

## MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Balmoral Mission Station,  
Hartland P. O., Paulpietersburg,  
Natal, So. Africa, Sept. 1, 1923.

Dear Friends:

This time last month the Sterritt Sisters and I with five of the Nazarene Lady Missionaries were on the long waggon journey from Peniel Mission Station, Swaziland, to Hector Spruit, Transvaal, where we took the train back to Natal, having spent the most blessed and enjoyable holiday we have ever known in Africa. The nearest to a trip to Beulah of any thing this side the ocean.

The journey was through many changes of country, each seeming more beautiful than the last. After the long flats of the Transvaal "highveldt," our train passed for many miles through broken country of wondrous beauty—tree clad hills, rocky cliffs, winding rivers, tunnels and bridges, great citrus plantations, with the trees hanging full of golden oranges. The "low-veldt" or bush veldt through which we passed on the 70 mile track by mule team and ox waggon, was like a great park. Stately trees and golden meadows stretched away to the purple distances where rugged mountains girt the horizon. Many beautiful little rivers reflected in their cool depths their tree grown, fern covered banks. Sleeping under the stars, eating by the camp fires, the long dusty miles shortened by sweet communion—one anyway was almost sorry to have the journey end so soon.

Those dear people treated us just like our own sisters, and made us feel "one of them." The two who spent last July here with the Sterritt Sisters, walked 16 miles (spending a night on the way) to meet us. We spent the last night of our journey at the "Camp M. S.," where they entertained us royally. A company of eight or more awaited us on the hillside as we neared our destination. Just at sunset, the ox waggon drew up under the towering gum trees and Mrs. Smelzenbach, the superintendent's wife, said, "Welcome to Peniel!" More than one felt the warm tears spring to their eyes at such a meeting and a greeting as there was there.

The next day, Saturday, was the first of their assembly and spent in prayer and fasting. The power and presence of God was manifest to all and every one blessed and refreshed in soul. Sunday morning and afternoon services were for the natives but in the evening was the first of six beautiful preaching services for the missionaries. It was wonderful how each new message just hit the spot of our soul's need and hunger. At the two daily sessions of the assembly we were given the freedom of the floor and made welcome. The half-hour devotional service with which each session opened was very sweet and the same spirit and blessing was carried into the business. It was very wonderful and we found much pleasure and profit in watching God lead this company out into His will and plans for the coming year.

The assembly closed Friday afternoon, and the next day the natives arrived for the camp meeting. It was a great sight to see each preacher come, bringing in

his little flock. The missionaries all crowded out to greet them as they came singing over the hills, carrying big cooking pots, sleeping mats and blankets. Some came from Johannesburg and Sabie, Transvaal; some from Gaza, Portuguese East Africa, but mostly from the neighboring parts of Swaziland, till, on Sunday over 600 gathered in the straw tabernacle in which they worshipped.

The three preaching services per day were marked with power and blessing, and at the close of nearly every one seekers came crowding to the altar, from 20 to 60 at every meeting. On Wednesday they had a baptismal service, over forty candidates who afterwards united with the church. Over a dozen little babies were presented to the Lord, and Thursday morning between two and three hundred partook of the Lord's Supper.

Mrs. M. B. Marshall, who was in the missionary training institute with papa and mamma, came back with us and spent two days, proving a great blessing to us all, but especially to papa and mamma, who found great pleasure in her fellowship and in going over old times.

I feel it is a great privilege for us to have met and fellowshiped with these noble consecrated missionaries who, counting not their lives dear unto themselves, are burning out for Jesus and for souls; many of them in fever country. We find our faith much quickened, our vision enlarged, and in our souls new strength for the battle. We feel that besides the physical benefit of a rest and change, we have much spiritual gain also, and came back the better fitted for soul winning right here.

The Lord answered prayer for those at home in the meantime, and made it up to them in His own way, seeing they could not all go.

We find much encouragement in the way He is blessing and answering prayer in this work here. It is clear that you are praying, and God is answering. Pray on dear friends. Souls are hungry and seeking God in their darkness. Pray that they may find Him.

Yours for Jesus' pleasure, and for souls,  
FAITH SANDERS.

Balmoral Mission Station,  
Paulpietersburg, Natal,  
So. Africa, Sept. 2, 1923.

Dear Highway:

'I am down and out' is what a man said to me yesterday in Paulpietersburg. He is a blacksmith by trade, has seen four years of the great war in Europe and travelled to many distant lands, gaining much experience and knowledge. Money too he earned but lost it all. You should have seen him prepare his breakfast in the blacksmith shop, where he chanced to get a few days employment. An old tin kettle served as tea-pot and was soon boiling amid the flames and smoke of the forge. Then a steak was brought on a piece of sheet iron and placed directly on the hot coals.

Next morning I had to return and see about repairing a broken carriage, the result of a fright my horse had two weeks ago when George had taken our visiting missionary friend, Mrs. Marshall, into

town. Fortunately no person was in the vehicle at the time. This morning steak was replaced by sausages, and the same resourceful process followed, including a big loaf of bread and the use of a good sized pocket knife.

Such men appeal to one's sympathies. Another wide awake, capable and hard working man in our town was "sold out" Saturday morning. For years I have been a friend to this man. Friday morning we were talking, and he was telling me how bad the world has become. How the rich oppress the poor, etc. Friday evening I called upon him and found him willing to listen, while I pointed him to the One who changeth not, and without whom "was not anything made that was made" (this while we looked at the glorious star-lit skies above us) the One who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. The next day he showed me a bill of the articles he had been able to buy back. His light waggon and two horses, a cow and two calves, etc. I had noticed how anxious and frightened his wife was when she was bidding for her cow, that gave the milk for their little family.

It was evident to him, I believe, that the unchanging Lord had helped him to the loan that had bought back the few necessities.

The poor, who know not God, are indeed to be pitied. And yet I saw unhappiness written plainly on the faces of the wealthy. There was the hotel man, casting the dice at his own bar, and winning or losing the small amounts that are put up for a past time. One who reads faces could see, True, life holds no real peace or lasting joy, but I mean to get what pleasure I can while I may and somehow, put up with the disagreeable things and fight it out to the end, hoping for nothing better." How I pity the rich, who know not God! They labour for that which "satisfieth not." Worldly success is theirs, but they are "not rich toward God." They know not that they are "poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked."

One person I met that I did not pity. She is a lone woman, doing missionary work in the town. Native school, six days in the week, every evening, school or meeting, and Sunday three services. She even lives alone, but for a native girl. And yet, so many look to her for help, truly she is a "pillar in the temple of God." European as well as natives come to her and find the comfort wherewith she is comforted of God." She seems one of the very few who have found the secret of usefulness and true joy.

I felt like remaining in town and going about from house to house, trying to persuade the discontented and unhappy ones to come to Jesus and find rest and satisfaction.

By Saturday afternoon my trap was repaired so I could drive home. For the first few miles I was frequently looking back for automobiles. When one quarter way home there was no need of such vigilance. When three-fourths the way, or fifteen miles, there was very little chance of seeing any European traveller, and I began to feel lonely, like I was going to the regions beyond civilization. And yet I knew a bright welcome awaited me at a place