

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 1998 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE MISSIONARY PROSPECTOR**  
**A Life Story of Harmon Schmelzenbach**  
**Missionary to South Africa**

**By Lula Schmelzenbach**

Beacon Hill Press  
Kansas City, Mo.

Printed in U. S. A

Printed Book No Copyright

\* \* \* \* \*

**PORTIONS OF THIS BOOK PERHAPS WRITTEN IN 1936 AND 1946**

The author's statement in the final sentence of Chapter 13 reveals that part of this book was written in the year, 1936: "In this the year of 1936 Joseph and Emma are still in the work and as loyal, and on fire as they ever were." However, Chapter 1 reveals that Harmon Schmelzenbach (and his wife to be, Lula) arrived in Africa in the year 1907: "we arrived in Algoa Bay off shore at Port Elizabeth in the early morning hours of June 18, 1907." Comparing this with the first sentence of Chapter 16 reveals that part of the book was written in 1946: "Thirty-nine years ago Brother Schmelzenbach first stepped onto the shores of dark Africa." 39 added to 1907 indicates that Lulu Schmelzenbach wrote at least Chapter 16 of the book in 1946. Thus, the printed edition of the book from which this digital edition was created may have been a 1946 edition of the book first published in 1936. It does seem possible that the "1936" in the last sentence of Chapter 13 may have been a printer's error (it was not an OCR error), reading "1936" when it should have read "1946," but I suspect that the most likely explanation for the author's 1936 and 1946 dated remarks may be that the First Edition of the book was published in 1936, and the book from which this text was created was a later, 1946 Edition. But, there is nothing printed in the front of the book, or elsewhere, indicating what edition the book is, nor its publication date. -- DVM

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 10/17/98  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

## A PICTURE OF HARMON AND LULA SCHMELZENBACH

A picture of Harmon and Lula Schmelzenbach is included with this publication as hdm0802.jpg. It can be viewed in any program capable of displaying JPEG graphics. However, you may need to change the graphic filter in the "Files of Type" selector slot to the filter that opens JPEG graphics.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FLY-LEAF TEXT

The Missionary Prospector  
By Lula Schmelzenbach

Out of the heart of darkest Africa comes this challenging story of a prospector who gave all to seek out and bring to light -- the marvelous light -- those who were groping in the midnight darkness of sin and ignorance.

This is the romance of dauntless courage spurred by a passion that compelled the prospector to drive on and on, farther and farther into the depth of the jungle and wasteland to seek out "that one lost sheep" that had never felt the caress of the Saviour's love. It is the account of tears of failure mingled with the joys of victory as inroads were made into heathen superstition and fear, darkness and sin.

As Harmon Schmelzenbach was inspired to become "The Missionary Prospector" by reading the life story of David Livingstone, those who travel the way of the prospector through the paths of this captivating book will find themselves face to face with the challenge to fall on their knees and answer, "Lord, here am I, send me."

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONTENTS

### Foreword

- 01 -- The Beginning and Early Progress of Our Nazarene Work in Africa
- 02 -- On The Road Again
- 03 -- Getting Located and Beginning the Work
- 04 -- That First Convert
- 05 -- The Fight is On
- 06 -- Medical Missions in the Nazarene Church in Africa
- 07 -- The African Woman and Her Home
- 08 -- The Witch-Doctor

- 09 -- Teaching the Natives to Give
- 10 -- Our W.M.S. in Africa
- 11 -- Nazarene Camp-meetings in Africa
- 12 -- Our Pioneer Native Workers
- 13 -- Joseph Kwanazi
- 14 -- Sidelights
- 15 -- Sidelights Continued)
- 16 -- Then and Today

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOREWORD

In America, the frontier is no more. The western trails through desert and over mesa have been replaced by broad highways. The days of the prospector have gone; the silver and the gold have been found. Not so in the jungles of Africa. There the work of the prospector goes on.

The prospector is no coward and no weakling; he has forgotten the name of luxury. For him Simmons beds, radios, Frigidaires and straight eights do not exist. His is the heroic soul: he plunges into the darkness, laughing at impossibilities, declaring it shall be done. He is without a home or fortune: with a few tins of "bully-beef," a bit of cornmeal, a tin pail, and a blanket as his equipment he sets forth into the unknown in search of priceless treasure. You may take the highway to seek him, but I assure you that you will never find him there. You may advertise for him in the newspapers, but years will pass while you look in vain for a reply. But you say you must find him, for you think that his search is fruitless and that he has gone on a fool's errand. The African schoolboy says, "Do not stay around here if you wish to find him; this is too tame a country for a prospector. Plunge into nature's night; there somewhere you will find him." You insist again that you must find him, but the schoolboy replies, "Do not be foolish; he will return. Doubtless he is somewhere in the canyon with a cave for his home. Be patient; he will return."

But the schoolboy is mistaken in his prophecy. Years pass by and your prospector does not return. One afternoon a runner comes with a message that he is in yonder mountain, grievously wounded. You take the trail and follow your guide. After a long arduous journey you enter a lonely cave. There you find the prospector dying -- a nugget of gold in his hand. He has penetrated nature's night. His fortune is made. He has discovered one of the richest reefs in the Dark Continent.

The following pages tell of prospecting in heavenly things, finding souls for Christ, who are much more precious than gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- THE BEGINNING AND EARLY PROGRESS OF OUR NAZARENE WORK IN AFRICA

In order to treat the above subject fairly, it will be necessary to take a little retrospective tour and give some of our own personal experiences.

While Brother Schmelzenbach was reading the life of David Livingstone, preparing a lesson for the class on missions in Peniel College, Peniel, Texas, he realized that God was calling him to that dark and needy field, Africa. As he read in the book of the "smoke of a thousand villages," where God was unknown and the name of Christ never heard, he dropped on his knees and cried out, "Lord, here am I, send me to tell them." A second time, he said, God almost killed him with the burden for dark Africa. He then promised the Lord that if the door were opened he would go at once and stay as long as he lived. Day and night he seemed to be haunted with the thought that he must go to dark Africa until he could neither eat, sleep nor study.

Finally he decided to pack his trunk and leave the school at once. He meant to leave without telling anyone, fearing he would be stopped, since they would be sure to think that he was doing a rash thing or losing his mind. His secret leaked out before his departure, however, and on Saturday evening Dr. Ellyson, the president of the school, announced a farewell service for Brother Schmelzenbach to be held in connection with the Sabbath evening service.

The Lord was in that service and the faculty and student-body gave Brother Schmelzenbach a hearty and enthusiastic send-off, pledging \$200 each year for a period of five years for his support on the field. They kept this pledge faithfully.

Nearly four years previous to this the writer had said a glad "yes" to a clear call from God, but just about the time that Brother Schmelzenbach was receiving his call, or, to be more exact, it was during the month of June of 1906 that I heard the voice of the Lord for the second time concerning dark Africa and I fought the hardest battle of my life in regard to this question. At that time I was attending the Salvation Park Camp Meeting while I was in God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the grounds were a number of returned missionaries from different fields. The missionary meetings held during the camp were greatly blessed of the Lord and proved a blessing to many hearts, and especially to us who had received calls and were preparing to go. A number of us had made plans for an extensive preparation for our life's work, but were taking no thought of going to the field at that time.

One morning it was announced that several of the students from the Bible School, who were expecting to leave soon for their respective fields, would meet the newly formed Foreign Missionary Board before the close of the camp. The Lord spoke clearly to the writer saying, "I want you to go with this company of missionaries to Africa."

The impression was so plain and definite that it came to me almost as a shock. I began to doubt that it could be the voice of the Lord, thinking that the enemy was trying to deceive me and lead me out of the divine will of God. But the voice insisted on ringing in my heart again and again, so clearly that I became thoroughly frightened and looked about me for a place to pray; and fled from the meeting and sought a place where I could be alone with the Lord and make sure it was His voice which was speaking to me. I went far enough into the woods to be out of the hearing of the tabernacle meeting then in progress, and used a fallen tree for an altar.

I fell upon my face before God and pleaded with Him to make His will so plain to me that the enemy would be defeated, so that I could be sure that He was leading me as He had been doing from the time He had saved my soul from sin.

That afternoon I remained alone in the woods with the Lord. I told Him how impossible it was for me to go to Africa, since I had not half finished the preparation which I was so sure He had planned for me. Here the words of Paul's testimony came flashing into my mind, "Immediately, I conferred not with flesh and blood." I told the Lord the Missionary Board would only laugh at me and consider me foolish, should I present my application to them at this time, for my age would bar me, since I had not reached my twentieth birthday. Again the words of Paul came to me, word for word, clear and plain, as one speaking, "For ye see your calling brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty" (I Corinthians 1:26-27). After praying for some time, again He spoke to me in the words of I Chronicles 28:20, "Be strong and of good courage, and do it, fear not, nor be dismayed, for the Lord God even my God will be with thee. He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord." Then He closed with the following words, "The message is, Go ye," just as clearly and plainly.

I answered without another doubt, "Yes, Lord, I will go, only go Thou with me."

Although the sun had disappeared and darkness was settling down over the camp grounds, I lost no time in finding one of our teachers and then one of the committee before whom we were to appear the next day. When I broke the news to them no one else seemed surprised but myself that the Lord had spoken to me. All seemed to know the Lord was sending me, and they promised to see that I should soon be on my way to the field.

I could not peer into the future; there seemed to be no future, but with the promises of God under my faith, and His precious word leading every step of the way, I was supremely happy. I knew He would never fail me.

I had had every encouragement that I was in divine order, but the enemy did not give up taunting me with the dread of facing the Missionary Board the next morning.

Early that morning before meeting with them, I took my Bible under my arm and made for the spot in the woods where the Lord had met with me the day before. On my knees before that fallen tree trunk, I spent the most blessed hour with the Lord asking Him to give me some word or promise that would give me the courage needed at that time, and something I could stand on in the future, when the enemy would assail me. This time He gave me Joshua 1:9, "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." What a precious promise this was to my heart. Although I had read my Bible through a number of times I did not remember ever having read this in the Bible before. I sat there in the moss and read it again and again, and lifted my voice in thanksgiving and praise to our God. All I seemed to be able to say was, "It is enough, Lord."

Indeed what more did I need? That precious promise alone was enough to keep me in dark Africa and take me through every trial and hardship the rest of my life, if there were no other promise in the Book.

Those precious promises given to me during that battle in settling the matter of my going to Africa at that time, have helped me win more than one hard-fought battle in that dark land, down through the years.

I answered all the questions asked of me by the Board that morning. I was given to understand that I must get my own equipment, passage money and support. All of the group except the writer had had practical experience in public work and they had very little to fear along this line. Being naturally timid, the enemy attacked me again with the dread of facing the public in the deputation work that was ahead of me. But with one stroke of the Sword of the Spirit, using the promises of God, I laid him low and a holy boldness seemed to invade my very being.

I sent letters to my own dear mother and other friends in Baltimore, telling them what had occurred. I told them I would be at home just as soon as the camp meeting closed.

A few days after my arrival at home the entire amount of my passage money to Africa and my first year's support was given to me by the same dear friend who had paid all of my expenses through school. I spent nearly the entire following year in deputation work before sailing for dark Africa.

Thus it came about that Brother Schmelzenbach and the writer met for the first time in company with eight other missionaries in the ticket office of the Steamship Company in New York, on May 1, 1907. It did not enter into either of our minds at that time, that from that day forward we would not be separated in the Lord's work again.

On May 5, 1907, we embarked on the steamship New York for England. Our party was made up of one young married couple, five single women, two young men and a married elderly woman who acted as chaperon. In this group were Miss Etta Innis, Brother H. F. Schmelzenbach and the writer. (I mention these three because this narrative concerns only the three.)

After one week in Southampton we embarked on the Durham Castle and after a pleasant and uneventful voyage we arrived in Algoa Bay off shore at Port Elizabeth in the early morning hours of June 18, 1907. There was an excited and happy company of missionaries who leaned on the ship's rail or walked its decks for several hours before the time appointed for passengers to land. About 9 o'clock a.m. there was a hustle and bustle, and a little tugboat drew up beside the big steamer and soon our feet were treading the shore of dark Africa. Every heart among us seemed to be beating to the same tune, praising our God for His presence, keeping power and a safe journey.

The first year was spent in and near the little coast town of Port Elizabeth. We studied the Xoso language. We took an active part in the White Holiness Mission then carried on in Port Elizabeth, and helped to conduct services among the natives in the several locations near the town.

After we were in Africa a few months the Lord revealed to us His plan concerning Brother Schmelzenbach's and my own life. We were then engaged.

When Rev. F. T. Fuge, with whom we were then associated, learned of our engagement, he told us this was a definite answer to his prayers, since he was in desperate need of a married couple at once, and there was no hope of anyone coming out from the homeland for a long time. He encouraged us to be married as soon as Brother Schmelzenbach could get his plans arranged. For this reason our engagement was cut short.

On June 19, 1908, just one year and one day after our arrival in Africa, we were quietly married in the home of Brother Fuge at Port Elizabeth. We left immediately by steamship for East London, where we boarded a small tugboat bound for Port St. John. From there we traveled by ox wagon, one hundred miles inland to Bazana, Pondoland.

Brother Schmelzenbach had already spent four months in a hut just eight miles from this town, and thought he was to spend his life for Jesus among these heathen. But after being there only three months he was notified by the government authorities that he could not carry on missionary work among the natives, since he was not representing a church body that was recognized in that country by the government.

He was given permission to live in the little white town of Bazana. It would have been very difficult, if not almost impossible, to do effective gospel work here among the natives, since no natives were allowed to live within six miles of the town.

A missionary must live among the natives every day in the week and every week in the year if he would gain a knowledge of their language and customs, which one must have to win them for Christ. After they are won the missionary must be there to instruct, guide, counsel, encourage, comfort, rebuke, reprove, whichever the need of the case may be.

He must carefully and jealously guard and guide his trophies until they have become strong enough to stand on their own faith, and become well enough acquainted with the wiles of the devil to escape his fiery darts. Brother Schmelzenbach realized these facts and felt that every day he stayed there under these restrictions was a waste of the Lord's time and money.

After packing the few things we possessed, we hired a transport man with his ox team to take us to the Natal. Because of the tick fever among the cattle in those parts, the oxen were not allowed to cross the large river we came to after two days' travel. After a short time Brother Schmelzenbach made arrangements with another man to have our goods carried over the river. Soon we were on our journey again. After another day and a half we left the ox wagon for the post cart. This proved to be a very exciting experience. Never, during all our years in dark Africa, did we have another experience just like it.

This post cart was used by the government in those days to carry the mail to the inland towns. These little Spanish mules were well fed, well groomed, and were noted for their speed and traveling ability. They gave signs of plenty of life, and scarcely was the last passenger in the cart and the driver in his seat, before they were off at break neck speed. I saw the driver constantly

applying the whip, lest they should slacken their speed. I asked my husband if he thought the driver was drinking. He only answered, "We are in a post cart, you know." I decided that this must be the way the post cart travels. I must confess that as we were winding around those rough and steep mountain roads, with only a few inches between our wheels and those deadly precipices, dropping hundreds of feet below, I would close my eyes and breathe a prayer for our safety. After several hours of such traveling we reached Port Shepstone, where we boarded the train for the coast town of Durban. We found a cheap boarding house and after walking the streets for three days, we at last found a house. It was not very nice looking, neither was it located in a very nice part of the town, but it was the only one within the limits of our purse.

The same law that put the restrictions upon us in the Cape Colony prevailed here, but we were in closer contact with the natives in this little coast city. We decided that we would do all in our power for the lost of dark Africa and take advantage of every opportunity until the Lord opened a more effectual door.

Brother Schmelzenbach went out to find the native quarters and locations in and about the town, although he could not hope to gain a very firm footing in the way of establishing a mission among them.

We were now in the country of that noble and promising tribe, the Zulus. Brother Schmelzenbach immediately availed himself of a Zulu grammar and dictionary and began to apply himself to the study of this language.

\* \* \*

#### COMING INTO THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

The church and college of Peniel, Texas, became affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene in October, 1907. This automatically took Brother Schmelzenbach in, since he held his membership in the church and was being supported by both college and church.

Later that year the writer had her letter transferred from the Methodist Protestant Church of Baltimore, Maryland, and became a member of the Peniel church.

Although we had received papers and other literature from the homeland in which we read of the wonderful work the Church of the Nazarene was doing, nothing came direct from the church to inform us of what had taken place at Peniel. One year and five months had passed after the affiliation before Mr. Schmelzenbach received a letter from the secretary of the Missionary Board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. It was in February of 1909 that he received information that he was a Nazarene and would be considered their missionary should he decide to remain a Nazarene.

We had learned from experience that independent religious work could not be carried on successfully on the mission field. More keenly than many others, we realized perhaps the real need of a strong organized holiness church in the homeland to stand back of the holiness missionaries at the battle front. Therefore we hailed with joy the news of the progress of the Church of the

Nazarene along this line. We often said that if we were in America we would be one of them. When we received the word that Brother Schmelzenbach and the writer were accepted as their missionaries and members of this beloved church, we felt that the Lord had definitely answered our prayers. We were sure that He had again verified to us that wonderful promise in Isaiah 65:24, "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." The dear Lord has led us step by step and left no room for doubt, when the final question was put to us, would we become Nazarenes or not? The world was saying that we were too young to be taking such heavy responsibilities upon our shoulders, and to us it seemed that the dear Lord too was considering our youth and leading us on as a father would lead his young children, pointing out the way so clearly for us to follow Him and keep in His divine will. Praise His dear name forever!

While we were in Durban many hours were spent in earnest, fervent prayer and waiting upon the Lord for an open door. We also put forth every effort we could to find an open door. Brother Schmelzenbach felt clearly led after prayer to apply to the South African Compounds and Inland Missions. Without one question he was accepted as an associate member. Brother Schmelzenbach wished to work inland among the raw heathen. He was instructed to proceed to Escort, Natal. We lost no time in preliminaries and were soon on our way. After traveling by train about one hundred and fifty miles inland, we then changed to a small, narrow gauge train and traveled fifteen miles farther, to the place where we were to labor, Bethany Mission Station. It was February 10, 1909, when we arrived, after having lived in Durban just about four months.

This being our first sacred charge in dark Africa, we had plenty of opportunity to prove the love and faithfulness of our God. "And lo, I am with you alway" was made plainer to us each day. The little stone cottage which we were to live in had been empty for a long time. It had become a rendezvous for every creeping thing upon the earth. The ants, rats, lizards and snakes gave us the most trouble. They tried, so it seemed, to make us understand that they were not vacating the house just because of our arrival. We had several harassing experiences with the snakes during our stay there. This mission station was twenty-five years old, but owing to their not having a missionary for such a long time the doors of the church had been locked for many months. You can see that it was no easy task Brother Schmelzenbach had undertaken, when he knew almost nothing of the language or customs of the people. But it was with a heart supremely happy, full of faith and hope that he entered into the work at this place, for the presence of our God and His wonderful promises were with him, and they had never failed.

He began to visit the kraals at once. The very first Sabbath we were there the little church was filled to the doors. By writing out his sermons and prayers and memorizing them, Brother Schmelzenbach was able to carry on many of his services. He soon was able to see the hand of God working in the midst. Before the first year was finished many of the backsliders had come back to God and new converts had been added to the little flock. The church had been reorganized and he was able to sing a new song of praise to our God.

Brother Schmelzenbach threw himself into the work at this station in a way that brought about results, even though he knew at his first opportunity he would be leaving to start work for our own beloved Church of the Nazarene. He found that the study of the language was very hard for him, since he did not know very much about English grammar.

He carried his Zulu and English grammars with him everywhere. He had been told that no missionary could stand more than three or four hours of language study each day; but he put in fourteen hours regularly. He would go out into the kraals several hours each day in order to put into practice what he learned from his books. Almost every day he would return with eight or ten small boys, ranging in ages from ten to fifteen. By entertaining these boys, though they did not know it, they were teaching him their language. Twice during that first year at Bethany he went down with brain fag and for a number of days at a time he did not know what he was doing or saying. Being alone and so far from our fellow missionaries, I became thoroughly frightened. The Lord again came to our rescue and sent along one of our native Christian men of the church. We told him how Mr. Schmelzenbach was acting. He too was frightened and offered to cross the mountain and bring back our district superintendent.

This good brother, Mr. McDougal, arrived late that evening and stayed with us for two days and two nights. As he came in and saw how my husband was acting, he said, "Hide his books and do not let him have them again until he is over this, then we shall have to insist on regular study. He fell into a restful sleep that evening and the next morning he awoke asking, "Where am I? I guess we had too much Zulu. My brain is a bit tired." Although he recognized the superintendent when he arrived the evening before, when he saw him the next morning he was surprised, because he did not remember having seen him the night before. Before Mr. McDougal left he hid his books and instructed him not to have them until he returned. He stayed away for two weeks. Brother Schmelzenbach said nothing about the command but obeyed.

His second attack came only a few weeks after he began to study again. This time he was ready to keep regular hours for Zulu study; but did not give up until he knew he had mastered the language.

When he left Natal, less than two years later, he could speak the language well. At the end of five years he could lay away his books. He had become an authority on the language. Even the natives would always say he was one white man who could speak their language like the native himself.

During the studying of the native language, he studied the native himself just as earnestly. He found that the native language led him into the hidden customs of the natives; he made it his business to discover the secret depths of the native's life. Very early while in dark Africa Brother Schmelzenbach learned the secret of how to gain his way into the native's heart. This art he never lost through the twenty-two years he spent among them.

\* \* \*

## OUR LAST DAYS IN NATAL

History tells us that the Zulu tribe has been a warlike people. The missionaries and settlers in that part of Africa gave us some startling accounts of their bloodthirsty past and of how other tribes have lived in terror of them.

Since the gospel has been taken to them, many of their finest people have embraced the Christian faith and have turned their fighting energies into pushing the gospel, and rescuing souls among their own people. Since the British government, which rules in that part of Africa since the Boer war, keeps a firm hand on them, there are less wars carried on by them. They are no longer able to molest the neighboring tribes with club and spear.

There are still multiplied thousands of Zulus who have never heard the gospel or who have not accepted that which they have heard of the great story. These still carry on what is called factional fights among themselves. Each chief has his own fighting soldiers and the slightest word or move on the part of one group toward another would develop into a quarrel which ends in a fierce battle.

It happened that the mission station where Brother Schmelzenbach located was on the dividing line between two chiefs. They constantly fostered an old feud between themselves. It happened that twice in six months these battles raged about the missionary's home. The first one was fought about one mile from the house on a hilltop in plain view, where the missionaries could watch the battle from their back door. It was fought with only spears and clubs so this was a safe distance.

The second battle took place only about one month before we left there. This time it was fought very near and part of the time the fighting was on the mission grounds.

The mission house was on one side of the dividing line while the stone church only about fifty yards away was on the other side of the line. The chief who caused the battle had his kraal only five hundred yards back of the church. From early dawn the missionaries could see the crowds gathering at the chief's kraal, men, women and young people, until by the middle of the afternoon several hundred had gathered for a beer drink and soon they became quite loud and boisterous. Brother Schmelzenbach mentioned that another battle would probably be the outcome of this beer drink. He had seen a regiment of men heavily armed in hiding just behind the hill back of the mission house. Those having the beer drink knew that the enemy was arranging an attack against them for they did not go to their homes before sundown.

We did not have very long to wait for the battle. Just about dusk we could hear the army marching down the road. Only a rattling noise of the spears, shields and clubs could be heard as they stealthily wended their way, single file, past the mission house into the chief's kraal. Then came the war cry followed by the shrieks and screams from men, women and children.

It was quite dark and the actual battle could not be seen, but the clashing of the spears and the beating of the clubs could be heard as they fought their way back into the mission grounds, while the women and girls rushed into the mission house for safety. As soon as the battle was ended Brother Schmelzenbach went out among them and tried to help them. He took this opportunity to point them to Jesus, who could take this fighting spirit out of them.

The next morning we learned that two men had been killed and fifteen or twenty had been badly wounded, resulting in the death later of two more. The mission station was under close

guard by both of the chiefs. Women and girls could find refuge in the missionaries' home. By close contact with the missionaries the natives learned that we lived among them unarmed.

Only a fortnight after this battle we experienced another nerve-racking incident. This time two robbers attacked our home a few minutes past ten o'clock in the evening. We had just snuffed out our candle when we heard a sharp knock at the front door. Brother Schmelzenbach, thinking someone was sick and in need of help, quickly opened the door. A loaded rifle was pointed in his face, and in broken English came the words, "Give us your money."

The lighting of a candle revealed two large men with hands and faces painted with white clay, large overcoats which covered them well and felt hats pulled down over their eyes. Brother Schmelzenbach detected that they were Zulus and he refused to speak English to them, thereby confusing them in their language. Their knowledge of English was so meager that they were not able to carry on their conversation without his help. They seemed to center their attention on Brother Schmelzenbach and let me go free to do as I wished. But I was perfectly helpless since there was no telephone within miles of our home, and the nearest white people lived five miles away. A native could not have been enticed to leave his kraal at that hour of the night because of the recent battle, but we had an army of angels to protect us and a wall of fire about us. It seemed that the robbers themselves sensed this for they became frightened and left within forty-five minutes. While they were ordering Brother Schmelzenbach about the house demanding money, searching boxes and drawers and ransacking things in general, he was giving them the gospel message which was finding its way into their hearts. All they had found was ten shillings in gold while ten pounds was in a tea tin within their reach.

Four years these two men had been carrying on this kind of crime. During that time they had confined their evil work to the Turks and Indian storekeepers in the country. They had killed two or three men. Just a few weeks before their attack on the mission station they had robbed the railway station, from which they had taken the rifle and revolver with which they attacked Brother Schmelzenbach. These robbers had always been reported to the police as white men, but after Brother Schmelzenbach assured the police that they were native men they were soon caught. When they were brought to trial one of them told the whole story of their four years of crime. He confessed the murders which they had committed and uncovered much of their stolen goods. He told of their plans to shoot us because we were white people. Their reason for not killing us was that "Because the Umfundisi, he preach to us about God, and he pray to God, and we did not want to see God's face with the blood of the Umfundisi on our hands, we get afraid and run." We were told that the man who confessed these things was given twelve years in prison while the other was given life in prison.

This experience gave us another revelation of those wonderful words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

\* \* \* \* \*

02 -- ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Since the Lord had put His seal upon the labors of Brother Schmelzenbach, giving many souls under his ministry, it would be quite natural that my readers should ask, "Why not stay where we were? Why pull up stakes and move on?"

Yes, we had spent many hours in earnest prayer over these very questions, and after each battle on our knees we were convinced that the dear Lord wanted us to move to a part of the country where the gospel messenger had not yet settled. This country was fairly well settled by several churches and missions, and among these were holiness missionaries. We knew that there was no room for the Church of the Nazarene in that part of the country without infringing upon others. Dark Africa was so large, and the need of the gospel light to her benighted millions so great, there was no need for the few missionaries who were on the field to get in one another's way.

We had heard of the need in dark Swaziland and the crying need in other parts of the country, but the Lord had burdened us for the Swazis.

For some time Brother Schmelzenbach had been in correspondence with our Missionary Board in the homeland, explaining the situation to them, and asking for an appropriation of money to move to this needy field. After what seemed ages (we are quite used to waiting from three to six months for replies to our letters now) the long-looked for reply came, containing the necessary documents and instructions, but no money, only a statement that our Board was not in a position to give any extra financial help.

From the very beginning of our married life on the field, by the strictest economy we were able to supply our needs from husband's funds, that he had saved while he worked in the pottery before his conversion. We were also able to save all gifts and freewill offerings sent to us by personal friends and relatives. In this way we had saved between seven and eight hundred dollars. After talking the matter over and praying about it, we felt that we were safe in starting out. We knew that the same God who had verified His wonderful promises in our lives up to this time would not fail us from now on.

Early the morning of September 20, Brother Schmelzenbach started out to walk to Ladysmith, fifteen miles away, where there was a small trolley wagon for sale that would just suit his need in moving. He purchased the wagon and retraced his footsteps to the mission station. About two miles from home he called at a farmer's home and bought four donkeys -- the small gray mountain burros. It was just about dark when he came driving them into the yard.

Then came our last Sabbath with the little church there. This was hardest of the last days spent among the Zulus in Natal for we had learned to love these dear people. Among them were many whom we had the privilege of leading to the Lord Jesus, and it was as if going away from our own household. At that time we had been filling a charge for a missionary who was on furlough and had promised to return in nine months, but through sickness he had been detained, but we felt that we could wait no longer since the rainy season would soon begin. We were forced to leave the congregation without a pastor, which made it doubly hard to leave.

We shall never forget that beautiful morning of October 3, 1910, when Brother Schmelzenbach, baby David (who was then just fifteen months old), Billy, the Zulu boy, and the writer prepared to leave. After everything was ready we all knelt down beside the wagon to commit our way unto God. We then started out on our long journey to Swaziland.

As the ride on the post cart had shattered our nerves because of the spirited little animals, so this trip proved an acid test to our patience because of the laziness and inactivity of these donkeys. They had never been in harness before, and they were too small to pull the load we had, although it was quite light. The Zulu boy whom we had hired to go with us as driver, proved to know nothing about driving donkeys, to add to the many things, which meant we had to walk miles beside the wagon. As we did not travel on Sunday, after we had traveled five days we stopped on Saturday afternoon, about 2 p.m. at a good settlement of kraals. We decided we could have a large service under the trees on Sunday. It was indeed an ideal camping place with the many trees, a field for the donkeys to graze in, and where there had been a well-kept lawn.

Since it was nearing the middle of the afternoon, we began to prepare some food, as our midday meal had been omitted. After a short rest Brother Schmelzenbach began to move about under the trees seeking for a small limb which he could use as a walking stick, this being a necessary article for the missionary when visiting the kraals. Upon finding the stick he drew near to the camp again as he removed the leaves and twigs. He stood for a moment as if uncertain what to do next. Suddenly he said, "Are my lantern and slides packed where we can get at them easily?"

"Yes," was my reply, "they are in one corner in the box under the seat."

"I am going to tell the natives to come tonight and see some of those pictures, that will help bring a larger crowd tomorrow." He then started in the direction of the large kraal.

It was quite dark when he came back, dropping down on the new soft grass, almost too tired to speak. Soon he spoke and said "Mama, we will have to have our supper soon as the natives are coming early tonight. I told them to wait until it was dark; but I saw some of them coming this way just as I came up the hill."

Before we had finished our cornmeal mush, which we ate with sugar but no milk, they began to gather in large groups. The lantern Brother Schmelzenbach had at that time was one of the old-fashioned type which burned carbide; but it worked very well. The pictures were the entire life of Christ as well as some from the Old Testament, and a few with Zulu hymns, which he had made himself.

When the pictures began to flash upon the sheet the crowd, which had been making a regular babble of noise, settled down quietly and respectfully, so that Brother Schmelzenbach could speak so all could hear him. He gave them a good gospel message as he held their attention with the pictures. At the close he asked them to bow their heads for prayer and they respectfully obeyed. Before they left he told them to return in the morning soon after breakfast, and in the next evening he had other pictures that he would show them.

Quite early the next morning we noticed small groups of men and women appear and then disappear around our camp. We were beginning to wonder if all these people were there just to give us a visit of inspection, and we would not have an opportunity to give them the word. Brother Schmelzenbach became so anxious about them that he asked why they did not stay until others came and he would tell them something wonderful that they would not soon forget. The group he spoke to along this line just smiled and said, "We have not eaten nor have the boys milked." They then turned and went away on the run. He called to them to return after they had finished these tasks, but they did not answer a word. One man, a little later, took time to stop and tell us that they would return. He said that the people who were looking around were just curious and wanted to see what you look like in the daytime, since they had been here only at night.

True to the word of the old man about one p.m. they began to come from all the kraals until a large crowd were seated on the grass about Brother Schmelzenbach. He gave them a message with a burden upon his heart, such as only he could carry for the lost of dark Africa, and then closed with a season of prayer that brought heaven very near. Conviction settled down upon that crowd until a number of them began to pray aloud and tears were seen on their faces. They left the service, not running, romping and laughing as they had done in the morning hours or the evening before. There seemed to be a holy hush upon every man, woman and child present. They reverently promised to return to see the remainder of the pictures that evening and slowly and quietly turned in the direction of their homes.

That evening the crowd was larger than it had been in the afternoon. Brother Schmelzenbach gave them the pictures of the life of Christ. We felt that God was glorified that day.

After it was all over Brother Schmelzenbach prayed with a broken heart for that large company of people, who had gone to their kraals to retire. There was not one believer or Christian among them.

This was the way we spent each Sabbath on that long journey, however we were not always privileged to have such a fine camping place.

Most of the roads through the Natal and Transvaal were well built and in fairly good condition. Our real difficulties did not begin until we had traveled nearly three weeks and came to our first unbridged river.

Here neither the boy nor the donkeys would make a move. Billy said he knew these rivers were full of crocodiles. He further declared that he would turn back rather than venture through that water. From the expression on his face we knew that he meant what he said. There was nothing for Brother Schmelzenbach to do but to remove his shoes and socks, roll up his trousers and wade into the water. Here he spent quite a bit of energy and strength cracking the whip and shouting at the donkeys before he could make them move. The donkeys did not try to turn back, but must have decided that it would be better to die for when they reached midstream one of them lay down in the water and would have drowned himself had not Brother Schmelzenbach been close and grabbed the bridle of the donkey and pulled him to his feet. Hardly had he succeeded in getting this one to stand when he saw another one getting ready to lie down. But he caught the second before he was down. After he had succeeded in getting them to stand he then wondered how he could get them

started pulling before they should lie down again. Billy was sitting on the high seat in the wagon looking very much frightened, as if he might be the next one to topple over into the water. Brother Schmelzenbach handed him the long whip and he cracked it above their heads. Brother Schmelzenbach pulled on the two front donkeys by the bridles, and they managed to pull us out of the river.

This all seems amusing as we think of it now, but not so at the time.

We had been doing much of our traveling in the night to avoid the intense heat, but we now had to confine our traveling to the light of day. We were finding the roads and crossings of the small streams and rivers very bad. In some places we were in danger of upsetting our little craft.

The only time on the whole journey that we lost our way was one bright moonlight night. Brother Schmelzenbach thought that he could make a short run after dark. The road we were following was a well-made road, and thinking this must be a short detour and we soon would be back into the good road again, he took a side road. Instead it led us to a farmer's home six miles out of our way. It took us nearly six hours to retrace our tracks the next morning.

The roads were all very rugged and the hills steep, and we would all have welcomed the end of the journey any day. One afternoon we were plodding along through the intense heat. In the distance we noticed a black cloud, and soon heard the rumbling of thunder. Brother Schmelzenbach suggested that we better stop where we were and get ready for the storm. We stopped none too soon, for hardly had he unharnessed the donkeys, and had the sheet tightly fastened over the top of the wagon, when the storm broke.

The early storms usually came very quickly, with a terrible rage, and left almost as quickly as they came, often leaving a lot of wreckage where they had gone. Such was our first storm on the road. I always did have to pray for resting grace through a storm when comfortably sheltered in a good house; could I be blamed for breathing a prayer for special protection as we sat in our frail little wagon tent? It shook as a leaf on a tree as the storm raged. The dry season was breaking and for a number of weeks after that first storm we encountered these afternoon storms.

The next day we came to another river which was flooded, owing to the heavy rain the evening before. We saw that the water would cover the wagon, and everything we had would get wet if we crossed with it loaded.

A short distance back we had passed a native trading store where a number of native men were lounging about the door. Billy was sent back to tell them if they would come and help the white man, they would be paid for their trouble.

He returned with six or eight husky young fellows, and they soon had everything out of the wagon and across the river. I climbed into the high wagon, sat baby on the seat and stood back of him and held onto him. Billy was given the long whip to use as Brother Schmelzenbach took the lead into the water ahead of the donkeys.

We were getting along quite well until the wagon reached the middle of the river, when suddenly the donkeys decided to go no farther. The current was so swift that the wagon began to slip. The storekeeper, a white man, who had been watching us from the brow of the hill, saw what was happening and came quickly to our rescue with his oxen and pulled us out of the river.

The next morning we arrived at Mankayane, Swaziland, where the writer and baby David remained with a missionary friend, of the South General Mission. Brother Schmelzenbach went on alone to spy out the land. He had been told that the Pigg's Peak District was the only district in Swaziland that had not yet been occupied by any missionary. Both missionaries and government officials had informed him that he would only make a fruitless journey, if he went through to the "Peak."

The old heathen queen of Swaziland had made a vow with her people more than fifteen years before that she would not allow another white man to take up new land in her country. No one had been able to make her break this vow with her people. Everyone discouraged Brother Schmelzenbach and would not give him a ray of hope of settling after the long, dangerous journey.

The government officials were very kind and courteous to him and assured him that they were glad to have him in the country. They believed in the work the missionary was doing, but first he must get the consent of the Swazi queen to settle in the country or they would be powerless to help him. They promised to use their influence in every way to try to help him, but from past experiences they feared it would all be in vain.

Believing the Lord was leading him, Brother Schmelzenbach refused to be turned aside from his purpose.

Brother Schmelzenbach then went to the South African General Mission at Mbabane. He was greatly encouraged by their kindness to the missionaries here. They saw that he was determined to go to Pigg's Peak. Mr. Bailey, their district superintendent, very kindly lent him a horse and a native Christian man to go with him as a guide. This gave him new courage and he felt sure the Lord was on his side. At the Peak he was again made to feel the dear Lord was going before and leading all the way, making the rough places smooth.

The British magistrate was very kind and gave him a hearty welcome into his district, but added the discouraging news about the hostility of the Swazi queen. Without her consent he would be powerless to help him.

Mr. Schmelzenbach found that there was practically no road from Mbabane to Pigg's Peak suitable for wagon travel, and one of the most dangerous rivers in Swaziland not far from the Peak would have to be crossed. The rainy season was now on, to add to all this. A steep descent of a long mountain trail was another great obstacle in our way.

Mr. Schmelzenbach hastened back to Mankayane after a three-week tour of inspection. Early the next morning after his arrival we boarded our little wagon and started toward the Pigg's Peak District. As I looked down that long hill, it took me only a few seconds to decide how I would get to the bottom of that hill, and I had all I could do to manage to carry my chubby little son

down such a mountain. Billy and Brother Schmelzenbach were managing the best they could tying the wheels with small tent ropes, hoping that they would hold. Since then we have found it best to take chains as part of our equipment in Africa. If there had been a real road we believe this plan would have worked, as it was the little craft bumped over the rough mountain side like a rubber ball. The food box which was fastened under the seat, fell off and rolled down the hill, scattering its contents in all directions. The box was picked up later and used for firewood.

All of our troubles were not ended when we reached the bottom of that rugged mountain. There was the Usutu River in flood and the entrance completely washed out.

Brother Schmelzenbach had added a couple of shovels and a pick to his equipment, so he and Billy spent a couple of hours excavating and building up before we were able to start across the river.

The day was then far spent and the sun would soon be entirely hidden behind the distant hills, and the river was even now rising fast. We had traveled several days without rain but it had been raining farther away, making it so that in a short time no one would be able to cross this river. It was decided that although it was late and the donkeys tired, we should try to cross that evening.

This time I sat on the high seat holding the baby in my arms. Billy had just given his heart to the Lord one evening around the campfire, and here we were given a real demonstration as to the depth of his faith. Without a word or even being asked, he took the two front donkeys by the bridles and stepped into the river ahead of them giving us an easy start. The river was very wide with a sandy bottom and we had not gone very far until we found we were stuck in the sand.

Again one after the other of the donkeys began to lie down in the water. Brother Schmelzenbach jumped in and pulled their heads above the water and succeeded in bringing them to their feet while Billy held the two front donkeys and did not let them get down. Again our Heavenly Father was watching over us and made a way of escape, for on the other side of the river stood a young Dutchman, who was going to Mbabane and stopped for the night. He saw the plight Brother Schmelzenbach was in and kindly came to his rescue with his mules.

After we were safely on the other side, Brother Schmelzenbach thanked him for his assistance at this dangerous place. The Dutchman then told him never to cross a river with tired donkeys since they always try to drown themselves, which we were learning by experience.

A few days later we arrived at Mbabane. Brother Schmelzenbach remembered his first trip to the Peak, of the bad roads, so added two more donkeys to the team. Again everyone was concerned about his taking this dangerous trip. He felt, however, that the Lord was leading him, and he knew that he could trust Him, though the cost might be great. We started from Mbabane with heavy hearts. We were praying, and that beautiful promise in Psalms 37:5 was given to us, "Commit thy way unto him, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." The clouds lifted and we went on our way trusting and believing.

One day as the donkeys lazily wended their way in and out among the thorn trees, almost in level country, Brother Schmelzenbach suddenly looked back, saying, "You were so quiet I thought you must be sleeping."

"No, I was just sitting here thinking," was my reply.

"Then a penny for your thoughts," came his quick answer with a smile.

"They may not be worth a penny," I said. "I was just thinking about what Brother W. said the other day about the impossibility of getting these Swazi girls and women established in the Christian faith. You remember he said that he never would baptize another unmarried girl because she would only walk off and marry a heathen man in the end."

"Yes, and strange as it may seem I have been sitting here and thinking of that conversation myself."

"Do you remember that he said when he did not baptize them into the church, they married heathen men anyway, but he did not have them on his hands. He seems to think it quite impossible to do anything, but for just a few who have a little more backbone than usual."

Brother Schmelzenbach continued, as if speaking to himself, "I cannot help feeling that there is a way out, maybe the Lord is depending on us to make it. We shall have to pray over it and work it out."

Our conversation was cut short by Brother Schmelzenbach plunging from his seat in one direction and Billy in the other, both giving an excited shout as they jumped. Before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to decide what could cause all this commotion I noticed the wagon was not moving. Billy was taking the lead at the head of the donkeys and Brother Schmelzenbach was swinging the whip over their heads. We had just been off the road and were now moving back into it. The donkeys must have called it a day and were stopping.

We forgot about our concern for the sad condition of the Swazi girls and women, for we only mentioned it in prayer at our family altars, which were conducted beside our wagon home each morning before starting out on the road.

We came to the banks of the Komati River one Saturday afternoon. We decided to camp here until Monday morning, for as we looked into that raging torrent with its large boulders standing high out of the water here and there, and the water dashing around them with a sickening rush, we felt we must take a whole day for this crossing.

At nightfall the mosquitoes began to gather around us thick, and they seemed to form a cloud. We realized that we were too near the river, but the only way to get away from it was either to cross the river and travel on, which partly would have to be done on the Sabbath or to retrace our road and go up a steep hill we had descended just that morning. So we looked forward to two nights of little rest.

We retired to a restless sleep and were awakened by a terrible cry of distress, which without a doubt was a man's voice. Although the stars were still shining, the gray dawn was breaking in the eastern sky. As the noise drew nearer to us we could tell that there were two persons and they seemed to be quarreling. We decided it was two drunk men. We discovered that Billy had left his mat under the wagon and was nowhere in sight. Brother Schmelzenbach walked in the direction of the noise to see what it all meant, and make sure that Billy was safe. He had not gone very far, when he met Billy driving the donkeys before him, and closely followed by an old heathen man. The old man was talking loud and fast and gesticulating with his clubs and an ugly spear. Billy was trying to get a word in here and there in his own defense. When Brother Schmelzenbach appeared the old man began to rage more than ever, insisting that our donkeys had spent the night in his mealie garden (corn field) and had eaten up all his mealies. Billy convinced Brother Schmelzenbach of the truth, that he had overtaken the donkeys before they had reached the garden, but under the circumstances Brother Schmelzenbach deemed it wise to pay the old man the five shillings he demanded of him. We were convinced, that we were still surrounded by Africa's benighted souls.

In this country we often hear the statement that the natives are born diplomats and perfect actors, and we had a true demonstration in this case. The raging old man who seemed quite dangerous with anger only a few seconds ago, was now as quiet and friendly as if nothing had happened, and even seemed quite pleased that he had met with us. Brother Schmelzenbach did not allow him to leave until he had given him a gospel message to which he listened with the deepest interest, interrupting now and again to ask a question, assuring him that he had never heard such things before. When he was ready to leave, Brother Schmelzenbach told him if he would return later in the day and bring others with him he would read from the Book again and tell more about it. He in turn promised that he would be back. We thought his words could not be depended upon though.

About the noon hour this old man did return, bringing with him six or eight men and boys, all of whom he declared were his sons. For about two hours they sat there in the blistering sun on the ground and listened to the gospel story for the first time in their lives. The news of our camp soon spread and we had several small groups to visit us during the afternoon, and Brother Schmelzenbach gave each group a gospel message as if he were dealing with souls in a crowded church.

We learned from our visitors that day there was only one place to cross this river with a team, and that was several miles down the river. To get there we would have to retrace our route back up the long hill and for several miles down the valley on the other side of the mountain before we could come to a path that would lead us to the wagon crossing. This would delay us about two days and our provisions were already quite low. The government kept a rowboat in the place where we now were and Brother Schmelzenbach decided he could manage to cross if he took the wagon apart. Monday morning found us astir long before daybreak, for we knew we must get an early start if we crossed the river that day. While I arranged the baggage into convenient bundles, and cooked the mush for breakfast, Brother Schmelzenbach and Billy took the wagon apart. The top was first removed, then the tongue with the front wheels, leaving the light body attached to the back wheels. Then Brother Schmelzenbach sat in the boat, rested the body of the wagon on one end and held it fast, while the wheels were pulled through the waters by Billy and the boatman guiding

the little craft between the boulders. The donkeys had to be taken over one at a time. Brother Schmelzenbach sat with his feet hanging over the back of the boat, holding their heads out of the water to keep them from drowning. In spite of our early start, we did not get the last load over the river until 1:30 p.m. Brother Schmelzenbach put the wagon together again. Just as he finished a storm broke, and the rain came down in torrents until after midnight. This river was not crossed for three days following it, for it had risen to such a rushing torrent that it was not safe to risk it even in a rowboat. We then remembered that, "While His eye is on the sparrow" He was watching us. Praise His name forever! There being no more rivers to cross we were quite confident that we could reach our destination by the next morning.

It was imperative that we do something as our provisions were very low. We tried without success to buy from the natives but it being the time of the year when food is always scarce in the kraals, they would not sell to us.

After an early breakfast and a season of prayer, the driver gave the whip a crack over the donkeys' heads, Billy taking the lead in order to give them an easy start up the long hill. No doubt if we had been at the top of the hill there would have been no trouble, but being at the base of a steep embankment, it was too much for the donkeys. True to their nature they planted their hoofs firmly in the mud, just swaying from one side of the road to the other, and not moving the wagon an inch from its moorings. For five hours we stayed in that place, coaxing, shouting, pushing, and even trying to help pull, but all to no avail. They were there and there to stay. There would be no hope of their going up that hill with the load, as small as it was. We decided to unload and carry everything up ourselves; but before we could put our decision into action the donkeys began to move forward and did not stop again until they were over the top.

It was now past the noon hour, and we could not expect to travel very far with a tired and hungry team, so we soon found a place to stop and give them a couple of hours to rest and graze. Our food box contained only a small quantity of flour and sugar, and enough meal to last until the next day if we used it very sparingly. Mid-afternoon we started on our journey again, and as no storm came in our direction that day, we were able to plod on slowly until late in the evening.

On Wednesday morning we started out without breakfast, cooking just enough porridge to give baby and Billy a scanty meal later in the day. We kept the baby pacified as much as possible by giving him a little sugar in a lid of a tin, allowing him to feed himself, hoping he would not get enough to upset his stomach. We began to discuss the question of what real hunger meant. We had thought a number of times that we knew what it was to be hungry since we came to Africa, but now we decided that we had never really felt the pinch of hunger before. We had only craved some kinds of food that we had left behind in the homeland, while what we had to take the place of it did not satisfy our taste for that which we wanted, it did satisfy our hunger and supplied the physical strength we needed.

We were startled from this discussion by a low rumble of thunder in the distance. Billy had heard it too, and was lazily wending his way toward the wagon driving the donkeys before him. Again we were on the road. We had gone only a short way when the storm clouds began to settle. An inky darkness closed in around us as the hour became later. Just as we reached the shelter of a low hill, a stone hit the top of our little tent. I heard husband shout to Billy above the wind and

thunder, "Let the donkeys loose, drop under the wagon, it's big hail." Then he crawled into the tent just in time himself. Some of the hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, and all shapes. Several cut through our frail little wagon sheet, and for the first time on the whole journey everything we had became wet. The hail lasted only a short time but the rain then came in torrents. By shielding the baby with our own bodies we managed to keep him quite dry. One thing this storm did for us was to help us forget that supper time had passed and that we were hungry. We had cooked the last bit of meal at our last stopping place and saved the porridge for baby's supper. Now that we saw that we could not hope to reach our destination, even early the next morning, we gave baby only half of his food, saving the other half for his breakfast. He cried for more after he had eaten and refused to be satisfied with the sugar. Finally he cried himself to sleep.

The next morning broke with a cloudless sky, and the sun arose with a force that only the sun can have in Africa at that time of the year. We dried all of our bedding and clothing and gave baby the last bit of food before starting. An early inspection of the place we had got into the night before showed us that again our Heavenly Father had His eye upon us and had protected us. We had barely reached the top of the hill, but our back wheels were blocked by a mound of small rocks that had been placed across the road as a water break. On one side was a hill with its peak just projecting a little above our wagon tent, so even and straight that it had made a perfect protection from the storm. That accounted for no holes in our tent in the sides as the storm was coming down that side. When we looked on the opposite side of the wagon, we gasped and covered our eyes with our hands, for not more than six inches from our wheels was a precipice of about a hundred feet drop, and just as perpendicular as the hill on the upper side of the wagon. When we realized that just a few inches of a sidestep by our little animals in the storm and darkness the night before could have ended our journey as well as our life's work right there, we again lifted our hearts to our God in thanksgiving for His guiding hand. We were reminded of His precious promise in Psa. 32:8, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go, I will guide thee with mine eye." Husband and I began to feel quite faint from hunger, but not until we were no longer able to pacify baby did we give vent to our feelings, and both cried.

That morning, December 11, 1910, about 10 a.m., we reached the government camp of the Pigg's Peak District. As we passed the magistrate's office he sent a policeman out to tell Brother Schmelzenbach to come to the office as he wished to speak to him. This proved to be our stopping place for the next four days. We were now only three miles from the Pigg's Peak proper, where there was a white man's store. Billy was immediately sent with a note and money for supplies. We did not have to wait for these, however, for as soon as the magistrate's wife learned of our arrival on the green, she paid us a visit and learned why the baby was crying. She returned to her home nearby and sent us a nice basket of cooked food. Surely our Heavenly Father knew of our need. We gave Him all the praise as we saw how tenderly He was watching over us and guiding our footsteps.

Especially did we feel His guiding presence when husband learned in the magistrate's office that morning that there was a property for sale, and the price was within our reach. It was only fifteen miles from the spot where we were camping. The magistrate encouraged us to buy this property for a mission station, promising to do all in his power to help us get the Swazi queen's consent to let us settle in the country, and the government would give us a free grant to the land.

The next morning husband started out on foot, with a native policeman as guide, to inspect the property in question, and returned just about the noon hour, having traveled the last seven miles through a heavy storm and pelting rain.

As people were living in the house which we hoped to buy, we were unable to occupy it, but we asked permission to live in one room. This having been granted, we started on the road again. It took us fully twelve hours to cover the fifteen miles, as there were two steep mountains to cross on the way; but at last on December 15, 1910, we arrived at the place which later became Peniel Mission Station. Today it is the H. F. Schmelzenbach Memorial in Swaziland. We had not realized how completely we were worn out physically until two days after our arrival I fainted in the yard and had to be carried in. A few days of regular meals, even though the food consisted mostly of cornmeal mush and yams, soon had me on my feet again.

\* \* \*

#### ARRIVAL OF MISS INNIS AND THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Miss Innis became a Nazarene missionary the same way as Brother Schmelzenbach. She went to the field at the same time and on the same steamer with us. She was sent out by a branch of the Holiness Christian Church of Indiana. In 1910 this branch of that holiness body became affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene which automatically brought Miss Innis into the church as a missionary. At that time she was conducting a holiness mission among the white people in Umtata, Cape Colony. It came about that just a few days before starting on our long, journey from Natal to Swaziland, Brother Schmelzenbach received two letters which brought great joy to us. The first letter came from our Foreign Missionary Board, informing us of the fact that Miss Innis had been accepted by our Board and had been instructed to join us. The second letter came from Miss Innis repeating the good news we had already received, and asking us where to join us.

In reply Brother Schmelzenbach instructed her to remain where she was until she heard from us again. From Mbabane he wrote a letter telling her to proceed to Hectorspruit on a given date and he would be there to meet her.

On December 21, 1910, Brother Schmelzenbach left baby and me in the one room we were occupying, and started on a trip of one hundred and eighty-two miles to meet Miss Innis. Being weak and worn out by the long journey from Natal I was very glad I did not need to go with him in the wagon. Before nightfall of the day he left, I would have given anything to have been on that bumpy little wagon by his side. Early that morning the family who was in the other part of the house left, leaving me entirely alone with a raw Swazi girl. The girl seemed not to understand our broken Swazi, nor could I understand the girl's broad Swazi. There was also a very rough-looking heathen man who was much the worse for his ample supply of kaffir beer, which seemed to be a part of his daily rations.

It is hard to describe how I spent that first Christmas in dark Swaziland. I surely shed tears of joy when on New Year's morning I saw the wagon party including Miss Innis and Brother Schmelzenbach coming over the hill.

We had been in Pigg's Peak less than one month when Miss Innis was able to join the party. She shared seven months of the ten we spent in the wagon, including all the hardships and privations that we went through.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- GETTING LOCATED AND BEGINNING THE WORK

Swaziland is bordered on the south by Zululand, on the west and northwest by the Transvaal, and on the east by Portuguese East Africa.

A short time before we arrived in the country Swaziland had been divided into several districts, and the section where we entered was called the Pigg's Peak District. The latest census had given 110,000 Swazis in the entire Swaziland, and 35,000 in the Pigg's Peak District.

The Scandinavian Holiness missionaries were working in the southern part of the country, while the South African General and Pioneer missionaries were working to the west and toward Mbabane the capital of Swaziland, and the Pilgrim Holiness Church missionaries were located on the eastern border. The Church of England and the English Wesleyan Church also had missionaries in different parts of the country. The entire northern section had not been touched by the missionaries, and this large and needy field became a challenge to us for the Church of the Nazarene.

There were no missionaries located in that part of the country, but there were other white people. The regular government camp consisted of a magistrate, sergeant, corporal and trooper, all of whom were white men, and the magistrate's family lived there also. There were a number of white men employed in a mine and others located about eight miles from this mining settlement. Some distance in the bushveldt were a few white settlers widely scattered over a large area of country. The natives in general were acquainted with these white people and many of them traded or worked for them. Since these people had never met a missionary before they decided that we were just some more white people who had come into their country for what we could get out of it. This was their opinion of all white people. The effects of the British and Boer war had not cleared up, even though the government was doing all in its power to make the necessary adjustments and improvements, the natives were not accepting all that was being done for their good. There were rumors and threats of an uprising in Swaziland during the first five years after we arrived. The Europeans living in the community were for the most part courteous and kind, but were not all favorably inclined toward a missionary's settling in the country. Some of them used their influence to stir up a stronger opposition among the natives than might have been otherwise. Several of these gentlemen made no secret of this fact to the missionaries. When one of them was introduced to Brother Schmelzenbach he became quite angry and used some strong language. He said, "The greatest curse that ever came to Africa was David Livingstone. Why do you fellows come in here and disturb these poor niggers?" he asked. "They were made to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and were intended to be the white man's slaves. Furthermore they do not want what you have to offer to them."

"How do you know that I do not have something that these poor creatures will accept?" Brother Schmelzenbach asked.

"Because I have been in here for twenty-three years, came here as a boy with my father, and I have never been able to teach these niggers to live any better. They are happy, satisfied in their own way of living, and our civilization does not appeal to them. Why not let them alone?" Seeming eager to arouse Brother Schmelzenbach to answer him he continued his tirade of the indifference of the natives and went on, "Why I have taught many of the niggers around here how to train their oxen and use their English plow, and showed them how to plant their grain and care for their gardens so they would raise better crops. I have showed them how to put up these iron and wood buildings as well as the other outbuildings you see around the place. They are not very fine, I admit, but they are palaces when compared to the grass huts they live in. Then I would suggest to these men that they do these things for themselves, especially their farming with the oxen and plow, so they would do away with that ever shortage of food, that they have with them for several months of the year. Did they thank me for my advice? No, they would just look at me and laugh, and say, 'The white man speaks foolishly; we native men could not do that work, all that is a woman's work and our neighbors would laugh at us and call us women. Who ever heard tell of a man paying ten head of cattle for a woman and then he doing her work?' The native man does not do things that way. You are only wasting your time, talents and money on them. Let them alone."

The only answer that Brother Schmelzenbach gave to that gentleman as he left was, "I think that I can soon prove to you that I have not come to the country for my health, but have something that the natives would want."

The natives themselves seemed not to be hostile but put on an air of more or less indifference. All the while they were working underhandedly to drive us out of the country.

\* \* \*

## BACK TO THE WAGON

It came about that we were permitted to live in that one room only a few weeks. Brother Schmelzenbach received a message from the magistrate one day telling him that he would not be permitted to stay in that house, stating that he had better stay in his wagon until he received permission from the queen of Swaziland. He advised him to visit the queen in person about this matter. There was nothing for us to do but go back to our little wagon for a home. While Miss Innis, the baby and I stayed alone, Brother Schmelzenbach went on foot to visit the queen, one hundred miles away. He asked permission to buy property for a mission station. She treated him kindly and made him several encouraging promises.

On his return trip he was caught in a severe storm in the night, and was forced to keep going since it was too dark to see a kraal if he had passed one. About midnight he came to the Komati River, the place where he had taken the wagon apart. He knew he could go no farther until the next morning. He remembered the boatman's hut, and found his way there by the flashes of lightning. After some time he was able to convince the occupants of the hut that he was only

seeking shelter from the storm. He was taken in. A fire was made in the floor and he sat around it until morning drying his clothes.

Having had the promise that he would receive the necessary documents with the queen's permission, Brother Schmelzenbach planned accordingly. But alas! that promise, like all the others she made to him, was not kept and we were forced to keep on the move.

Brother Schmelzenbach did not allow the time to be wasted but preached to every native he came in contact with and sowed the gospel seed to great and small, man and woman, boy or girl. He took advantage of every opportunity to pray with them, until they began to call him "Umtandazo," meaning prayer.

\* \* \*

## AN OPEN DOOR

One day in Mr. Schmelzenbach's travels he came into a settlement of kraals that were different from any he had found in that part of the country. The people seemed to be glad that he had come. They were several families who had moved to this location during, or after the Boer war, in order that their men folks might find work in the gold mines at Pigg's Peak.

An old man greeted Brother Schmelzenbach with a hearty Christian handshake saying, "Do you tell me that you are an Umfundisi?" (missionary).

Brother Schmelzenbach replied, "I am."

"Then the God of heaven has answered the cry of my heart. My name is Jacob and for many years, I have been praying to the God of heaven to send you to us; now you have come. Will you stay?"

These families had been under the influence of the gospel preached by the South African General and Pioneer missionaries before moving to this part of the country. No doubt at one time in the past this old man and others among their number had known the Lord as their Saviour in a justified life. They had never heard of holiness. At the time Brother Schmelzenbach found them they did not seem very different from their heathen neighbors. This was due to the lack of the light and teaching of the Word of God since their move to Pigg's Peak. The tears in the eyes of the old man, as he pleaded with Mr. Schmelzenbach to remain proved the hunger in his heart. Jacob was one of the very first to give his heart to God and he walked in the light of holiness as Brother Schmelzenbach taught it. He lived a godly life for nineteen years from that time. He outlived Mr. Schmelzenbach six months. He was believed to be over one hundred years old at his death. We lived among these people four months. During that time Miss Innis applied herself to the study of the Zulu language, since her first three years on the field were spent among the white people.

Aside from acting as language teacher for Miss Innis, Brother Schmelzenbach put up a stone building which served as a church and schoolhouse for them. He also spent much time in visiting the surrounding kraals. Before we left there the Lord gave a wonderful revival in which

many from these kraals as well as others were brought to the Lord and began to clean up their lives.

We had been settled in our mission station only a short time when one of the men from a distance came to Brother Schmelzenbach asking him to please send them a missionary or preacher, "So that Satan would not get in among them and lead them astray again," in his way of expressing it. There had been one of their number who had acted as preacher for them; but he could read his testament only in syllables and could not write his own name. Finally Brother Schmelzenbach arranged that he would visit them at least once a week until he could find a native preacher for them. He sent to Natal for a young Christian, who might act as preacher and schoolteacher also. In six months this preacher proved a failure, and Brother Schmelzenbach began to plan for the training of his own native workers.

What could he do about this present need? Here was an open door and less than twenty miles from his own mission station. Brave Miss Innis offered to go there and live among those people alone, if she had one trustworthy native girl as a companion, and began to pray to this end. The answer came one day when a large, buxom girl walked forty miles to the mission station for help for her soul. She was the first convert for Miss Innis in that section of the country. Only seven months after we were settled at Peniel Mission Station, Miss Innis took the road to those hungry people.

She rode nearly twenty miles on donkey back, this native girl walking by her side.

The first few weeks she lived in one of the native's huts, until Brother Schmelzenbach could finish a building for her living hut. Miss Innis named her station Grace Mission Station, because it took much grace to live there alone, and she found "His grace" sufficient. At one time Miss Innis contracted sore eyes, which is a very common disease among the natives, which was caused by the smoke from the open fire over which we cooked all our food. For about ten days or two weeks she suffered terrible pain day and night, with only a mat on the ground for a bed; but she suffered patiently with never a word of complaint.

One day a troop of men, sixty in number, passed by. Every man was well armed with spear, club and shield, and they were chanting their war song as they slowly jogged their way to the queen's kraal.

Later we learned that these men were thieves, their headman and some of their soldiers who had gone to the queen to obtain her permission to use force to drive us out of the country. If we then refused to go they would be permitted to kill us. Later nearly all of this angry mob became Brother Schmelzenbach's best friends. One of their number gave him the story of the fruitless march against him, giving an unpleasant picture as to how they intended to carry out their murderous work had they obtained the sanction. We could not understand how the queen happened to refuse except, "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him and delivereth them."

The hot summer came with an unusually rainy season. As winter came on we looked forward with dread to the spending of another summer and rainy season in these uncomfortable and cramped quarters.

Brother Schmelzenbach returned from a second visit to the Swazi queen with brighter hopes than before. This time he succeeded in obtaining the help of the British Resident Commissioner. He knew that at least one of her promises was in his hands, for she gave her consent for him to buy the property that he had been waiting so long for. Our gypsy life was drawing to an end. Just one week later, in August, 1911, Brother Schmelzenbach returned from the magistrate's office late in the afternoon with a long envelope. He had the donkey boy bring the donkeys at once, and we prepared to take possession of our land that night since Mr. Schmelzenbach had got the grant.

We were on a hilltop nearly twenty miles from the property we had claimed for God and our beloved church. The little donkeys could travel only about two miles an hour at their best, and there were rugged mountains to cross which would take a couple of hours to climb.

A new member had been added to our family; our second son was now two months old. I caught the spirit of Brother Schmelzenbach's "Go forward," and it did not take long to prepare the mush for the evening meal. The babies were bathed and made ready and in a short time all was ready. We knelt beside the wagon while Brother Schmelzenbach led to the throne in prayer, with a note of praise for the occasion of that beautiful moonlight evening. He committed us to His care and keeping who had never failed us down through those long, hard months. We could not fear that travel, even though much of the road was rough and steep and dangerous, for God would lead the way and all would be well. Tears of joy were flowing freely as we arose and climbed into the wagon.

Brother Schmelzenbach took up the long whip, waved it over the heads of the sleepy little animals. The wagon began to move slowly down the hill. All nature seemed to be tuned in praise with our hearts as we went our way on that winding road. Some time after midnight the team was called to a halt under some majestic blue gum trees beside a little iron and wood house which became the first home of the Church of the Nazarene in dark Africa. We called it Peniel Mission Station.

Truly now the fight was over, and we could settle down to real business for the Lord, my readers might well think, and so we thought. We soon learned that the enemy was still on the offensive and not giving us an easy time to take possession of that territory even though we now had a fairly good footing.

During those days of waiting for the house to be vacated for us, as a family of white people still lived in it, Brother Schmelzenbach hauled grass for thatching purposes, in his own wagon. He could not get the natives to do this even after promising them a price double the amount ordinarily received. They refused to trade with us except we pay double price for their produce. One day Brother Schmelzenbach discovered a large drove of goats playing on the grass he had purchased, causing considerable damage, while the herd boy stood close by looking on. He asked the boy to please remove the goats, since the grass had cost him quite a lot of money. The boy paid no

attention to him, and went to his boss and reported that Mr. Schmelzenbach had tried to drive the goats off the place.

About 11 o'clock that night Brother Schmelzenbach was aroused from his slumber by the sound of fire. He jumped to the ground, and saw his thatch grass going up in flames. There was not another spark of fire in the community, so it was very evident that it had been set afire. It was burning from all sides, so none of the grass could be saved. Still the fight was on. Every foot of ground won for God and lost souls meant a battle, but the battle was the Lord's and we were on the winning side.

Brother Schmelzenbach at once prepared to have more grass cut, and hauled, but this time he put up a temporary building and stored the grass in this until he should be ready for it.

\* \* \*

## BEGINNING TO WORK

When the witch-doctors found that their "magic" of burning down the thatch grass, was not stopping the missionary, they decided something had to be done to explain matters. They told the people that if they did not allow a feast to be held in their kraals the missionary would capture every one of them through his trickery. They warned the people to stay away from the mission station and forbade them to trade with us. Brother Schmelzenbach could not even hire boys and men to help him in the heavy work, that must be done in order to build up the station, but nothing daunted him. He did not become discouraged.

Since they did not come to the church which he had built he decided he would go to them. Every day he would spend several hours among the kraals. The seven months that Miss Innis was with us in that station she and I would take turns visiting with him, as it was necessary that one always be at the home. For a time the people tried to hide from him. One day as he was wending his way up a hillside to a kraal he noticed a number of women and children in the kraal, but when he arrived not one person could be seen. He knew they had not had time to go very far, so he went in among the huts and began to call out in the Zulu language. "Where are ye, the people of this kraal?" This frightened the children, who began to cry and the dogs began to bark. Again he called out, "Why do you fear and hide from a white man who has such an important matter to bring to you?" Finally the low door was opened and we were greeted by the dogs first, then a woman crawled out on her hands and knees and drove the dogs away. After a few minutes of conversation with her she called in her native tongue to those in the hut, "Come out to see and listen."

Soon there were a half dozen women with babies tied on their backs, a dozen or more children and several young people. The attraction that day was not the story. Brother Schmelzenbach brought to them, but his wife and baby. We had the closest inspection we had ever gone through in our lives. I took down my hair at their request and did many other strange things for their benefit. We spent about an hour in this manner trying to gain their confidence and make friends. Brother Schmelzenbach then cautiously drew from his pocket a Zulu hymn book, and asked them if they knew what it was. After some coaxing a boy replied, "Incwade," the word used for book or any kind of paper. Brother Schmelzenbach explained to them that this was a book from

which one could sing. He began to sing that old song, "What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus." The children began to crowd up to their mothers and the mothers began to back away as if to put as much space between that book and themselves as was possible.

We overheard one of the women say, "Of a truth they say well he is a witch-doctor, for what, but a witch-doctor could make a book speak to us in our own tongue?"

They had been warned about this book and feared it might bewitch them. None of them would touch it. Brother Schmelzenbach succeeded in teaching them the chorus of the hymn before leaving.

Several days later he was out visiting these same kraals when he found the witch-doctor among them having a spiritual feast. He had slaughtered a goat and sprinkled the entire kraal as well as the people and the animals in the kraal with the blood. He had told the people that Brother Schmelzenbach was the white man's witch-doctor, listening to him would bewitch them and make captives of them, and many other weird stories to frighten them. Nothing worked so well as one of these feasts when he would invoke the power of the spirit upon them, and after having gone through his terrible performances, and chanting, he would close with pronouncing a curse upon anyone who would go near the mission station or even listen to what we had to say. For anyone who should accept it a great calamity was awaiting him.

Brother Schmelzenbach insisted that the Word of God could penetrate this heathen darkness which surrounded him, for he had proved it to be "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." He knew he could break down the strongholds of the enemy if he could find a way to get the message to the people.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 04 -- THAT FIRST CONVERT

For a time it might have seemed that the missionaries also were failing to accomplish the task for which they had come into this dark heathen land. The fight with the powers of darkness was long and hard. It was now nearly two years since Brother Schmelzenbach had taken possession of his first mission station in dark Swaziland and not one heathen soul had accepted the gospel.

Numbers had come and gone, but they were still in heathen darkness. He had succeeded in getting a heathen man to act as driver for his donkey wagon, and at the end of eighteen months this man had not made one move toward God. However, he knew that all was not lost; but that God was working and the break must come very soon.

That first convert! Could we ever forget the joy of that day? It was early summer of 1913, a bright Sabbath morning.

For a number of weeks Brother Schmelzenbach had been spending all day Sundays in kraal visiting, because the people would not come to the mission station. This particular morning

showed signs of unusual heat in the air for the day. Brother Schmelzenbach, an early riser by habit, had asked for an early breakfast that he might start on his long journey before the intense heat of the day, adding that he would not return until late that afternoon.

Breakfast and family prayers over, he took up his helmet and walking stick and with his Zulu testament and hymn book in one pocket and a sandwich in the other he started out.

His route that day formed a triangle, about nine miles, mostly downhill in one direction, visiting all the kraals on the way, then about six miles along the river bank where there are always plenty of kraals to be found, then seven miles back to the mission station. We who remained at the station could follow him in our minds as well as in our prayers, as we had been on that same trip with him a number of times in the past. The sun was fast disappearing behind the western mountains as Brother Schmelzenbach came over the hill near the mission station. By the spring in his step we could see something unusual had happened that day and as he drew nearer the shine on his face told the story that he had some good news for us.

He kept everyone in suspense, however, until he was seated in the house, then he looked up with a broad smile saying, "Mama, we have our first convert." For the first time he gave vent to his emotions and dropped on his knees in tears of praise.

We had forgotten that he had only had a dry sandwich and water since he left early that morning and had walked many miles in the heat as well as carried a heavy burden for those whom he had visited. We also forgot that our evening meal was ready. I knelt by his side and together we gave praise to God for answered prayer in giving us that one soul.

Our readers can imagine my surprise when rising from prayer I learned that this woman had not yet sought the Lord, she had only obtained permission from her husband, and had promised to come to the mission station the next morning as an earnest seeker. Did she keep her word and come? We shall see.

She was quite a young woman, and the tenth wife of a very old man. Several of his wives had died while others had left him, so this was the only wife he had. For some time she had shown signs of a real heart hunger for salvation. When Brother Schmelzenbach or Miss Innis or myself would find her in her kraal alone she would give us a hearty welcome and would give earnest attention to the Word of God as we tried to help her understand it. If her old husband was present she would put on an air of indifference and would go about her work as if she did not know the missionaries were there. (This was true in most of the kraals in those days, when the husband or headman was home we usually had an audience of one, and often the message of salvation had to be given in the form of a friendly argument with these men; but if the men were absent from the kraal, we missionaries would often have an audience of women, children and young people.)

This Sabbath afternoon, however, this woman did not turn her back on Brother Schmelzenbach as he came into her kraal, even though her husband was present. Instead she went into her hut and brought out a nice, clean mat, unrolled it on the ground just opposite to where he and her husband were seated, he on a block of wood, her husband on the ground. Here she listened attentively and seemed to be drinking in every word that came from his lips.

When Brother Schmelzenbach mentioned that he would like to pray with them before leaving, the old man began to make objections saying he did not mind all the talk about these strange things but to pray to the Great Beginner (Mkulunqanda), in his kraal, would not be permitted. The woman then spoke up and said, "Umfundisi, I too would be a believer if he would allow me." In an angry tone and a frown on his face, turning to the woman he said, "You are starting a lie. This long time now you have been troubling me to become a believer and only yesterday I told you that I could not be responsible for you in this matter, for you know that the witch-doctor has pronounced a curse on any who would follow this trail, and if you wish to do so you must take the trail alone, only you cannot pray in my kraal."

Brother Schmelzenbach turned to the man and said, "Do you mean to say that if your wife becomes a believer, that you will not trouble her or try to make her give it up, only you do not want her to blame you because she has taken this road?"

"Yes, Umfundisi, that is what I am telling her."

Then Brother Schmelzenbach turned to the woman and said, "Did you hear what your husband said? He will not have anything to say in this matter, you take your road and he will not trouble you. Why not kneel and ask Jesus here and now to come into your heart?"

"No! No!" interrupted the old man, "not in my kraal before my eyes, that would bring the curse of the witch-doctor down upon my head. If her heart is telling her to do this thing, let her go to your home to pray, do not begin here."

The woman now in tears, looked at Brother Schmelzenbach and said, "Umfundisi, the trail to your home is a long one, and the day is now far spent so I cannot arrive there today. You can look for me tomorrow, I will be there and will become a believer."

Yes, the trail to the mission station was more than seven miles and much of it was steep and rough, and the tall grass was wet with the dew in the early hours of the morning; all this made the journey more difficult. This hungry soul saw none of these things.

Before eight o'clock that Monday morning there was a rap at the kitchen door. (Not a gentle rap, as you would expect from a visitor.) It was a sound made with the tongue in the roof of the mouth, by making the sound of the "Q" click three times, and each time making a groaning sound from the throat.

When the door was opened there stood this woman and her little girl, of about ten years of age. Since they do not have clocks or calendars, their only way of telling time is by the sun, and of course they cannot keep in mind their ages, so no one ever knows how old they are. The child was clothed in nature's garb, as all children are until they are about twelve years of age, both boys and girls. Sometimes the boys wear a small loin clout made of small animal hides; but the girls wear nothing. The woman was clothed quite respectably in her skin skirt made of a whole cowhide. These skirts cover the body from the hips to above the knees, then the goatskin apron reaches from

the chest to the edge of the skirt hanging down the front, and the longer the goat hair on these the prettier they are in the native's mind.

According to this woman's testimony she had been sold to her husband when she was an infant at her mother's breast. When she was about the size of her own little girl, she was introduced to her future husband. At this introduction a feast of two or three days is held in the husband's kraal. During this time among other ceremonies the child's hair is woven up into a dome shape on her head with grass cords. At the time this is done they take a concoction made by the witch-doctor and place it in the center of the hair, warning the girl that if she ever molests this or ever takes her hair down it means certain death. It must never be touched with water; but it is kept neatly in shape by the use of porcupine quills, these are used to keep it picked out around the cords. The only cleansing the hair gets all the days of her life, whether they be many or few, is to grease it with melted stale butter or hog lard. Such had been the condition of this woman's hair for more than fifteen years, when she came to the mission station that morning. She and the child were invited into the kitchen and seated on the floor, as the custom is.

We took from the shelf a little testament and began searching out passages of scripture which we thought would encourage her faith and help her to pray through to victory, but the woman put out her hand saying, "Inkosikasi, I do not want that this morning, I do not need it. You have told me about it many times since you came here, and Umfundisi told me about it yesterday. I believe every word of it. What I want this morning is to know how I can get Jesus to forgive my sins and come into my heart. That is what you told me He would do, then I want Him to deliver me from the power of the evil spirits, the demons and the witches."

It did not take us long to get this woman and her little girl down on their knees, and we led them in a prayer of repentance as a mother would teach her young child her first prayer of "Now I lay me down to sleep." That mother would say a few words and the child would repeat them after her until she had helped that child to say the prayer through. Such was the prayer of those two seekers that morning. I can hear my readers ask the question, "Does God hear a prayer like that?" Yes, without a doubt He heard and answered that prayer. The Word says in Romans 10:13, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," and again in Romans 1:16 Paul says, "The gospel of Christ ... is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." This woman had said, "I believe every word of it." Her faith in the Word of God was half of the battle that morning. God met the soul of this black heathen woman who called upon Him in faith, just as He does any soul in enlightened America.

In a short time she sat up and rubbed the greasy tears from her face, and said to me, "It is all right, Jesus has come in." We knew that God had met the need of that precious soul because of the shine on her face. When asked how she knew He had come she said with a broad smile through her tears. "My heart tells me so; my heart is so light."

The little girl hardly understood what was taking place, but she stayed close by her mother's side, and imitated every move the mother made. This babe in Christ gave us three surprises that morning. In the first place we did not expect much of a change in her outward appearance. In fact we thought it would take us months to teach her enough of the Word of God until her faith was strong enough to make the changes outwardly that would reveal to her neighbors

and the witch-doctors the steps she had taken, and the last thing we expected her to do was to take her hair down. While we were giving her a few instructions she interrupted us by saying, "Ngi Funa isipele elu hlaza" (meaning, "I want a blue spell"). This little book is a Zulu primer with a blue paper cover. It teaches the Zulu language in syllables beginning with the sounds of the letters. It takes a pupil about nine months to go through it, but when he has finished the lessons in this little book, he can begin to read the New Testament.

This woman said she wanted a New Testament but she also wanted to learn to read it by herself. She was given her first reading lesson that morning; that finished, she made a second request, by saying, "Inkosikasi ngi funa ingubo e fana ne yako" ("I want a dress like yours. I want to look like a believer.") Having some material of Dutch print in the house we set about to grant this request at once, and while we were using the measuring tape on the woman and the little girl, there came our third surprise, when she asked for a piece of soap to wash her hair. For more than fifteen years no one could pay this woman anything in silver or gold to touch this hair for fear of the curse of the witch-doctor which to her meant certain death for her if she should do so. What gave her the courage to do that daring thing and defy the curse of the witch-doctor that day if it was not the power of the gospel of Christ working in her heart, and her simple faith in her new-found Saviour? Certainly it was not education or clothes, or civilization for none of these things had come to her as yet. Yes, it must have been the power of the gospel of Christ, and after watching this woman's life for nearly twenty-three years with an unbroken walk with God and an ever growing faith, we are more convinced than ever that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth.

We are also convinced that the gospel can accomplish the thing that nothing else can do. The little girl also later gave her heart to God and grew up to love and serve Jesus. She was trained in our own schools and became one of our first helpers as a teacher among the women and children. Later she became the wife of one of our most efficient native preachers. In fact, James and Marie are the pastors of the fine church at our Bremersdorp Station, and Marie is one of the leading women in the W. M. S. This woman and the little child became living witnesses to the power of the gospel that very day, for as they met their neighbors and friends they were put to the test. The mother was offered snuff as the usual friendly custom is among them, but she would promptly refuse and then testify for her Saviour, saying, "I no longer use that stuff."

And then the neighbors would act as if insulted, and would ask her if she thought they were trying to bewitch her with their snuff. She would reply immediately, "Oh, no, there is nothing like that, but the same Jesus that forgave my sins and came into my heart has taken the taste for the stuff out of my mouth." The same was true when they offered her beer to drink; she would promptly refuse and give her testimony.

For some time when visiting the kraals we would hear such conversations as the following in the neighboring kraals:

"Have you seen Mangwane?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"She has become a believer."

"Is that true? How do you know?"

"I saw her; she has the white woman's clothes on, and marvel of marvels, she has taken her hair down."

"My! my! what do you suppose will happen to her now?"

"How can we tell? We shall wait and see, but I am afraid for her."

They did wait and see and what they saw as they waited was a new woman with a transformed life. In less than two weeks she brought another woman, and before the end of the month she brought two more women and their families of children, and in a short time Umquosha, the crippled boy who later became Daniel, was blessedly converted. This was the beginning of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa.

Again the power of the witch-doctors had been tested and failed. The battle was on with greater force than ever before against the powers of darkness. As women and children are subject to the husbands and fathers, the witch-doctors blamed the men for the fact that so many women and young people were attending the church services at the mission station and many were becoming believers. The men in turn trying to prove their innocence in this manner cruelly persecuted everyone who became a Christian. This, however, seemed to act as fuel for the fire, for every one who stood true to God under the persecution several more would be won.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- THE FIGHT IS ON

The enemy of souls never gives the soldier an easy time when he is out to win souls to Christ, and it seemed that Brother Schmelzenbach had located on the enemy's very own territory. There is no doubt that God had prepared him in advance for the task He had called him to do, as he seemed to be blessed with an unusual courage and spiritual discernment. He seemed always to know just the right steps to take when a bad situation arose. He often took his life in his own hands as he rescued a soul, knowing that soul would be lost if he did not act and act quickly. It was literally a hand to hand fight in many cases. I might fill pages upon pages with illustrations taken from real life. Even now missionaries must often help the struggling souls to fight their way through to salvation and life everlasting, because of the strong objections of their heathen relatives and neighbors.

Only six months after that first woman gave her heart to Christ and the break came, there were eight or ten young men and girls, ranging in ages from fourteen to eighteen, at the mission station. Every one of them had been cruelly beaten, some of them had been starved for days at a time, and one of the girls had slept out in the long grass for five nights and her food had been taken from her and she had been beaten. Finally she made her way to the mission station for refuge. All this because they had found God and became believers, as they called it.

Brother Schmelzenbach spent much of his time during those days with the magistrate trying to work out some plan where he could take action in helping these cases without taking the law into his own hands or in any way crossing the law of the land, as he was trying to teach the natives at the same time to become law-abiding citizens, but there was not one clause in the law at that time to help these suffering ones. One evening he returned from such a journey wearied but with brighter hopes than at any time before. He dropped into one of our uncomfortable straight chairs, (for there was no other kind in the house) and began to tell of his success, saying, "This has been one long day, but I believe it has been one well spent. At last I believe the magistrate can see that it is at least part of his business to help do something toward putting a stop to some of the cruel customs practiced by these poor ignorant people. Not that they had not already done some things along this line, for they really have done much, but there is much going on all around their door that they seem to know nothing about. Then he seems to think the government is too new in the country to try to put a stop to some of their customs. I told him when a custom causes torture and often death it was time to put a stop to it, and I am here to do that very thing, by the help of God, but the task is such a gigantic one that we could make better progress in much less time if we had the law on our side. Finally he agreed something should be done about these conditions among the Swazis, and promised to back me up as long as I could manage to carry out my plans without becoming directly entangled with the natives in court."

"And how will you manage it?" I asked.

"I will handle the case as far as I can without breaking the law. Then if I don't succeed, I will send the girl to the magistrate to plead her own case before him, and he promises to do all in his power to help her without my presence in the courtroom. The only hope we have in any case is, that the poor victim will not weaken and give up the fight for liberty herself. After all is done and said, the battle is the girl's, and all any of us can do is to stand by and encourage her not to give up the fight until she has won out."

I do not think that Brother Schmelzenbach was aware of the fact that the time for one such battle was so near at hand. And the story of this one could be repeated again and again with only slight variations.

\* \* \*

#### NGOBODHLANE -- NOW RHODA

Among those early Christians brought in by that first convert were two girls whose parents had died and they were quite young but since they had become the property of their father's brother, being the rightful heir to him, they were not considered orphans. One of these girls was about eleven years of age, the other we judged to be about two years younger. The elder of the two became one of the brightest Christians and in every way seemed more earnest than the other members of that family who came with her. They also had a brother, a very wicked heathen young man, who was planning to take his first wife. Ngobodhlane had not missed one service in the church or day school for nearly a whole year, and every day she seemed to make strides in the

knowledge and grace of God, but alas, the enemy was on her trail and one day she was missing from her usual place in the services, and the next day she was not in the day school.

This went on for a whole week, then one day she came to the house asking to speak to Umfundisi. The tears were falling from her eyes as she sobbed with a broken heart. Brother Schmelzenbach invited her into the house. Asking her to be seated on the floor he said, "And what can I do for you, my child?" For several minutes she sat there silently weeping and sobbing. He did not urge her, but silently waited until she could control her emotions, then again he said, "Tell me, my child, what is it that troubles your heart and gives you such great sorrow?"

She sobbed out the words, "Ngi wensisile" ("I am engaged," or sold).

"Yes, and when did this happen?" he asked.

Again with sobs she replied, "A ngaze" ("I do not know").

"Who is the man?" he asked.

"Nkau" (monkey) was her answer.

"Who engaged you to that old man who already has six wives?" was his question.

"I do not know but they tell me that my father did it before he died."

"Do you remember your father when he died?" Brother Schmelzenbach asked.

"No, he died when I was very young and I do not remember him," was her answer.

He turned to me and said, "Another case of sold in infancy." Then to the girl, "What are you going to do about it? Will you give up your Saviour and go with Nkau, or will you take your stand and keep true to Jesus and refuse to become the wife of this heathen?"

Ngobodhlane's face had a new light in it as she raised her eyes to those of Brother Schmelzenbach and said, "Could I do that; could I make my choice in this matter?"

"Are you not a believer?" he asked. "You could do that very thing, and it is up to you to take your stand, and make your own choice in this matter," was his reply.

"Umfundisi, they have told me that I have no choice and that they will kill me if I do not obey their orders, and how can I escape under such conditions?"

Brother Schmelzenbach explained to her how he would be able to help if she should take a strong stand for herself, and come to him for help and protection. He would take her into our home at the mission station and not allow her people to lay hands upon her, as long as she refused to go with them.

As she turned to leave again she said, "Umfundisi, I cannot see how it can be done but I will try with all my powers to walk with my Saviour." He assured her that the Lord would help her and make a way of escape and encouraged her to keep praying and trusting in Him, promising that he also would pray for her.

Three weeks went by and Ngobodhlane had returned to the services and the day school and all trouble seemed in the far distance, as far as her case was concerned, but one Monday morning she was missing again and the next day also. On Wednesday morning Brother Schmelzenbach was forced to leave early to spend the day at Grace Mission Station. He had planned to return early in the afternoon but when five o'clock came and the sun was dropping behind the mountains in the west we began to feel uneasy, for it would soon be quite dark and there was no moon that night, but our troubled thoughts were suddenly lost in excitement when Ngobodhlane and her small sister rushed into the kitchen without warning. She ran about like a frightened kitten trying to find a place to hide, all the while saying, "Inkosikasi, hide me quick, hide me quick, my brother is pursuing me, hide me quick."

I stood a second watching her, and then sensing trouble, I said not a word but took her by the hand and led her through the dining room and into a small room which we used for a storeroom, where we kept our household provisions which had to be bought in quantities. The only window in this room was small and high from the outside, so that no one could get in or even see in except by passing through the house. Just why I led her to this place I never could decide except that she was begging to be hid and this made a good hiding place.

Once inside I said, "Tell me Ngobodhlane, what is the trouble; why are you frightened?"

In a few words she told me that her brother started out with her to take her to Nkau and leave her there that night, but that she had found the opportunity to make her escape from him when they came to a fork in the trail just over the hill from the mission station. For a whole week they had been making her prepare for her wedding but not until the middle of the afternoon of that day did they let her know that she was to be married that night. Only about five minutes before she left her home had she known it. She had begged that her small sister be allowed to go with her. In her own words, "I prayed all along the way as I came up the mountain, and about half way here I became very weary so that I could not keep pace with my brother and since his part in the ceremony had to be done before dark and he saw the sun was going down, he hastened ahead, saying that my sister and I could follow according to our strength. When we reached the top of the mountain my strength came back to me, and I could see my brother a long distance ahead of us still hastening on and something said to my heart 'This is your opportunity to make your escape, which trail will you take?' I turned to my sister then and said, 'Follow me,' and we began to run, all weariness having left me and my feet seemed to have taken wings. I know my brother will soon miss me and my sister as he kept looking back to see if we were coming." I warned them both to keep very quiet and no matter what they heard from the outside they were not to appear, and then I turned to leave them.

I heard a man's voice at the dining room door. I hastened to greet him, all fear having left me and a holy boldness had taken possession of me that made me feel that I could conquer an army of men. As I reached the door there he was facing me with his club in the air, spear in the other

hand by his side and eyes literally flashing with rage as he almost screamed out, "Where is Ngobodhlane? I want Ngobodhlane. You have Ngobodhlane. She is my sister and you give her to me at once. I want Ngobodhlane." This was kept up for several minutes so fast that it was impossible for me to say anything.

Finally he paused and I took advantage of the opportunity and began to shower him with questions only more quietly. I said, "But why all this; why are you asking me for Ngobodhlane? Did you see her come here; and why are you pursuing her like this? What has she done that you should be so angry at her?"

Then he broke out more angrily, if possible than at first, and said, "It's none of your business what I am doing here and I demand her at once." By this time he sensed the fact that Brother Schmelzenbach was not on the grounds and that the poor, cowed natives who were in the home with me were so frightened that they were crowded into a corner back of the kitchen stove, fearing to even breathe normally. After all I was only a woman, and could do nothing. A woman need not be feared, so he decided to take his sister by force if he could locate her. He started to step up into the dining room door, thinking I could do nothing about it; but I stepped across the door and shoved him back onto the little porch where he had been all the while. I then warned him that he had better leave at once for darkness was overtaking him and that he had a long distance to go to his home. Another tirade of threats was then started and he assured me that he would not leave the place without his sister and the sooner he could get his hands on her the sooner I would get rid of him. So saying he made another rush for the door, and pointed his spear upward in the act of trying to use both hands to push me out of his way. I had noticed that he was unconscious of the fact that he was holding his spear very loosely and when he stepped up reaching out that hand as well as the one holding the club, I quietly took the spear out of his hand while with the other hand I pushed him back again. At the same time I warned him that he had better leave now as he was unarmed and I had his spear as a witness that he had attacked me and my children while the Umfundisi was not at home. This thoroughly frightened him and he seemed to forget his sister and began to turn his attention to trying to regain his spear. I held it back of me and warned him to tarry no longer as I had the spear and had no intention of letting him have it for as long as it was in my possession it would speak for me. He began to be more quiet and plead for the spear, promising to leave at once and not trouble me nor his sister; but I assured him that he could regain his spear only by taking the matter to Brother Schmelzenbach. He might, or he might not return it to him. It now became his affair; but if he continued with his threats and troubling me while I was alone, I told him it might become the affair of the big white chief (magistrate).

I saw he was more frightened than angry and I pressed the case home, the sooner he left the easier it might be for him later on when he had to face this evening's actions. Finally he had one more try by breaking out in a rage and left pronouncing all kinds of threats on our heads.

I have often been asked since coming to America if I did not fear the heathen of Africa and my answer is, "Only under two conditions and that is when they are intoxicated and when they are angry." One who knows them will never defy a native in a rage for they will stop short of nothing when they are angry. The heathen of Africa believe that their hearts are located in their throats. If you ask them why they believe their hearts are in their throats they will answer without fail,

"Because when we are angry a lump comes, up in the throat and nearly chokes us." This proves how they give way to their anger.

After this man had left I closed the door and turned the key, and discovered that all my boldness was gone and I was quite weak with fear, especially when I called the natives into the dining room and they assured me that he had not gone but was still hiding around the house and might try to come in even then. I tried to put on a bold face but was so frightened that my voice betrayed my fear as I spoke to them. I took down my Bible and read the 91st Psalm (our old standby under such conditions) and went to prayer, and such a prayer-meeting as we did have. Brother Schmelzenbach did not arrive until nine o'clock that evening.

He was weary and worn; but of course he had to hear the story of our exciting evening, and after he listened to Ngobodhlane tell her side of it, he turned to me saying, "I guess the fight is on. May the Lord help us to win this battle, for so much depends on the success of a battle of this nature."

This was the first fight for a girl's soul, she having been sold and was being forced to marry a heathen man against her will.

It was after midnight when Brother Schmelzenbach retired that night, but at the break of dawn we heard the voices of two men speaking, first in low tones, then a little louder we heard them saying, "Do you think he has returned? Where could he be?"

The answer came, "I do not know, but if we call loudly perhaps he will answer and appear if he is here."

The other replied, "But suppose he has not returned, then we would arouse the woman and nothing can be accomplished with her." Then their voices died away and seemed to be on the far side of the house, then all was perfectly silent. In a few minutes a voice called loudly, "Umfundisi, are you there? Umfundisi, we are here and wish to speak to you."

Brother Schmelzenbach arose, saying, "I guess the sooner I go out and face this thing the sooner it will be over." I warned him as he went out the door that there might be others, so he must be careful of foul play. He assured me that he could take care of himself. It was now break of day and light enough so that he could see who was there. Brother Schmelzenbach soon was deep in a quiet argument with these men. The entire house was soon stirring and very uneasy as they noticed the men's voices become louder and their words more threatening.

For the entire day Brother Schmelzenbach stayed with them, begging them to give this girl a chance for her soul. But with all his persuasion, admonishing, instructing and begging, they seemed to be immovable. Several times during the day the girl was brought out to make her own defense and each time as she appeared in the door they would command her to come with them and take the road back to her home; but she would only answer, "I cannot go back to heathen darkness. Jesus in my heart tells me I must not."

Of course this threw them into a rage and they would try to take her by force, but Brother Schmelzenbach would step between them and the girl and demand of them to be off, and she would step back into the house and shut the door.

As the sun went out of sight in the western sky Brother Schmelzenbach reminded them of their long journey to their home and commanded them to go or that spear might be forced to speak for him before the great white chief. Finally he told them if they would go and leave the girl he would return the spear, showing them he was their friend.

The next morning, not quite so early; but before breakfast, they were back and three of the uncle's wives were with them. This time the men kept in the background and the women asked to speak to Ngobodhlane. She did not only speak to them but she prepared food for them, seeing they had come seven miles without food that morning. About the middle of the afternoon they succeeded in convincing her that they would be her friend and protect her if she returned to her home with them.

Brother Schmelzenbach warned her of foul play and that he would be powerless to help her if she left the mission station. Then she told him that the men had been in hiding all day, and if she did not return with the women they intended to attack him and his family that night and kill all on the grounds, thus to prevent this she would take the women at their word and go back to their home with them. Under no conditions would she consent to go back into heathen darkness, which also meant that she would not go to the heathen man's home, whom they called her husband. Brother Schmelzenbach prayed with her and of course allowed her to go since he had no power to keep her if she chose to go with them. This was Thursday afternoon.

Ngobodhlane did not return to school the next day, Nothing was heard of her on Saturday, but about 11 o'clock Sunday morning as the small group of Christians were gathering in the church for the service two girls came running over the hill to the mission house in great excitement saying, "Umfundisi, they are carrying Ngobodhlane to Nkau's kraal and she is calling for you to come and help her."

He called for his saddle horse and as he galloped out of the grounds called back, "Go on with the service, you know what to do," and he was gone. He knew a short cut to a crossing in the road where they would pass and he made for that place two miles from the mission station. As he went over the hill he could see them in the distance, six husky young men carrying the girl bodily. She was large for her age. When he was about a half mile from them they saw him for the first time and fearing he was a policeman as well as a missionary, they dropped the girl in the path as if she were a sack of grain, and made for the thorn bush and were soon out of sight. When he came to the side of the girl she had managed to rise from the ground to a sitting posture and her hump-backed brother stood over her. Brother Schmelzenbach swung from his horse at the same time saying, "What does all this mean?"

The brother answered not one word, the girl could not answer for weeping, he saw she had been cruelly beaten and swollen welts across her shoulders were bleeding with fresh blood oozing from several places on her throat. At first sight he feared they had stabbed her in the throat, but he soon learned that this had been caused by the men grabbing her throat every time she would call

for help as they carried her along and as they did this their claw-like finger nails pierced the flesh and caused the blood to come and stream down over her chest.

The brother then turned on Brother Schmelzenbach and raised his club high over his head bringing it down intending to give him a fatal blow, but Brother Schmelzenbach was too quick for him, and caught him at the wrist holding the club in midair. Then he spied him bringing his spear around from the back as he was standing to the side of him. Brother Schmelzenbach swung around and caught the other hand and raised it high then ordered him to drop both spear and club. All this time the man had not spoken one word, but anger flashed from his eyes as he seemed to be gnawing his tongue with rage. Brother Schmelzenbach talked to him quietly, giving him the Word of God and tried to arouse him from the rage he was in. He was a small man and being hump-backed he was not very strong, so Brother Schmelzenbach feared no danger after he had him disarmed. Had he succeeded in bringing that club down upon Brother Schmelzenbach's head he never would have returned to the mission station alive.

After some time holding him in that position, the man dropped both spear and club. Brother Schmelzenbach took them up and placed them at the back of himself, then he continued talking quietly to the young man trying to convince him of the crime he was committing and what it would mean should he injure either his sister or Umfundisi. Not only would the big white chief of Swaziland punish him, but if he killed either of them he would pay with his own life. Brother Schmelzenbach also tried to show how he was fighting with God by trying to cause his sister to go back into heathen darkness since she had found the Lord and was a child of His. If he did not repent he certainly would have to meet this at the judgment.

Finally he spoke, saying, "Give me my things, and I will be off, I am finished."

Brother Schmelzenbach arose, gathered them up, handed them to the young man and as he offered to shake hands with him he assured him that he was still his friend, telling him that he was only trying to save his soul from heathen darkness and eternal destruction. The young man answered him not a word but started down the path in the direction of the kraal where he had intended taking the girl. Brother Schmelzenbach tried to help the girl to her feet and to walk but she was too weak from all that she had gone through to even stand. He led her to the shade of a tree and told her to stay there until he could send the girls and women from the mission station and they would carry her.

He hastened back and gathering the girls and women around him explained where they would find Ngobodhlane and why they needed to go to her, and they were off.

But they returned to report that she could not be found. One of the women acting as leader came saying, "Umfundisi, we failed to do the thing you asked of us." After a few questions from Brother Schmelzenbach he learned that when the women did not find her, they followed the trail for some distance, and far ahead they saw the men carrying her to Nkau's kraal.

Brother Schmelzenbach waited for no further word, but had his horse saddled for the second time that day and galloped away without a word. It was after dark when he returned, pale with grief. "I am not giving this thing up yet," he said as he dropped into a chair. "I found they had

torn her clothes from her and burned them, and they were still smoldering in the open fire in the yard when I arrived there. She had a small piece of filthy rag about her waist and the women were trying to weave her hair up. I was almost sorry that she had cut it so short that they were unable to do anything with it, as it caused them to abuse and torture her because of that, and all I could do was to stand and look and let them do anything they wished to. Both she and I were powerless. I never have seen such a crowd at a wedding here in Swaziland, and they literally hissed at me when I entered the kraal, first one shouting out, 'So you have lost your game, have you?' Another answered, 'Yes, she is in our power, and we dare you to take her from us.' Then to the poor victim, 'Call to him for help and see how much he can help you now.'"

"What did you say or do about it?" I asked.

"I just paid no attention to them; but talked with Ngobodhlane and asked her if she had given in and wanted me to drop the case."

"What did she say?" I asked again.

"She silently weeping said, 'No, Umfundisi, I prayed for you to come, I know Jesus has sent you to me, and I am ready to go with you now if you will take me.'

"I told her it was Sunday and that I could do nothing about it, but if she would pray I would get her out of there tomorrow. She is so bruised and beaten up that I think the magistrate can take them on the grounds of assault."

The next morning at break of dawn Brother Schmelzenbach was off to the government camp and told his story to the magistrate, who seemed thoroughly stirred and sent two native policemen to go to the kraal and to arrest every man and woman there and bring the girl to him at once. Since they had twenty miles to go on foot they did not arrive there until that afternoon. When they did arrive and learned that they were interfering with one of their own heathen customs in taking a girl from her husband, they carried out their instructions in a half-hearted way, especially since they were treated freely to some of the beer left from the wedding the day before. Finally they gathered the main members of the family who might be able to plead their own case and ordered the girl to take the lead and they started back to the camp with them, arriving there late in the night. Early the next morning the magistrate called them into the courtroom and asked the girl to tell her own story.

There was no one to defend her case and her accusers denied everything she said. She was only a child and alone, no, not alone, for Jesus certainly stood by her that day and pleaded her case for her.

After hearing both sides in detail and what seemed ages to the poor girl, the magistrate turned his attention to her condition, and said, "If you are a believer why do you come before me as you are, why do you not have on your body the believer's dress?"

"Because they have taken my clothes from me and burned them in the fire," was her reply.

"Is that true?" he asked her accusers. One young man was bold enough to snap out the click which means, "no!"

Seeming to accept this reply from them he turned again to the girl and said, "Come near and turn your back to me." Then passing his hand over the dry blood on her back said, "What is this which looks like blood on this girl's back, also on her throat. Tell me, where did all this come from?"

The girl turned to speak and then broke into tears for the first time during the entire trial, and told him how they had whipped her because she would not go with them when they demanded her to do so.

The magistrate asked, "Why not go with them rather than be beaten?"

She boldly answered, "Because I am a believer and have Jesus in my heart and I do not want to go back into heathen darkness."

The magistrate then preached them a sermon that they never could forget all the days of their lives. He told them how God would punish them for doing such a thing to a believer if they did not repent before Him for this. And, if they ever tried to do the same to her or any other believer again while he was there he would punish them with the law of the land.

He then called a policeman and gave him orders to deliver the girl safely to the mission station and warned her people to never ask her to come to them until she wished to go of her own accord. They were never to molest her in any way.

Late that evening the policeman arrived with her and a letter from the magistrate to Brother Schmelzenbach, explaining his decision in this case and warning him that she had better be protected for a while for fear they might try in some other way to take her.

We gave her an evening meal, for she had had nothing to eat since early morning, and while she was eating we all sat and listened to her story, which was in brief, as I have given it here.

"Ngobodhlane" became "Rhoda" when she was baptized after she had been a Christian two years. She became a power in prayer and a beautiful Christian, and the wife of one of our native preacher boys. Zakaria and Rhoda are still pastors of an outstation.

Rhoda, with her five children to care for, carries a heavy end of their work in winning their neighbors and friends for Christ as well as keeping a burden upon the hearts of their women converted for the W.M.S. work in the church. Did you get the word picture in this story, "The Fight for One Soul"?

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time before Brother Schmelzenbach went to Swaziland he expressed his regret that he did not have an opportunity to study medicine. He believed that every man and woman who felt the call to that dark field ought to have some knowledge of medicine so that they might be able to help alleviate those poor people's physical sufferings while they try to point them to Christ their Saviour. For a wedding present a missionary friend gave Brother Schmelzenbach a medical book. He studied that as faithfully as he did the Zulu language.

Not until he reached Swaziland did he realize the full meaning of his need along this line. At that time there were two doctors in all of Swaziland and both of them were sixty miles from where Brother Schmelzenbach settled. There was no hospital anywhere in the country. These two doctors would have attended the natives as well as the small white population in the country, but their charges were heavy and far too much for the natives. Also the natives feared them and could not be paid to go to them, though those injured in beer drink fights, or sick prisoners were often placed in the hands of these doctors by the government officials and all was done for them that might have been done in any other land under the same circumstances. Often the natives chose to die rather than to trust the white doctors.

As Brother Schmelzenbach would go among the kraals and see the terrible suffering of the Swazi because of their crude and unsanitary ways of living, he began to plead with our home Board for a doctor and nurse. Meanwhile he set out to do all in his power to save as many as possible, especially after the first woman was converted and would come for physical help and remedies that Brother Schmelzenbach had tried and proved to be successful. He gradually gained the confidence of the heathen about him.

He fixed up a small medicine kit containing his forceps for extracting teeth, a few doses of castor oil, Epsom salts, quinine, calomel, and homemade ointment for sores and burns. Often he would go to those where he had seen a suffering one, and since they had not allowed him to pray with them or would not even listen to the gospel story on his first visit he would approach them concerning their illness. He had done this before, but now he would offer them a remedy and tell them that he could cure them if they would take the medicine and allow him to pray with them. Of course it was the power of God back of the medicine that really did the work. He would make it his special business to visit these sick ones every day until he had succeeded in gaining their confidence, sometimes, though, it was not until the old witch-doctor had done his worst and all hope was gone, then they would step aside and let him try to save them if he could. As far as they were concerned they knew their loved one was gone. Then when God would answer prayer he not only gained the confidence of that one who had been cured but would gain the confidence of the entire kraal and sometimes the neighboring kraals as well.

Sometimes they would become frightened as the patient recovered, and they would send them to live at the mission station. Now they must become believers as they feared the witchcraft of the believers since their witch-doctors would not deal with it. Oh, the powers of heathen darkness! It cannot be described or told in words.

I remember the first case that Brother Schmelzenbach succeeded in bringing to life, as the natives described it, when it seemed nothing more could be done. He was what the Swazis called a wayfaring man, or we would call him a tramp. This man was passing through the country with a

pack on his back. He was attacked by a severe spell of malaria fever. When Brother Schmelzenbach found him, he was lying alongside the road unconscious. A stretcher was improvised and the man carried to the station. He was placed in one of the huts at the station. Brother Schmelzenbach began to work with him giving him cold baths and keeping cold packs on his head (no ice could be had, just cold water was used), until the man began to move and open his eyes, then he gave the salts and calomel and quinine. For a whole day and night he did not leave the man's side. We took food to him. During the night he noticed that he was being rewarded for his work with him. The man seemed to rest peacefully. Toward morning he finally opened his eyes and asked where he was, and what he was doing there. In three days his patient was sitting up and in ten days time the man wanted to take the road again, saying that he was on his way to the mines in Barberton and must be off. Brother Schmelzenbach did not allow him to go until he had time to lead that man to God and saw and heard him pray and give God thanks for his life.

Of course the fame of this one case soon spread and the heathen came to see if it were true. We never saw that man again after he left. Whether he was killed in the mines or returned to his home some other way (his home was in Portuguese East Africa), we never knew. The case helped to break down much prejudice against Brother Schmelzenbach in that community.

Then Miss Innis also raised one boy from the dead. She was out visiting the people in the kraals and found a boy about twelve or fourteen years of age stretched out on the ground unconscious. His folks were digging his grave. Miss Innis bent over him and learned that he was not dead, but that he was suffering with a fever. She removed her own coat and put it over the boy and began to work on him. After some time he opened his eyes and looked at her and asked for water. She too stayed by his side throughout the night. She convinced his family that he would get well if they would carry him to her home where she could better nurse him. They finally decided that it was just as well, since he was now raised from the dead, and would only die again if they kept him there. They improvised a stretcher and carried him several miles to Grace Mission Station, where Miss Innis lived. Yes, he got well and was blessedly saved and became one of our first preachers of the gospel. In later years he was forced to give up preaching because of poor health, but is still serving the Lord in the capacity of a layman.

The small babies and children who suffer from bad burns caused by crawling into the open fires, were never kept count of. The running sores, ulcers and sore eyes were part of the daily routine in the dispensary which at that time was in a small grass hut built for that purpose at the mission station, or anywhere you might find Brother Schmelzenbach and his medicine kit.

The cries of that poor mother who had returned from a beer drink in the midnight hours too intoxicated to know that she had laid her young infant in the hot coals of the fireplace, and found it baked the next morning, is an experience that will stay with my memory all the days of my life. Brother Schmelzenbach snatched up one of my bed sheets, tore it into two parts, picked up his black bag and started after the woman, she screaming, "Who has bewitched me? I have killed my baby!" It was only too true she had killed her baby, for as Brother Schmelzenbach attempted to apply his remedies the little one opened its eyes just once, then gasped and was gone. He tried to comfort the poor mother with the story of salvation, and telling her that she might meet her little one again if she would turn to the Lord and live for Him. She was not ready to pay the price and give up the beer which caused her to kill the precious baby.

Soon the fame of Brother Schmelzenbach's "Jesus medicine" was talked about far and near until the heathen would come for medicine any hour in the day or night.

One day he found a young man in a kraal about three miles from the mission station who had a deep spear wound in his foot. It looked as though he had been speared through the instep and the spear had gone through the foot. He never would tell Brother Schmelzenbach how it happened, but he did allow him to use his remedies on it. He had seen that what the witch-doctors had tried was only making it worse and he was in danger of losing his foot if not the entire leg. Brother Schmelzenbach started on the foot by having him soak it in a solution made from the flakes of permanganate of potash. He walked the three miles every day to make sure his patient was having his foot properly cared for until the danger point was passed. When it was clean and he saw there was a chance of saving the foot he added an ointment and kept it well bandaged. In three months time that man began to walk with a stick and in a short time after that he was able to walk with scarcely a limp. Brother Schmelzenbach gave that young man the Word of God and prayed with him every visit he made to him. This young man was saved at the time, but being the son of a petty chief and heir to his father's possessions, he later backslid. Through him that kraal was opened to the gospel and a number of others from it have been saved. His younger brother is a Nazarene preacher today.

When Miss Cole, the first trained nurse, arrived on the field Brother Schmelzenbach had extracted over five hundred teeth for the natives and had established quite an extensive practice for himself. The Christians would not go to their own witch-doctors and since their herb doctors worked in connection with the witch-doctors they would then go to the Umfundisi for all their medical treatments.

God only, helped him to have the success he had along that line, and it was nothing less than a miracle that so many very sick people recovered. So many times he did not know even what the patient had, much less what remedy to use to help him get well. He would give them good care and use things he knew would not hurt them, or he thought would not, then pray every day and night until they were well.

When the influenza went through Swaziland in 1918 Brother Schmelzenbach saw many of the natives dying in the bushveldt. He reported this to the magistrate and told him that he was willing to go down and stay there and doctor them if he could get the remedies that the doctors were using for this new disease. The magistrate soon gave him large bottles of tablets and a few instructions from their doctors. He took his pack and went to the bushveldt and stayed two weeks at that time. He used all the medicine and came back for more. He returned to the bushveldt again and stayed another two weeks. He would go from kraal to kraal giving them medicine and telling them what to do. Where he found a person had died he would find the entire kraal living out under the trees fearing to stay in their kraal or even sleep at night. When he returned and the epidemic had passed, he reported that he did not lose one case, where they would accept his medicine and obey his instructions. During that time Brother Schmelzenbach became quite sick with influenza himself, but remained at home and in bed only four days. At the end of that time a messenger came to notify him that Titus, one of the native preachers in the bushveldt was very sick. Brother Schmelzenbach arose from his bed and went to the preacher. Two days later he sent a note that the

preacher was dangerously ill with pneumonia and he himself was down with the flu again and unable to care for his patient. Miss Cole could not go as she had a young hospital with eighteen patients. It was then decided that the writer should go to the bushveldt. Brother Schmelzenbach and Titus were both in the small lean-to shack beside the church. Titus was comfortably resting on the only cot in the room, while Brother Schmelzenbach had a quilt laid on a grass mat on the floor. He was as near Titus as he could get in order that he might be able to give him his medicine regularly throughout the day and night. Both were too sick to want any food. A small boy brought water to them. I stayed with them ten days until Brother Schmelzenbach was able to be up and attend his patient again. Titus was very ill, but the dear Lord answered prayer and spared his life. As soon as he was able to be moved Brother Schmelzenbach called for a number of Christian men and used the folding cot for a stretcher and had them carry him the seventeen miles up the mountain to our home.

Miss Cole filled a great need in helping in this medical work. Not until 1922 did Dr. West come to the field and lift the burden of the medical work from Brother Schmelzenbach's untrained hands, but never from his heart. He always suffered with those in physical need and unable to obtain help outside of the mission. Many of our neighboring kraals never were opened to the gospel until some member of that kraal became very sick and the witch-doctors had given him up. It was then they would call on our missionaries for medical help. God never failed to help his servants and bless the work of their hands and thereby open the doors of those kraals to the message of salvation.

The kraal where the young chief recovered and then backslied never did fully open their doors to Brother Schmelzenbach until another of their number had an accident, this time a small boy. Little Umakodi was herding the calves and one day a new calf was getting away with its mother. The child caught the calf by the back leg and tried to hold it. The calf was stronger than he and drew him down on his face over a flat rock. The old cow turned on the boy and brought her front hoof down on the boy's mouth, crushing a number of his teeth out and cutting his face badly. The witch-doctor of course was called and the spirits consulted and everything else heathenish was done. Nothing helped the boy. Finally when his mouth became so bad that he could no longer open it to take food or drink water, and the pus ran from it he was brought to the mission station.

Louise Robinson was in charge of the dispensary then, and took this case in hand. When we saw the terrible condition of the child, we asked her if she thought there was hope, for it looked like he had been neglected too long. She said, "It does look pretty bad, but we will do our best, and trust the Lord to help and answer prayer."

The old grandmother came with this child and announced that she would stay with the child if it were necessary that he remain with the missionaries for a while. Brother Schmelzenbach, standing near watching Louise work with the wound, asked the old woman why they had waited so long after the accident; for it had been ten days. The old woman said his father would not allow him to come, because the missionaries would make him become a believer. Then Brother Schmelzenbach asked her what he would do if his boy died. She quickly added, "You missionaries will not allow him to die now that he is here and I am here to see that he does not become a believer."

To make a long story short the child stayed with Miss Robinson about two weeks and during that time old grandmother came under conviction and rather than yield to God she went back to her home and left the child alone. The child was blessedly saved. After his mouth and face were healed he did not want to go back to his home for fear they would try to make him backslide. His own mother came for him and insisted that he return to his home. He went with her. The very first Sunday he stayed away from services, we found him a few days later and saw his clothes had been taken from him and destroyed. We talked with his mother and persuaded her to allow him to return to us. I took him into my own home and used him to carry water for the home as our water had to be carried from a spring some distance away, up a steep hill.

From that time Umakodi lived with us and went to school until he grew to young manhood. When he was old enough he entered training school. He has now finished his training and is preaching the gospel to his own people.

One more illustration taken from real life will help my readers to see how important it is that our missionaries have some training along this line, if they would be at their best for God on the mission field. It was Sunday morning and just break of dawn. A small heathen boy stood around the open door timidly peeping into the kitchen. When we noticed him, we greeted him in his own language. We asked, "What do you want?"

"Ngi funa Umfundisi," was his reply.

Brother Schmelzenbach, hearing the boy, arose from his chair in the dining room and said, "Why do you want me so early in the morning, my boy?" The child was in tears by this time.

He told his story. He had been sent by his father to tell the Umfundisi to please come and save his brother, who was older than himself. The boy had fallen from a wild fruit tree on the jagged stump of a tree and cut his stomach. Brother Schmelzenbach did not wait for further explanation, but had his horse brought and saddled. He asked Willie Young, a native schoolteacher, to go with him lest the boy was as bad as his brother had said.

Soon Brother Schmelzenbach returned to say, "For one time a native did not make the story worse than it actually was." He gathered up a bundle of bandages at the same time asking me to give him the largest saucer I had in the house. What he found was a boy about ten or eleven years of age lying on a filthy mat covered with a worn blanket. The flies swarmed over the boy and the stench was almost unbearable. The boy was groaning with pain and crying. When the blanket was lifted he saw, by the light of a firebrand in the dark hut, a large hole in the child's stomach, the intestines lying outside and pus running off on the mat. He was unable to do anything for him. He could not keep the intestines inside until he placed this saucer upside down over the open place and wrapped the bandage around the entire body.

He returned to ask Miss Robinson to send her girls with a stretcher to carry him to the mission station. Miss Robinson began at once to do all in her power to save this boy. On Monday she said she feared that he would die unless the doctor could get there to sew the place up.

The rivers were in flood and Dr. Hynd could not cross into our part of the country.

On the following Tuesday the missionaries and native workers began to gather for quarterly meeting. Among those who were in that section, and were not barred by the river, were Miss Dora Carpenter and Miss Lovelace. After seeing the terrible condition of this child, they decided that he might stand a better chance if the wound was sewed up. These brave girls decided they would do this while the other missionaries prayed just outside the door of the room where they worked. The child was too weak to be given an anesthetic, but he bravely lay there while Miss Dora Carpenter sewed up that large wound, with Miss Robinson and Miss Lovelace standing by and helping. For six weeks the missionaries at the station took turns sitting by the bedside of that little fellow as his life hung in the balance.

At the end of that time he began to improve. Miss Robinson nursed him until he was entirely well. He gave his heart to Jesus, and became a very good Christian. He won his heathen father and two younger brothers. His mother was not living. Today he is preparing to preach the gospel.

I might write a fair-sized book telling of the many incidents where, through the medical work done by our faithful missionaries, doors were opened to the gospel message and entire families won to Christ. These given will help our reader to see how important this phase of our work is on the mission field. I trust it will also help our people to see the importance of our Nurses' Training School operated in connection with Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho. It is the only one of its kind in our movement where our missionaries can receive nurse's training under Christian supervisors and doctors. This kind of training makes the missionaries better qualified for the mission field, especially dark Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 07 -- THE AFRICAN WOMAN AND HER HOME

We hear much these days about women's rights. In fact we see much in our own fair land that is called woman's rights that is not in her line, which is robbing her of her true rights of the finer things of this life.

Wherever woman has come into her own in the higher and pure sense of that word, her pleasures in this liberty have their origin in the Bible and Christ.

This is a strong statement, but we base the fact of this statement on the degradation of womanhood in all heathen lands where the Word of God has not been preached and where Christ is unknown. There are so many degrading customs surrounding the African woman that we would need a book for this one subject alone.

If the women of our Christian lands could only spend a few days among the women of dark Africa and get a personal glimpse into the dark lives of those benighted souls, they would return with thankful hearts for the fact that they had been born in a land of Bibles, and lived in a land where the laws of God and the doctrines of Christ are known and respected.

The woman of dark Africa is born a slave and a chattel. Her heathen father is pleased at the announcement of a daughter, not because she is especially preferred to a son; but because she adds ten head of cattle to his herd, or he may not have been able to pay the ten head demanded of him for the mother of the child. In that case he gives praise to the spirits, saying, "Now my troubles are over, for her mother, she can pay for herself."

Then as soon as the child is weaned (in order to keep her baby with her as long as possible, the mother will often keep her at the breast three and four years), she is sent to live with her mother's parents. They in turn will sell her to the first man who can produce the ten head of cattle.

The child is too young to know anything about this bargain made for her, and if she were old enough she would have no say in the matter nor would she even be consulted by her grandparents as to what she might think about the man to whom they sold her. When she reaches the age of about ten or twelve years, then there will be a feast of introduction.

There are beer and meat prepared for this occasion. The beer is given by the father of the child while the goat or young ox is supplied by the future husband. During this feast a mark is put on the child to show that she is sold property. That mark is the way the hair is dressed.

The hair is woven up into a dome shape on the top of the head with fine grass made for the purpose. In the center of this hair is placed a concoction made by the witch-doctor. Then the child or girl is warned that if this concoction is ever molested some terrible calamity will come upon her as she will be exposed to the witches, or if she should ever cut the cords and let her hair down it is certain death. From that day forward, even if she should live to be a hundred years old, her hair is never taken down or washed. She carries about with her a couple of porcupine quills or the long thorns, and whenever she has the time and feels so disposed she will have some other girl or woman to tidy her hair by picking it out through the cords that hold it in place, then stale butter or hog lard melted is used for the cleansing process. This hair answers the purpose that a single diamond ring does to our engaged girls. Everyone who meets her knows she is wendisile (engaged) or sold property. She will not be taken as a wife until she is anywhere from thirteen to sixteen years of age. She is a burden bearer, or in plainer English she becomes "a beast of burden" just as soon as she begins to toddle and can carry a younger baby on her frail little back.

Hard work never hurts her for she grows up with it. The general rule is, that abuse and hardships are part of her daily rations.

True the woman's home is built of only grass and sticks, in some parts it may be of sod blocks, in others of the tall reeds that grow in swamps, with the roof of banana palms, but whatever material is used to build the home she is the builder, as well as the one who gathers the material.

Can you picture a home where a man has anywhere from three to a dozen wives. Each of these wives with a family of children, usually from three to six or eight, live under each mother's shelter. All of this on less than half an acre of land and not even the simplest needs of life provided for these mothers.

We are often asked, "How can a man support so many wives and children?" Of course he does not support them, that is the least of his worries.

"Who does support them then?" comes the question. Each wife supports herself and her babies. She tills the soil, plants the grain, cultivates her garden, guards it from birds and monkeys, and other animals, keeping day and night vigil until all is ripe, then she carries it home on her head. She must keep herself provided with wood by carrying heavy loads sometimes long distances on her head; also the water used by her family. She grinds all the meal that is used. Since the children do not wear clothing she is not burdened with such details.

I hear someone suggest that it might make it easier where there are several wives in a kraal. This would not make it any easier for the wives for each woman cares for her own brood.

The more wives a man has the more popular he is among his neighbors and friends, and the more visitors he has to feed and each woman must take a part in helping to provide food for him and his company. The husband insists that each wife set before him an ample dish of food twice each day and he sees that there are enough mouths to help him eat all that the wives provide. He must keep up his reputation and his wives must provide the wherewithal to enable him to do this.

When these women's children are born they often are entirely alone. At other times all the women in the community will gather around the mother, each trying to advise her what to do, or to rebuke her if she should give way to tears in her hour of suffering.

Some of the crudest methods are used to help her which often cost the life of both the mother and child. When the mother does live she is encouraged to sit up and move about as quickly as possible. Everything in the hut must be cared for by the mother herself.

Come, let us take an imaginary trip and visit some of the women in their homes, or kraals as they call them.

You ask, "What is a kraal?"

Well a kraal is the home of one man and his family. It may be that the man has one wife and her children or he may have a dozen wives and their children.

His grown sons may also bring their wives and live in the father's kraal. (This latter custom is fast breaking up in South Africa, since they are protected by the British government from their tribal wars. The young men are building their own kraals.)

There are kraals in every direction around the mission station, but let us take the path leading to the nearest kraals just over the hill.

Be sure to wear your cork helmet as the sun will be very hot and do not forget your walking stick to help you up and down the hills as well as protection from snakes in the paths and the ferocious dogs that will greet you as you enter the kraals.

"My! that was a steep hill," you will say.

"Yes, but not as long as some others which are just as steep and longer. While you are resting a bit and catching your breath you might take in a bit of the scenery from here."

"What a beautiful picture. Green hills in every direction with the many kraals everywhere and the cattle and goats grazing lazily on the slopes. There are the clear, bubbling streams at the base of these hills, all running in the same direction toward a river seven miles down the valley."

"There are also a great many more kraals than you can see, as the natives build on both sides of the streams and as a rule part way up the hillsides."

"What a large kraal this seems to be at our left."

"That is two kraals, these are the kraals of two brothers who have built together, yet there is a decided distinction between the two.

"That first cluster of huts you see is the kraal of the elder brother. He will tell you he is a bachelor, because the wife he has was the widow of an older brother. Since the widow's husband died leaving no sons to perpetuate his name, it becomes the duty of the brother next in line to take this widow and raise a family for his deceased brother. Since this man has not taken a wife for himself he tells you he is a bachelor.

"There seems to be no one at home here so we will stop at the next kraal.

"This is the kraal of the younger brother and he has three wives. It is gardening time and every woman who is able is helping. There is another woman in the kitchen grinding her meal, she has remained at home to cook the food for her family. More often it is done early in the morning and the pots of food are carried to the garden, especially this is true if the men folks are not at home to be fed. If the women will provide beer for their husband, he will help with the garden work, as long as it lasts."

"All this is very interesting, but can you tell me what these different huts are used for? They seem to be different sizes and quite regular in formation."

"Yes, this is a small kraal but one that will give you a general idea of all other kraals, large or small.

"Notice that large hut at the eastern end of the kraal, that is the husband's sleeping hut," I explained. "You notice the kind of barricade of poles around it. Not all the men's huts have those these days, since they do not have to indulge in their tribal wars, as they used to before the British government came in and put a stop to their wholesale murder of the men. The next hut just a short distance away and not quite so large, is the hut of the head wife. She and her children sleep and live in this hut. That shaggy small hut next to her hut is her cook hut or kitchen. Back of those two huts and almost midway between them, you see the top of what looks like a small hut, and the other

structure is this woman's granary or store hut. In that small hut and upon poles she has stored the year's food supply for herself and family.

"From where we stand you can see that there are three distinct sets of huts such as this first, but the only hut for the father and grown sons is that large one we first pointed out.

"You will notice that each set of huts has a neat reed fence around it and across the front. These act as a windbreak and provide privacy. You will also notice that the whole kraal forms a semi-circle. That large enclosure made of thorn bush and the trunks of trees, is the cattle kraal where they keep their cattle at night. The small enclosure at the left is where the goats are kept, there may be another one for the sheep but very often they sleep in the same kraal. This partly accounts for the large swarm of flies that attack us when we enter the kraal, and do not leave us until we have gone quite a ways from their breeding place.

"Now we may go inside of the fence and see the kraal from the inside.

"Oh! why are you so startled, there is nothing to fear in this kraal. I am not afraid; but it looks to me as if that cattle kraal is not the only place where flies can breed in a kraal.

"I just saw that big pig come out of that first hut, and look at that drove of chickens in that large iron kettle, what a noise they make. That is the kitchen we saw from the outside, draw a little nearer and you will be able to see better on the inside. Do not let the chickens bother you; they are only making it easier for the cook by eating the scraps out of the pots. When she prepares her next meal she will dash about a pint of water into the pot run her hand around in it a few times, then set the pot over the fire which she will have made in that sunken place in the center of the floor. Before we go inside let us look at the living hut."

"It's so dark in here I cannot see where to go."

"Perhaps I had better crawl in first and you can follow me, after you are inside a short time you will become used to the darkness then you will be able to see better. You must keep on the floor as the smoke has no outlet except through the grass at the top. The floor has just been freshly washed over with fresh cow dung but it is quite dry and the woman who lives in this hut saw us coming and is placing down a clean mat for us to sit on, so follow me closely.

"That Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!" you hear is only an old hen with her new brood of chicks, it looks as though they were just off for the morning. The other hen you see is only laying a new egg, but I would not disturb her. That mooing sound is only a calf, a day or two old, he perhaps is sick so has to be kept where it is warm. You're asking what that noise is in the top of the hut? Oh, that is only the cockroaches that live up there in the grass. They are being stirred up by the smoke of the fire, do not get frightened, though, they do not come out in the daytime; but make it quite unpleasant for the sleepers in the hut at night. There are many other kinds of vermin nicely tucked away in those mats and skins and cotton blankets you see hanging in those rolls around the sides.

"Do you see the baby over there on the goatskin? The mother tells me the child is very sick. She says the witches have got the child and she has not been able to find what the trouble is. I have

asked her to bring the child to the mission station and let the missionaries treat it but she says that she will ask the father's permission and if he consents she will bring it. The father will not consent, though, until he has called a witch-doctor, and if the child does not die from the treatment given by him, they will then bring the child to us if they see it will die. Not until they accept the gospel will they come to us for medical treatment. Of late years the heathen do not fear our doctors and nurses, and many of them come to them for treatment."

"Did you hear that scream and the bellowing of those cattle? What can all that noise mean?" I am asked.

"Come, and I will show you. Come out of this hut head first, or you will leave some kind of bad luck behind you. If there is a sick baby that should die a month or two from now, you will be the one who caused it if you should leave feet first.

"The floor having a slant upward at the door makes it very difficult to carry out this custom, but when one is trying to gain the confidence of the natives for the gospel's sake the missionary must learn to do many difficult and even unpleasant things to avoid an offense.

"There, that is what has been causing all that noise and commotion. It is milking time and the little herd boys have just brought in the cows for that purpose. The calves have been kept away from the cows during the morning. The cow will not let anyone have her milk but the calf, so they liberate one calf at a time and allow it to have just enough to fool the cow into believing the calf is getting it all. Meanwhile the milk boy squats down on the opposite side from the calf and with one hand he keeps the calf from the cow while with the other hand he milks. Several tiny tots are given long sticks to keep the calves from the cows while the cows are being milked. Hence this causes all the pandemonium at milking time.

"Shall we go back to the kitchen and see the woman take up the food for her family? Those two older boys must be her sons. Notice how she is pouring food into three earthen dishes. The larger one is for her husband, the other two, one each for the boys. They will carry the food down to that high open shelter just opposite the husband's hut. He calls that the gate of his kraal, and in clear weather the men gather there for their meals. These other six children will gather around this pot with the mother and eat with their fingers from the pot. They have a certain code of etiquette which they practice very carefully. There is a certain way in which they hold their fingers in slightly cupping the hand before reaching for food. No one must take a second helping until all have had the first, then they begin again and each in turn takes a handful of food. This they do until all is finished or until all have had enough to eat. If any of the children should drop food in the process of eating they are punished by the mother, which is mostly a scolding.

"You ask what kind of food they are eating since it seems so watery. Since this is breakfast and a time of year when food is not plentiful, they are having inqwanqwa which is made of cornmeal that has been left in water until it is quite sour. This is well cooked for the evening meal. It is made into hard porridge, and left to cool before eating.

"Just before reaping time when food is plentiful they will have a variety for both meals of the day. Often for breakfast there will be a nice gruel or porridge made of new corn, which has a

very fine flavor. There is the peanut broth which adds much to the hard porridge before the new corn is ready for reaping. After reaping time there will be pumpkin mixed with the cornmeal, or izindhluko, a native bean which grows like a peanut in a shell under the ground. It makes a very nourishing food. The pumpkin vines also make a good spinach when mixed with peanut butter. Then there are the ever ready sweet potatoes or yams from which they can make several good dishes when they do not care to eat them raw or cooked in the jackets. The wild fruits and greens help out along the food line in the spring of the year. The kaffir corn that is grown is used mostly for the making of beer which is very intoxicating. There are several very palatable dishes that can be made of the meal of this corn. The food of the African, like in most countries, differs according to the climate and locality. For instance, the Swazis never eat fish because of their superstition that fish are a species of snake. Since the Swazi worships the snake he does not eat fish. The Shangaan will eat all the fish he can get and often dries them to make several good dishes from them.

"Well, breakfast over they are massaging their hands and mouths with the food left on them. The women and children are leaving for the garden. There is to be no beer here today so the men are going in another direction.

"We may follow these women to their gardens and see them at work there. The gardens are usually in the valley along the river bank. This year they are getting good crops. See, the pumpkin patch looks fine and look how large the pumpkins are. That is a patch of small gourds or amaselwa next to the pumpkins. Her sweet potatoes are to the left, and there is another patch part way up the hillside. They usually have several patches of yams as they do not take as much moisture as other things, and can be grown with the least attention. The peanut patch and izindhluko are to the right. Since both of these must be hilled up after they have blossomed so that the fruit can grow in a shell under the ground they both take lots of work. Beyond these is the patch of kaffir corn, and a small field of corn. Among these we could find the sugar cane, of which every man, woman and child is very fond. From this they get all the sugar they have unless they should be fortunate enough to get money to buy sugar occasionally from the white trader."

"You say this is one of the women's gardens? It does not look like very much compared with the crowd we saw her feed today. How does she manage to work it all? That big, two-pound iron hoe and her little hand sickle and a big knife are all the tools she possesses. How heavily she tosses that hoe as she tries to get the weeds loose from her corn patch. How does she manage it with that baby tied to her back?"

"Oh, that is the easiest part of it, the motion of the body puts the little fellow off to dreamland, and the hot sun keeps him there the most of the day. Notice the children who look to be five or six years of age all have younger children tied to their backs. Their job is to take care of those just beginning to walk and keep them from running about in the gardens and tying them to their backs is the easiest way. This woman will tug away at her hoe in the heat until past four o'clock when the sun begins to lower its way down toward yonder mountains, then she will drop her hoe and go to that forest, gather a heavy load of wood and then slowly wend her way to her home. She may stop to feed her baby once or twice during the afternoon, but if the child sleeps she will allow it to sleep on. After reaching her kraal she will take up that large iron drum or earthen vessel which holds about seven gallons, and go to the river half a mile down the hill where she will get her water. When she returns she cleanses her cook pot, as described to you previously,

fills it with water and puts it over the fire. She then grinds enough cornmeal for the large family on her stone. About nine-thirty or ten o'clock she will end her long, hard day. She does not bother to remove her skin skirt, but lies down on her mat on her living hut floor, rolls up in a cotton blanket with her baby by her side and the other children lying just as they fell asleep on the floor earlier in the evening. By daybreak tomorrow morning you will find her outside preparing for another day's drudge."

You say, "But this gardening season is a bit unusual."

"Yes, and no. For when the harvest is over it will be time to gather material to repair her huts, store her food and get ready for the rainy season."

In almost every kraal the husband has one beloved wife among his many wives. Try as he may he cannot be shrewd enough to hide this fact from the others. When they learn this, then her troubles begin.

Can you imagine the jealousy and hatred among a group of women living under such conditions? Often the innocent children become the victims of vengeance and are cruelly beaten if not crippled or sometimes brutally murdered. Is there no way of escape for the African woman?

Are you surprised that our first four converts were women? Do you marvel at the way they are willing to stand up under cruel persecutions for their faith in Jesus Christ and His salvation, after the light has broken in upon their souls?

Yes, there is a deliverance for them. There is only one remedy for these benighted and slave-bound souls, and that remedy is the gospel.

Shall we give them a chance to be set free from such lives of suffering, or shall we take sides with the world without God, and stand selfishly by and say, "Let them alone."

If we do, know this my Christian friend, their cries will haunt us throughout eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 08 -- THE WITCH-DOCTOR

Who is he? What does he do? Why should he be called "doctor"?

Since he doctors no one in the true sense of that profession, many have called him the "priest of the tribes." He will tell you that he is dedicated to the evil spirits, and can converse with them and they in turn reveal their secrets to him and bestow upon him or her, since both men and women practice being witch-doctors, supernatural power and wisdom.

They carry about with them all kinds of strange concoctions and peculiar things, the poor, superstitious African will tell you. To the intelligent mind it is foolishness. His concoctions are

often made of dried chicken gizzards, snake hearts, powdered bones, often mixed with human blood and some parts of the human body. All of these are quite obnoxious.

The witch-doctor deals almost entirely in the spiritual realm. His remedies are magic and cannot fail, for everything he carries with him he claims was given to him or pointed out to him by the evil spirits. If they fail the fault lies in the patient or anything concerned and not in the power of the remedy.

The main duty of the witch-doctor is to locate the actual cause of the trouble, and since all trouble, whether it be sickness, disease, accident, death, a quarrel in the family, the home burning down, lightning, hail, drought, or anything else small or great, none of these can come from any natural cause, but because of a witch somewhere.

Since a witch is always a human being, he is a dangerous person to have in the home. He must be found and killed, and none but the witch-doctor can do this. Hence the name "witch-doctor." The name "priest" would fit him as well if not better, however, since he is their spiritual adviser as well as doctor.

He is paid well for all his services. This is the reason he believes first and foremost in prevention and goes about helping the people.

He presides over all their spiritual feasts. No sacrifice is made without his presence. He doctors their crops against failure in time of drought, the kraal against lightning, the traveler against accidents, the barren woman and causes her to have children.

Although so very many times he fails to bring about the results he claims his charmed remedies will give, his people believe in him implicitly. There is not a doubt that he believes in himself and the supernatural power which he professes to have. Many times one can see him playing on the superstitious minds of the people and practicing plain trickery. Those who have had opportunity to watch him at close range do not dispute the fact that he is possessed of a strong satanic power which he wields over the poor, benighted souls of dark Africa. They are certainly shrewd and wily creatures, whether they be men or women.

If the person consulting him is ill in body, which is often the case, then he sends him to an herb doctor. After the search is made he is told a witch has caused his sickness. Sometimes he carries on his work of searching out the witch in his own kraal between his client and himself, especially will he do this if the matter concerns the property of the person consulting him. If the cattle, goats, sheep, or a man's wife may be disobedient and giving him trouble a witch is causing the trouble. In the end a human being may be put to death because of the death of an ox or any other animal that might be involved in the case. Often it means a gathering of the entire community to the kraal where there is trouble. The relatives and neighbors of the family involved are called in on a given day, and the one who does not attend the "smelling out" or "divining for the witch" may be the very one who will be accused as the witch. Of course no one will stay away, for his absence is proof enough of his guilt.

The performances of searching out a witch are carried out practically the same everywhere. This may vary a little in detail in different tribes. The crowds also may vary according to the importance of the one involved and the size of the surrounding community. The following is what we saw among the Zulus and Swazis:

The people begin to gather early in the morning and as the crowd increases the noise and chatter become louder. When the "smelling out" begins the people keep more or less quiet until all have gathered. The witch-doctor then appears from some hidden place in the kraal. He is all decked out in skins, horns, bladders and anything that will tend to make him look wild and fierce. He carries his spear and club raised upward and his head held high, his eyes flashing and rolling as he turns his head from side to side at the same time swaying his body as he slowly moves toward the waiting crowd. As he draws near the people begin to form a circle, leaving a wide space for him while they keep up a low minor chant. As he enters the circle the actual performance begins.

He causes the large muscles of his body to quiver, as he growls and shrieks like a wild animal. He leaps into the air, throws his spear as he lunges at the crowd, first in one direction and then another. When he has worked himself into a high tension and a mad frenzy, then he seems to become calm, and then begins to call out the names of different people. The crowd begins to take part. Every time the name of a person is mentioned the right arm of every man and woman present is raised high and brought down as the right foot is stamped with force in unison until the earth shakes about them, while they shout aloud "Si ya vuma." (We agree). The witch-doctor may call out a dozen names. After each one, these same performances are followed and if during this dialogue he will call out the name of someone whom they are accusing in their own minds as being the witch, they will become frantic and repeat their part several times, shouting, "Si ya vuma! Si ya vuma! Si ya vuma!!!"

The witch-doctor may repeat this performance several times. Then he stoops to the ground and throws his peculiarly shaped bones down. After a short time of silence during which he seems to be studying the bones, he begins to speak and tell what the bones are revealing to him.

The witch-doctor learns from the way the people act during the performance whom the people are accusing in their own minds, and is shrewd enough to call out that person. With few exceptions the poor victim will be in the crowd. The witch-doctor will call the accused to stand in an open space. Sometimes the poor soul is too frightened to speak one word or make a sound, but more often he comes forward pleading his own cause as despair settles down over him. He cries out, "It is a lie. It is not I. I am not guilty," etc. Not a person present though he be the nearest and dearest to him dares to express one word or make a sound, lest he also be caught in the trap, and be accused as a partaker with him in their witchcraft. The witch-doctor proceeds to mix up his concoction for him, while he comforts him by telling him that if he is not guilty he will not die, but if he should be, the medicine will reveal that also and he will die.

What he is actually giving him is a slow poison which causes him a great deal of suffering and sometimes for eight and ten days. One poor victim not far from our mission station was two whole weeks dying after being given this stuff. He then dies a terrible death and is reported as having been sick with fever. Before the British government came in to protect them from open

murder, this person would be called into the circle and a spear run through him in the presence of the people. The terrible darkness and satanic power that settles down over these "smelling out" performances must be seen and felt to be understood.

In all of our years in dark Africa we saw only two. One while we lived among the Zulus and one in Swaziland. We did not have the courage or inclination to stand and watch them, and for those we visited we did not stay to see the outcome for we knew what it would be. Oftentimes if a white person comes upon them as the missionaries do, the old witch-doctor will not go through with it. If he is in the midst of the performance he will often change his mind and not finish his work, but in the heathen's poor dark minds they never think of accusing these wily witch-doctors of using poison on their victims. They take their word for it, and think it is supernatural power bestowed upon them by the spirits. They believe in the witch-doctor's ability to smell them out and their guilt causes their death. Since the poison does not act quickly the witch-doctor has time to escape out of the community before they die. The poor victim is reported as having died with some kind of disease and the police never learn of the cause of the death with this witchcraft poisoning.

Even though the authorities are constantly on the lookout and doing all in their power to help blot out this cruel practice by the witch-doctors, for which the missionaries are very thankful, we are convinced that nothing will do away with the witch-doctor and his cruel works of darkness until the superstition of witchcraft is abolished among the people. This will be brought about only through the influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

\* \* \*

#### BEER DRINKS AND THEIR GARDENS

Beer is made from kaffir corn, several kinds of wild fruits, the white Indian corn, and yams or large sweet potatoes. From whatever it is made, the natives have learned how to make it very strong and intoxicating. In South Africa kaffir corn is used most frequently for beer.

It is made by the women. They take four days to brew it and after it is given a second boiling after having been allowed to ferment twice it nearly drives them crazy.

A beer drink is one of the recreations or pleasures the African indulges in as our people do in America with the picture show, that is, they attend these in masses or crowds. Men and women alike are there and become so intoxicated that it is not always safe to be there during the middle of the afternoon, since they so often break up in a drunken brawl and a cruel fight which might be caused by some small act or jesting word from one of their number. They, too, have learned that the law is more lenient with criminals when the crime has been committed while intoxicated. Very often they will meet at a beer drink and while under the influence of drink will get revenge on a real or an imaginary enemy.

Just as we were leaving Natal for Swaziland there was a very touching incident brought to us in which an innocent babe was involved. One morning very early a fine looking young woman came to our door with a child tied to her back and well covered with a filthy blanket. She asked Brother Schmelzenbach to please help her baby. When he lifted the blanket, we just as quickly

covered our eyes from the sight that greeted us. The little head was beaten to almost a mass with dry blood over it. The child was unconscious but breathing. We asked the mother what had happened to her baby. She stood there weeping as she told us the following story:

"I am the youngest wife of my husband, and this is my first baby. His first wife has been jealous of me and has been trying to kill me. Yesterday while we both were at a beer drink she was drunk, and with a club she tried to beat me over my back while my baby was fast asleep there, and she beat the baby in place of me and this is the result."

We could do nothing for her and directed her to take the child to the white doctor who lived in the town fifteen miles away. Of course the poor little one died before she arrived with it. We left a short time later and did not learn what the outcome of this case was.

After living in Swaziland we found conditions along this line were worse.

Early in 1927 when Brother Schmelzenbach bought his first motor car in Swaziland he found it would be of very little use to him for his bushveldt work unless he found some way to cross the Komati River with it. He set about to build a pont or ferry on the river. During the ten days it took him to build this barge, he stayed at the outstation not far from the river.

One night after he had retired to his little room, he was aroused by the noise of two drunken men coming in the distance. When they came to the church where he was they managed to find his door after stumbling around for some time and proceeded to knock until it was opened to them.

After some difficulty in trying to understand what they were trying to say, he found that there had been a fight at the beer drink only about one mile over the hill.

A woman had been stabbed by her own sister.

Brother Schmelzenbach never knew what it meant to fear the natives; but for one time he mistrusted the story of these two men, and feared foul play. He tried to put them off, saying that he would visit the patient very early in the morning. The one man would not be denied, saying the woman was his wife and would be dead before morning if someone did not help her.

Brother Schmelzenbach prayed, committing himself unto the Lord's keeping, and stepped out into the midnight darkness to follow his two intoxicated guides.

They led him to the kraal pointed out by them. All was quiet now, for the beer drink crowd had gone. A bright fire was burning in the fireplace in the floor. Sitting with a filthy blanket about her nude body was the woman they had brought him to help. She was crying and moaning with pain. The odor of kaffir beer was sickening. When she lifted the blanket about her and showed him her condition, Mr. Schmelzenbach nearly gave up entirely. There she sat, intestines hanging from her body in the filthy blanket. He asked her how this happened. The following was her story:

The two sisters were wives of the same man. (This is very often the case in Africa.) The elder sister became jealous of the younger, threatening to take her life several times during the past

few weeks. On this day when they both were drinking, they found it easy to quarrel over their husband and the elder tried to carry out her threat. Just about dusk when all were at their worst, she stole away into the younger sister's hut and waited. As the younger woman entered her hut to retire, she rose to her feet after having crawled in at the low door, and the spear was thrown at her and this was the result.

While Brother Schmelzenbach was working over the dying woman and doing all he could to ease her suffering the other woman kept up a constant rabble of excuses saying, "I was drinking and knew not what I was doing." Brother Schmelzenbach made the sufferer as comfortable as he could and left her. Two days later she died.

The woman who threw the spear was arrested and finally hung for murder. All the cases are not taken with such a clear case of revenge as this one.

If we should try to tell of all the cases brought to us down through the years and especially to our doctors and nurses, this subject would require a book in itself.

Since large crowds attended these beer drinks, who would not attend the church services, Brother Schmelzenbach would seek them out and often travel for miles either on foot or horseback in order to take advantage of an opportunity to give them the gospel message. He was very careful to go among them early in the day so he would find them sober and in their right minds.

He did not see immediate results in the salvation of souls from a beer drink, but there are those today in dark Swaziland who will testify that they heard the voice of God speak to their hearts for the first time through a message preached by Umfundisi at a beer drink.

The native workers are never encouraged to visit the beer drinks to preach unless there are a number of them together, as the heathen may take advantage of their presence and report that they also had been drinking, thus they do not make a practice of seeking them out in their kraal visiting. The missionaries spend no more time than is necessary to give them their message.

\* \* \*

## THEIR GARDENS

During gardening season the work of kraal visiting goes on just the same. When missionaries or native workers do not find the people in their kraals, they know they must be in their gardens, and they pass on to the place where they hear the voices of the children at play or if they are too far off to be heard they follow the trail from the kraal to where they know the garden to be.

When they find the women busily at work planting, hoeing or reaping, or they may be watching the birds and monkeys from their grain, they go into the midst of the garden and sing gospel songs, read a portion from the Word, give a short message or exhortation, and when permission is given they will ask that all bow their heads while they pray. Before this is finished often they will lean on their hoes and take time to listen carefully and ask questions.

During the early days this was not easy since they did not want Brother Schmelzenbach to practice his witchcraft on them in their gardens. So strong was their prejudice along this line that often he would not go into the garden but would stay in the path a short distance from the garden.

One old heathen man who lived a short distance from the mission station was determined that Brother Schmelzenbach should not preach to him or his family. Brother Schmelzenbach decided that he must win this old man's confidence. He went to him, not to preach, but to hold a friendly conversation with him. When the old man saw him coming, he began to walk slowly toward the path. Brother Schmelzenbach extended his hand for a friendly greeting, but the old man gave him a black look and began to use vile language.

Brother Schmelzenbach ignored this, and said, "I came to be your friend. If I have wronged you I will make it right." But the old man would have nothing to do with him and told him to leave, that he did not want anything to do with him, or one word from him, since he was a white man.

Two days later Brother Schmelzenbach came home to tell us that this man had dropped dead in his garden. The news soon spread of how he had cursed the missionary only the day before his sudden death, since his wife and children were in the garden and heard him.

Some said that this was a case of "smelling out" by the witch-doctor. They thought he had been poisoned. The widow of the old man had had two other husbands, who had each fallen victims of witchcraft, and followed the path of the last. But many believed the story about the death of her first husband and this did much to break down opposition.

Brother Schmelzenbach lived to see the day when many of his heathen friends in the surrounding community would send for him to pray for them in their gardens so they would be blessed with a good crop.

More and more the heathen men are coming to see the advantage of farming as their Christian neighbors do. They are beginning to use the white man's plow and oxen. They are also making use of a sled made from the forks of two limbs of a tree to haul their crops from the field.

Even those who do not accept the gospel are reaping some of the benefits of it. Many are adopting better ways of living, brought by those who have accepted the gospel light. The results are showing forth in their everyday life.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 09 -- TEACHING THE NATIVES TO GIVE

Generosity is not a part of the nature of the African heathen. To give and not receive something else in return is not a virtue with them. Keep all you have, and take all you can get, is their attitude, and it is actually practiced among them.

When Brother Schmelzenbach first settled in Swaziland the subject of gifts and offerings was left out of his preaching and teaching, except by his example by giving them many things often and requiring nothing of them except that for which he would pay them well in return. A common statement among the natives was, "The white man has come to us, not to help us, but to take from us our possessions and devour our land."

The only way Brother Schmelzenbach had of proving this a false statement was in his daily walk before them and his business transactions with them. For five years every convert, whether it was man or woman, boy or girl, was given his first clothes, and often his first soap, matches and day school supplies.

During that time not one offering had been taken in the church, just the young men who were at the station and in training for the work were taught very definitely concerning the necessity of the virtue of giving in connection with our Christian living and in helping to propagate the cause of Christ in the world.

It was during the year 1915 that Brother Schmelzenbach first began to launch a program for systematic giving among our native Christians in Swaziland. He then had two main stations, namely, Peniel Mission Station and Grace Mission Station, and ten outstations. The first Sunday in each month was offering day. Each Christian was urged to bring a freewill offering, be it ever so small. They were told to bring such things as they had, or if they could sell their produce to bring the cash for the offering. Many times when the offering came in there was not one penny in cash. There would be chickens, dishes of peanuts, corn, beans, brooms, mats and many other things. They would tell the selling price of each article, and then Brother Schmelzenbach would give the cash for the articles into the church funds.

Brother Schmelzenbach often had to buy these things, which made a very heavy financial burden on him; but no one ever heard him mention it. When he was asked how he was able to do this with so little money, he would answer, "If I succeed in helping these Christians to realize that they are giving unto God, which is their duty, and they realize the blessings they receive in return for their gifts I will feel well repaid for all it is costing me now."

Indeed he felt that the Lord was already taking a hand in this difficult task. That year the government gave him a farm of two hundred acres of very productive land in the bushveldt. He was given permission to farm all the land he was able to work near the mission station if he would not sell the crop for gain for himself. This helped greatly to solve the problem of providing food both for the school and the native workers in training. The natives helped with the work. During this year the first midyear camp-meeting, and the quarterly meetings for the native workers were started, Mr. Schmelzenbach financing these.

Gradually it could be seen that the native workers were grasping the truth and growing in the grace of giving to the church. They began to take an active part in teaching their own people how to bring in their regular offerings, but as yet the Lord's tithe had not been stressed to them. Although Brother Schmelzenbach practiced tithing faithfully himself, and had given them many practical lessons along this line, he had never insisted that this was their first duty.

It was the year 1923 when God spoke to Elijah Dhlamini, one of the native preachers, and smote his heart with conviction while he was reading the third chapter of Malachi. God made plain to him His will concerning tithing.

There had been a severe drought in the country, such as we had never known before. The crops seemed to have burnt up everywhere, and in some places the government had to bring grain to the people to prevent them from starvation. There were reports of a number of such cases in Swaziland. Elijah at that time was pastor of the Grace Mission Station. This station was located on a mountain peak which overshadowed a fertile valley below. Now when the gardens should have been green and flourishing, they were all dead and brown for the need of moisture. Elijah's daily custom was to sit on that peak just before sunrise in the morning for his hour of devotion with the Lord. This is where the Lord found him and spoke to his heart.

The quarterly meetings held in Africa are similar to our preachers' conventions in America. The natives are given help with their many problems that come to them in their work, as well as spiritual food and encouragement for their souls. It is expected that each boy give a detailed report of his work. If a problem came up during the quarter, Brother Schmelzenbach would have it thrashed out on the floor. In this way he would not have to condemn a native for they settled their own questions.

I will tell you in Elijah's own words how he told of God's revealing this passage of scripture on tithing. He told this in a quarterly meeting six months later. Because of the famine among the people there had been a sad strain all through the reports given in this quarterly meeting, for even the native workers were forced to cut down on the food supplies for their own families because the prices had gone so high; some of them who had caught the vision of their duty toward their fellow Christians had provided for some of those who came daily to the school or services the only meal they had had that day. When Elijah took the floor he began to explain why he was reaping a good crop in the eyes of the whole country. He said:

"Beloved men and brethren, hark ye, my work is going on well; the school is growing, my wife is busy as her usual custom, leading the women to the church and visiting in the kraals. Yes, there is a great famine in the land. My people also are hungry; but I and my family are not hungry. We are feeding people every day with the food that God has given us. When I first found Christ as my Saviour, I knew he called me to preach the gospel to our people living in heathen darkness. I went to my pastor, Joseph Mkwana. He said you must go to the preachers' school where our Umfundisi can teach you the things you must know before you can go out to preach. I then believed that all white people were in our country to gather our riches from the people; so I stole away to the mines to get out of coming to school. God who is faithful brought me back and showed me that I must obey His voice or I would be lost. The people laughed at me but I knew that I must mind God.

"I came to school in reaping time of the year, and helped reap the crops. While we were working I asked some of the boys what the Umfundisi would do with all this corn. 'Will he pay you for this work?' Their reply was, 'Why this is our very own food, not one grain of this corn is sold, except a little to help buy the clothes we wear.' 'Do you mean to tell me that the Umfundisi does not get anything for all this corn?' I asked. 'No, not even the corn he feeds his horse, he pays for that, and puts the money into the church funds.'

"My eyes were opened and I began to watch our missionaries from that day forth. Many times I marveled at their great unselfishness. I knew that God's grace was truly in their hearts. I had heard much about the Lord's tithe, but I thought that it must have been for the Israelites of old, so I closed my heart to the word. I will tell you how my eyes have been opened.

"As my usual custom, I was sitting in my gate reading and praying in the early hours of the morning one day last summer. Plowing time was almost past, and it had not rained. When I began to read the tenth verse of the third chapter of Malachi, I could not go on. A voice seemed to be saying, 'Elijah, I am speaking to you. Thou art the man who is robbing God.' I began to make excuses that no one had ever told me that I must tithe. I said that I had nothing to tithe since all my crops lay brown and burnt; but the voice kept speaking to my heart and I tried to read on, but could not. I heard my wife in the kitchen grinding the meal for our breakfast. I called her. When she came I handed her my Bible and told her to read those words. She took the Book and read as I had told her. She then asked me why I had asked her to read this portion of scripture. I asked her, 'What do you think those words mean?' 'Is not this your Bible, Elijah?' she asked. I said, 'Yes.' 'Is not the Bible the Word of God?' she asked again. I said, 'Yes.' 'God usually means what He says, does He not?' she said and dropped the Book on my knees and left me there with the Lord alone.

"I read the verse once again. The words gripped my heart. I turned with my face to the dust. The sun came forth with no sign of rain that morning, but I made my covenant with God that I would give to Him that which was His own. That is the reason God has given me all these fine crops. When I kept my promise with God, He has kept His promise with me. The people have come from everywhere in the country to see with their own eyes, the corn, the pumpkins, and squash that are growing in my garden. They ask me where the witch-doctor lives that has the medicine to bring forth such a wonderful crop. I then take my Bible and read to them God's Word in Malachi, third chapter, and explain to them the cause of it all. A few of the people would listen, then laugh at my words, but very many do not laugh but leave saying, 'Wonder of wonders.' Now, brethren, as for me and my house we have a covenant with God that we shall tithe."

By this time God came upon the scene and eighteen young men, who were preachers of the gospel, stood to their feet and pledged their tithe to God from that day forward.

That was the beginning of tithing in Africa.

These preachers returned to their charges full of new fire and zeal, and began at once to teach their converts along the line of tithing.

The following quarterly meeting a request came from the boys for a lesson on tithing. Brother Schmelzenbach gave a demonstration of tithing with a half sack of corn, a basket of yams, a dish of eggs. After this demonstration, they were all praising the Lord.

This first tithing band has grown with the church in Africa. Their gifts have increased, as they have grown in the knowledge and grace of our Lord.

That same year a mighty revival swept the church in Africa.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- OUR W. M. S. IN AFRICA

The Woman's Missionary Society was added to our work in Africa during the year of 1927, after the visit to the field from our beloved General President and General First Vice President, namely, Mrs. S. N. Fitkin and Mrs. Paul Bressee. The blessings that these two Spirit-filled, intrepid women brought to dark Africa, eternity alone will reveal.

The one blessing that stands out in constant working force on the field as the results of that never-to-be-forgotten visit, is our W. M. S.

During the business sessions of our Council held while these dear leaders were in our midst, the question of an organized Woman's Missionary Society was brought up by Mrs. Fitkin. Of course it did not take her very many minutes to convince the missionaries that such an organization was permissible and quite in line with their work on the field; indeed she said we were already doing a work for which the W.M.S. should have credit, namely, the Prayer and Fasting League, which was entirely a part of the W.M.S. at that time.

It was glad news to the missionaries on the field when they learned that they could have a part in this great work with our faithful sacrificing women in the homeland and in less time than it takes to tell this story Mrs. Fitkin had organized a W. M. S. in Swaziland, South Africa, with twenty-six members, all missionaries.

Africa had the honor of being the very first society to take in the men members on the same charter with the women, for every man missionary joined us in that first meeting.

Now came the question, could this organized W. M. S. be carried on among our native Christian women? We could not see how this could be done as yet, since our women had never been capable of doing any kind of work in the church that carried with it responsibility and we knew they never could manage to do anything that needed proper organization, so after some discussion concerning this matter it was decided that our women were not ready for such work and we would carry on our W. M. S. among the missionaries alone.

They had made the writer District President and as we prayed and waited upon the Lord concerning this work the Lord spoke to us definitely about this work for our native women, until it became a crushing burden upon our hearts as we prayed daily. Finally we decided to speak to the missionaries at our own station and suggested that we believed the Lord wanted us to try it out with the women's Bible class which we conducted once a week for the benefit of the older women in the local church who could not read the Bible.

There were eighteen women in this class, only two of this number could read their Testaments; they were Ruth, our first convert, and Emma the wife of the evangelist. September 27 was the date set to resume the regular classes after having had a two-month vacation.

We entered into the classroom with every woman in her place. What a joy it was to teach them because of their healthy appetite for the Word of God, how they drank in every word you could give them. This afternoon we felt that we should give them a foreign missionary talk with the hope of giving our W. M. S. a trial.

After reading a suitable scripture lesson, and the usual season of prayer we closed our Bible and announced that we would not have a Bible lesson but we would talk to them about the work of our faithful women, their spiritual mothers in America. Mrs. Fitkin and Mrs. Bresee, having been with us so recently made it easy to begin with them and explain to them also the real work of these women. I told them how you had sent us the very clothes I was wearing as well as those of my children, and several of the women were wearing dresses which had been sent from the W.F.M.S. Among other things I told them of that tragic year of retrenchment 1925, and for the first time our native Christians learned of that heart-breaking cable that called six of our missionaries to the homeland and dismissed half of our native workers then in active service. I told them how prayer and fasting held us steady through these dark days and how our faithful women under the leadership of Sister Fitkin came to our rescue and we were, able to move on in victory in dark Africa, so that they did not even find out that we had been so near calamity in our church.

I had taken a small note book to class with me for the purpose of taking down all the names of those who would favor the organization of the W. M. S., but instead of taking their names, I gave them a week to pray over this matter and let them decide for themselves what they would do about it.

I explained to them what the forming of such an organization would mean, and pressed the fact that it would mean hard work and real sacrifice to do faithful work as well as cost them something financially, for no one could have her name enrolled in that book except she pay a fine (the only way we have of expressing the word dues in Zulu). If after praying about it they decided that they were not able to undertake such a great task they were to be prepared to tell me and I would drop the matter.

During the closing prayer I knew I had my organized W. M. S. among the Swazi women. I had called on one to pray; but when they went to their knees the leader could not be heard, for all present cried and prayed their hearts out before God. I knew the message had gone home.

I listened to the prayer of one of the women who was near me, who was asking God to forgive her for her laziness and indifference to the salvation of others, and asking Him to help her not only to be aroused, but help her to begin work and do more for Him and the lost of her own people still living in heathen darkness. As a child would speak to a parent this dear redeemed daughter of His poured out her heart to God in her childlike faith. Her prayer would be too long to remember verbatim since we were on our knees a half hour. The illustration she gave to God that day I shall never forget. She said:

"Dear Father, we have all acted just like invalid children. You know, Lord, if a mother gives birth to a child and that child is perfect in every way and even beautiful, that mother is very happy, but there comes a day when that child should begin to crawl and leave the mother, but

instead the child keeps sitting in one place and makes no effort to crawl away. The mother then begins to think my child is slow, or lazy or something is wrong because it does not crawl. Some will think perhaps it will not crawl but will rise up and walk some day. Time goes on and the child seems to grow well but never rises to its feet; it never has crawled and now it does not walk. 'Surely my child is an invalid and what can I do about it?' and the mother is heart broken. Oh, great Father, help us to at least crawl and make some effort to give our spiritual mothers the joy of knowing that we are not invalids. If we do little help us to do it with all our might that we may some day grow up and not always be children and a burden on those who have given us spiritual birth and done so much for us."

We dismissed the class, and there seemed to be a holy hush over them all as we had never seen before.

The next morning before sunrise I noticed my women coming toward the mission station. My first thought was that they were coming to sunrise prayer-meeting; but not one was present when the bell rang and when we came out of that prayer-meeting we noticed all of the women earnestly in prayer up on the hillside at the evangelist's home.

This they did every morning that entire week, until they had my curiosity aroused. I asked Brother Schmelzenbach if he had given them something to discuss and pray about or if he knew just what that daily gathering up at Joseph's home meant.

He said, "No, but let them alone, if there is anything wrong they will come to us with it and if not we will find it out also, just let them alone."

I had forgotten about my own instructions to them that they should talk and pray over the W. M. S. during that week and of course did not expect them to get together every morning, for several of them had several miles to walk and two of the women lived seven miles away; but not one was missing at that daily prayer-meeting at the evangelist's home, except on the Sabbath, when they were in church.

The next Wednesday an hour before class, fifteen of the eighteen women came to my door in a body. I wondered what brought them so early in the day; I hated to be detained since I needed the time to complete my other duties.

I opened the door in response to their native knock and greeted them in the usual way and waited for them to speak. They were all so quiet I then asked, "Ni Funani na?" ("What do you want?") "We do not want anything," came the reply. Then I laughed, for I knew they did come for something; their very actions showed it. Finally I noticed Ruth step near to Emma (whose duty was to speak for them) and whisper something in her ear. Then Emma spoke up saying, "Yes, we do want something. We came to tell you that we have decided that we want to join the Woman's Missionary Society."

"Bless your hearts, I knew you would," was my reply. "And did you remember the fine and decide how much you would pay?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "We decided that we would pay a shilling each quarter."

"What?" I asked. "Do you think you can find that much money?" again I asked. "Do you know what you are saying, Emma? Do you mean to say you will be able to pay a whole shilling? You see it will not only be when you have your name written down; but it will be each quarter and four times each year and that will make four shillings."

A shilling is worth only about twenty-four cents in our money, but if my readers could see the poverty from which this must come, you could better understand why I was surprised to hear those women accept such heavy dues for themselves, for I did not see where it would come from.

Then they all began to speak at once and with their hands explained that they too had discussed the matter thoroughly, and turned it this way, if they wanted something for themselves very badly that cost a shilling, they would find some way of getting the money. Then too it would be easier to get this shilling than it would be to get the shilling for themselves as the Lord would help them.

"Well, if that is the way you see it I guess you will be able to do it," I said, and hung my head in shame because of my small faith in the power of our God in the lives of these dear people. "It depends upon whose shilling it is, as to whether we are able to give the money or not," I said.

I did not wait until the hour for Bible class, I took my books and led my women to the classroom and after a good prayer and praise time I began to organize.

I knew I would have to fill the place of each officer, but determined to launch them out from the beginning with a sense of responsibility, I appointed officers from among them. I made the evangelist's wife the president, and Ruth the vice president.

After that we marched in a body to the Girls' School, conducted by Miss Louise Robinson. Louise had not prepared her girls for our coming and they were surprised to see us. After they had been called to order, Louise explained that I was to explain a matter to them. I then gave those girls my missionary message that I had given to the women the week before, but I did not give a whole week to pray about it. I had my W. M. S. with me and introduced them to the girls. I told them if

might have heard a pin drop as I waited for a response from them. Louise started to arise to say that she feared they did not understand what Inkosikasi meant when dear, faithful Alice, who was in a back seat rose to her feet, the tears streaming down those shining cheeks, and said, "Inkosazana, we understand every, word she tells us; but where could we ever find a shilling to join this work? My heart is broken because I cannot see a shilling so I could join."

Both Louise and I told Alice her name was down as a member. If anyone on the station deserved her dues it was faithful, trustworthy Alice.

Before we left that schoolroom that afternoon we had thirty-five names added to our new W. M. S.

There were six weeks until the first public meeting, when they were to bring their first dues.

We had chosen two of the girls who wrote well to be secretary and treasurer, and turned the roll book over to them.

About two weeks before the quarterly meeting they began to bring in things to sell. Chickens, eggs, mats, brooms, beans, peanuts, corn, pumpkins, etc., until all the missionaries at the station decided that for a time at least the financial side of our W. M. S. would be carried by them. This was what had made us skeptical as to the success of it, because none were able to carry such an increase in the financial burden, much less thinking of the increase in numbers should they encourage it to go on in this manner.

That first public meeting cannot be described; one would have to see and hear such things to fully appreciate them. One afternoon was given to the "Inhlanganiselo wa Besifazane" (gathering of women).

They chose as their motto "Workers together with Christ." There were about two hundred present in the meeting. Forty-five preachers, thirty-five students from the Preachers' Training School, sixty-five students from the Girls' School, and all of the preachers' wives, except two or three and the congregation of the home church. We tried to follow the constitution as nearly as possible, carry on the meetings as we had seen done in the homeland.

After suitable hymns, the scripture reading and prayer, the secretary called the roll. As each woman's name was called she brought the shilling up to the table and laid it on the open Bible and told how she had obtained it and what it was to be used for.

The first woman's name that was called was a little woman who lived nearly nine miles from the church and seldom ever missed a service even though her husband who was a heathen did all in his power to hinder her in serving her Lord. When her name was called she arose from the back row of women and slowly made her way out of the seat, when she reached the aisle she held her shilling high over head and began to sing the first lines of that beautiful old hymn in Zulu, "When I survey the wondrous cross." By the time she stood before the table where the open Bible lay she was singing the second verse, she turned to face the audience still holding the shilling high, the tears streaming down her shining face.

She leaned forward and said, "Just to think that shilling will preach the gospel where I cannot go. "Who said the Lord did not give it to me?" she said. "When the Inkosikasi told us we had six weeks to gather our first fine for our Inhlanganiso (the name for the W. M. S., in short) I had great faith that it would be easy to do this as it seemed like a long time. The more I prayed the more my faith began to leave me, because I could not see one thing that I could claim whereby I could obtain that money. The chickens in my kraal belong to my husband, as well as do the goats, sheep and everything else, and my gardens are not ready, so I cried unto the Lord with all my heart, especially when I heard Umfundisi announce that quarterly meeting was just one week off. I would go into the long grass to pray, as my husband would not allow me to pray in my hut, and would come back with a dark vision; I could not see where I would get a shilling. Last Saturday was no

exception to the other days, I cried and prayed and asked the Lord what was I to do, I did want to belong to the women who had pledged to Him help in this great work; but they have no room for drones or lazy people and I did not want to give it up. I prayed longer than usual but all seemed dark until I was forced to give up and go to my baby and other work that was standing (waiting) for me.

"As I went to my hut I met a person coming along the trail that passed through my kraal, on her head she was carrying a basket of magwagwa (a large hard-shelled fruit of which the natives are very fond). I asked her where she found them -- for you know they do not grow in the mountains, and you also know how our people like them. She told me she had been down at the Komati visiting some of her people and she had found them on a tree down there. It was the Lord who spoke to my heart and said, 'That is where you can get your shilling for the Woman's Missionary Society.' I said, 'Yes, Lord, I will go and get them at once.' But I said nothing to the women about it. The next day being Sunday, I came to church; but early Monday morning before the cock crowing time I arose from my sleep and prepared food for my family and a tin of food to take with me for my baby and before daybreak I tied my baby on my back, put my basket on my head and took the trail to Komati for that tree. The sun had risen high in the heavens when I arrived. I filled my basket with the magwagwa, sat down and fed my baby and rested a while then I turned my steps back to my home. I arrived in the night and still had to give my family food but my heart was so very happy when the next morning I found my shilling by selling those magwagwa to my heathen neighbors."

By this time several of the women were on their feet marching up and down the aisle shouting the praises of our God while the men sat there with eyes popping and mouths open, for they could not understand what it was all about.

What that good woman actually did was to take that three-month-old baby tied to her back and walk twenty miles one way to that river bank where that wild fruit tree was, gather the fruit as she told in her story and walk that twenty miles back to her home that same day and provide for her family as well. This redeemed woman of dark Africa walked forty miles and said it cost her nothing, said the Lord let it grow on a tree for her. I could fill pages with the ringing reports of some of the greatest sacrificing efforts we have ever heard of, made for God's cause; but this one will let you know what the grace of our God can do for the heathen, and missions.

How many of our women would go around the corner for their W. M. S. dues?

That service was two hours long, for after that roll was called and each one had time to tell her story we had gathered nearly four pounds of gold (English currency, about twenty dollars in our money) for three months' dues (for at that time we were able to get together only once every three months, until we had our native workers trained for the work). I then gave my missionary talk to the visitors and especially did I want our men to catch the vision and come in and help us.

By the time I had finished with my message a silence had settled down over that house until I began to fear I was failing to impress those men.

I sat down. Again I arose and started to tell them that I feared they did not understand. I wanted the brethren to express their words and come in and help us with the great cause we were undertaking.

Old Solomon did not permit me to finish my speech, he arose and beckoned his hand saying, "No, Inkosikasi, you sit down, I wish to speak a few words."

Then he turned and faced those men, who were all sitting together on one side of the house, and said, "Men and brethren, when did we ever hear anything as wonderful as our Inkosikasi has presented to us today. Just to think that our mothers and wives and daughters are given a responsible work to do in the work of the Lord. Inkosikasi said they needed our help and wants us to join them in this great work of the Lord. They are going to carry the load and do the work whether we help them or not, and when they pull their heavy load up the hill and get it over the top we will be sorry that we did not get in and help them win the great victory for God."

Then he gave them an illustration that Mrs. Fitkin had given them in a private preachers' meeting only a few weeks before. She described to them how impossible it was for an ox-team to pull a load up a hill when one ox refused to pull, but would try to get out of the yoke and keep pulling back, the other nine, although they were so many more than the one, were helpless to move until that one would pull in the yoke with them, thus making her point for the necessity of a full co-operation from the native workers with the missionaries if the gospel work should succeed among their people. Solomon repeated this to them and then added, "And you boys know what to do with a small weak ox who has not learned how to pull yet, we just put him in the yoke with the big old fellow who has pulled for many years and the small ox does not feel the load and learns his work without any trouble. Now boys, we are the strong oxen, let us get into the yoke with this heavy load for the Lord and take it up the hill."

Then he threw out his long arm to them and said, "I do not want a man of you to refuse to put your name on that book," then he turned to us saying, "Put my name down first."

How they did shout and praise the Lord while this was being done. The women just walked that floor shouting and praising the Lord until we wondered when we would find a place to close.

That was the beginning of our W.M.S. in dark Africa; but the end is not yet.

That first year they had only nine months to work and were small in numbers, but when they gave their first report to the Council they had 103 members and had raised in money twenty pounds (\$100 in gold).

There were ten missionaries present in that service and before the day was over they were entirely converted to the fact that the W.M.S. could be worked among our natives who were Christians in Africa. Everyone began to put his shoulder to the wheel and helped to make the thing go and none worked harder or more zealously than our native men, God bless them.

The second year their number increased and they raised five hundred dollars.

The third year they kept up a healthy increase in numbers and raised seven hundred dollars.

Then the preacher boys began to make a strong pull and measured their spiritual experience with their willingness to join and help push the work of the W.M.S. or in Zulu I.W.B.

In the year 1932 they raised \$1,250 and had over one thousand members.

Now there are separate societies for the young people and children, but in spite of this they now have over fifteen hundred members and last year in the face of the fact that drought, locusts, and hailstorms destroyed much of their crops, they raised over \$900.

Surely God is put first in the lives of these dear people who have had the light such a short while.

Are you asking "Does Missions pay?" or have you worked in behalf of foreign missions as self-sacrificing as those dear people have until you can answer your own question, and have learned that you know it pays? If not, will you begin now and let God answer this important question for you?

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- NAZARENE CAMP MEETINGS IN AFRICA

I well remember that first annual gathering held at old Peniel, July, 1913.

Brother Schmelzenbach had spent about ten days of intensive kraal visiting within a radius of ten miles of the mission station inviting the people within that territory to the gathering. Miss Innis was to bring her school children too.

During mid-afternoon of the Friday the meeting was to begin our attention was attracted to a company of voices singing hymns. Then we saw Miss Innis appear over the hill, riding her little burro, closely followed by Solomon on foot. Behind came the school children, about thirty. They had walked the eighteen miles, but were singing lustily as they scampered along behind their "Inkosazana" and "Umshumayeli" (preacher).

Since there was only one building and the church house at the station at that time, this company of young people and children were put into the mission house. After a short rest and food, one of the children rang the bell, which was an old plowshare hanging in a guava tree, struck by a long iron bolt. The sound did not carry very far, but all were on the grounds awaiting the service. There were about forty-five Christians, and about one hundred heathen there. All were weary that first service. Too, they could not understand why the Umfundisi had called them just to listen to something he could have told them in their own kraals. Brother Schmelzenbach closed the meeting early. He invited the people to return the next day, which was the Lord's day. He told them that he had several surprises for them the next two days.

Miss Innis and her crowd had brought their mats and sleeping blankets. It was past midnight before all seemed comfortably settled and quiet on the floor of the mission house.

At the very peep of dawn the next morning all were astir, for they had no soft beds to cause them to linger for an extra rest on Sunday morning. They had an hour in prayer and praise. About ten o'clock the plowshare bell was sounded, at ten-thirty a last bell was rung and all marched into the church. It was too early for any of the heathen to be there so Solomon brought a message to the Christians on their responsibility to those about them. Admonishing them to live a consistent Christian life, since none of them could read their Bibles to their neighbors, the neighbors were forced to read their lives. There was a very quiet and serious atmosphere as they left that service.

At the afternoon service Brother Schmelzenbach gave a very stirring message but no one responded to the altar call. Miss Innis brought the evening message, too, without any response to the call. This continued throughout the whole meeting except for one service when Solomon preached. A young girl came forward, a daughter of our nearest neighbors. We rejoiced, believing she would make an opening in that kraal which was closed to the gospel.

Our rejoicing was all in vain for the very next morning we saw her heathen parents carrying her over the hill. Soon we learned that they had moved her to a relative's kraal about forty miles away to keep her from being trapped by the missionaries. That one only trophy of the first camp was lost.

The next year, July, 1914, the meeting was held. Our dear Dr. Reynolds was with us. At that time there were about seventy-five Christians from the two main stations.

The heathen had become more friendly until they crowded the new church house which Brother Schmelzenbach had just built of stone at the Peniel Station. It was during these meetings that Dr. Reynolds baptized our first Nazarenes in Africa. He gave them Christian names. The four names were as follows: Ruth, Marie, Daniel and Lydia.

You say, "Only four ready for baptism after nearly four years of hard work?"

Yes, and we praised our God and took new courage because of these to press on in the fight. They had been on probation nearly two whole years. The best of it is that all four of those first baptized Christians are still standing true and all of them are living witnesses for God and the gospel among their own people.

The following year another meeting was held in July. This time two new missionaries had been added to our number, also two new outstations. Even then the battle was hard. Although the heathen would come to the services better, they would not turn to God easily. Throughout that entire meeting we had not one seeker until at a sunrise prayer service on the closing day. Just as the benediction was pronounced a young woman arose, held up her hand and said, "I choose Jesus," and sat down. She was led to the altar and what a shout went up from the Christians as she went forward. Such praying, soul burden. We knew God was there. In just a short time this girl prayed through, and gave her testimony to the saving grace of God. In the audience were five of her sisters, and they began to warn her of the punishment that awaited her at home. She feared to return

with them. One more was added to our family then. Not long though. When these girls reached their home four miles away and gave their report of the conversion of their sister, their heathen father at first answered them not one word. They knew he must be very angry and trying to plan to get her to backslide. To their surprise he finally said, "I know that the best thing for me to do is to allow each of you to follow the prompting of your own hearts. It has never helped anyone to fight this Jesus that has been brought to us. After all what harm has this teaching done any who have accepted it. All of you may become believers if you wish to."

All five of the girls returned to the mission station that very morning and became seekers at the altar. Of course the meeting had closed but the church door was always open. We gathered in with them. That day our camp meeting closed with six fine converts.

That first girl is today working in a very hard place for God. The other four of these girls have made good. Only one of them backslid and consented to marrying a heathen man.

From then on our camp meetings became annual milestones in our Swaziland work. Each year we watch the different groups come in to what they choose to call their "Feast of Tabernacles." Each year were added new out-stations. Each year we could count the new converts. The coming of the camp meeting crowds became one of the missionaries' great thrills of each hard year's work.

A vision of the last camp meeting, as the people were coming into the Schmelzenbach Memorial Mission Station may help my readers to better understand what I mean about the missionary getting a thrill. About three o'clock in the afternoon one of the children came shouting, "Mama, they are coming." Everyone hurried out to see the churches coming in for camp-meeting. We could hear singing from all sides. We were surrounded by hills on all sides, first over the hills came the missionaries on horses, and from the hill in the northwest, the missionaries in their motor car. As they draw near and pass us we try to count them, but fail, there are so many. There had been a sweeping revival among them during that year which had swelled their numbers. Samuel and Timothy appear with their churches singing, "Hear the tramp, tramp, tramping of the army." Joseph, we find, in the midst of the boys hugging first one and then the other while another group is in the grip of Solomon. After some singing and shouting they seek their quarters and safely store their heavy burdens. Food then is prepared.

The evening service is then planned for. All are wondering if the tabernacle will accommodate all. For the first evening only a short service is planned because of the people's weariness. When once in service they forget their weariness. Surely the joy of the Lord is their strength for two long hours were spent in the service. It was very late when that large group, more than seven hundred, were settled for the night.

About three o'clock in the morning you are again aroused by the Christians having their private devotions.

The "boys" have come for a "fire-up." The new converts come for a feast of good things and determine to walk in the new light. The heathen come because they have learned to respect the Christians' prayers, others because their hearts are hungry, and still others because they are curious

to see and hear these services. The altars are crowded often from the very first service. There is no pulling or begging. The workers stand ready to step into the ranks and pray with the seekers.

They have no clocks. Programs are all subject to the planning of the Holy Spirit. Prayer-meetings are held all over the grounds.

A meeting is never broken up by a confession. Since restitution is the only thing one can do to find God it must be done. They ask no questions about it, but get busy. If it means to walk miles that is what they do, and preach as they go. They realize God has put a curse on the person who puts his hand to the plow and then turns back.

Shouts of victory go up for the whole time the meeting is on (for five or six days). Yes, it may rain, but the meetings go on, and God is glorified.

The last day is set aside for baptizing. Those who have finished their probationary period are baptized. The camp-meeting is then closed in a blaze of victory.

Brother Schmelzenbach had the privilege of watching this work grow from that small group that came to camp-meeting in 1913 until that great and glorious camp in July of 1927. It was at that time that our dear Sisters Fitkin and Bresee were with us and witnessed what the power of our God was doing in dark Africa for lost and benighted souls in our camp-meetings. That was the last camp-meeting Brother Schmelzenbach attended in dark Swaziland, but he had the joy of having seen four other camps added to our Nazarene field in Africa before he went to attend that great camp-meeting where today he watches for those on this side to come also.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 12 -- OUR PIONEER NATIVE WORKERS

Since coming to the homeland we so often hear the statement that the native workers on the mission fields can do more to get the gospel to their own people than the missionaries can. Again we hear people constantly urging that our Missionary Board specialize in the native workers on the different fields and withdraw or withhold the missionaries because the native workers can live on so much less and it is cheaper to carry on the work with them.

We know of course that many good people are sincere in their advice along this line since they are not fully acquainted with all the facts concerning the obstacles that confront the Christian Church in these heathen countries. The heathen forces are so strong, and the native Christians are so far in the minority and their lack of the knowledge of the Word of God and His power in times of trial and danger is so meager that without the encouragement and help as well as the daily example of the missionary back of them, the powers of darkness would disarm the native worker and scatter the flock over night. On the other hand a redeemed heathen, filled with the Holy Ghost and called of God, is an invaluable assistance in helping the missionary in reaching the heathen around him. It is true three native workers can live on the same amount it takes to support one missionary, or one missionary can supervise and hold steady at least five native workers, and as they grow in the knowledge and grace of God he can care for two or three times that number, but

so far as we have been able to see in dark Africa there never has been the time when the missionary might be withdrawn from the field and the work left entirely under the care of the native workers.

No, not even in the oldest section of our own work. We have seen it tried and have found a lot of heartbreaking wreckage which was always blamed on an unfaithful native worker, and in most cases was very unfair to him who had done his best. An appeal to the homeland for missionaries to assist him would only be answered by "It costs too much to send our missionaries to you. We are praying for you and counting on you to win out." The poor native worker, rather than seem a failure to them, takes the way of least resistance. He begins to compromise with the people until his church becomes a hindrance and curse instead of a blessing.

Brother Schmelzenbach was often heard to give the credit of some great victory to the native workers. "Another battle fought and won, but if it had not been for the faithfulness of old Solomon (Joseph, Samuel, Daniel, Enoch, Titus, or Moses, or whoever it might concern), I never would have conquered this battle before the devil would have had it."

For instance, it was Solomon who told Brother Schmelzenbach that the sour cornmeal gruel made by the Christians, when made to a certain strength, was intoxicating. Those who had been redeemed from drunkenness were finding it a temptation to them. Solomon then helped Brother Schmelzenbach to place it under the law with other intoxicating drinks. Solomon and Joseph pointed out that the Nazarene women who did not touch beer themselves were raising kaffir corn that made the beer for their husbands. The heathen men insisted on their portion of the kaffir corn to be made into beer. To liberate the women from doing this, no Nazarene woman is allowed to raise kaffir corn.

Truly the native worker knows the secrets of the heathen customs better than the missionary. He knows the many superstitions and practices. Often these redeemed black men and women will go so far as to take their lives in their hands to reveal them to the missionary. They too stand by the missionary while it is fought down. With the missionary by the native worker's side his life is protected and that of his little flock.

I wish it were possible to give the names of a number of outstanding native workers, both men and women, who stood by Brother Schmelzenbach during those early pioneer days and helped him to penetrate into the many secret problems that confronted us during those years. They deserve to be brought to our people, since so many of our people have faithfully supported them, but I have room for only three. I have chosen the three very first, Solomon, Joseph and Samuel.

\* \* \*

#### SOLOMON AND MARTHA

It was Sunday morning early in April, 1911, that Brother Schmelzenbach was sitting on a small box under a tree beside the donkey wagon. He was meditating over his morning message which he had prepared for the hungry little group who were to gather from the three friendly kraals for service. Miss Innis could be heard in prayer not far away. The writer was bathing baby in the

sunshine beside the wagon. Our attention was drawn to a dressed native man coming in our direction, swinging a cane on one arm. "Who do you suppose that man is coming? Where is he coming from?" I asked.

Brother Schmelzenbach answered, "I do not know."

As he drew near Brother Schmelzenbach stepped forward and greeted him in the usual native way. The young man quickly removed his hat and took Brother Schmelzenbach's hand saying, "May the name of the Lord be praised that my eyes behold a real Umfundisi among my people this day." Soon Brother Schmelzenbach and the native were in deep conversation. We learned that the young man's home was in Swaziland, but he had gone to Pretoria, nearly three hundred miles away, to work in the gold mines. Instead of working in the mines, he had secured work with a Presbyterian minister. He worked for this minister for nine years caring for his horses. He feared to return to Swaziland because there was no missionary in the country. He feared he would lose his Saviour. He had heard through some friendly natives that we were now camping here, so he determined to come home and offer his services to help give the gospel to his own people.

He was given a part in the services that day and showed training in the Word of God, though he had never heard of holiness.

When he left that afternoon he promised that he would return soon after he had finished his contract with his employer in Pretoria. He was asked if he had a wife, which was an important question with one who expected to enter the Lord's work in that dark land. He said that he did not, but there was one whom he expected to get.

Much had happened during the time that we did not hear from Solomon. We were settled on our own property. Miss Innis was living at Grace Mission Station. She was praying for a native preacher to help her in her work. On Sunday of March, 1912, the children came into the house to say that two dressed natives were coming to the house. Brother Schmelzenbach went to the door and then turned and said, "It is Solomon and his wife." They had walked sixty-five miles in two days. They looked very weary. Solomon informed us that he had held a service with his own loved ones that morning. Martha, his wife, was very young, possibly seventeen or eighteen, while Solomon was past thirty. Martha was a very pretty girl, although very black. She had a refinement about her uncommon to the ordinary Swazi girl. She was the third generation of Christians in her home. She too had had some training in a girls' training school of the Church of England.

Brother Schmelzenbach informed them that they would be located with Miss Innis at Grace Mission Station. Solomon said, "Very well, Umfundisi, we have come to work for the Lord and your words shall lead us. In all things we shall obey you."

Although it was late in the afternoon they decided to go to Grace Mission Station that evening which was fifteen miles away.

They were both under Miss Innis' supervision for more than five years. Never did Solomon consider it an imposition if Brother Schmelzenbach should ask him to undertake some unusual task

in addition to the work he was already doing. Together they and Miss Innis built up a fine work at Grace Mission Station.

After Solomon and Martha were at Grace Mission Station about a year there came to their home twin babies, a boy and a girl. The little boy, who was very frail, went to be with Jesus after about three months, although Miss Innis had taken him into her home to care for. When the little girl was about a year old she became sick. Solomon and Martha came to our door asking permission to bring a matter before the Umfundisi. Solomon said that where there were twins in a family and one died, if the one living became sick the spirit of the dead twin was lonely for the living one, and if the sick child recovered he must be allowed to play on the grave of the deceased one.

Brother Schmelzenbach was astonished at such heathenism among his native workers. He said, "Solomon, do you still believe such things?"

"No," he answered, "I do not believe that or anything else that the heathen teach their people, but I have not been able to convince Martha that this isn't right. She says these things were practiced by her people and they were Christians. She promised me that your word should settle the matter."

Brother Schmelzenbach did not tell them that this was not done by the members of the Church of the Nazarene, but he drew a word picture of God's great love and concern for them and their children. Then he showed Martha how the spirit of the child had gone to be with Jesus, and never would be concerned with anything of this earth. After he talked and prayed with them for nearly an hour, Martha left with a new vision of Christ. Never again did she become entangled with heathenism.

About this time Solomon sought the Holy Spirit as a second definite work of grace. We never have known any time when he broke with God.

During the visit of Dr. Reynolds, Martha grasped the truth of holiness when Dr. Reynolds used the illustration of three jars to show the two works of grace. Many times down through the years the fire has fallen on a meeting when Martha would testify and tell of this incident.

One time the witch-doctors threatened to burn down Solomon's church by lightning. One Sunday while they were holding services in the stone church the lightning did hit the church walls on the outside and glance off to the ground. The heathen began to ask Solomon what he was going to do. It looked as though the witch-doctors were living up to their word. Solomon only told them that lightning did not burn down stone buildings.

When Brother Schmelzenbach was home on furlough in 1928, he gave Solomon one of his riding mules, for he had the responsibility of one section of the outstation work in addition to his local church. On this certain day he was en route to one of his appointments. As he was going down a steep hill over a very stony and rugged path the mule became frightened, at something. It gave a lurch and began to run. Solomon was thrown into the path and dragged with his foot caught in the stirrup. How long he lay in the road unconscious no one has ever known. The missionaries took him into the mission station after he was found and did all they could for him.

When Brother Schmelzenbach reached the field he went to visit Solomon to tell him how much he had meant to him through the years. When he saw him in that suffering condition Brother Schmelzenbach carried him the four miles to the road and took him in his new Ford the one hundred and ten miles across to our hospital. There Dr. Hynd took him in hand. For two years he had to stay in the hospital, but his work did not go down, for Martha rose to the occasion and under her faithful labors the church grew and the day school became one of the best on our district.

After the two years in the hospital he came out to find himself pastor of one of the largest outstations in our work and a school that needed two assistant teachers.

While Solomon was in this weakened condition Brother Schmelzenbach went home to heaven. When Martha heard of Brother Schmelzenbach's serious illness she tied her nine-month-old baby to her back and walked the twenty-five miles to represent her husband at the deathbed of their beloved "Umfundisi." Brother Schmelzenbach, having his mental faculties to the last, recognized her. There on his bed he prayed for her in her faithfulness.

Later at a memorial service for Brother Schmelzenbach she told of this experience at his bedside. She said, although the Holy Spirit lived in her heart there were times when a fear of death would come over her. Now since she had seen the "Umfundisi" go to heaven, and seen how closely Jesus stayed by him until the last she would not now be afraid of death when it came.

One of the very deepest sorrows that had ever come to Solomon and Martha was the death of their eldest daughter, that twin girl. She had passed her sixteenth birthday and was just finishing her last year of school and was to go to her home and be one of the assistant teachers in her father's school.

Hosia was her name. Like her mother she was very pretty and carried an air of refinement about her not usual among the Swazis. With her natural beauty she had a bright mind, and was deeply spiritual. She had been placed in the Girls' Training School quite young that she might escape much that our Christian children must come in contact with in their own kraals and communities. So she had unusual opportunities and her parents were rightfully proud of her. But one day Hosia took very ill and it was soon learned that she had taken that dreaded disease so common in Swaziland at that time, enteric fever. Being very ill from the first she lived only two weeks after she arrived at the hospital.

Solomon was still in the hospital when she passed away and could be there for the funeral but poor Martha, away off in her mountain home had no way to get to the deathbed of her beloved daughter and seemed to be left alone in her sorrow. Miss Lovelace, realizing how great a shock the death of Hosia would be to Martha, rode the thirty miles from her own station on horseback and stayed with Martha three days. She prayed, and wept, and shared her sorrow as one with her, as far as it is possible for one to comfort another passing through the valley, and before she left she saw Martha resting with perfect victory in the Lord, for He who has never failed one of His children came to her in her dark hour and comforted her.

But something happened to Solomon at that time that made him know how frail human flesh is, and made the missionaries know how great is the power of the gospel of Christ in the midst of a heathen people. Several weeks after the death of Hosia the Annual Council and Camp-meeting was held at Bremersdorp, and one Sunday afternoon during the service Solomon went forward in response to an altar call. Of course both missionaries and natives were greatly surprised, for no one could point his finger at anything in Solomon's life at any time, and he seemed to keep such wonderful victory during his long illness in the hospital, during which several times he was very near death's door. "But, why should he be among the seekers now?" was the question everyone was asking.

He soon arose and enlightened them by the following testimony: "Beloved friends and children of the Lord, I have a confession to make. I know you are wondering why I am here among the seekers. And, I wish to warn you today that Satan is very wily, and deals very deceitfully with the heart of man. Many, many times he has tried with all his powers to get me down, through the years, with the old superstition of witchcraft among which we all have grown up in this dark land of ours. Always I have been able to keep my faith in our great and loving Saviour until I could laugh him to scorn. But when my precious little girl was taken from me in the way she was so recently, Satan almost overwhelmed me with this deception. Some of you, and especially you missionaries know how many times the heathen of my home community have threatened my home and family, as well as my life, with witchcraft. And every time anything would befall me, I was able to look up and see the hand of God in it all, but this time I found myself one day listening to the voice of Satan for a very short space. As I sat mourning for my loved one, I began to wonder if it could be possible that at last my enemies had succeeded in gaining their power over me with their threats of witchcraft, and will they now destroy me and my family? For it seems they have begun to do this thing by talking my child who was the treasure of my life. As I mused I suddenly came to myself, and began to say to my heart, 'Behold, Solomon, why do you listen to the voice of Satan? Is it not that the Lord loves you greatly in that he is preparing to save you from a great temptation by taking your little girl to himself? Could you have stood the test when time came to allow her to marry without taking the dowry for her as all Christians should do for their daughters?' Then I cried out to God to forgive me for questioning His dealings with me, and said, 'Dear Jesus, Thou knowest the heart of man and how weak we are, and with all my heart I say, "Thy will be done." I will never question Thee again, for I know Thou cannot make a mistake.' And I promised Him there that I would make a public confession of this thing to the church. I am thanking Him today that Hosia is in heaven with Him and by His grace I shall see her again because I will be true to Him and serve Him all the days of my life."

When that third drastic cut came early in 1933, and the native workers were left with scarcely any salary from the homeland, Brother Penn told how, with a heavy heart he went to that quarterly meeting to break this news to the boys. It was the duty of Solomon, being the oldest in service among them, to reply to Brother Penn after they had been told of the cut in their salaries. He arose and began by saying, "Brethren we have heard the words of our Umfundisi, and it is up to us at such a time as this, that each follow the dictates of his own heart. As for me, I mean to mind God. I cannot see how I will support my wife and six children on so small amount of money. I know it is possible to go away to the mines and earn plenty of money, but I cannot mind God and do that, so I will do my best and trust Him. He never has failed us yet, and it is up to us to stand by our missionaries in such time as this."

Hardly had he taken his seat than Martha was on her feet and turned her flashing eyes upon him and in her dramatic way she began, "My good husband, I am surprised at your words. Are you willing to take a cut in your money or are you not? You are not to make excuses because of your wife and children. Yes, we do need food and clothes and that small amount of money will not do very much for your large family; but I am here to tell you that if you are cut in your wages, I take the cut with you, and together we will work this thing out. If this thing has been permitted to come to us because our beloved church which mothers us has fallen into trouble, God will not fail us. We know our missionaries have been cut also and are suffering famine and hardships, but they are not making excuses. In fact they have never told us how much they are losing. Let us stand by them in the hour of trial." Then she turned to the women, the majority of whom were the wives of the preachers, and said, "Women, quit you with courage and strength and do not permit your husbands to hide behind you, and make excuses because of you. Stand by them and help them to be strong in such an hour as this. Who wants her husband to leave the preaching of the gospel and go off to the mines just to make more money, with souls living in darkness all around them. God surely will hold us responsible if we do such a thing. Let us arise to the cause of Christ in this day of trouble and stand by our missionaries."

Before she finished her exhortation to those dejected workers the cloud broke, and the glory of God came down upon them and not one man among them wanted to make excuses. They affirmed again and again that they were not hirelings but true shepherds, and called of God to the work, and they would go through with Him. From that day forward we did not lose one man because of no salary.

Solomon and Martha have just closed their twenty-fourth year in the service of the Church of the Nazarene in Swaziland, and they are still pastors of the largest outstation church and school on the field. They have five sons and a daughter, all being brought up and trained in the church. Their eldest son is now in school preparing to preach and teach.

Never has the church had a more faithful, loyal, and sacrificing man or woman anywhere in the world, than they have had in these two redeemed souls in dark Africa.

Their salaries have never been raised again, and they both work for less than five dollars a month. Martha never has even thought she should have pay for her services.

It is such as these that make missions pay. Do you have a part with them?

\* \* \* \* \*

13 -- JOSEPH KWANAZI -- (UMCINE, meaning: keep him, or watch over him.)

One bright Sabbath morning just as the bell pealed out over the hills to tell the people of services at the Peniel Mission Station church, we noticed a stranger walking up the path. He greeted those he met at the door. They in turn were greeting him in a friendly manner as if an old friend had come among them. He was plainly dressed, but neat, a young man nearing his thirties. We saw at once that he was not a stranger to many in our congregation. He entered into the spirit of

the meeting, singing the hymns very lustily. Several in the congregation were greatly amused at him and cast smiling glances at each other.

We felt sure this newcomer must have been in touch with the gospel somewhere, and Brother Schmelzenbach lost no time in seeking him out at the close of the service. As he approached him, Brother Schmelzenbach's soul responded to the joy of salvation written on that black face. He began to tell Brother Schmelzenbach of his plans and wishes. "Oh my Umfundisi, my heart rejoices with great joy today because my eyes see a true messenger of my Saviour. Since Jesus saved my soul five years ago, I have been praying for this very hour. Because I have heard so much about your work, I've asked a month's leave from my work to visit your home and see for myself if these things be true, that I hear." We found that his main reason for this month's visit and tour of inspection was because his heart was in the Lord's work.

Soon we found that his home was only about six miles from us; but he left his home over five years previous to this time and had been working in the Native Police force of Swaziland under the British government. While doing detective work in the south end of Swaziland, he came in touch with Miss Mollie Moe's Mission (a missionary of the Scandinavian Holiness Mission) and was wonderfully saved and sanctified. While he had been working for the government he found very little time to study and read his Bible, or attend services on the Sabbath day. His five-year agreement in the police force would expire the end of the following August, when he would have the privilege of leaving the police force. He wanted a missionary and a place of worship near his home before he returned. He also wanted to seek out a Christian wife.

The young man spent much of his time during his vacation at the mission station, never missing a service, and taking in most of the day school classes. He was given a chance to preach to our people the Sabbath before he left. He surprised us, for his sermon was excellent. He spoke on "Walking with Christ, and Being Living Examples of Christ in the Midst of a Wicked and Heathen Nation." The message was purely the work of the Holy Spirit. We felt sure that this ignorant Swazi boy could be a power for God if given a chance.

On leaving he informed us that he had settled it with his heart, to leave the police force. Brother Schmelzenbach might have taken his promise more seriously, but he had asked to write to one of the girls; this put a doubt in our minds of his sincerity. We thought we never would see him again, unless when he returned to get his wife.

In less than two months after Joseph returned to his work in Mbabane, a letter was brought to Brother Schmelzenbach by the girl, to whom he had asked permission to write. Brother Schmelzenbach read the letter and handed it back to her. It was a very short letter, after an introduction, a frank statement of his intention of entering school and preparing for the Lord's work, with this preparation he must obtain a spiritual helpmeet. Joseph assured her in the letter, that she could be a great help and blessing to him in the Lord's work, if she would be willing, because of her spirituality. He asked her to reply immediately, so this question would be settled.

Brother Schmelzenbach asked, "What are you going to do about this letter?"

She broke out into a hearty laugh, and Brother Schmelzenbach was a bit puzzled, not knowing the natives so well at that time, and wondered just what she was laughing at. She sobered to an air of disgust, "I will send this letter back to him, and he will know what that means."

Thoroughly surprised Brother Schmelzenbach warned her not to be too hasty, since he seemed to be such a fine, Christian young man, and he intended to prepare to enter the Lord's work.

She laughed again. "Umfundisi, the man is a police, and all police are bad men, we will never see him again."

Brother Schmelzenbach began to wonder if there might not be some truth in what this girl was telling him. He praised the Lord for a definite manifestation of grace wrought in this dear girl's heart, since she was not willing to attach herself to a possible deceiver, even though Christian men were then, and always have been, far below the number of Christian girls and women in the church. He began to pray earnestly for Joseph. There was a great need of native workers at this time. After much praying Brother Schmelzenbach felt sure that he would return.

One bright morning early in September, 1915, who should be coming in the distance but Joseph! Our numbers had increased since his first visit. The Lord was working in the hearts of the heathen around us in a wonderful way. We all gave him a hearty welcome and gathered around to hear what he had to say.

Brother Schmelzenbach had told him he must bring a letter of recommendation from his missionaries if he would enter our school. He reached in his packet and brought forth two letters, giving them to Brother Schmelzenbach. "You see, Umfundisi, I have brought the letter you ask of me, this was not hard to obtain; but the other letter, which is my church letter, I had a very hard time to get. My missionary did not want me to leave the church. When I told her I felt that Jesus wanted me to come and help you lead my parents, brothers and sisters into the light of salvation, she consented and gave me my church letter."

Joseph entered our church and Preachers' Training School at the same time. The school was then in its infancy with only eight students enrolled, boys ranging in ages from fifteen to twenty-five. The beginning of the gospel in any heathen land is always a very difficult and seemingly slow task, and in this entirely new field of Swaziland, we were learning this from the raw material we had to work with every day.

Hardly a week passed by without some heathen custom, practice, or superstition breaking out among our boys. It took patience and prayer for wisdom, that we would not break these tender plants in their making.

The presence of Joseph in the school proved a blessing in many ways. His simple, towering faith in the power of God, his clear conception of God and His plan of salvation for this lost world, his life of prayer, his burning zeal and soul burden for his own people, his courageous renouncement of witchcraft and anything pertaining to heathenism, added to this his loyalty to the church and the missionaries, his very keen sense of honor, and implicit obedience to both the Word of God and the missionaries, his belief in the Bible as the Word of God made him an invaluable

asset to our very limited staff of workers. Like the Joseph of the Bible, from whom he takes his name, God was with him and seemed to bless his every undertaking. He had very little patience with a professing Christian who constantly falls by the way. He believes what God was able to do for him, the chiefest of sinners, He is able to do for any lost soul in this dark world, if he will but pay the price and forsake his sins.

Joseph stayed in the training school only eighteen months. Every moment possible during that time was spent preaching the good news in the surrounding kraals.

The missionaries took into consideration that though Joseph made little progress in his studies, yet the Spirit of God was upon him when he opened his Bible and began to preach. It seemed a natural thing for him to bring out the deep things of God, treasures new and old, and deliver the messages in a way that was convincing to the Swazis. At the end of his stay in school he was allowed to take charge of an outstation eighteen miles from headquarters.

When Joseph went to this place very little had been done. Brother Schmelzenbach had started the work there like so many other outstations, by visiting among the kraals and inviting the people to meet him under a tree. There he would preach to them until he felt sure the Word of God was finding lodgment in their hearts. He then would begin to plan a church building, afterward sending a native worker to carry on the work begun. This place was ready for the building when Joseph went. A small class of probationers had been gathered.

When Joseph left this place four years later he left a congregation of about fifty baptized members and a class preparing for baptism. Among his converts were sixteen young people who had consecrated their lives to the Lord's work. These were in the training school preparing to do Christian work, or were already out in the work.

Early in the second year of his work in this outstation, in addition to pastoring his people, he was appointed district evangelist, the first native worker to be entrusted with this responsibility in our work. His service in this capacity made him Brother Schmelzenbach's right hand man in helping him in the oversight of the outstations, which then numbered fifteen.

At the end of more than two whole years serving in this double capacity, his church and the outstations had grown to such a large number that the work was too heavy for him. He then moved back to headquarters where he was released from all local work, and his entire time was given to district work. For twelve years Mr. Schmelzenbach and Joseph worked for the Lord as one man. Many were the hardships and dangers that this redeemed black saint endured by Brother Schmelzenbach's side, but never was there heard one word that even tinged on the edge of complaint. Twice that I know of, it fell to Joseph's lot to save Brother Schmelzenbach's life when he was nearly drowned in the flooded rivers. Many were the long hours, both by day and night, they spent in their saddles together. More than one government official told Mr. Schmelzenbach that he had taken the best native they had when he took Joseph into his mission work. To this day there are white people in Swaziland who honor and respect Joseph for his sterling character.

He imitated his "Umfundisi" in his preaching, even to his gestures. Although Brother Schmelzenbach has been gone nearly four years, when I see Joseph in the pulpit and hear him

preach, it often brings back to me so vividly, Brother Schmelzenbach, that it is hard to swallow the lump that, comes into my throat, and I fear I do not always succeed in hiding my tears.

When Brother Schmelzenbach was nearing the close of his pilgrimage here on earth, the only person he asked not to leave him was Joseph. At that time Joseph was thirty-five miles away in the bushveldt helping Miss Louise Robinson to carry on meetings in one of the out-stations.

Saturday about noon, after two days and nights of intense suffering, Brother Schmelzenbach asked, "Where is Joseph? I want him to pelekezela me" (meaning he wanted him to escort him in the way).

A boy was sent on a mule to Joseph at once with the message. The messenger reached Joseph after dark the same evening. He was eating supper, and in the act of passing a spoon to his mouth with food. The boy called out as he rode up "Umfundisi is passing away, and is calling for you, Joseph."

Joseph dropped the spoon, food and all, grabbed his hat by his side, and was in the saddle almost as soon as the boy reached the ground. On his way out of the kraal he passed the hut where Miss Robinson and her girls were also having their evening meal, and shouted to her, "Umfundisi is dying, and I am going to him, he is calling for me." He was then on the road. He soon learned that the mule was too weary to carry him without some rest and food, so he left him at an outstation along the road, and made the long hard trip up the mountains on foot.

At five o'clock on Sabbath morning he walked up to husband's bedside, and there he remained until the very last breath left his "Umfundisi's" house of clay, nearly the midnight hour on Wednesday night. Only three times during all that time did we succeed in persuading him to go to his home nearby and partake of a little food and rest. Each time he returned in less than an hour.

It was not until many months after Brother Schmelzenbach's departure from us, did we learn that it was faithful Joseph, who had thought to send out messengers to all the native preachers within twenty-five or thirty miles, of Brother Schmelzenbach's serious illness. That accounted for the presence of so many of his precious boys at his dying bedside, who brought comfort and cheer to him during those last few hours of his life in dark Africa.

I shall never forget the conversation I was compelled to overhear, soon after Joseph entered training. I might have left the room but neither Mr. Schmelzenbach nor Joseph seemed to object to my presence in the room. Joseph began, "Umfundisi, I am in great trouble these days. You see the girl I asked to write to has returned my letter without one word to explain. That means plainly that she is not willing and does not want me. The manner in which that girl returned my letter, to a Swazi, is an insult. You know, Umfundisi, that I must have a wife, if I ever work for the Lord among my own people. I wish to get a good, Christian girl who will be willing to help me in the Lord's work. I have decided in choosing for myself I have made a big mistake. Umfundisi, I wish you to choose a girl who you think would be a help in the Lord's work as well as a good wife for me."

"That is a very hard thing for a person to do, Joseph. The girl whom I might think suitable for you, may not be your choice, and then you remember she would have something to say in this matter also, and the one I choose may turn you down as easily as the first."

"What you say is true, Umfundisi, and I have thought of all that. I shall pray that the Lord will help you choose the right girl, then I know she will not turn me down."

"Very well, I shall do my best for you. I will need a few days to think and pray about it before I point out a girl to whom you can write."

"Thank you very much, Umfundisi, I shall await the word from you." He then left.

I went on with the sewing I was doing for several minutes, and then turned to see if Mr. Schmelzenbach had left also, since he was very quiet. There he sat, deep in thought.

I broke the silence with a hearty laugh, and said, "You look frightened over your new job."

"Not exactly frightened," he replied. "You know I have maneuvered a few matches between our boys and girls, during the past few years, but when a man comes right out and asks you to hunt him a wife, it's a different matter and seems like a big job."

"I don't see a girl who is fit to be a preacher's wife yet," I said. Then Mr. Schmelzenbach slipped out to the orange grove where he often went to pray, leaving me to my own thoughts. I was aroused by a call from the baby in the next room, and soon forgot all about Joseph.

Just one week later Brother Schmelzenbach came into the same room with a mischievous smile playing about his mouth and eyes. "I guess I've found a wife for Joseph." "Yes, and who could she be?" I questioned.

"Emma, your kitchen girl," came the reply.

"Oh, she is the best girl in the church, and what will I do if she goes, I have just got her trained so she is a help to me here in the home."

"I know it, that is the reason I suggested her. She is the only one who is far enough along in her Christian experience as well as training to fill the place of a preacher's wife. I am glad she accepted him, I believe they will make a fine couple."

The following Christmas they were married. This precious couple have been in the work together for nearly nineteen years. I have had occasion to praise the Lord for Emma in her noble Spirit-filled life, as well as her efficient and loyal husband. The success of the little church, during the two years when Joseph carried the double burden of pastor and district evangelist, was mainly due to the faithful and efficient service Emma rendered, while her husband would spend many weeks out on the district.

Soon after Brother Schmelzenbach passed away the council moved, us from our old home station. Joseph and Emma were allowed to move with me and live at Stegi with us that first year. Our dear missionaries then on the field will never know this side of heaven how much we appreciate this kindness. Our sorrow would have been ever so much harder to bear without these two precious saints who had been part of our very lives at old Peniel. Joseph and Emma both found their way into the hearts of others of our missionaries on the field, but none has been able to fill that void that was left when their great "Umfundisi" died. At the end of that first year at Stegi, we realized that again Joseph was dividing his time between the local work and the district, for as long as he was at the station with me, he felt it was his duty to go with me to all of my outstations as well as carry the heavy end of the work at the home station. He was then moved to Bremersdorp, under Dr. Hynd, where again Joseph was entirely free to devote all of his time to the district work. There he lives today, preaching and praying, working with as much zeal as he did the day he entered our church and work, sixteen years ago. I believe he is even deeper today than he was then, or at least he is carrying a much heavier burden, and is just as loyal to our leaders in the work of today as he was to the one whose memory, we are sure, is still precious to him.

At the Christmas feast of 1928, the Lord gave us a most gracious outpouring of His Holy Spirit, and Brother Schmelzenbach, weak in body, but with the old-time fire in his soul, preached a mighty sermon to about six hundred black faces, about half of them raw heathen. When he finished he turned to Joseph, who was close by his side, and said, "Joseph, give your testimony, and close with an altar call." Joseph was immediately on his feet, and fired away. "Men, brethren, all ye people: I am a Swazi of the Swazis. There is not a person in this great company who does not know who I am. You all know how earnestly I served Satan when I was still walking in darkness. I had such a bad temper when a child my parents feared some day I would murder my playmates in one of those mad rages. None tried to stir my temper, for when they did I might have killed my offender had they not interfered. Numbers of times my parents had me treated by a witch-doctor, thinking I was bewitched. In manhood I became worse, often getting drunk.

"The witch-doctor told my parents the only thing that would cure me was to become a policeman of the white chief. They were needing a policeman at that time and I was given work. I was sent to Mbabane, the capital of Swaziland, where I was in the police force for the big chief of Swaziland. Although they gave me nice clothes to put on I felt no different on the inside. I was still as bad a drunkard as I ever had been, I still lied, stole, swore, and all other things that are bad. The only reason I was concerned about my bad temper, was I feared I would kill a person some day, and then be killed for it. My white chief soon found that I had plenty of cleverness to fool people so they appointed me as a detective.

"I had been in this service only about three months, when one day one of the men disputed my word. I was on him at once, beating him. The big white chief came running out and demanded the others take me off. They pushed me into the courthouse. I then saw that the witch-doctor's remedy had failed. I kept on with my work. It was not easy work, because I had to go day or night and some prisoners were very dangerous.

"One Sunday I was on a detective case when I came to a building where people were singing. I drew near and looked into the window. I knew that every person who covered his body with clothes of the white people, was called a believer, who worshipped God in the different

churches seen about the country, but I did not know how they worshipped, nor did I care. Every time a native worker would come near me I would laugh him to scorn, and tell him that he was bewitched by a white man.

"When the singing stopped a white missionary rose to her feet and began to speak. She was reading from a little black book which she held in her hand. I thought what strange and marvelous words she was saying. They were from the first Psalm. I shall never forget those words, for they followed me from that day to this. My heart began to accuse me and I slipped into church and stayed until the service closed. As I went away I mused with my heart, I said, 'Indeed a great and marvelous thing had befallen me that day, for did not that white missionary tell me all my heart?' and I knew she had never seen me before.

"I went back to church the next Sunday, and before I left I gave my heart to God and found Jesus as my Saviour. It was then that I found the remedy for my bad temper and everything else that was wicked in my heart. A few months later I received the Holy Spirit, who burned out that old root of sin and bitterness. I have never wanted to kill a person since. I have preached to people until they have gotten so mad that they wanted to kill me. I never carry anything in my hand but my Bible, and yet my enemies will run from me.

"Now you have my story. It is a long one, but when I was full of Satan and walking in darkness, you said I was bewitched, and the witch-doctor said he had a remedy to deliver me, but he lied. Then I discovered that the only witch there was, was living in my heart, and the only remedy to deliver from him was the blood of Jesus. You laugh and call me a crazy preacher. Oh, the hardness and darkness of the hearts of my people! Won't you take this Lord that found me and gave deliverance." All heads dropped to the ground, faces down in prayer, while he gave an appealing altar call, and a number of raw heathen made their way to the center of the ring and gave their hearts to God and started for heaven, and they are still on the way. Praise the Lord forever!

In this the year of 1936 Joseph and Emma are still in the work and as loyal, and on fire as they ever were. Pray for them and their family of three fine boys.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 14 -- SIDELIGHTS

When Brother Schmelzenbach first landed in Africa he had a host of friends who wrote to him often and many of them sent gifts of money to be used personally or for the work. His faithful Peniel friends kept their pledge with him for five years. (His friends of Carrollton, Ohio, are faithful to his family to this day.) Added to this he had a sum of money he had saved when he was a young man unsaved.

All that he needed cash for, the first mission property and even to the early church buildings, were paid for from these personal funds and gifts. Far too soon many of these homeland friends began to lose interest in the work in dark Africa. They not only stopped sending their gifts but even failed to write a letter of encouragement.

By the time the work became a growing victory, Brother Schmelzenbach was handicapped for funds with which to go forward. At that time he was receiving only \$25 a month and the writer was not receiving any allowance. During those first six years, especially after we had started the work in Swaziland, he had made several appeals to our home church for financial aid, but each time to no avail. He began to feel that if the Nazarene work ever succeeded in Africa, it was up to us. He never kept a separate bank account for his gifts and salary, he felt that no need must be neglected in the work as long as there was money from which he could draw, for after all he and everything he possessed was the Lord's.

From the very first we lived not only in the strictest economy, but often in dire poverty. Brother Schmelzenbach was not a dreamer. He never made plans that he was not sure he was in God's will and he could see his way out. This is the reason he never made a debt that he was not sure of paying.

One time he was put to the very severest test. The work was growing and new doors were opening to the gospel message, but his funds were low, too low to plan for a forward move. He knew it was of no use to appeal to the homeland, so he began to plan for further sacrifice on his own part. He wondered if there was anything in the house that could be turned into funds for this pressing need. Our living supplies were already too low, and our health was being threatened for the lack of proper nourishment and a better variety of food. Nothing could be turned into cash in the home, since the house was unfurnished except for four rickety chairs, a small homemade table, a cheap iron bedstead with springs that dropped in the center and a mattress made of dried cornhusks. Our fine supply of sheets and bed linen were almost gone. Many of these had been used to help dress our Christians, or to wrap the dead bodies whom Brother Schmelzenbach would bury. Just one good tablecloth was being carefully guarded and kept hidden in a trunk to be used on special occasions, which were very few in those days, since the few white people in the country did not often come our way. The native Christians at the station had worn out the first clothes we had provided for them, and began to present a pitiful sight in their tattered rags.

We had tried to teach them how to patch their clothes. Now with many of them we could not discern which were garments or which patches and some would not even hold the patches together any longer. Something had to be done for them.

Finally Brother Schmelzenbach allowed three of the boys to go away to the gold mines to work and earn money to clothe themselves. When they returned six months later they had a very few clothes and less money to show. Like many such places the enticement for spending money was greater than their earning capacity. Too they lost ground spiritually so that plan did not work.

We tried once more to go on short rations and cut down on the things we ate. The way we managed this was to cook just a certain amount for all at the station, our family included, then we would give it out equally until all was eaten. No one complained, even though neither the natives nor ourselves had a square meal for nearly three months. During this time we bought the material and made each of them a new outfit.

It was during those days that my shoes fell from my feet. I had to go about in my stocking feet for over two weeks. I made myself a pair of the old-fashioned "pushers," like those our

grandmothers used to make for us to wear in bed during the cold winters in America, only instead of nice, warm, wool material, mine were made of gunny sacking. Of course I did not leave the mission station during that time, and did not go out of the house any more than was necessary. At that time I wore one print dress for nearly a whole year, until the first Christmas box came to Miss Innis from our faithful California Nazarenes. Miss Innis gave me a pretty dress length, cut it out and helped me make a new dress.

When I put the dress on for the first time our two little boys ran from me to Miss Innis screaming, "Innis! Innis! Umlumbi! Umlumbi" (meaning white person, white person). When Miss Innis learned what was the cause of the excitement she laughed until she cried. To me it was not funny.

One day Brother Schmelzenbach came in to say that his riding horse was sick and might die before sundown.

"Can you do anything for it?" I asked.

"Nothing but stand and watch it die," was his reply. After a few minutes of silence he asked, "Do you think we could manage on our present allowance?" Then without waiting for a reply he added, "If we can I think we have enough money to buy another horse." I answered, "We can if five pounds will pay for our present supplies. I do not know of one thing more we could give up, unless it would be the sugar we use on our porridge. I am wondering if we should do this for the children's sake, already the boys look quite undernourished."

As he stood in the door looking out into the distance for several minutes, I noticed his lips silently moving and I knew he was taking his burden to God in this dark hour.

He turned as if to speak again when a native boy came around the house calling, "Umfundisi, your horse is dead."

He followed the boy out under the trees where he had left the animal, as if to see for himself if it was true. He returned and dropped into a chair, saying, "I don't know what I will do now, I certainly cannot do all the work without a horse."

We spent some time in discussion, trying to decide how to manage after this loss. Finally it was decided to spend the money sent to us by a very dear personal friend, to help with the education of our children. We knew our children could speak very little English; but did not know that they understood enough to follow our discussion, until later we learned that they told the natives that they bought that horse for their father, as it was their money that paid for him.

The next morning after the horse died he started about 3 a.m. on foot to the white settlement of Pigg's Peak where he made arrangements to buy another horse. He started early in order to avoid walking in the heat of the day. While he was gone I wrote a letter to a very dear friend in the homeland, telling her of our loss, and asking her to help us pray that the dear Lord would send him another horse. He knew nothing about this letter. When he returned that afternoon about sundown he was quite exhausted. He stepped in at the door and fell to the floor, asking for water and tea.

Since we had no stove and were cooking over the open fire, I sent the native girl to boil the water for the tea, while I hastened with water to revive him. For several days after this he was quite weak from this experience. When his new horse arrived about one week later he went out in the work as usual, and thought of this incident as just a part of his everyday life.

There were now ten boys and six or eight girls at the mission station, all young people who had been driven from their homes because of their faith in Christ. They seemed very much concerned when they learned that their Umfundisi had spent the money he was to use for his own children to buy that horse.

This incident proved a greater blessing than we realized at that time. In later years we would hear the early Christians use it as an illustration. They would say, it was such sacrifices as this that helped them to see and understand the greatness of the love and grace of God, and it was that thing that helped them to become strong in their faith.

At one time Brother Schmelzenbach had been asked to keep a systematic record of his work, such as the miles traveled, the number of services held, sermons preached, number of seekers at the altars and other details. He could not find the time to keep these records, and it was hard for us to do this for him as he did so much of his work away from the home station, and he would forget to tell us all that he had done. But we determined to learn how many miles he traveled on his horse one year, and for six months we kept close record. We learned that he averaged on horseback just about one hundred and fifty miles each month. No wonder he was often referred to as "The man who lives in the saddle." He carried on all of his work in that dark land in this manner until 1927, only two years before his death he was able to travel in the comfort of a motor car. It was too late then; his health had gone.

Then the closed doors in Swaziland began to open to him, and the once hostile chiefs became friendly and asked him to bring the gospel to them. Later asking for someone to live among them to teach them the right way, this made more work for him, since he had no native workers ready for such responsibilities, he himself must do it. For nearly seven years he pleaded for reinforcements from the homeland, and when they did come as fast as they arrived they were pressed into service without the usual time for language study. They must study as they worked. All of our early missionaries worked under odds, and became burden-bearers in a way that those who go now do not know about and never will know.

When the native boys were able to read their Bibles and gave evidence of a call on their souls, and were strong enough in their faith in God to withstand the powers of witchcraft and the heathen superstition of their own people, they were sent out to fill these open places. Each one that went out meant one more for Brother Schmelzenbach to care for as a father would carry his own son in his bosom. At their best they were only babes in Christ. It was a common thing for a runner to come from one of the outstations with a message that Daniel, Titus, Job, Noah, Moses, Elijah, Peter, etc., etc., whichever one was needing him. The message would read something like this, "My dear Umfundisi, please come to me quickly. I am in great trouble. The heathen around me are trying to kill me and my family, or trying to burn down my home and the church, or I have a new convert and her people are trying to make her backslide. Please come quickly." He would saddle his horse and be off to answer that call. It might be at the midnight hours, or in the heat of midday.

It might be fifteen miles or fifty, or one hundred and fifty. That made no difference. The salvation of souls depended upon him, and he must be faithful to them or the blood of these souls would be on his hands.

In the summer time when the malaria fever was bad in the bushveldt, he would go from one outstation to the other warning the workers to keep plenty of quinine and salts for themselves and those whom they might be able to help in their community. When one of them was found down with fever he would stay by his side until he brought him out of it, and he knew he was safe for another year. Many times when they were ill he would decide it best for them to be taken out to the mountains. He would improvise a stretcher and pay for the person to be carried to the mission station, he traveling on his horse by his side directing the carriers that they follow the best way in order to carry the suffering one as comfortably as possible. At the same time he himself might be suffering with the fever, but he never thought of himself when his people needed him.

None of these personal things ever seemed like sacrifices to Brother Schmelzenbach. He had his heart fixed on God and the need of the poor, lost heathen of dark Africa. One would have thought that he was digging for gold and such sacrifices depended on his finding it. Indeed he often said that many men had given more than he had, or ever would have to give to the Lord's work, and they were only trying to find the gold that perishes and received nothing in return for it, while the Lord did allow him to find a nugget quite often which proved to be of sterling worth.

One time when I mentioned that we had not had one pound of butter in the house for nearly five years, he answered quickly, "That's nothing, we have lived without it. I have learned to like dry bread too. I know an old prospector seventy years of age down in the bushveldt, who lives on this kind of food, and he has only an old water tank for a home. He has not found a fortune either, but God is giving us a rich fortune in souls here in Swaziland."

The things that brought the lines of weariness and age to his face were the battles he fought against the powers of darkness and witchcraft. Then his personal grief was when he had to part with his own children. He made coffins and dug graves for two of his own babies. When that first darling baby girl, only one month old, passed away, Brother Schmelzenbach was suffering intensely with sore eyes. He had to be led to the church for the funeral service and to the grave. He asked as we stood beside the grave, that we sing that beautiful old hymn, "Abide with Me."

It was then that Brother Schmelzenbach showed the grief of his soul and said, "This is one price I have paid for Africa." The doctor had told him that the cause of the death of the child was the lack of proper food and nourishment before the child's birth. When the twin babies, boy and girl, were prematurely born and went to be with Jesus, he again suffered greatly and called this a part of the price for Africa. For under different circumstances and environment, with proper food, they too might have been spared to us. Then when our youngest baby boy was born with rickets and died at the age of nineteen months, that was another sacrifice. But the supreme sacrifice came in Brother Schmelzenbach's life in Africa when he had to say good-bye to his three oldest children. After returning from Johannesburg where we had bade them their last farewell, one day Brother Schmelzenbach sat with his elbows resting on his knees and his face buried in his hands and wept like a child, saying, "I am so homesick for my children. This is the first price I have ever paid for dark Africa." That was sacrifice.

\* \* \*

## A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS

As after the storm comes the beautiful sunshine and golden grain, so it seemed to us in dark Swaziland, when early in 1914 one day Brother Schmelzenbach had taken his long horseback ride for the regular foreign mail. This was brought to Pigg's Peak on the heads of native runners and always arrived on Friday. The heat was as intense as it ever had been during the month of January; but this time when Brother Schmelzenbach returned from his forty-mile ride he seemed less fatigued than I had ever seen him.

"You have received some kind of good news with this trip," I said. It had been a long time since we had even thought of such a thing as an unusual mail, and when it did come he acted like a small boy with a new toy. Smiling, he tossed just one letter to me saying, "That's all for today."

A little disappointed I took the letter and began to read it. Before I finished reading it the tears were dropping on the letter before me. "I do not see anything in that letter to cry about," he said. It read, "Your allowance has been raised to thirty-five dollars a month, and your wife will receive the same amount." When I finished reading the letter, I said to my husband, through my tears and laughter at the same time, "It seems that you have become of age and can stand a real man's allowance at last; perhaps our folks have learned that we now have three children and it takes a lot of money to feed so many mouths." Then I asked, "What do you suppose we will do with so much money, all coming at one time, and each month?"

"I suppose we had better do what we did before we had it, be careful with it and save as much as possible for the work," was his reply.

Another announcement in the letter that brought great joy to us, was of the visit of our beloved General Superintendent Reynolds.. He was to come to the field for an inspection of the work in the near future.

As we turned to enter the house Brother Schmelzenbach took from his pocket another letter saying, "Here, I almost forgot to give you this in my teasing." It was a letter from my own dear mother and had not been opened. I opened it and as I took it from the envelope there appeared an International Money Order, and I read aloud, "One hundred dollars." Brother Schmelzenbach stepped to my side where he could also read it, for he thought I was teasing him. We read it several times together, then he said, "Read the letter and see what it is for."

Need I tell my readers that Brother Schmelzenbach and I both were in tears before we finished reading that letter. We felt just a tinge of longing and homesickness for a short time, and we went to our knees in thanks to God for His goodness to us.

After all this good news we then turned to our midday meal, which was new corn on the cob. It was a treat, because it was a change from the usual dish made of cornmeal or yams, even though they had become cold because of our long talk. Even the old house seemed to put on an air

of comfort as we began to talk of improvements that we might add to it. Brother Schmelzenbach informed us that he had already ordered four new chairs and some boards to make a new dining room table. Then he added, "I believe we could add a linoleum for this floor and boards enough to ceil at least one room in this house."

The house was built of old corrugated iron, lined inside with unbleached muslin. All the partitions were made of unbleached muslin, too. (There were three bedrooms 9x12, one bedroom 9x10, one center room 13x15 and an entrance 7x7. All the partitions lacked three feet of reaching the ceiling. This made it so that there was not one private room in the house. The muslin walls were so thin that with a light in the room everything could be seen throughout the house.)

Brother Schmelzenbach wondered if I would not like to use some of my gift to help that long needed boys' quarters, since there were now ten boys sleeping in one room, and that very small. "If we lived in a civilized country they would send the health officers to close up this place," he said.

"I have just been seeing some new furniture in the house, beds for our own boys, that old feather bed is pretty hard when it has nothing but the board floor under it. We certainly need another bed in the house, especially if Dr. Reynolds is to visit us soon," I said.

"I thought of all that, too, but I am more concerned about that boys' quarters, and I believe I could put it up for one hundred dollars by hauling all the materials and doing all the work myself," he said.

Just as the bitter and sweet seem to follow closely so often, I fear I had a little taste of both that afternoon. I knew Brother Schmelzenbach was speaking the truth concerning the dangers of having these boys sleep in the house. The majority of them were almost grown men, all of them just out of heathen darkness and had much of their filth still clinging to them. But I had so much hoped that we might add just necessary needs to our home which would prove real comforts as well as supply those needs.

How Brother Schmelzenbach did work those days. Before daybreak would find him on his knees committing the day with all its burdens into the Lord's hands, and then with the first break of dawn he was working on that new boys' quarters. After breakfast he would take his walking stick and start out to preach in the kraals, as the spiritual work must never be neglected at the expense of the material side of his work. When he began to get the material for the boys' quarters many hard horseback rides had to be taken. It meant a number of trips with the donkey wagon to the railroad station, which was one hundred and eighty-two miles the round trip. We became accustomed to his announcing in the morning that that day had to be spent hauling from the Peak, or the next ten days he would be hauling from the railway station, or it might have been to haul stone, or poles from some nearby spot. So that when he returned from the Peak one day with three beautiful pieces of furniture, he succeeded in giving us a very happy surprise. Instead of a load of lumber, as we supposed there would be, there was a real wardrobe with a long looking glass, a dressing table with a swinging glass and a real washstand with a marble top.

"Oh! where did you get that?" was my surprised exclamation. "That must have cost a lot of money, and how did you get it and where?" I repeated.

"This is the balance of your gift. I managed to get the boys' quarters up for fifty dollars, so you have your desire after all," he said.

I replied, "That is the over and abundant answer again, isn't it?"

How time does fly, especially where there is so much to do and so few to do it. Brother Schmelzenbach had the building problem of the two stations, as Miss Innis was also able to put some improvements to her living quarters. In several instances he had to quarry his stone with a crowbar and pick and haul it a number of miles. After that he must lay every stone with his own hands. Where he built of brick he made his own bricks, and all this with the help of one heathen man.

It was now nearing June when the final word came that Dr. Reynolds had left America for Africa. It seemed that we had only a few short weeks to get ready for him. Much we had planned could not be accomplished before his arrival. But we would not have delayed his coming into our midst, for we were very eager to have him. In turn we were looking forward to the blessing we knew he would prove to be to us, and we were not disappointed. His stay of ten days was all too short. How patiently this missionary father sat in conference with us, hour after hour, into the midnight hours several times. He helped Brother Schmelzenbach to make new plans for the advancement of the work. He made several trips with him down into that dark bushveldt where the natives were so thickly settled. He stood on the mountain peak back of the mission station that gave such a beautiful view of that vast territory where no one had gone as yet to tell the glad news to the thousands who live in such dense darkness. (It was on that peak that Brother Schmelzenbach stood, as with hat in hand and face toward heaven he prayed that God would spare his life until he could plant at least twenty gospel lighthouses across that vast chasm to the distant mountains beyond.) Then after several days' visit to the Grace Mission station, Dr. Reynolds' visit came to an end.

As he left Miss Innis and I stood on the mountain peak and watched the donkey wagon slowly winding its way around to the main road toward the bushveldt, on its way to the distant railway station. For some time neither of us spoke a word but silently stood there weeping. Finally when the wagon had gone around the last bend in the road and out of sight we broke the silence by saying, "This all seems like a dream to us, and for some reason we do not feel as much like an orphan as we did before Dr. Reynolds came."

Since Brother Schmelzenbach could not be back for ten days we could not hope to wait to be taken back to Peniel with the donkey wagon, and the only horse we then had was quite sick and died before he returned. We gathered our little flock of native Christians and our three babies and immediately left on foot, the natives carrying the children, about eighteen miles back to Peniel.

1914 seemed to be a year of outstanding landmarks and new added blessings, not only in material things, but also the salvation of souls. Slowly but surely the witch-doctors were finding themselves whipped by the gospel light. In many cases they were giving up their open offensive warfare. Souls were coming and seeking the Saviour, not in large numbers, but one here and there.

While there was still strong opposition on the part of the chiefs, husbands and fathers, this too was slowly becoming less.

1915 stands out to us as a year of marked advancement. It was during that year we added another main station, namely, the Pigg's Peak Station. Brother Shirley and his wife came to us that year. They arrived at Peniel in March; but because of the illness of Sister Shirley they were forced to go to Johannesburg a few months later. On the tenth of December of that same year she went to be with Jesus. She was a great blessing during her short stay with us. She was the first and only Nazarene missionary to die in Africa until Brother Schmelzenbach passed away.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 15 -- SIDELIGHTS -- (continued)

It seemed that at last God had answered prayer and conquered His enemies in dark Swaziland. Closed doors were now opening fast and Brother Schmelzenbach was on the road much of the time going from place to place answering the many calls that were coming to him.

He now had eight strong young men in his Bible classes, living at the station, who he felt were ready to undertake the work among their own people and he placed them in these open doors. He visited them often and acted more or less as bodyguard when they were attacked by the heathen who so often threatened their lives. Many were the exciting calls Brother Schmelzenbach would receive from these brave young men. Many miles he would sit in his saddle and hold on to God in prayer for the wisdom, faith and courage he would need at the end of that journey.

\* \* \*

#### SAMUEL

One day Brother Schmelzenbach came home praising the Lord, as he told of the chief down in the bushveldt who called all of his people together and gave them orders that they were from that day forward to listen to "Umfundisi" and obey his words. Then the chief pointed out a piece of land upon which he could build a church. This new outstation was thirty-five miles from Peniel. Brother Schmelzenbach carried on the work there entirely alone for six months, putting up a fine little wattle and daub building to be used as church and schoolhouse. It was not long, however, until he learned that the chief was not ready to pay the price to become a Christian and began to break many of the promises he had made to Brother Schmelzenbach, but it was too late, for many of his people had given their hearts to God and meant to go through with Him. The chief kept in the background and worked through those of his people who stood with him. When Samuel was ready to go out and take charge of an outstation, Brother Schmelzenbach decided he was the man for that place and told him all he knew about it, then asked him if he would be willing to undertake it.

"Umfundisi, give me a few days to pray about it, then I will answer you, for myself I am afraid, but I am willing to go if it be the Lord's will for me," was his reply. Two days later Samuel came to Brother Schmelzenbach saying, "All is well, Umfundisi, I will go."

"Very well, we will leave early in the morning. I will go with you and introduce you to the chief," he said.

Samuel was a man of prayer and a gifted preacher filled with the Spirit of God. He became a very fearless and efficient worker, and the work grew rapidly under his care, as Brother Schmelzenbach predicted it would with the right man there. He built up a strong congregation in that place and held his pastorate for a number of years.

It was no easy place as the chief was constantly doing his underhanded work against the native worker. Several of Samuel's converts had to be taken into the home at the mission station for protection. Since he was so far from us, Samuel always had to contrive ways and means to help them make their escape. He never failed the people, even though his own life and that of his wife and children had been threatened several times.

There did come a day when he was forced to call for Brother Schmelzenbach for help. The chief had sent one of his men to tell Samuel that if he held services the following Sabbath he would come upon them and burn not only his home but the church building also, and take all the clothes from the Christians and burn them. Several times during the late weeks men surrounded Samuel's home in the night time and tried to get him to come out to them. Samuel, knowing their plot, would remain quietly in his house with his family.

When the Christians and the church were beginning to be threatened Samuel sent for help. At this time Brother Penn had been on the field only a very short time and could not speak nor understand any of the language as yet. Brother Schmelzenbach took him to visit Samuel's church that day. He, not knowing all the details did not realize that the case was as bad as it turned out. As they drew near to the church Samuel came running toward them in the distance. Brother Penn and Brother Schmelzenbach hastened their horses on, and as they came nearer they saw that eight heathen men were on their way to carry out the orders of the chief. Brother Schmelzenbach sent Brother Penn to the church, which was packed to the door with a crowd of frightened people, while he and Samuel hastened to stop those men from getting near to the church grounds. He and Samuel galloped off and succeeded in doing this.

Brother Schmelzenbach told them he would hold a conference with them there on the hillside. They proved to be the chief's men indeed, two of them were izinduna (lawyers), one was a prince (the chief's son), the other five were soldiers. After they were seated in a semi-circle on the ground in the hot sun, Brother Schmelzenbach and Samuel, the two accused, sat in front of them. After a great silence Brother Schmelzenbach addressed the men saying, "Friends of mine, what is your trouble? Why have you called me today?"

Silence followed. Finally one of the lawyers spoke dryly and with an air of authority. "We have not called you, you just brought yourself. It is the preacher there that we wish to speak with."

Quickly Brother Schmelzenbach assured him that he was there for the special benefit of the natives, therefore he worked with the native law when his men were concerned, and he wanted to learn why they were troubling his preacher, Samuel. He asked them to explain to him if this boy had wronged them in any way to cause them to deal in this manner. They did not seem altogether

pleased that Brother Schmelzenbach had come with Samuel, but they showed no signs of their displeasure as yet. While all this was being discussed between them, three more heathen men came up and seated themselves on the ground a short distance off, as if they were not concerned except to listen.

It would be quite impossible to give in detail this native court that then tried Brother Schmelzenbach and Samuel. Each of those eight men were ordered in turn to tell their story and allowed to take their time. For nearly eight long hours Brother Schmelzenbach and Samuel sat there in the African sun and allowed those heathen to pour out their accusations, trying to prove that Samuel was a menace and a deceiver in the community. Never a word in defense or otherwise had been spoken by the accused. Occasionally when some very absurd statement was made which brought out Brother Schmelzenbach's sense of humor in spite of the tragic situation, he would break out in laughter. Otherwise he and Samuel sat there pondering in their own minds how they were going to escape when the final sentence was given.

Brother Schmelzenbach and Samuel did not have one witness. The leader of the group began to make his speech. He assured the "Umfundisi" and his boy that they were very desirous to give them justice. The three men who had been listening in were called as witnesses to tell what they knew about this "Umfundisi" and his work with them. Each of these men had daughters at the mission station, who had fought their way through, against their fathers and brothers. Then Samuel looked at Brother Schmelzenbach thoroughly frightened, but he only laughed, more because he was weary and knew no other way to give vent to his feelings. He wondered how long this would last, since the first man who was called upon as a witness was very slow, acting as if he were deep in thought.

Brother Schmelzenbach laughed again and said, "So you have called in my enemies to accuse me this day, have you?"

Then the man looked at him and said, "It is not true, Umfundisi, I am not your enemy, how could I be when you saved my daughter for me? I know that if you had not taken her in, and stopped her from the road of darkness she was taking I would not have her today, as it is she is a good girl and I have received a full dowry for her, whereas she might have been in some of the mining towns and lost to me. I repeat I have nothing against the Umfundisi, he is my friend."

The leader looked at him sternly, but only said, "Are you through?"

He replied "I am." Then the leader called on the next man.

That man followed the statement of the first, and the third likewise. When they finished the leader was nonplused and showed plainly that he was whipped.

Brother Schmelzenbach then addressed him with all respect, using his title and saying, "I would be glad to have you pass the judgment, since I am weary and would like to find some food. Remember, whatever judgment you pass it would be against me and not against the preacher."

The reply to this was an apology for having troubled him since he now had no case against him nor his preacher, as his main witnesses had turned traitors. Brother Schmelzenbach closed this long and tiresome palaver by ordering the chief's men to meet him in the chief's kraal at sunrise the next morning where he had a few things to say to the chief in their presence.

The next morning Brother Schmelzenbach made his own terms with the old chief and ended further trouble or threats from him or his people. He demanded his protection, should anyone molest his people of that territory.

This was a very great victory. Today you might hear Samuel use this as an illustration, that God sent His angels to close the mouths of the lions when he and Umfundisi were not surrounded by one lion, but many of them. Today Samuel is one of the district evangelists.

It was a common statement among the missionaries that "Schmelzenbach knew no defeat. There is no such a word as 'can't' with him. He never knows when he is whipped." If a difficult problem arose one might say, "Ask Schmelzenbach about it; if he thinks it can be done, you can rest assured that it will be done." The native workers would say, "Our Umfundisi is a conqueror. They had better be careful how they assail him," meaning those who would attack the work from any angle.

Brother Schmelzenbach was never slow to take advantage of every opportunity that came his way for God, although he never rushed into anything until he knew he was in the right and God was on his side, then men and devils could not stop him. He was always kind and considerate of others, never dogmatic in pressing his views or ideas upon others, but never relinquishing his decision when a principle was involved. In pressing his point he did it in such a way that those involved were won by love and they loved him for his patience and long suffering with them. The missionaries often called him the peacemaker, and they as well as the native workers leaned upon him as children lean upon an earthly father. They often called upon him to help them settle their private problems as well as those concerning the work. They said, "He seems to have divine guidance and spiritual discernment." He was always fair and just and never regarded personal feelings when dealing with his fellow workers. Brother Schmelzenbach never allowed anything to hinder him in his work, and there was no obstacle that could not be removed if he saw it should be done.

One instance will illustrate. It was January, in the midst of the rainy season. The Midyear Preachers' Convention had been announced. Several days before the "boys" were to gather at the mission station, the boy in charge of the rowboat on the river sent word that the river was in flood and the boat had been carried away. Brother Schmelzenbach held the runner until the next day when he thought he would be able to give him an answer. Brother Schmelzenbach went to the workshed and was gone for some time. We saw him later under a tree with several of the schoolboys working over a bucket of tar and a long piece of wagon sail (canvas). The boys were helping him form a sort of framework. Through curiosity I went out to see what it all meant. As I drew near, I asked "What are you doing with that?"

"Trying to make a boat to cross the boys on the river, Monday," was his reply.

"Would it not be safer to call that meeting off and have it later? It seems to me that is a hard job and you might save yourself lots of work," I said.

"Who ever heard of putting a quarterly meeting off when a little extra work might make it possible. This is an important meeting. Some things must be done now or never. If the dear Lord will help this contraption to work we will not call that meeting off," was the reply.

"But you can't get that finished in time for Tuesday morning, can you? This is Friday, and almost sundown. It's beginning to rain, too," I said.

He and the boys gathered up their materials and went into the shed. I ran to the house as the usual downpour came in our direction and settled for the night.

After supper Brother Schmelzenbach and the boys went back to the shed, and worked until far into the night. About ten o'clock the next morning he appeared with a radiant face, saying, "I guess that contrivance is going to work. To make sure we get the news to the boys I am sending Isaiah, your kitchen boy. I fear the other boy will not get there before night, and it is important that they know today. Isaiah is a good swimmer and will be able to cross the river even if there isn't a boat there."

In ten minutes Isaiah was ready and came to the kitchen door to say, "Salani Kahle" (remain ye well). These are the usual parting words when one is leaving, and then he added "Pray for me." He gave a hilarious leap in the yard and shouted "Hallelujah!" He then went over the hill singing, "All the way along it is Jesus." No one realized that he would never return. He had been told that when he arrived on the other side of the river he must remain there until Brother Schmelzenbach arrived with his boat and cross with the other boys. Faithful Isaiah was my kitchen boy and he knew I had no one in his place until he returned. When he had finished his errand for "Umfundisi" he remembered his duty to me and his work in the kitchen, and decided he could gain about twelve hours by swimming back and hurrying home. He did not see that the greatest danger in that river at flood time was crossing from the other bank to this side. Early Monday morning he started to swim back and about midstream he went down and never was seen again alive. Several days later Daniel found his body partly eaten by crocodiles, on the river bank twelve miles away from the place where he disappeared. The rain continued until Monday night, then it seemed to stop short and Tuesday was a bright, sunshiny day.

Just at daybreak Brother Schmelzenbach and faithful Joseph by his side slowly wended their way to the river with several boys carrying his canvas boat. After arriving and seeing how much of the country was under water he was not sure that he was going to succeed after all. He and Joseph set to work, and all things were in readiness when the boys began to appear on the opposite bank. No one could sit inside the boat. There was a small board one foot wide fastened across the center in the bottom where Brother Schmelzenbach could kneel and use the paddle while Joseph swam by the side and helped to direct the course. The boys would come to the water's edge and plunge in and grab the wooden frame and hold on while Brother Schmelzenbach would paddle them across. There were twenty-three boys, and he could take only one at a time. About noon there appeared a frail little girl from one of the outstations pleading to be allowed to cross with the

"Umfundisi." Brother Schmelzenbach remonstrated with her that it was very dangerous and should she miss the boat when she lunged and was not able to swim she would be lost in the river.

She cried and said, "Oh, Umfundisi, even now my father and the man to whom he has sold me is on my trail and will overtake me and drag me back into heathen darkness if you do not allow me to cross the river and go with you," she said. "I know God will help me to catch the boat and hold on well." Brother Schmelzenbach then had two other boys with Joseph stand by. If she should miss the boat they must immediately go to her rescue. That brave little girl made her leap into the water. Many of the boys had missed their first effort to catch the boat but not so with Sophie, she opened her eyes to find that she had it with both hands. All near her encouraged her to hold fast, and not become weary, Joseph and Brother Schmelzenbach would paddle her safely across. Joseph and Brother Schmelzenbach had interchanged their positions all through the day. When Joseph was weary swimming he was given the paddle and Brother Schmelzenbach would take his place and swim while he got into the boat on that small plank. When all were over both Joseph and Brother Schmelzenbach had large raw patches on both knees, from which they suffered many days before they healed.

We will not try to describe the quarterly meeting since it would have to be seen to be understood.

No doubt the most severe test that ever came to Brother Schmelzenbach in his family life was in 1920 when the children and I came on our first furlough without him. It was in 1917 we received word that my sainted father was critically ill and was pleading that I come home before he left this earth. The World War prevented any thought of such a trip at that time, but immediately after the war ended we sent in our application for a furlough.

The Missionary Board granted this furlough at once, bought the steamship ticket and sent it to us. Because of the disorganized conditions of the seas after the recent war they kept putting us off for future sailing since everything was so crowded. Finally in 1920 I tried to cancel our booking and give up the furlough entirely, since my father had died. In reply they gave us a berth for sailing and refused to refund the money to our Board if I did not accept the opportunity offered. I was forced to take that furlough or see all that money lost to our Board. We both felt bad about it, but there was nothing else we could do.

Brother Schmelzenbach traveled with us as far as Cape Town. We stopped off in Johannesburg. There he made inquiry if there were anyone going on that ship he was acquainted with to whom he could commit his family. In going over the list of passengers he found the name of Brother and Sister F. T. Fuge. Brother Schmelzenbach, a man not given to tears, wept for joy and said, "Now I can rest easy. I know you and the children will be in good hands with these good friends."

He took us on board the ship. He sought and found the Fuges before he located our cabins and had us settled. Brother Fuge had acted as our father in our earlier days when we worked under him. We were also married in his home. Brother Schmelzenbach turned his family over to him and asked him to see that we landed safely at our destination. Then we knelt in our cabin and he committed us into the hands of our great God, in tears again he said, "Lord, Thou knowest that we

have no desire to leave this needy field of dark Africa, yea, Lord, send me deeper into Africa, only bring wife and babies safely back to me." It seemed there were marks of deep sorrow on his face as he stood on the docks and watched the gangplank being drawn from the ship. We waved our farewell across the waves as long as we could see him.

Brother Schmelzenbach returned to Swaziland with a deeper determination to do more for dark Africa than he ever had done before. He now tried to double his energies. He left his station for weeks at the time, seeking new localities to open outstations and build up those already opened. He had taken steps for the opening of the work in the Pilgrim Rest district. Brother and Sister Shirley had been appointed to go there and pioneer that great and needy field. Miss Lillian Cole and five new recruits, namely, Brother and Sister Penn, Misses Lovelace, Martin and Rixse were at Peniel for further study of the language. The responsibility of helping care for the training schools and day school and in operating the station was upon him. He would come home several days to help them with their studies and assign new lessons. He would help the native students in their Bible lessons, and be off to the bushveldt again. Truly he was going deeper into Africa.

Summer came. The fever season was unusually bad. To him that was so much more the reason why he should spend much of his time in the bushveldt, as his native workers needed help, especially those who had taken the fever and were sent down from the mountains. Twice he had taken the fever himself and was very sick. Twice he was attacked with blackwater fever. (This is very deadly and rarely does the patient recover from the second attack). For this disease he had learned how to use the hypodermic. Each time he gave himself the remedy in the calves of the legs, and remained in the bushveldt until he recovered.

Brother Schmelzenbach was a devout man of prayer. When he was under a burden he would pray for hours. He not only prayed while he walked but often prayed as he sat in the saddle traveling many a weary mile. God gave him a vision one day soon after the farewell to his family.

The first time I heard Brother Schmelzenbach tell of this vision, was at the first council meeting after my return from the 1921 furlough. Only missionaries were present. He told it as follows: "I was lonely and homesick, and had a very heavy heart. As my custom I was praying as I started to the bushveldt on my horse. First I asked the Lord to take away the temptation that I felt had come upon me because of the homesickness. Soon I was under a burden for the souls that crowded that hot valley before me. I seemed to see suddenly a long line of men coming toward me. As they drew near one of the men stepped out of the line and shouted to me, 'Schmelzenbach, it is your fault that I am still in heathen darkness. You have loved your home and ease and have failed to bring the gospel light.' I at once began to defend myself by saying, 'You are not speaking the truth. I have denied myself. I have tried to give you the light.' But he stepped back into line and seemed not to hear me. Immediately another stepped out of the line and shouted the same accusation at me. I tried again to tell him I was doing my best, but he too was back in line with the rest of the long line of humanity. Another stepped out pointing his finger at me, accusing me of loving the things of this world rather than his lost soul. There seemed to be no end to this long line of heathen men, as one and then another kept pointing an accusing finger. I cried to God in agony, 'What shall I do? They do not hear what I try to tell them. Is it possible that I am to blame for this unending march of the poor, lost souls of dark Africa on their way to eternity without God?' Suddenly I realized the vision had passed and I was nearing the Komati River.

"Friends, [speaking to the missionaries], I have never told you of this before because I felt that God meant it for me, that He gave it to me that I might realize that there is still an unending host of lost humanity in that dark bushveldt to whom He had sent me. If I fail to go to them, but seek ease, and the homeland for furlough, thousands will point their fingers at me and accuse me for their lost and undone condition at the judgment. That is the reason why you have seen so little of me throughout the year. When a certain white man met me one day and said, 'Schmelzenbach, is it true that you are spending the most of your time down in the bushveldt this summer?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'It is true.' He became angry and said I was a fool. He asked me if I did not think more of my wife and children than to do such a fool trick. I answered, 'I have discovered a rich mine of black diamonds and am digging them'."

Before Brother Schmelzenbach closed his message to that group they were all in tears. Each renewed his consecration to God and lost souls of dark Africa on his knees.

During the first fifteen years of Brother Schmelzenbach's stay in Africa he had not taken a vacation. One day a break came and he suddenly seemed to be at death's door. For nearly two months his life hung in a balance. Prayers were offered without ceasing until God gave him another lease on life. After his recovery the doctor advised him to rest at least ten days or two weeks each year or it would mean a near death for him.

Brother Schmelzenbach was a very keen sportsman. Nothing would have made him happier than to carry a gun. Fearing it would be too much of a temptation to him he would not keep a gun until the doctor told him this. It was really more circumstances that drove him to it or he may not have given up to this natural tendency to enjoy this sport.

From the time the doctor told him this he arranged his work so that he could leave it for ten days or two weeks each winter (July or August. He chose this time of the year because it was the holiday time for all the schools, thus the regular routine work could be laid aside without hindering the spiritual side of the work). He planned too so that each missionary on the field might take a vacation each year. With a rifle sent to him when I returned from my furlough in 1921, and a shotgun he began a hunt in a chosen place where there was plenty of game.

He arranged it so many of the boys from the school could spend several days of that vacation with him. All the native preachers within range of the hunting grounds joined him also, and what a time they would have! Brother Schmelzenbach and Joseph were the only two who were allowed to carry a gun. All the others would use their clubs and spears. Always they came in with several deer. We would keep only that which we could use while fresh. The rest was divided among the boys. None went to their homes without a treat of venison for their families.

Dark, needy communities were opened to the gospel message. Hearts were won to God through this good sportsmanship on the part of Brother Schmelzenbach. Only the chiefs were allowed guns provided them by the magistrate and for these guns only a meager amount of ammunition was given each year. Brother Schmelzenbach would obtain permission to give these chiefs more ammunition. For this kindly act they would have laid down their lives for him. Brother Schmelzenbach was a very good marksman, seldom missing what he shot at. When he would join

the chief and his men in one of these hunts they would make a fine haul, for Brother Schmelzenbach always divided what he shot among those men.

Another sport he resorted to was fishing. Many times others would throw out their lines in the place where he seemed to be pulling out his fish, but the fish always preferred his hook to anyone else's.

The heathen sincerely believed that he had his fish-hooks and ammunition doctored with some kind of medicine that brought about this luck. Sometimes they would ask the preacher boys where he found this medicine. They would tell them that it was because he prayed and served the God of heaven that he had such success in these things as well as all other things undertaken.

\* \* \*

## SNAKES

Many were the hair-raising snake stories we heard about dark Africa before we went to the field, until we began to believe that the entire country must be carpeted with snakes. Consequently, when on that first evening in Africa we had to wend our way to the mission house through a very narrow path cut through a jungle of thick thorn bush, the writer walked almost the entire mile from the train on her tiptoes trying to escape stepping on snakes. We soon learned, however, that while there are a very great many snakes, of all descriptions, and sizes in Africa, from the deadly poisonous snake, whose bite is certain death, to that of the harmless water snake, and from the size of the clumsy python to the tiny garter snake, they do not carpet the open country. Snakes, like all other wild life, have the instinct to keep in hiding, especially where a human being is concerned.

Naturally the snakes are more plentiful in Africa than in America because there is no time of the year when the weather is cold enough to freeze them out or send them into a place to hibernate and wait for the warm weather, for the weather is always warm enough for the snake to be found any time of the year. Then the dense tropical foliage makes a good hiding place for them and the traveler must constantly be on the lookout.

But the missionaries often have some very harassing experiences with the dangerous reptiles in their own homes. One of our earliest experiences along this line was with the deadly "puff adder." These snakes do not grow to be more than four or five feet in length, but they become quite thick through the body and their bite is very poisonous. They are the more dangerous because of their sleepy stupidness. It was while we lived in the hut in Pondoland. I was going out of the door when I spied a snake coiled up just across the door sill. Had I let my foot down it would have been right in the middle of that coil, instead I screamed and stepped over it. Brother Schmelzenbach came running to me carrying a club and succeeded in killing him before he was aroused from his peaceful slumbers. Later when a fellow missionary returned to the homeland he was given the skin, fangs and poison bag of that old fellow. It became a common occurrence for Brother Schmelzenbach to jump from the wagon or from his horse to kill a snake hanging in a tree or lying in the road, until I told him one day, if he could be paid for the hides of the many snakes he killed he could raise a nice sum of money for missions right on the field.

Another snake experience that we could not forget was the time a snake found its way into our bedroom at Bethany Mission Station. We saw it go in but could not locate its hiding place and we knew it could get out only through the door, the way it had gone in. Brother Schmelzenbach spent a long time trying to find it, finally he gave up saying, "We'll get him, day after tomorrow he will have to come out for food and water and we will be on the lookout for him." For two nights we slept with that snake in the bedroom and sure enough "day after tomorrow" he did come out and was killed. He was about three feet long and did his best to spit his poisonous fluid into Brother Schmelzenbach's eyes, for he was a spitting snake and would have blinded him for weeks and caused him untold suffering had he succeeded. Brother Schmelzenbach said he felt the fluid all over his face but none went into his eyes. Surely the Lord intervened again.

When we first located at our station in Swaziland we found that the place was literally alive with the night adders. This is a short, thick, black snake, and can be seen mostly at night. They also are deadly poisonous. It seemed for months we were killing these snakes, not one, but a number every day. One day Brother Schmelzenbach counted eight of them near the house. One day while we were sitting around the table busy planning for the work, a small native child came to the door saying, "The baby is playing with a snake." Of course we all made for the door at once, and some distance from the door under the large Avocado pear tree we found our baby boy kicking the head of a night adder. He had been playing with a frog, touching it with his toes, making it hop, finally it jumped into the leaves under this tree and the snake grabbed it, and the baby was trying to free it. When we came to him he said, "Mama, Inyoka I lambile li funa ukudla isiqoqo sami" meaning, "Mama, the snake is hungry; it wants to eat my frog." This time baby was protected by the frog.

A number of our missionaries have had narrow escapes from the deadly "mamba." This snake crawls with its head about one foot in the air and when it comes in contact with anything it fears it rises and stands on its tail about four or five feet in the air and throws its body backwards or sidewise, and the natives tell you they never miss. A man's life is only worth twenty minutes when he has been bitten by the mamba. We have been told that one would live if he would allow the snake to bite him the second time, but we never found anyone who had tried this. Brother Schmelzenbach met several very close calls with these snakes but in every case somebody's prayers were answered and the snake missed its aim.

I might write an entire book on this subject but already this chapter is too long and we have tried to give you enough of the sidelights in Brother Schmelzenbach's life to help those who sacrificed and prayed to know that God honored their faith and answered their prayers and some day they will share the great harvest given through this channel when his trophies are laid at the Master's feet up there.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 16 -- THEN -- AND TODAY

Thirty-nine years ago Brother Schmelzenbach first stepped onto the shores of dark Africa. For twenty-one years he gave unbroken service without a furlough. At the end of these twenty-one

years he was called home to attend the General Assembly of 1928. At this time he was in the homeland only seven months. He then returned to the field to finish his earthly pilgrimage.

Yes, he lived to see the desire of his heart. It was near the year of 1920 the old Swazi queen sent for him, and told him that the country was his and there was no need to ever again ask permission to build a new church or open a new outstation, if the local chief gave his consent. From that time forward the closed doors opened faster than they could be entered. The work grew fast.

The witch-doctors had long ago given up their fight. If any of the Nazarene Christians were taken to the witch-doctors, they would say, "You must take him to Isibharha," ("Bitterness, or bitter of bitterest"), Brother Schmelzenbach's native name, given to him because of his manner of preaching and his strict church laws. "I have no power over his amakolwa" (believers).

He lived not only to see twenty gospel lighthouses across that dark bushveldt, but four of the seven main stations and thirty-three of the one hundred and ten out-stations were in Swaziland. Three of those main stations and twenty-five of the outstations were in the Pigg's Peak district and across that bushveldt. There were churches in the Eastern Transvaal and Johannesburg, in the Portuguese East Africa territory, and as far as Bremersdorp in the western part of Swaziland. There were twenty-four Nazarene missionaries and one hundred and forty-three native workers on the field, and about three thousand Nazarene converts in all. The Training Schools, the hospital, dispensaries, W.M.S. -- in fact Brother Schmelzenbach had a part in beginning every phase of the work, and all had progressed greatly before his death.

Brother Schmelzenbach was careful to show his appreciation of the loyal co-operation he had from his fellow missionaries sent to the field from the church at home. He often was heard to say, "God certainly is good to Africa. He seems to send the best in the church to us." While he was in the homeland a brother in speaking to him about the work in Africa, was commending him on the success and phenomenal growth of the work, and Brother Schmelzenbach quickly replied, "Brother, do not give me praise for the work and its success, it was God. If He had not sent to us missionaries who were willing to get under the load and be ready to sacrifice and loyally stand by when help and co-operation were needed I never could have made it alone. God has given us the best in the church for Africa."

For nineteen years Brother Schmelzenbach was at the head of the work and he always insisted on the missionaries voting each year for their Superintendent, but he never had one vote against him down through those years until the year he died. There was a bond of love between him and his workers both white and black that does not always exist between a leader and those under him.

There were seven missionaries and twenty-five of the native workers hastened to his bedside when they learned he was leaving them. All others were too far away and could not get there. It was near the midnight hour on May 22, 1929, while they were singing his favorite parting hymn, "I will meet you in the morning just inside the eastern gate," that he breathed his last and was gone.

Brothers Shirley and Esselstyn made the coffin of plain flooring boards and lined it inside and out with four new sheets. Dr. Hynd with the help of others prepared the body for burial and also took charge of the funeral the next afternoon. After a service in the church the missionaries carried the body to the little graveyard and there he was laid away beside the graves of his three babies and only a few yards from the spot where we knelt that first early morning hour and dedicated those grounds for God, for the Church of the Nazarene and for lost souls of dark Swaziland, to await the resurrection morn. After the coffin had been lowered we left the grave while the missionaries and the native workers remained and Dr. Hynd gave them a message that no doubt stirred their souls for it was not long until we heard the prayers of reconsecration going up and the entire grounds sounded with a note of victory, and we knew that even though Brother Schmelzenbach had been removed from the stage of action in the work, his work would go on in the hearts and lives of these trophies he had dug from Africa's heathen darkness.

\* \* \*

## TODAY

Today there are sixty-three missionaries on the field, including his widow, Lula Schmelzenbach, and two sons, Elmer and Paul, with their wives. There are seven main stations and one hundred and twenty-nine full time native workers and ninety-one part time workers. There are 5,400 Christians including probationers. There are 1,958 members in the W.F.M.S., 211 in the Y.W.F.M.C. and 1,915 in the Junior Societies and 3,207 in our day schools. We have a Bible Training School in Swaziland.

Rev. Russell Lewis supervises the work of our printing presses and sends out holiness literature in four different languages each month: Zulu, Shangaan, Afrikan and English. This phase of the work is taking on real proportions and we now have a Publishing House in South Africa.

Nearly all of our missionaries in Africa have comfortable homes which are fairly well furnished.

Today there are several fine, graveled highways in Swaziland so it is possible for the traveling to be done by motor car. The government also has four different bus lines in this part of the country.

There are four hospitals and eight doctors in Swaziland. The largest of these hospitals is the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital located at Bremersdorp. Two of the doctors are our Nazarene missionaries, Dr. David Hynd and Dr. Lauren I. Seaman. These doctors have as assistants ten trained nurses. We also have five nurses among our missionaries at the other stations. We also have nine dispensaries scattered over our territory. In our medical work we have twenty-one trained native nurses who make a fine contribution.

Miss Innis, who became Mrs. H. A. Shirley in 1919, retired from active service in 1946. She went to the field in 1902. During these 44 years she had but two furlough periods.

Today there are two kinds of native kraals in Swaziland, the believer's kraal and the heathen's kraal. The believer builds with larger poles, and makes a framework which has walls filled in with small stones and plastered with mud inside and out. The walls will often be seven feet high while in the center the top will be as much as ten feet high. It is built with three or four rooms and each room has a small window and a door so they can walk in standing upright. One room will be used as a bedroom, another a dining room and the other for guest room or for the children in the home. The kitchen is always built away from the house. On the dirt floors they will arrange clean grass mats as they had seen them in the missionary's home. These houses are nicely furnished with rustic home-made furniture. Small cupboards are fastened on the walls to put their few books, papers, dishes and clothes in. After visiting a filthy heathen kraal it is usually a treat to enter a clean Christian's kraal.

The Christian woman is no longer called "Umfazi" (meaning bought property). Her Christian husband calls her "Inkosikasi" (Queen). He has learned this his wife is his helpmeet as well as the mother of his children, and he does not treat her as his slave, as the heathen man does his wife.

The Christian man does his share of farming and helping to support the family. He tills the soil with the plow and oxen, he plants the grain for his wife, and together they do the hoeing and cultivating, and reaping of their gardens. No longer does the mother have the entire burden of her children but they rear them together.

She does not hand him his dish of food to go away and enjoy with friends, while she eats with her children around the one cook pot with her fingers; but they each have an enamel dish and separate spoons. Grace is offered by the father or mother, and together they then eat their meals.

Not many heathen even try to imitate the Christian in the building of his home, but of late years many are changing their method of farming and gardening and are using the English plow and oxen. In this way the heathen women are being helped at least in a material way by the influence of the gospel in their community. And we pray it will not be long until the gospel message will prevail and find a way into their hearts and they like their Christian neighbors seek and find Jesus as their Saviour from heathen darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END