



LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN

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IN
AFRICA



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Footprints in Africa

by

Louise Robinson Chapman

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DEDICATION

To my wonderful friends—missionaries,
African nationals, and fellow Nazarenes
who paid, prayed, and journeyed with me
in love, thoughts, and prayers

PREFACE

Plans for the celebration of the Golden Anniversary of the Church of the Nazarene were in the making. We were fifty years old officially on October 13, 1958. Many worthy goals had been given us which we hoped to reach during our Golden Anniversary year.

Our church extends around the whole world. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the ingathering of souls, the increases in membership, the advances in every department, the church building programs, and the financial gains which we expected to see in the mother church we expected also to see in all our daughter churches the world around.

The Church of the Nazarene in Africa is celebrating rather lengthily her Golden Jubilee. These dates mark their fiftieth anniversaries:

- 1957 Coming of the first Nazarene missionary to Africa
- 1958 Coming of the first International Holiness missionary
- 1960 Appointment of Rev. and Mrs. Harmon Schmelzenbach as Nazarene missionaries
- 1963 Appointment of Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Jones as official International Holiness missionaries

An urgent invitation from the African Council and from Dr. W. C. Esselstyn, presiding chairman and field superintendent, was extended to me to visit the African field to help them initiate the beginning of their celebration, to set goals, and to inspire the African church and her missionaries.

During the 1956 General Convention in Kansas City it was Mrs. Dell Aycock who made the gracious suggestion that the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society send

their general president to Africa as a part of the Fiftieth Anniversary year celebration. That great assembly hilariously accepted the suggestion and sent to Kansas City over \$4600—almost double the amount necessary for my trip.

The Missionary Study Committee asked me to accept the assignment of preparing a book for the Missionary Reading Course for 1959-60, covering the interesting events of my travels, giving special emphasis to the newer phases of our African work.

I send forth this account with my prayers, asking God to make it (1) express my deepest thanks to the Nazarene Foreign Missionary family, (2) be a means of sharing the joy and benefit of the trip with others, (3) cause us to realize how profitable have been our investments in Africa, (4) supply information so that we may better understand our African field and its possibilities, (5) open our eyes that we may see, unstop our ears that we may hear, rend our hearts that we may prevail in prayer, and (6) be a means, direct or indirect, of helping our Nazarene missionaries and nationals, together with the home church, to keep themselves challenged and harnessed to the task of winning Africa's millions to Christ and of building an indigenous holiness church among our African converts.

My deepest gratitude I express to the African Council and to Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Esselstyn for their pressing invitation to pay the African field a visit; to Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Jenkins, field superintendent and wife, for their untiring hospitality and kindness.

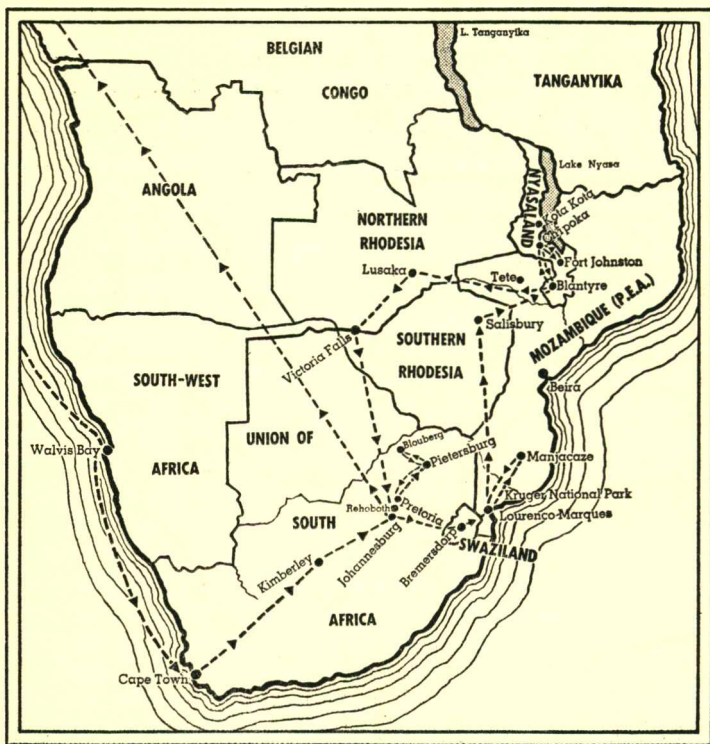
And I wish especially to thank Mrs. Noel Johnston, who has offered helpful suggestions and has typed and retyped the seemingly innumerable changes that are always demanded when I try to do a work of this sort.

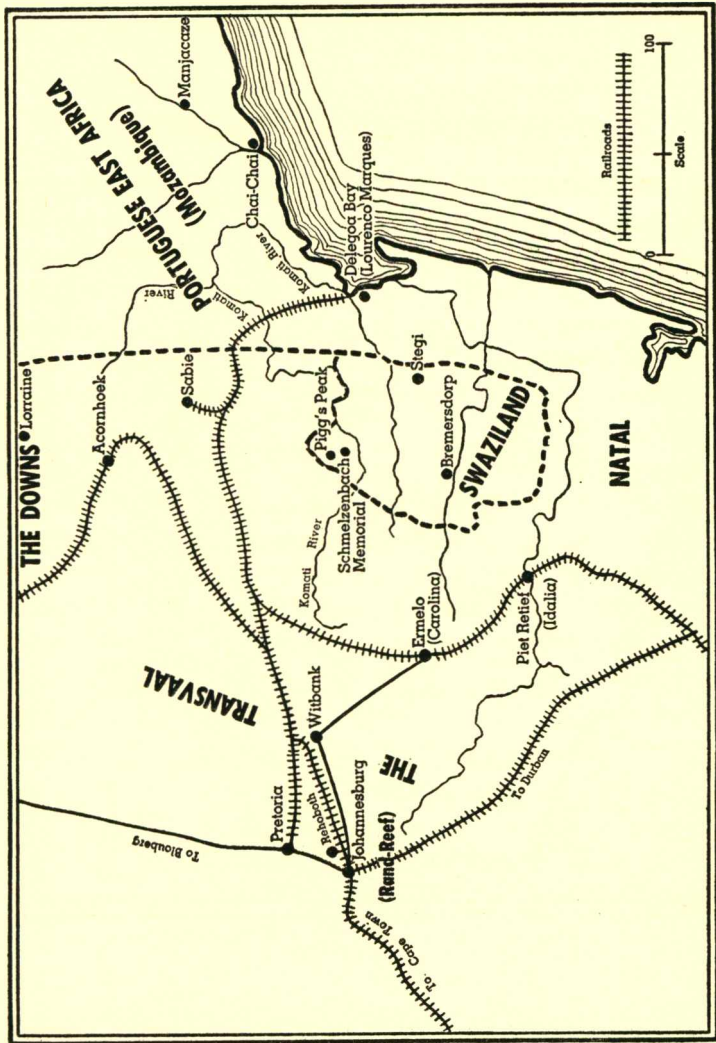
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AFRICA SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR





PRONUNCIATION CHART

Bantu	BAH-n-too
Bapedi	Bah-PAY-dee
Cinyanja	See-n-YAH-n-jah
Dhlamini	Dhlah-MEE-nee
Dulile	Doo-LEE-lay (deep, high-priced)
Ilala	Ee-LAH-lah
Koko	KOH-koh (grandmother)
Mangwane	Mah-n-GWAH-nay
Mgwingi	M-GWEE-n-jee
Moni	MOH-nee
Mpila	M-PEE-lah
Ngobodhlane	Ngo-boh-DHLAH-nay
Nzimande	Nzee-MAH-n-day
Nyanja	N-YAH-n-jah
Senthso	SAY-n-thsoe
Sibhaha	See-BHAH-hah (bitter herb)
Sobhuza	Soh-BHOO-zah
Tsotsi	TSOE-tsee
Unobantu	Oo-noe-BAH-n-too (mother of people)
Uyeta	Oo-YEY-tah

CHAPTER 1

AFRICA TRAVELOGUE

Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off (Isa. 55:12-13).

May 1—Off to Africa

Our good ship, the "African Star," is now out and away from the Statue of Liberty. It is ten o'clock on Wednesday night, May the first.

The ship carries only nine passengers; six of these are missionaries on their way to Africa. My cabin mate is a single lady who has spent many years in Southern Rhodesia. There are sixty-one souls on board.

My room is gratifyingly pleasant with two portholes. It has the best accommodations that I have ever seen on a freighter. The sleeping quarters are not bunks but real beds and the space is more than usual. We have a private washroom with a shower.

Mary Scott has gone. Acquaintances are left behind. But about me everywhere I feel the love and good wishes of thousands of friends who have made it possible for me to have this trip, as an expression of their love and gratitude for what I have tried to do for God, for them, and for a lost world.

The rocking of the boat serves notice on the passengers that we are on the way. They have taken out

their little bottles of dramamine or other motion-sickness pills. I prefer to wait and see if I will need them.

Thus far everything has moved along smoothly. Every requirement has been met. My boat ticket, my return plane ticket, my passport properly stamped, medical certificates of required vaccinations, a statement from the Vicksburg, Michigan, chief of police testifying that I am not a criminal, my American Travelers Cheques, and other documents are safely zippered inside my new, brown leather purse, a gift from the local church of which I am a member.

Every need has been abundantly supplied. My two traveling cases are a gift from the district presidents of the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society. Their shower of dollars on my birthday paid for the two lovely pieces of luggage. My watch, gloves, umbrella, notebooks, etc. remind me of the friends who gave them. They assure me that prayers and love encircle me and that I do not sail alone.

May 15—Neptune Rex Comes Aboard

Yes, Neptune Rex came aboard ship today, as we crossed the equator. He gave each passenger a certificate witnessed by Davy Jones, that we are now initiated and therefore members of The Brotherhood of Nautilus. To celebrate this extraordinary occasion we were served a most elaborate meal on deck.

The weather is ideal. The sea is calm and deep blue. We are sailing to the south of the Cape Verde Islands. Oh, that I could see a little farther! I am visiting our missionaries and nationals there today in thought and in prayers.

May 18-24—Walvis Bay Delay

The "African Star" came into Walvis Bay on Saturday. Three ships were in dock ahead of us. We had to wait out in the harbor until early Wednesday morn-

ing for our turn to pull in to the dock to be unloaded and to take on more freight. We spent our days reading, sleeping, and playing deck tennis.

The capital of South-West Africa is the little town of Windhoek (Windy Corner) near Walvis Bay. At the port is a small village of about three hundred Europeans, built on a sandy heap. Here they catch and process large quantities of fish. The whole place smells like the commercial fertilizer that is made from fish and guano.

Beautiful pink flamingos live at the water's edge and millions of ducks roost on man-made piers. Here the pier owner makes his fortune from guano.

Karakul or Persian lamb farming is carried on in the near neighborhood. The lambs must be killed before they are twenty-four hours old, else their pelts are not good.

The Orange River mouth is probably the richest tract of country, for its size, in the world. Here rich finds of good grade diamonds have been made in surface deposits of sand and gravel. The river mouth and the coast, for three hundred miles, is patrolled by men with guns, on camels or in cars.

Before the Germans came, this was the land of the tall, ingenious Herero tribe. They were slave owners who became very rich in cattle. They were an extremely proud and industrious race.

On the streets of Windhoek we saw many of these unforgettable Herero women—tall, stately women in Victorian dress, with wide billowing skirts, tight-waisted bodices, long, full sleeves, and brilliantly colored headcloths.

The Germans came in 1878 looking for colonies. The country was taken after a fierce and expensive war that cost millions of dollars. The Hereros were crushed, "hung like bunches of grapes," "hunted like

animals," and "all over seven years of age were made slaves."

There are now 450,000 native people in South-West Africa. In every way they are a desperately needy people. The Anglicans, Catholics, Rhenish, Finnish, and Methodist missions work among them.

After a week, less a day, in Walvis Bay, we are on our way again in a heavy sea. We are sailing close to the coast line. The outline of Devil's Peak, Table Mountain, and the Twelve Apostles comes in view early today, Sunday afternoon.

Now we see Lion's Head crouching at the foot of Table Mountain. As the sun disappears over the peaks, millions of little lights begin to glow in the darkness, thus marking the outlines of the city of Cape Town.

Lights are made for darkness. Watching from the deck, I pray that God will, during this visit to Africa, make me a mighty lamp to dispel darkness and to lighten as many as possible of Africa's needy people.

Cars are blinking their lights in welcome. Now I see the smiling faces of Ellen Penn and her children, David, Beverly, and Marilyn. It is eight o'clock, Sunday night, May 26. Joseph Penn is still in service.

Customs officials have been satisfied. I am walking down the gangplank. My feet press African soil once again—just one week late for my schedule.

May 27—This Is Africa

Sure enough, we are Europeans in South Africa again. All morning we have been visiting the Coloured townships, so stop for lunch by the way. We eat our soup out of huge tablespoons, our dessert with soup-spoons, and use for our coffee and tea tiny baby spoons. For vegetables I meet again my almost forgotten, old friends, boiled pumpkin and boiled mashed cabbage, served without seasoning.

Mrs. Penn and I stop to get some bread. The baker gives us two loaves, with only a wee piece of paper wrapped around the middle of each loaf. The ends are open to whatever comes. I had forgotten. Now I remember. This is Africa.

May 28—On the Way from Cape Town

You will be interested to hear about my dinner. Early in the afternoon a man came through the train selling dinner tickets for five shillings (seventy cents).

The gong rang. People streamed into the diner filling every seat. Everybody was served soup. It looked like pea soup. It was sweetish and exceedingly spicy. Fish came next, with "a spot" of green salad. Everybody but one took the next course—sheep brains with a small helping of peas. The fourth course was beef, boiled pumpkin, peas again, potato—all in very small helpings. For dessert we had apple tart and pudding sauce; then came a wee cup of white coffee (mostly hot milk). There were another two courses, crackers and cheese, then fruit. I took a tangerine and several grapes. All this food with all this service cost seventy cents. Think of it!

May 31—Johannesburg at Last

Traveling by car from Kimberley, we arrived in Johannesburg, where Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Jenkins, the field superintendent and wife, with other missionaries gave us a hearty welcome and a good American meal.

July and August—In Journeyings Often

A carefully prepared schedule provided a visit to every mission home. It was planned to arrive at a station in the afternoon, stay the whole of the following day, and leave on the third day. Many services were held at each stop.

Ten glorious days were spent in Johannesburg visiting the work among our Coloured people, the locations, and the compounds.

We then went to Northern Transvaal to see the Bapedi. Here is a tremendous need with many open doors.

At Carolina an old barn with many cracks and openings in the walls served as one of the meeting places on a bitterly cold night. More than one hundred and fifty were present, many having come forty miles or more. Numbers bowed at an altar of prayer.

From there we journeyed to Idalia, then into Swaziland, where we met again thousands of friends, missionaries, and nationals whom we had known in other days.

After Swaziland came Eastern Transvaal. It was a privilege to see the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital and a number of stations that represented the work done by the International Holiness Mission before they became a part of the Church of the Nazarene.

After an eight-day tour of the European work with Dr. C. H. Strickland, a never-to-be-forgotten visit of the coal mine district at Witbank with my friends, the Mischkes, about two weeks in Gazaland, ten days in Nyasaland and Rhodesia, then my allotted time for touring and visiting came to an end.

We had traveled thousands of miles, spoken scores of times, prayed with hundreds at the altars, and were still feeling blessed, refreshed, and untired.

September 3—at the Jan Smuts Airport

My visit is over. Everything is checked and cleared. The customs officials have examined my luggage. Now we will wait at the airport until my plane is called.

People begin to arrive from every direction. All the Johannesburg missionaries are here with another

four from Gazaland, three from Swaziland, and others from farther away in the Transvaal. There are European pastors, new-made friends among the white people, students from the European Bible School, students from the Coloured Bible School, a representative from the Portuguese church, some Indian friends, and a few of our national workers. What an international group we are—British, Afrikaners, Portuguese, Americans, Indians, and Africans! The whole second floor of the airport is full of Nazarenes.

The big "Flying Dutchman" of the Royal Dutch Airlines, in which I am to fly, is standing near. Men race here and there making final preparations.

They have pinned a pretty corsage on my coat. Cameras are clicking. There are laughter, words of parting, and a few tears. Now I must say good-by to one of the most wonderful groups of people in all the world. As I walk out to the plane alone, from the upper balcony the Nazarenes wave and sing, "Forward, forward, never to settle down." The big ship races past the airport. With my face pressed hard against the windowpane, I get my last sight of upturned faces and waving hands and handkerchiefs. We are off!

It is *hard* to say good-by. I do not like good-bys—I do not want to leave. If I were young again and if God would have me, I would offer myself a second time for the hardest pioneer job available.

September 3—Going Forward but Looking Backward

It took almost a month to sail to Africa but I shall be in England, back working again, in a little more than a day.

As I sail along up here, there are many things I can think about to encourage my aching heart. God has been good to me. He has kept me safe and well. He has blessed and given souls. He gave me freedom to

preach in Zulu. It was a delight to be able to use that fascinating language again. How I love Africa! My heart gives another extra beat, and I feel again that sweet, warm feeling stealing over me that I felt one day on coming upon a group of native Christian men standing in front of our Witbank church speaking Zulu. I said in my heart, Was there ever a sweeter language or a people more loveable?

And the missionaries! There is not a greater or a more consecrated group on earth. Preaching to them was a joy. They were eager to hear and do. Their best was mine. I visited every mission station save one. At Furancungo we were not allowed to cross the border into Portuguese territory. Nine camps were visited and I preached in them all. The farewell picnic which the missionaries gave me yesterday can never be forgotten. They served "hot dogs," hamburgers, and real American coffee. God blessed our hearts together in fellowship, testimony, and prayer. As a parting gift from all the missionaries they gave me a lovely wooden bowl made into a breath-taking plaque, depicting native home and child life. Those children will live on the wall of my home. When I look at them, I shall remember and pray for our heroes and heroines in Africa and the many people they represent.

The missionary children—what a delightful group of youngsters! They are good subjects for thought. I see them again: some at the altar seeking to be sanctified, others offering themselves as workers, testifying to a definite call to service, pledging offerings, and praying with seekers at the altar.

The hallmark of the missionary is upon even the smallest of them. On seeing the pitiful condition of a little albino girl, one of them, with his little heart full of compassion, took the problem to the Lord, where all troubles should be reported. He prayed, "Dear Lord,

please come down and paint this little girl, who is white and ought to be black—black. But don't come tomorrow. It's Sunday. You are not supposed to work on Sunday."

Another little fellow, having lived all his life among native folk where only demon-possessed people rub red on their bodies, coming suddenly among a group of white women, left his seat in the front of the bus, saying to his father, "I want to ask Mummy something." He ran toward the back seat, where his mother was sitting, and called out in a high, childish voice, "Mommie, are all these ladies demon-possessed?"

Nationals! What an array of pictures come before me as I think again of all I have been privileged to witness: Christian friends of other years, thousands of them, welcoming me with joy; hundreds of screaming boys and girls, jumping up and down, clapping their hands in welcome; groups around the altar, the communion table, or sitting on the campground singing under the anointing of the Spirit! Here and there appears a sad, dark face of one who has wandered away and is stumbling about in darkness. There are also heathen in my pictures today—I see again the old headman who followed us eighty miles to bring me greetings and to bid me farewell.

How hard it was to say good-by! I see again a lone girl running to the road calling in an agitated, tearful voice, "*Dulile, Dulile, go well, my friend!*"

"I will meet you in the morning," promised a weeping woman, a mother of several small children. Her husband is not a Christian.

Here stands an old sick man in the rain, at the gate, waiting to say good-by. He had been a backslider. I had helped him pray back to God.

Sad farewells! You hurt my heart. I must think of something brighter.

My beautiful gifts, they will cheer my heart. Perhaps you would like to hear about them. I am coming home laden with spoils like one who comes from war. The Coloured church presented me with two large plates (African Animal Series). The men of the compounds gave me another two of the same size. Then the Bapedi friends added two smaller plates. The people of the locations gave me a set of lovely carved deer. A second like set came from a group of native friends. Bremersdorp district brought a beautiful plaque of a Swazi woman grinding on a stone; Acornhoek added the companion plaque of a Swazi warrior; and then at the final party when I left, the whole missionary group gave me the last plaque—Swazi children in a big wooden dish.

A shiny, brass rose bowl set will keep my Stegi visit bright. A black, ebony flower bowl will refresh the memory of my visit with the Stricklands and the European friends. Two beautiful Portuguese tablecloths of real beauty, one very large and one smaller, will bring Gazaland to my dinner table. A Springbok deer-skin purse from Schmelzenbach Memorial friends and an ostrich skin purse from my "grandchildren" of Witbank will hold all my missionary offerings. A zippered leather book will keep the addresses of my Portuguese friends who so joyfully presented me with this pretty gift. Nyasaland's gift, representing the Nyasa nation—two carved leopards under the rising sun, whose rays are made of ivory—will remind me to pray for this hungry people.

And this is not all, for there is much from individuals or groups of friends. One special gift is a piece of Kalahara pottery—a black plate with the head of a native girl in the center. Then there is a lovely set of ebony, elephant book ends, carved animals and birds of wood and stone, grass curios, etc. There is an abundance of lacework from my Swazi children made with their own hands for me. And I must not forget the

books on Africa and the typical married woman's skirt given me by the women of the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station.

Much of the native country we are passing over is seemingly heavily populated. We pass over Northern Transvaal, then Bechuanaland, the Rhodesias, Angola, and Belgian Congo. Across the wide Congo River we make our first stop at Brazzaville, capital of French Equatorial Africa. Its almost wholly black population is about one hundred thousand. Two hours by air from here is the hospital of the world-famous Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who gave up a brilliant career as teacher, musician, and theologian to found this center of healing in French Equatorial Africa.

The sky is beautiful as the sun is about to disappear over the horizon. We are between two layers of dark, threatening clouds, black overhead, black beneath; great spouts of coal-black clouds mushroom up, joining the two layers together. It looks as though we might get into a tropical storm.

A delightful supper is served: celery cream soup, fillet steak with mushrooms, buttered green peas, chateau potatoes, fruit, and coffee.

At ten o'clock we stop for nearly two hours at Kano, Northern Nigeria. It is an ancient walled city which served as a gateway between North Africa and sub-Saharan Africa for hundreds of years. Here the caravans passed on their way to Tripoli, carrying slaves, gold, and ivory over a trail marked by the whitened bones of men and beasts, left to bleach in the desert sun. Kano has a big airport. There were many planes in. This is a Moslem country.

Now we are on a nonstop flight to Rome, seven hours and ten minutes, flying at 19,000 feet.

After an hour in Rome we are sailing over beautiful little islands, heavily populated country, Genoa (home of Columbus), deep-blue mountain lakes, and the beauti-

ful, snow-covered Alps, whose white-capped peaks poke their heads out and above blankets of billowy clouds. It is a gorgeous day. After a delightful trip over Europe, with a short stop at Frankfurt, Germany, and a longer wait in beautiful Amsterdam, I am being met in London at 4:10 p.m. by Mrs. J. B. Maclagan. My trip is over.

I have been to Africa and have come back again. According to His promise, He sent me out with joy, and led me forth with peace. The mountains and the hills sang before me, while all the trees of the bushveld clapped their hands. No thorns or briers sprang up in the pathway. By God's incomprehensible workings, may this long journey prove to be an everlasting glory to His matchless name.

Now let me tell you about my three months' visit with our African missionaries and nationals.

CHAPTER 2

SWAZILAND CELEBRATES

Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth: but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches (Mark 4:30-32).

June, 1907

It was June 18, 1907—a warm, sunny morning. A tall, young man, the worse for wear from a long sea voyage, set his foot joyfully on African soil.

The liabilities of this young missionary were legion. Of little education, with no physical equipment, no regular salary, no friends waiting for him, no sure place of beginning—it is convincing that his were not exactly the qualifications considered essential today for successful missionary candidates.

On the other side were his assets. He was a truly converted man. The Holy Spirit lived and reigned in his heart. His call to Africa burned like a fire in his soul. He had seen “the smoke of a thousand villages.” The cries of Africa’s lost millions rang in his ears. With a strong body, a will to work, and a faith undaunted, he stood upon God’s unfailing promises and in his hand he carried a basket of seed.

Among the other two hundred passengers that arrived in Port Elizabeth on that same boat, the “Durham Castle,” were two single ladies, Miss Etta Innis and Miss Lulu Glatzel. Both were to figure largely in Naza-

rene missionary history in Africa. Both women were to live and labor closely with the young missionary. In fact, after just one year and a day, Lulu became the young man's bride. This young fellow was none other than our beloved *Sibhaha*, Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach, founder of Nazarene missions in Africa.

Fifty Years Later

Now it is June, 1957. Over the wide gateway of the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station in Swaziland we read from a distance, "Nazarene Golden Jubilee, 1907—1957." Another large banner saying "Welcome *Dulile*" (my African name), is held high by four strong men over the road down which we must come. Outside the gate are gathered a large group of missionaries, national Christians, school children, and heathen friends.

By the side of the road nearby stands an old wagon with spokes broken and tires falling off the wheels. Four lop-eared, sleepy donkeys are hitched to this conveyance. A young Coloured man carrying a long driver's whip helps his wife and small child to dismount from the dilapidated wagon.

"I am Harmon Schmelzenbach," he says, advancing to meet us, "and this is my wife, Lulu, and our young son, David. I have just come from Natal. It has been a long, trying journey. My wagon, you see, is falling apart and my donkeys are practically dead."

A cute little native girl slips up to us shyly and presents me with an exquisite bouquet of bright yellow roses and gladioli.

Willie Young, the Coloured man representing Harmon Schmelzenbach, begins the introductions. Here is Mangwane, the first Nazarene convert in Africa. She was that tenth wife of a very old Swazi man, who had come with her little ten-year-old daughter to choose the missionary's God as her God and His people as her people. They are both here today—Ruth Gama and her

daughter, Maria. Like the Ruth for whom she was named, nothing has separated her from God since that bright Sunday morning in the early summer of 1913.

Old Solomon, our first preacher, has moved to heaven since I left Africa. His refined, intelligent wife, Martha, is here. She is still an attractive woman and an able preacher and leader. What a thrill it is to see that beaming face again!

Joseph, who "went in and out" with Harmon Schmelzenbach like his ever-trailing shadow, comes next. The wicked young policeman whom the witch doctors could not change into a decent man was transformed by Jesus Christ and made into a power for God and a fearless preacher of the gospel. Joseph is now retired but he seems to be still at the battle front.

The man who "rang the bell" in the story made famous by the Schmelzenbach menfolk steps forward. Samuel, now, is almost blind. He is still chaplain of the leper colony, "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

My friend Mpila, the chieftainess, advances with her retinue of followers. She is now a Christian.

These make-believe formalities were too boring for the many dogs who came to the celebration. They started a big fight—a free-for-all. This scattered the crowd in every direction, yelling and screaming, to save themselves or to save their dogs.

All restraints broken, now with shouts of laughter and joy they came, Lillian, Alice, Juanita, Ruth, Gloria, Josephine, Efram, Enoch, and others. Here is a great crowd of Christian women; many of them had been my girls of other years. Among these women is Joy's little newly converted mother. She had given herself to God, so I wouldn't find her still a heathen. Heathen men, who had been my friends in other years, came up to see if I would still remember them. I did. Herds of little boys and girls, offspring of the ones who had been my

boys and girls, pressed closely about me to let *Koko* know who they were and from whom they came.

An elaborate welcome service was enjoyed in the freshly painted and attractively decorated church. Words of greeting were given, the quadrennial goals discussed; then everybody enjoyed a big feast of all kinds of delicious native foods, many of which I had not tasted in years.

A huge, rectangular, flower-bedecked birthday cake for Africa's Golden Anniversary was brought for dessert. It was too beautiful to eat. We decided to keep it for a season. One afternoon during the camp meeting all the missionaries had tea with the national workers and their wives. I put the knife into the birthday cake and we ate it together in a delightful time of fellowship.

There are changes. The cypress, bamboo, and jacaranda trees have grown so tall the place looks like a forest. There is running water in the houses and more buildings on the station. The mission home is inviting with its light blue walls and pink-tinted ceiling. All its artistic decorations are with African pictures and curios. Outside, as far as the eye can see, are extensive pine and eucalyptus plantations.

There is much that still remains the same—the devoted friends, the solid Christians, the musical language, the houses we built by faith, and the workers we trained. Like the buildings, numbers have increased. Like the trees grown tall, the work has grown and improved. Thank God, this is as it should be.

The Jubilee Camp

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit (John 12:24).

The long-awaited day of the Jubilee Camp arrived. It was to be held on the Schmelzenbach Memorial Sta-

tion, right at the place where Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach had lived and died.

Toward late afternoon the singing groups came swinging in. It sounded the same but it looked different, and ended quickly. Buses and lorries have superseded bare feet and donkey backs of the yesterdays.

Days began at six o'clock with the ringing of the mission bell. The camp was largely given to reminders of early days. Ruth Gama and her daughter Maria, Joseph, Solomon, James, and Martha, told of the joys and persecutions, of the glories and the hardships, of sufferings for Christ's sake, of rules of conduct and methods of evangelism by which the church had grown from nothing to the great company of African believers of which it is today composed. God blessed these reminiscences and many responded to the invitations given.

The special anniversary service was on Saturday night. The program had been carefully and prayerfully planned by Rev. and Mrs. Reginald Jones and their helpers.

A high platform was built across the whole front of the big tabernacle. It was interestingly decorated with large banners and native greenery. An excellent piece of engineering had been done in preparing the tabernacle and in training the nationals who were to take part in the program. Willie Young and his wife played the part of Rev. and Mrs. Harmon Schmelzenbach. Mrs. Reginald Jones read the script that described the living pictures and made all hearts beat warm in love and gratitude to God, who had done such wonders in Swaziland. Reginald Jones was master of ceremonies.

The first scene depicted Mr. Schmelzenbach, Bible in hand, preaching to a young heathen woman and her small daughter, hoeing in a mealie garden. The woman was dressed in her knee-length, cowskin skirt. From her shoulder hung the proverbial goatskin covering of a

married woman. Her hair was piled high on her head and decorated with colored clay and porcupine quills.

The second scene was a group of heathen men sitting around an open fire, drinking beer. The missionary was trying to show his friendliness that he might tell them about his God. They were suspicious and unbelieving. They kept their spears and clubs in their hands and answered him with cunning words. They were convinced that he had come to steal their wives or to bewitch them with his magic. When he knelt to pray, they knelt on one knee, kept their eyes open, their clubs and spears raised, ready to run or to act as necessary.

The planting of the powerful seed had begun with difficulty.

The third scene was of that sunny Sunday morning in the summer of 1913 when the first convert and her little daughter came to the mission station to choose Christ as Saviour and Lord. She rose with a smile on her face. Her first request was for a book that talked. She wanted to see with her own eyes what the Great Spirit said to her in His Book.

Life had sprung from the planted seed.

Then we saw the first little group of ragged, untutored Christians, directed by the young missionary in their evangelistic efforts. They spared neither flesh nor pride. They went everywhere preaching the Word.

Scene five was intensely interesting. Many scores of the watchers had themselves suffered the pain of beatings, the agony of the heartaches, and the fear of man and darkness, that were brought to their remembrance by this picture.

The missionary was away from home. His wife was alone and unprotected. Little Ngobodhlane, an orphan girl about twelve years of age, sold to an old man for his seventh wife, was being driven to her marriage by her wicked heathen brother.

Mrs. Schmelzenbach stood in the door of an old tin building that served as her home, The little girl with a younger sister came running, out of breath, tears in her eyes. Trembling with fear, she begged to be hidden from her brother, from whom she had escaped. He was following closely behind her. Mrs. Schmelzenbach hid her quickly in a dark inner room and ran back to the door. Immediately two yelling, threatening men leaped to the doorway, demanding the young girl, Ngobodhlane. Mrs. Schmelzenbach, seeing her opportunity, grabbed the raised spear from the brother's hand. She threatened to take the spear to the magistrate and have the man arrested for troubling a white woman when her husband was not at home. This frightened him away.

The curtains closed and opened again. There stood Rhoda, the preacher's wife who herself had been that Ngobodhlane. Rhoda was the beginning of the girls' school in Swaziland. Many scores of Swazi girls fought their way to this place of protection. They paid a price above gold that they might know Christ and the power of His resurrection.

Christianity and its by-products have made deep inroads. Not a large number of girls today are subjected to those same horrors that were everyday occurrences at that time.

The beginning of the educational work was pictured in all of its primitiveness and lack of equipment.

Another scene showed our medical work in its beginnings. It was founded on the story of Mgwingi, a little heathen herdboyc of perhaps eleven years, who had fallen from a tree while gathering wild fruit. His abdomen was ripped open and his intestines were bulging out. Some days later he was found in what seemed to be a dying state.

Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach upon my request, since I was ill with malaria, went to his home with a big saucer and a tea towel. He bound him up for support and pro-

tection, expecting him to die. Because he lingered, he was carried to the mission station. Upon learning that no medical doctor was available, I persuaded Nurse Dora Carpenter to help. While everybody prayed, we cleaned him out and sewed him up. He lived.

The scene showed this little boy lying under a broken tree, screaming in pain. Mr. Schmelzenbach with his saucer and tea towel went to work. He tried to tie a partially inflated, bright-red bicycle tube under the saucer. The tube shot up, this way and that way, providing hilarious entertainment for the audience. Finally the saucer was secured over the abdomen. One of the schoolgirls acting as Nurse Dulile went with carriers and stretcher to bring the child to the mission station. The operation was performed and the wound sewed up with a huge sack needle and a heavy piece of twine. At every stitch the nurse pulled the needle and twine high above her head. She then gave her patient artificial respiration in a most ludicrous manner. The curtain closed.

The curtain opened. Here stood Preacher Rodger, holding in his hand the Word of God. He was the child who had suffered the accident. For years he has served God faithfully in the bushveld. He has built churches and won many souls for His master. From such crude beginnings has shot forth one of the three great branches of our Christian ministry—the ministry of healing.

Who can ever forget the last great scene! Brother Schmelzenbach had been twenty-nine years in his beloved Africa. He had given twenty-one years of unbroken service without a furlough. He had lived to see in the bushveld not only the 20 outstations for which he had pleaded, but God had given 3 mainstations and 33 outstations in Swaziland. There were also churches in Johannesburg, in Eastern Transvaal, and in Portuguese East Africa. There were in the field 24 Nazarene missionaries, 143 national workers, and about

3,000 converts. The training schools, one hospital, dispensaries, and the missionary society had all been started.

Seven missionaries and twenty-five national workers were at the bedside to say a last farewell to their beloved leader, *Sibhaha*. At his request they were singing, "I will meet you in the morning over there," when this brave warrior received his promotion to a higher rank and left for his new headquarters.

And so this last scene painted a fresh picture of that sad midnight of May 22, 1929. Joseph, his shadow, sat on a box at the head of his bed, as he had sat for the last three days before his missionary left him. Preacher Samuel sat on the floor with bowed head as the dying man called his name and charged him to be true to Africa until death. "I will meet you in the morning," promised the words of the song as the last curtain dropped. The memorial service was ended. The people filed out quietly to think and to thank God for the man who came with the gospel seed.

Golden Anniversary Goals

Warriors look back only that they may press forward the harder. Swaziland expects to accomplish great feats for Christ and the church during the Golden Anniversary year. Each of the three districts in this territory has given itself a list of goals which it plans to reach.

Would you like to see some of the Bremersdorp district goals, as proposed by Dr. David Hynd?

We are uniting with the church world-wide in setting ourselves goals for the spread of the message of holiness and the winning of souls as we celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Church of the Nazarene in 1958.

Here are some of the goals:

1. Ten per cent increase in church and Sunday school membership.
2. A minimum of three outpost or wayside Sunday schools around each church.

3. Ten more students to go to Bible school for training as preachers.
4. Two African Nazarenes to train as doctors.
5. Three additional outstation dispensaries.
6. Completion of our Hospital Reconstruction Plan.
7. Two additional African Nazarene sisters in our hospital.
8. Four African Nazarenes to train for teaching in our high school and teacher training department.
9. Four African Nazarene printers.
10. Tract and scripture distribution campaign.
11. Each church a 10 per cent church.
12. Every church member tithing.
13. Increase 400 per cent our Alabaster box giving.
14. Three more churches to reach self-support.

Swaziland is only a part of the great African field of the Church of the Nazarene today. Harmon Schmelzenbach lived only a part of the fifty years of our existence. Every section of the work has its own anniversary goals. Other great accomplishments that came after the passing of Brother Schmelzenbach should be considered.

Harmon Schmelzenbach sowed, others watered, God gave the increase. Flourishing branches have shot up in Portuguese East Africa and the Transvaal. Today the seed is bearing fruit in many different sections of South Africa. New work has been opened among the Bapedi tribes. Two select young missionary couples are in Nyasaland opening that field; a healthy, growing church has been established among the Coloured people; work has commenced with the East Indians; and a thriving South African District of the Church of the Nazarene has been organized among the European segment of the multi-racial groups of South and Central Africa.

Before we consider our over-all accomplishments and goals, let us first visit these different groups among whom God has sent us to sow the seed of the Kingdom.

CHAPTER 3

GOD COMES TO CAMP MEETING

July, 1913

It was midafternoon, July, 1913. Over the hill came a small group lustily singing, "Hear the tramp, tramp, tramping of the army." A little woman on a small gray burro led the procession. Preacher Solomon walked behind Old Blobuck, the burro. Following him marched a group of some thirty school children. They had walked eighteen miles to attend camp meeting.

The entire congregation at this first annual Nazarene camp in Africa consisted of these school children of Miss Innis (now Mrs. Etta Shirley), a dozen or more new converts who had lately chosen Christ as Saviour, and heathen people of the Peniel (now Schmelzenbach Memorial) neighborhood.

Not a single soul was permanently won for God during that first camp but seed was sown which later grew and produced fruitage.

July, 1927

"Hear the tramp, tramp, tramping of the army," "Forward into battle," "I'll be a soldier for Jesus," "When we all get to heaven"—from every direction came the sound of hilarious singing. Every separate group had a different song. Down the hill from two different directions, up the slopes from others, came the Nazarenes. The missionaries on horseback galloped ahead in joy at the prospect of seeing their friends once again. National preachers riding donkeys led the long lines of about eight hundred happy, singing Christians. Many had walked thirty miles or more barefoot to be present at this glorious Feast of Tabernacles.

With much chattering and shouts of greeting they removed the burdens from their heads—mats, pots, chickens, bundles of clothes, etc. The women untied their babies and slipped them from their backs.

All exclaimed in wonder at the big new tabernacle. It was a huge frame structure, fashioned from long eucalyptus poles. For weeks the many girls of the school and home had spent hours daily, cutting, braiding, and carrying by head, great bundles of grass. Mr. Schmelzenbach and the boys had tied this grass to the roof part of the framework as protection from wind and sun. The outer walls were made of dry corn stalks. We were all delighted with our meetinghouse. It looked like "the raggedy, raggedy, raggedy man" who "worked for Pa," who was "the goodest man ever you saw." We had tried to make the tabernacle as nice as possible that year, because we were being visited by our great friends, Mrs. Paul Bresee and *Unobantu*—Mrs. Susan Fitkin.

The weather? Did it rain? Yes, it poured in torrents. None present that year will ever forget how one night during service we knelt in puddles of water to battle for seeking souls along the altar. God gave glorious victory. Mothers and children slept on wet hay. Men camped, wet and shivering, under the porches, the wagons, or any partial shelter available. But the meetings went on. God was in the camp.

That was Harmon Schmelzenbach's last camp meeting. He had also been privileged to see the beginning of four other smaller camps in different sections of the African field.

July, 1957

Nine different camps were visited during my months in Africa this year. There are some definite changes. The methods of travel have improved. Many of the people today come by bus or truck. Numbers have greatly increased. The buildings for the camp meetings provide

shelter from the elements. The food is more varied and it is prepared in not so primitive a manner. The nationals take much more responsibility.

In many ways, however, the camps are still the same as in earlier days. The happy, singing Christians still arrive in the late afternoon of the opening day. They come from the north, east, south, and west and crowd the premises, visiting and shouting. In some places the bell is still an old plowshare hung from a guava tree. The women and children still sleep in long rows on the grass of the floor. The day begins in the very early morning. The number of services has not diminished. There is no set time for closing. Midnight is still early. Clocks are unheeded.

The last day of the camp is still the time set aside for the dedication of babies and the final examination of candidates seeking full membership. They have spent two years, at least, in the probationers' class; they have lived under the searching gaze of their pastors and the laymen of their local churches. Now they are lined up before missionaries and district leaders and questioned for hours about their Christian walk. If one gives testimony of salvation, is a tither, a member of the missionary society, fasts and prays, has won a soul that year, has lived peacefully with the other members of the family, etc., etc., he probably will be allowed baptism and full church membership. At the close of the examination period there is the baptismal service at the river, followed by a great communion service in the late afternoon, and the yearly offering in the evening.

Several camp scenes printed themselves indelibly on my mind.

The Schmelzenbach Memorial Camp—Full-grown Men

Many of the people of this camp have a large place in my heart, for nearly twenty years of my life were

spent on this station and district. Hundreds of these people are my very special friends. Scores of them came to me as young girls seeking refuge from forced marriages. Many others came sick, homeless, or as orphans and grew up under my care.

During the great revivals in the 1920's, God mightily poured out His Spirit upon this local church and community. Many of the young men and women had lain before God for hours and days, confessing their sins, making restitution, dying to self, and consecrating themselves to God. They had come forth Spirit-filled and anointed, as had the disciples on the Day of Pentecost. These fire-baptized young people had gone out to witness with mighty power of an indwelling Comforter who had cleansed their hearts and empowered their lives. Many believed and were converted. Christians sought the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The whole Nazarene church in Africa was revived as a result of this one outpouring.

One night in the camp all who had been raised on the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station at the time when I was there were asked to stand. A great, victorious crowd rose to their feet. They testified that the Holy Spirit, who came into their hearts to abide at the time of the great revivals in the 1920's, had kept them victorious over sin and had supplied the needed power for service to God through the years. The sight of that cloud of living witnesses shall live forever in my memory. Among them were preachers, national superintendents, ordained elders, missionaries, teachers, nurses, and staunch laymen. My first orphan was there. He is an efficient, faithful layman, district leader of the men's division of the missionary society, an all-around, Spirit-filled man, ready to serve in any capacity. My heart was moved in deepest gratitude to God. Joy and satisfaction filled my soul. Here were my credentials—"the seal of my apostleship in the Lord." Any single one of

these many souls is worth more than all my prayers, my tears, and my years of service in Africa. Thank God that He allowed me those twenty beautiful years. And thank God He allowed me to return in 1957 to witness this inspiring sight that will warm my heart to the last day of my life.

Acornhoek Camp—Gifts and Giving

It was the last night of the camp. Time for the offering had come. This group of about eight hundred Christians were deeply interested in a certain needy people who were without the gospel. Money had come for a memorial to a son, from his parents in Kentucky. The chapel would soon be ready. There was a national preacher that could be sent, but there was no place for him to live.

The people began to pledge. Two national teachers gave ten pounds each (about \$30.00), another five pounds. Preachers and workmen brought money or gave pledges. The nurses in training at the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital joined, most of them promising ten shillings or a pound. Bright-faced children came forward bringing coins in their little, clenched fists. Others stood up and called out their pledges like big folks. Elmer Schmelzenbach, missionary in charge of the service, clicked his heels, leaped into the air, shouting, "We'll get it done now; the children are helping."

Hundreds joined the giving—missionaries and nationals, young and older. In the one service money sufficient to build the worker's home was provided. Another lighthouse whose saving rays would give life to storm-tossed travelers was put in operation. The national church was greatly enriched and the missionaries encouraged. Every such victory brings the national church a step forward toward a fully self-supporting organization, which is the ultimate aim for all our foreign fields.

Gazaland Camp—Glory and Healing

It was the last day of the Gaza camp. Fifteen hundred to two thousand people sat for hours on the ground floor, under the huge tent that had been provided for them by a bighearted, Idaho, Nazarene farm couple. From early morning a spirit of rejoicing had been on the camp. Pastor Duma, a mighty man of God, had preached with great anointing. He brought us into the presence of the Almighty.

At the time of the evening service God showed himself in power. The people began to sing beautiful songs, mostly of their own composition. For hours they continued singing. They didn't want to stop. Nobody wanted to stop them. Much was planned for that service but they sang on. Wave after wave of liquid glory swept that great congregation. I cannot say that I have ever before heard such singing. Our hearts burned within us. After midnight, the camp closed with souls finding God at the altar and a great healing service in which many hundreds came forward for physical healing. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

For many days after this heavenly manifestation my heart burned with a strange, sweet feeling of God's near presence. The King in His glory had visited the camp and we had seen, heard, and felt Him, as He ministered to our needs.

Among the Bapedi

A million people live in the Northern Transvaal. They are mostly of the Bapedi tribe and speak the Sipedu language. They are a primitive, demon-worshiping people and are said to have very low moral codes. In certain areas they intermarry disgracefully. Many live in a continually drunken state. They told me that young children, six years of age or younger, sometimes are already habitual consumers of beer; and that some adults have been known to run up accounts for beer, then make

payment with a young daughter, who will become the wife of the old beer seller.

Our work at Lorraine, Letaba, The Downs, and Blouberg is among this Bapedi tribe. In the vicinity of the Blouberg station live about forty-five thousand of these demon-worshipping people. Other sections are just as populous. Near Lorraine, on every side, scores of native kraals are within a few hundred yards of the mission station.

People in the farming sections and in the native areas live in the proverbial mud and grass huts. In all probability they fare better than those who live in the mining sections.

There are many large mines in Northern Transvaal. Near the mines thousands of miserable people live in pitiful, little grass houses, hundreds of them mere hovels, or mud shacks. Some dwellings are only a shelter covered with paper or sacks. Many of the workers are a migrant class.

These mine areas were overflowing with boys and girls of all ages. Bright-faced children and youth so completely filled the narrow roads that it was difficult to pass. They seemed to be an exceptionally talented young people who could develop into useful and God-fearing citizens.

However, nearly all of the older people had a look of utter dissipation and abandonment to fate. They seemed to feel that no man cared for their souls—and they were weary of fighting a losing battle. It did not seem possible that once they could have been like those lovely, bright-faced children. All were friendly and willing to listen.

Demon drums beat night and day: drums for initiation schools, drums to drive away sickness, drums for the demon-possessed, and drums for merriment and dancing. They were always within earshot. All night, and every night, their defiant challenge rang in our ears.

The dull thuds of the demon drums always bring condemnation to my heart, for I know that the same measure of persistence in prayer to God would end the beating of the drums and bring salvation to the demon worshipers.

It is already too late to harvest portions of this ripened field. We dare not postpone, even for a short period, the "putting in" of the reapers, lest the mature grain be a total loss. Prospects for an abundant yield from the oncoming crop could not be more encouraging.

A thrilling example of the transformation God can make in the life of a Bapedi is Johannes Senthso, a young policeman, who augmented his income by conducting wild dancing parties, where he sold quantities of native beer. He became quite a well-to-do man, according to national standards.

Once when Johannes was drinking heavily, he went to get some money which he had loaned to a white policeman. The white man refused to return the borrowed money. Johannes became violently angry. A turbulent brawl ensued. When the white man ran away, Johannes stole the fleeing opponent's gun, poured oil over his house, and set it on fire. For days he hid in the bush while police hunted him. He was captured while in the act of trying to take his own life.

His wealth soon melted away. His wife left him. He was given three years in criminal jail.

While imprisoned, Johannes remembered the Word of God. Once when the missionary was preaching he had been very close to repentance, but he had hardened his heart and returned to his wickedness. Sin had robbed him of everything worthwhile—his manhood, his liberty, his wife, and his money. Such remembrances brought bitter remorse and sincere repentance. God heard his earnest cry and graciously saved his soul. During the remainder of his stay in prison he became a trusted Christian. Prison bars did not daunt his new-found desire to win others to Christ.

Johannes came from jail a new man. He found his wife, told her what God had done for him, and asked her to come back with him and build a Christian home. For two years Johannes found work with our missionary as a builder. God called him to preach. He took his family to our Swaziland Bible School. Upon graduation he returned to be the preacher and head national leader in the Lorraine section of our work.

The wicked, debauched policeman, a habitual drunkard, a man feared by his own people, is now a fine-looking, kind-faced, Christian gentleman. He loves his people and they love and respect him. When he tells them what his God did for him, they understand. They knew him before he knew God, and they know him now, as he walks among them, a clean, noble man.

Camp meeting time came. The brown tent was pitched under the hill below the Letaba mission station. About dusk the heathen people filled the tent. Johannes and I were the evangelists. The district missionary, Rev. Irvin Dayhoff, showed Bible pictures before the evening services and told Bible stories.

On one occasion as I passed by the tent, I saw an impressive, soul-stirring sight. A group of raw heathen of all ages sat on the grass. Before them stood Johannes, a tall young man, perhaps in his early thirties. An open Bible was in his left hand; his right hand he was shaking and pointing at his people as he looked them straight in the eyes. His handsome face shone with the glory and the anointing of God. Every eye was glued on that face and pointing finger. Every ear heard his message. I slipped away unnoticed. It was a holy scene, too sacred for an outsider to gaze upon.

Africa Seems to Be Ready for Revival

There was first the tremendous outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon our Coloured Bible School at Rehoboth

in June. Since then the Coloured churches have all been greatly revived and strengthened.

Then reports came from Rev. H. K. Bedwell in our Swaziland Bible School, telling of God's visitation upon that school. The students prayed all night. Classes were dismissed while men sought God.

The last night of the camp meeting at Blouberg, Mrs. Emslie writes that God came upon the service until missionaries and nationals walked the aisles and shouted the praises of God. She declared that it was the most wonderful visitation of God that the Blouberg people had ever seen.

At Bremersdorp, revival broke out in the Girls' Boarding School. It spread to the whole big station—services lasting for hours. There were weeping and praying, with much confession and restitution, and thank God, glorious victories.

Many reports told of God's presence in the Mission Council. Rev. Charles Jenkins writes:

At least once a day the Spirit came upon us, manifesting himself in various ways. On Friday morning, the last day of Council, there was too much work to finish. We had the missionaries' children in to testify. We planned about half an hour for that, but it went on for three hours! It spread to the missionaries, and what a time we had! We had another outpouring at the close of the communion service.

Oh, that God would rend the heavens and come down in Pentecostal power and cleansing upon the entire Church of the Nazarene in Africa! For years, days and nights have been regularly set aside as times of protracted prayer for revival. Recently 140 congregations of one Gazaland district spent an entire night in prayer, lasting from 5:00 p.m. until 9:30 a.m. Surely a "cloud . . . like a man's hand" must be on the horizon. God has given great increases in souls won and in progress

along every line. He has spread our work into many new areas, but as yet we have not recently seen a church-wide visitation of the Holy Spirit. The most wonderful thing that could come to Africa during her Golden Jubilee would be this long desired and expected outpouring of God's Spirit.

CHAPTER 4

GREETING THE EUROPEAN NAZARENES

The Union of South Africa claims 82 per cent of all the Europeans south of the equator.

Jan van Riebeeck, founder of European civilization in South Africa, arrived at Table Bay in 1652. The Dutch and Germans were the first settlers of the Cape. Huguenot refugees, among whom were many families of high caliber, later joined them. In 1820 four thousand British settlers arrived; then two thousand men and officers of the German Legion joined the immigrants. To these were added other Frenchmen, Swedes, Belgians, Danes, Norwegians, Portuguese, Australians. From all parts of the world white men have come to make sunny South Africa their home. All such settlers are called whites or Europeans.

It was my privilege and delight to look in for a few days upon Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Strickland and the European Nazarene church that has been founded since my days in Africa.

On my way up from Cape Town, I stopped at Kimberley and visited our people there. At Klaserie, near Acornhoek, I preached to a full house of Nazarenes. Away up at Lusaka in Northern Rhodesia we spent a few days with Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Scheepers. These godly people have made a good start and have secured an excellent building site in the heart of this beautiful city. I found a family or two of European Nazarene farmers almost everywhere I went in South Africa.

While passing through Lourenco Marques we spent two nights with Rev. and Mrs. Dias, our Portuguese pastor and wife. I thoroughly enjoyed visiting with our

Portuguese Nazarenes. The hall was overflowing with friendly, interesting people—a few were from the Cape Verde Islands and had become acquainted with Nazarene work there. I spoke through an interpreter who did not understand my American English perfectly; yet by the help of most of the congregation, we understood each other. God blessed us graciously. My heart warms at every remembrance of that visit.

For eight days I toured with Dr. Strickland. The first Sunday morning in Central Church, Johannesburg, God met with us—seventeen earnest souls sought holiness of heart. Every service was different, for God was always present. The attendance was good. Many seekers found supply for their needs.

On Monday, I witnessed a different kind of preachers' meeting. At the close of the message the preachers and their wives all bowed at the altar, where each prayed for the needs of his own heart. It was indeed refreshing. We had a profitable day together.

One night in Duncan Hall, Johannesburg, we conducted a home missions rally. After a message on home missions, about twenty-five young people came forward witnessing to God's call for service or a willingness to answer a call should it come. Some received the baptism of the Holy Ghost that night. It was an encouraging scene.

We organized the Nazarene Trailblazers' Property Club and raised over \$800 for Pietermaritzburg—the first home missions church to be helped by the club.

Our South African European people are aggressive Nazarenes. They are serving God joyfully, adding to their numbers daily, building churches, and establishing Sunday schools. I watched them pour out large amounts from their Alabaster boxes and listened to their reports of Prayer and Fasting. They are a 10 per cent district and are joining wholeheartedly with us in our Golden Anniversary celebration.

Every service with our white Nazarenes was greatly enjoyed. The preachers and leaders accepted me as one of their own. Today we have 24 churches, 23 missions, over 500 members. Since God has so marvelously undertaken for us in nine short years, what will He be able to do in another fifty years if Jesus tarries? I am grateful to God for allowing me to call on these Nazarenes as I passed on my way to visit our African Nazarene church.

CHAPTER 5

A CUP OF TEA

In America we have "a coffee break." In South Africa it is "a cup of tea." It is called "eleven o'clock" and "four o'clock." "Tea time" is a very essential function in the day of all South African European people. Even the Africans are becoming more and more accustomed to "a cup of tea" several times a day.

This "tea time" affords an opportunity for all to "get together" for a few minutes, have a little refreshment, report the latest news, recount the new jokes, and discuss the plans for the remaining part of the day.

It is time now for my readers to have "a cup of tea." When tea is over, we will return to the regular report.

No Nod

Like our Pilgrim fathers, Africa's Shangaan men have found a unique and effective way to keep people awake during the preaching service. They tie leaves or chicken feathers on bamboo poles, ten or twelve feet long. During camp meeting they walked up and down among the congregation, driving away sleep by tapping nodding folks on the head or tickling them under the chin. I found the remedy more distracting to the preacher than the quiet sleepers; they however considered this performance a very necessary part of the service. Men were regularly appointed and stationed with their long poles in convenient places, from which every member of the congregation could be reached and tapped on the head or tickled under the chin if necessary.

Saved from Civilization

A Nazarene man from Portuguese East Africa went for the first time to the gold mines in Johannesburg. There he came in contact with a totally new world full of all kinds of startling things and experiences. He heard people talking about "civilization, civilization"—something that was coming to the Bantu. He minutely scrutinized the few white men with whom he came in contact. He marveled at all their wonderful advantages, but their shameful vices astonished him most of all. He listened to their radios, looked at their televisions, paid strictest attention to all the bewildering stories told about the Europeans by his fellow miners.

Upon finishing his allotted time in the mines he returned to his home in Gazaland. At the time of the annual district camp, when opportunity was given for testimony, he quickly arose to his feet and with beaming face offered fervent thanks to God for the miraculous power that had kept him for all those months in Johannesburg "saved from civilization."

Hallmark of a Nazarene

A university student doing research in tribal music came to the mission station at Lorraine, and was entertained by our missionaries for a few days while she surveyed the surrounding country for possible musical talent among the people of that area. Old Chief Mamitja had in progress a Kaffir School (initiation rights school) of about two hundred and fifty young girls. The singing of this group and the words of the typical native songs would furnish some of the material that she needed for her thesis.

Obtaining an interview with the chief, she begged permission to listen to their singing. When asked from whence she came she named the Nazarene mission over the hill. She was told that she must return at four o'clock for an answer.

On the sly, old Mamitja sent a runner to our national pastor with a polite demand that he appear immediately. In response to this unusually urgent call the pastor hurried over the veld to the waiting chief.

"Do you know this white one?" Mamitja asked. "Is *she* a Nazarene?"

Pastor Johannes explained how she had come from the big school in Johannesburg and had asked for a place to stay with the white people, how she was interested in native songs and wanted to record their music so others could use it.

Mamitja brightened up with evident relief. He had been greatly alarmed, for he had been convinced that she was lying, that she was a spy or an enemy coming to harm or bewitch him. He recounted her claim that she came from the Nazarene mission. He knew at a glance that *she* was not a Nazarene, for "Nazarene women," said he, "do not hang beads in their ears, chains around their necks and arms, or cover their faces and lips with masks of red paint."

Child Evangelism

A Gaza witch doctor brought her demon paraphernalia to be burned. Her son was a Nazarene preacher. This was her story: When she was a little girl a white missionary walked by foot three hundred miles from Lourenco Marques to Inhambane. Preaching to this child by the way, he told her that if she wanted to go to heaven she must get rid of all her sins and have the Holy Ghost in her heart.

Miss Cooper pitched her tent for a mission near the home of this witch doctor. After much prayer and fasting God visited the meeting in great power. The witch doctor gathered all the objects she had dedicated to the demons and brought them to the meeting, confessing that she had always wanted to go to heaven. She

had never forgotten the words of the missionary. They piled the wood around her demon possessions and set them ablaze.

God saved and sanctified this little mother. She was at the camp meeting praising God for glorious victory through the precious name of Jesus.

The Closed Gate

A young Gazaland preacher backslid. He soon took several wives, began drinking and carousing. After a short time he became seriously ill. He lay in unconsciousness. They thought he was dead.

Since he had once been their preacher they went to town, bought some oil crates, and prepared to make a box in which to bury him.

At evening he revived and seeing their preparations asked, "What are you doing?" When they explained he cried, "No, no, don't deceive people; bury me like I lived. I've just come from the gates of heaven. They won't let me in. Wrap me in a blanket. Roll me in a mat. Bury me like a heathen. I'm lost! Lost!" After crying out these frightening words he fell back on his mat—dead.

Sorrowfully the family and friends wrapped him in his old blanket, rolled him in his mat, and buried him like a heathen. What an irreparable loss heaven will be for those who once tasted of the salvation of our God, then turned back, and bartered their souls for the unsatisfying, momentary pleasures of sin.

"Amankosazana"—Single Women

Any account of our African work would be incomplete without a paragraph about our *Amankosazana* (single women).

Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach often said that the phenomenal success of our African work was greatly due to the unmarried women missionaries who so whole-

heartedly gave themselves—their love, their talents, their undivided time and attention—to Africa and her people.

Among the stalwarts of other days are preachers like Fairy Chism and Ora Lovelace now Mrs. Ora West); nurses like faithful Dora Carpenter and Miss Evelyn Fox, who gave “her last full measure of devotion”; teachers like Miss Peggy Latta, from Scotland, and many other *Amankosazana*. Each one of them contributed her part and helped lay the solid foundations upon which God is building the national church of today.

Who can overestimate the eternal benefits derived, in this day, from the love and devoted service of women such as these?

Mary Cooper of Gazaland—with her district superintendency, her “heathen revivals,” and her marvelous accomplishments with youth groups

Dorothy Davis—with her excellent nurses’ training school at Bremersdorp

Little Elizabeth Cole—pouring out her life for her beloved lepers

Irene Jester at Idalia—with her unusual ability to organize and promote

Tabitha Evans—with her consuming passion for Africa and her evangelistic zeal

Faithful Kathyren Dixon—“jeeping in” sick Bapedi and nursing them tenderly

Lorraine Schultz—operating a successful Bible school

Jolly Irma Koffel—living alone and supervising a whole district

Bertha Parker—Doris Brown—Gladys Owen—Jessie Rennie—Hazel Pass—

They come before me in such numbers that time and space forbid I name them all. Add to this list Dr. Evelyn Ramsey and others more lately arrived from England, Scotland, Australia, South Africa, Canada, and

the United States and we have a gallant, faithful band of Nazarene women whose names and records are kept in heaven.

This honor roll includes not only the names of European women, but there are names of national single women as well. Thousands have been admonished, nursed, scolded, loved, wept over, fed, and influenced for God and righteousness by Alice Kumalo, Swaziland's missionary to the Bapedi. She keeps missionary and national alike on "the straight and narrow." We have all partaken of her ministrations and her wise and sane counsels. I was told that no one, not excluding missionaries, had done more for the Bapedi of Blouberg than Alice Kumalo.

Whose heart has not been warmed and blessed by the preaching and exhortations of Lillian Bembe? Her shining face, her anointed life, her powerful prayers, her untiring patience have made this woman of God a marvelous blessing. Many shall rise up in that day to call her blessed.

There are many others—nurses, teachers, helpers, preachers, and Bible women. Without them much of what we have today in Africa would never have been. Someone has said that many of God's greatest men are women.

Passing Through Kruger National Park

On our way to the Transvaal meetings, Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Bedwell and I passed through Kruger National Park.

We were fortunate in seeing an abundance of wild-life. Immediately upon our leaving the ranger at the gate, a sneezing sound announced the presence of impala antelope. They gracefully shot across the road like glistening arrows. We saw thousands of these beautiful impala. Herds of shy zebra with shiny, striped coats

trotted away or gazed at us from a distance. Large numbers of blue wildebeests, with tossing heads and waving tails, took flight at our approach. Stately giraffe in singles, or in groups numbering up to twenty, fed on the thorny twigs from the top of the acacia trees.

Large herds of mixed animals moved about—chattering monkeys, troops of clownish baboons, ugly wart hogs with huge tusks protruding from their long faces, giraffes, zebras, and many species of antelope from the tiny duiker to the tall, striped kudu.

Lions live and hunt as a group called a "pride." Often I have seen them lying on the banks or trotting along the road. This time we saw them only at a distance.

For the first time I saw wild ostrich. One hen jumped about, twisted her long neck, flopped her great wings, acting as if she liked having her picture made. She probably had a nest nearby and was telling us to go away.

We slept in a tent at the Satara Camp. I greatly enjoyed the nocturnal sounds about us. Chirpings, shrill cries, grunts, screams, hoarse grumbles, barks, howls, masculine roars—these never-ceasing voices made the African night interesting and different. I lay awake for hours enjoying this animal concert.

Upturned trees, green branches strewn in the road, huge footprints gave proof that elephants were in the vicinity. In the morning we went elephant hunting. We looked until our eyes were red. Suddenly we saw a huge bull elephant standing near. Mr. Bedwell forgot everything but his camera. The old quadruped moved out into the road a few yards ahead of us. He turned toward the car, gazed at us with little beady eyes, spread out his enormous ears, curled his trunk in the air. We women thought we were dead until the gray hulk turned and noiselessly moved into the bush. The pictures are breath-taking.

There was never a dull moment. Two male water-buck in deadly battle fought near the wayside. A cute little baby giraffe, all brown and pink striped, wobbled along by the side of its tall mother. A friendly baboon jumped on the hood of the car, peered through the windshield as if to say, "Welcome, *Dulile*," sat with us a while, then slid off the side—a nonstop ride. And that reminds me of the snapshot I saw in the Park of the lioness who spread herself over the hood of a man's car and draped her tail over the radiator while she glared through the windshield at the driver, who was barely visible under the steering wheel.

We arrived at our destination in plenty of time, much refreshed for our few hours of diversion.

The Big Hole at Kimberley

The largest man-made hole in the world looks all it is noted to be. It covers 48 acres; is about a mile in perimeter and 500 yards in diameter. A native shoved a big stone over the edge, which rolled, tossed, then plunged out into the air; moments afterward it splashed into the slimy, green water 647 feet below. The water is now over 650 feet deep and the original hole, filled with gravel, extends yet much deeper into the bowels of the earth. Twenty-five million tons of "blue ground" and three tons of diamonds have been taken from this one hole.

The Debeer brothers, in 1860, bought the farm on which the *Big Hole* is located, from the government for fifty pounds (about \$150). Six years later a farmer, watching some children playing with a pretty stone, so greatly admired the stone that it was given him as a gift. It proved to be a 2½-carat diamond that brought £500. This was the first diamond found in the Kimberley area.

Two years later a native witch doctor had with his paraphernalia a glittering stone which was reputed to

have marvelous charming power. A white man eventually secured the stone for cattle valued at £250. It was an 83½-carat diamond which sold for £11,200. It is now known as "The Star of South Africa."

In 1871 the Kimberley mine was opened. Almost overnight a city of fortune hunters sprang up. The largest perfect gem from the Kimberley group weighed 428½ carats. Fabulous fortunes were won and lost. Men sold their souls for diamonds.

The *Big Hole* today is largely a "has been." The diggings ceased in 1914. Seeping waters are gradually filling the hole. Corpses are sometimes found floating on the top of the water. To me, the place was sad and deathlike.

There are about Kimberley today larger diamonds of even greater value. These priceless gems are being sold for a song or given away for nothing. They lie scattered about everywhere, waiting for someone to recognize their worth, pick them up, or dig them out. In a large native location I saw thousands of immortal souls being devoured by wolves. At the other end of the town was a large Coloured township.

The things of this world are transient. They were not made to stay—diggings cease, wealth vanishes, death demolishes. But "the things of God" are eternal. Our diggings must not cease till Jesus comes. His diamonds increase in value and luster. Physical death will give place to eternal life.

Thank God, the Church of the Nazarene has discovered the Kimberley diamond fields. Rev. Cyril J. Pass, pastor of one of our European churches, has found a fissure full of white diamonds and is busily gathering and polishing them. A Coloured Nazarene preacher has sunk a shaft at the Lelah Davis Memorial mine that is producing brilliant gems. We should not longer delay to start digging in the native location, where black diamonds are found in great numbers. It is high time for the

whole church to rush to these diamond fields in prayer and deeds.

The End of the Demon Rooster

They found him one day, Albert Shai, the blind man, while kraaling. He had sat for years in darkness, dirt, and despondency. He and his mother were invited to visit the mission on Sunday and listen to the children sing.

They came, and came again. In time the old mother began to pray. Then Albert asked if he might repent. On the day of his conversion he gave up his snuff, tobacco, and beer. God wonderfully saved him. The darkness of his soul turned into bright sunlight.

Albert had been an ardent demon-worshiper. A rooster, half of the lower jaw of an animal with teeth in it, and a very special bead on a string were the personal fetishes of Albert to the demons whom he worshiped. He wanted to know, "What am I to do about my demon possessions now that I belong to Jesus?"

Here is where the demon rooster comes into the story. He was big and black—the very best rooster in the kraal. Only the best is given to demons. A blind man cannot chase a rooster, so he asked his people to fetch it to him. They refused. They declared that he could not do away with the rooster, lest the demons become angry and bring evil upon the kraal. He tried many things and finally got his hands upon the big bird. After a lengthy argument his mother agreed to carry it to the church. Albert went with her down the slippery path, holding his end of the guide stick, praying fervently that the rooster would not disappear by the way. (He feared that his people would follow and release the fowl.)

Triumphantly he reached the church bringing the big, old, black fellow, the jawbone with the teeth still in it, and the potent bead on the string. They were all turned over to the Christian men of the church.

They killed the rooster, made an open fire, and hung everything—bird, bone, and bead—in the flames. The Christians stood around singing, "Redeemed, redeemed," with native words made to describe heathen practices.

Albert immediately bought a Bible and had a neighbor schoolboy read it to him. In this way he memorized whole chapters of it, word perfect. He can tell you just what he wants read—the chapter and the verse.

He joined the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society and brought immediately \$3.50 to pay all his missionary obligations. When I was at Letaba he ordered tea and bread, about five dollars' worth, to make a feast for his heathen friends. While they were eating he planned to tell them the great things God had done for him. He is now learning basketry and is an earnest, joyful Christian.

Miss Doris Brown, Albert's missionary, writes:

Sunday of this week, I was surprised to see two strangers come into church with Albert—two men. They proved to be relatives of his. They were there because Albert had been to visit them last week, testifying to them and praying for them. They were so impressed that they came themselves to church. Who wouldn't be impressed if a blind man walked ten miles or more to plead with one to repent! Albert puts feet to his prayers!

We had an early morning prayer meeting today, January 1, instead of a watch-night service last night. The first bell rang at 5:30 and soon after 6:00 we were assembled—about forty in all. With us was Albert's heathen brother and his wife. They had come in that five-mile journey to be at this prayer meeting. It was a blessed time, with prayers, praises, and promises combining to make it so. Since it was New Year's Day, I went to the door to shake hands with the people as they filed out. Dalton, our helper, came up and said in English, "Excuse me, *Nkosazana* [Daughter-of-the-King], but Albert's brother and his wife want to repent." What a joy it was to lead to the Lord these two heathen folk who had never before made a move toward God! Blind Albert is one of our most ardent soul winners.

Unforgettables

We all enjoy reading "The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met." I know a story I shall never forget about a most unforgettable little woman. It happened the first time I met her. It was in 1920, a few days after my first arrival in Africa. She, with her two small sons, had come to Sabie to visit the Shirley family. The mission home, amidst piles of sand, was still in process of construction.

This unforgettable woman, her two young sons, and I shared a room together. The room also contained a quantity of supplies for the print shop. The boys lay on a mat in the middle of the floor. We each had a cot.

She spent most of the night on her knees, bending over the boys' bed. By her side flickered a sputtering kerosene lamp. What was she doing? Catching fleas. At one single killing she bagged sixty-seven sand fleas. I was so nearly eaten alive that I did not even join in the hunt.

This flea-catching missionary was none other than Mrs. D. B. Jones, wife of Rev. David B. Jones, founder of the International Holiness Mission in Africa, and mother of Reginald Jones and Dr. Harold Jones.

Once again in 1957 I was privileged to share a room with her. During the annual camp on the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station she shared her room with me. It was a rare privilege to meet her again and later to be entertained by her in the home of her doctor son at Acornhoek.

God bless Mother Jones. She has been a faithful soldier and an untold blessing to Africa.

CHAPTER 6

VISITING OUR COLOURED WORK

A special place in my heart has always been reserved for the Coloured people of South Africa. The first orphan that came to live with me during my missionary days was a little Coloured boy named Willie Young. His father was a white man.

The Coloured people number over 1,100,000. They are a mixed race resulting from contacts between Bushmen, Hottentots, Malays, Indians, imported slaves, Bantu, and—to a not inconsiderable extent—Europeans.

This mixed race has become a unit in South Africa with its own identity, and while recognizing their difference from the white race, they have tried to identify themselves as closely as possible with it.

Coloured people are found in practically all parts of the Union. There are over fifty thousand of them on the Rand. Here they express themselves in English.

It is only in recent years that the Church of the Nazarene has been definitely working with the Coloured. In my day we sheltered a few orphans and worked with individuals or small groups as opportunity afforded. A bit later, largely under the direction of a Nazarene Coloured girl, Mary Coleman, a few small preaching points were opened in Swaziland. Then Rev. and Mrs. Morris Chalfant were given the task of beginning a Coloured church on the Reef. This work has grown under God's blessing, until today we have 300 members, 1,000 in Sunday school, a few nice buildings, 13 fine young men in Bible school, and a promising future.

One of the high lights of my trip was my visit with the Coloured people. On Sunday, June 2, there was a zone rally at the Mary Forsythe Memorial (Newclaire)

Church. The good-looking, concrete-block building was adequate for the large group. The singing was spontaneous and beautiful. God met with us in a marvelous way and sixteen souls found definite help in the afternoon service.

The next two days were spent at the temporary site of the Coloured Bible School at Rehoboth, where Rev. and Mrs. Philip Steigleder and Miss Gladys Owen are teaching the thirteen young preachers and supervising the entire Coloured work around Johannesburg and Kimberley.

I found them earnestly seeking revival. In the Monday chapel service as I spoke about our Fiftieth Anniversary goals and our need of revival, Pentecost broke upon us. The praying and seeking continued all day and all night—in the chapel and in the veld. Missionaries and preachers interceded in an agony of prayer until, early Tuesday morning, God came in tremendous power.

They began to sing "The Comforter Has Come."

*Oh, spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let ev'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!*

Everybody sang it. People sang it everywhere. Every testimony was full of the words of this song. By Tuesday evening the last man was sanctified wholly. Would you like to hear a part of the testimonies?

"He Satisfieth the Hungry Soul"

For almost three years since I have been saved I have been hungering for a deeper experience with God. Many times I have sought for holiness of heart. I love the doctrine of holiness. I love to preach holiness. I bought many books on holiness. Ever since the beginning of the year I have preached nothing else but holiness. The trouble was, I had it all in my head and not in my heart.

One of the great contributing factors to increase this hungering and thirsting was the study of two books, *The Dynamics of Faith* and *The More Excellent Way*.

On the third of June, Mrs. Chapman addressed us. Her words struck a note in my heart. The hungering reached its climax. I went forward to pray. When school was dismissed, I found a spot in the open, nearby a tree. I prayed a simple, quiet prayer and said, "Yes." I found a deep peace I had never known. Never was I so happy. Sanctifying power has endued me with a new boldness.

TONY MONTGOMERY—*Pastor of Kliptown*

During the first week after Tony was sanctified, thirty-nine souls found God at his Kliptown church. He has now graduated from Bible school. Kliptown, the Alvin Fortner Memorial, is our strongest Coloured church. It is wholly self-supporting and has already produced six preachers.

Every Bridge Is Burned Behind Me

There was a deep longing in my heart for God to let me experience Pentecost, to see it, and to be in it. I prayed and lived the best I knew to let it come upon me. Yet my life was full of problems, shortcomings, and hardships. Although I never, since I accepted Christ, went into outward sin, yet I began to build bridges in case things in my life became unbearable. I didn't go all out for the Lord. That made me a halfhearted Christian.

The arrival of Mrs. Chapman brought me face to face with God and my life. I prayed the whole day and into the night until 1:00 a.m. Then I went to bed. The next morning I was under deep conviction. That day, the fourth of June, I said, "Yes," to God. At 8:20 a.m. He swept over my soul and burned out all the dross and began to burn up all the bridges behind me which I had built. The Comforter came. I didn't know what to do. I wept like a little baby as the Holy Spirit burned all the bridges behind me and melted my heart. I was so glad I whispered, "All for Thee, Lord, all for Thee." Joy flooded my soul. I didn't know how to get it to stop. I found myself standing on a chair waving my arms. I could only say, "Glory to God for His unspeakable gift!"

The Spirit of God began to clothe me with the beauty of holiness . . . I began to humble myself before my breth-

ren. I asked them to forgive me. I went to make restitutions. The burden of prayer came heavily upon me. I prayed as never before. The Word of God became more precious to me. Familiar passages of scripture became real. Since that time until now, I realize that I must preach as a dying man to dying men, that I must decrease that Christ may increase.

Reader, if you by any chance have some bridges behind you which make you a halfhearted Christian, I plead with you, ask God to let the Holy Spirit burn every bridge and He will fill you with His Holy Spirit, and you too will have joy unspeakable and full of glory.

SYDNEY HOLMES—*Pastor, Alexandra Mission*

The Death of Louis Jantjies, Pastor of Fordsburg

I was converted and then sanctified. God later convicted me of restitution I should make but I continually put it off. God also called me to preach, which I also tried to put off, but I did enter Bible school. Because of disobedience I lost this joyous experience of sanctification. When I entered school there was a deep need in my heart. I promised God I would pray as never before, but this too I neglected to do. Frequently I disagreed with my fellow students. While I was in this condition, Mrs. Chapman visited our school.

The date, Monday, June 3, 1957, will always stay in my mind forever. The Holy Spirit drove the message deep into my heart. I went to the altar but God would not come. In front of me was just this word, *Restitution! Restitution! Restitution!* I cried out, "I'll do it, Lord." There were people to whom I owed money.

We had an all-night prayer meeting but at 3:00 a.m. I went to bed, so when the Comforter came to others I was in bed.

On Tuesday I will never forget the unrest in my soul. I made my restitutions. I prayed and cried but all in vain, until in the evening God began to move in me. I knelt down but God said, "Lower." I lay flat on the floor and began to put all on the altar: my home, wife, children, their future—yet, the last piece was not on the altar yet. I grabbed hold of Louis Jantjies and laid him on the altar. At once the fire came down from heaven and consumed everything. Peacefully Louis Jantjies passed away at 6:30 p.m. and the Comforter came to abide. Now I can say with

the Apostle Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless, I live; Yet not I, but Christ liveth" in my heart.

Beauty for Ashes

I shall never forget how the fire fell on my own soul on the third of June, 1957. As I came to school that Monday there was a great longing in my heart to be sanctified. As Mrs. Chapman spoke to us on restitution, I could feel the Spirit of God speaking in my heart. I was convicted of all the wrongs I had never made right. I went forward to pray but I did not get the victory. Then I went out under a willow tree to pray in the veld. God removed idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, wrath, strife, seditions—all these things were removed and I was wonderfully sanctified. God gave me love, joy, peace, and a great zeal to do His work.

MANUEL TILLICKS—*Pastor, Block B Mission*

The End of Old Man Carnality

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me (Ps. 51:10).

God made this verse real in my own soul. Jesus had saved my soul six years ago. Yet there was that "thing" in my heart which caused me to get angry, jealous, and moody. I called it that "thing," but God calls it "old man," "carnality." Glory! Hallelujah! Amen! God eradicated that "old man" of inbred sin in my heart on the third of June. Yes, friends, it is a day I will never forget. The Lord set me free from anger, jealousy, and moody ways. My only regret is that I did not have this experience before I came to Bible school.

JOHN WILLIAMS—*Pastor, Vredorp Mission*

This is the young man who asked in chapel, "Mrs Chapman, I want you to answer this question. Why is it, when God has saved a man and called him to preach and he is trying to do his best, that he is always in trouble and making trouble?" I told him that it was probably because he allowed "the old man" to live in his heart.

When the August school holiday was over, he did not return with the other men. He was fearful that the others would have lost their experience of holiness and

thus cause him again to have difficulty. He planned to find himself a little corner in another township where he could live alone and keep the Holy Spirit, who to him was so precious. God sent him back to school.

Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love

"Once I was bound by sin's galling fetters; chained like a slave, I struggled in vain."* but praise God for His glorious freedom! Now there is a peace in my heart. "Peace I give unto you," said Jesus. Truly, I don't know how to thank God for the wonderful peace in my life, the glorious sanctifying power. God had this wonderful gift for me in store, but I only received it after I emptied myself of pride, self, envy, and jealousy, as well as strife. I believe God can do the same for you if you will but pay the price.

I thank the Lord, who has called me and enabled me to enter the ministry. I am not ashamed of testifying of Christ, my Lord, neither in partaking of the afflictions of the gospel.

I find no better words to express the love of God than these: "The love of God is greater far than tongue or pen can ever tell. It goes beyond the highest star and reaches to the deepest hell."*

JOHN LEAMAN—*First Year Student*

Mr. Leaman earnestly sought the experience of heart holiness for over a week of continuous seeking. Every morning during that week he rose at four-thirty to begin his praying. In one testimony he stated, "I never knew it was so hard to die."

On Sunday, June 2, he could scarcely wait until the altar call was given. He rushed forward, falling over the altar like a wounded man, but was soon giving praises to God for a complete deliverance. He was the first of the Bible school students to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Restitution Reaps Rewards

Oh, victory, victory! Blessed, blood-bought victory! At last I can preach restitution. For eight years I have carried an unnecessary burden. My back life was not fixed

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up. But now, praise the Lord, it is and the Comforter abides! What our teachers and preachers have tried so long to explain has now been experienced. The perfect love, which I never possessed but tried to preach, I can now preach with certainty and assurance.

EARNEST MORGAN—*Pastor of the Mary Forsythe Memorial Church (Newclaire)*

Mr. Morgan, a talented, industrious man, a head boss in a white man's factory, had a good salary, a nice home, with prospects for advancement. God saved him and called him to preach. Leaving all, he came to Bible school. It was a trying ordeal for him to humble himself, go to the white man, and confess that he had taken many things from the factory during the time he had served in this elevated position. Since the Holy Spirit came He has worked miracles in Mr. Morgan's home and church, as well as in his own life.

Disobedient—Now Obedient

God called me long ago to be a minister but I wanted to choose my own way. I was disobedient. I feared to go to Krugersdorp, where I was sent. God had to speak very hard to me. I can never forget the day when the fire fell. It was on a Monday afternoon when Mrs. Chapman had school dismissed so each of us could be alone with God in prayer. I prayed with a heavy burden in my soul. I went to town to make restitution. When I returned the great burden lifted. In the late afternoon there came again to me a great thrill in my soul like waves of joy. I could only shed tears because the presence of God was so great. I could not move. I looked as if I were dead before God. He gave me a promise to go to Krugersdorp, "Go and prosper."

ALFRED DANIELS—*First Year Student*

I Have Seen a Revival

Have you read about a revival? I have.

Have you ever heard about a revival? I have.

Have you ever seen a revival? I have.

Have you ever experienced a revival? I have.

I preached on holiness but never lived it because I never had the experience myself. In Bible school we had

quarrels. Many students were on the verge of doubting their holy calling. There was always some misunderstanding that caused the carnal mind to be stirred.

On Monday, the third of June, when chapel started at 8:00 a.m., I did not feel good spiritually. Our special speaker was Mrs. Chapman, who preached a simple but powerful message on "Revival." I ran forward and confessed my faults to my brethren and to God; then the sanctifying power fell.

JOHN COZENS—*Pastor, Boksburg Mission*

The Spirit Came, Suddenly

I heard about revivals, I read about revivals, but now I have experienced revival in my own heart.

It was on the morning of the fourth of June, in the last few hours of an all-night prayer meeting, when suddenly the Holy Spirit came. Oh, I never shall forget that morning. We were all praying and crying and calling upon God. Suddenly, the Comforter came. Some began to cry, some shouted, others clapped their hands. Then we sang and sang. Within my own heart the work was done, the burden was gone, peace had come, and I was overflowing with the love of God. Oh, everyone I saw I loved. That is just how I feel up to now.

GEORGE MEYERS—*Davidsonville Mission Pastor*

I Had to Go Back

Praise God, I received freedom, victory, and peace when Jesus broke the chain of sin which Satan had about me.

For a few years I knew what real peace was. I went to Bible school. I knew that God had called me. Then gradually I took myself off the altar though I did not go into open sin. I was still pastor of the Albertsville church.

I became interested in money and how to make more money. The love of that filthy lucre gripped me in its deadly fangs. The caring for souls, the reality of hell, and the fact that many men and women were dying and going to a Christless eternity were put out of my mind. All I craved was money, money, money. All my thoughts and actions portrayed that I was serving "money" as my God. (O reader, you will never know what the love of that filthy stuff can do to you.)

The program of the church went flat. I blamed the people. My preaching was dead but I still made excuses.

On the third of June I felt inclined to pray but my money-making was at stake. I heard that God had come in sanctifying power at the college and all the students were singing "The Comforter Has Come." Why didn't I go? It would cost me two pounds (six dollars), so I did not go.

Later my wife decided to go, so I went along too. I was not happy. Monday morning the students came back to school all happy and ready to bury an idol. Wonderful, I thought! The heavens were brass. I knew I was the cause, yet I would not admit it. After all, I had graduated from Bible school and was a pastor.

In the afternoon, conviction was written all over me. I asked the students to pray for me. This time I confessed to God and I saw myself as God saw me. I asked Him to take away all my idols—the love of money was number one. Now I can sing from the depths of my heart "The Comforter Has Come."

O reader, if perchance you have left God, go back now and you will find Him waiting to give you joy and peace.

WILLIAM B. DOUMAN—*Pastor, Albertsville Church*

William and his wife both gave up their lucrative jobs and gave themselves full time to the pastorate. Then God undertook; his members began to pay their tithes.

The Fire Spreads to the Bantu Community

On Tuesday night, when the last man was sanctified, the Bible school students divided into small groups and went to each Bantu home on the station. Numbers were saved, sanctified, or reclaimed.

The Coloured District Is Revived

Mrs. Philip Steigleder continues the report:

At the Wednesday evening prayer meeting on the station among the Africans, there was a genuine moving of the Spirit. One professing Christian knelt to receive the second blessing. His wife (our house girl, Leah) was sanctified at our family altar that morning. The experience became his too, and his heart was filled with such joy he could only describe it as "jumping, jumping, jumping." With this "jumping" heart he went to work the next morning.

As he worked he could not keep from singing. His European boss called, "Hey, boy, quit that singing."

"But," he said, "I can't quit singing because I'm a child of God."

"How can you say that? God is for the European, not the native."

He answered, "Tell me, Boss, who made the native? God did. I'm His child and I must sing."

The boss replied, "Listen, boy, when you go home, say a prayer for me too."

The same Wednesday evening the Bible school van took a group of students to their churches for the usual Wednesday evening prayer services. At one church, as the two students began the opening song, conviction settled upon the people. By the time they had given their testimonies and read scripture, the people stopped them, saying, "Must we wait? We want to pray." And pray they did, winning many definite victories.

The van, going to another place, picked up a few of our young people. As the boys witnessed, the young people said they wanted to be sanctified too. So in the back of the van they knelt and began to pray. They prayed for one girl, "Lord, kill her; let her die." She became frantic and said, "Oh, don't pray for me like that. I'm not ready to die!"

At Kliptown church the people have always been prone to watch the clock for fear of *Tsotsis* (gangs of hoodlums) on the way home. After the two students had given their testimonies and praise, the altar was filled yet again, and the service that should have ended at 8:30 proceeded until 11:45. The rest of that week they met together nightly, and while part stayed in the church to pray, another group went visiting to deal with backsliders in their homes. Many returned to the Lord. By Sunday the pastor was unable to preach, for the altar was filled with seekers. In the evening there were again two victorious altar services. The last time we were there we began to wonder how long the testimony service would last, for there was such an eagerness to tell of what God had done.

On the way home the van was stopped by a European policeman. He questioned them as to what they had with them. On being told there was nothing in the car but Bibles, he climbed in to investigate, remarking to them that it was a bitter cold night. "It's not cold to us," they answered; "we have the fire of God burning in our hearts." While he searched, they continued their witness. He asked

where they came from and to what church they belonged. "Church of the Nazarene," they answered. "I've heard of that church," he said. "Get back into the van, boys. Go on!"

The next two weeks were filled with almost continuous prayer that, as the fire had descended on Rehoboth, it would spread into the hearts and lives of others.

The fire that started at the Coloured Bible School spread to the Bantu church, the Coloured district, the Indian people, and its glow was seen and felt by numbers of the white race.

My last service in Africa was with the Coloured students and their wives. Their glowing faces, their victorious testimonies, their burning prayers made me know that the Church of the Nazarene and the world will hear of these men tomorrow.

The Cape Coloured

Most of the Union's Coloured people—over 980,000—live in Cape Province, in or around Cape Town, and along the west or south coast, as far as Port Elizabeth.

Over 90 per cent of them use the Afrikaans language as their mother tongue, yet many are bilingual in English and Afrikaans.

I spent a day going from one Coloured township to another with Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Penn, missionaries sent to begin work in Cape Town and to prepare for the building of the permanent Coloured Bible school. Some of these communities are horrible shack-towns with hovels made of oil drums, petrol tins, or old corrugated iron. However, many are municipal townships with thousands of nice brick buildings that house from one to four families each.

The Penns have a comfortable Alabaster mission home about two miles from the seven lots, that Alabaster gifts bought for \$8,000, as the site for our Coloured Bible school. Services today are held in homes, rented or borrowed halls, or community centers. It is hoped that

during the Golden Anniversary year the first units of the Bible school will be completed, a few church buildings erected, the Bible school moved to Cape Town, and the evangelization of these many thousands of souls aggressively begun.

The Coloured birth rate is one of the highest in the world; however, poverty, overcrowding, and malnutrition offset this with an exceedingly high infant mortality rate and a high death rate. The expectation of life for a Coloured man is roughly twenty years less than that of a white man, forty-two and sixty-two years respectively. This makes it all the more imperative that we quicken our steps as we prepare to reap this overripened field.

We are debtors. "The promise" is unto these 980,000 Cape Coloured as well as to the thirteen Coloured men of the Rehoboth Bible School. "This wonderful stream of salvation, it never runs dry."

CHAPTER 7

INTRODUCTION TO NYASALAND

Interesting Information

Nyasaland, a part of the Central African Federation since September, 1953, is located within the tropics, roughly between ten and seventeen degrees south of the equator.

Twelve thousand of Nyasaland's 49,000 square miles are covered by beautiful Lake Nyasa. The population according to the 1951 census is 2,580,000 Africans, 6,700 Europeans, 9,800 of other races.

The capital is Zomba, with Blantyre as the principal town, and Limbe the rail center.

Nyasaland has no direct access to the sea. Its traffic passes mainly through the port of Beira on the east coast. A railroad from Beira proceeds to Salima via Blantyre. Steamers carry passengers and freight on Lake Nyasa. There are nearly four thousand miles of road but only fifteen hundred miles are usable throughout the year. Nyasaland is linked by air with Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, Lusaka in Northern Rhodesia, and Beira in Portuguese East Africa.

The highlands have an altitude of 3,000 feet. Here the climate is pleasant. Around the lake and in the vicinity of the low-lying rivers, health conditions are poor. Malaria is present at all altitudes. It is currently estimated that there are 27,500 cases of leprosy in the protectorate.

The antislavery and missionary zeal of David Livingstone was the main influence that brought Nyasaland into the sphere of British influence. In his day Kota-Kota was a famous slave depot. The natural focus of

the Arab slave-trade route was at the southern end of Lake Nyasa. Multiplied thousands of slaves were taken yearly out of Nyasaland; to these must be added the thousands killed by the raids, together with the thousands who died of wounds, exposure, and famine. Nyasaland was then a land of floating corpses and human skeletons. The pitiful plight of her inhabitants scarred the heart, mind, and soul of Livingstone. Missionaries followed him to the shores of Lake Nyasa.

Today, in his memory, a boat, the "Ilala II," operates on the lake carrying passengers and freight. Certain landmarks are pointed out to the traveler as having some particular connection with David Livingstone, pioneer missionary, doctor, and explorer.

There are twelve different Protestant churches and the Catholic church operating in this territory today. Most of them devote their energies to educational and medical missions. Some admit freely that they are not primarily interested in evangelism.

Opening of Nazarene Work in Nyasaland

For years the eyes of the Nazarene missionaries in Africa have been upon Nyasaland. In the early part of 1957 two of our most promising young couples entered this field. By June, the government had recognized the Church of the Nazarene and had granted us our first site at Chipoka, on the west side of the lake. Our workers had been in Chipoka but five weeks when I visited them.

Lourenco Marques to Blantyre by Air

We left Lourenco Marques at 5:00 p.m. by plane for Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia and center of Central Africa's great tobacco industry.

The beautiful office and apartment buildings, in which many overseas people invest their savings at great profit, would grace any city of the world. My

heart rejoiced as I looked at these tall buildings because they reminded me that I represented many thousands of people who have sent their money to Africa to invest in another kind of building that brings far better returns.

In the morning we flew the remaining 300 miles to Blantyre. Jim Graham met us there.

On to Chipoka by Truck, 180 Miles

There were thousands of people along the road. Their skins are darker than those of nationals farther south. They speak Cinyanja. They were friendly. All along the way small children ran to the road waving their little hands and calling cheerfully, "*Moni, Moni, Moni*" (the usual greeting in Nyasaland).

Some of their customs are different. They have strong matriarchal tendencies. They do not buy and sell wives as regularly as do most native tribes.

Their houses are made of brick and mud, roofed with straggly grass that reaches nearly to the ground, giving the homes an unkept appearance. The number of huts in one kraal are anywhere from a dozen to six or seven hundred. Many of the kraals are very large.

We passed huge public markets where a thousand people or more roamed aimlessly about or squatted on the ground before small or large piles of vegetables, fruit, or other native products which they hoped to barter with their neighbors. These markets are social gathering places where drunkenness and fighting are commonplace.

Everywhere road crews were busy at work. Men pranced up and down dragging improvised brushes made of grass. With these, loose dirt was returned to the middle of the road, filling up the holes and keeping up a continual cloud of dust. In other sections, larger homemade brushes or piles of old car tires, tied together

in bunches, were used as scrapers, pulled by tractors up and down the highway. Occasionally one sees a real scraper in use.

Planted around the thousands of grass-thatched huts that line the roads are tropical fruits such as mangoes, pawpaws, and bananas.

There is a great scarcity of locally grown meat. We did not see a single cow, horse, or donkey for several hours. The tsetse fly is responsible for their sparseness.

Late afternoon we came to the top of the mountains that rim the lake. From there ten miles ahead of us we caught our first glimpse of beautiful Lake Nyasa.

Slowly we descended the escarpment over a narrow, winding road with numerous hairpin curves. There were domesticated animals in the mountains. At the lake level there were extensive bamboo groves where lions and leopards are said to roam.

Chipoka is a little native village on the western shore of Lake Nyasa. Two transient fishermen and the missionaries are the only white inhabitants. There are 26,000 Africans in the surrounding country but not more than eight or nine white people. Chipoka has a little railroad and twice a week she is visited by the lake steamer, "Ilala II."

At Chipoka—First Nazarene Mission in Nyasaland

Mrs. Graham and the Halls were excitedly awaiting our arrival. It was a thrilling moment to us all. The missionaries were all smiles, deeply tanned and red-nosed.

An appetizing meal was awaiting the hungry travelers. The table, made of two barrels and the side of a packing box, was out under the trees in the front yard. We ate fried chicken and listened as they told us of all the wonderful marvels God had already performed for the Church of the Nazarene in Nyasaland. We gave them information about the other parts of the African work

along with messages and reports from America. We lingered around the table until the mosquitoes moved us inside.

An old mud hut with a partial partition dividing it into two sides was the temporary home of our missionaries. It is just across the road from the place where the little mission station is in process of construction. The missionaries were fortunate to have secured it for a season until a small home could be erected. This rented mud house served as bedrooms, living room, drug room, pantry, storeroom, and—everything.

The kitchen was a narrow table under the overhanging eaves of the grass roof at the front of the house. A primus stove served for the cooking. A kerosene refrigerator at the end of the table gave a touch of modernity to the kitchen. Their bathroom in front of the house always has plenty of water. The tub is 350 miles long and 50 miles wide. The bathtub and the water supply are one.

Accommodations were a bit cramped for entertaining company; therefore a tent had been pitched in the front yard. My quarters were on one side of the partition of the house among the drugs and the parcels. The ladies had the other side of the partition, while the men slept in the tent.

Myriads of mosquitoes swarmed around. Huge cockroaches scampered from one hiding place to another; however, we slept well under our mosquito nets, which were tied from a pole at the top, draped over the bed, and tucked in securely on all sides.

Everybody arose at the crack of dawn. While the women prepared breakfast, we looked at our surroundings. Our property is on the lake front. Baobab trees, looking like huge bulbs out of ground, and trees with large, buttress-shaped roots stand out from the surrounding bush in a most fascinating manner. Large, luxurious-looking banana plantations are everywhere.

A small, two-roomed house with a narrow, screened-in porch and a room for a garage was nearing completion. The path was full of people bringing food to sell. The lake has an abundance of fish. Poultry, fish, and locally raised food are cheap.

As we ate our breakfast, our every movement was watched by spectators, who had been gathering since sunup. All wanted to see the white missionaries. Many were ill, and hoped to find help from the white nurse when the food and prayers were over.

Both missionary couples affirmed time and again that they *knew* God had sent them to Nyasaland. They spoke of the land as a "missionarys' paradise." Scripture was quoted about open doors that no man can shut. They declared that they would rather live in Nyasaland than in any other part of the world. God bless these two young missionary couples! May the Church of the Nazarene through them, and through other missionaries who will follow, reap a rich and bountiful harvest in this vineyard.

Visiting near Chipoka

The next day our fine young missionary, Maurice Hall, took us in his jeep to see the people of the land. There are hundreds of kraals and some large villages. In one place we saw 750 huts on the lake shore.

Everywhere children chased the jeep or stood waving little hands, shouting, "*Moni! Moni!*" Women jumped up and down and danced to express their joy at our coming to their homes.

When we stopped, crowds numbering two hundred or more quickly gathered around the jeep to hear what we had to tell them. The menfolk usually came first to interview us. Old women stood about with hands clapped over their mouths. Children wide-eyed with wonder drew near. All were seemingly intent on seizing every detail of the white people's appearance, so that squatting

around the fires at night in the darkness they could entertain those who were not fortunate enough to have seen, and discuss with those who did see, the color of our skins and eyes, the length of our noses, and any peculiarities they had noticed about us. I am sure they enjoyed the mimics who, no doubt, impersonated our every walk, talk, look, and gesture.

We tried to conduct short services. The missionaries, although having been in Nyasaland only five weeks, knew a few choruses in Yanja. Our interpreters were often poor; however, several times we found men who understood Zulu well. In such places we were able to get a little message to the people. They were grateful and respectful.

The children seemed to be dead spiritually. They would not even try to learn a chorus. They acted as if they had not the slightest idea of what we were trying to do. This is so different from other sections of our work, where children are most responsive. They probably have never been around people who were interested in a child's spiritual welfare.

Most of the church buildings we saw were made of sun-dried bricks and were without windows or doors.

Forms of Religions

A Catholic priest passed by and sullenly greeted us. A huge crucifix hung around his neck. His ragged clothes were held together in the front by an enormous, rusty safety pin.

Many of the men wore frocklike coats. The tasseled fez indicated that they were of the Islam faith. The whole country is heavily Mohammedan but Mohammedanism here seems to be self-propagating with no central supervision.

The native drums for the initiation schools, pounding day and night, witness that heathenism still holds these

people fast in its grip, even if some of them do wear crucifixes around their necks or fezzes on their heads.

One day we saw a gathering of perhaps seven hundred worshipers. The women, sitting separately on one side, were all dressed in long robes. Their heads were covered with white, bonnetlike coverings, fastened together in the back, flaring out on the sides like sails. The men, on the other side, were neatly dressed in European clothes.

A high, grass-covered dais with artistically decorated sides stood in an open space in which the people were sitting. A long stairway made of glistening black mud led to the top of the platform. Ten young men were occupying the dais; one was reading and the others were talking. At the foot of the stairway, out among the worshipers, were other men who seemed also to be leaders. They were repeating messages or exhorting. We learned that they were of the Jehovah's Witnesses cult.

Brother James Graham was told that he might greet the crowd after the singing and prayers. He quickly outlined a message on "The Kingdom." They stood and sang very slowly in monotone a strange, dirgelike tune. As long as we stayed the song continued. When we started away in the car their singing ceased. Evidently they had not intended to give him an opportunity to speak. This was their polite method of dispensing with the foreign intruders.

The Jehovah's Witnesses cult is making deep inroads in Nyasaland. Many thousands have already embraced their damnable teachings. Spurious sects, mostly with national leadership and of most fantastic origin and nature, are being propagated in substitution for the saving gospel of Jesus Christ—the only satisfying answer to a soul's deep cry for fellowship with its Creator.

We visited several Protestant churches. In one place a large building was full of nationals who evidenced great

spiritual hunger. Many of them had grown up in the church yet were declared to be drunkards, alcoholics, harlots, and desperate characters. They did not know how to rid themselves of their sins.

At another place where there was a large, prosperous school of which the missionary was justly proud, it was declared plainly that they were engaged in educational work and were not primarily interested in evangelism.

At still another large station we saw a hospital that cared for nearly 100 patients and a boarding school of 250 students. There was a good-sized, government-sponsored leprosarium. There were at least five white missionaries with a greater number of trained nationals working in the educational and medical work, while the entire evangelistic staff was one lone national preacher who had charge of the station, the large district, and most of the Bible teaching for the students of the school.

There is an astonishing hunger among the people for spiritual things. Tracts and religious literature are in great demand. A fair number of the people are literate. It is imperative that they be given the message of salvation from sin before they are carried away with the rising tides of nationalism and Mohammedanism that are pressing in upon them. There are potential Amanda Smiths, Sammy Morrises, and George Washington Carvers living along the river and lake fronts of Nyasaland.

Seeing the Fort Johnson Area

Rev. Charles Jenkins, Jim Graham, and I spent parts of three days in the Fort Johnson area at the lower end of Lake Nyasa. Very few white people reside in all that area, but hundreds of thousands of Africans live along the lake front and on both sides of the roads and the rivers.

Crowds gathered quickly around the truck when we stopped. The missionaries giving out tracts depopulated the dance yards. Many seemed very hungry-hearted. Not one said that his sins were forgiven. Not one seemed to know how to get rid of sin. Several requested Rev. James Graham to return and tell them more, or to visit their homes and teach them about Christ and deliverance from sin.

We found it extremely difficult to find food or lodging. One day, dinner for three consisted of three oranges and three boiled sweet potatoes which Brother Jenkins purchased for one penny. We felt that God especially blessed this visit, since we found and rented a little cottage near Fort Johnson, where Rev. and Mrs. Jim Graham could live while they spied out the land; also in another place we met the government officials and received helpful information.

Hundreds of thousands of Nyasaland's manacled men, women, and children are being driven away daily into slavery. Shackled by sin, they stumble along—wounded, hungry, spiritually dead. Their steady advance along the slave trail brings them daily nearer and nearer eternal captivity. We must work inexorably to loosen their shackles and to set them free in Jesus' name.

Last Night at Chipoka

We escaped the mosquitoes by shutting ourselves in a tent. Together we considered the power of prayer. All of the many favors God has already showered upon us in our first few weeks in Nyasaland were recounted—two missionary couples, three prepared national workers, seven men in Bible school, money to build, government recognition, the attention of a praying home-church, great interest from our Bantu church, etc. After this we made a prayer chart, completely filling it with re-

quests for Nyasaland. Then we prayed. We all prayed. We waited in prayer. God came. Our faith took hold of His promises. By the next morning some of those prayers were already definitely being answered. Thank God that He allowed me to see this new field with her two and a half million people. Each one of these souls is worth more than "the whole world." It would have been easy to spend the rest of my life in Nyasaland. As I said farewell to the missionaries, I longed for another life to offer. There is much, however, that I can do just as I am; therefore, I am determined to be no shadow-boxer. Fighting is good all along the line. I can win some of Nyasaland's battles on my knees. I can support her program by my regular tithes and offerings, build her churches with my Alabaster gifts, strengthen her converts by my prayer and fasting. Thank God, there is much for each one of us to do for Nyasaland right where we are.

CHAPTER 8

An UNFORGETTABLE VIEW OF THE LOCATIONS

The Great Trek

The movement of people from country to town is a world trend. The picture is the same in Africa, where 27 per cent of the native population of the Union live in urban areas.

With the industrialization of South Africa the Bantu are coming with their families in increasingly larger numbers to locations (native towns) near European cities. This has tended to detribalize them as well as to unsettle their traditional civilization.

The housing problem has always been serious. Many thousands, in the past, have squatted on uncontrolled areas, living in shacks or overcrowded dwellings, where concomitant hygiene and social evils require no description. These conditions have produced the notorious "slums" which most of the large South African cities are now attempting to clear.

We visited one of these "black spots" where hundreds live in indescribable filth and poverty. A girl from this location went to our Acornhoek school and wrote her father, "This is a wonderful place. Young people walk on the school grounds carrying Bibles. I've been here a whole week and I haven't seen them stab a single man yet."

The white man needs the black labor pool. The government today is spending \$9,000,000 in housing developments outside the city for black laborers. Apartheid is not only separation of white from nonwhite but the separation of Bantu into their own ethnic groups

as well. Therefore, in the resettlement schemes they are housed in tribal groups.

Multiplied thousands of "houses," "half-houses," or "site and service" homes are in the process of building. In some locations they deliver for occupancy forty new homes daily. "Houses" are usually neat little four-roomed homes—in single, duplex, or three-to-five-unit apartments. "Houses" usually have little yards with a few square feet of land for flowers or garden, and in some of the best houses water and electricity are supplied. "Half-houses" are built on foundations for four rooms but only two rooms are erected. They are habitable but unfinished. The kitchen alone has a laid floor. The occupant is to complete the home. In "site and service" schemes, essential services—streets, water, sanitation, refuse removal—are furnished. Each squatter family is allowed a site on which he builds temporary dwelling of whatever he can find—grass, tins, sacks, old planks. Within a given time, and by an accepted minimum standard, he must build a permanent home. All homes are rented or paid for in sums varying according to kind. Wages are low. Living costs are high.

These locations or native towns are hotbeds for sin and wickedness. Both father and mother must work to exist. Children are neglected. Streets are their playgrounds. Idle hands and brains become the tools of Satan.

Hotbeds of Wickedness

A gangster class called *Tsotsi* (like zoot-suiter) prowl around the locations with intent to kill, rob, steal, and terrorize law-abiding citizens. It has become almost a tradition, especially on Friday—payday, for the *Tsotsis* to rob and plunder on the trains between the cities and the locations or townships. Another gangster class among the Basutu (another ethnic group) call themselves "The Russians."

Two years have passed since a good-sized gang of young *Tsotsis* cut the connection and stole the loud-speaker from the tent where Rev. George Hayse, missionary in charge of location work, was holding a tent meeting. He never recovered his property. Today, all but one of these young fellows have died violent deaths.

When pressures build up, the African can still revert to his native way. This is what happened in Kenya when the Mau Mau rose up in rebellion and shocked the world with its savagery. This is what happened in Johannesburg a few weeks since.

The *Tsotsis* had become so bold in their train robberies that a group of unmarried Zulu men banded themselves together and hurled the *Tsotsis* through the train windows. The feud grew into a massacre in which "The Russians" also took a major part.

Let us read a portion of George Hayse's report:

Terror grips almost a million souls. Screaming women and crying children flee to the surrounding hills outside the locations. The newspapers are black with reports coming from these areas: "Bloody Battle near Johannesburg," "Native Death Toll Rises," "Gang Chants as It Hacks to Death Two Natives," "Mau Mau Methods Used in Dube."

Armies are drawn up, European clothing discarded and primitive dress donned as these hordes, armed with razor-edged *pangas*, axes, long knives, and primitive clubs, lay siege to the cities of their enemies. Their chief plan has been to chop the knees or the Achilles' tendon, so that the person will drop, and then . . . talking to him, wishing him a pleasant journey to hell, hack him to pieces. Unthinkable brutality has once again shown itself in Africa.

I saw them come, in great waves, screaming and chanting almost forgotten battle songs, hacking and battering to death anyone whom they met in the streets—and then the attackers fall to the rattle of Sten gun fire as the police moved in to try to break the battle and restore order.

The hour darkens; opportunity passes; the native is on the move; he is not quite sure where. Many bid for his soul. Witchcraft and ancestral worship are on the increase. False cults and fanatical native groups claiming super-

natural power lead followings of thousands into deeper fear and despair. May God help us to do a work commensurate with the gospel we proclaim and the need before us. This is our day.

Amid the screaming of terrified people I preached on Sunday morning in the Jabavu church from the text, "If ye abide in me." At the close of the service, two knelt at the altar and cried their way to God. After witnessing a whole day of horror I knelt again in the evening with the preacher and his young wife—heard them pray for the lost and fighting ones outside, and that God would help us while it is still day.

As they prayed, I think that I saw as never before the lasting benefits of the glorious message that we proclaim—Zulus and Basutu praying together that the Kingdom may come to the hearts of all men. Praise God for a message which brings peace!

Nazarene Work in the Locations

There are today, within fifty miles of the home of Rev. George Hayse, over two million Africans living in cities. In urban areas missionary efforts are complicated. The work is among all tribes, all language groups, the educated and the uneducated. The mingled sin and superstition of the different tribes, plus the added evils of the white man, create gravest problems. The needs, approach, and problems confronted here have little similarity to those found among the rural Africans.

Our location work is very young; yet God has given us over 300 members, a mission center, 5 church buildings, 6 workers' homes, 5 organized churches, and 10 men in Bible school. George Hayse has applied for 37 location building sites. He has been granted 10. Five will be completed within a reasonable time, while the other five must be built within the year, lest the sites be withdrawn.

Dedication of the Barton Chapel

East of Johannesburg is Natalspruit, a 2,000-morgen tract of land (about 4,000 acres) in the process of

becoming a new township. The Barton Chapel is our first church in the Germiston area, which will provide homes for 250,000 Africans. At one end of the location were hundreds of "site and service" shacks in all stages of "creation," with hundreds of families lately arrived or in the process of arriving. In the section where the church was to be built the ground was covered with small piles of burned brick. Because of the multiplicity of these piles of brick we could not find the site that had been allotted us. I was assured, however, that upon my return in a few weeks there would be a Barton Chapel there for me to dedicate.

September 1 we returned to Natalspruit. It was almost impossible to believe what my eyes saw. The "site and service" portion of the location was greatly enlarged. In another part, hundreds of nice little "homes" and "half-homes" lined the streets; families were in them all. In the midst was a delightful church building, brick front, large glass windows, steeple—everything as nice as anyone could desire. A building like this costs only \$3,000. How we rejoiced! This is like a city built in a day. The missionary reports the service.

On September 1, the last bit of work completed on the beautiful Barton Chapel at Natalspruit, Germiston, we gathered for the dedication—just before Mrs. Chapman flew out of South Africa for the U.S.A.

The church was full . . . with European Nazarenes and natives from the area. Government officials gave words of welcome and challenge to the Nazarenes who work in this area.

Mrs. Chapman challenged us from the text, "God buildeth all things." At the close of the service, with great blessing upon the people, she raised \$825 in pledges and cash for the building of the preacher's house next door.

The house is also completed now, a little cottage of four rooms. It is occupied by a young preacher and his wife who graduated at Christmas time from our Stegi Bible School. There have been services in the chapel every week

since the dedication day. God has given us souls and many children in the Sunday school.

This young couple newly graduated from Bible school moved into the parsonage with no furnishings whatsoever. A blanket on the floor served as their bed. There was no stove, no chairs, no dishes; but they were amazingly happy for the opportunity of serving God and of building a congregation of believers in Natalspruit.

We need another five like chapels in this area immediately.

An Unforgettable Sight

George Hayse arranged to take the field superintendent and me for a look at the Johannesburg locations from the air. We rode in a wee plane called "a chipmunk."

For half an hour we flew over native towns near Johannesburg. We saw our Nazarene Alabaster church completely surrounded by thousands of shacks and lean-tos in massed Moroka.

Moroka is one of the city's worst slum areas. If plans do not miscarry it will soon be cleared away. Today in Moroka, poverty, ignorance, wickedness reign supreme; fear and hatred burn like the flames of Gehenna; women sell themselves for bread; hunger changes boys and girls into liars and thieves; truly the people of Moroka live on the doorstep of hell.

In Moroka beer and blood flow freely. A groan, a thud—people rushed to investigate and found a young *Tsotsi* dying by the fence a few yards from the Alabaster church. Here gangsters attacked our national worker and left him bruised and beaten, unconscious and seemingly dead.

In the midst of this putrefying sore, like a jewel in a swine's snout, stands our beautiful Alabaster church.

By its side we could see the little brick home of our faithful national worker and his family.

My heart leaped in praise to God for the little brown Alabaster boxes and for the thousands of Alabaster givers. I thanked God for every Nazarene who gives through Alabaster channels. I pledged God my utmost efforts through Alabaster giving and begged Him to help the Nazarenes build thousands of Alabaster churches in other thousands of hellholes of earth's Morokas.

We flew over our churches at Dube and Jabavu. These buildings were made possible by gifts given as specials by our Nazarene people. I thought of the donors and longed that they might see what my eyes were privileged to behold—two of God's houses encircled by rows of little homes extending in every direction.

These little churches at Dube and Jabavu were to give shelter to terrified mothers and children while men hacked each other to death in the streets. These altars were to be surrounded with weeping souls praying for forgiveness and protection. Here God would meet with Zulu and Basutu and make them one in the Lord.

I prayed that other hundreds of individuals, churches, or districts might be moved upon by the Holy Spirit to provide other places of refuge where God could meet man and his need and where the "none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" could be proclaimed.

We then flew over the large native township of Orlando, where our district center is today located. At Easter time they hope to hold the first camp of this location in the new 42 foot by 110 foot tabernacle. Here also is the home of the head national evangelist of the location work.

Orlando Township has been in existence for years. We have been so slow to enter. I have friends in Orlando chained like slaves, bound by galling fetters, sold out

completely to sin. My heart weighs like lead within me. Oh, that God would save these friends of mine! God has many people in Orlando too. His heart bleeds for them in pity. He knows their sorrows and their burdens. He would come down to save them but He must have channels.

Oh, that Nazarenes would pray and fast and put the price of their food (at least twenty-five cents a week) into the General Budget funds! This one source would give us \$4,000,000 a year. Such a sum of money with prayers and fastings could send forth an army of reapers and give them adequate support. O God, why do we not co-operate when the need is so great and the time is so short! What can we do to make every Christian realize his own importance in this task of reclamation? Everywhere, as far as the eye could see, were locations—shanty towns, where thousands eke out a miserable existence and struggle like wounded animals in traps, only to make their pain and anguish more intense; "site and service" areas with their hovels of every kind and description; long rows of little buildings where physical life was a bit easier perhaps. What a soul-moving sight!

Down there multiplied thousands of children, without the watchful eye of a loving mother, play unattended in the streets. Idle boys and girls wander aimlessly, rapidly being devoured by sin. Talented youth squander their lives and bargain away their souls, while grownups struggle with burdens too heavy to bear and wallow in the pools of liquor and witchcraft. Yet Jesus died for them all. Multitudes of these people could be reached and saved.

I thought of the thirty-seven location building sites for which we have applied. I thought of the ten sites that the government has already granted us. I prayed that we might be able to put churches, not only on the ten, but on all of the thirty-seven, building sites.

I thought of the thousands of young people on the streets down there. There are scores of Josephs, Samuels, Alices, and Lillians. All we need to do is to find and train them.

I thanked God for every 10 per cent church and every 10 per cent district. I thanked Him for Easter offerings and the Thanksgiving offerings. What can God do to His people to command individual participation in all these reasonable things that should be done?

That half-hour look from the sky at the Johannesburg locations was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. I have scarcely ever seen anything that so stirred my soul. For days I could see nothing but locations. Food became bitter in my mouth. Sleep refused to come to my eyes. My prayers turned to tears. My very soul cried out to God for help for this appalling need. I want God to help me. I want God to help you. If each one of us will do his share, in study, in prayer, in love, in paying our tithes, in bringing our Easter and Thanksgiving offerings, in fasting and praying and putting at least twenty-five cents weekly of our grocery money in the Prayer and Fasting envelopes; if each will do his best in sacrificial Alabaster giving and in adding as much as he can above these regular givings; if every church will pray and fast and be a 10 per cent church, co-operating faithfully in the total foreign missionary program of the church, *together* we can lift the locations and we can lift the world.

The future of our work in South Africa is to a great extent tied up with what we are prepared to do in these urban areas. Our whole approach to the evangelization of Africa must be reconsidered seriously. City work must receive attention in the future. With the move of the African to the city, we need more missionaries in the location areas. We need our strongest national preachers here. We need a willingness to risk life, if need be, to sacrifice and persevere until Nazarene work

in the locations becomes one of the most fruitful sections in our growing African field. We hold a potential Pentecost within our reach if we will take advantage of it. A revival here will touch the whole family and the whole of South Africa.

CHAPTER 9

A LOOK HERE AND THERE

Meeting the South African Indians

There are actually no fewer than five distinct racial groups inhabiting the Union of South Africa: the whites or Europeans (who number 2,800,000), the 9,000,000 members of the various Bantu tribes, the Coloured people, the Malays, and the Indians.

The Indians are descendants primarily from the indentured laborers who were brought from India between 1860 and 1911 to work on the sugar estates.

The Asiatic population of the Union is strongly concentrated on the coastal strip of Natal, especially in Durban. Three hundred thousand of the three hundred sixty-seven thousand in the Union live in this area. They operate extensively in the cities and towns as traders and many of them have thrived and become prosperous.

In our Coloured Bible school are two very promising Indian preachers. They will spearhead the beginnings of our work among the Indian population. They were present in the revival. Here in part are their testimonies:

The Fire Fell

"Oh, I never shall forget how the fire fell when the Lord sanctified me!" I say so because the fire fell upon my own soul. I will never forget the time, the place, and the feeling I had when God came down upon my heart in full measure. I felt a power like unto an electric shock go through my very soul. I jumped up while praying and it seemed as if I was right in heaven. The power came mightier. I just cannot recall how I felt. It is beyond my comprehension. Since God poured His Spirit upon me, baptized me with fire, I feel as fair as the moon, clear as

the sun, and terrible (to all wickedness) as an army with banners. Glory to His name!

GWAYNE CHALLEN—*Pastor, Benoni Indian Mission*

The revival over, Gwayne ran to his home and shouted to his mother, "The Bible school is on fire."

Anxiously she inquired, "Did you escape, my son?"

"No, I've brought the fire home with me. We are going to have a service."

Gwayne said in telling the story, "I cried in my own home, 'Come forward, come forward and accept Christ.' My mother came, my father came, my brothers came, my sisters came, and Jesus came into their hearts."

They spread a cloth on the floor. Removing the family idol from the wall, they placed it with other heathen objects of worship or worldly adornment in the cloth, to be carried away and destroyed.

The next morning Gwayne took the bundle containing the idol, graven by man's hands, that could not see the Challen family as they prostrated themselves daily at its feet in worship, nor could it hear their supplications or deliver their souls from fear and unrest. In its place he left the living God, who so loved the Challen family that He gave His only begotten Son that they should not perish but have everlasting life.

The brass god was buried that afternoon in the back yard of the Bible school amid tears of joy and shouts of praise. The angels of heaven must have joined this rejoicing as they celebrated the conversion of our first Indian family in Africa.

During the holidays Gwayne was attacked by the *Tsotsis*. He was carried to the hospital seriously injured. It was thought he would never again be able to speak. He promised God that if he could not preach a sermon he would live a sermon. God spared him to us for His own glory.

This Is That

"This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass . . . I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . ."

For the past seven years that I have been a Christian I have always felt as if I lacked some power which I knew I could have if I only met the conditions of God.

I thought a revival meant a series of meetings with a good speaker and crowds attending. It was not until God revived my own soul on that remarkable morning when the Spirit of God was poured out without measure that I really knew what revival was. I feel like a new person now, for the Comforter has come. Right now He abides. Hallelujah! Praise His dear name! He has come with mighty cleansing power.

I prayed that God would save my family. God came down that morning and touched me on my shoulder and said, "Samuel, if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." When Samuel Moonsamy did what God wanted him to do, then God saved his family. God removed the heathen idol and now we are serving Jesus Christ because *He* liveth.

SAMUEL MOONSAMY—*Pastor, Lenasia Indian Mission*

After the Challen family was saved, the Indian students went on Saturday night to the Moonsamy home. Upon their arrival they found the home so full of Indian people they could scarcely enter. At the conclusion of the service all the Moonsamy family present accepted Christ, and their family idol was also broken and buried.

The Church of the Nazarene has a good building site, well-located, in the Indian township of Lenasia. These two families and their preacher sons are working to build a Nazarene church in Lenasia. Praise to His precious name!

Seeing the Leper Work

An unforgettable experience was the seeing of the work of Elizabeth Cole among her beloved lepers.

It was a rainy day. Dr. and Mrs. David Hynd took me in the land rover over the muddy, slippery tracks that led to the leper hospital.

The physical equipment for the colony is excellent. There is a tract of 1,000 acres of land set aside for this purpose. A hospital, recreation hall, morgue, twenty-four homes for patients, four houses for national workers, two homes for Europeans, an ambulance, and forty-three cattle are all provided by the government.

The patients numbered forty-three. Some had been desperate characters. One of them, an ugly-faced woman, wanted to make herself beautiful to the man of her choice. She took a relative, a pretty-faced little girl, cut off her tongue, killed her, cut her body in slices, and sold the strips to make the gardens grow. A man ate the child's liver for courage and her eye for keenness. It is thought that this woman has committed four other ritual murders. She was a prisoner but because of her leprosy was sent to Elizabeth. They all live together unguarded.

The attraction of the place is Elizabeth Cole. Night and day she lovingly cares for her people. She believes God will save them all. To be with her makes me feel that I have been with the Lord.

A big church building was ready for me to dedicate. About noon the little trails were crowded with patients coming to church. Four men brought a helpless patient in a wheelbarrow. Some were carried on blankets, others on sheets used as hammocks. Little girls led the blind. Some hobbled along on bandaged stumps. They sat on mats or benches around a fire.

God was present in that service. They all sang with deep feeling. An old man, a little girl, a young man, a boy, each took turns in leading choruses. Scripture verses were quoted by patients, separately or in unison. Blind Zulu, minus legs and fingers, lifted his face toward heaven, while with tears trickling down his cheeks he

melted our hearts as he sang a solo, "I'm a Pilgrim Here." An offering was received. Coins pressed between two deformed stubs—remnants of hands—dropped into the offering plates. Jesus stood at the place of offering that day. Several prayed for forgiveness at the close of the service—one a refined-looking man, a leper from jail, convicted for ritual murder.

In Gazaland they took me to the Portuguese government's leper camp on an island. At the river three small, homemade boats, all newly painted blue and white in honor of my visit, were waiting with strong men at the oars to convoy our boat across the waters that can be dangerous.

The beautiful island is the home of some three hundred lepers. Service was held under a bougainvillaea-decorated tree. We testified, read a scripture, and exhorted in turn. One man and eight sad-faced women came for prayer. My heart ached in pity for these miserable people. In Swaziland, Dr. Hynd dismissed six of Miss Cole's patients, symptom-free, the week I was there. But on this island the same people had been here since the days when Minnie Martin ministered to them. They still are on the list of suffering lepers, yearly growing worse.

A large number of these dear people followed us to the river. On the way we stopped to see a new baby, born to a leper mother. Overjoyed at our coming, they named the little one Louise.

As we drew away from the shore in the government boat, safely guarded by our convoy, I looked back at the waving hands and tear-stained faces. My heart told me that all that was needed to make that island a happy home and a place of refuge was Jesus living and serving in another missionary like our Swazi lepers' little Elizabeth Cole.

A Nyasa man wrote Maurice Hall that he was a leper and wanted to hear the gospel before he died.

There are thousands of lepers in Nyasaland. God let me see numbers of these needy souls.

A Look at the Medical Work

It has been my thought to report mostly the work begun since I departed from Africa at the end of 1940. The pages of this book are too few to include the many things that should be said about the development of the work along every line.

The medical work has flourished. From our beginnings it has been a great means in the enlarging of God's kingdom in Africa. You should have looked in with me one night on a single ward in the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital. It had only eighteen beds, yet it was serving ninety-two patients. Under the beds, in the aisles, and in every available place were babies, children, and mothers. Both hospitals have lately added a tuberculosis unit to combat this swiftly spreading disease. You would be encouraged to hear Dr. Hynd tell how the battle against scabies, malaria, and leprosy in Swaziland is nearly won. You would have, no doubt, enjoyed drinking tea with the paramount chief, Sobhuza II, after the dedication and opening of the new out-patient department of the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital.

The Orphans' Home at Bremersdorp has twenty-eight little boys and girls. Many of them are cripples that in all probability would not be allowed to live if we did not care for them. I ran down one morning to greet them. The windows were full of eager-looking little faces. When they saw me coming, they ran screaming to their native mother, "*Uyeta, uyeta!*" ("She's coming, she's coming!") They filed past proudly to greet me. I would not for anything have disappointed them or deprived myself of the pleasure of meeting them.

A Call at the Print Shop

While in Bremersdorp, I made a call at the Shirley Memorial Press, which supplies Christian literature to

the whole African field in the languages of the various tribes among whom we are working.

Rev. and Mrs. Oliver Karker and their helpers have done an excellent work this year printing 16,000 periodicals, 55,000 tracts, 10,000 hymnals, missionary lessons, and miscellaneous printing jobs, above the regular job printing of 282,000 pieces of literature.

Rev. Cyril Blamey tells how he sent a tract to a white man in a solitary confinement cell from which he, the chaplain, was barred. Its message reached the prisoner's heart. He was saved.

An old Swazi woman was ill. One of our missionaries passing through the kraal left a tract. On his return he found the woman had just died. In her clenched hands, hugged tight to her breast, they found the crumpled tract.

Material civilization, by radio, film, and television, is penetrating the deepest heart of Africa. The African of today is astonishingly hungry for reading material. But what will be read? From whom will his literature come? Satan is capitalizing on this hunger by dumping out tons of erroneous literature. The world is producing quantities of cheap secular reading matter. Holiness literature is comparatively nonexistent. In every division of our African field there is a crying need for more printed matter. What is our duty and privilege in this respect?

If we are to give our young, growing African church the necessary stability and the propagating power it needs, we must give it an abundance of printed matter immediately.

A Quick Glance at the Compounds

The migratory labor system under which the Bantu men sell their working power far from their homes has been in force for generations in South Africa.

The Johannesburg mining compounds, with their over three hundred thousand men, still offer an unsurpassed opportunity for evangelism. The Church of the Nazarene has eleven hundred men living in at least one hundred different compounds, each of which house from one thousand to ten thousand men.

Our compound work is entirely self-supporting. The Shangaan men send \$300 monthly to Gazaland for pastoral support. Other gifts are presented to the Bible school or to special projects. Missionaries are stationed near the compounds to care for our Christian men and to evangelize the unevangelized.

Men from all African tribes go to the mines for work. They come from all parts of Africa south of the equator. Without doubt the compounds could be a center for the propagation of the gospel as almost no other place affords.

It was a moving experience to preach to large groups of men and to realize what God could do among them and through them if He could find in us the needed channels to reach them now. If these possibilities in the compounds are exploited with determined tenacity today by us and by our missionaries, there is no limitation to the extent to which every part of Africa may be evangelized by these same national men tomorrow.

Looking In on Our National Church

Great strides have been made toward the development of our African Nazarenes into a self-governing, self-supporting, and self-propagating church.

The Mission Council is considering a plan which would divide and organize the different sections of the field into regular mission districts. Ordained men are in training for these responsibilities. The national church is yearly taking more responsibility along all lines.

Numbers of the local churches are totally self-supporting. Tithing and giving are regularly taught. All

churches endeavor to supply in labor materials or money half, at least, of any church building erected.

The first station and church in Nyasaland are being built entirely with money raised by the African church. Three thousand dollars for the first pastor's home in Cape Colony was a gift from the same source.

In Gazaland, I dedicated a home missions church built entirely with their money raised as a special. The different branches of the church sent representatives, who took part in the program, then reported the dedication service to the donors.

All sections of the African church love their Alabaster boxes and many make great sacrifices to compete with their missionary leaders, who heroically deny themselves to bring thousands of dollars yearly in their little boxes.

The little group at Cottondale handed me \$15.00 to send to New Guinea. These poverty-stricken people had heard of our new field in this faraway island. Undressed heathen friends helped gather the offering. They were interested in the Knoxes and in sending light to people in darkness. Their joy was complete upon word from Wanda Knox that the gift had been safely and joyfully received.

Workers from Swaziland and the Transvaal have received a call from God and have been sent to the Bapedi, to the lepers, to Nyasaland, and to other parts of our field. They often must learn a new language and new ways of living. Their consecration is as great as that of the missionary.

Their Crusade for Souls is intense. They asked God for a net increase for the year of 1,000 souls. God gave them 1,850 souls. Whole nights of prayer are still common. They are a happy, victorious band that have proved, often through suffering and hardships, the power of the gospel to save and keep from sin.

A touching incident gives us a glimpse into their efforts at missionary box work. Miss Doris Brown of Northern Transvaal tells of receiving a crate of goods from the Swaziland Missionary Society weighing 275 pounds. There were enameled mugs, plates, dishes, grass mats, infants' clothing, baskets, soap, and a host of things. Those who couldn't send articles sent money—almost enough to buy a good bicycle for the evangelist. "One plate had a blue and grey border with bright flowers in the center—a pretty thing, chipped around the edge and scratched underneath from long usage—without doubt someone's cherished possession, sacrificed for the Lord."

A Survey of Our Leadership Training

Our two hospitals have enrolled 100 young women in nurses' training. There are 35 young people in the teachers' training division. Our 91 young men have heard God's call and are in full-time attendance in our three Bible schools. They come from all parts of our work, from Cape Town to Lusaka. They will return to carry the message of holiness as preachers, nurses, and teachers. Thank the Lord for consecrated young people ready and willing to follow God's call.

CHAPTER 10

FACING TOMORROW—THE NEXT FIFTY

A bright day was needed for the trip that had been planned for the morrow by the Strickland family. Troublesome matters, needing immediate attention, had unexpectedly arisen. Problems had taken priority over preparations.

One of the little Strickland twins gazed at the threatening sky, noted the halted preparations, listened to the sober conversation, then knelt humbly by a chair, clasped his little hands, looked to heaven, and prayed, "D-e-a-r God, please don't die, and p-l-e-a-s-e don't let anything happen to *you*."

All these problems were too great for the little twin. He knew, however, that as long as God was alive and if nothing "happened to" God, a little boy could hope for help and a bright tomorrow.

Since our God is the living God and with Him all things are possible, the Church of the Nazarene should definitely and speedily prepare to "go places" tomorrow.

We have reviewed our *yesterdays* and rejoiced in our heritage. We have looked at the footprints of Harmon Schmelzenbach on the hills and the bushveld of Swaziland. They are still plainly visible, even today. We have followed the footsteps of David Livingstone around "The Lake" and along the paths of Nyasaland. These good men blazed plain trails by which thousands have safely crossed the frontiers from death to eternal life.

We have looked at *today*. We saw God's footprints in the camps and in every section of our work from Cape Town to Lusaka. We followed the tracks of our missionaries and our nationals, among the sick, out

to the leper camp, into the schoolroom, the print shop, through the locations and the compounds. We examined the marks that sin has placed on Africa and the devastation of body and soul left in the footpaths of poverty, ignorance, and witchcraft.

Now it is time to face *tomorrow* and reach out to our task. We must make straight and holy paths for our feet along which our children and our nationals can safely follow us. I trust that every member of the Church of the Nazarene has renewed his commitments and is ready for God's marching orders.

The half-century which we now are entering will probably be the most opportune, the most confused and dangerous half-century that the African continent has ever known. "Africa Is Coming!" These emergent people are on the march. The importance of the role which the Christian Church will have to play in the new Africa cannot be overestimated. The Church of the Nazarene must be in its place, in the front ranks, leading.

Eye cannot see nor tongue foretell what will be at the consummation of the next fifty years. However, we can and must move steadily forward as God lightens the way, step by step, before us.

First, the entire Church of the Nazarene needs an irresistible revival that will supply conviction and purpose. We must never allow ourselves to grow accustomed to the thud of feet on their way to a Christless eternity. From the Cape to the Copper Belt, Africa's doors are open to us. Privilege, unless exercised, serves only to increase guilt. It is high time that every member of the church become an active, aggressive member of the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society. Everyone who loves Christ and wants to save his own soul as well as the souls of others should study, read, fast, pray, deny self, fill an Alabaster box, and labor together with God to make himself the best possible channel through which God can grasp the staggering, sin-drunken, dying world.

We should engage every child of the church in active missionary work until we have the best of our youth to send, and all of them to support our world evangelism program. Every church should be, at least, a 10 per cent church. God help us to live as men who shall render account.

Some steps today are clearly visible:

A committee of three was lately sent to Northern Transvaal to survey the whole Bapedi area. They reported a tremendous revelation. Near Blouberg are thousands who will never hear the gospel unless we give it to them. In another section there are designated native areas, locations, native trust farms with not a single church working among the thousands living there. There are unlimited possibilities among these desperately dark and spiritually neglected Bapedi people. This step is visible. We must set our feet forward with a firm tread, now.

Maurice Hall tells of visiting in a certain backward area of Nyasaland. To all he met he asked, "Have you ever heard about Jesus?" He saw an old woman on the very brink of eternity. He asked her, "Have you ever heard about Jesus?" "No, I have never heard of Him," she affirmed. With stammering tongue (because of language barriers) and with a desperate effort to do his best for God, he told her of Jesus and His love for her—the only time from birth to death that she would hear the story that we have known since earliest childhood.

"The Nazarene church will grow rapidly because it has the message Nyasaland needs," offered a head teacher in a large Nyasa day school.

Dr. Chapman said that a man never really hears the gospel until he hears it preached from fire-baptized lips. If this is so, then most of the two and a half million souls in Nyasaland have never heard the gospel. What will the Church of the Nazarene do about Nyasaland in the next fifty years?

With millions being used for slum clearance schemes in the Johannesburg locality and in similar areas, should we not invest large sums for evangelism, tracts, tent campaigns, buildings, and workers to match this need and opportunity? The people of the locations are foot-weary. They seek a way. If the Christian Church fails to lift up "The Way," thousands will fall an easy prey to false religions or to some of the hundreds of homemade religious cults that are growing rapidly and causing great confusion and soul destruction in Africa today.

The need of missionary personnel for Northern Rhodesia, the Bapedi area, and the Indians along the Natal coast; the beckoning locations of Kimberley, Lusaka, the Copper Belt area, and the Orange Free State; the urgency of moving swiftly to the Coloured work in Cape Colony; vital and aggressive evangelism in the compounds; a satisfactory supply of printed material—these proposed steps and many others are evident. They could and should be taken in the immediate future. If we lag behind, whole towns and tribes may fall into the arms of communism. Our time for helping them will soon pass us by. The task is urgent. The hour is late.

In nine great camps I heard thousands of Nazarene nationals witnessing to the saving and sanctifying power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I saw them joyfully bringing their gifts and offerings for the furtherance of the work of the Lord. I felt the presence and the power of the Holy Spirit as He swept over the great congregations to bless and to heal. Time and again my thoughts carried me back to the pitiful beginnings in 1907, up to the advance and blessings of 1957, then ahead into the next fifty years before us. I could see other thousands of fire-baptized Nazarenes, with the same kind of glory and the same kind of camps, up in Rhodesia, down in Natal, among the Bapedi, all over Nyasaland, in the locations and the townships, among the Indians, the Coloured, and

the various Bantu groups. This I see in our *tomorrow!* May God hasten the day when that vision shall be glorious reality.

Africa can sing. It is a once-in-a-lifetime experience to hear a large group of Africans singing their unofficial national anthem—in perfect unison, without accompaniment, with mighty swelling crescendo: “*Nkosi, sikelel’ iAfrika*” (“God bless Africa”).

With the words of this beautiful anthem as the deepest prayer of my heart I conclude the message of these chapters: *God Bless Africa.*

