



NEWS FROM ERMELO

Dear Highway Friends,

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus.

We do appreciate your prayers for the various items in the Prayer Calendar. Let me tell you of how God has been answering your prayers for one of these items: Outpost "Ulundi", Swaziland

On Friday June 30 I picked up our two National Workers Aaron and Tulina Nsibanyoni, and one of our candidates for baptism, Juliya Dhlamini, who is now Mrs. Maseko. Juliya had her little family with her, so the Volkswagen was loaded. Leaving Breyten we first went to Mbabane, the capitol of Swaziland, to see the Resident Commissioner about recognition of the Reformed Baptist Church in Swaziland. As we drew near the border of Swaziland the country became more broken and hilly. Before reaching Mbabane we saw hills and mountains rising higher and higher on our left. Mbabane was nestled in a valley with hills around it, a rather scattered Town with the business and Government houses near its entrance from the North East. I was not able to see the Resident Commissioner, but saw the Secretary instead.

It was interesting to see the Native Market with a multitude of different items of interest; bead work, carved animals and carved platters, huge grass mats, the usual brooms and smaller mats, and small attractively coloured table mats made of sisal. Native spears and shields and knobkerries. On the other side were tables loaded with fruits and vegetables for sale. Finally I looked in at their store-room filled with items already mentioned, and many others. I was able to witness to a few of these Swazi people of the great salvation that our wonderful Saviour has provided.

Leaving Mbabane in the early afternoon we headed South West hoping to find our way to Ulundi. At first our road led down a valley winding snake-fashion, making many curves. Soon the great Usutu, Pine Forest began to show on the hills and valleys before us. Eventually we descended one of the steepest hills, and suddenly, before our wondering gaze, stood a huge pulp mill on the banks of the Usutu river. We took a few minutes to look at this colourful object, then crossed the Usutu and ascended the hill on the other side, and went astray for nearly 20 miles. Finally discovering our mistake we retreated, and again passed this Usutu factory and found our "Red Hill" branch-road; coming in, at last, to Ulundi after dark.

Saturday morning Aaron and I followed Paulosi Dhlamini, Juliya's father, to two Native Kraals where we were able to hold short services. At the second kraal a young woman was given permission by her husband to become a Christian, so she stood up and said "Ngiya iketa Inkosi." I choose the Lord. Arriving back at Paulosi's kraal we found that Tulina, the Bible woman, had 8 possible candidates for baptism. She had spent most of the time interviewing these young people. I had to review each case to try to make sure that they were saved, and ready for baptism. It was late when we reached our baptismal pool at the foot of a waterfall about 100 feet high, with a hill on our left piled high with huge rocks. Seven candidates fulfilled the righteousness of being baptized. There was a cold North Wind blowing, so I was grateful for the overcoat I had to put on. I did not like to put my shoes on because the water from my wet clothes would soon fill them. However I did put them on shortly before reaching our headquarters again—Dhlamini's

kraal. There had been no time for dinner, so now we did justice to a lovely evening meal.

A short evening service was held that night. Lot, the second eldest son of Paulosi Dhlamini, conducted a Sunday School early next morning, and the children were happy to be given one of those Christmas cards each. Second hand clothes have been given to this family on two occasions. In our final service on Sunday, 8 candidates were received into church membership and all of them members of Paulosi's family, including Juliya, who was the first one to be baptized. How happy this family was on this great day: both parents and all but one member of the family received into church membership on the same day. I wish you who follow the Prayer Calendar could have witnessed all that I have been trying to describe to you. This family needs your prayers just as much, and possibly more than ever, now that they have become church members. We hope that 9th member will also be allowed to join our church. She is married to a Roman Catholic, or at least her parents-in-law are strongly attached to this church and—or to heathenism: for the mother-in-law is a witch-doctor. This young woman will be heart-broken if permission is refused. A concession has been made in that they allowed us to baptize her, and now have allowed her to attend our meetings again.

Yours trusting in Him,

C. D. M. Sanders.

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RIVERSIDE CAMP

by Evangelist Ottis E. Smith

I remember well the first two people I met when I first arrived on the Riverside Camp Ground, Brother H. O. McGeorge and his son Kenney. They were working on the Tabernacle. I sensed immediately the very presence of God on the grounds and found him in the lives of the people I met.

The first service was the usual "get acquainted" service as I was new in that area, but I had a very good audience the first night and then the Camp started to bud as the people came to hear "the boy from Stoney Lonesome, Penna.". The Camp attendance grew service by service and really blossomed with capacity crowds on the last Sunday.

Any minister would gladly accept the call and challenge to preach to the splendid congregations, which was my privilege to minister unto both morning and evening.

The hospitality of the South is often referred to as very generous but I have never had greater hospitality shown to me anywhere than I enjoyed in the great Aroostook County of Maine.

The sincerity of your faithful pastors and wives in their tireless efforts contributed much to make the Camp a great success.

I will always have pleasant memories of the wonderful laymen I met and especially the precious young people that engaged in the activities on the grounds. My constant prayer, when I saw them was and still is, "We must win them for the work of the kingdom." Many were influenced and out of them will come laborers for the vineyard.

When closing night came I had the same feeling that prevails when you have met people you learned to love and appreciate. I was sorry it had to close but knew it must.

When I left on Monday morning, a host of people were still on hand to say and wave "good-by". I felt as if I were leaving "a part of my heart" at "Riverside".

I drove away with the satisfaction in mind and heart that I had given my best for the salvation of souls having seen many victories. I have been richly rewarded for being at the Riverside Camp.