

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

"Glenvar," Kenilworth,
Cape Town, Feb. 13, 1943

Dear Highway Friends:

South African greetings in the name of our captain and victorious Leader Emanuel. He is expecting each one of His followers to be victors by following in His footsteps, by His power, daily. May each of us prove to the world His keeping power, and be a witness wherever He may see fit to call us this new year, is my prayer for each of His children.

For the blessings at Beulah of His Holy Spirit, and the conviction He brought upon people, showing them of their need, and His willingness to meet their need, we join in praising Emanuel. We are expecting to hear of still greater blessings from "Riverside."

Yesterday I returned from Hartland, where my assistance gave Grace Sanders an opportunity to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hambrook, of Makateeskop, and bid them Godspeed on their mission to Pretoria. Their call is to help open a Training Home for native evangelists. So far the African Evangelistic Band had worked mostly amongst the Europeans, but the Lord is leading them to work amongst the natives of South Africa also. Brother Hambrook is the German farmer, with whom I stayed for a year, when working in our western section of the Missionfield, near our worker Alfred Metula's home.

The A. E. B. teach the need of Salvation, to receiving the Holy Spirit, and the Christian walk thereafter, very similarly to our own teaching. The blessing of God is upon their work, and it is wonderful how fast their work is expanding.

In my last letter I spoke of the four Sunday Schools at Altona, and asked for your prayerful support. Also that the Lord directed me to move to Makateeskop and stay with Brother Hambrook. Well, since my coming here the Lord has helped in the starting of two more S. S. Schools. At present they do not look very promising, but we do not depend upon what can be seen only, but by "faith." We claim the victory.

A third we started, with the help of our Hartland trained teacher, Ethel Mtetwa, a few months before I came to stay. There are twenty on the roll and a fair chance to grow. May this also have the support of your prayers.

This letter got sidetracked, but I feel you need its information, as it also needs your prayerful support. Now so as not to get this letter too long, I will write next time about, and from my new address.

Yours in His Service

Hartland M. S.,
Feb. 25th, 1943

Dear Friends:

Another Quarterly, at Hartland, has come and gone. How interesting it would have been to have had some of you in Canada and the United States here with us.

The Quarterly had been well announced, and we were happily surprised to have some of our members present who have not been to Quarterly for some time. Most of our preachers and Bible women were present. Two of our preachers were detained by illness, one of them being in our local native hospital. Brother Kierstead arrived from Altona by car, bringing two of our Bible women from there. We missed George from our midst; as you likely know, he is near Cape

Town taking a special course in the A. E. B. Bible Training Home.

The problem of food and sleeping quarters was solved as the need presented itself. The food I had prepared was supplemented by green corn and several kinds of ready cooked foods that nearby native friends brought. The recent dry spell has done some damage to the local crops. I was rather touched to learn of one of our Christian women who had gone a second time into her own garden and from it had brought us a second lot of corn for the lunches that the returning visitors would need. This woman is not very strong and no doubt has but little food for her own needs: but she gave gladly to help supply the need of our quarterly friends.

It has made much less work for the local missionary since we have two committees appointed for each quarterly: a devotional committee and a committee to attend to food and sleeping quarters, etc. Both these matters used to be the burden of the Missionary; now these willing and capable native helpers carry it for us, with a little supervision. As usual I had engaged Joana Zikalala to do the cooking for the quarterly; she is one of our local women who seems to fit in very well.

As usual, we had quite a lot of church matters to attend to in our business meetings. We are slowly becoming more business-like in these business meetings. Several church members had to be set aside, some to be brought back into fellowship; two were baptized, and later taken into membership; and three babies were presented. During our Saturday night business meeting God gave us a lovely rain, over three-quarters of an inch fell before morning. We were filled with praise to God for this temporal blessing, and stopped the business long enough to get down on our knees and give thanks. The rain was much needed, and some of us had felt that God would send it during our quarterly.

I found blessing in all the services I attended, particularly in the Sunday afternoon meeting. God gave me special blessing and liberty and hearts seemed to be moved, as we pointed sin-bound souls to the One that is Mighty to deliver and able to keep. Many responded to the invitation to come forward for prayer. Sinners still come to Him when they can really see Him.

This altar call came in about the middle of our afternoon meeting, but it seemed to be the right place for it. The prayers seemed to be earnest and I trust that men and women opened their hearts and let God help them. We did not have time to listen to many testimonies, in fact only two persons testified, and that by special request. One was a member from the Obivane section who is practically blind. She so greatly desired to attend the Quarterly that she walked eight or ten miles or more to get here, and so far as I learned, she came alone. She praised God for her safe journey here, rejoiced in the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. This woman is one of our "Majoini" or assistant workers. The second one to speak was Joseph Simelane, who is one of our preachers living in the same area as the blind woman. He is a young man who has passed through many trials, finally having to move from his old home. It seems that since this move he has found life more pleasant and seems to be doing well spiritually. I trust that he will be active where he now lives, and help to bring souls to the Master. So we can say that it was a good meeting, but can not say

as to just who was helped or saved. Any thing definite that may have happened will likely be heard of later.

Keep praying, friends; our God is the Mighty One.

Yours happy in Him,

C. D. M. SANDERS

CORRESPONDENCE

Westchester, N. S.

Dear Highway:

Another quarter of our church year has passed since I last reported. During that time I have conducted three campaigns. Two of these have been reported by the pastor.

My first meeting was with Rev. H. S. Wilson and his loyal church at Jonesport, Me. It was a double delight to be in Jonesport. First it was a delight to again labor where I had tried to do evangelistic work when I was in the early days of my ministry. At that time Brother Dunlop was pastor and I tried to do the work of an evangelist. They considered that we were boys then (and we were). God blessed our humble efforts then. One of the faithful ones dated her experiences back to that first meeting. Second, it was certainly a delight to work with Brother Wilson, who had teamed up with me once before in another place when he was the evangelist and I was the pastor. Brother Wilson and his daughter gave me the best of care and treated me as though I were a member of the family. I enjoyed my stay. The church and pastor saw to it that my expenses were met and then they gave me a liberal love offering which went to my wife. We witnessed some victory, but not what we longed for. I could not drop the burden of the Jonesport meeting until one week after we closed. Possibly we stopped too soon. Those things we have to leave with God. God bless Brother Wilson and his loyal band.

Between the Jonesport and Black's Harbour meetings I spent one week at my home with my parents. On Feb. 14th I spoke to a fine appreciative congregation in the R. B. Church at Meductic, N. B. On Feb. 16th I left home for my next meeting. This proved to be the last time I saw my dear mother alive. She stood in the dining room window and waved her last "good-bye." There will be no good-bye in heaven! Amen!

From Feb. 17th to March 14th I was engaged in a campaign at Black's Harbour. I was a stranger to the people of Black's Harbour, but was not a stranger to the pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Mullen. It was while they were pastoring the Meductic Circuit that I entered "the Canaan Land" experience. They still call me their boy, but sat and listened to me like they would listen to a nationally known evangelist. This was my second meeting with Brother and Sister Mullen. The other meeting was in Saint John about six years ago. The factories were running full force. The people did well to attend service and to carry any burden when they were working so hard. Some longed for more time and strength so they could pray more and carry greater soul burden. Some souls got to God. His blessing rested upon us. I certainly enjoyed working with Brother and Sister Mullen and their fine people at Black's Harbour. I was kindly cared for in the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Cameron. I could not have been used any better if I had been a prince.

On the evening of my closing day at