

passed and we look forward to the report. We pray that it has been a gracious time of salvation and are eager to hear about it.

In a personal letter we receive word that our Brother Howe was called suddenly home and we await further particulars from the Highway. How you must miss the dear ones who are passing away. How well we remember his early ministry in the dear home church at Grey's Mills and the blessing of God that attended his labors. We look back on days of blessed and helpful fellowship and look forward to heavenly reunions, but our hearts do feel sad as we think of the vacant places in the home field. May the Lord comfort those that mourn.

We know it has been a blessing to have Faith with you and such a treat for her. We love to think of it, and every letter grows more interesting as she nears the shores of the dear homeland. We do praise the Lord for bringing it to pass. She is a faithful missionary indeed.

It is a beautiful morning and Helen and I are going out to the kraals. We praise the Lord that we are well and happy and free to go out to "sow the seed."

We received a cordial invitation to visit the Nazarene Assembly now in convention in Swaziland. It would have been a delight to meet them again, but it was not the Lord's will for us this year.

May God's blessing rest upon all your labors and ours in Africa.

Yours lovingly in His Service,
ALICE F. STERRITT.

CORRESPONDENCE

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one woman in condition to partake of communion and the work was in a very discouraging condition. For eight long months they stood alone in the face of great odds; now the tide is turning. During my stay a number offered themselves to the Lord.

While I was there my heart was stirred with the vision of great need and great possibilities. The field is large, the younger generation have grown up within the sound of the Gospel and are therefore more reachable than raw heathen. There have been long years of faithful sacrifice and labor—"sowing in tears"—and the harvest is sure. It seems to depend on Paul and Ruth today whether this mission station is to be held for God, or those souls left to perish without the Light. The S.A.G.M. is seriously thinking of abandoning the work there.

The mission station is situated on the brow of a hill which rises 2,000 feet above the flats which extend for miles towards the east where lies St. Lucia Lake. To the west are rolling mountains. The glorious view extends for miles on either side on a clear day giving a view of the ocean, the lake, the grand mountains and the lovely plain.

We had a sweet time of blessing and fellowship together, and before I left, the Rev. and Mrs. Hamilton, Secretary-General of the South African General Mission, on a tour of the S.A.G.M. mission stations paid us a short visit. They are grand old missionaries and their visit proved a great blessing and encouragement.

The S.A.G.M. is an interdenominational body; perhaps you remember papa and mamma worked for them for a year before the Lord led them to our present mission station. Paul and Ruth are still Reformed Baptists, and do not want to leave us. A couple more years may decide the question and I am sure you would be sorry should you lose them, for they are one of the finest little missionary couples you would wish to see. They know the Lord, they know His work, have a wonderful knowledge of the Zulus, the language and their customs. They have the Vision of the needs and possibilities, a burden and passion for souls and have already had considerable experience and success.

The Lord gave me His blessing on the 600 miles of the homeward journey, granting the privilege of ministering to a very sick woman and of leading a young girl to Christ. The last precious days at home soon passed. Sunday, May 8th, was our Covenant Sunday and also our farewell. Helen has described that service so beautifully in *The Highway* that I need add nothing further than to say that the Lord restrained our tears, according to His gracious promise to "lead us forth with joy." She has also told you of the ten who volunteered to carry our luggage to the train and stood weeping on the platform as the train steamed out. My brother George, who has just passed his twenty-first birthday, accompanied me on that journey and was a very great comfort to me in more ways than one. The hardest parting of all was to watch his young form fade in the distance as the boat moved away. I was very thankful that he was the only one there, as it is much easier to spring into the saddle and gallop away from our loved ones than to stand by the ship's rail and to watch them grow fainter and fainter.

In all the business and circumstances connected with this trip there were many remarkable and blessed providences which showed the Father's guide and care. Every need and comfort was supplied and I was not seasick once, and He caused me to "find favor in the eyes of all men," raising up many kind friends. On account of the strike in England, the ship was loaded with only one-sixtieth of her cargo capacity and therefore rode very high and rolled a great deal. Many of the passengers were sick all the way over. We coasted off the port of East London for four days waiting for the storm to abate enough to enable us to take on cargo, and finally had to leave without it. At Port Elizabeth a party of us went ashore and visited the Snake Park and Museum. In the Snake Park there are hundreds of specimens collected from all over South Africa and kept in little enclosures for the instruction and interest of the public who may thus recognize their deadly enemies. At Capetown our time was shortened on account of our delay at East London, but we went ashore twice and had a pleasant visit with Mr. Gale, the founder of Makowe Mission Station, and he was very pleased to hear all I could tell him of Paul and Ruth and the babies.

There were a number of passengers who joined us at this port, many of them earnest Christians with whom I had sweet fellowship. About a dozen of us gather-

ed around for Bible study on the deck every morning, and in the afternoon a few of us united in prayer in my little cabin. The trip continued very rough, and many of the passengers were simply prostrated with seasickness. We had been sailing about three weeks when we reached the beautiful Island of Madiera. A party of seven of us went ashore and rambled over the quaint old Portuguese city with its slippery cobbled streets, its queer old-world houses and picturesque inhabitants. We visited a wonderful old cathedral and one of their grand (?) shops with its marvelous hand embroidery done in the convents. We chartered a motor car and drove up a long winding road walled in on either side by stone-work hoary with age, and passed a long vista of scenery out of a story book—waving wheat fields, vineyards, wine-presses, towers, little thatched cottages, grand villas, white-washed farm houses, peasants in wooden shoes, sledges drawn by patient oxen—up and up to the sublime scenery unfolded in a panorama of indescribable beauty, and we could see our great ship tossing like a tiny toy in the bay below.

Leaving there at six o'clock that night, we saw Cape Verde next morning, a beautiful spot along the north coast of Africa, and sailing four days more we skirted the coasts of Spain and France and sighted the verdant shores of England June the seventh.

I was rather dreading the prospect of a lonely sojourn in a boarding-house and a friendless stay in the greatest city in the world, but in prayer the Lord reassured my heart and gave me great rest. Through the kindness of a passenger friend, I was provided with a home and kind companions for the five days of my stay there. I was conducted through the city by two Londoners and shown the notable buildings, streets and sights. As we threaded our way through the crowded traffic of the busiest thoroughfare in the world in perfect confidence and safety, I was once more made aware of the Angelic Presence. We visited Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Tate Art Gallery, St. Paul's Cathedral, etc., and saw many wonderful things, ancient and modern.

On Saturday, June 12th, these kind friends came to see me off on the Empress of Scotland for the final stage of this voyage. This ship was twice as big as the "Armada Castle" on which I travelled from South Africa, and the appointments and service were luxurious even in the second class. The Lord provided me with a cheerful motherly cabin companion, and ours was a case of love at first sight. Here, as on the last ship, He raised up friends on every side. A few of "His own" and others very needy, to whom He gave me the sweet privilege of ministering to their souls. One young man was brought to Christ. He told me that during the fourteen years he had been "knocking about the world" no one had ever spoken to him about his soul.

We reached Quebec at seven o'clock Sunday evening, June 19th, in expectation of having to manage my affairs, cross the river to Levis, and there wait in that lonely station till midnight alone, the Lord raised up a kind friend, whose as-

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