

What an interesting case! Who will join with me in asking God for this dear soul, hungry for God? The heathen all over this land are much like those we met yesterday. Several today at my door I found just the same. One I saw first twenty years ago, still a heathen, but today she told me she wants Jesus. How my heart rejoiced! It must be more than a hundred times we have talked to her about her soul and always some excuse, but today her heart is tender.

Who would not be in this work for God in some way, go or give or pray? All are needed.

Yours in Him,

MRS. H. C. SANDERS.

HARTLAND, P. O.,

PAULPIETERSBURG,

NATAL, SO. AF.,

August 27, 1923.

Dear Homeland Friends:

I am sure it is two months since I wrote of our expected trip to the Nazarene Assembly and Camp Meeting in Swaziland. I know you will be interested to hear that we really got there and how much we enjoyed it all.

On Monday, July 9th, our German neighbor drove Helen and me, and George took Faith to the station. The drive to Paulpietersburg in the early morning was delightful. We boarded the train at noon and we were a happy trio. It was a beautiful afternoon and we enjoyed the new country through which we passed—our first glimpse of the Transvaal.

At 10.00 p. m. we reached Mashaadadorp, where it was necessary to stay all night in a small hotel. We were called at 5.00 a. m. to catch the train from Johannesburg, which arrived at 6.00. It was another beautiful day and we just praised the Lord for the delightful scenery all anough the way. Mountains in the distance, the railroad winding in and out among the hills, in some places rocky cliffs overhanging us; pretty water scenes, and in one place a wonderful waterfall; all combined to make the trip most enjoyable. We passed acres and acres of orange, paw-paw, lemon and nartje farms, and they were a lovely sight.

Though the beauty of Africa is very different from the dear homeland, we certainly enjoy the wonderful works of God in the grandeur of creation. It is most inspiring, and we do praise Him for what He has privileged us to enjoy. The more we see of our adopted land the more we love it and its people. It is good to feel at home in Africa. Praise the Lord!

At 11.30 we arrived at Hectorspruit, a small country place, where Rev. Smelzenbach, Superintendent of the Nazarene Missions, was awaiting us, and Revs. Penn and Lehman with a mule team. A sixty-mile ride through the Transvaal and into Swaziland lay before us. Hectorspruit is quite near the Big Game Reservation, and we were told that the roaring of a lion was heard the night before. A large party of huntsmen got off the train that day.

We were placed comfortably on the loaded wagon and started on our journey into the bush veldt, or low land, at one o'clock. The country was very interesting, and quite different, for we were now in the plains. This is the great fever section and at certain times of the year unfit for the people to live here at all. Many of the natives die yearly of malaria. This was the healthiest time of the year.

We outspanned toward evening, ate supper around a camp fire and slept on the wagon under a canvas top. The men slept on the grass and are quite used to roughing it in this way. It

was a picturesque spot near a very pretty river, or what we would call a large brook in the homeland. We certainly passed some charming spots, for we crossed quite a number of these rivers and each one was very restful and attractive, for the roads were dusty and the days very hot. We travelled all next day, stopping for food at midday near another lovely river, and camped for the night long after the sun had set. We were very thankful for plenty of blankets, which were provided for us, for though the days were very hot the nights were as extremely cold.

This was our third day and Misses Cole and Lovelace met us, having walked fifteen miles to give us a hearty welcome and enjoy the remainder of the journey with us.

We reached the mission station at sunset and were warmly received and made to feel perfectly at home. Mr. West and Miss Pelly, a graduate nurse, have charge of a good-sized and well-equipped native hospital here, and Miss Lovelace was in charge of the pastoral work. Several other missionaries were here waiting transport to Peniel Mission, where the meeting was to be, and next day we started in an ox wagon over some of Swaziland's great mountains. It was an all-day journey, and just at sunset we arrived at this truly beautiful place, where the missionaries were all gathered for their yearly meeting. We were very glad to meet again some of the friends we had known in America. The evening was spent in songs of praise and a season of prayer.

Next day, Saturday, July 14, was appointed for prayer and it was indeed a time of gracious refreshing from the presence of the Lord. No one could doubt the Divine Presence in our midst, and all were blest.

Faith was asked to preach to the natives on Sunday morning. She was the only one present who could naturally speak the language. All others had acquired their knowledge of Zulu by hard study. Mr. Smelzenbach has been in Africa sixteen years without furlough and speaks the language as well as a native, Faith says. He is surely a devoted missionary and greatly respected and loved by them all, and was a wonderful inspiration to us. They have six young children who of course are growing up in the knowledge of Zulu like the children here.

The afternoon service was native, also, and in the evening we had our first white service. The Lord's presence was greatly felt in all three services.

Monday the Assembly or Alliance Meeting began. We were granted the privilege of attending all the business sessions and liberty to take part in any discussion if we so desired. These business meetings were very helpful and instructive, as well as a source of spiritual comfort and strength, and the evenings were times of great blessing by the preaching of the Word. A different speaker had charge each night and it seemed good to be in so many white services again. It was especially lovely for Faith, who has not enjoyed these privileges for so many years. A devotional service was also held each morning and afternoon, before the opening of the business sessions, which were times of refreshing.

The Assembly closed Friday night, and then the natives began to gather from the different outposts for the Camp Meeting, which opened Saturday night. All day they were arriving in companies, each company in charge of the native evangelist, and by sunset the place was filled to overflowing with these dark-skinned people who were looking forward to a spiritual feast just like we do at home when Beulah time arrives.

More than 500 were present on Sunday. There were three preaching services daily, and seekers at the close of every service. We truly enjoyed it as we do camp meetings at home, though of course we did not understand all that was said by any means. But it was good to get some of it and feel the presence of God and His blessing attending the Word. It also helped to increase our understanding of Zulu speech and we feel the benefit of it since our return. It was encouraging to meet others who were "still learning," as the natives say. Faith preached again during the camp meeting. Everyone was very pleased to meet a missionary who had grown up in the country. The natives called her a "child of the people"—"umntwana wabantu." There were forty natives baptized one afternoon. They only baptize once during the year, and that is at Assembly time. We walked a mile or more to the pond where this ordinance was performed. It was a pretty spot under a big hill, but the water is a great contrast to the clear, sparkling waters of the St. John river.

Communion service was held early Thursday morning, and at noon the people were saying good-bye and leaving for their homes, many of them far, far away.

There were natives and missionaries from Johannesburg, Sabie, Gazaland (which is in Portuguese East Africa) and different places in Swaziland. Twenty-three missionaries in all, counting ourselves, so you see it was really a very interesting event in our lives, and we praise the Lord for it all. We were freely entertained and given a cordial invitation to come back again next year. But as it is to be held in Sabie and much easier to get there, perhaps Dr. and Mrs. Sanders will be able to go. It has been so many years since they have been in camp meeting.

Our return trip to Hectorspruit was very enjoyable. There were other missionaries returning also and we truly enjoyed their fellowship. The last day was spent in each one telling his call to the mission field, and it was truly interesting. God is so good to lead His children so clearly that we cannot doubt His leadings and each one knows he is where God placed him. We feel that it has been a great spiritual uplift to attend these beautiful meetings and meet other laborers in this great field, and to see what God has done for the heathen in Swaziland. Truly it was an inspiring sight to see so many native Christians.

We arrived home August 4th, feeling much refreshed in body and soul, thanking God that He has placed us in a little corner of His vineyard. We do feel greatly encouraged in the Lord.

Helen and Faith expect to write very soon, so I shall close now and leave the rest for them to tell you. The Lord is surely helping and blessing, and we pray that through faith in God we shall see victory.

We have received the news of Beulah through "The Highway" and we do appreciate tidings from the homeland. Let us pray for one another.

Yours in Christian love,

ALICE F. STERRITT.

HARTLAND, P. O.,

PAULPIETERSBURG,

NATAL, SO. AF.,

Aug. 29th, 1923.

Dear Highway Friends:

As Alice and Faith have been telling you about our trip to Swaziland, I will write you a little about Balmoral Station. We have all been

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