoned to me as I passed her bed, and requesting a slight service, unveiled an empty hungry heart yearning for the comfort and peace which she could see He had given me. She spoke of "one day" when going to a service where she heard a "great healer" speak, she had felt a great peace and joy steal into her heart and ever since had looked back to "that one wonderful day" in her life.

She also referred to a time of great sorrow when it had been her joy just to shut herself in her little room at the close of the day and read her Bible and she "would find little bits which gave her great comfort." She sighed, "but oh my life has been so empty and useless. I have longed to be able to do things to help people, but never seemed to know how." Through the Word she, too, was led to the foot of the cross, and confessing her need found peace and pardon. Looking up with great tears in her beautiful eyes, she said, "Ah this is the most wonderful day of my life!" The next morning she exclaimed "Oh I am a new creature!"

A fine evangelical young minister lives near and is interested in her case. I believe he will help lead her deeper—he is a holiness man—and in his live church find useful service. Her husband and son came to see her and she testified to them and called me over and I had the privilege of witnessing to them. Though probably far from surrender they listened very tenderly. Ah for fire-touched lips to tell forth His amazing love!

I am at "Concord," the Missionary Home in Durban now, and my husband writes that he trusts to come down with the children to take me home in another week or so. God has a number of His dear children here and we have sweet fellowship.

Oh friends! There are so many aching, hungry hearts around us, and Jesus longs to meet their need if only He can find empty channels— hearts responsive to the Spirit's voice. If we carry around a good sample of His joy and peace and love it just makes them hungry for Him.

Thank you all for your love and prayers, dear

Homeland friends! thoughts of you are never long absent from our hearts, and you are very precious to our hearts. Your love we count as a great heritage.

The surgeon seemed satisfied that all is well, and assures me now that I am on the road to strength and health. I want to be just where He can use me best.

With a heart full of love and gratitude,
Yours for all His will,

FAITH MacDONALD

Hartland M. S.,

To the Highway Family, April 3, 1937.

Dear Friends: Just a short letter to-day. We have been exceedingly busy and short-handed, Faith in hospital in Durban, Miss Helen in hospital in Johannesburg for some weeks; yet we thank the Lord both are better, Miss Helen at home and Faith out of hospital and soon to be home D. V.

We have had a fine quarterly meeting, fairly well attended, but owing to rivers being in flood many who desired to come were held up. Some who were to be baptized were prevented by the rivers.

The spirit of the workers show a revival in Bible study and general aggressive evangelistic effort. The spirit of unity and devotion is very gratifying. We had a nice baptism service and reception of members, also one promising young man set up as an evangelist.

The general outlook of the work was never brighter since we came here, some splendid young preachers coming along, the older ones going deeper in God and while there have been a few we were compelled to drop from time to time, not any more than would drop out of the church in the Homeland in the same manner and time.

We have seen growth and do see it now and are believing for victory. I wish to thank you for all you have done for us during these years and especially for help sent for hospital and other expenses. We covet your continued prayers for us and this work that God may be glorified in us and this branch of His church built up.

Now may He bless you all in the Homeland and continue to prosper His work there is my sincere wish.

D. M. MacDONALD

FROM MY THOUGHTS

Ernest R. Zehr

A man who picks up a rifle to shoot at a mark takes careful aim and tries to hit the very centre of the mark every time. Even though he takes careful aim, he sometimes misses the mark. What would be the result if he would take no aim at all, or how many times would he make a perfect shot if he did not aim at the exact center each time?

Every one who calls himself a Christian ought to aim at Christian perfection. He should have a standard no less than holiness of heart and life. How often even with a standard, and after endeavoring to be holy he is found to miss the mark.

If men contend for a standard less than holiness, or are holiness fighters, what can the result be but complete failure?

"If the righteous scarcely be saved where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" (I. Peter 4:18).

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3:14). What is this calling? "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." (I. Thess. 4:7). Keep your eye on the mark.