

CORRESPONDENCE

Havelock, Digby Co., N. S.

Dear Highway:

I have thought of sending a little report to you as to my whereabouts, but it has seemed hard for me to get to it, life is so full of things to do.

We were sorry to have to leave the camp before it was finished, but death called, so had to go. I understand there was a gracious climax, thank God.

Since last reporting in your columns I have had meetings with Brother Arthur Owens at Middle Southampton. We sure enjoyed working with our brother and his good wife once more. God gave us a gracious meeting, but we just got started when we had to quit and go elsewhere.

From there we went to Maple Ridge with Brother S. G. Hilyard, A. B. It was our first privilege of working with this brother, but we found him to be a true yoke-fellow and the more we were with him the more we thought of him. He is a humble, sweet-spirited young man, and God is blessing his labors. From Maple Ridge we went to another appointment on this same brother's field which was Lower Hainesville. We enjoyed ourselves much at both places and the Lord gave us souls at both places, but like so many revival campaigns they were altogether too short.

After the camp we went to Forest Glenn, started revival services but were only able to stay there for eight meetings, closing Friday night, having been asked to hold a tent meeting at Central Wood Harbour, where we are now at this writing. We want to report victory in the meetings. The devil is putting up a fight, but God is working, souls are finding their way to God through the smoke and cannon roar! Hallelujah!

We had baptism our second Sunday here, and another one the third. Souls are still coming and we don't know what will happen before we get through.

We are not under the board this year but we are still in the battle and are both on and under the promises of God and trusting Him in some way to supply our needs. The cattle on a thousand hills are his and the hills also, so we will go forward trusting Him. Don't forget we are open for evangelistic work. We had a good year last year but we want a better one this year. Anybody wanting our assistance, write us at the above address. Write now; don't wait till just a few days before you want to start your meetings and then I may be engaged elsewhere. God has called me to preach so He must have a place to keep me busy. So don't say, well, there is lots of time; I'll be able to get him alright, and put it off too long. My terms are do your best and I'll do mine. Don't say, it's hard times and we can't afford to have revival meetings. Souls need to be saved as well in hard times as they do in good times. Now is the time to put on revival meetings. Hard times are making people think, so let us help you win them to God.

Yours for full salvation with no side issues.

H. S. MULLEN

CAMP MEETINGS IN RHODESIA

Jessie Pfaff, '29

What the brush arbor camp meetings were to early Methodism in America, the grass arbor camp meetings are to our work in

Rhodesia. This Superintendent has had five of them, the last of which closed October 10th after a wonderful ten days. This description will be for the most part of the last one, but there is a similarity among them.

This camp is situated on a river in the native reserve. The tabernacle is on a rise above the river. It is roughly made of poles and long grass, but answered the purpose very nicely since it did not rain. The tabernacle is the center. On the right, the women and girls went for bathing and washing their clothes and on the left the men and boys. A small stream flows into the river near where they all take water for cooking and drinking. The trees, high rocks on the river bank and the very large space that could be used, insured perfect privacy. Across the river is a gorgeous skyline made of the different sizes and shapes of mountains. The river sang to us as did the birds—a wonderful place to rest and get close to nature and to God.

The "seats" were the long grass spread on the ground. The tabernacle could seat close together about twelve hundred but they often spilled over on the outside. Between two and three thousand people undoubtedly attended the services.

Everything was done "decently and in order," the ushers and "policemen" saw to that. Bells were rung, each one telling them what to do. This was reviewed so often that they understood and usually obeyed promptly. The quiet bell at night was not so well regarded as they wanted to sing after this and they sometimes had to be asked to pray quietly.

The daily program was: Sunrise prayer meeting which was attended by large crowds. Sometimes as many as a thousand at a sunrise prayer meeting! This was sometimes turned into a preaching service but they could not have too much of this to please them. Preaching at nine, two and seven. Prayer groups were organized which no doubt had much to do with the success of the meeting. The children were also divided into groups, boys and girls separately. Sometimes they were taken to the river and had their story song and prayer there. Sometimes they had games. The women had their groups and the young girls had theirs. I doubt if in any school in America there would have been more ready responses from those asked to lead. There were sometimes as many as four or five hundred young girls in attendance. The leaders were faithful and efficient. When they were right themselves, they worked as hard as they could to win others. I asked one girl who was praying and weeping, what was the matter and she answered, "I am praying for my friends over there. They are kneeling but not praying, only looking through their fingers."

The services were characterized by great conviction of sin and great joy at forgiveness. Several prayed through and received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Several services were a real Pentecost. One night, one of the missionaries remained on her knees for a little while after the sermon and when she looked up, five minutes or so later, such a sight as met her eyes. It was as if they were all electrified. A hundred or more people were on their feet rejoicing. All over the house and outside people were praying and others trying to help them. More confessions were made in ten days than the magistrate could have drawn out of them almost in that many

years. Stealing, adultery, witchcraft, houses-burning, jealousy, hatred, envy, lying, enough came out to make the heart sick. But in scores of cases, just as soon as the confession was made the face lighted up, and praises took the place of the penitent's prayer. When walking around one night, with a lantern, a young girl was found alone sobbing out in the dark, but usually somebody was watching and would go out to help such girls.

Some of the services were indescribable. While often there were some who were over-exercised by human emotion, this became less and less the case as the services went on. Sometimes there was a hilarious joy that we did not dare touch. At these times of joy, there were often scores weeping and writhing in agony of conviction for sin. We did not count them, but no doubt that there were several hundred blessed.

The above is the description of only one camp. Another one held this year was characterized by the confession of those who had gone to the witch doctor. There were so many charms handed in that a fire was made outside near the tabernacle and as one made his testimony he took his charm and put it on the fire. A great many thus publicly renounced witchcraft. One poor girl who had been living in sin, brought a lot of silk finery that she had earned by a bad life and asked that she might publicly burn this. She was well known and the people were much impressed with this way of publicly renouncing such a life.

Oh, you our friends in the home land, will you recall your missionaries when results like this may still be had with so little money? —Heart and Life.

A TRIBUTE AND A RENEWAL

There's a little journal printed,
And its columns are for God;
Not a thing has ever entered,
But must first pass 'neath the rod.
It has never called retreat,
Nor has it taken back a word,
Except some minute error,
That the printer may record.
All its articles are worthy
Of the scrutiny of a child;
Nothing there to cause a worry,
To the parents e'er was filed.
Sermons there that tell of Heaven,
And the way to find the Lord;
There's forgiveness for the sinner,
There is cleansing in the blood.
Yes, it sticks right to the Bible,
Tells of grace so full and free;
And no matter what's the trouble,
There's enough for you and me.
Yet, dear Highway, you the truest
Little paper ever had;
Every time you come to visit
At our home we are made glad.
May you have many years of service,
Better than the ones that's past,
Until all God's holy people
Are all gathered home at last;
Where we will not need your service,
For there are no trials there
So, dear Highway, please keep coming,
You are surely welcome here
Here is money for your passage,
For another year to come;
As we could not do without you
And your visits to our home.

—Alice M. Lewis