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# AFRICA, O AFRICA

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LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN

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# AFRICA, O AFRICA

by  
Louise Robinson Chapman



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## Prelude

Louise Robinson Chapman—missionary legend. No—not a legend—for she is genuine flesh and blood—as human as any one of us, but a living portrait of what God can do with a person who dares to believe and trust and obey.

From a young, weak, fearful, and ignorant new Christian, God fashioned a prayer warrior in the truest terms. One who dared to attempt exploits for God far beyond the faith of ordinary Christians.

Prayer was the key to Louise's life. She attacked every problem, every assignment by first praying until God came down on the situation. She did not make plans and ask God to bless them. She first asked God what His plans were and how He proposed to have her accomplish them.

Obedience to God did not make the road easy. God seemed to delight in challenging Louise with greater and greater difficulties. Each new victory became a stepping-stone to a larger problem. Louise learned early that the secret to victory was prayer that would not let go. The prayer hut became the passageway to the presence of God, and He gave the answers.

This book is the chronicle of a Christian's walk with God. It does not end here. God sent Louise home from Africa to become the wife of General Superintendent James B. Chapman—an assignment she evaded until God pushed her into it. And one she approached with great trepidation, praying that God would help that fearless, independent mission leader be-

come a quiet helpmeet to a great man. They had five happy years together before God took Dr. Chapman home.

God put Louise into the presidency of the NWMS—a position that paid no salary but to which she gave herself without reservation, trusting God for whatever she needed.

God allowed Louise to return to visit Africa 20 years after she left. She greeted friends and preached in her beloved Zulu language as though she had never been away, to the delight of the African people and the consternation of young missionaries who secretly thought the language could not be learned.

Louise preached in the Orient, where, in a revival in the Philippines that Satan was battling, she pleaded with God to come at any cost. The revival came. The cost? A mysterious virus that struck Louise on her return home, paralyzing all but her voice. For weeks she lay at the very edge of death and heaven, tended by loving hands. God brought her back, through strenuous exercise and much prayer. She regained her strength and again traveled in the U.S., preaching missions and prayer and sacrifice for the kingdom of God.

Louise Robinson Chapman lives today at Casa Robles, the Nazarene home for retired missionaries. And now, the people come to Louise. People with problems; people in the grip of vicious habits; people seeking faith. Fearful, trembling people. All come to lean on Louise's faith. She prays for them with the same urgency that she prayed for the unsaved Africans—and why not? She is interceding with the same God—the God who taught her to build the buildings at Endingeni with no money and no visible building supplies. The God who redeemed witch doctors, drove out demons, made weak Christians strong, in answer to prayer.

Perhaps the most startling lesson we can learn from this book is that there are no "flowery beds of ease" in the Christian life. God meant it to be a battle—but a glorious one. A battle waged in the closet of prayer, through which God wants to astound sinners and change the world.



Louise Robinson Chapman receiving her honorary doctor of divinity degree in 1963 at Northwest Nazarene College.



## Preface

Africa, O Africa! I cannot remember the time when Africa first put her hand upon me. It seems I have always been a part of her and she a part of me. As a young girl I saw her in my dreams. Her people called to me. Through 20 years of missionary life that grip never loosened. Africa's people left a deep imprint upon my life. Experience has built many memories—memories of happy association with fellow missionaries and memories of long friendships with sons and daughters of Africa. The print of Africa's hand is upon me, and it shall be to the end of my days.

I am dedicating this book to Fairy Chism, who was my college roommate and dearest friend. We lived and preached together in America until I went to Africa in 1920. When Fairy came to Africa in 1928 she was stationed with me, and we lived and worked together until I left Africa in 1940.

Fairy was devout and sacrificial, a woman of prayer and faith and tremendous zeal. Many were the victories God gave us as we worked together, and many people spoke our names as though we were really just one person.

I recall many serious and many amusing incidents in Fairy's life. When she came to Africa, she was determined to learn the Zulu language. At Christmastime she shut herself up in her hut to fast and pray and ask God for the gift of the Zulu tongue. After she had missed several meals, I went down to find the cause of her fast, thinking that she might be lonesome or homesick. At first she would not tell me what was on her mind. When I refused to leave until she told me, she stood in

the middle of her hut and with streaming eyes, and dramatic motioning of her hands, she cried, "I am tired of doing nothing and of saying nothing. God gave people the gift of language on the Day of Pentecost, and I have determined to have the gift of Zulu before I leave this hut." But Fairy was always sane, and I soon convinced her that if she would faithfully study the language, the customs, and the people themselves, that by the time she knew enough about the people to be able to bring God's message to them, she would be able to speak. God did give her the language in this way, and she became very proficient.

On Fairy's first attempt to preach in Zulu she used the text, "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night" (1 Thess. 5:2). But the word for "coming down" is very much like the one for "coughing," and the word for "thief" is very similar to the one for "wild beast." Fairy confused these words and in her sermon repeated over and over "The day of the Lord is coughing like a wild beast in the night." A coughing wild beast in the night is a dreadful picture to a Swazi child. The sight of those little Africans listening to their missionary telling them of what is coming is with me yet.

I have tried to tell things in this book as I saw them and knew them in Africa. I hold my colaborers and the present missionary force in high esteem and ascribe to them credit for the great work they have done. Some of them have seen phases of the work that I did not see, and if they should write a book it would differ in many respects from mine, and yet all would be true. Facts must depend for voice upon those who see and know them. This is my excuse and apology.

—LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN



# 1

## My Conversion

I was born in a one-room log cabin in a pioneer community in Clarke County, Washington. Our cabin was soon exchanged for a new house made of hand-split shingles and hewed timbers. Here our family lived during my early childhood, with no Sunday School or church house in the whole neighborhood.

When I was about to finish high school, my father bought a new farm near View, Wash., and I went out to visit him and to see our new property. There was a little church in this neighborhood, and I went on Sunday morning to hear the young people sing. Being a little late, I had to take the one empty seat up in the front pew. That morning I heard for the first time testimonies from hearts filled with the joy of God. Little Grandma Hansen jumped up and down in the aisle and shouted the praises of God. Mother Coatney had been passing through deep sorrow. She did not testify with words, but she smiled and kept looking up as though she could see someone above her. I had never seen such a look of rest and peace. I wondered what she had to smile about. A voice in my heart whispered, "If you had what she has, you could smile too."

I remember two songs they sang. One was:

*I was so lonely, so very lonely  
When out in the desert I wandered alone.*

The other was:

*Will you come? Will you come?*

*There is mercy for you*

*Balm for your aching breast,*

*Only come as you are, and believe on His name;*

*Jesus will give you rest.*

I felt sinful and distressed, and might have accepted Jesus that day, but something seemed to tell me that if I followed Christ, I would have a few things to straighten up with people. I had never heard of restitution, but it seemed reasonable and right that one who wanted to make peace with God should also make peace with man. When I thought of how humiliating this would be, I became very angry with myself and with everyone else. I had entered the church that morning proud and contented. I came out miserable and unhappy. For weeks after I went back to school, conviction grew until I could neither eat nor sleep. I was afraid to be alone, and I thought I could hear those people praying for me. I was burdened with sin and afraid of God.

One night I tried to pray, but again I remembered my troubles with people and decided I would rather die unsaved than humiliate myself by asking anyone to forgive me. Such darkness and hopelessness took hold of my soul that finally, after a desperate struggle, I promised God that at the first opportunity I would approach these people and accept all the blame for our differences. I supposed I would have to go back to the praying people at the church before I could find salvation; so I promised God I would go as soon as possible, and there make a public confession. Fear left my heart, but no joy came.

A few weeks later I went back to the neighborhood of the church and found that the Elliott brothers were holding a

meeting in a little country schoolhouse eight miles from View. I sat by the door with the young people. I do not remember a word that was preached or a song that was sung. I did not feel as I did that first day but was afraid to break the promise I had made to God. I had come to go to the altar, and I expected that God was going to meet me there. As soon as the sermon was ended, I left my friends and went to the altar alone. I did not know how to pray, but Christ met me there almost as soon as I knelt down. I knew something had taken place within my heart. I was no longer afraid of God. Rest, peace, and assurance filled my soul.

Next morning at home, while washing clothes in the backyard, unspeakable joy suddenly filled my whole being. I forgot that people might see me, and I ran up and down the yard shouting and singing. I thought that day that all life thereafter would be one great day of joyful emotion.

That year I felt that the Lord wanted me to spend the summer at home. I went out into the pasture each day to pray. My heart was overflowing with joy and victory. I prayed for myself and praised God for His blessings on my life. Those were wonderful days.

Rev. Earnest Matthews came for a meeting and preached on grace before meals and family prayer. God said to me, "I want you to return thanks at your father's table and establish a family altar in your home."

I was frightened. I was sure I could not do it, and I did not think it reasonable that God should ask me for such difficult service so early in my Christian walk. There was a bitter struggle, but I saw that if I was to keep the joy of salvation, I must obey God. So one night, with my head in the straw under the altar at the meeting, I decided that with God's help, I would



perform even this hard task; and I promised that I would begin the very next morning.

Before breakfast the next morning, members of the family became cross, and it seemed a most inopportune time to begin, but I felt the supporting arm of God about me and found strength to thank God for His provision for our needs before the whole family. At family prayer, I read one verse, "Let not your hearts be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me." I stammered a few short sentences and burst into tears. I felt I had failed and could not do this hard thing. But God held me to it, and it was easier after that. After this experience I prayed for myself and for my people. That year both my parents and others of the family were saved.

One Sunday afternoon I went to the pasture to pray. I was so happy I stayed all afternoon. In the evening I thought I heard the footsteps of many people, and I looked up to see who might be going through our pasture. I saw what seemed to be a long cement street. Its windowless walls reached up to heaven. I could hear many running footsteps but could see nothing but the empty street. As I drew closer, I began to see forms. Suddenly I saw these forms clearly. There were many people of every age and size; people of every color from every tribe and nation. I looked long at a beautiful woman clothed in red velvet. She was refined and educated. She ran swiftly and gazed fixedly ahead. By her side ran a dark-skinned man clothed in a single animal skin. His hair was full of red clay, and his uplifted hand grasped a club. The woman did not see him, and he did not see her. All ran at a mad pace, every eye fixed ahead. No one seemed to see or hear anyone else. I called to them and asked why they ran so fast and where they were going, but no one looked or answered a word. I pushed up the line and finally saw that this cement street was the path of life,

and that this running multitude was the people of this world who must go down this way, since there were no openings through which one might escape. Satan stood at the far end of the passage lashing the people so that those from the rear pressed upon those ahead and made them run faster and faster. I turned about and ran down the way of life until I came to a horrible pit into which the people were falling. Their eyes were still fixed and glassy and not until their feet slipped over the dark edge of hell did they awaken. Then, too late, they began to cry for help. I tried to save them, but they seemed not to hear. I remembered Christ and hastened back to the spot where He had talked with me before I saw the people. While a long distance away I cried, "O Lord, come and stop these people. Stop them, Lord, they are falling into hell." He looked at me sadly, and said, "You stop them." I told Him I had tried and failed and that I could not make them hear. Then He came to me and wrapped me in His Spirit, round and round. He put me down again and said, "You stop them." I cried out again, "Stop! Stop!" and some of them stopped.

After that day in the pasture, I knew that the world was lost and that it was not enough for me to pray for myself, my people, and my friends. I knew that God expected me to stop the multitudes.

How easy it is for us to run shoulder-to-shoulder with lost humanity and not see or hear the passing multitudes!

Our little church had a debt. Our people were very poor. One Sunday morning they were to raise money to cover the interest and a small payment on the principal of the debt. While in prayer, the Lord asked me if I didn't think we could raise the entire debt of \$27.00, if we tried hard. I was sure it could be done and felt that I could pledge a dollar, although I did not have any money and did not know where I could get



any. Money was very scarce in those days. After making this decision, I was very happy and full of faith for the whole amount. Then the Lord gave me a little message and told me I was to stand up on Sunday morning and speak to the people and raise the offering. I was trembling with fear and was full of excuses. As the time drew near, I was sure God had spoken to me and that I would have to obey or I would displease Him. I tried to work among the Christians and even approached two members of the church board, hoping all the time that some of them would get stirred and find an easier way to get the money. But they said I was young and inexperienced and did not understand their battles with poverty. I hoped I would get sick so I could not go to church, but Sunday morning found me perfectly well and thoroughly frightened. I could not see why God could not find a better way than to ask me to do such a terrifying task. I waited as long as I could and then got up and tried to tell the people what God had told me. I was so frightened that I broke down and wept. In three minutes the people gave \$26.00 in silver, and my own \$1.00 pledge was all that was needed to pay the debt.

After church, when I remembered that I would have to find a dollar before eleven o'clock Monday morning, I felt distressed and intended to go to the pasture to pray about the matter, but the pastor asked me to go to the little schoolhouse where I had been saved to lead the afternoon testimony meeting. I took some of the younger girls, and we walked the eight miles to and from the church. God blessed us, and we thought it was one of the best meetings we had ever attended. When I was saying good-bye to the people old Brother Gray left a big silver dollar in my hand as he thanked me for coming to help them while their pastor was ill. I forgot to say, "Thank you," so eager was I to run back to View to give my dollar to the man

who was holding the rest of the money. This was the first time I ever made a pledge, the first time I ever took an offering, and the first time God ever gave me money.

Not long after that I attended my first missionary meeting in an assembly at Portland, Oreg., having been sent there as a delegate from our little church. An appeal was made for money to rebuild a hut in Swaziland that had been burned. I had \$20.00 and felt that if I would give that, others would add enough to finish the building, but I was afraid to stand up among strange people to make the pledge. I hesitated until it was too late. I had the bill in my hand. A few minutes later some men sitting behind me left the meeting. I decided to put the \$20.00 back in my purse, but when I looked, it was gone. I promised God that if He would help me get the bill again, He could have it all. But I never saw the \$20.00 again, and Miss Innis did not get her new hut in Africa.

## 2

### To College

All my life I had wanted to be a teacher. I had pushed on in school even though I had to work for room, board, and books. Now when I was about ready to begin my life's work, I felt that God wanted me to go to college and prepare to work for Him. I loved my home, my people, and my friends, and was satisfied with the plans I had made for my life, but always I was confronted with these words, "Lovest thou me more than these?" I was not sure whether I loved Him more, but I sincerely wanted to do so, and He conquered again. I had enough money to buy two tickets to Nampa, Idaho. So I took my sister, Florence, who had recently been converted, and persuaded two other girls that they too needed to go to Bible school. We reached Nampa in the night. Having no friends, and no money with which to go to the hotel, we stayed in the cold station until morning. During this time we had our first introduction to an irrigation ditch. In the moonlight it looked like cement, so we stepped in.

Brother Harry Hayes had held a meeting at View, so when we saw his name in the telephone directory, we decided to call him. He came to the station and took us to his home for breakfast and a little rest. I learned that day that the Hayes family needed a boy to milk their cow and do the outside work. I needed a place to live and could do that boy's work, so I got the



job. To pay my tuition I taught a few subjects and acted as substitute teacher.

During my college years I had many unusual experiences. If the primary teacher did not come, I took her place. If the cook was ill, I prepared the meals. Sometimes it was the waiter or the scrubwoman whose work fell to me. When necessary I taught the Bible classes for Professor Marshall and the Theory of Medicine for Dr. Mangum. When someone was ill, I tried to be a nurse; when a pastor was unable to get to his appointment, I acted as supply. One time the evangelist was unable to keep her appointment, so they sent me to see if I could help out. All the way up to Halfway, where the meeting was to be held, the train wheels seemed to mock me, saying, "What are you going to preach? What are you going to preach?"

I was matron of the girls' dormitory one year. Another year I was manager of the dining hall. Dr. Wiley once said he was going away for a day and leave me as president so that I could say I had been everything from bootblack to college president. I did not understand it then, but when I got to Africa I saw why God led me in those paths.

I always had to fight poverty. I wore the same Scotch-plaid dress for years. Pencils and postage stamps became subjects of prayer. One time, in my junior year of college, I decided I would have to leave school for a season to get money for clothes and books. I went home from school early so that I would have time to tell God all about my decision before I started to prepare the evening meal. As soon as I got on my knees, the Lord said to me, "What is it you need?"

I quickly named off books, tuition, and a dozen articles of clothing. As I talked with the Lord I found I could not truthfully say I needed any single thing that very afternoon, so I went back to school ashamed of my hastiness.

Soon after this I really did need many things, and I went home early to have a talk with God. This time He did not come so soon, but at midnight He came to the kitchen where I was studying my Greek lesson. He told me He had heard me calling, and asked what I needed. I began to tell Him how He had sent me to college but that my way had been a very hard way. Others had what they needed. Some had parents who could help them. Some had friends who paid their bills. But it seemed to me that I was about the only one who had no money at all for the things for which students need money. God stretched out His hands. They were covered with gold. He said I could have my choice. I could take the money I needed, or He would arrange for someone to pay my bills, or I could leave it with Him as it had been before. He assured me that He had sent me to school, that He wanted to be the one to help me, to pay my bills and to see me through.

When I realized that God had been looking after me all the time while I was so fearful and slow of heart, I was very much ashamed and could not look at Him. When I at last found courage to look up, He was gone. For days my heart burned with a new sense of God's presence, and from then on I learned to trust Him for my needs. Time and again He got to me—sometimes at the last minute but always in time.

During a money-raising campaign for the college, God told me to pledge \$500. This was a great test for my faith. I had saved a few dollars to buy a graduation dress, but God asked me for this money. I received a small check for some work I had done. He asked me for that check. My obligations were so many and my money so insufficient that I didn't think it mattered much anyway. I gladly gave it all to Him, and in less than half an hour thereafter, God sent Bro. Emerson to the office to pay all my account there. Friends presented me with a



whole graduation outfit, so I had \$65.00 for the offering, the clothes I needed, and a receipt for my college expenses.

On Sunday morning I gave my \$65.00 but received no blessing. I noticed that Dr. Winchester was not at the service, and I wished she had asked me to write her name on the chalkboard for at least \$500. I opened my Bible and these words seemed to jump out of the page and stand up before me: "Put that on mine account" (Philem. 18). Why was it harder for me to trust God for \$500 than to trust Dr. Winchester? I wanted to be ready for Africa, and I did not want to be presumptuous, so I tarried. That night the meeting was about to close, and they were yet a few thousand dollars from their goal. In desperation I asked God to speak to me again. I opened my Bible and read, "I pray thee, give pledges . . . and I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them" (2 Kings 18:23). That was enough. With desperate effort, I pulled myself from the seat and wrote on the little chalkboard, "Pledge \$500, paid \$65.00."

When the people saw the amount I had written, they began again to pledge, and amidst much demonstration, they ran the amount several thousand dollars beyond the goal of \$25,000. Out in Africa, later, when I needed large sums of money to carry on the work of God, I understood the lessons He had given me in finances while at Northwest Nazarene College.

While in college I learned how to prevail with God. I learned how to win souls. I learned how to pray down revivals.

One time a small group of students prayed seven nights in succession. In the morning of the eighth day, God came mightily upon us. The chapel service started in the morning and ran all day. Classes were dismissed, and a great revival came upon the whole school and church.

Students wept and exhorted, and great conviction fell upon the unsaved. We prayed all night in the dormitories and in the homes of the people. Dozens found God, and many were sanctified wholly. There was extemporaneous preaching in the classrooms, in the chapel, in the regular services of the church, and sometimes the altar was opened the second and even the third time in one service. Years afterward, out in Africa in the face of terrible odds, in this very way, we prayed down revivals and pushed through to glorious victory. I was able to stand alone when necessary and battle through seeming impossibilities because I had been along that way before and knew that revivals come from God and that He will answer prayer if we wait for Him.

I settled my call to Africa and received the gift of the Holy Spirit during my college days. I had experienced a wonderful conversion and for a time did not feel the need of any further work of grace in my heart. I tried to accept this great gift of the Holy Spirit but always felt unsatisfied. I often wondered if there was any such great cleansing as that which we heard preached. I frequently went to the altar to pray for seekers, when in reality I was praying for myself.

Three things troubled me. I still wanted to follow the plans I had made for my life; I was afraid. God wanted me to preach; and I was afraid that God was going to send me to Africa as a missionary.

If I had been sure God was calling me, I would have cast aside my plans. I didn't like to see or hear women preach. I thought it was dangerous enough for a man to be a holiness preacher, to say nothing of a woman. I thought it would be certain starvation. But worst of all was Africa. I had little conception of what it meant to be a missionary. I did not know how anyone should go about getting to a mission field. When

I was a child, I had seen in a farm paper a picture of cannibals preparing to cook a missionary in a big black pot. I thought a missionary would be in constant danger of becoming food for a cannibal feast. But above all of this, I was not sure God was calling me, so I was confused and thought I might be deceived.

One morning on my way to school, down by the irrigation ditch, I came into the midst of a very large flock of restless, bleating sheep. When I was right in the center of the flock I forgot they were sheep and thought I was hearing the cries of lost men and women, dying without God. It seemed that the Lord lifted me up and put me on a balcony high above the earth. He told me to look toward the east. I saw all the lands of the Orient, where people thronged the streets, rowed up and down the rivers, and ran through the fields. As I looked closely at the multiplied millions of people, I saw that every one of them had four hands, four eyes, and two mouths. With two eyes they looked at their work or play as others do; with the other two eyes they gazed up toward heaven. With two hands they held the plow or basket and worked as other men do, but the other two hands were stretched up toward God. One mouth laughed or cursed or spoke words of wisdom. The other mouth cried loudly to God for mercy and peace until the heavens rang with the pitiful wails of the millions without God. The bleating of the sheep became the cries of the multitudes of Oriental people who were dying while waiting and longing for a Savior.

The Lord told me to look to the south. Here I saw the men and women of India in the Ganges River and in the temples. I saw the masses thronging up and down the streets and lanes like lost sheep driven by the storm and without guide or shepherd.



I looked toward Latin America with her needy millions. I saw the two hands lifted to God, the two longing eyes pleading for rest, and could hear the cries from the lips of those who sought for God all up and down those broad lands to the south.

Then God turned me about, and we looked toward the great continent of Africa. A vast black cloud covered the whole land. A terrible storm was on. Peals of thunder shook the heavens. The lightning flashed, and I saw the land carpeted with bleached, white bones—bones of the generations of men who have lived and died and gone into eternity without ever once hearing the name of Jesus. Another flash, and on top of the bleached bones I saw a layer of the bodies of men and women who had just died—those who had lived in this generation but had gone to where no message of hope could ever reach them. Again the lightning flamed, and on top of these dead bodies, huddled together in terrible fear, were more than 150 million African people who today stagger on in the dark without the light of Christ to guide them. Every frightened eye looked wildly up to God. Every hand reached out in a desperate effort to grasp something to save them from the fury of the storm.

Then God showed me our own fair land. I saw people in every walk of life. Even my friends and neighbors were there. This caused me to marvel more than anything I had seen before. These people, like the others, had four eyes, four arms, and two mouths. They all looked up and cried to God for help. I saw the beautifully dressed women on the dance floors, the drunks in the gutter, the moral man that I had known who seemed to have no desire for God, and the neighbor next door. All were looking up with longing eyes, reaching with grasping fingers for something that would sustain them. And every

mouth was calling for that rest that only God can give. Now the bleating of the sheep were the cries of my people, my friends, and my countrymen.

With broken heart I tried to explain to Christ, who had shed His blood that all the world might be saved, that I had not realized that all men, no matter how they acted, were hungry and crying to Him for soul rest. He looked at me with a sad, tired face, when I asked if He could not go away and rest awhile. I asked Christ if He must always, night and day, listen to these pitiful cries. He answered in a sad voice, "Child, I never rest."

I fell at His feet weeping and asked Him to tell me how I could help. I looked again at the scene and I saw, here and there upon the earth, people praying. I saw a man on a hilltop, a woman in a secret closet, and others shut away in secret places groaning under the burden of prayer. Then I felt the heavens shaken and saw the arm of God begin to move. Channels were opened, and men were set free from their chains of darkness.

After this experience I could not rest. I was hungry and dissatisfied and was always hearing the cries of the lost. One noon hour, after weeks of wrestling with God, I went into a classroom and locked the door. I told the Lord I had come to settle my call and that I did not intend to go out that door until it was forever settled. I began with my life's plans. I promised God I would work no more on them unless I had direct orders from God to do so. Preach? I would try. I decided that it would be no more painful to starve to death as a despised woman preacher than to perish of famine in my soul. I was so hungry for more of God that life itself meant little to me, if I could not be satisfied.

Then Africa loomed up. It was not enough to preach in



America. I must preach in Africa. I remembered the cannibal's pot. I saw myself away out in the jungle. I was dressed in a hideous black dress that began at my ankles and reached to my fingers and my ears. My hair was pulled back straight and pinned in a little tight knob on the top of my head. Since there were no doctors in a land of cannibals, all my teeth but two or three were gone. I sat on an old soapbox by the side of a grass hut while a few naked children played at my feet. I started up in fear and then I heard myself saying right out loud, "Lord God Almighty, You have a little old woman on Your hands from this very moment, now, and throughout eternity."

I had scarcely finished the sentence when something like a great iron weight slipped off me and went splashing down into space beneath. I jumped to my feet, feeling as light as a feather. The room seemed to be on fire with the presence of God. Fear and hunger had gone. I was free and satisfied. My heart was aflame with the love of God. I loved His will for me. I felt willing and wanted to start immediately for Africa. Not only had I settled my call, but also I had been baptized with the Holy Spirit.

So wonderful was the work done in my heart that day that not once through the years has it ever been suggested that God did not call me and send me across the sea. Not once did I ever doubt that God did really baptize me with His Spirit and completely cleanse and satisfy my soul. Many times in Swaziland I defeated discouragement and failure by remembering that the great God of heaven sent me there to represent Him and that He would make me succeed.

Often when I looked at men sunken into the deepest depth of sin and demon possession, I encouraged myself in the Lord because I knew that God changed me, and it is nothing with Him whether they be little or great sinners.

### 3

## Missionary to Africa

One Sunday morning, late in 1919, the First Church of the Nazarene at Nampa, Idaho, was told that I was to be recommended for appointment as a missionary to Africa at the January General Board meeting in Kansas City. In a few minutes over 50 people promised to pay \$1.00 each month for five years to provide my salary for that time. Friends on the Idaho-Oregon District supplied money for passage and other expenses. One night I came home to find my room full of all kinds of beautiful gifts, some of them very expensive, including practically everything I would need for my equipment. Then they sent me to Kansas City to meet the Missionary Board, and I was appointed to go that year as soon as they could secure passports and permits.

When at last I said good-bye to my friends and loved ones, I felt as though long ago I had walked into the big end of a long tunnel and must now go straight on through, although I had now come to the little end where the opening was so narrow that it pinched and bruised both my body and my heart.

I knew little about traveling, but I started out alone on the day coach with a big box of lunch, two heavy cases, my typewriter, a heavy coat, and other small parcels as hand luggage. I didn't know a redcap when I met him and had never ridden

in a taxi. When no one met me at the station in New York City, I took my many pieces of luggage and tried to make my way on the underground railway to the one address that had been given me. The journey took me completely across the city. I was very tired after my sleepless nights on the train while crossing the continent. I felt like a lost rat and wondered how man could possibly dig so many tunnels under the earth. The Lord saw me there and sent kind people to help His bewildered child.

I arrived in Africa on Thanksgiving Day. The little Sabie train raced along at its usual rate of 10 miles per hour. At noon I was hungry and a bit lonesome. I remembered that at home they were eating Thanksgiving dinner together and felt very much alone in a very strange land—and hungry.

We stopped at a little station, and the people ran out to a grass shed. I followed and got a cup of tea as black as coffee, and half a cookie. This was my Thanksgiving dinner, and my introduction to South African tea. I comforted myself with the thought that in the evening my long journey would be over, we would arrive at the Sabie mission station, and Mrs. Shirley would have a big Thanksgiving dinner waiting for us. When we arrived at the Shirley home I was astonished that Mrs. Shirley said nothing about the holiday. She had been away from the States so long that she had forgotten it was Thanksgiving day.

In the evening the church building was filled with Africans who wanted to see their new missionaries. As I looked in amazement upon these people, I wondered if I would ever be of any use in this land, for they all looked alike to me. I could not tell the difference between men and women or between boys and girls.

The mission station was still in the process of building.



The sand was full of fleas. A visiting missionary who slept in the same room with me that night got up to catch fleas that were troubling her sleeping children. She bagged 67 in one catch, but I did not enter the chase. I was too far gone and knew it would be of no avail. I had worried about being eaten by cannibals. Now I saw there was not the remotest danger of such an end, but I knew there was imminent danger of being eaten alive by the sand fleas.

The very first morning in Africa I began to study the Zulu language. Mrs. Shirley always conducted the Sunday morning service. She said I was to get up every week before she began to preach and say everything I could say in Zulu. She said it might not do the congregation much good, but it would be wonderfully good for me, and it was. Every Sunday morning I tried to testify or exhort. During the week I went out to visit the nearby neighbors. They would sit down in the shade of their grass huts and help me with my vocabulary. I could smile when I could not talk, so I made friends. My first convert was the wife of a witch doctor—one of the women who did so much to help me with the language. One day when all the missionaries were away from the mission, I tried to preach my first sermon in Zulu, and this woman came to the altar and was wonderfully converted.

I was put in charge of the medical and educational work. My drug store was a soapbox. Dr. Mangum once said to his class that one could be quite a good doctor and use only five or six drugs. I had that many—sulphur for itch; quinine, aspirin, and epsom salts for malaria; iodine, boric acid powder, and permanganate for disinfectants; a pair of forceps for toothache, and—that was about all. I always was afraid I would kill somebody or let someone die needlessly. But many were cured in those days, mainly by means of desperate prayer.

My day school was composed of a few dozen children ranging in age from infants to full-grown boys and girls. I first tried to arrange them on benches but soon found out this would be about as difficult as teaching them to read. Every time I looked there were more bright eyes and little squirming forms under the seats than on them. So I moved the benches out and sat my pupils on the floor. They all yelled at the top of their voices as they studied. When I asked why, they said, "This is the way it is done in this country. Everybody does it this way. How would you know who was or was not studying, if they did not study aloud?"

I taught in the night school too. Men from the gold mines wanted to learn to read. They came every weeknight to study reading, spelling, and figures for a couple of hours. We taught them to read the Bible and to write their names, and then we read the Scriptures and prayed with them. We won many converts in the mine compounds by these methods.

I spent four years at the Sabie mission in the Transvaal, South Africa.

## **SWAZILAND**

Most of our Nazarene work in Africa was in Swaziland. I was anxious to see this field and our workers there. At the first quarterly meeting time I went to Barberton, Transvaal, on the train. Rev. Joseph Penn, Sr., met me there with horses. New missionaries to Swaziland usually came to this town and rode on horseback over the mountains, while their trunks and boxes followed, often after many months, by donkey or ox teams on a longer route.

It was raining when I reached Barberton. Early in the morning we began to climb the Barberton Mountain. Higher and higher we went over rolling stones and narrow ledges. As

soon as we reached the top we started down the other side. My saddle, which was not too new or strong, continually threatened to slip over the horse's head. At the bottom of the mountain we forded a fast rising river, hurried across a little valley, and started up another range of hills. We climbed "The Devil's Stairway," a rocky climb over large boulders, and on up into the third range where at the top we came to the approach of "The Devil's Bridge." We crept along the little path that wound around the edge of the mountain, and listened to the howling of the wind in the valley beneath. It sounded worse than it was. The narrow natural bridge, but a few feet in width, had a deep canyon on either side. Once across, we galloped our horses whenever we found a few feet of level ground, and so we arrived at Pigg's Peak mission before dark. I did not mind the long day's ride in the storm, for I was reared in the West and had ridden horses since I was a child. It was very different for missionaries reared in the city who had never ridden horseback, or for parents with young children who were afraid of horses and of the African people.

Swaziland has been called "the Switzerland of Africa" because of its many beautiful and rugged mountain peaks. It was here at the Endingeni mission that Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach began our first Nazarene work in Africa.

In Swaziland, marriage is sometimes an arrangement between two families. The girl is not always consulted. Often a man gives a daughter to his creditor in payment for a debt. The man may be old and may already have one or more wives. In the early days of missions, the girl was forced to go to the new husband, even against her will. Unwilling brides often fought, kicked, and bit their elder brothers who were taking them to their new home. A few escaped and ran away. Others disap-



peared into the Transvaal alone and friendless. Some took their own lives.

A few years after Rev. and Mrs. Schmelzenbach began their work in Swaziland, one evening when Mrs. Schmelzenbach was at home alone, a little girl about 14 years old burst through the kitchen door crying, "Hide me, wife of the missionary, hide me!"

It was little Ngobodhlane, one of the first converts. She had been sold in infancy to an old headman who already had six wives. While her brother was taking her to her new home, she had slipped away from him and had run over the hill to the mission. The girl was scarcely hidden in the storeroom when an angry voice demanded at the door "I want Ngobodhlane."

This began a long battle that finally ended in the girl coming to live with the missionaries. It was the beginning of the need for a home for needy girls. Other girls fled to the mission. Some of them were covered with blood. Some had great welts where whips had been used. Others were bruised and swollen from being dragged and choked. As the number of girls increased, Miss Martin lived with them.

My first recollection of Bro. Schmelzenbach is of a troubled man pacing up and down, talking about the problems that had come upon us because of these girls. He said if we could not provide better care and shelter for them we might as well send them back to their parents.

In 1924 I went to Swaziland to the annual Mission Council and camp meeting. Dr. George Sharpe of Scotland was our missionary superintendent. While Dr. Sharpe and Bro. Schmelzenbach were talking over the problems of the work and deciding where each missionary could do his best, I went to look over the mission station again. I knelt before a door, a small

round hole in the brick wall between the single workers' kitchen and the girls' living quarters. I saw a small "L"-shaped room. The dark antheap floors, the brown mud walls with little windows near the ceiling, the gloom of the drizzling rain all made a dismal picture. Sitting on the floor, her back to the wall, was a young woman with great gashes in her back and arms, and her clothes smeared with blood. She was afraid, but she was determined and sullen. Around her were the hoes, boxes, and food of the 32 girls who made their home in this one little room. It reminded me of a greatly overcrowded chicken run on a rainy day. I walked around to the back of the building and there, in a hole that extended perhaps six feet into the side of a red clay bank, I saw four young women cooking in a big black pot over a smoky open fire. This hole was the only kitchen they had. There was no dining room and no sanitary arrangements of any kind. I thanked God with all my heart that I did not have to work at this place under such horrible conditions.

Just then I was called by the stationing committee. Bro. Schmelzenbach told me they had been considering all the needs of the work; that there was one department of special need at this time; that they had prayerfully sought the will of God and had decided that of all the available workers, I was the one most fitted to do this work. Then they told me that they wanted to station me at Endingeni to mother these 32 girls. Had a bomb exploded I could not have been any more shocked. Immediately into my mind came all the impossibilities connected with this work. I had heard them discussed many times. We were located in an area reserved for the Swazi people. We had little security. It would not be advisable to build permanent buildings. If we fell into disfavor with the government we might be forced to move away. Even if we had

a place to build, we did not have money with which to build. At that time missionaries lived in huts and old corrugated iron buildings. There was no possibility of the general church supplying money for a girls' home. Worst of all, there was no building material at that place. Lumber was costly and roads almost impassable. Corrugated iron was too expensive and too hot. The clay of the region would not burn for bricks, building sand for cement work was lacking, and stone would have to be hauled from a distance. I tried hard to convince them that they were mistaken. I told them that I had never been able to work in dirt and confusion, and that I could see no way to make the place any different. I ended by saying, "The whole setup to me is most impossible. I just don't like it at all."

Dr. Sharpe waited until I had finished and then looked me in the eye and said, with force, "If you don't like it, daughter, change it."

I asked how this change was to be made, and from where I would get my help. He answered, "Your Father is rich."

I had gone in before these men free and hopeful and came out in less than five minutes having inherited a family of 32 girls. I felt burdened and depressed.

But I could not forget those words, "If you don't like it, change it. Your Father is rich."

Before I finished moving to Endingeni I decided I would do my best to change any changeable thing. I had scarcely settled in my new home when God sent one of the greatest revivals I have ever seen in all my life. There was no evangelist, little preaching, few altar calls, and no program. We stayed day and night in the building without dismissal. People went and came as they desired. The whole building was an altar. People lay for hours in one spot on the grass-covered floor, each one doing his own praying. At the close of the meeting not one was



left hungry-hearted. Afterward we found that as is always the case when God mightily visits His people, many of our difficulties had disappeared and the remaining ones did not look so insurmountable.

We decided to change the girls' living quarters. We dug a hole by the side of our house to expose the red clay with which we began to make green bricks. The girls carried water from the creek in five-gallon coal oil tins on their heads, and poured it in the hole. Others with their bare feet stamped the clay into the right consistency. I stood with some of the girls on a shelf-like place on one side of the hole, with the brick forms before us. Girls lifted the mud with their hands and put it by the side of the forms. We splashed it into the forms with force enough to fill all the corners, break the bubbles, and cover ourselves from head to foot in layers of mud. Other girls brought the empty forms, immersed them in a puddle of water by our side, sprinkled them with sand inside and out, and slipped them into place before us. We slid the filled forms to one side where others grabbed them and ran to lay them in long rows in the sun to dry. We made thousands of green bricks.

Some of the schoolboys came to help us build. We tore down two sides of the girls' room, widened the place, and made it much longer. We divided the inside into seven rooms and left a little hallway down the middle. We made three rooms about 8 feet by 10 feet on one side, and four smaller rooms on the other side. The hall was about 3 feet wide. The partitions extended only to the top of our heads. The inside doors were merely holes in the wall, but each room had a small window too small and too high for anyone to easily crawl through. There was a small door at the outer end of the hall. The other end opened into my quarters. We roofed our house with pieces of old corrugated iron and struggled to stop

up the many holes. White clay from the river decorated the top of the walls and black tar the bottom. The floors were of ant-heap beaten hard with stones. When the building was completed we were proud of our home.

We invited the Schmelzenbachs to come and see our dream home before we moved in. He stood in the little hallway and wept as he praised God for the beautiful home. We all felt that night as if the New Jerusalem had come down to earth at Endingeni. We moved in, five girls to a room. They were confused in such a large building, for they had scarcely ever seen an African home with more than one round room.

After this we built ourselves a kitchen and a nice airy schoolroom of green bricks, and we fixed another room for our dining and study room.

New girls came nearly every week. One girl jumped into a raging torrent and crossed safely because God was with her. Another girl offered a pitiful, frightened prayer on the bank of a crocodile-infested stream and safely made it across. Many girls slept in the open veld night after night as they made their way to the home God had provided for troubled Swazi girls. Only an African with his fear of spirits, darkness, and death can understand the torture of being outside and alone on a long African night.

Those were wonderful days in our little mud home. Many a girl found God in those seven rooms. Revivals were precipitated, demons cast out, and bodies healed. God literally lived with us.

Sometimes we were able to make friends out of the pursuers of a girl, but not always. We suffered many cursings and many long nights of fear lest we be unable to protect the girls who came to us. In later years many of these one-time enemies became some of our best friends. They saw that we loved their

children and that the ones who lived with us were not lost to the family. They often visited our mission and were glad for the girls to come home and teach them the ways of Christ.

As our family increased, our home seemed to shrink. The roof leaked badly, keeping us all awake during heavy storms. I paced the floor for hours some nights, praying God to protect us from disease in our crowded rooms.

The sleeping space on the floor was full. They were in the hall and wedged together in the rooms. The day came when the chief sponsor sent a girl to tell me that every available space was taken and that if one more girl were admitted, those in one room would have to sit up all night. I told the girls we would just have to stop admitting others. I had scarcely sent this answer when a beautiful girl came saying she was not safe at her home another night. When I told her she could not stay, she wailed. She said it could not be possible that the house God had given Swazi girls had now shut its doors in their faces. She pleaded so earnestly for the Swazi girls that we could not turn her away. She became our 76th girl. She later became a preacher's wife.

That night I went to the prayer hut to pray. God blessed my soul abundantly. I stood in the little hut in the darkness, my troubles forgotten, and began to sing "Riches in Glory." A thick fog seemed to come and cover the whole hillside upon which the mission was built. Presently I saw a group of beautifully constructed buildings coming up out of the fog. The fog disappeared and God's hand put those buildings right where they are today on the Endingeni mission.

A voice said, "I am going to give you a mission station."

I said, "And it will take You, Lord, to build a mission station in this place."

The voice said, "I did not say I was going to build a mis-



sion. I said I was going to give you a mission station. You are going to build it."

I thought of all the impossibilities: the lack of money, of sand, of stones, of clay, and of my ignorance of building. I told the Lord how hard I had tried and failed all these years. Then He said, "What is that in thy hand?"

I said, "A missionary's salary: \$44.00 a month, Lord."

Then I remembered all my load of trouble because of the girls and said, "Seventy-six girls, Lord, strung around my neck like millstones."

God began to talk to me. He reminded me of Moses and his rod. He reminded me of the widow with a little oil in her cruse. He talked to me about the little boy's lunch of loaves and fish. Other Bible stories came to mind: In each case somebody needed help. God came to help. And He used what the person had in hand.

That night I promised God that I, together with the girls and anyone who would help us, would do my best. God promised that when we had done all that we could do, He would show us what He could do. I came out of the prayer hut in the morning and told the missionaries that I was going to begin to build a whole set of buildings on our mission.

I did not know how to begin. Then I remembered that in America when Christians did not know what to do, they took an offering. I knew that many of the girls had never possessed a coin in their lives. I called the girls together and told them what God had given us to do. I told them we would begin with an offering. I told them to pray and ask God what they could give. I set a day for the offering. When the day came we were all excited as we gathered in the school room. A group of girls stood up and said they had been to Pigg's Peak and secured a contract from the police to furnish roofing grass for their

houses, at 25 cents a bundle. They had secured permission from a chief to cut this grass on his lands. They promised to cut 20 bundles each, and carry them on their heads, one bundle at a time, more than 20 miles to Pigg's Peak station. That would give each girl five dollars for her offering.

Another group said that since we hired men during the holidays to plow and weed the gardens for 25 cents a day, they would do the same work better for 18 cents a day. We agreed. They pledged \$5.00 each.

Lillian, one of our two teachers, said if she might eat porridge with the schoolgirls we could take her year's wages. Our other teacher gave \$50.00, all his year's salary. They gave about all they had: mats, goats, chickens, and food. There was much weeping and shouting. The money and pledges totaled over \$500.

We began the first week in January to level the land so that it would not require so many stones for the foundation. We had to dig up a grove of eucalyptus stumps first. We enlisted all the schoolchildren, the neighborhood Christians, and the missionaries. It was the hottest month of the year, but God tempered the weather for us.

We had only a few shovels and picks and our hoes. To carry the earth we had three wheelbarrows, a few five-gallon kerosene tins, and old pieces of corrugated iron. It took many weeks. Neighbors round about came in to help us. The old women worked until they were tired, then sat on the bank swinging their bodies and sang Swazi praise songs. They praised the girls and they praised the children. Everyone worked harder as they sang.

I worked with them every day, digging the bank down, loading wheelbarrows, filling tins. When the place was finally leveled off, we could scarcely bear to go inside. The girls

chased each other up and down the space while I sat on the bank in the moonlight and thanked God.

We had just finished the leveling when typhoid fever swept into our midst. Thirty of our girls lay ill. The doctor told us we had to find a new spring of water. I sent several girls to dig in a low place near their cooking huts. I went down late in the afternoon to see if they had found water. In every hole they had found a layer of gravel a few feet under the surface, and underneath the gravel was a layer of gray clay.

We dug on down to find the ledge we thought would be under the clay, but found instead a layer of coarse, sharp, beautiful white building sand. It was the same all over the area. We scooped it up in pans and ran to show the workers. Here was the beginning of our building material. To find this sand right close to our building site was indeed a gift straight from heaven.

Not another girl took typhoid fever. God had let us be sick with the one disease that would send us digging for water to lead us to the sand. There was enough for the entire building program.

We had been looking for clay that would make a burned brick. Bro. Schmelzenbach had searched for years for this clay. After several months of futile hunting I asked three experienced brick makers to come and look the place over. They found a layer of clay that ran across the veld less than half a mile from our site. It made a brick that rang almost like a piece of steel. The men who had helped dig the eucalyptus stumps found good stones that would make a foundation.

The brick maker burned thousands of bricks for us. We hauled in stones and sand. We had everything ready. Now we needed a builder. One night I saw an old tramp coming down the road. He was limping and tired. He asked for food and a



place to spend the night. I saw that his shoes were worn out and his feet blistered, so I gave him money to go to the African store and buy some shoes. He said he was a builder. He didn't want to work for a woman but said he would work enough to pay for his food and shoes. He was a first-class builder and stayed with us to complete our building. Had we searched all over Africa we could not have found a finer workman.

Our money was gone. We needed immediate help. We needed to pay the men who were working, and we needed to buy material. I told God we would not go into debt. The money began to come in. Nearly every letter had a small amount. The New England assembly took an offering for us. We finished our girls' home free of debt and dedicated the building in December 1932.

In February God told me that it was time to start moving to build the rest of the buildings.

We needed a tabernacle for camp meeting. Every year we spent many weeks building a grass and cornstalk shelter for that meeting. And it seemed that it always rained. The people would be drenched, many took cold, and often an old person would die from exposure.

These were depression years. Money was very scarce. My faith reached only to the foundation stage of the tabernacle. As we laid the stones my faith grew and we started the brick making. Fairy Chism gave me money to buy the windows, so we decided to build the walls. When it was time to think of the expensive cement work, in one week I received from many separate people nearly \$2,000. So we finished the whole tabernacle free of debt.

After that we built the dispensary, school building, sheds, and outstation churches in the same way.

## 4

# Working with God in Swaziland

We had about 200 hungry mouths to feed at the Endingeni mission (now called the Schmelzenbach Memorial). There were the witch babies, homeless and orphan children, the workers, the old grandmas, and the women who had been chased away from home by witchcraft, all looking for food from our fields.

The crop was good one year. The corn and other foods were about ready to eat. The trees were full of fruit. We were thankful for our almost 200 acres of beautiful gardens. One hot December afternoon, I looked up suddenly to find the heavens black with storm clouds. A great, green cloud was swiftly coming our way. I could hear strange, clattering sounds in the heavens and knew that meant hail! A real storm this time. I had seen hail beat beautiful fields of grain to the ground, and the rain wash even the stalks away. I had seen these storms break huge limbs off trees, smash all the windowpanes in our buildings. I had seen fowl, animals, food, and property destroyed by such a storm. Fear clutched my heart. I looked at our beautiful fields that we must reap if we were to keep our large family together. I sat down quickly on the porch, weak from fear. Just then from the little mud-walled home in which I lived with my big family of girls came a sudden volume of mighty, desperate prayer. My fright gave way to

confidence. I knew God could not turn a deaf ear to such pleading. Alice, the matron for the girls, had seen the storm before I saw it. She marshaled the girls to pray down help from the only One who is able to deliver in such a crisis.

God did not fail those Swazi girls. A sharp wind sprang up from the opposite direction in a minute of time and drove the storm past our fields. It stripped every leaf from the trees, pulverized the grass, tore huge limbs from trees, but not an ear of corn was damaged in our fields.

For four years I had the wonderful privilege of working with Harmon Schmelzenbach, the great missionary, and from him learned many very valuable lessons. I was given charge of the day school and helped with the district work. When Bro. Schmelzenbach died I was given charge of the station and the surrounding district. I love farming. It was not an unpleasant task to care for a big station and supervise a farm of over 200 acres. The "family" raised almost all our own food, for we could not afford to hire help or buy food.

We grew corn, beans, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and fruit. We worked hard and had many a good time racing down a long row planting, hoeing, or husking corn. We kept our home aglow with brilliant-colored flowers and trees—beautiful jacarandas, flaming poinsettias, purple bougainvilleas, and begonias. We pruned orchards, repaired engines and machinery, planted trees, cared for stock, and did all the other work that goes with farming.

I rode thousands of miles on my old red mule, Coffee, over hills and velds supervising the rural schools and holding church meetings and revivals. I loved this work. I learned to love the night skies with their shining Southern Cross. I lived in the homes of the people, ate their food, slept many a night on the floor with my saddle for a pillow, forded the rivers at



midnight, got caught in terrible storms, walked in the burning sands, and in later years got stuck in rivers or in the mud with my Chevrolet. But I loved it all.

For many years when we could not have a nurse of our own, I supervised the medical work, nursed the sick, pulled teeth by the hundreds, set misplaced joints, delivered babies. I knew my limitations and I always called on the Great Physician. In the hardest places I depended mostly on prayer.

God gave the Church of the Nazarene hundreds of African saints—humble, God-fearing, holy living Christians.

I asked an old witch doctor, "What do you think of the preacher we put here to live in your neighborhood? Is he a Christian? Have you seen anything in his life or his home?"

The old witch doctor was walking by the side of my mule. He was arrayed in skins, cow tails, teeth, pouches and horn containing his medicines. He looked up at me, his smile gone, and said, "Child of God! That man!" He lifted his hand and pointed to the little grass and mud home of our preacher—a home that was brighter, larger, more sanitary and convenient than the homes of the people around him. A few fruit and shade trees could be seen growing inside a pretty hedge; everything was clean and in order around it. The old man stopped, his bony finger still pointing to the preacher's little home, and said, "Daughter of the King, that is our lamp. That is the light of the Swazi nation."

Our workers are the most important part of the church in Africa. The worker, his words, his actions, his life, his home, his wife and children are watched day and night by scores of non-Christians as well as by the Christian flock.

Vabaye's sister was given to the old chief for 10 head of cattle. As a special favor Vabaye was included for the token payment of 4 or 5 additional head of cattle.

The chief was old and had many wives. Vabaye was young and independent. When Vabaye discovered she was included in the transaction, she ran away. She ran until exhausted, then hid in a pile of stones. The men and dogs pursuing her failed to find her. As Vabaye made her way toward the Transvaal, she heard a missionary teaching his class about Jesus. Hidden in the tall grass, Vabaye thought, They say the missionary's God is a hiding place. Perhaps I can hide in Him. She went to Rev. Schmelzenbach and gave her heart to God.

For many years Vabaye could not visit her home or leave the mission. She learned to pray and was a great blessing to the mission. At her baptism she took the name of "Alice." For many years Alice cooked for the single missionaries at Endingeni. Alice won her parents to the Lord. In 1940, after 17 years, Alice, helped by friends, secured enough cattle to buy herself from her unsaved brother. Alice was a strong preacher. She mothered the many children of the station, was chief adviser of the girls in the home, helped in revivals, and served as assistant pastor. But her greatest talent is her ability to pray and get answers from God.

I shall never forget how God spoke to my heart one midnight as I listened to Alice praying. That prayer, one of the mightiest prayers I have ever heard, was one of the greatest and sweetest experiences of my life in Africa. I was working on night duty with the sick. In a manner that could not be denied, Alice was calling one by one the names of the unsaved who lived about the neighborhood and was begging God to do everything He could to save them. My heart was stirred, for I knew God would answer that prayer. I felt as if I had never truly prayed myself. For weeks that lone intercessor had been spending hours every night in prayer. Sometimes she cried out in a loud voice. At other times, I have seen through the win-

dow her cot untouched, and Alice, stretched on the grass mat on the floor, her open Bible before a little tallow candle. Her eyes were swollen from weeping, and often her words turned into groans as she went down into the valley of suffering, seeking the lost. I asked her one day if she was not afraid her physical strength would fail from loss of sleep. She looked at me with a glow of unearthly light on her face and said, "Daughter of the King, if you only knew: before me is Christ, behind me it is light. If I reach to the right hand or to the left, I find the strength of God. I will stop when God gives me what I ask."

Three months passed. One early morning an unsaved man came and called Alice, saying that for three months God had been dealing with his soul. On the cement steps he gave his heart to God. The revival began. Scores of unsaved were born into the kingdom of God.

During a big revival, someone came to tell me that Lillian was dying. I went to her. She was lying on the floor curled up in a ball. She had not tasted food in several days. I could see by her face that she was praying. She was dying to the world. Slowly and deliberately, Lillian got the last thing settled, and God did a work in her heart that made her a shining light from that day on. On one Sunday, Lillian stood in the center of a little mud church. Every inch of the floor was covered with earnest listeners. The windows were filled with faces. God anointed His handmaiden. Lillian looked like a being from another world. Her face shone with the glory of God. A young girl stood up, lifted her hand, and said, "I choose the Lord." Another repeated those sweet words. There was a hushed stillness over our hearts. We felt as if Jesus himself had come into our midst.

At another time we were in an all-night meeting. Seekers



had been at the altar for a long time. It was hard to pray. Nobody was getting victory. We all felt defeated and sleepy. Suddenly Lillian jumped to her feet, grabbed the first seeker, shook her soundly, and called into her ear, "Pray!" She went down the altar shaking one after another, praying at the top of her voice, as great tears rolled down her cheeks. In a few minutes sleep had vanished, everyone prayed through, and all were filled with joy and victory.

"I'm rich, friends, I'm rich!" a smiling Swazi woman cried as she testified to salvation. She lifted her arms, swung herself gracefully around among the crowd of listeners who sat on the floor. She did not look rich. She was shoeless and hatless. Her only covering was a single cheap garment that hung loosely from her shoulders. Her home, we knew, was a little grass hut with a mud floor, her bed a mat on the ground, and her food was scarce and coarse. She could not read or write, yet she said she was rich. Her listeners believed her testimony, for they smiled and nodded and said, "Yes, Mother, yes."

Everyone knew Magagula. She had been demon-possessed. Many a night while her children cried for food, she had lain in a drunken stupor. She had been quarrelsome and unlovely. Now the demons had fled. She was no longer a slave to snuff and beer. Her children were learning in school and in Sunday School. Her husband who beat her when she first gave her heart to the Lord, now respected and loved her. Her peanuts and corn were diligently tithed. Her delight was to tell her friends how the Lord had come and made all things new.

### **No Difference**

A few months after I arrived in Africa I was testifying to a man I met, telling him of the wonderful heart experience I obtained when I was sanctified.

"The work will not be so definite in your converts here," he said. "God has so little background to work on in these people that you cannot expect to see the same results."

I did not answer, but I knew that I had not been brought up in a religious environment and yet God sanctified me. I made up my mind that the very first convert who showed evidence of being ready to receive the fullness of God's blessing, I would find out if that man was right or not.

Several months later, little Willie came to my night school in Sabie. He was a lad of 10 or 11 years. His father was gone; his mother was ill. Willie cared for the needs of his mother and two brothers as best he could. One night the mother died. Next morning Willie came to tell me that he and the other children were now alone. God spoke to me and told me to try to fill the mother's place with these children. I took Willie into my home. He soon gave evidence by a changed life and a clear testimony that he had been born from above. After some time, I noticed that Willie was weak and thin. I finally found out that for months he had been fasting and praying to get sanctified. I soon found out that he was troubled over needing to make restitution. I assured him that this was a very ordinary procedure for many. I gave Willie a piece of paper and told him to write down all that was bothering him. For several days he lay in the grass in the sun, and finally came back with a long list of things about which God had been talking to him. Most of the items were things he had stolen in his efforts to supply the needs of his family. Willie became thinner and paler every day, but God helped him to press on until he had cleared everything away. He should have been sanctified then, but he was afraid the darkness would come back, so he would not step out in faith.

I prayed for hours with Willie. Other missionaries and Af-

rican Christians prayed with him. All seemed useless. He would not believe. I feared for his sanity. I began to fast and pray. One Sunday afternoon God reminded me of what I had determined when that man told me God could not sanctify an African as He had sanctified me. Here was a soul ready for the promised cleansing. Would I put God to the test? Hope sprang up in my heart. I was determined to do my part. That evening I called the Christians in for a prayer meeting. I talked to them of God's unchanging faithfulness. I told them God had spoken to me about a certain thing, and that I had come tonight prepared to wait until God granted me the request. I asked if there was another who had a definite request that he wished to put before God, and if he would wait there before God until the request was granted. Willie put up his hand. I asked if he would wait there until the sun came up in the morning, if necessary. He said he would. I asked if he would wait until the sun went down the next evening. He said he would. Then I asked if he would wait until the sun came up the morning after that, if necessary. With much trembling Willie promised to wait until God came, and that in the meantime he would do all he could to meet the conditions. He knelt in the middle of the altar, and I at the end. Both of us had gone too far now to turn back. We began to pray in earnest. It was not more than three minutes until I knew God was there to sanctify Willie. I rose to my feet, saying, "Do Your best for me, Lord. They said You could not do it. It will make all the difference in the world in the way I shall preach from now on, Lord."

Willie was now praying in faith, with his little hands stretched up to God. The work was done. He jumped up, and then sat back on a bench where he lifted his hands and sat for a very long time, quietly laughing. His childish face was aglow



with heavenly light. Willie was sanctified "just like God sanctified me."

For years Willie gave almost every cent he made back to God. He would not even buy clothes to keep himself properly covered. He prayed so earnestly that once when I needed him and knocked loudly on his door he did not hear me he was so absorbed in talking with God. He was a great soul winner. When the other missionaries were on furlough and I was alone on the mission, Willie was almost like my right arm. He was an efficient teacher, an unctuous preacher, and helped keep all the engines and machinery in repair. For years he did all our carpentry. He and his brother Edward roofed our big tabernacle at Endingeni and made all the furniture for our dispensary—cupboards, tables, beds for the children. In later years Willie became a prosperous businessman and built several churches in Africa with his own money. Willie was the first African I saw sanctified, but thank God, he was not the last one. I have seen scores of Africans receive the promised blessing and live transformed lives.

Jake's mother lived alone in a little hut in Sabie Nook. She was a cripple and had not taken a step in 11 years. She had spent all she had on local doctors but was not helped. One day I was out visiting in the homes of the people and found Jake's mother. I was much moved by her sad story of pain, hunger, loneliness, and sorrow. As I looked at her kind face now deeply lined by suffering, these words came again and again to my mind: "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart" (Isaiah 35:6). That night as I prayed, I felt definitely that God wanted to save and heal my newfound friend.

The next day I took a bottle of anointing oil and rode again up to the Nook. On the way the enemy tried to tell me that she would not be healed. When I tried to bolster up my

faith, the devil said, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off." I stopped to pray and encourage myself in the Lord. Then I went on to my task. The poor woman said she chose Christ as her Savior. I anointed her and prayed for her physical healing. That noon I left Sabie by train for a week's meeting in Swaziland. I prayed for this woman much that week, and when I returned, I went that very afternoon to see her. As I rode up the valley and came to the place where I would follow the trail up the hill, I saw someone come from her little hut and start down the trail to meet me. As we neared each other, I saw that the one coming had a limp in her walk and I wondered who she was. Then the truth dawned upon me. It was Jake's mother. She said that after I left her the day I anointed and prayed for her, she thought to herself, Now if the Lord has healed me, I will get up and walk. She got up and had been walking about her home all the week. She was preparing to take a long journey to see her people whom she had not seen in many years.

African preachers use many telling phrases to bring the truth home to their people. I heard Alice, the evangelist, exhorting the girls who were at the altar seeking. As she came to one girl who seemed especially hesitant, Alice called out in great earnestness, "Turn the orange loose, and God will bless you."

I learned later that this metaphor comes from a familiar practice in trapping monkeys that are bothering the vegetable gardens. A long-handled gourd is fastened with grass cords to a nearby stake or tree. A small hole is made in the shell of the gourd. A few peanuts and a bright-colored orange are placed inside the gourd. Peanuts are strewn about the location of the gourd to draw the monkeys. When the monkeys see the gourd, one of the bolder ones will reach in and take a peanut. Em-

boldened by his success, he finally grasps the orange. But with his hand around the orange, his fist is too large to be withdrawn from the gourd. The monkey becomes greatly excited, but he never thinks to "turn the orange loose." His friends come to help him and their chattering and screaming attracts the men in the nearby homestead, and they come and kill the monkey. He could have been free if he had just "turned the orange loose."

Another favorite illustration used by preachers is to ask a seeker, "Have you sent back all that belongs to him?"

African young people have their own forms of courtship. In our missions it often happens that a young worker will ask to go to one of the other mission locations on a more or less unimportant errand. We know why he wants to make the trip, and we make arrangements for it. At the other mission he makes an effort to engage the young woman in whom he is interested, in conversation. He is content if it is made possible for him to see her as she passes through the room or across the grounds. By this glimpse he makes up his mind if she is the one he wants. If he decides she is, he writes to the girl a very complimentary note expressing his regard for her. As expected, there is no response from the girl. After a short wait he writes again, this time making his plea much more forceful. Still there is no answer. The third letter becomes almost frantic, and he declares his love in extravagant terms. Now it is time for the girl to make some response. It may be simply, "I cannot hear what you say." This is an invitation to the young man to write again. The girl responds, "I cannot hear what that one says. Perhaps if he could speak more plainly I could hear." This is the signal for the fullest proposal the young man can make. When his next letter comes, the young woman must make some reply. If she wants him, she will tell him something to let



him know. Then the young man writes her a letter of thanks and sends her a silk handkerchief to wear as a sign of their engagement.

If the young woman is not interested, she will write back and say, "Excuse me, friend. I am sorry. I do not like you. Do not write me any more." With this note, she returns all the letters she has received from the young man and the suit is closed. However, if the woman does not really want to close the matter for good, but wants to teach the young man that she is hard to get, she will hold back one of his letters when she returns them. The young man looks through the package and if he finds the girl has kept a letter, he knows she is not really through, and he continues to court her. She may put on an act of objecting, but he knows better. If, after this, she decides she does not want him, she is afraid to produce the letter, for it is evidence that she did want him and was playing with him. Now the fault lies with the girl. She will be told that she has engaged herself to the young man by her acts. If she now refuses to accept him she will be punished. I have known a girl to be removed from the full membership class and required to remain a probationer.

When a preacher or altar worker sees a chronic seeker failing to trust God for salvation, he often will say, "Have you sent back every single thing that belongs to him?" The seeker knows he must give up everything that belongs to the devil and the world, or God can not give victory.

The African people themselves often receive vivid lessons through dreams or visions.

One morning the wife of a medicine man came early to the Sabie mission to pray. She had been a medicine practitioner herself before she became a Christian. During the first months of her Christian life she had walked very close to God.

But for some time she had not been faithful in attendance at prayer meeting or in Christian service. We were worried about her, fearing she might go back to her old ways. That morning she said God had given her a wonderful dream that made her afraid. She had dreamed that Jesus had come back to the earth for His people. She saw the city of God with its shining gates wide open. Long lines of people were marching into the city. Each marcher was arrayed in a beautiful white gown. They wore glittering crowns and were waving feathery branches and singing happy songs of praise. She was excited and happy. Then came the Christians with whom she worshiped in her church. She thought it was time for her to get into line with the others, but when she tried to get up she could not move. She looked at her dress that had been clean and white and saw that it was badly soiled. She noticed that there were some little hands clinging to her and brushed them off, but as these let go, scores of other little hands grabbed her. These hands were tiny, the size of the feet of baby mice, and they were gray. None of them were very black, and none were very strong, but there were so many of them that they held her as fast as though she had been bound with leather ropes. After dreaming this the third time she realized that God was telling her she had once been washed clean in the blood of Jesus, but she had been careless of her clean garments. She had not done anything really black and bad, but she had neglected God and His service. She had done some little questionable things. All these little things were holding her back from being the Christian she needed to be. She wanted us to pray with her and help her to get Jesus to take away the little gray hands, wash her dress, and make it white again. After this experience she often exhorted Christians to clean everything off before they went to sleep. She had learned that little things can keep people out of the city of God.

## 5

# Discipling New Christians

The Christian life was so new to most of the people that we missionaries often had to visit the churches and explain what our teachings meant. One of the items that needed explaining was tithing. Africans do not have much cash, and they needed to learn how to tithe their harvest and animals. We went from zone to zone with sacks, tin cans, dishes, and cups to demonstrate the way in which to take a tithe of their produce. The Swazi churches designate one Sunday on which to bring all their tithes of corn. On another Sunday they bring their tithe of pumpkins, fruit, and other produce. On another Sunday they will bring a tithe of beans, peanuts, and the like. Then there is a day to tithe their fowl and animals. On one day at Endingeni we had all the tithes brought on the same day. It was an impressive sight to see three oxen, three goats, 21 chickens, over 20 sacks of corn, and many sacks of peanuts and beans. There were dishes of every kind of foodstuffs. There were large bunches of bananas, rolls of grass mats, bundles of grass brooms and ropes. Old women who had nothing to tithe gathered huge bundles of firewood from the bush and brought them on their heads. Tithes like these are sold and the money used to help support the pastor of the local church and to pay their budgets. New Christians learn quickly when they are shown by object lessons how the tithe is separated.



On one Sunday we read our scripture lesson from Malachi. Several told how God had blessed and increased them after they tithed. We stressed God's promise of blessing to all who would bring the tithe into the storehouse. We demonstrated how to measure corn and beans into sacks, separating a tithe.

Then a woman stood up in the rear of the building and said, "I want to tell you, good teachers, my story. My preacher told me about paying God one part out of every 10 parts. I had only one hen. She laid 10 eggs and hatched out nine chicks. Now I had my red hen and nine chicks—10 in all. When the day came to bring in our tithes, I took one of those chicks and gave it to my preacher. When I came home, I found an animal had killed all eight of the remaining chickens. How do you explain that?"

The preachers and I tried to comfort her and to fix it up as best we could. But so many questions were asked that it took up all the remaining time. We were troubled. Our lesson was forgotten by all. Those Christians would go home to tell their people about the dead chickens of the woman who had paid her tithe. Our trip had been worse than in vain. We stood up to be dismissed. Then the woman spoke again. She said, "There is a bit more I want to tell you. Yes, I had a red hen. She hatched out nine chicks. They grew fast and big. Only one of them did not grow as big as the others. It was a little sick. When I looked at my chickens, I picked out the biggest and best and said to my heart that I should take that one for the Lord. But I had two hearts. One was a big heart and one was a little heart. The little heart said I had better take the little chicken. It said, "One is a tenth, big or little. If you keep the big chicken, you will have many big chickens to give God next year. The preacher will

only eat your chicken. Meat is meat. All the difference would be that there would not be so much meat.

"When tithing day came, my little heart overcame my big heart. I took the little chicken. When I got home, the others were dead. Those of our people who are not Christians always give the biggest and best ox to the spirits. We give them the best of all we have. The great God-Spirit gave me more rest and joy in this little time since I chose Him than I ever had before. I know it is a shame for me to offer the great God presents that I would be afraid to offer to the spirits. After this, I will give God the best part of what I have." The day was saved. By her little story this woman had taught everyone, big and little, more than we could have taught them had we had a whole week in which to try.

Swazi revivals were usually short but intense. They began on Thursday and ran over Sunday. They were preceded by much prayer and fasting. Christians came from surrounding churches to help in the meetings. The first two days were given to the Christians to get them revived and blessed. The last two days were given to efforts to win the unsaved. There was never enough room for the crowds that came. I have seen 300 African boys packed together on the floor all night.

I remember one night when we had several hundred more people than could possibly be seated on the floor even in closest Swazi fashion. We rang the bell for the service. When they began to come in, I told them all to stand. I had the people crowd in as close as they could until all were inside the door. Then I called out, "Be seated!" Everyone sat quick, knowing that all would not get a seat. A howl of laughter filled the room. Scores of little eyes peered out from under the benches around the edge of the room. I could not move my feet an inch, for they were covered with children. Everybody was

down, one way or another, except one man who could not make it in any direction. He had been working in the mines, had bought himself a new hat and was all decked out in colors that evening. He had come especially to have a look at the pretty girls and choose one that he might ask permission to write her. All the girls knew this, and it was especially funny that he should be the one who could not get down. He wiggled to the right and to the left, with all the young men trying to help him. Little by little he began to sink. But as he went down his arm came up for there was not room for all of him in the small space. In his upraised hand he held his new hat. Everyone was watching him. Miss Lovelace, one of the missionaries, said clearly, "It will soon be all right, brethren. He is all gone now but his hat." With this speech we tried no longer to keep from laughing. In spite of this beginning, the services were crowned with success, with Christians encouraged and many unsaved finding Christ.

I believe that one of the secrets to God's blessing upon the African church has been in prayer huts. For the 20 years that I was in Africa we had one or more prayer huts on most of the Nazarene mission stations. These are huts set aside to be used only by people who want a place to pray undisturbed. Some years everyone on the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station had a set period once a week when he was alone in the prayer hut. At other times, the girls had the daytime and the boys the night. At still other times all who wanted to participate were given an hour so that for weeks at a time, day and night, someone was always praying in the prayer hut. One did not leave until the next one came. Many of the victories we have had on this mission and on the district have been won earlier in the prayer hut. Later the girls and the boys had separate prayer huts. The missionaries also had their prayer hut where they



could steal away from their cares and labors and from the presence of people to spend some time alone with God. It is impossible to overestimate the blessing these prayer huts have been to our church in Africa. They are the power houses that have broken the bands of wickedness and changed darkness into light. Prayer has always been the key to victory.

I remember a time during the darkest days of the Depression. Money was very scarce, and workers were facing such a period of adjustment as they had never known before. There had been crop failures, and many were hungry. It seemed to them that they must leave their God-appointed tasks and take up secular work to supply their many needs. Because of the many things hard to understand, it was easy for a spirit of misunderstanding to creep in between the workers, and between workers and missionaries. Try as we might, every new discussion seemed only to widen the gulf. We went to every new meeting with fear and trembling, and came away knowing that we had made no progress toward the solution of our problems. Finally, after much prayer and waiting on God, I sent word to all the workers of the Pigg's Peak area that we were going to the church at Helehele to have three days of fasting and waiting in prayer before the Lord. All workers were invited. They could come or stay at home. They could bring food, if they wished, but no cooking was to be done on the grounds for anyone. On Thursday evening about 50 workers, Fairy Chism, Irene Jester, and I gathered in the little stone church at Helehele and began to wait on God. There was little progress for many hours. Then Preacher Simon crawled over to Evangelist Solomon and suggested that he ask the missionaries if it would be all right for them to send their possessions over the brook Jabok so they might be unencumbered in their wrestling. They stood up one by one and began confessing little things that

had been troubling them in their hearts. Criticism, hard feelings, careless words whose hurt they had made room for in their hearts, a lack of love and confidence they had once felt for fellow workers. A recess was called, and all over the church and premises they gathered by twos or in little groups and talked freely, explaining and asking forgiveness. We all joined together in getting everything across the brook. Finally, with smiling faces, and with hearts at rest with men, we went back to God in prayer. He met with us in a wonderful manner. The gulf disappeared. The financial burdens shriveled up to the size a man could carry. The tall mountains of hardship and fear wore low until the rugged path was such as a brave soldier could follow. We prayed for our part of the work, for the district, for the whole church, and for special projects. We prayed for the children of all the workers, calling them by name. We had a healing service and prayed for the bodies of the sick among us. Some of the testimonies were outstanding. One preacher had been sure he would die of hunger. He was ashamed to bring his food to the station so he had hidden a handful of food out in the veld, intending to go and eat it just before he starved to death. He had become so interested that he had not once felt hungry or thirsty. Another man, not strong in body, decided to stay home Thursday night and come up to the meeting on Friday morning. This would give him one good meal on the first day. His wife cooked a big chicken with plenty of sweet potatoes and other food to fortify him for at least one day. Very early in the morning he arose from a troubled sleep saying, "The soldiers are in battle. Why do I hide at home like a coward?" Much to the dismay of his wife he sneaked off and left the meat and potatoes untouched in the pot. He walked more than 15 miles, joined the army, and stayed to pray and shout until the last minute of the battle.

It was past midnight on Sunday when we finished all we had to do. Even then the people did not go to sleep. They laughed and talked while the women leisurely prepared the food. At daybreak they ate a hearty meal. Then all joined hands, sang a battle song, and asked, "Why didn't you do this long ago?"

I recall another revival at Enzulase. The preaching was anointed of God. Messages of unusual force were delivered. A whole night was spent in fasting and prayer. We were in our last service and still the church had not been blessed nor the unsaved moved. We knew God had been leading us in this battle. I was sure that God was trying to do something for us in that last service. I told the church we would begin our meeting all over again. We would have another night of prayer, preach and pray again, and wait until God at least blessed His people. This was such an unusual procedure that some got stirred. They began to talk. Finally a timid young girl stood up and said that God had been condemning her for not telling us why the church was not blessed. As she began to talk others joined in, and we found there had been a quarrel in which most of the church members had been involved. Some had even accused others of practicing witchcraft.

Hours of talking followed—a real indaba. In the end, the people asked forgiveness of each other and fixed up their difficulties. Most of the church members went to the altar and soon came up with smiling faces. It was not long until the atmosphere had completely changed. The blessings of God were richly showered upon us, and several unsaved persons stood, lifted up their right hands and cried, "I choose the Lord." We were glad we had not struck once and stopped (2 Kings 13:18-19). We were taught the lesson of striking on and on until we consumed our enemies.



There was one time when I asked our unsaved friends if they would like us to make a great big meeting for them alone. They said they would and promised to come if we would really make it for them only. We told them we would sing for them, pray for them, preach to them, testify for them, and keep the altars open for them only. We would feed and entertain them if they would come regularly. They seemed happy and assured us they would be there. I sent word to the more than 1,500 Christians of the district telling them what we had planned and asking them to bring their unsaved friends. We told them our whole attention would be given to the unsaved, Christians would not be invited to the altars, that we would have no time during this period to help professing Christians, and that if Christians came up to the station they would come to serve. We told the Christians they might not even find room to get into the services, and they might not get any food or any comfortable place to sleep. Of course, everybody wanted to see the results of such an effort, so hundreds came to help. I bought two oxen and we earned two more weeding the chief's gardens. Every church sent a sack of corn. We dug many sacks of sweet potatoes, and made a few sacks of hominy. When the day for the meeting came, we rang the big bell early in the morning. But our hearts were heavy for it was pouring down rain in torrents. Many Christians and a few unsaved had come the day before. They had made a grass shelter over the big vat in which the food was to be cooked, and with difficulty they cooked the big pots of meat that we were afraid the guests would not come to eat. At eleven o'clock we rang the bell again and the people came up every trail—men, women, and children came holding their wet animal skins and blankets about them. There were several hundred of them. We put them in the center and front of the church where they sat huddled to-

gether on the grass-covered floor of the tabernacle. The rain continued, but they came faithfully every day. We dished up their food in big pans, wash tubs, wheelbarrows, big pieces of flat iron, and everything we could find. They squatted on the ground, men and women separate, and in spite of the dampness they enjoyed themselves immensely. Had it not been raining, they might have gone elsewhere to drink beer, or they might have danced and fought on the mission grounds. We saw that the rain was a blessing. God showed himself in a wonderful way. At times the Spirit of God swept over us mightily. Sometimes the people would bury their faces in the grass floor and wail as they prayed. I shall never forget those wonderful scenes. In one service alone scores of these precious people found Christ. Some of them were people for whom we had been praying for years. I have used this same method many times since then.

## 6

### Experiences in Africa

I went one afternoon to visit a friend. He had worked in the gold mines and now was in the last stages of tuberculosis. He lay on his mat inside the grass enclosure that surrounded his little hut. I sat by his head on a low soapbox. In a few minutes I saw through the opening in the fence two big portly men coming toward the home. I recognized one as a diviner of our neighborhood. I taught his son in school. He was very friendly and had tried to show me, with his little pouch full of bones and teeth, how he smelled out the sorcerers that troubled the people. The other man, I learned later, was a very honored and famous witch doctor, old Mafuta, from the bushveld. The people thought some witch had cast her spell over the sick man, but in spite of all they did, he continually grew worse. So they had called Mafuta to use his great skill in behalf of the sufferer. The two doctors stopped in the path. The diviner began to talk earnestly, and with many gesticulations, to Mafuta. He seemed to be trying to convince Mafuta to do something he was loath to try. In the end Mafuta plunged through the opening in the fence like an enraged animal. With a blood-curdling cry, he leaped into the air, threw himself in circles, and waved over his head a long black horse tail. A beautiful leopard skin was draped around his waist. His neck, arms, and knees were encircled with white cow tails. His head



was crowned with long *sakabula* feathers. Over his body hung horns, pouches, and little gourds full of medicine. Skins, tails, horns, pouches, and gourds made an interesting sight as this huge man twirled round and round in his screaming and leaping. The girls who had come with me almost tore the fence down in their hasty retreat. They ran for home with their hands crossed on their heads, screaming, "*Maye, Babo, Maye, Babo!*"

Presently Mafuta stopped his gyrations, stood at attention before me, smiled, and said kindly, "*Sakubona, Nkosazana*" (We see you, Daughter of the King). There was a note of respect in his voice, because I had not reacted in fright to his appearance.

Often the missionaries' knowledge of simple medical treatments appears to border on magic to the rural African who has had no contact with modern medicine.

Some of our Christians came one day and said, "There is trouble down at Chief Vlakazi's home. His favorite wife has had a terrible thing happen to her. Her face is broken. They say the spooks did it. The witch doctors have been called, and if something is not done, someone may have to die. We think it will be Joseph's mother, for she is the one next beloved among the chief's wives. If you can do anything, please do it."

Joseph was one of our Christian boys, and his mother was also very friendly to the Christians. The thought that she might be driven away as the witch that had broken the face of the chief's favorite wife was indeed a serious matter.

I sent word to the chief that if he would bring his wife up to the mission I would see if I could do anything to help her, but he replied to the messengers I sent, "Does that white woman think she knows more than our witch doctors? Even they can't cure a broken face that the spooks have slapped." He did not bring his wife.

The woman's own story was that she was hoeing in the garden. Being a little tired, she leaned on her hoe to rest. Over in the nearby bushes, she heard a rustle, and then the spook jumped out, slapped her on the cheek and broke her face. She was not only physically defaced, but she was the subject of the attack of spirits. She was bound to lose her place as the chief's favorite wife, and whoever was found to be the witch by means of smelling out by the witch doctor would be severely punished.

What really happened, as we would explain it, was that the woman stopped to rest a little, leaning on her hoe. The breeze rustled the bushes, and as the woman yawned in the cooling breeze, her jaw slipped out of place. And knowing no way to replace the jaw, the poor woman was left disfigured and in pain and trouble.

A day or two after our first knowledge of the matter, our Christians came again to urge that I go down to Chief Vlakazi's home to see if I could do something. So I saddled my mule, Coffee, took along my little medicine case and the medical book that I had, and went over to the chief's house. I was not sure I could replace the jaw. I had never done anything of the kind and had never seen a doctor do it, but I had read about it in the medical books, and it did not sound like too difficult a task.

When I approached the home, I found the women huddled in fear and trembling. All work about the place had ceased. The chief and the men of the homestead were out with the witch doctor preparing for the ordeal of smelling out the witch to find out who was responsible for the spook's invasion of the chief's family. The belief was that unless the witch was found and the matter stopped, trouble would go right on

through the home. Sickness, crop failure, and even death for members of the family might result.

I asked the women about the woman who was sick, and they merely pointed to the hut in which she sat. I got down on my hands and knees and entered through the low door. I waited a moment for my eyes to adjust to the semidarkness of the windowless hut. Then I saw the woman sitting on the ground with her head and face covered with a cloth. I asked about her trouble. She tried, under the handicap of a dislocated jaw, to tell me the story of her work in the garden and the slap from the spook. I approached her saying I might be able to help her and that I would take a look. I placed a wisp of cotton around each thumb, as the medical book said to do, put my thumbs on her back molars, pressed down hard, and shoved the jaw backward at the same time. Much to my surprise and to that of the woman the jaw slipped right back into place. The woman was jubilant with thanks and praise. The women of the home came to observe and to praise, and the shadow lifted from the chief's homestead. I explained to those who gathered about that if they practiced, they could do the same thing I had done.

My fame as a bone fixer spread, and soon I found myself faced with impossible cases of dislocation—some of long standing. Nevertheless, I was able to help some, and I think the whole matter was used for "the furtherance of the gospel."

Some time after this, in our camp meeting at Endingeni, the meetings were in charge of our African evangelists and the crowd was composed partly of Christians and partly of friendly unsaved neighbors. A man in the meeting yawned and his jaw slipped out of place. Immediately there was great excitement among the unsaved. Our evangelists were able only with great effort to keep the people from stampeding. The



non-Christians were especially surprised that the spooks would come right in among the Christians and break the face of a man.

I was at the dispensary a few hundred yards away. The evangelists assured the people that I would fix the man's face without delay. It was a serious sight to see a crowd of the brethren come leading and accompanying the man who had the trouble. In great earnestness the Christians said, "O, Daughter of the King, you must do something right away or our meeting will be ruined."

It was easy for me, because of the previous experiences, to put the man's jaw back into place. I then put on a little strip of bandage to indicate that I had done something for him. The group returned to the tabernacle and presented the man with his face restored. The meeting went on with renewed interest and victory.

One of our common problems is to get sick patients to take medicine at specified intervals. They feel that if the medicine is going to cure them, the sooner it gets to work the better.

On one occasion, a little girl came to me for medicine for her mother who was very ill of malaria. I gave her calomel, epsom salts, aspirin, and enough quinine for several days. I had only powdered quinine, so I put it into capsules and explained over and over just how to administer it. I was afraid the child might be confused with the different kinds of medicine, but she assured me she understood perfectly, and she ran off singing. The next day the child came with something wrapped carefully in a clean paper. She said, "I gave her the medicine last night and she is much better. Here are all your little bottles, Daughter of the King."

I could not remember giving her any little bottles, but I took the package and thanked her, rejoicing with her that the

medicine had so quickly helped the suffering one. When in the house I opened the package. There were all the empty capsules. She had emptied the bitter quinine, mixed it with all the other medicine, and given it to her mother in one huge dose.

Some of our good church workers were first contacted through our medical work. After the medicine man had been unable to cure them, they were brought to the missionary to see what he could do.

Magodi was one of these. His father would not let the Christians preach to his homestead. One day an angry cow trampled Magodi, tearing his mouth and face badly with her hoofs. Magodi became terribly infected. When they could do no more for him in the home, they put a cloth over his face and brought him to the mission. He was in a terrible condition with big flies following him in clouds. By God's help, little Magodi recovered. His parents did not allow him to go home lest the enemy who had begun his downfall should find him and finish him completely. Magodi was a bright boy. God called him to preach and teach. He went to Natal, got a teacher's certificate, and became one of our most successful preacher-teachers.

Mgwingi also was a herdboys. One day he saw some lovely, ripe fruit on a high limb. He climbed up to get it. The brittle limb broke and Mgwingi fell on a sharp snag that tore a great hole in his abdomen through which his intestines protruded. He lay for hours under the tree until at last he was found by his old father. After a few days doctoring with a medicine man, Mgwingi was given up to die.

Willie, one of our school boys, found Mgwingi and led him to the Lord. Willie walked daily before and after school the seven or eight miles to Mgwingi's home, expecting each time to find the child gone to be with Jesus. Willie told me about Mgwingi. I went with Willie one day to see if I could do

anything because the Lord had talked to me in the night about Mgwingi. As I rode near the home, I could smell a terrible odor. They had pulled the boy outside where he lay in the sun. The flies had been doing their worst, and the child was crawling with maggots. I felt that he could not live long, but I asked the father if I might take the child home with me. The old father said, "I couldn't refuse to let you take a corpse to bury." We went home and sent boys with an improvised stretcher to bring the boy to the mission.

I cleaned him up the best I could. Dr. Hynd could not leave patients at the hospital to come and help. Miss Carpenter, a nurse, came. We put Mgwingi on the dining table in the girls' dorm. Brother Schmelzenbach and Willie prayed in the room and everybody else prayed outside. Miss Carpenter and I worked to disinfect the wound and sew the boy up. God heard and worked for us after we had done our best. Willie and I took turns staying with Mgwingi every minute for several weeks. One night Mgwingi told me that when he got well he was not going back to his home because God had told him he was to be a preacher when he grew to be a man. Mgwingi had many hindrances and testings, but he stood true to God, and lives with his little family in the bushveld. The missionary there said Mgwingi is a very successful pastor and has unusual influence with the unsaved.

Tatakile was another trophy that God enabled us to rescue. The medicine man had cut a deep gash in Tatakile's forehead. They said she had too much blood, and some should be taken away. But the medicine man could not stop the bleeding, so he put pressure on the artery, and bound the head tightly with a rag. Many times the blood would gush out freely and they would bind the head again. After a time the wound became seriously infected. Tatakile became ill and emaciated.



One day her mother appeared at my kitchen door with Tatakile strapped on her back. She had carried the child eight miles from the distant bushveld where she lived. The child's infected head was tied tightly with grass and a dirty sack. The mother tenderly laid the 11-year-old child before the door and said she was giving her child that day into the hands of God. I cared for Tatakile who soon recovered and was normal and healthy. She took teacher training and for many years worked faithfully with boys and girls, leading many to God.

Sibande was sold to a heathen man, but she wanted to be a Christian. When she was almost grown, she ran away from home and came to the Girls' School at Endingeni. She chose God and lived a Christian life, but she was powerless and undependable in her Christian service. She sought for a clean heart for months. One night in family prayer Sibande was sanctified. She chose the Christian name of Elizabeth. She later married John, one of our preacher boys, and they made their home at one of the outlying missions.

There was one church where the members were discouraged and many had backslidden. The church building was leaning badly to one side and was ready to fall down. The pastor's huts were old and leaky. I knew there were great possibilities in that place, and so I asked John and Elizabeth to go with their little family and try to save that church. After school I rode 15 miles on muleback in the pouring rain to meet them at their new field of service. It was a gloomy day. We huddled around the little fire in the leaky cook hut and moved about to keep from being drenched by the rain that came in rivulets through the roof. In the evening we asked God to keep the church from falling on the men who had to sleep there in order that I might stay with the women and children in the hut.

Elizabeth was in poor health and her children had colds.

In the morning as I looked at the leaning church, the dilapidated huts, and the many discouraging things round about, I almost condemned myself for asking a man with a family to come to such a place to live.

We began to build. For weeks the people carried stone by head and sledge for the walls of the church. We dug sand from the riverbanks and carried it to plaster the walls. They also began to build a home for their pastor. It was a long, hard job. At times when they were about to get discouraged and give up, I would go over and work a few days with them. One day we were plastering the walls of the parsonage with mud. I took the old women and the children and raced the girls and women to beat them. We were mud from head to foot, but the experience proved to be the tonic they needed. The quitting men came back to finish the roofs. In two days we did more than they in their discouragement would have completed in two weeks.

A year passed. I again rode the 15 miles on muleback. It was a beautiful afternoon. When I came around the curve, I saw a nice stone church neatly pointed with cement and roofed with corrugated iron. Around the yard was a fence of white stones. The fence continued on either side of the path down to the pastor's house. The parsonage was a two-room mud house with a cluster of neat huts in back. Flowers bloomed along the pathway. The house was pretty with its homemade furniture, beds, tables, trunks, and chairs. Everything was spotlessly clean. Pretty pictures hung on the white-washed walls, and embroidered unbleached muslin decorated the beds and tables. A simple meal was on the table waiting for the missionary.

The next morning the church was so full of Sunday School children that some of the classes were taken outside.

There was a great crowd for the morning service, with many friendly non-Christians attending. The people sang, shouted, and gave a liberal offering. There was much blessing upon the meeting and seekers at the altar.

After church I looked at the day school register. There had never been so many children in attendance. I walked down by the river to see the nicely fenced school garden and the orchard John had planted with government help and supervision. My heart swelled in gratitude for the wonderful things that had been accomplished in one short year. I called Elizabeth aside and told her how proud I was of her and John. When I finished, Elizabeth said, "Daughter of the King, would you like to know the secret of my part in this success?"

She said that one day when she was sick and pressed, she came to the place where she felt she could no longer go forward. Then she remembered that at Endingeni while she was a student, God had saved and sanctified her in answer to her heart cries. She was in school when we built the Girls' Home, prayed down revivals, and got such marvelous answers to prayer. She thought, God helped me there. Can't He help me here? She said that mighty faith leaped up in her heart, and she grabbed her coat like Elisha of old, folded it up, and beat the difficulties before her, shouting, "Where is the Lord God of Endingeni?" She said the waters parted and she found that God would hear her prayer out there alone just as He heard her when she was in school with many to help.



## 7

# Pioneer Missionary Living

Have you ever wondered what it was like to be a pioneer missionary in the Church of the Nazarene in Africa?

You have had some glimpses, but let me describe some of the everyday circumstances.

In the pioneering days in Swaziland, practically every missionary at one time or another lived in a hut. It is remarkable how many other occupants insist on sharing space in a building like that. During my first week in Africa I was nearly eaten alive by sand fleas. Then one day I saw, moving ahead of an approaching storm, what appeared to be a black goat skin, coming to our kitchen door. It was a blanket of fleas. We poured boiling water and sheep dip on our guests, killing thousands, and there were still enough left to take possession of our house. But after being bitten enough, I finally became immune. Even then the hopping was annoying.

Then there were the ants—white, red, and black; big and little. The white ants eat up the books, pictures, and all things made of wood. During my first year at Sabie I often came home to find that the white ants had cemented my army cot to the floor and piled up the earth about the place. One morning I found piles of wings and legs on my kitchen table. During the night the red ants and the white ants had had a battle. These were the remains. The wounded had been taken away. The red

ants won and after that they had charge at my place. One night I observed a strange odor in the kitchen hut—like the odor of a wild animal. I shut the door quickly and called my African friends for help. The house was alive with black ants. In the morning we gave them battle, and swept them out in piles. But they had already devoured our supplies, including a nice roasted chicken that had been left in the soap-box cupboard.

We were scarcely ever rid of honeybees. Our walls and roofs of grass or corrugated iron made perfect hiding places. Any day one was likely to find the place taken over by these flying, crawling, stinging creatures. They climbed into the beds and crawled into our boxes. One day I opened a drawer to get a handkerchief and plunged my hand into a wiggling mass of bees.

I have seen chicken lice move down the wall of the hut like a curtain. Sometimes they forced the humans to live outdoors. Once when I was out visiting in the country homes for several days, my white cotton garments took on the appearance of salt and pepper. Two days of such torment made me feel 10 years older.

Moths often dimmed our little kerosene lamps at night. Cockroaches visited us in the darkness. Jigger fleas occasionally made their nests under toenails and caused painful swelling. Scorpions, snakes, lizards, spiders, rats, mice, and other living creatures used to try to keep us company in the huts.

One fall in Swaziland it rained for weeks, every day. Everything in the hut was wet and mildewed. A spring of water broke up through my pounded ant-heap floor. Do you know what an ant-heap floor is? There is a kind of ant in Swaziland that erects tall mounds of earth in which to live. Some are tall-

er than a person. The earth mounds contain a secretion that makes the soil adhere together. African and early missionaries gathered this soil, spread it on the dirt floors and their huts, and pounded it down hard. It made a smooth even finish almost like varnish. Some Africans spread a paste of fresh cow dung over this surface, which, when dry, formed an impenetrable hard shiny surface. Fleas avoided it like the plague.

When the spring broke through my floor, I dug a little trench under the wall to let the water escape, and for several weeks had plenty of water to use without having to carry it in.

One night Fairy Chism and I sat at our little table eating supper. There was a terrible thunderstorm raging outside. Lightning killed several donkeys just a few yards from us. Then a terrific gust of wind lifted the grass roof from our house. We looked up at the dark heavens, down at the dripping tables and the dishes now filled with water, then we laughed—and ran.

In those early days of Nazarene missions we bought soapboxes from the traders for 25 cents each, and with these made most of our furniture. We nailed them one on top of another to make the ends for our clothes presses. A round pole across the top made a place to hang our clothes. The boxes at the ends made places for linens, shoes, and hats. A curtain provided the covering. A soapbox lying on its side, with four legs on the bottom and a rack on one side of the top, makes a washstand. You wrap the legs and top with white muslin, paint and curtain the box, and there you have it.

We made our kitchen tables and cupboards of soapboxes. Our office desks and files were made of soapboxes. Every boy and girl in the home had a soapbox with a hinged lid for a trunk. Even after we moved out of huts we still found much use for the good old soapbox. In the dispensary, a box draped



with white muslin made a lovely baby bed, and a number of such beds could be placed on one table; or with legs, made into bedside cribs.

Travel in those days was very difficult. There were few roads of any kind. We had no cars. The rivers were not bridged. Usually we went horseback over the crooked trails and waded the rivers or forded them on horseback.

In those soapbox days we lived like soldiers. One was considered weak if he talked of a furlough. I slept on an army cot most of the time for the first 11 years. When Rev. and Mrs. Schmelzenbach came to America in 1928, they left Paul, a lad of 11, with me. During a period of several months Paul and I did not see another white person. I often spent weeks alone with the African people. I forgot that my face was white.

Along with learning to adjust to situations there is the top priority of learning the language. For us it was Zulu. I began on Zulu the morning after I arrived at the Sabie mission. Long months I practiced on the strange clicks, pressing my tongue against my teeth and quickly withdrawing it to make it click, curling my tongue and making popping sounds in the roof of my mouth, clicking my tongue on my side teeth like a farmer driving his horse and gently hissing at the same time, gargling and rolling strange sounds in every part of my rebellious mouth. These strange sounds had to be harnessed in combination with one or more familiar sounds before one could make simple words and short sentences. I practiced six months every day on one word before the African agreed I had it right. I talked Zulu day and night and tried faithfully to preach it. One day in preacher's meeting God anointed me as I preached from the words, "He smote thrice and stayed. . . . Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times" (2 Kings 13:18-19). Missionaries were amazed at the boldness of one who made so many and

such pitiful mistakes. But years later some preachers told me God still fed their souls from the words of that message. I studied Zulu daily for 15 years and felt that I was just beginning to appreciate its beauty.

Attempting to learn a foreign language takes all sense of superiority out of a person. I have seen grown men weep like women over Zulu. And one does not get away from the danger of mistakes. I told a little lad to "warm" some high-priced peas for supper. But I used the word for "burn" and the lad obediently dumped them into the stove. I used the wrong word when I told the caretaker to break off the sprouts from our young tangerines, and she proceeded to cut our beautiful fruit trees to the ground. I told little Hosea to put water "on the roots" of my fine, heavily-laden tomato plants. She removed the earth with her little hands, and poured water on the exposed white roots.

The Africans think these faded, colorless, obnoxious smelling people who have come to live in their land are a strange lot.

I learned early not to speak foolhardily about the power of the witch doctors. There was a time of persistent drought. It was long past planting time, but there had been no rain. The men of the neighborhood collected a silver piece from every person in the area who wanted rain. Messengers took the sack of silver coins to Chief Mnisi who was said to be the keeper of the rain medicine. They said, "Greetings, O Chief. What wrong have we done, Great One? We are dead. Our country is spoiled. We do not have water even to drink. Here is a very little something, Chief. Help us, O Mnisi."

The old man cast a gleaming eye at the silver, told the messengers that the ancestral spirits of the tribe were displeased and had withheld the rain, that goats, cows, and much

beer would be needed, and that when all was prepared, it would surely rain. He told them to prepare their seed and their hoes.

I had not been in Africa long, and when new converts asked if they should pay money along with the others for their share in the rain, I assured them with many words that only God could make it rain, and they would see that old Mnisi could do nothing about it.

Then we heard that the rain was to come on a certain Wednesday. That was our prayer meeting day. The Christians gathered in the early afternoon, and I took time to explain once again that the continued drought was proof that the old rainmaker had no power but was making himself rich with the gifts of the people. When we came out of the meeting an hour and a half later, dark clouds were rolling up from the east, lightning split the skies, thunder rumbled throughout the heavens, and the rain came down in torrents. I looked up toward Mnisi's grass huts on the mountainside and saw men dancing wildly in the pouring rain, while others dragged goats up the hillside to increase the fortune of the rainmaker. Didn't it rain! And didn't I learn to talk a lot less!

Every missionary who works in rural areas can tell stories about snakes. We met them frequently. Some were harmless, but many were deadly.

I had been in Africa only a few days when I saw my first snake. The boys were playing in the Sabie River. I stepped into the tall grass to call them. Right in front of me a long black snake lifted his head above my head, looked at me with his beady eyes, and ran out his little forked tongue at me. I had never seen such a long snake in my life, and it is difficult to say which was the more startled—the snake or I. I stood transfixed—doing without intention the best thing possible. Had I



screamed or run that black mamba, whose bite is almost always fatal, would have become excited and struck.

One night I sat down to drink a cup of tea. Hearing a movement under the table, I looked and found the table leg, only a few inches from me, wound about with snake from top to bottom.

I saw one of our girls slipping up behind me with a club one day as I sat at my office desk. I turned to see what she could be after. Not five feet behind me was a snake ready for battle. The girl threw the club to me and I killed the intruder.

I was ready to lie down for the night in an African hut where I was visiting. The preacher's wife brought me some matches and told me to be careful for the hut was full of snakes. They had killed two puff adders and a mamba that very day. I thought about it awhile, then said my prayers and went to sleep.

Snakes curl up in the clay pots and take a nap. They lie stretched along the end of the wall, like walking canes. They hide in your mats. They curl up beside the path and wait for someone to step on them. One learns to look before he steps or before he touches anything, anywhere.

Non-Christian Europeans (white men) often like to make comparisons between their culture and African culture. A European sat visiting with a group of African men one day. They asked him what the white people think of the Africans. The man answered, "We like you but we think you are rather like children." The old African men were astonished and greatly amused. They said, "This is very strange. That is exactly what we think and say about your people."

African men sit in a circle for hours listening to witnesses in a trial. When the matter is talked to a finish and the offender punished, the matter is buried never to be spoken of again. Af-

ricans say that white people continue to talk about a matter after it is finished.

White people often say the African is slow to learn and can't remember. You can explain to him the difference between the dish towel, the dishcloth, the floor cloth and when you return to the kitchen, you may find him using the cloths for other things than they were meant for. But the African thinks the white man can't remember. He recalls what you once said, and you think you did not say it. Before you can deny saying it, they will tell you where you were, who was with you, in what month it was, where the sun was in the heavens, how big the leaves were on the trees, who passed by while you were talking, what others said, and will quote you word for word.

An African may not see that a picture is hung crooked on the wall, but the first time a man walks across the room, the African can describe that man's disposition, demonstrate his peculiarity of walk, and describe the wart that is just back of his ear.

The Zulu language is richer than ours in words to describe daily living. There are a dozen or more words to designate periods of time from midnight until sunup. There are: the big night (midnight), the very beginning of day, the first change of light, time of the morning star, the first appearance of dawn, when the horns of the cattle can be discerned, and the crowing of the cock, at the descent of the fowls, very early in the morning, early morning before sunrise, at the dawning, at still dawning, at the coming of the sun, and others.

The Africans enrich their language with thousands of proverbs. "The eye crosses a full river" (Desire outstrips possibility). "To see once is to see twice" (Once bitten twice shy). And many others.

During the month of December, the Swazi nation cele-

brates its Firstfruits Ceremony, the greatest ceremony of the year, called the *Incwala*. It is a complicated ceremony taking many days. The old witch doctor and his aides go to the Indian Ocean to fetch seawater in a special calabash. After a ceremony on the shore they start home. They stop at homesteads along the way, and at each one they sing praises of their king, while the headman kills a fat ox. The witch doctor and his party feast on the meat with the family, then take the tail and tie it to the side of the calabash. Back at the royal homestead the king sees the tails and his heart rejoices that so many men made gifts to him. At sunset in the black of the moon, the king, the witch doctor, and several chief men go into a special hut. The people celebrate with dancing and singing. They praise the king. They call to him. They want him to come out. When the king opens the door a crack, they sing and dance more wildly than before. At last, satisfied with their praise, the king comes out and all are thrilled. As soon as he appears, all the young men of the army take up their hoes and accompanied by the king go to hoe and weed a field of corn. This is a pledge that they will hoe the gardens of the king and be faithful in his service wherever they are sent.

Later in the ceremony certain young men are assigned to kill the black bull. The king strikes the bull to infuriate it, then the gate to the cattle pen is opened and the king calls out, "Here he is, young men." The young men are required to capture the bull and kill it with their bare hands. Then all go home fortified against evil and believing that they may eat the fruits of their labors in safety.

At our Nazarene General Assemblies, goals are set. It is easier for us to reach those goals than any of us think if we will each one pray and do our part. God does not need much to begin on, but it is also quite easy for us to fail if we get slow



and careless. If we expect to reach our goals, there are four things we must do.

First: We must get the King out. It is not enough for us to proceed as we are. God must give us our plans. God must call the workers. We must have much of God or we miserably fail. How shall we get His presence among us? We must do like the Swazis. We must desire Him, seek Him, follow after Him, and wait for Him until He comes. I do not know why God has set such a premium on prayer. I do not know why the great God of heaven should be moved by the petitions of little people like us, but I know He is. I mean prayer that will not be denied. Prayer that takes hold of the arm of God. Let me illustrate.

We had planned the first Mother's Day celebration we had ever observed in the Girls' School in Swaziland. Many of the girls' mothers were unsaved. Most of the unsaved ones had never outwardly forgiven their daughters for refusing to go to the men to whom they had been sold. We had been praying much, asking God to soften their hearts and send them to us so that we could show them how much their children really did love them. We had asked God to give us 25 seekers at our altar in our local church during the quarter. As I prayed, God seemed to ask why I did not request that these converts be from among the mothers of the girls. I tried to forget the idea for these women were hard-hearted and angry. But God insisted. When I realized He meant it, all the girls joined us in praying that God would give us these converts on Mother's Day. I knew it was impossible unless God did something unusual for us. I decided to ask largely. I asked God to do anything and everything He could do for these mothers, and to show us how to prepare the way. I thought of the *Incwala*. I remembered how the Swazis would not stop until they brought their king out to stand in all his glory. I said in my

heart, "We shall bring the King out." We fasted and prayed for hours day and night. I shall never forget the last night before the guests came in on Friday. We prayed until after midnight. The Lord was near and precious. It seemed that He was about to step out into our midst. The girls were blessed and walked up and down the aisles shouting and praising God. Our burdens were gone. God was very near. We went home to get a little rest. Before I shut my eyes a sense of disappointment crept into my heart. A voice seemed to say, "He did not come out." He had peeked out at us and we had been satisfied. I said, "It is not too late. We will go back and wait until He does come out." We prayed all Friday morning. We prayed through the noon. In the early afternoon the time drew near that the guests should be arriving. Everyone began to pray aloud. We praised God, told Him how we loved Him. We begged Him to come and let us behold His glory. Of a sudden the wall seemed to fall down, and there stood King Jesus, high and lifted up. Someone started the song, "Lo! He is the mighty Conq-  
r<sup>r</sup>or / Since He rent the veil in two." Great blessing and assurance flooded our hearts. We knew God would do all that He could do.

The mothers came in. When we saw their numbers, Fairy came and whispered, "Do you still believe?" I said I did. She answered, "If you still do, I do." We fed the mothers, sang to them, played with them. While they slept at night we spent time praising God and preparing for the next day. The girls circled the church where the mothers slept and serenaded them. Each child had a gift to give to her mother. They sang and tears rolled down their cheeks as they looked at their mothers whose souls they had sought so long. One woman jumped up, lifted her hand and said, "I choose Christ." Another followed. Most of the others fell on their knees and buried their faces in

the grass on the floor. Every child ran to his mother with his gift and there was much sobbing all over the building.

Fifteen women followed the first two women to the altar.

This is the kind of praying and believing we must do if we expect God to come out and help us.

We must all hoe in the King's garden. Pastors, men, women, and children all must work together.

In the third place we must not forget the cow tails on the calabash. The oxen were not demanded. They were a free gift. They were given because the owner delighted in the king. If we are to get the money we need to carry on God's program, some of us must give more than our share. After we have paid our part of the General Budget we must do more.

Last of all, we must kill the black bull. There is a hard battle to be fought and won. King Jesus is saying to every member of the church, "Here it is, Nazarenes. Let every one of us lay hold wherever we can get a grip. Let us go or send. Let us build or pay. Let us sacrifice, work, preach, and push. Let us make it the whole business of the whole church to give the whole gospel to the whole world."

I never like to say good-bye. But when God told me I was to leave Africa and not come back, I knew I had to say good-bye. It was hard to leave all the loved places and things of Endingeni mission on which I had bestowed so many years of arduous labor. I knew I might be riding my mule, Coffee, for the last time over the hills, valleys, and velds of the Pigg's Peak District in beautiful Swaziland. Africa had become my home. America seemed foreign to me. But the wonderful people with whom I had been living and working for almost an unbroken 20 years were the cause of my real distress when I came to say good-bye. The missionaries with whom I had such wonderful fellowship seemed almost like my own brothers and sisters.



The African workers, the Christians, even the non-Christian friends seemed like my very own children.

Hundreds of Africans came to mourn my leaving. Most of them left a little piece of money with which "to buy food by the way." They are so often hungry in their journeys that they feared I would be thin by the time I reached America.

One of the old chiefs said, "The whole world is rotten since I heard that you are going away. We are all now naked. There will never come another man who will so love and care for me and my people." Another man wrote and said, "Good-bye, Dulile (my African name). You are a man. Your words are man's words. . . . Your judgments are man's judgments." Another said, "You are a man with a long long beard. From today we shall be orphans." In Africa one needs only to be a man, especially with a long beard, to be the greatest of God's creation.

The workers gave me a warrior's costume as a gift. A preacher dressed in leopard skins and cow tails with battle axe and spears. Another presented the gift and told me its meaning. In the early days, once a warrior donned these battle garments, he never took them off until the victory was won. As they gave me the gift, the preachers promised never to lay down their burden as leaders except in death or victory at the coming of the Lord.

If I had my life to live again, and if God would grant me the great privilege, I would gladly go again to Africa. I know of no place in all the world where one can better serve God and humanity than in the great needy continent of Africa.

## Postlude

The story of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa does not end with this book. Other missionaries have taken up the expanding task. African Christians now prevail in prayer and defeat Satan in a thousand separate strongholds. The Church of the Nazarene has moved from three districts in Swaziland throughout South Africa and Mozambique. Centers have been planted in Botswana, Malawi, Namibia, Nigeria, Kenya, Zambia, Zimbabwe, and most recently in the Ivory Coast and Senegal. Radio carries the holiness message in languages across much of Africa. Bible colleges and seminaries train African Christians to minister in a modern world. The hospital in Swaziland still serves thousands, both within its walls and through strategically placed preventive health clinics across the nation. Literature for pastors and Sunday School teachers is printed in eight or more major languages. More than 49,000 redeemed men and women in Africa are members of the Church of the Nazarene.

And the need is as vast, and the devil fights as hard today as he did when Louise Robinson challenged his power 60 years ago.

The glorious fact, of course, is that God is just as able and just as willing to do great exploits for John Seaman in the Ivory Coast, Gilberto Evora in Senegal, and the newest pastor in the newest church in the wickedest place anywhere as He was to do them for Louise all those years ago. God has not changed. Nor have His terms. Prayer that will not be denied and trusting obedience to God's direction bring miracles today just as they always have.



View behind the dispensary at Schmelzenbach Memorial Station.



(L. to r.) Irene Jester, General Superintendent J. G. Morrison, Fairy Chism, and Louise Robinson at Endingeni.



Fairy Chism with children



Fairy Chism with Jacko



Late 1920s—Kitchen and Dining Room at Endingeni for Louise Robinson and Fairy Chism.