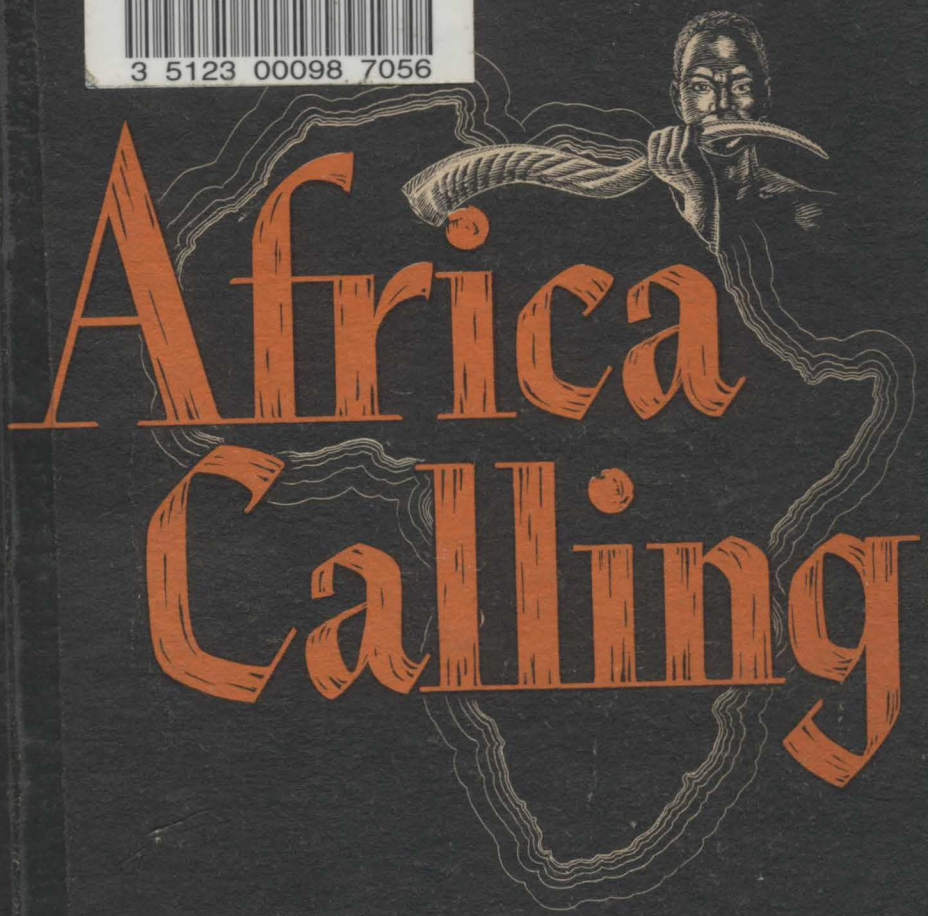


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Foreword

The missionary history of the past two years in the Church of the Nazarene has been marked by unusual progress. Fifty new missionary appointees have been commissioned and sent to various mission fields and thirty-two International Holiness Mission workers have united with our staff in Africa, bringing their native elders and members numbering some two thousand.

Two factors have contributed to this advance. The acceptance of the "10 per cent for world evangelism" program by the home church and the wise and efficient leadership of our Board of General Superintendents, who have jurisdiction over mission field activities.

The outstanding event of our missionary history became a reality in October, 1952, when the International Holiness Mission and the Church of the Nazarene united. It was a privilege to be present in Leeds, Yorkshire, England, when this event occurred in Great Britain and to witness the amalgamation in Africa thirty days later.

Speaking of the trip in churches and missionary conventions, the subject has sometimes been announced, "Thirty Thousand Miles in Thirty Minutes." It was not always possible, however, to finish in time to be true to the subject. This presentation will be made a bit more leisurely. May I take the liberty to state that the account has been written at the request of the Commission on Foreign Missionary Study Literature.

AFRICA CALLING has been selected as the title for two reasons. It was in Africa that most of our time was spent, and the I.H.M. missionary paper, a quarterly publication, carries this title. With permission from the editor, H. K. Bedwell, not only the title but the format of their front cover has been used. A word of appreciation is due the former I.H.M. missionary staff for details which have been gleaned from their articles.

R. R.

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Strategic Planning

In the union of the International Holiness Mission with the Church of the Nazarene, the strategic thinking and long-range planning of General Superintendent Hardy C. Powers was a dominant factor. Two previous visits to Great Britain and Africa, in 1947 and 1950, furnished a splendid background for the history-making event on October 29, 1952.

This able church leader, with depth of spirit and keen insight, who serves as chairman of the Board of General Superintendents, was chosen by his colleagues to consummate the union which brought into the Church of the Nazarene the largest group of holiness people to unite with us since the church's beginning in October, 1907. He personally contacted the leaders of the I.H.M. in 1950 and discussed the broad, strategic, and logistical plans which were followed and which brought about the favorable vote from the I.H.M. churches to unite with the Church of the Nazarene. Several times since his election as a general superintendent in 1944, he had presided over the annual assemblies of the British Isles District; and his contact with missionary work in Africa, where the I.H.M. had maintained mission stations since the founding of their work in 1910, was a tremendous asset. Without doubt he was ideally qualified to complete the union.

Plans were laid for the thirty thousand mile trip which in reality would necessitate two union conventions, one in Britain and the other in South Africa. Six weeks of travel would include stops in such cities as London, Leeds, and Manchester in England; Lisbon, Portugal; Dakar, French West Africa; Monrovia, Liberia; Accra, Gold Coast; Leopoldville, Belgian Congo; Johannesburg,

Vereeniging, Potchefstroom, Pretoria, and Kimberley in South Africa; Bremersdorp and Stegi in Swaziland; Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia; Enteebe, Uganda; Khartoum, Sudan; Cairo, Egypt; Rome, Italy; Nice, France; Barcelona, Spain; and Santa Maria in the Azores. Preparations were made for traveling on regular flights and on the jetliner of the British Overseas Airways Corporation, by auto and on foot, in cool Britain and the hot Transvaal of the Union of South Africa. Passports, visas, inoculations, and letters of guarantee were in order and the P.A.A. stratocruiser, "The President," Clipper of the Seven Seas, was ready for its scheduled flight at 4:00 p.m. on October 27, which happened to be the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pan American Airways.

The trip for Dr. Powers began in Dallas, Texas, while my first words of farewell were said in Kansas City. Flight 6 of the Trans World Airways departed from Kansas City at 12:40 p.m. on October 23. We were soon ten thousand feet high and ninety minutes on our way. The first stop was Chicago, where we changed from a new plane to a much older one, which took off one hour and a half late. It arrived in New York four hours behind schedule and the taxi stopped in front of the hotel at 1:30 a.m. The day promised to be one of intense activity securing visas and it proved to be all it promised. By Monday noon on the twenty-seventh, we had obtained the last visa, enjoyed a day of worship, and were ready at the International Airport to check in at 3:00 p.m.

No sooner had we settled ourselves for the eleven hour and forty-five minute flight than we were asked to listen attentively to an explanation on the proper use of a life jacket. An announcement was then made about the twenty-fifth anniversary and the plan for celebrating it. The clipper offered lounge accommodations where drinks were available and the company had arranged a huge birthday cake. Excitement ran high, especially for

the crew. This we could readily understand, so we entered into the occasion mildly, accepting what we desired—the cake, only to discover that it was "heavy" as well as huge. The plane landed in London at 3:45 a.m. (New York time) with at least two semi-sick passengers. Five hours had been lost. It was 8:45 a.m. in London. In so short a time we had gone nonstop across 3,443 miles of water, most of the time at an altitude of 20,000 feet.

First impressions of London were: Buildings are old. Trains and cars are small. Bicycles are plentiful. The people are serious and sturdy. Brother J. B. Maclagan was on hand at the Kensington Hotel with a radiant smile and an enthusiastic spirit. A conference was held which formed another link in the strategic planning for the epochal event.

Checking reservations for ongoing flights is always necessary upon arrival. It was soon discovered that one portion of our reservations was not working out as planned. The Pan American flight on which we held bookings for Lisbon, Portugal, would not admit passengers from London. Presenting our tickets and insisting that we were not local passengers was of no consequence. Though we had been told in the States that it would be possible for "through" passengers to board the flight, it became necessary to secure other accommodations. The very popular jetliner via Rome and Egypt to Johannesburg was crowded. Reservations had already been made for returning on this plane in December, but there was no hope of getting space to meet the immediate need. The only possibility was a Portuguese airline and it was not certain. However, bookings were made.

The next day was given to travel and was extremely profitable from two standpoints. It presented an excellent opportunity to see England's countryside as well as being rich in fellowship as Brother Maclagan talked of I.H.M. history.

It all began when a young Welshman, David Thomas, received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in 1891. He was operating a drapery business in London which became a center of evangelism. Many of his employees were fire-baptized laymen who went everywhere testifying to the power of Christ to deliver from inbred sin and fill with the Holy Spirit. Eventually the resulting holiness groups which sprang up in England and Wales were organized into a denomination. This was simultaneous with the work of Dr. George Sharpe in Scotland and Ireland. These two men enjoyed wonderful fellowship and often exchanged meetings.

Arriving by train in Leeds, Yorkshire, England, Dr. George Frame was immediately engaged in conference regarding the union convention. Two British personalities merit our attention. Dr. George Frame, superintendent of the British Isles District of the Church of the Nazarene, was of course the immediate representative who handled the details of union under the jurisdiction of the general superintendent. Much can be said for his wise administration of the numerous affairs relating to the problems of organization, property titles, and preacher relationships. Along with Dr. Frame stands Rev. J. B. Maclagan, who now has become superintendent of the British Isles District South. As pastor of the Battersea I.H.M. Church in London and leader of the I.H.M. work in Britain, he was one of the central figures in the amalgamation.

There was an air of expectancy, not only because of the union of the I.H.M. and the Church of the Nazarene, but also because of the marriage of Dr. George Frame and Miss Mary Tanner, M.D., to take place that week. Dr. Powers would officiate. This no doubt occasioned some of their strategic planning.

With his radiant charm and quick wit, deep devotion and practical ministry, Dr. Powers won the hearts of the

I.H.M. brethren. The convention was soon in full swing, with the climactic service swiftly approaching. Without doubt the guiding genius of General Superintendent Powers and the unmistakable presence of the Holy Spirit were welding two groups into one strong holiness body in Britain.

"I'm Going On"

Cars do not play a major part in British life. The delegation at the convention demonstrated this by the absence of such vehicles in front of the I.H.M. church in Leeds. However, they are going somewhere. Crowds were good to the point of forcing the evening services into the Zion Methodist Church several blocks away. Clearing testimonies and thoroughgoing business sessions pointed out immediately that they were laying solid foundations for a forward-moving program of holiness evangelism.

Staunch second-blessing holiness singing moved our hearts. Though the song title which forms our chapter heading was not announced until the close of the week, its message characterized the entire convention. On Saturday night in the Battersea "mother" I.H.M. Church in London, this song blessed the congregation beyond measure. It is so typical of the type of songs used during the week and so represents the spirit of the united group that it is presented herewith.

*I'm over in the goodly land,
I'm going on, I'm going on;
Led by my Father's guiding hand,
Bless God, I'm going on!
Plains unexplored before me spread,
New mountain heights loom just ahead,
Their summits soon my feet shall tread.
Bless God, I'm going on!*

CHORUS

*Much land ahead to be possessed,
I'm going on, I'm going on;*

*And all is mine my feet have pressed.
Bless God, I'm going on!*

(Way of Holiness No. 4 Hymnbook)

"After a stormy night in which the rain fell in sheets upon the city of Leeds, the morning of Wednesday, October 29th, dawned with the welcome brightness of autumn sunshine. As the ministers and delegates converged from the surrounding district upon the Holiness Church in Dewsbury Road, it seemed as if nature was smiling upon those who had gathered to fulfil such a God-glorifying purpose; and soon the tingling glow brought to hands and faces by the frosty air was supplemented and eclipsed by the glow of Christian fellowship as the hymns of Charles Wesley echoed through the well-filled church." This paragraph from the *Way*, official publication of the British Isles District, indicates the sense of expectancy which characterized the delegates and visitors.

A full day of business, during which the decision was made to remain as one district after the amalgamation and until the regular district assembly, preceded the historic union service. This gave them six months to become acquainted before organizing two districts—a beautiful spirit indeed. Problems were presented concerning the two church papers and reasonable solutions reached.

Then came the evening service. Into the packed moments of that memorable occasion were crowded the significant events in the history of the International Holiness Mission. The life and work of David Thomas, founder of the I.H.M. in Britain, and the accomplishments of D. B. Jones in South Africa were summarized beautifully by various speakers. Dr. George Frame and Rev. J. B. MacLagan, representing their respective groups, recounted the thrilling and increasingly glorious steps which led

to the amalgamation. In the British Isles the work of the Church of the Nazarene has principally been in Scotland and Ireland, while that of the I.H.M. has been in England and Wales. The union of the two holiness bodies therefore means the establishment of a united and greatly strengthened holiness message in Britain. Adding approximately one thousand splendid members in the south to the thirteen hundred witnessing in the north is a decided victory for the cause of holiness evangelism. All the twenty-seven I.H.M. congregations save one had already voted for union, and the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene had given its unanimous approval.

"If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God" (Acts 5:39), was the appropriate text announced by General Superintendent Hardy C. Powers. At nine-thirty the gavel sounded and the fusion was complete. A wave of blessing accompanied the announcement which united the two largest holiness groups in Britain. It is impossible to realize the depth of emotion which gripped the six hundred people assembled there. Said Rev. J. B. Maclagan: "Now that the I.H.M. has united with the Church of the Nazarene we are anticipating even greater days in the future. A holiness revival is long overdue. A united church will carry the flaming torch throughout our beloved land, and its light will spread over into Europe and throughout the wide, wide world." Representing British Nazarenes, Dr. Frame spoke as follows: "We accept this union as a challenge to maintain the missionary zeal and fervor of the I.H.M. They have fully justified the vision and daring of their founder in inserting in the title of the infant and struggling movement the word 'International.' Their twenty-seven congregations have been maintaining thirty-two missionaries in Africa. Every thirty-three

members have supported one missionary." It was indeed a momentous event. Dr. Powers had chosen to use the personal gavel of Dr. James B. Chapman. This very fact with all it symbolized brought blessing to our hearts. Indeed there was a deep resolve in the united group to keep "going on." The October 29, 1952, historic amalgamation service was closed by singing "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow."

October has been an unusual month in the progress of the Church of the Nazarene. Dr. Powers observed very significantly that it was in October, 1895, that Dr. P. F. Bresee organized the Los Angeles Church of the Nazarene; in October, 1907, that the Pentecostal Churches of America united with the church; in October, 1908, that the Holiness Church of Christ joined; in October, 1915, that the Pentecostal Church of Scotland united; in the same year that the Pentecostal Mission, located in the southeastern portion of the United States, fused with the church; and in 1922 that the Laymen's Holiness Association of America united. All but the last two joined hands with the Church of the Nazarene during the month of October.

Enthusiasm ran high during the final day of the convention. Business sessions were characterized by unity and understanding. The Spirit's anointing was evident in a marked manner. Another union was scheduled for the afternoon, which enjoyed the seal of heaven and the interest of the people.

The "October Wedding" refers to the incorporation of the I.H.M. with the British Isles District of the Church of the Nazarene, bringing the total number of churches to sixty-two with a membership of more than two thousand. For better or for worse, the two movements have promised to live together in united fellowship and service; the "marriage" has been celebrated, witnessed, and

recorded, and there were many observers. However, a real wedding was planned for that day. Dr. George Frame and Miss Mary Tanner, M.D., former medical missionary to Africa, were united in marriage at 4:00 p.m. General Superintendent Powers pronounced them man and wife after an impressive ceremony. The church was filled to capacity and the messages of congratulations and best wishes were beautiful indeed. One greeting brought a tremendous response. Dr. Frame's son, Cyril, attending Seminary in Kansas City, Missouri, sent a cable which caused a flood of laughter. It was easy to join such a response, but a bit more difficult for an American to catch the significance. The cable read: "What, a savings? What a manner! A Scotchman has gone and 'Framed' a 'Tanner.'" The crowd laughed heartily and then applauded. A tremendous greeting! It was not until it was explained that a tanner is a coin worth six pence that the meaning dawned on a "foreign" mind.

A missionary rally on Thursday evening concluded the convention. Rev. Maurice Winterburn, secretary of overseas missions of the I.H.M., presided in a most efficient manner. The service included brief and challenging messages from Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Eades representing the Cape Verde Islands; Rev. and Mrs. William Russell from Jordan; Miss D. Brown, I.H.M. missionary from Africa; Rev. Paul Dayhoff, I.H.M. appointee to Africa; and Miss Agnes Willox from India. After tracing the parallel paths of Harmon Schmelzenbach and D. B. Jones, Miss Brown related a very fitting incident which was a graphic illustration of the union of the two groups. It was in April, 1927, that Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Jones were visiting the Gaza work, traveling via Swaziland from Johannesburg. "We were glad to have the opportunity of repaying visits from our Nazarene friends and stayed en route at Bremersdorp and Stegi. Of course we had to visit Endingeni too and Dr. Hynd escorted us to the

Nkomati River. Mr. Schmelzenbach's car was on the other bank, but how were we to reach it? Brother Schmelzenbach had thought of that too and had brought with him a couple of brawny natives, and Mrs. Jones and I were hauled up on their backs. As we reached midstream in our undignified position, the Doctor's camera clicked! We reached the other bank safely and then piled into the Nazarene *Mfundisis'* car and rolled away." Traveling together, two men of God, two pioneers, two men of vision, ever seeking new horizons where they might plant the standard of King Jesus. Now their eyes have seen the King in His beauty and beheld the land that is afar off. The parallel paths of us, their followers, have converged and we are traveling together with the same great purpose to make Him King!

Friday and Saturday were days of travel and fellowship. The trip to Manchester, service at Bolton, train ride to London, meeting in the Battersea Church in the world's largest city, and a few of the city's places of interest such as the Parliament buildings, Thames River, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, Dr. Sangster's Church, Lord Nelson's Monument, and 10 Downing Street were abundantly enjoyed. Of all these experiences, the service in the "headquarters" church of the I.H.M. was the crowning one. When we heard them singing, "I'm Going On," it seemed a fitting climax to a glorious week. The two concluding stanzas are so very expressive and appropriate!

*Tho' giants tall are in the way,
I'm going on, I'm going on;
My Father's hand is hard to stay.
Bless God, I'm going on!
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
Jehovah's mightier than my foes,
Before me into battle goes.
Bless God, I'm going on!*

O blessed land, I love so well,
I'm going on, I'm going on!
Thy wondrous beauties, who can tell?
Bless God, I'm going on!
I'm in this glorious land to stay,
Until my Saviour some sweet day
Shall call my soul from earth away.
Bless God, I'm going on!
(Way of Holiness No. 4 Hymnbook)

We Stayed One Month

God's own country! Dark Africa! The first is viewed from the standpoint of the English and Afrikaans settlers whose forefathers entered South Africa about three hundred years ago. The latter designation reflects the spiritual plight of the native masses. Africa was indeed calling, but first there would be a brief stop in Lisbon, Portugal, where Rev. and Mrs. Armond Doll and Miss Lorraine Schultz were concluding a year and a half of language study in preparation for entrance into Portuguese East Africa, located on the southeastern coast of the continent. Then we would experience thirty travel-packed days visiting mission stations in Africa.

Word was received in London that a Portuguese plane bound for Lisbon would leave at 11:00 a.m. on November 2. Reluctantly the Pan American bookings were relinquished in favor of these reservations. It proved to be a splendid plane and an unusually enjoyable flight.

While we were aloft these words were written for the *Herald of Holiness*: "The plane now swiftly places England behind us. Lisbon, Portugal, is ahead and we are flying above the clouds. They look like a series of snow-covered mountains and bring to mind the peaks of pure blessing experienced in recent days. We shall never forget some of the vivid impressions that were ours after that week spent in Britain; e.g.—that

"1. The amalgamation of the International Holiness Mission and the Church of the Nazarene is truly significant. This union will result in the spreading of holiness evangelism over the British Isles.

"2. The people of the British Isles District and the I.H.M. will unite beautifully and will prove a great blessing to each other. Both groups have something vital to contribute.

"3. London is a center of holiness work. With the consummation of this union, there are seven Nazarene churches in the city.

"4. There is a depth of spiritual understanding and genuine desire for the extension of the holiness message which promises great things for the future.

"Looking from this vantage point one can see only the clouds. There is no break, no view of earth; thoughts soar with the plane. Can there be anything more wonderful than that which has transpired in Britain this week? It is above everything else. It is God's work."

Putting down in Lisbon at 4:30 p.m. we soon made contact with Rev. Armond Doll. What a pleasure it is to see the faces and hear the voices of those who endure continually the strangeness of new lands and customs in order to take the message of redemption to those in spiritual need! We found the three missionaries anxious to be on their way. Africa was calling. The pull of an assigned task was upon them. Though there had been numerous challenging opportunities in Lisbon, their appointments from the General Board had been to Africa. They were waiting and ready.

Missionaries such as Everette and Garnet Howard, Earl and Gladys Mosteller, and Miss Lydia Wilke had, across the years, made contacts in this beautiful capital city on their trips to and from the Cape Verde Islands, which are governed under Portuguese authority. There has been tremendous interest on the part of these alert workers to see the church establish a center of holiness evangelism in this nation's capital. Arguments have ranged from the need, the opening, and the favorable

contacts to the strategy of influencing our work in Portuguese East Africa and the Cape Verde Islands as well as making suitable arrangements for opening work in the South American Republic of Brazil, where Portuguese is the official language.

A brief day and a half in Lisbon could present only a limited view of the opportunity, but the combined experiences of our missionaries through several years formed a background which made the stay one of challenge and inspiration. God has surely opened a door to the church which should be entered without delay.

It was soon discovered that scheduled trips by bus or train were made every day from Lisbon to Fatima. Literature is abundant advertising the thousands who pray to "our Lady of Fatima." The fact that this image has been taken around the world and worshiped by millions does not nullify the fact that it is still an idolatrous worship of a powerless image. The people are told that three children—the brothers Francisco and Jacinta, and their cousin Lucia—were leading a flock of sheep to pasture on May 13, 1917, two miles from Fatima. Having seen a flash of lightning and foreseeing a thunderstorm, they made up their minds to gather the sheep and return to their village, Aljustrel. They had hardly taken a few steps when they were surrounded by a shining light and suddenly saw the figure of a very beautiful young woman above a little oak tree. During the summer, from May to October, on the thirteenth of each month, with the exception of August, the figure appeared again, and always at the same hour: noon. The children were asked to say the Rosary, to do penance, to make sacrifices, and to procure the conversion of sinners. The vision promised that war would soon come to an end, requested the building of a church there, recommended that the devotion to the immaculate heart of Mary be spread, to whom the whole world and especially Russia should be conse-

crated, and said that if these requests were not fulfilled another war would be inevitable.

Do the people believe the story? Not only in Portugal, but millions around the world believe and worship. The two boys are dead and Lucia is a nun. The vision is reported to have told a secret to the three shepherd children, the third part of which is not known, though it was delivered sealed to the bishop of Leiria. It can be opened only after Lucia's death or in 1960 should she be then still alive. The people believe and worship! To thousands this constitutes the most outstanding religious event of this century. Our missionaries in Latin America have told of the Fatima's visit to those countries. Huge crowds endeavor to catch a glimpse or, better still, touch the image in a vain hope of gaining virtue and healing. Surely in the land where such an image was created and worshiped, the message of heart holiness is sorely needed. That there are spiritually hungry people is in evidence on every hand. It will not be easy, but the call constitutes a challenge.

Contacts with Dr. J. T. Tucker, forty years a missionary in Portuguese Angola, were very heartening. He is helping to train missionaries of various denominations. Lecturing on Portuguese customs and other related subjects, he is able to pass along to these new recruits the advantages of his years of experience. In his office we were also privileged to meet Brother Silva, who has helped our missionaries on numerous occasions. Rev. Jose Tilidio Freire, an evangelical pastor in Lisbon and a friend of the Howards and Mostellers as well as all other Nazarene workers who have passed through Lisbon, was present to see us off for Johannesburg, South Africa, on November 4. It was a joy to meet these warm friends of Nazarene missionaries.

Approximately at noon the Pan American plane roared down the runway of the beautiful Lisbon airport

and by 4:00 p.m. we were given a view of the Canary Islands. Volcano craters, like huge pockmarks, were everywhere. One hour later the coast of Africa came into view. The Sahara Desert could be seen, but a land haze made it impossible to take pictures. The first stop, two hours later, was in Dakar, French West Africa. We had, of course, spanned the large desert separating the north African states from central Africa, a distance of 1,737 miles from Lisbon. Conscious of the fact that we were only two hundred miles from our missionaries in the Cape Verde Islands, it was natural that we should think of those precious laborers ministering to the spiritual needs of some two hundred thousand people living in those "forgotten islands." The statement of G. P. Howard is strikingly appropriate: "We face a humanity that is too precious to neglect. We know a remedy for the ills of the world too wonderful to withhold. We have a Christ who is too glorious to hide. We have an adventure that is too thrilling to miss." This is a fitting summary of missionaries and their work.

By early morning of November 5, Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, was within reasonable distance and the report was received that General Dwight Eisenhower had been elected president of the United States. We were awakened with the news and, of course, our curiosity was great after a day of silence. All day long we had expressed interest in the balloting. During the evening hours we had visualized many of our friends at home in front of their radios, who would listen far into the night as late reports were received.

Located on the banks of the famous Congo River, up which Henry M. Stanley, Grenfell, and others have evangelized in past years, Leopoldville was a point of unusual interest. Stops had been enjoyed during the night at Monrovia, Liberia, and Accra, Gold Coast. However, "the great river," which is second only to the Amazon, held our

attention. Stories abound about the little steamer called "Peace," used by George Grenfell as he pushed up this river past cannibal villages, and often through a shower of spears and poisoned arrows. Is it any wonder that the brief time spent on such hallowed ground should be a rich experience? By 11:20 a.m. the plane was aloft on the last part of the flight to Johannesburg, South Africa. When the "big bird" came to rest at 5:50 p.m., the six and one-half hours had brought us 1,740 miles.

Africa is immense. To say that it contains 12,000,000 square miles conveys little; the mind takes in such figures with difficulty. The method of comparison is better; so we might say that it is three times the size of Europe, half again as large as North America, or about the size of North America and Europe combined. In round numbers it measures five thousand miles north and south and about four thousand five hundred miles east and west. Our special assignment was in the Union of South Africa and Swaziland, located in the southern part of the continent.

Africa is a continent of great things. The first we were to enjoy was the great city of Johannesburg—the Golden City. Associated with this city is the never-to-be-forgotten memory of our missionaries waiting in a group to extend a warm welcome to their visitors. Striking sights and unusual experiences were ours for thirty days.

We first caught sight of African shores on November 4 and left this vast continent from Cairo, Egypt, as the clock announced the coming of December 4, exactly one month later. In that month we traveled four thousand four hundred miles over the bushveld of South Africa, seeing missionaries at work and natives in raw heathenism. We traversed the roads of the Eastern and Northern Transvaal and Swaziland, roads that sometimes were nothing more than narrow trails or rocky passes. We

went into such remote sections as the Mabins area of the Northern Transvaal and the Mafefe area of The Downs. The first week was spent visiting the European assembly and coloured work; the second week we went to Swaziland and the compound work near Johannesburg; the third week, into the Eastern and Northern Transvaal; and the fourth week, to Acornhoek for the Union Convention. Four full weeks in Africa!

Land of Contrasts

The discovery was soon made that there are two kinds of terrain—the high veld and the low veld. The high veld offers a very fine climate, but the low veld is far from ideal. Our welcome in the Transvaal was extremely warm—130 degrees! The Johannesburg area, however, was most pleasant.

The paved streets, public buildings, shops, and newspapers of Johannesburg stood in sharp contrast to the native reserves, primitive kraals of straw and mud huts, and huge stretches of bush country in which such animals as kudu, zebra, wildebeest, giraffe, impala, and baboons wander by the thousands. Of course, there are leopards and lions, puff adders and black mambas, but fortunately they are not so readily seen. We did, however, cross the trail of a puff adder and took pictures as it hurried into the bush. The missionaries warned us always to use a flashlight when walking from services at night. The black mamba strikes suddenly without warning. Unlike other snakes, it strikes backward. One must take no risks. So serious were the words of caution that we paid heed without deviation. Thus the great city is a marked contrast to the extended bush.

In South Africa you may meet two million white people who look the same as yourself, have very much the same interests, wear just the same fashions, read principally the same books, and catch the same kind of trains; and you may also meet some eight million natives, a good many of whom live what may be called semi-civilized lives, but a large percentage of whom maintain the very same tribal life they lived long before a white man was ever seen in Africa, satisfied with simple food and clothes,

possessing a native courtesy, and yet still under the domination of the witch doctor.

There are two official languages in the country, English and Afrikaans. The hymnbooks used in the European Assembly were of great interest. There were two fronts—no backs to these hymnbooks. In half of the book the songs were in Afrikaans and the opposite half contained the same songs in English. We enjoyed the wonderful balance which was maintained between the two languages. There were always two songs, or two stanzas if there was time for only one hymn. The first stanza or song was sung in English and the second in Afrikaans. It was necessary to have two prayers, Afrikaans and English.

Journeying to Vereeniging, thirty-six miles out of the big city, we attended the first missionary and youth conventions of the European District on November 6. The presidents of these organizations, Mrs. Charles Strickland and Rev. Chris D. Botha, are to be commended for the splendid manner in which these meetings were conducted. It was a pleasure to present the world evangelism program of the church to a very alert and responsive crowd of approximately one hundred and fifty people. As the regular sessions of the District Assembly progressed toward the climactic ordination service on the evening of November 7, reports from such stalwarts as Scheepers, Finnemore, McLaughlan, and others were a great inspiration. The report of Superintendent Strickland indicated the establishment of 4 new churches, bringing the total to 15 on the district. Some 251 church members, 816 Sunday-school scholars, 196 N.Y.P.S. and N.F.M.S. members were reported. And they were a "10 per cent for world evangelism" district! The first district assembly was held in 1947.

Before leaving Vereeniging we discovered that it offers one of the finest stretches of river scenery afforded

on the Vaal River. This river was of particular interest to us because of the word Transvaal, which designates the northern section of the Union of South Africa. It literally means "across the Vaal River."

About seventy miles west is the city of Potchefstroom, where the new European Bible school property is located. Driving there on November 8, we witnessed many countryside scenes of unusual interest. Native men were doing the spring plowing with six and eight yoke of oxen. In the open fields hundreds of white ant hills furnished proof of the necessity for brick construction. Frame structures are eaten by the ants in a short time. Arriving at our destination, we visited the proposed Bible school adjacent to the Potchefstroom Church of the Nazarene. Located on a lot which is 95 x 175 feet, the building has thirteen rooms which will, after repairs, be ideal for the beginnings of the school. These were the formative days when the site was under consideration. Dr. Powers' careful examination of the property and the city as the proper location gave one an impression of the importance of this training center to the European work. A strong university is located in this city of some 13,500 European people and approximately half that many natives. Its location, population, background, educational advantages, and this ideal property combine to make Potchefstroom the proper site for the new European Bible college.

This was the city of the pioneers. The Boers were reported to be one of the hardiest races on the earth. Conditions during the early days in this area no doubt contributed to their sturdiness. Travel by ox-wagons made the distances seem tremendous. Rivers like the Orange and Vaal, when in high water, had to be crossed by means of rafts. The natives were exceedingly warlike. Zulu chiefs, like Chaka, Dingaan, and Mosilikatse, laid waste large sections of the subcontinent, destroying entire tribes and putting to death, it is estimated, not less than two

million of the native population. Then there were the wild beasts, especially lions, leopards, crocodiles, and snakes. The prize snake stories of the world come from this region. The deadly mamba, eight to ten feet in length and as large as a man's arm, took a fancy to living under the floors of the houses. The rats would build nests in the thatched roof, and the snakes would go up after the rats, occasionally dropping down on the tables and beds within.

Having been founded in 1838 by old *Voortrekkers*, Potchefstroom is the oldest town in the Transvaal and was its first capital. While the settlement of South Africa by the Dutch dates back to 1652, the honors go to this city as an important place in later years. The British have definitely played an important role in the establishment of the nation. It was at Potchefstroom that the first shots were fired against British troops in 1881, and during the Anglo-Boer War of 1889-1902 the town was occupied and evacuated on several occasions by each of the opposing forces.

It was a pleasure to visit this city, which will become increasingly known to Nazarenes everywhere as the training center of our European work. Since the Union of South Africa is considered a white man's country and is definitely organized on the European basis, it is proper that the Church of the Nazarene should establish and operate a "white" work. It is imperative that such a district should have a Bible training college and it is most ideal to locate it at Potchefstroom.

South Africa's eight million natives have been a source of great concern to the church since the day Harmon Schmelzenbach landed in Port Elizabeth in 1910. We were soon made conscious of the fact that the founder of the International Holiness Mission in South Africa, D. B. Jones, had shared this burden and vision. These two pioneers and their successors have worked side by side

across the years to reach the pagan tribes of this beautiful land. And what paganism! People who are inclined to think that the natives should be left in their primitive state do not know the conditions, to say nothing of the fact that they are lost without Christ. President W. D. Mackenzie of the Hartford Theological Seminary offered a refutation after a noted speaker had addressed a body of Christian people in Hartford. He had pictured the life of the African native and suggested that they be left to develop their primitive, simple, and innocent relations with nature. President Mackenzie's father was the famous John Mackenzie of the London Missionary Society. He simply pointed out a few of the customs of those people such as the practice of eating one's foe in order to obtain his bravery and strength, or the custom of making "medicine" of parts of the human body, or the practice of the witch doctor's spreading terror and death among the kraals, or the custom known as lobola, by which girls are sold by their fathers to husbands at so many cattle per head. One person who was present said, "I feel sure that the Doctor will probably not give that particular part of his lecture again, or at any rate that he will try to make sure beforehand that no innocent 'native' African is in the audience."

South Africa indeed has many contrasts. The next three weeks proved this fact beyond a shadow of doubt.

A Mixed Heritage

A visitor soon discovers that there are black people and coloured people among the dark-skinned of South Africa. Native blacks, or Bantu people, are quite different from the thousands of half-castes or coloured people. Separated by prejudices and barriers too high to be reconciled or dissolved, the coloured people constitute one of the most acute social problems of the country. Being of mixed blood, white and native or white and Asiatic, they find it impossible to adjust to either group. Preferring to mingle with the whites and unwilling to be associated with the blacks or yellows, they are exactly what Sarah Gertrude Millin described as "God's stepchildren." Despised by the blacks and unwanted by the whites, these people are to be pitied. Approximately one million of them crowd around the principal cities of the Union. They are fast becoming an important element in an already tense racial situation.

In a humorous little booklet entitled *An Immigrant's Guide to South Africa*, which Brother Clifford Church presented for our enjoyment, one long page is devoted to race relations. It pictures a dove well bandaged, with nothing else on the entire page except the sentence, "Mind your own perishing business." We do not therefore purpose to enter into a detailed discussion, but wish to relate our experiences with some outstanding Nazarenes who have been won to Christ from among these people.

On Sunday, November 9, it was a high privilege to participate in a rally at the Mary Forsythe Memorial Coloured Church, which serves the Newclare and Corona-

tionville locations near Johannesburg. Delegations from eight coloured congregations were present: Newclare, Albertsville, Kliptown, Fereirratown, Noordgesig, Protea, Block "B" Coronationville, and Davidsonville. During the rally there were two messages, two altar services, a healing service, workers' conference, and a people's meeting.

The coloured work began as a direct answer to prayer. In the African Council meeting of October, 1947, there were several objectives outlined. One was the establishment of work among the coloured people. Because of the complex racial situation it was well known that this goal would not be easily attained. Much prayer was offered and plans were laid which included the energy and enthusiasm of one of the new missionaries.

On May 11, 1947, Rev. Morris Chalfant left the United States for Africa. After a period of adjustment and language study, he was assigned the task of opening work among these people. Johannesburg was chosen as the place to begin, where some forty thousand half-caste people reside.

Being on furlough at the time of our visit, Brother Morris Chalfant was not present to enjoy the rally. We could not but think of his efforts in building the Forsythe Memorial Church. He had written about the tent campaign held in October of 1949, the driving rains, the hecklers who cut the tent ropes, the four weeks of services, and the outpouring of God's Spirit. In one year a church was organized with seventeen charter members and fifteen probationers. A church building which contractors estimated would cost fifteen thousand dollars was erected for eight thousand. This of course means much donated labor and good management. In his 1950 report to the Council the field superintendent, W. C. Esselstyn, said: "This has been a year of new things. For the first time churches have been organized amongst

the coloured people in the Johannesburg area. We now have four promising congregations which are making progress towards self-support." Only two years later we were meeting with delegations from eight congregations and it is needless to say that our rejoicing was great.

Even more impressive than the building which had been constructed for eight thousand dollars was the congregation. The people who had gathered from the kind of locations we were observing at Newclare were a marvel of grace. These "shanty-towns" where literally thousands of "The Forgotten Race" live simply could not produce what we witnessed. It is wonderful what salvation does in such circumstances. Joy was unbounded as we saw the practical results of missionary endeavor.

There was a short conference with the preachers. It was amazing. The room was small in which we met, but it was full. For so young a work, it was hard to believe that there were a dozen preachers. They discussed problems of their district with Brother Esselstyn and Dr. Powers. Their appearance, reasoning, and general attitude indicated clearly that the work was already well established.

Albertus Pop, secretary of the Coloured District, is one of these stable and capable workers. Passing the Nazarene tent one night after a "sundowner party," he heard the song:

*Into my heart, into my heart;
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.*

Peeping through the tent-flap he saw a number of people kneeling in the front. The next evening he attended and, though he did not respond to the altar call, a tremendous impact was made upon him. Later he said, "I could see brightness on many faces." After the "stay wells" and "go wells" were spoken at the close of

that service, Rev. Morris Chalfant made an appointment to meet him at his home the following day. That next day was tragic. The greatest rail disaster in the history of South Africa occurred near Noordgesig, in which some seventy-three people were killed, many of whom were from Kliptown, where the tent meeting was in progress. But for Albertus Pop it was a glorious day—glorious because the tragedy awakened him. He said: "I remember a certain lady seated near me last night. She went to the altar. I saw her praying and weeping. There was brightness on her face as she bade me good night after the meeting. This dear lady was amongst the victims." That day with Missionary Chalfant, he knelt by his bedside and accepted Christ. Some months later he was sanctified wholly and is now pastoring the Alvin H. Fortner Memorial Church. Speaking for his brethren he said: "We are convinced that the Church of the Nazarene has the message for South Africa. Many problems confront us as a people and as a church, but our church has a decided mission in Africa. Let us press forward and 'follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.'"

The preacher who had charge of the rally was Godfrey F. Peck. He is a tall, stalwart man of clean-cut features who was converted on January 29, 1950, after a statement made by Mrs. Morris Chalfant. "Jesus is standing next to you," were the words which he declares will never pass from his memory. Regarding that evening he writes: "I couldn't pray very well, as I could utter only a few words in broken sentences. But it was the prayer of my life, for God met the need of my heart and I was reconciled to Him by Jesus Christ. Truly He is the Good Samaritan with His nail-pierced hands—those healing hands. He washed the open, cankerous wound of sin that was mine, pouring in 'wine,' His precious blood, and 'oil,' the blessed Holy Spirit; and it

was the Holy Spirit who bore witness to His sanctifying grace received a few weeks afterwards. The wound has completely healed, all glory to the 'Balm of Gilead'! With the voice that called Lazarus from the dead, Jesus whispered sweet promises in the most caressing way. Immediately I recognized it as the 'still small voice' reminiscent of Elijah's day. I am happy to be able to serve under the Blessed Paraclete on the great highway of holiness and to guide other needy souls to my Saviour."

Investigating a disturbance in Coronationville, Albert Sawyer, another of the coloured preachers, saw a tent pitched in the veld near the scene of the accident. It was not a circus as he supposed, but a campaign conducted by Missionaries James Graham and Morris Chalfant. This was in October of 1949. In telling of it he said: "My wife and I went there one night, and we enjoyed it immensely. We continued to go, and the following week I gave my heart to the Lord. I felt that this was the church I wanted to belong to. When the tent campaign was over, services were held in a little hall. It was there that God sanctified me. In 1951 I felt that God was calling me to work for Him full time, and on the eighth of June, 1952, I gave up my well-paid job to answer the call, and become pastor of a newly built church in Albertville. I am looking forward to the day when the Church of the Nazarene will be established in every town and township in South Africa amongst the coloured people, for we have just the message our people need."

It cannot be denied that these men represent a people whose circumstance is tragic. Bitter humiliation occasioned by a mixed heritage for which they are not to blame is their daily trial. For example, a girl who was not dark enough to be forbidden the white school, but was too dark to be treated as an equal, was seen by her white friends on the street. She was lagging along behind a darker woman, who beckoned to her. The girl looked this way and that

to see if anyone was noticing; she walked towards the woman as if she were not walking toward her; she stood near her as if she were not standing near anyone she knew; she listened to her as if it were a stranger addressing her. The coloured woman was the girl's mother, whom she was ashamed to acknowledge publicly. This is the tragedy of mixed blood.

The Coloured District of the Church of the Nazarene in South Africa is a monument to the lifting and transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The saving, sanctifying, adjusting, and keeping grace so much needed by these people is available only through the abiding presence of the Divine Comforter.

In Swaziland

The early colonists laughed at the efforts of the American missionaries. So remote was the possibility of converting the Zulus that the project seemed ridiculous. The Zulus have been the most warlike and aggressive of the African tribes. Solidly built and of more than average height, they are said to be the finest piece of muscle on the face of the earth. It is little wonder that Harmon Schmelzenbach labored three and one-half years before winning his first convert among the Swazis, who are descendants of the Zulu tribes.

Just prior to the trip across country some three hundred miles to the land of the Swazi tribes, we visited Rehoboth. It was on Monday, November 10. Rehoboth, the International Holiness Mission Bible school location, is fifteen miles from Johannesburg. Thirty years ago Rev. D. B. Jones started the school, which has developed into a main station with a church, dispensary, and day school in addition to the Bible school.

Arriving shortly before noon, we were greeted by approximately four hundred children who lined both sides of the beautiful drive leading into the 126-acre property. Once inside their school building they were asked, "Are you happy?" A great English "YES!" and a cheer almost lifted the roof. We were told that they had been waiting for weeks and looking forward to the occasion with unbounded joy. Many choruses and scripture quotations in their own language were followed by words of greeting from their visitors. We later learned that some of the children had to walk seven miles to the school and returned each afternoon to their homes.

Rev. and Mrs. H. K. Bedwell were splendid hosts during the wonderful day, which included a service with the Bible school students at 4:00 p.m. and a meeting for the regular congregation and mine workers at 7:00 p.m. Dr. Powers encouraged and admonished the students preparing for ministerial work and in the evening presented diplomas to three graduates. The closing portion of the night service was given to an emphasis on the world evangelism program of the church.

That evening we met Jeremia Ngozo, from Nyasaland. A striking, radiant, and capable person with the bearing of a prince stepped forward with several of his men to present a special song. What singing! And what a leader! Of course we did not understand the words, but the tune was familiar. Jeremia remained up front after the song to admonish his fellow mine workers to attend the special rally to be held at Crown Mines church the following Sunday. It was immediately apparent that he was an outstanding native worker. As he admonished them, the men listened so attentively and he looked so radiant that I could not resist a hearty, "Amen!" Brother Bedwell was translating to me, so I knew what was being said. He had just made the statement, "Everyone must go to Crown Mines even if it is necessary to sell a cow or your coat." Brother Jenkins, who was interpreting to Dr. Powers, translated the statement, "Everyone must go to Crown Mines even if it is necessary to sell your coat or pants." The loud, "Amen!" at that point caused some disturbance.

Following the service we were told that Jeremia had found Christ while working an eighteen months' shift in the gold mines and had answered a call to preach. He refused to return to Nyasaland, desiring to remain in the compound area, where he could reach the men with the gospel. Word was received that the chief at home had died and that, being of the chief's family, he had

been selected as their new chief. He was to return immediately. It was a weighty decision. Honor, prestige, and wealth were at his door, but it would mean going back to witchcraft and polygamy. It meant giving up Christ. Going to H. K. Bedwell, he unburdened his heart and stated that it was his desire to remain at Rehoboth, where he could win men to Christ. Encouragement was given and the decision was made. No wonder he is radiant and anointed!

Early the next morning we were off to Stegi, Swaziland, where the Nazarene Mission Bible school is located. The purpose of the trip was to study the Bible school location in comparison with Rehoboth. Should both be operated after the amalgamation or, if only one, which place would be most desirable? Several decisions would have to be made at the convention on November 28 at Acornhoek. Therefore, both schools should be visited and the possibilities fully discussed. With this purpose in mind, Rev. H. K. Bedwell was requested to accompany us on the trip.

Four experiences during the journey made a lasting impression: The conversation regarding the effectiveness of the holiness message, a Swazi man who was running across the mountains, what has been described as Drakensberg Glory, and the kraals which dotted the countryside.

While many interesting subjects were introduced and worth-while statements made, the most outstanding and thrilling bit of conversation concerned our central message. Its effectiveness in heathen darkness was of special interest. In the course of the conversation Brother Bedwell said: "We must have a gospel that works. What hope has ordinary religion against the odds of heathendom?" A gospel that works! I was made to thank God anew for the holiness message.

The steady gait of a Swazi man as he runs the mountain trails is something to behold. Even, powerful strides which are continued for hours carry these men thirty miles in a single day. Of course, there were many men, women, and children along the way, but one does not always see a runner who is making a long journey in typical Swazi style. He was a picture of endurance. His measured pace brought to mind the the verse, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us" (Heb. 12:1, 2).

Drakensberg Glory! Tugela is the word the Zulus gave the highest peak in the Drakensberg, or Dragon Mountains. The word means "startling." Though this was given to describe the highest peak in South Africa, which rises 10,763 feet, the whole of the Drakensberg range has this atmosphere. Little wonder that Harmon Schmelzenbach was struck with this area when he found it in 1911!

If you could study Swaziland from an airplane, the most characteristic feature of the landscape would be the cobweb system of paths, which spread out in every direction. One cannot think of Africa without these paths. They have been called the nervous system of African society. We could see them from certain vantage points in the mountains. Some of them were worn deep with the pattering feet of hunters, warriors, traders, and women going to their fields or to neighboring kraals. These kraals or homes contained several huts, depending upon the number of wives or wealth of the man. Polygamy appeared to be universal.

The warm welcome of the Mischkes, Wises, Miss Boggs, and Miss MacDonald and the delicious chicken dinner they had prepared were enjoyed upon arrival at Stegi about 5:00 p.m. In a short time the evening service

began with the district elder, Phineas Dlamini, in charge of the singing. It was inspiring to watch this seasoned native leader. His wisdom and stature in matters of discipline and spiritual perception had won the confidence of the people as well as the missionaries. The response to his song leading was marvelous. It was a privilege in the same service to meet Josef Mkwanzazi, who worked so faithfully with Harmon Schmelzenbach. Though not so active as in former years, he still wields a strong influence throughout the district. A fervent evangelistic message delivered by Dr. Powers was used mightily of the Holy Spirit. To see Brother Dlamini conduct the altar service was worth the day-long trip.

Brother Mischke told of killing a black mamba in the cook's hut of the girls' hostel and gave a sound warning about the use of the "torch" (flashlight) in walking about the mission station after dark. At the conclusion of his discourse about this snake, we were quite convinced that it would be the part of wisdom always to heed his advice.

The morning of November 12 was full of activity. A service with the Bible school students at 8:00 a.m., visiting of the day school classes, seeing the operation of the dispensary, and examining the 600-acre property occupied the time.

An aged heathen man set under the large tree back of the dispensary. It was immediately apparent that this wasn't his first visit. The comparatively clean white bandage which covered his head stood in marked contrast to his heathen garb. How much of the night had been spent under the tree is unknown. The medical work had just begun for the day and he was there for treatment. The elderly man had been in a beer drink so common to the untouched heathen. The knobkerrie of some angry man had fractured his skull. Poor, darkened man! And yet, that experience necessitated many trips to the dis-

pensary, where he heard the singing and witnessing of our missionaries and native workers. He received a fine message and a warm handclasp that morning. Many others were present, but this old man was most impressive. The darkness is deep, but gospel light is penetrating.

It was from here that Dr. Powers wrote: "Waiting for medicine were a bright young mother and her happy little twin girls. I asked Miss MacDonald, our missionary, to inquire as to their names. The mother proudly replied, 'One is named, Where Did You Come From, and the other, Has Been Sent.'"

Nothing could be more thrilling than to see a mission station in operation. The singing of the day school children as they farewelled us and the fellowship we had enjoyed with our wonderful missionaries are memorable experiences.

The people in Swaziland may have been hard to win and they continue to offer stiff resistance because of the deep hold of witchcraft and superstition, but what we had just witnessed gave eloquent testimony to the power of the holiness message.

The Royal Kraal

Of one Swazi chief it was said, "He died about that same year and wandered off dejected away from history, down the valley of the shadows to forgetfulness." This type of record will not characterize the activities of the present, forty-four-year-old paramount chief of Swaziland, King Sobuza. His friendly attitude toward medical assistance and educational advantages for his people clearly indicates a keen interest in their welfare.

On several occasions Dr. Powers has been the special guest of King Sobuza. His visits to Swaziland are welcomed by the king. The missionaries stated that the king looks forward to the coming of our church leader, to which fact we witnessed a vivid testimony. Though our stay in Bremersdorp was brief, Dr. Powers' presence in this area automatically included a visit with the king.

Bremersdorp is a small village located seven miles from the royal kraal. On the edge of town stands the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital and the main station of our mission in this British protectorate. The Sharpe Memorial Church, Shirley Press, Teachers' Training School, and the hospital with accompanying buildings were outlined against the beautiful countryside. What a pleasure it was to approach this center of holiness evangelism so strategically placed, eminently successful, and urgently needed! Praises to God welled up in our hearts for His leadership and blessing in the life and ministry of Dr. David Hynd and his fellow workers.

We had traveled forty-two miles from Stegi. November 12 already seemed to be a full day, but just before noon we drove through the main entrance of the hospital.

The three-course dinner was characterized by three changes at our table, the three doctors (David Hynd, Kenneth Stark, and Samuel Hynd) shifting with their wives and a group of missionaries as the courses were served. Then we toured the large station and held two ground-breaking ceremonies for the erection of new buildings.

Impossible to convert the Zulu? It may have seemed so, but the gospel is powerful and its messengers have been faithful. Just visit this station! Five hundred people live there continuously. Watch them as they gather for the ground breaking of the new hospital unit. Look into the smiling face of the elderly lady who will be pointed out as Harmon Schmelzenbach's first convert—the fruit of three and one-half years of faithful witnessing. Then glance about to see the native nurses' choir ready to furnish the special music for the occasion and note the hundreds of Christians who stand in a semi-circle, on the outskirts of which are the heathen people who are receiving treatments at the hospital. The only adequate way to express the gratitude of your overjoyed heart would be to join with these sanctified Swazis in singing the doxology as you watch the heathen who look on with amazement.

This station is a monument to the ability and energy of Dr. and Mrs. David Hynd. Since 1925 they have labored diligently to see "a treeless expanse of high grass" transformed into a thriving hospital and main station. Buildings have been erected with bricks which were made on the station and at surprisingly low cost. That the hospital is serving poverty-stricken humanity is evidenced by the fact that an operation costs the startling sum of \$2.85 and an examination is made for twenty cents. These prices are all that the people can pay, but wise leadership has insisted that they pay something. This keeps them from wasting precious medicines, gives them an apprecia-

tion of the service rendered, and teaches the first steps toward self-support.

The new addition, for which Dr. Powers turned the first spadeful of earth, will give a capacity of 150 beds, making the hospital a class A institution. The service rendered is made possible by church support and the subsidy from His Majesty's government.

A ground-breaking ceremony was then performed for the Teachers' Training School building. This training program was started in Bremersdorp under the direction of Miss Margaret Latta in 1930. Since that time almost three hundred native teachers have been graduated. Only God can measure the far-reaching effects of this ministry of trained, Christian teachers.

Shortly before four o'clock we lost sight of the hospital and made our way off the public road onto a single-file "royal highway." It was no imposing affair, as one would suppose. Built for the use of King Sobuza's 1947 Buick, from which he usually stepped in native attire, this typical Swazi dirt road serves the paramount chief of Swaziland. The king's highway, royal kraal, and administrative building were a tremendous surprise. Perhaps one should have been prepared to see a native king living in much the same fashion as his people. Presently a very large kraal came into view which was surrounded with the usual high fence and made up of a great number of huts occupied by his wives, numbering between seventy and one hundred. A few of his two hundred children were outside the enclosure having a dance of some description. When we stopped to watch them, the demonstration really began. To beautify the area of his administrative building the king has brought many gorgeous peacocks, which strut and spread their feathers as if conscious of their royal function.

Escorted by a representative, we were taken up the pathway to a most ordinary building. King Sobuza re-

ceived Dr. Powers and about twelve missionaries very courteously, but was in native attire very much as pictured on the back cover. Chairs had been provided for the visitors, but the king's counselors marched in and seated themselves on the floor behind us. The typical Swazi atmosphere made the interview a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

In perfect English he discussed his country, describing its beauty, the climate, crops, and animals, and giving us a wonderful bird's-eye view of Swaziland. Listening intently to his cultured voice, I wondered how this educationally enlightened and benevolent ruler could claim that he possessed magic powers as rain maker, how he could let his people go on in their ancient tribal superstitions and customs. Could it be that the insistence of his subchiefs, and of the people themselves, made it difficult to effect a change? Or did he, perhaps, hope that the mission hospital, schools, and churches would teach his people to choose voluntarily the enlightened way he knew was best?

When Dr. Powers told of his recent travels, about which the king inquired very earnestly, he listened with grunts of approval and understanding. I had already discovered that this was a Swazi custom, because the missionaries did so in a mild form. However, the king did it in an explosive manner. If something was really outstanding, such as the size of the bear in Alaska, he would express himself with a loud, "Wow! Wow!"

King Sobuza had been in need of new shock absorbers for his "special" Buick, but was unable to secure them in South Africa. Dr. Powers had been trying in the States and succeeded, according to a cable which had just arrived. This message was received with appreciation for such interest and effort in his behalf. Before the conclusion of the interview, prayer was offered. The Holy Spirit enabled Dr. Powers to preach and pray at

the same time. About five o'clock we paused on our way down from the hilltop to wave good-by to the children of the king, and were soon on the journey back to Johannesburg. Arriving in Ermelo too late for an evening meal, we retired for the night. It had been an exciting day.

The Wedding Is Announced

Enthusiasm regarding the union of the two missions was running high. Everywhere we went it was evident that preparations were being made for attending the convention to be held at Arthurseat near Acornhoek in the Eastern Transvaal, November 28 through December 1.

Negotiations had been carried on between the two groups for several months. A joint committee composed of equal representation from each mission functioned efficiently. There were, of course, problems about which the native church leaders would be consulted. Many details had to be considered. The I.H.M. missionaries had been requested by the "home board" to vote on whether or not they favored union with the Church of the Nazarene.

In the July-September issue of their missionary paper, the following statement was made: "As a preliminary announcement we have much pleasure in stating that the negotiations between the International Holiness Mission and the Church of the Nazarene with a view to fusion have now reached an advanced stage. After much careful thought and prayer, the governing bodies of the two societies have decided that it is in the will of God, and to the interests of His kingdom, and will further the advancement of the holiness cause, if we unite. Therefore in the near future, it is fully expected that the work of the International Holiness Mission in Britain and South Africa will be incorporated within that of the Church of the Nazarene. We firmly believe that this proposed union will greatly accelerate the evangelization of the heathen in Africa . . ."

On June 20, 1952, the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene unanimously expressed itself as follows: "That we look with favor on the union of the International Holiness Mission with the Church of the Nazarene, and that we refer this matter to the Board of General Superintendents for consummation whenever, in their judgment, it seems advisable to do so."

The missionaries in Africa had been excited for many months over the possibilities of union. The relative locations of the mission stations and the activities of the two groups had been carefully studied. Superintendent H. C. Best and W. C. Esselstyn had conferred often and, now that the visit of Dr. Powers had actually materialized and the "wedding date" had been determined, it is little wonder that interest mounted with each passing day.

Others in South Africa were conscious of the "wedding plans." On November 13 we were aware of this in the meeting of the African Evangelistic Band. After returning from Ermelo to Johannesburg and enjoying a fine dinner with Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Jenkins, we went immediately to the A.E.B. meeting for participation in the afternoon session. Dr. Powers brought the evening message on Acts 1:8, which resulted in a splendid response from those interested in seeking the experience of heart holiness. Various leaders of this interdenominational group made public mention of the proposed union of the two missions. All seemed to rejoice.

It is interesting to note that the A.E.B., an organization of English and Afrikaans holiness people of various denominations, has been holding periodic meetings in Johannesburg's downtown auditorium. Thus the message is having its effect in this city of 915,000 people, where one-third of the world's gold supply is produced. As late as 1885 herds of antelope were roaming over the

veld where the city now stands. Today it is a large modern city which gives eloquent testimony to the interest of the European races in gold to be found in the area. The sad truth is that to such a mining center and frontier town as Johannesburg there inevitably gravitate many of the worst crooks and criminals of Europe and America. It has been called "a university of crime," and the epithet seems deserved. We were made to thank God for the sturdy band of holiness people who gathered for the convention in the heart of the great city. This meeting was an ideal place for the announcement of the amalgamation as far as the white work in South Africa is concerned.

The superintendent of our European work, Rev. C. H. Strickland, has been a very frequent special speaker at the various meetings of the African Evangelistic Band; and Rev. H. K. Bedwell, of the I.H.M., has spoken on many special occasions. Dr. David Hynd has served as chairman of the group and others of the two missions have taken an active part. Hence, there was great interest in the fact that union was contemplated.

Though the two parent organizations had officially united on October 29 in Leeds, England, it was necessary to perform the union ceremony of the two missions in Africa. In reality one of the main reasons for the amalgamation was that the I.H.M. missionary work in South Africa had enjoyed such success that the support was too much for the organization in Britain. Those loyal mission-minded people, even while circumstances were not easy in the homeland, maintained 1 missionary to 33 members. With approximately one thousand members in Britain, it was difficult to meet the pressing financial demands of 11 main stations, 195 outstations, 1,863 members, 32 missionaries, 50 native evangelists, a Bible school, numerous day schools, a secondary school, and a hospital.

Added to this was the fact that new doors were opening in every direction. The work was expanding so rapidly that the task of support by a comparative few was a heavy burden. It wasn't a matter of being weary in well-doing. They have continued and even increased their giving for missions, but this still did not meet the needs of the rapidly increasing missionary program. It was either to ask the Lord to stay His hand of blessing on the work or to experience a strengthening of their hand to support it. The Lord had planned the latter. It is readily apparent that the size and scope of the operations in Africa called for a special convention in which the two missions would be united.

Another factor entered into the unusual interest of the Europeans in South Africa. The missionary paper of the I.H.M. went into hundreds of homes in that area. Also of unusual appeal were the monthly Bible studies of the editor which were sent to the spiritually eager people. These contacts were very valuable from every standpoint. There were many European people in South Africa who regularly supported the work. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," was so applicable as to generate a great interest in the announcement concerning union. In fact, those people who live close to the situation and are spiritually sensitive see the need of the heathen as a clarion call to get on with the unfinished task. They are conscious of the fact that scores of African tribes are still unreached with the gospel. It is estimated that three hundred and fifty tribes are thus in spiritual darkness. In many others, it is still a feeble ray of light scarcely showing in the deep gloom of devilish wickedness. While it is true that many of the natives do not want the gospel, their need remains and they must have it. Europeans in South Africa who love Christ are concerned, but their numbers are comparatively small when the great, gaping need is viewed. To

those spiritually-minded Afrikaans people the slogan "Eendraag Maak Mag" was appropriate and the English heartily agreed that "Unity Makes Power."

Forty years of courtship preceded the announcement. Mrs. D. B. Jones, cofounder and superintendent emerita of the I.H.M., gives her impressions as follows: "For very many years, even from the founding of the International Holiness Mission and of the Church of the Nazarene, which took place almost simultaneously, there has always been the very closest of fellowship and friendship between the founders of the two movements and the missionaries who have followed. Enlisted under the same banner of preaching and teaching the same truths to bring to the African the message of full and free salvation, the headquarters of the one has been and still is in the United States of America and the other in London, England, from which centers the individual societies have been controlled by a body of Spirit-filled men who have shouldered the burden, pushed the battle, held the ropes, and given of their best in service and sacrifice. The needs of the two works have been met to a very large extent by the very sacrificial giving of many who have hearts aflame with love to the Lord Jesus and for the African people. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit there has been a suggestion of fusion, the which has been accepted by the two movements concerned and will be consummated within the next few weeks. There has been much counsel and prayer regarding this matter, until personally speaking, with all on the altar, we gladly accept it as the will of God and put our 'Amen where He has put His Yea,' believing that a united effort by a united people will mean increased blessing and fruitfulness. As we have labored in the past, so with an intensified love for the Master we shall continue to labor in the future, looking only for His smile, and His coming again to receive us unto himself."

Without doubt there were many testings and struggles which preceded the "wedding" announcement. From the standpoint of the Church of the Nazarene the matter had to be weighed carefully. Other mission fields operated by the church had to be informed that they could not expect substantial increases in support because of the responsibility involved in the advance in Africa. Promising and consecrated missionary candidates were told that the church was adding thirty-two new missionaries to its staff through the amalgamation, which meant that further increases in missionary personnel would be made only in cases of emergency.

Prior to the union, Rev. H. C. Best, superintendent of the I.H.M. work, said: "There are big changes ahead of us, and much prayer is going up. Some folk have been very sorry for us during the past few months, for when it became known that the International Holiness Mission was to be merged with the Church of the Nazarene it was looked upon by some as something of a Jonah and the whale episode, the whale of course being the Church of the Nazarene. We trust that the whale does not get sick of Jonah. To be quite truthful, at first we did not take kindly to being swallowed at all, and there has been much heart searching and prayer on the part of each missionary and I think perhaps some of those who are going to receive us have had some anxious thoughts about it too. But my experience has been that these friends of the Church of the Nazarene have shown a really fine spirit of understanding. We are going into this union with a quiet consciousness and restfulness in our hearts that this is God's will, and that He is opening wider doors of opportunity, and we believe that this will mean much more blessing for our African people."

In this connection, Rev. H. K. Bedwell, editor of the I.H.M. missionary paper, said: "It is natural that the taking of such a serious step should be attended by mis-

givings, and hesitation by some, but the Spirit of God had unmistakably put His seal upon all the deliberations, and we can go forward with confidence, looking to God for a great advance in the coming days."

Rev. Maurice Winterburn, overseas missionary secretary of the I.H.M., made an official announcement: "Our readers will remember that a note about the union of the International Holiness Mission with the Church of the Nazarene was printed in the last issue of *Africa Calling*, but now we can publish a fuller statement. About a year ago an overture was made to test the desires for union in Britain, and our churches decided to elect exploratory committees in Britain and in South Africa to discuss the whole question. Although many had their fears about its practicability the unanimous feeling in the exploratory meetings was a desire to effect this union. This was due principally to a marvelous sense of the harmonizing power of the Holy Ghost which was so very evident when our brethren conversed together. All our churches in England have recorded their vote on the matter, and over 86% have voted in favor of the union. Again, our missionary staff is almost unanimous, and the native church is desirous of following the lead which has been given to them. In face of this we want to announce to all our friends that full steps are being taken to completely effect the union in both countries concerned. Some people ask us, 'Why should you unite?' We feel the question would be more in place if it were worded, 'Why shouldn't we unite?' God's people should unite at every possible point in order to be true to the vision of the body of Christ. There are many good reasons why our people should come together:

"1. The Church of the Nazarene and the International Holiness Mission are both committed to the task of proclaiming the message of entire sanctification as a

second work of grace. We are happy to be classed amongst the holiness people.

"2. We both long to reach the heathen world as well as the civilized peoples with the message of full salvation.

"3. In the providence of God we find ourselves working in the same geographical areas—Britain, South Africa, and Portuguese East Africa. We feel this union will make a stronger testimony in Britain to the truth we seek to proclaim. Also the respective missionary staffs in Africa will form about one hundred strong when united, and aggressive plans to reach the heathen world can be laid together which would not be possible through separate identities. We trust that Spirit-filled people everywhere will rejoice with us. We regard it truly as a marriage of our two denominations, and a true marriage should bring much joy to sympathetic observers."

Realizing something of this background, it was easy to understand the reasons for the intense interest which was in evidence. Our hearts cried out to God for a truly significant "union" convention.

The Diamond City

Before beginning a tour of the I.H.M. mission stations, a dedication service had been planned by Rev. C. H. Strickland for one of the European churches located south of Johannesburg. Since this was in the direction of Kimberley it was deemed advisable to visit the city on November 14 and return to Welverdiend for the dedication on the fifteenth.

Kimberley—city of diamonds! A word of more economic prominence could scarcely be mentioned. And the place from which more diamonds have been marketed than any other place in the world is Kimberley, a city of 20,000 European, 15,000 native, 10,000 coloured, and 1,000 Asiatic people.

The first point of interest was the Big Hole, which is reported to be the largest man-made hole in the world. One mile in circumference and fifteen hundred feet in diameter, the hole drops into the earth some four thousand feet. Many years ago, the shrill whistle at closing time brought ten to twelve thousand diggers streaming like ants from this hole, where they had spent the long, sweltering day searching for little sparkling stones in the blue-gray soil. But for about sixty years now the Big Hole has been empty of men, for water appeared at the bottom one day and is now within eight hundred and forty feet of the top.

We were told that about the year 1871 it became known that a certain witch doctor possessed a beautiful charm with magical powers. A trader passing through the country bought it for various articles of interest to the natives. The charm was found to be a diamond of 83½ carats valued at \$32,000.00. This charm, which is

now known as the Star of South Africa, we saw in the MacGregor Museum of Kimberley. One entire section of the museum was devoted to bushman drawings depicting the native life of the aboriginal tribes that once inhabited the area. Visiting the Duggan-Cronin Bantu Gallery, we saw photographs of all the native tribes at present found in South Africa. These experiences furnished a splendid background for the trip into the Eastern and Northern Transvaal the following week.

Kimberley has had a stormy history. The sin and wickedness of a mining center into which the natives are enticed by good wages and short terms of service has had a telling effect. Since Kimberley's diamond mines started industrial South Africa, we will mention the problem here, though it is multiplied many times in connection with the gold mines in Johannesburg and the asbestos and coal mines in other areas. At the mines the natives are housed in compounds or barracks where several thousand men live for periods of six to eighteen months before they return to their homes. Thrust suddenly into the complex environment of a modern city, far removed from family and tribal customs, these men, with tragic eagerness, throw off the restraints of their old tribal life and take up the vices of the city. They have become a serious problem which has burdened the hearts of many missionaries.

The natives come from every corner of the subcontinent to earn the white man's coin. Thus Reginald E. Jones, son of the I.H.M. founder, who has evangelized in the mine areas for many years, described the situation: "With a dark mind, a deeply superstitious heart, and shrouded with mortal fear of evil spirits which dog his footsteps as his own shadow at noontide, each native enters the compound. In his domain of darkness these specters are very, very real. They govern his whole life and happiness."

To catch a picture of the conditions and the effects of the natives' being suddenly caught in the complex mechanism of modern industrial development one needs to read Alan Paton's *Cry, The Beloved Country*. It is an unbelievable and shocking but true-to-life account of an elderly Zulu preacher struggling to rescue members of his family from the vice and corruption of city life.

The industries are primarily interested in finding laborers in order to make money; and, for the most part, what happens to these workers in body, mind, and soul is of little importance. The missionary is burdened because he knows that these young Africans are really Africa's treasure. They constitute wealth far beyond her diamonds, gold, or asbestos. The living men and women, the boys and girls are the real riches of Africa. The missionary shares the conviction of John Ruskin when he says, "There is no wealth but life." To the salvation of African lives the missionary has dedicated himself.

That the mining centers offer unusual opportunities for evangelism is beyond dispute. Thousands of men are there with nothing to do over the week end but drink and gamble. A religious service attracts hundreds of them and the gospel faithfully proclaimed does its unmistakable work. It is far more difficult to interest men as long as responsibilities of their kraals are upon them. Away from these duties with nothing to do during off hours, they offer a golden opportunity for missionary work.

The realization that the Church of the Nazarene has no work—European, coloured, or native—in Kimberley increased our burden measurably. Of course there are numerous great opportunities which constitute open doors that have not been entered. To see and feel even temporarily what the missionaries know constantly puts a pain in one's heart that increases with the passing days.

Comparative ease and luxury can no longer appear consistent with a profession of genuine devotion to the cause of Christ. Even when life is ordered on a simple pattern according to our standards, it is luxurious in comparison with theirs. Therefore, the things we consider luxuries must be foregone in the interest of His kingdom. It cannot be otherwise!

When we arrived at Welverdiend on November 15, the thrill and challenge of a new church dedicating its first building after months of toil and sacrifice filled the air. The new congregation and interested Europeans of the community crowded the building to capacity to hear Dr. Powers.

District Superintendent C. H. Strickland organized the Welverdiend church in April, 1951. Only \$750.00 had been invested by the district for the purchase of the lots. Under the leadership of the pastor, F. G. J. Van der Westhuizen, the nineteen members erected the building with Mr. A. Wolmarans directing the construction program. Their unbounded joy gave eloquent testimony to a keen sense of accomplishment. A mortgage of \$6,000.00 enabled them to complete the building for dedication and worship. Only eighteen months had passed since the organization of the church. They had just cause for the rejoicing, which we shared in full measure.

Returning to Johannesburg on Saturday evening afforded an ideal opportunity to see the natives coming out of the large city to their locations. It is not difficult to realize that in addition to the thousands of men who are crowded into the mine compounds, scores of thousands of men, women, and children come from their kraals and native villages to live near the city. These families build shanty-towns or live in municipal locations. Let your imagination run wild. You cannot go beyond the poverty and degradation to be found in these native centers. They have been described as the "gar-

bage heaps of the proud city." What the night might bring for these unfortunate people could not be imagined. Papers had been full of incidents and it was a well-known fact that white men were not safe in the locations. Without doubt there would be tribal dances, each group of dancers competing with others, demonstrating their ability and fervor of performance. They love nothing better than to display the distinctive dress and style of dancing of their tribes. Under the direction of one chosen for his fine physique, the natives follow the shrill whistles and grotesque, lightning-like gestures of their fantastically attired leader. Long rows of natives chant and dance, throwing their arms about and twisting their bodies as they stamp their feet in amazing rhythm—all in unison with the beating of the drums. It is this perpetual stamping that is so terrifying. They stamp the earth until it seems to tremble. The characteristic sound of darkest Africa is this stamping. We did not go into any of the locations that night, but had an opportunity to witness the many people who were along the roads. Africa's deep darkness soon enveloped the movements of the natives and the lights of Johannesburg were brilliant and comforting.

Undoubtedly the most crucial issue Africa faces is the conflict between the races. This tense problem has been described by Missionary R. E. Jones as follows: "Africa at this very time is standing at the crossroads. The situation is critical. Never before have such mighty influences and such tremendous problems been fraught with such dangerous possibilities. One gets a bewildering impression as one mingles with the Bantu peoples that there is a growing animosity and a more resentful attitude which borders on an anti-white hatred."

What could be greater than to demonstrate the love of Christ in such a situation! Diamonds can never solve this problem. Only Christ's love will win. Of one native

it was said, "His face wore a smile, the strange smile not known in other countries, of a black man when he sees one of his people helped in public by a white man, for such a thing is not lightly done." The diamond city does not hold enough carats to purchase a remedy for the strife and hatred in human hearts.

On the Reef

Johannesburg produces one-third of the world's gold supply. This spells opportunity in capital letters. Not only is the Golden City important because of this product which forms a great part of the monetary basis on which the wages of the world are paid, but the outstanding opportunity for evangelism constitutes its supreme advantage. When King Solomon built the Temple of Jehovah in Jerusalem, he made it beautiful by overlaying its walls and timbers with fine gold brought out of Africa. Evangelism refines the gold of African character for the beautifying of the kingdom of God. To the accomplishment of this task the missionaries have dedicated their lives.

Reef is the English word and Rand the Afrikaans to designate the area, approximately 40 by 60 miles, where the mines are located. Gold valued at 1,200,000,000 pounds sterling or 3,360,000,000 dollars has been extracted in a little over half a century. In an average year the Rand produces approximately 80,000,000 pounds' or 224,000,000 dollars' worth of gold. This requires supervision by 40,000 Europeans and the labor of 300,000 to 400,000 natives.

What an evangelistic opportunity! From all of central and south Africa these many thousands are crowded into 125 compounds. An official government survey reveals that there are over 1,200 native false cults as compared with 91 church organizations which have the recognition of the government to propagate their gospels. However, our missionaries stated that only 20 mission groups were actively participating, with approximately

40 missionaries and 50 nationals preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ in the mine compounds.

Shortly before 11:00 a.m. on Sunday, November 16, we entered the compound enclosure at Crown Mines for a four-hour meeting with the I.H.M. and Nazarene congregations. Eight hundred and fifty native men were present. It was inspiring to look into their faces, enjoy their singing, see their response, hear their prayers, and listen to their testimonies.

A group of the Crown Mines I.H.M. Christians presented a song of greeting in Shangaan. There is no way to reproduce in this record the unusual style and splendid rhythm of their singing, but we can give both the Shangaan message and its interpretation.

“RISIMU RO LOSHA MUNGAMELI WALE AMERICA WA
MISSAO NAZARETH”

SONG TO GREET THE LEADER OF AMERICA OF THE CHURCH
OF THE NAZARENE

I

MALANZA YA YEHOVA HINA HA MI SHEWETA
Servants of Jehovah, we greet you!

HA TSAKA KU MI VONA KU TA LA AFRICA
We rejoice to see you here in Africa.

II

YINGISA HA MI TSAKELA; YINGISA HA MI TSAKELA
*Listen! We are glad for you. Listen! We are glad
for you.*

VAFUNDISI VA PESHEYA HA TSAKA KU MI VONA
Missionaries from over the sea, we rejoice to see you.

III

HA KU BONGA MUANGAMELI LATEKA LA KA HINA
We thank you, leader, who has come to us

KUTA HI PHFANGANYETA NI BANDHLA LA NAZARET
In order to unite us with the Church of the Nazarene.

IV

HA KOMBELA NAZARET HINA VA HOLANISE
We Holiness Mission-ites ask you Nazarenes
 KU HI HLAYISA NGOPFHU HI VITO LA YEHOVA
To look after us well, in the name of Jehovah!

V

HOYOHoyo MUANGAMELI HINA VA LA AFRICA
Welcome, welcome, leader! We of Africa,
 TIMBILU TI TSAKILE SIKU LE RA NAMUNHLA
Our hearts rejoice this day!

VI

NGOPFHU NGOPFHU VAMAMANA HI TSAKILE
Above all, mothers! We rejoice.
 SINENE KU TA HI KONGELELA NTIRWENI WA YEHOVA
Please pray for us, in the work of Jehovah!

Missionaries of the two groups, H. K. Bedwell and C. S. Jenkins, as well as Superintendents H. C. Best and W. C. Esselstyn, gave explanation, announcements, and illustrations about the amalgamation. Native leaders expressed the response of their people and received the audible support of those present.

Then the first message of the long service was given, followed by a recess and more congregational singing. Such a lengthy service seemed to be to their liking. Instead of diminishing, the crowd increased as time passed. Looking upon that large group of men with upturned, dark-skinned faces and knowing that they represented at least 300,000 on the Reef and thousands more in their home areas, it was easy to understand the feelings of the Master when He was "moved with compassion on them, because they . . . were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." Realizing the dearth of Christian workers, Christ's words were deep and meaningful. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few;

pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest" (Matt. 9:36-38).

Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Jones were surely led of the Lord when in 1910 they felt impelled to move to the center of the great gold reef, stretching for miles east and west, where thousands upon thousands of natives from all parts of the subcontinent would gather. Some have reasoned that it would not be worth while to do mission work in the mine compounds. Better to establish the church in the "home" areas because the men would be leaving the mines in two to three years. Time has proved that wherever the Johannesburg converts go they carry copies of the Bible and give burning testimonies to their pagan neighbors. Alert missions in South Africa consider the mine areas the richest and most fertile soil for propagating the gospel.

To hear 850 native men singing the songs of the Church was uplifting. The Christian song of a major key stands in contrast to the minor wail which characterizes pagan religions. Better still, to listen to these men lustily singing about holiness was inspiring. Two of the songs were entitled "Send the Fire" and "Lord, Send Thy Blessing." Inquiry was made of Brother Bedwell, whose native name means "bubbling over," and he told us what they were singing. Just to know the song titles and to watch them was enough.

Another special song was announced. The Nyasaland men were prepared to sing. Who should lead the way but Jeremia Ngozo! That radiant face, smiling countenance, and noble bearing marked him as a true leader. How they did sing! If they had been good at Rehoboth on November 10 in the smaller meeting, they were "walking on air" now. Jeremia was lifted "out of himself." Presently he ceased singing the melody ("Shall We Gather at the River?") and hit only the high places. Whatever message they had attached to this melody must

have been wonderful. The song couldn't have been better and the blessing of the Lord accompanied the remarks of Jeremia which followed. He told the men that the Spirit of God made them all one—various nationalities and tribes but one in Christ. The crowd of men literally shouted their approval. Then Jeremia turned toward the platform. Smilingly, but humbly and sincerely, he spoke of the union of the two groups and finished by saying, "NOW, I know that this message will be taken to my people in Nyasaland." What a meeting and what a leader! Jeremia is truly a firebrand for God.

Dr. Powers was anointed by the Holy Spirit as he delivered the message and Brother Jenkins enjoyed great liberty in interpreting. The native name given Brother Jenkins is "Gaza," which literally refers to the founder of the Gaza tribe. Since they look upon him as the founder of the tribe of God in Gazaland he is lovingly called "Gaza." The message went home to hearts and the altar and front benches were lined with seekers. Then came the praying! Words fail to describe the altar service. Fervency! Freedom! Faith! Testimonies which followed were characteristically native. "The word of God stabbed me like an *assagai* [spear]," said the first. "God lifted me out of the mud," continued another. "I was lazy in my heart," was the confession of a believer. "When I looked into my heart, there was no spiritual weapon. I came to get rearmed," said one seeker. Another stated, "I felt the Word of God pulling me." One poor fellow seemed to say the wrong thing, for there was an immediate vocal protest from the men. We were told that he said, "While the others were asleep God spoke to me." The men called out, "Testify, don't preach!" This he did, and others followed. It was an outstanding meeting from start to finish.

Opportunities on the Reef are unlimited. Johannesburg is in truth the hub from which radiate, like spokes

on a wheel, the influences that are sending out the light and opening doors on every hand. The "old chariot of gospel truth" can move along these highways of influence to every dark corner of central and south Africa.

In Heathen Darkness

Africa's night is indescribable. Not only is this true from a physical standpoint, but the intellectual, moral, and spiritual darkness is appalling. The night is filled with many voices. There are eight hundred languages representing hundreds of tribes. Portions of the Bible have been translated into approximately three hundred of these languages and it has been estimated that two hundred and fifty tribes are yet untouched by the gospel. Thousands of people, even in tribes which have been partially evangelized, have never heard the matchless name Jesus, to say nothing of having heard a message concerning the power of salvation.

One such person we met on our way to Carolina (or Leliefontein as it is sometimes called). A woman of the Amandabele tribe was walking along the road, accompanied by her small son dressed in the typical loin-cloth of Africa. She listened attentively as Brother Esselstyn witnessed to her about salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. This was her first opportunity to hear that glorious, all-powerful name. Never having had the privilege of attending a gospel meeting or conversing with a missionary, this woman was in total spiritual darkness. However, she gave every indication of interest and responded to his inquiries without hesitation. After about twenty minutes, this needy soul steeped in heathenism and bound by fear went on down the road. The same day we met three women, one of whom was a witch doctor. The other two women paused, but the witch doctor urged them on. The darkness is deep where the

devil is worshiped and his power unchallenged save for an occasional gospel messenger.

It is unthinkable! The devil not only turned man from worshiping God, but where he has reigned unrestricted as the "prince of the world" he has influenced people to worship him. On several occasions we saw people who were observing prolonged seasons of demon worship. What darkness! What depths of evil!

As the heathen walk the veld paths they feel there are evil spirits about them everywhere. Evil spirits are in the air they breathe, in the people they meet, in the rocks of the brooks, and in the leaves of the trees—evil spirits everywhere! Gigantic evil spirits walk the trails to harm them, wait to push them over precipices or into the waters, peek through the cracks in their huts. These very real specters must be driven off. Therefore, the people wear charms and medicines which they have obtained from the witch doctor.

The majority of African women have a difficult life. They must raise all the food, carry water, stamp mealies, cook meals, and care for the children. It is a familiar sight to see a native woman carrying a huge bundle on her head as her husband walks leisurely along, empty-handed save for his spear or knobkerrie. Polygamy has caused the women to be looked upon as their husbands' property. When the men go off to the mines on the Reef they leave their wives and children alone in the kraal at home. In some cases money is sent back to them for food and clothing, but in most instances it is not. When their are crop failures these families are often hungry and poorly clothed, for they cannot raise enough mealies and nuts to feed themselves or to exchange for cloth at the store. All the while they are enduring severe hardship, the men are earning good money and usually spending it on fine clothes for themselves or saving it to buy another

wife in Johannesburg. Life for the women left alone in the native kraals is by no measure an easy existence.

The women of the Amandabele tribe are recognized by the grass rings covered with intricate beaded designs, which they wear: It must be woefully uncomfortable to have three straw rings around the neck, the largest resting heavily upon the shoulders and the top one crowding one's chin; but no self-respecting Amandabele woman, unless she has been converted, would be seen without them. Usually they also have five or six grass rings of various colors on their legs. These red, white, green, and brown rings are called *ubuhle babo*, meaning "their beauty." In the low veld with its intense heat, it is surprising to find such a tribal custom continuing.

Missionaries Esselstyn and Best were ever ready to bear a brief message to people as they met them individually or in small groups. It reminded us of the methods of Harmon Schmelzenbach. It is said that he would begin shouting scripture verses as a native village came into view and would continue until his donkey had carried him well beyond the village. Someone might hear and become interested. The opportunity could not be lost. Harmon Schmelzenbach and D. B. Jones have been removed from the scene but the present leaders are walking in their footsteps. It was inspiring to watch them work. They were at home with the language and the people.

On November 17 we went to Carolina, stopping on the way for midmorning tea in Witbank at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Clifford Church. When we reached Carolina we were given a delicious dinner by the Stricklands and Nellie Storey, and then taken to visit the Holmes Memorial Church, the day school buildings, and the dispensary. It was a joy to meet the Christian farmer, Mr. Comebrink, who gave the house and a forty-five morgen tract (about ninety acres) for the building of a mission station.

An attractive stone church, built in memory of the late vice-president of the International Holiness Mission, Mr. G. D. Holmes, now stands on this property, where in 1947 the first services were held under large trees.

It was late when we arrived at Nelspruit in the Eastern Transvaal. Three hundred miles across the veld with stops in Witbank and Leliefontein, even with a good highway part of the distance, was enough traveling for one day. The time spent at Witbank was brief but enlightening. Here in this industrial center no less than 6,000,000 tons of coal are mined each year and a large electric power station erected about twenty years ago now has a capacity of 100,000 kilowatts. Thousands of natives are attracted to the mines as laborers and these provide a wonderful opportunity for holiness evangelism. Our work in Witbank is comparatively new, but it is tremendously challenging. Truly the Church is needed in Africa!

The Eastern Transvaal

African curios are not easily found. The natives apparently do not think in terms of the market. They live simple lives and care for their immediate needs as necessity dictates. However, Nelspruit has the finest curio shop we found anywhere and the only one in that area. Native pictures, pottery, wood-carved walking canes, and handwork of various kinds as well as animal skins of all descriptions were available. Since this was our first opportunity to purchase souvenirs, we took full advantage of such an unusual display of African mementos. The atmosphere of the shop was a foretaste of what we were to find in the Eastern and Northern Transvaal.

A truly typical native scene awaited us that very morning. Crossing the Drakensberg Mountains at a place called Bushbuckridge, we came suddenly upon a bridge under which flowed a swift stream. It was an ideal place from which to watch a group of native women and children doing the family wash. From our vantage point we could see them beating the well-worn clothes on the huge rocks and wading into the racing waters to let the current carry away the dirt. The women worked while the children played over the rocks and in the water.

As we continued our journey across the ridge toward Acornhoek where the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital and I.H.M. mission station were located, Brother Esselstyn told of the Crusade for Souls program in South Africa. In addition to heathen revivals and tent campaigns, every church member has been asked to make at least one kraal visit each week, reading the Bible and praying with the occupants of the kraal and extending invitations to church services. Seven thousand members

thus engaged will certainly bring returns in souls. The goal was set by the missionary council at 10,000 members by 1956. However, with the amalgamation there are already 9,000 members, so they are now striving to secure 12,000 by the next General Assembly.

Several hundred people greeted us at Arthurseat, six miles from Acornhoek, where Elmer Schmelzenbach heads our mission station. The students held branches to form a long, shaded drive from the road to the Schmelzenbach home. Shade was most welcome with the thermometer registering 130 degrees.

The crowd gathered in front of the mission home to welcome us, and the singing of the high school choir was wonderful indeed. We could see immediately that there was an abundance of talent. After the brief service, we had tea with the Elmer Schmelzenbachs, Mother Schmelzenbach, the Spencers, Miss Rennie, and Miss Theron, and hurried on to meet the folk at Acornhoek: Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Jones, Mother Jones, wife of the I.H.M. founder, Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Singleton, and Miss Joan Bradshaw, who were expecting us for dinner. The hospitality of these fine people will ever be remembered.

During the afternoon of November 18, we toured the station and gave particular attention to the operation of the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital, where fourteen thousand patients had been treated in the previous twelve months. The training of native nurses, visiting of outstation clinics, and constant impartation of Bible truths kept the limited staff more than busy.

The work at Acornhoek was started in 1937, when the Ethel Lucas Memorial Dispensary at Cottendale, six miles away, was moved to this site. The nearest doctor lived sixty miles away over the mountains. In 1942, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jones took over the work and so expanded the facilities that it is difficult to recognize the original buildings. Dr. and Mrs. T. Harold Jones accepted re-

sponsibility for the entire station in 1947 and have developed a hospital which merits a sizable government subsidy each year.

It was both interesting and inspiring to visit the wards, which were filled with native people whose needs had forced them to seek medical aid. In most cases they will not come until the witch doctors have "practiced" on them. We visited the men's ward on the left of a U-shaped court and the women's ward on the right. After leaving the latter, we discovered an old heathen woman sitting on the shady side of the building. She told Superintendent Esselstyn that she was very sick. From the many pads of "medicine" hanging about her neck, tied around her waist and ankles, and done up in her hair, it was evident that she had visited the witch doctor many times.

At the missionaries' request she momentarily surrendered the numerous "charms" and "medicines," so that we might see them at close range. "I would not take these nor keep them to show," said Missionary Esselstyn. "These people are tormented by demons unless the charms and medicines are burned." Poor, benighted woman! Troubled by demonism and bound by witchcraft! How happy we were that she not only received medical aid but, even before the doctors examined her, she was given a message concerning the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ!

The old man at Stegi and the elderly woman at Acornhoek were both steeped in heathenism until it seemed impossible to reach them; yet medical missions was gradually driving an entering wedge into their darkened minds and hearts. Who could possibly doubt the value of such work? It is convincing!

The service in the church that evening was well attended and the response at the altar was heartening. As one lady earnestly prayed, a terrible shaking seized her.

The struggle was fierce, but she and the Christian workers kept praying. Presently she became quiet. The struggle was over. Later she testified that she had been a great sinner and that now the Lord had forgiven her evil-doings. One elderly woman who had been attending gospel services for several years, but had never accepted Christ, was saved. It is difficult for us to realize just how deep the spiritual darkness actually is in these minds and hearts. We were made to praise God as young men and young women testified that, though they had been doing many evil things, they were now going to follow the Lord's way.

By 10:00 a.m. on November 19, we were in Cottondale, the original I.H.M. station in the Eastern Transvaal. This work has been designated as a "branch that ran over the wall" because Evangelist Simone Mundlovu trekked over the Portuguese East African border from Gaza into the Eastern Transvaal and settled in the Cottondale district. In response to the evangelist's urgent plea, Rev. D. B. Jones left Johannesburg to begin work in this area in 1930. Since that time the work has grown steadily.

Besides a day school where some two hundred native boys and girls are enrolled, there is a secondary school with more than one hundred students. Miss T. Evans and Miss M. Evans, who are not related though they bear the same name, are united in a great work on this station. The medical staff from Acornhoek visits the small dispensary each week, and regular gospel services and outstation preaching posts are maintained. It would be an utter impossibility for these two ladies to carry on were it not for the assistance of capable native workers.

We traveled ten miles east to Islington, where the Courtney Smiths and Miss Abigail Hewson served us a most welcome dinner. A service of greeting was held with the school children and local people in the sturdy church building erected by Reginald Jones. We visited

the school and dispensary units and these faithful missionaries told us something of the history of the Islington station. It was the story of a church being followed by the teaching and healing ministries. This is usual history of the spreading of the gospel. It cannot be otherwise.

The Cottendale missionaries, as they had opportunity, visited this district with the gospel but the occasional visits they could make were not to be compared to the good that they knew would result if missionaries could live among the people. When Mr. R. E. Jones married Miss Sutton, they decided to make their home in Islington. Life in this isolated spot was filled with many adventures. Standing on the roof of their back porch one evening, Mr. Jones shot three lions and wounded another. When the wounded lion crawled off into the bush, the missionary knew he must go after it or the lives of those coming and going from the station would be in grave danger. With loaded gun and a good supply of extra shells, Missionary Jones crawled on hands and knees into the bush. It was extremely dangerous to say the least, but what else was there to do? Needless to say, he got his lion.

I marveled at the courage of these newlyweds who had pioneered a work for Christ in this very area where we had been walking. Their first church service was attended by only three girls. One of those girls is now a married woman living in the chief's kraal with all its wickedness and drunkenness. She still has a testimony that she loves and serves the Lord and reads her Bible every day. Little do we know the good that is accomplished in the service of the King.

Back in Cottendale that evening, approximately four hundred people attended the service which was conducted in the very spacious and beautiful church building. The first person who testified after the altar service was a

man who had made his first move toward Christ. Though he had heard the gospel message many times, this was the first time he had taken a public stand for Christ and had prayed for forgiveness.

Returning to Acornhoek, we spent the night in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Jones and made plans for the trip into the Northern Transvaal.

With Bowed Heads

On the Acornhoek station there is a small enclosure which marks the grave of D. B. Jones. It is neatly kept and the marker is eloquent in its simplicity. This great loss of the founder and superintendent of the International Holiness Mission in 1950 came as a terrible shock to the mission and the Jones family. Their faith is revealed in the words inscribed on the tombstone: "Severed only till he comes."

In memory of a devoted life, a stalwart Christian, a capable leader, and a lover of the African native, we stood with bowed heads for quite some time. It had been a pleasure to converse with Mother Jones regarding the early days of the work. These experiences were relived as we thought of their years together and of the rapid expansion of the mission. They had encountered many storms, faced many problems and perplexities, suffered many blows from the enemy, and had been tested by many trials. Nevertheless, their faith had prevailed and triumphed, and brought forth fruit an hundredfold. Mother Jones said: "Dwelling on the triumphs and viewing the growth that has been made and the fruit produced from such a small beginning, one is compelled to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' Whatever has been done that has been worth while, He has been the Doer of it. The Lord our God has been with us and the shout of thy King has been amongst us, and to Him we would say, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.'"

It was not our privilege to visit the Schmelzenbach Memorial Station at Endingeni, since the purpose of our trip to Africa was to visit the I.H.M. stations and hold the Union Convention. It would have been a joy to see

the old Peniel station and especially the grave of Harmon Schmelzenbach. Though this was not possible, we saw evidences of his fruitful life and ministry. This pioneer lover of black-skinned natives burned out his life living in the kraals of the people, sleeping on the floor with his saddle for a pillow, fording rivers, and walking on burning sands. He was promoted to higher service in 1929.

Standing at the grave of D. B. Jones in Acornhoek, we thought of these two soldiers of the Cross and experienced a surge of gratitude and thanksgiving to God for the example and inspiration of their sacrificial lives.

To see the wives of the founders of these two missions together at the amalgamation was indeed inspiring—two very devoted "mothers in Israel" rejoicing over God's doings and uniting in prayer for the ongoing of the gospel.

In the October, 1952, session of the African Council of missionaries, amid business meetings relating to the work among the Shangaan, Swazi, Bapedi, Amandabele, and Zulu tribes as well as the coloured people, time was taken for a special tribute to Mother Schmelzenbach. Miss Irene Jester read a poem as follows:

To "VULINDLELA"*

(Lulu Schmelzenbach, upon her retirement)

*We gather here at Council time
From every Afric' zone;
And herald forth in prose or rhyme
The work we call our own.*

*We talk of students, classes taught,
Of church and Sunday school;
Of all the victories God hath wrought;
Revivals still the rule!*

*Mother Schmelzenbach's native name literally means "open the way."

*We glory in the trophies won.
And yet how could we fail?
In all the work that we have done,
We trod a well-blazed trail.*

*There is amongst us gathered here
One who has earned the name
Of trail blazer, pioneer!
Her praise we would proclaim.*

*'Twas Vulindlela crossed the stream
That day so long ago,
And helped to cause that first faint beam
In Swaziland to glow!*

*No welcome hands outstretched that day!
No friendly greeting smile!
No waving branches marked the way
That last, long, weary mile!*

*No home to enter but a tent!
No sign of comfort near!
To preach the gospel her intent.
Ah! That's a pioneer!*

*Vulindlela! Aptly named!
Those toils were not in vain.
Your mission now is greatly famed,
And hosts of souls the gain!*

*And out from Endingeni, fanned,
Your kindled fire has spread
To Blaauwberg, Naboom, Gazaland!
'Tis plain, your God has led!*

*You've labored well, you've labored long,
And ever done your best.
May all your days be filled with song!
And peace! And love! And rest!*

From the standpoint of years of service, personal sacrifice, and pioneer work, this poem describes both of these grand ladies. Only the names of places would have to be changed to use the same poem in tribute to Mother Jones.

These two women of faith are held in very high esteem by missionaries and natives alike. Theirs is a unique place in the history of holiness evangelism in South Africa. It was a pleasure to get a picture of them walking together. It was typical of what was transpiring in relation to the two missions. How could the union enjoy a finer representation?

"Till He Comes" the combined and greatly strengthened followers of D. B. Jones and Harmon Schmelzenbach will carry on in the spirit of these worthies who are entitled to a place on the roll begun in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. We bowed our heads in appreciation and recognition of their consecrated service.

Unoccupied Regions

While Brother Esselstyn's Chevrolet was being serviced for a trip into the Northern Transvaal, where the Lorraine, Letaba, and The Downs I.H.M. stations are located, we studied the natives as they came into the Acornhoek general store to trade.

Two heathen women stood just inside. Their hair was pasted with red ocher and mud. We were told that they had pounded the ocher bean into oil, mixed it with mud, and, after applying it to their heads, visited the witch doctor, who tied "medicine" into the hair to ward off the demons. Perhaps a child had died and, feeling that the demons had taken it, they were afraid another calamity would befall them if they did not observe this special ritual of demon worship prescribed by the witch doctor. Their extremely sad faces and the look of fear and despair in their eyes haunted us for many days.

Heading north and west we came to Trichardtsdal, near which the Lorraine mission station is located. The very mention of this name calls to mind the experiences of the early *Voortrekkers*, who in 1838 under the leadership of Louis Trichardt trekked across the Drakensberg Mountains. Trichardt kept a diary, and wrote with an easy pen, so it was not difficult to trace the route taken by his party. He has been criticized for failing to describe the magnificent scenery; but a man who is harassed by thoughts of hostile natives, lions, crocodiles, and fever has little thought for anything else. His wife died on this trip and he made no entry in his diary after the one concerning her death until three months had passed, when he wrote, "I had a quiet birthday, and must think things over." He never put pen to his diary again and died that

same year. Such were the early experiences of settlers and missionaries alike.

The Lorraine mission station is located on four acres of land granted by the government of South Africa. It was so hot that when we stopped en route to examine an unusually large anthill our feet burned from the heat of the sand. It seemed best to wait until the midday sun had passed before touring the station, which is the only one in this region. Rev. I. E. Dayhoff stated that there were probably 100,000 natives in the area. What a responsibility for only three missionaries!

Missionary Dayhoff told us of his call to Africa and his coming as a substitute for his Uncle Eisenhour, who was a strong holiness preacher in Kansas. Finding it impossible to answer the call, his uncle remained in the States and was grateful when a member of the family became a missionary to Africa. Brother Dayhoff felt a double responsibility to win these heathen people to Christ since his uncle had expressed a desire to have him serve as his substitute.

About the middle of 1943, after two years of waiting, the necessary permits were received for the Dayhoffs to live and work among these Bapedi people. A missionary home was erected first; then a school, dispensary, nurses' home, and native evangelist's house. Church services were held in the school until a chapel was erected in 1953. The Lorraine mission station is indeed a monument to the energy and devotion of the Dayhoffs and Miss Hazel Pass.

Following our tour of the station, we drove 30 miles to Letaba. Twenty-five years ago the Pilgrim Holiness church opened this station, but a shortage of workers necessitated a transfer of the station in 1947 and Miss Doris J. Brown was assigned the task of working among the Bagaga tribe of Basuto. Miss Brown was on furlough at the time of our visit, and Rev. and Mrs. Norman

Salmon, who were waiting for permits to enter Portuguese East Africa, were in charge. (Their permits were received in January, 1954—Ed.) Though the opportunity here does not merit the development of a main station it is a wonderful outpost from Lorraine. It is sometimes called the Thabeng Mission Station and is situated on a hillside overlooking the Letsitele Valley. Across the valley rise the mountain slopes, which are very beautiful with dales and streams, some of which have waterfalls dropping 300 to 400 feet. Even in this outpost the inevitable threefold ministry is seen. A church, a day school, and a dispensary are operated by Miss Brown and her native helpers. In addition, a day school is operated and evangelistic services held on the mountain at Moimi. The total enrollment in the two schools is 120. We enjoyed the privilege of meeting the elderly evangelist, Joseph Maenetye, and his son who teaches in the day school and Sunday school. Though a visit was not made to Moimi, it was our understanding that a native preacher-teacher by the name of Morlare carried on the work. The native leader in this area is a woman, Chief-tainess Maake, who is very friendly to the mission and encourages the parents to send their children to the school. A new outpost has been started in Chief Maxoboya's area, where the people are gathering well to hear the Word. Thus the seed is sown which will, without doubt, bring a joyful harvest.

After returning to the Dayhoff home, we spent the evening studying the large maps of the Northern Transvaal which present in a general manner the huge, un-surveyed area of this vast region. What a challenge! It is wild, untamed country. Stories of boys caught by crocodiles, men narrowly escaping from lions, and many encounters with snakes are common.

November 21 proved to be a full day. The earlier morning hours were devoted to much walking, but the

scenes were intensely interesting. We went into the kraals of a native village in the Lorraine mission area with Missionaries Esselstyn, Best, and Dayhoff. They witnessed to the people and announced the 11:00 a.m. service. Their freedom with the language and the ready response they received constituted a precious experience.

At eleven o'clock a splendid crowd listened as Dr. Powers preached a fine message and extended an earnest invitation, to which many responded. There was every indication of sincere repentance and acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord. Our hearts rejoiced to see these primitive people singing Christian songs but especially to hear them praying and testifying. Missions pay a thousand times over! They return a hundredfold when the seed of gospel truth is faithfully sown and the "soil" cultivated. Praise God that Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Dayhoff became burdened for this area and that the door opened through the International Holiness Mission to establish this lighthouse in the midst of darkest heathendom.

After the service we visited the dispensary, where people were waiting to see Nurse Hazel Pass. One woman had brought her twin babies. Since Dr. Powers has twin daughters and I a twin brother, we were especially interested in this case. Miss Pass explained that the mother might kill the younger child because they look upon the second-born twin as a beast and an ill omen. Sometimes the baby is drowned in boiling water or fed boiling milk, but more often it is simply neglected and gradually starves to death. The nurse had spent much time trying to convince this young heathen mother that both babies were healthy and that neither was a beast. We tried to help by telling our experiences. A letter from Miss Pass since that time indicated that the mother followed her advice for a time, but the persecution from other heathen people became unbearable. One

day word was received that the younger child had died. Because of the British law the natives try to make it appear in such cases that it was a natural death, but the evidence to the contrary is unmistakable. Superstition and demonism are so deep-seated that years of training are required even after conversion for them to change their heathen practices.

The natives in this area have been neglected and are very backward. Polygamy abounds, drunkenness is rampant, and witchcraft is still the chief stand-by in time of distress and sickness.

There are many native districts in South Africa still pagan in the true sense of the word. Certainly it is time that these places be entered and holiness missions established. Vast regions are still unoccupied by any Christian group.

Native Interiors

The chief was not at home. His kraal seemed to be deserted, but we knew that his wives and children were in the fields and that the chief had probably gone to check on their activities. It was early afternoon of November 21 and we had traveled about thirty miles into the interior of the native area served by the Lorraine main station. It was hoped that the chief would be at home, but no announcement had been made of our coming. While it would have been a joy to meet him, we were not disappointed in the trip because it afforded a splendid opportunity to see the natives just as they live in the bushveld.

The road to the chief's kraal in the Mabins area was little more than a trail. It was difficult going for the Chevrolet in some places. Passing the modest stone chapel where services are held once each month by the missionary and more frequently by native preachers, we drove until the road became impassable by car. The remaining distance was traversed on foot and the characteristic call was given, but there was no summons, so we could not enter his enclosure. It appeared to be a typical kraal which was situated on a hill overlooking the valley.

Missionary Dayhoff wanted to show us a certain famous baobab tree in the area and, having difficulty locating it, stopped several people on the road to inquire. Natives untouched by the gospel were thus seen at close range as they endeavored to direct the missionary. At one kraal three heathen women were grinding mealies. Babies were strapped to the backs of two of the women in typical native fashion and the third was on her knees

at the side of the hut grinding the mealies with a large stone. The grain is rolled back and forth between two stones until it is ready for use. Unembarrassed in their native attire, these women talked about the location of the tree, which seemed to be known by everyone, but there was difficulty telling exactly where it was to be found. Time was taken to leave a Christian witness. This gave Dr. Powers and me an opportunity to see the inside of the kraal. Several huts scattered in no particular pattern, with pole or mud walls, thatched roofs, dirt floors, no furniture, and a big black pot in the center of the enclosure characterized the three kraals visited during the afternoon. Poverty, ignorance, and spiritual darkness stagger the imagination. However, there are a native courtesy, an appreciation, and an eager response which make these people an ideal group for missionary work. Though the tree was not located, it was interesting to see inside the kraals.

Life in a hut has been described by missionaries who have found it necessary to live in one until a mission house could be erected. To be "eaten alive," by fleas, molested by ants, bothered by rats, mice, and lice, or endangered by snakes, scorpions, and lizards, is the usual life in these native huts.

Brother Dayhoff had been requested by a native man in Johannesburg whose family lived in the Mabins area to deliver a message to them on his next trip into the interior. Not knowing exactly where the kraal was located, a stop twice in the general vicinity was necessary to inquire the way. Raw heathenism was in evidence everywhere. What need! The message from the husband in the great city was gratefully received by his relatives and many questions were asked. The contrast between what we witnessed that day and what we had seen on the mission stations made us exclaim, "How glorious the effects of the gospel!"

It has been said, "The thing to know above everything else in Africa is the native village, since each village is an African world." The general impression of the village near Lorraine is that of shabbiness and destitution. To think of this native town having any literature or even an alphabet is absurd. They are not savages, because the people are kind and gentle by nature. Only when treated with injustice are they stirred to anger, or when in their frequent beer-drinks they become ugly and abuse one another unmercifully.

Our first good glimpse into African family life came when traveling from Cottendale to Islington. We turned aside to visit the Ludlow Nazarene outpost and found the native pastor, Nelson Kosa, in the midst of a church board meeting. He took us to a native kraal nearby, where a short service was conducted under a large tree. It was immediately evident that the head of the family had worked in the gold mines of Johannesburg because he was dressed in a shirt and a pair of trousers. Apparently one of his three wives had been purchased in the city, because the young woman wore a European dress. The other two were "dressed" native style and their families were children of the veld.

There was yet another experience which tore our hearts as we looked upon African life. On the morning of November 22, our party traveled to The Downs, some twenty-five miles from Lorraine. The Downs mission station is located on top of one of the mountains in the Drakensberg range. Superintendent Best tells of the wonderful answers to prayer which accompanied the establishment of this station. "The heavy rains which were reported as a menace to all building were held back until there was a good, firm foundation. The heavens remained clear, the clouds mere wisps. Sand which the neighboring farmers have never used was found but a stone's throw from the site—the stone already mixed with

it. A worker equal to three of the usual type came to offer his services and a ready-made road long fallen into disuse was discovered under yards of tall grass and weeds. All of these things and many more assured Rev. and Mrs. Rex Emslie that 'the Lord knoweth the way that we take.'"

To come around one of the sharp bends in the mountain road and catch a glimpse of the well-built mission home is a thrilling sight. This is the only building needed on this new station because the concentration of natives is ten miles over the mountain at a place called Mafefe, in the asbestos mining area. Shortly after dinner we drove to this location over the difficult trail to a small native-style chapel, where a crowd of men from the asbestos mines were waiting. The service ended, we were taken to the native village where the mine workers and their families live. It defies description! On either side of the small road for several miles and on two levels of the hillside above the road, the temporary and poorly built huts are crowded together, leaving little opportunity for privacy. Climbing to the second level, we found six men engaged in a game of skill called *shuba*, with many onlookers standing over them. The players were on their knees, each taking his turn at placing rocks in numerous holes in the ground. As we approached they stopped the game and gave attention as Missionary Esselstyn witnessed and prayed.

Looking down on the road level we were able to get a panoramic view of the natives. Since it was Saturday afternoon the week-end beer drinks were in full swing. No restraints, no police protection, no system of sanitation, no education (less than 25 per cent of the people are literate), no medical aid, and no Christian influence were there. In one of the huts at the extreme end of the village a dance was in progress. As we came down from the hillside, they danced with greater enthusiasm.

A crude instrument made of flattened spikes fastened to a small soundboard was being played by the native leader. The surprising degree of rhythm he was able to generate and the tribal dance of this particular group were interesting, but the alarming condition of the people concerned us. The only escape they had found from their miserable existence was drunkenness.

The small Mafefe chapel, which is the only gospel center, certainly could not meet the needs of the 10,000 people in this ten-square-mile area. It was possible for the missionary to be present in Mafefe only two times each month. The native preacher in charge had had very little experience and training.

We were told that the supply of asbestos here is almost inexhaustible. Someone has estimated that it will last more than two hundred years. Within a distance of about fifty miles, there are at least thirty-five mining companies employing seventy thousand people. Some twenty miles away there is another mining town which offers a similar opportunity for evangelism. This part of the country is not very well known even in Africa, because of the almost impassable mountain roads. What a challenge to the missionary couple stationed at The Downs! And what a terrible burden is theirs as they face the overwhelming needs of this area with so few active helpers to assist them in giving the gospel!

While it is not so acute in outlying areas, there is another problem in South Africa which weighs heavily on the missionary's heart. It is the problem of resentment. In many places and to an increasing degree the natives resent the encroachments of civilization upon their personal liberties. While appreciating the blessings, they fail to see the advantage of taxes and regulations. The Zulu uprising in 1906 was caused when a poll tax was added to the hut tax. The natives said: "They have taxed my hut; they have taxed my cattle; they have

taxed everything I own, and now they are taxing my head. Well, let them take my head. I am for war." And the situation has not improved across the years. Uprisings have been put down, but the undercurrent still exists, as recent articles in current magazines indicate. What goes on in the African mind cannot, of course, be known entirely, but the missionaries know as nearly as any group and perhaps better than any other. A thoroughgoing Christianity is the only hope for a continent like Africa.

Stations Unvisited

Gaza and Tete were beyond our reach. The missionary doctors stated that it would not be wise to visit these stations in Portuguese East Africa during November, which is the malaria season.

The I.H.M. work in Gazaland was a natural development. As natives returned from the reef compounds it was inevitable that they should call for missionaries. In 1944 Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Best wrote: "Unknown to us, the evangelists had been praying for a resident white missionary, and when we arrived our welcome was tremendous." At that time there were 26 groups but by 1952 the number had increased to 41 with 1,382 members and 36 evangelists.

Not only did we fail to visit their work, but when the delegation of native workers endeavored to cross the border to attend the Union Convention they were sent back. What a disappointment it must have been to them! It was an equal one to us, for we wanted to meet at least a few of the representatives from the land which has been fittingly called a country of possibilities and difficulties.

Away to the north some thousand miles from Johannesburg is a town called Tete. How we yearned while in the Northern Transvaal to go beyond the Zambezi River to this northernmost I.H.M. outpost! The full name is Furancungo, Macanga, Tete, Portuguese East Africa. The I.H.M. folk called it "our loneliest mission station." Roads were closed, making it impossible for Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Pope to attend the Union Convention.

One missionary describing the isolation of this area wrote: "The road was closed, and closed on both sides!

We were marooned on a stretch of road about forty miles long. No post [letters] in or out, and no lorries [trucks] or cars on the road. It didn't trouble us much. We were used to an irregular postal service, and the Lord had seen to it that our supplies were good. Then also we weren't looking so much north and south as upwards. We knew the devil could never close the upward road! Amen. Then comes the thrill when again we hear the sound of a car passing along and we realize that the road is open again." The road means much to these workers. Nearness to it and life on it are a great encouragement when there is so little fellowship with other missionaries.

The Bests pioneered the Furancungo station, but in 1932 Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Pope went to Gazaland to secure papers to go to the Macango district and have labored faithfully across the years in Tete. Furancungo is the administrative post, so the station is sometimes called by this name, since it is the only mission in the Macango district. The area is about three hundred miles square and is the home of thousands of needy people. They are more primitive than the Gaza group and speak a different language.

It was nothing short of a miracle that this station was opened. The God who rolled the sea away in the ages long past opened the way for the I.H.M. to enter the closed land of Macango with the message of heart holiness. The mission holds a large grant of land from the government and enjoys full recognition by the officials.

Life in this area has been vividly described by G. H. Pope through the ordinary incidents in the lives of Sokoneza and his sister, Milandu. As one of the gang of little boys, Sokoneza was always hungry, always on the lookout to get food by fair means or foul, undisciplined, a law unto himself. Soon he became expert in the art of trap-making for a field mouse or a small bird. Fat and

juicy worms, flying ants, locusts, and beetles were all something to help satisfy his gnawing hunger. At times his stomach protruded like a great football, full-bloated with a huge meal of stiff native porridge. No man sought to train him. As the years went by, the devil himself seemed to take it in hand to teach him all that was evil.

The birth of Milandu caused great rejoicing. A boy would go off and get himself a wife elsewhere, but a girl meant another pair of hands to help carry water and pound meal for the family. And when she would marry still another pair would join the household to help in the upkeep of huts and gardens. When she grew older, Milandu learned the ritualistic customs of her people—a handful of meal thrown out before the porridge was cooked, a little water tipped from the drinking gourd before it was raised to the lips. This was for the spirits she was told. When beer was fermented, some must be put under the little spirit huts which stood on the platform at the hut door of the chief woman. By such countless small customs the spirits of the ancestors were remembered and honored—for had not the terrible sickness spread through the village because the spirit of so-and-so had been offended? Tembe had been struck by lightning because he had not observed one of the customs. And what fun it was at the ceremonial dances—the hand-clapping and stamping and singing—strangely spiced with fear! Yes, the spirits were as real as any of her people and fear of them was woven into her very being.

Sokoneza became fourteen years of age and must secure himself a wife. Why should his mother feed him longer? He was a man! One of the elders told him of Beto, a comely lass, who after interviewing his mother and sister handed him a grass ring in the presence of witnesses. The transaction was complete and he set to work putting up their mud and pole hut in the village of his mother-in-law. Life was not so simple now, for he

must dig and weed the garden for her and make huts and baskets. Why should she feed him if he weren't worth while? The time came when he had to go off and secure work to provide for his wife and family. Such is life in Tete.

Almost untouched by gospel influences, this area is primitive and backward. Superstitions are strong and spirit worship prevails. The people are in spiritual darkness and in the grip of death. What a challenging situation for holiness evangelism!

Many Nazarene stations were not visited, since the primary purpose of our trip was to view the I.H.M. stations in preparation for the Union Convention. It was impossible to crowd into one month a survey of the work of both groups which it had taken more than forty years to accomplish. Unable to continue farther north and leaving The Downs about midafternoon on November 22, we drove through beautiful mountainous country which seemed to come alive toward late afternoon. There were many monkeys, baboons, giraffe, zebra, steenbuck, and kudu along the way.

Footprints on the Veld

Africa is a land of footprints. Its beaten trails are kept smooth by the pat-pat-pat of children's feet, the even, measured pace of native men, and the more gentle touch of feminine feet as they carry Africa's burdens. However, the footprints to which we especially refer are those thousands found on the open veld and along Africa's streams and rivers. It was an experience never to be forgotten to watch "old John" read those tracks just as we would read a road map. And what a sense of direction he possessed! After going several miles from the truck each time a herd of wild animals would be trailed, he would without exception guide us direct to the spot where we left it. But we are a bit ahead of our story.

Convention week had arrived! Sunday at Arthurseat was an all-day rally, during which there were about fifty seekers. One man testified after the altar service that he had rolled out the bones, meaning that he was a witch doctor. He had once worked in the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital, and we rejoiced that he had returned to the Lord. When he was first converted persecution became his lot. Because he would not give up Christ by ordinary means of opposition, his wife collected funds from heathen friends to present to him, with the request that he use the money for lobola. This system of polygamy is contrary to Christianity, but the pressure had become so great that he followed her advice, bought a second wife, and forfeited his experience. How happy we were to see him return for prayer! This was a great victory.

Wednesday and Thursday were designated for committee work preceding the opening of the convention on Friday. Monday afternoon about three o'clock we drove

into the veld to spend the night with Mr. Geldenhuys, an Afrikaans farmer, who is a member of the Acornhoek European Church of the Nazarene. Enjoying his Christian fellowship, hearing his captivating accounts of vivid, exciting experiences on the veld and seeing his splendid herd of Afrikander cattle with their long, beautiful horns made an ideal evening from every standpoint.

As the first rays of light were breaking through the deep African night we left the house with "old John" and his native partner in the back of the truck. After some time we were on the veld trails and the sharp eyes of the native men were searching for wild game. Presently John called in a low voice and in his native tongue, "Boss, boss!" Bringing the car to a noiseless stop and with no banging of doors, all were off through the brush, except John's companion, who was left with the truck. What would it be? Zebra, wildebeest, impala, kudu, or lions? Suddenly about two hundred yards ahead we glimpsed a herd of wildebeest. Dropping on one knee, Dr. Powers took aim. John announced that the clear-ringing shot had found its mark and we were off for the chase. After following the tracks and a trail of blood about five miles, it appeared that the wound had not been vital enough to drop the beast. Beginning again at the car, the process was repeated once with a herd of zebra and again a large group of wildebeest. Coming over the top of a small hill, John saw three kudu and Dr. Powers dropped the largest one. This was good news to John and his companion because it was time for breakfast. After getting the truck to the place of the kill, the native men dressed the kudu, kindled a fire, and roasted the liver for their breakfast.

Mrs. Geldenhuys had prepared sandwiches and coffee to suit European taste, so we withdrew a few yards for our breakfast. With time to reflect on the activities of the morning and the stories which had been related or

read recently, it was with mixed emotions that breakfast was enjoyed. This was the very heart of the Transvaal, where wild animals were still to be found. Leopards, lions, and snakes were known to be in this area. The deadly black mamba had been the talk of the missionaries. One lone missionary trekking across the veld was followed by a band of four lions. Elmer Schmelzenbach had just told us of Mr. Skutte's experience with lions as he drove from his store, located some five hundred yards from the mission station, to his farm a few miles distant. He also related his own encounter when he climbed an anthill to survey the territory and saw a lion fifty yards away crouching in the grass. He was paralyzed! And who wouldn't have been! No, it didn't harm him, but a missionary could have been "missing in action." Word has been received that they killed a lion the day after we left his station.

The story had been related about the adventure of Mr. Wolhuter, a warden of the Sabie Game Reserve, who had narrowly escaped death from lions. Seized by a lion, he was dragged by his right shoulder a distance of sixty yards and then laid down under a tree for a rather obvious purpose. During the time he was being dragged, Mr. Wolhuter somehow managed to pull out his knife and prepared himself to make a last desperate fight. Selecting what he regarded as the vital spot in the lion's body, he struck home with his left hand two or three times in rapid succession. Then springing to his feet, he roared at the top of his voice in a mad effort to cow the animal. The lion turned tail, walked about twenty yards, and fell dead. But Wolhuter's troubles were not over. At the time the lion had attacked him, a second lion had gone after other kill and he reckoned that lion number two would be certain to return. With his arm and shoulder badly mauled, he thought the best thing to do was to climb a tree and strap himself there for fear he might

faint. He did faint, and recovered consciousness to find lion number two jumping up at him, once or twice succeeding in touching his feet. Only the constant snapping and snarling of his dog, distracting and irritating the lion, saved Wolhuter from being pulled down before natives came to rescue him.

Suffice it to say that it was comforting to enjoy the presence of able companions as we sat in the open bushveld eating breakfast.

Because it began to rain, our study of veld footprints was cut short and with difficulty we crossed the suddenly swollen streams, one crossing requiring hours, to reach the Geldenhuys home.

When we arrived at Arthurseat it was decided that the committee meeting on Wednesday and Thursday should be held at Pretorius Kop in Kruger National Park, which is a game reserve two hundred and fifty miles long and forty miles wide. Since such a wild game reserve exists only in South Africa it was a pleasure to spend two days within its borders. It is reported that there are a million wild animals in this area, including lions, buffalo, elephant, giraffe, hippopotamus, zebra, and all varieties of buck. While we didn't see a million, there certainly were choice glimpses of many different kinds of wild animals.

In 1927, when the park was opened, only three cars dared to enter because of fear of these animals. The danger now is that people will be too careless. We were cautioned to stay in the car when out of the camp enclosure.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 27, the committee meeting lasted well into the night. We had driven over two hundred miles through the park, seen hundreds of wild animals, one snake—a puff adder—at close range, and cared for the committee work, and were ready to return on Friday morning.

Father Needs a Crutch

The natives often honored their visiting general superintendent with the title "Father," but during the convention the term was used to represent the combined group of missionaries. "Mother" is the figure they employ when referring to the "home" church in Great Britain and North America.

Dr. Powers received a different title at the beginning of the convention week. When supper was announced Sunday evening, Elmer Schmelzenbach asked that the group wait for the *omkulu*. Curious to know the meaning of his new title, I discovered that it meant "the great one" or "the big one." It was later learned that when referring to Deity they use the term *Omkulukulu*, meaning "the great, great One." Hence, they were using the highest name possible without referring to Deity.

"Father" was having difficulty making a decision. The Union Convention began Friday night and the amalgamation service was held Saturday morning. At 12:30 p.m. on November 29, the gavel sounded and the announcement was made uniting the two mission groups.

Representing a greatly strengthened work, "Father" had to face his responsibility. Not only had approximately one hundred missionaries joined hands, but about eight thousand native Christians had been united. It was a truly significant hour, for it brought into the missionary work of the church the largest group ever to unite at any one time.

The resolution drawn up by Dr. David Hynd, representing the African Council of the Church of the Nazarene, and Rev. H. K. Bedwell, representing the International Holiness Mission in South Africa, was read as follows:

WHEREAS, Following upon the desire in the British Isles on the part of our leaders, in both the Church of the Nazarene and the International Holiness Mission, that the similarity in doctrine and the increasingly close fellowship existing between these two movements should culminate in union; and

WHEREAS, Both movements had initiated and carried on successfully missionary work in Southern Africa, and such work would naturally be affected by any proposed union; and

WHEREAS, After reference to our Mission Councils and African churches it was evident that a desire for union existed among them, and that such union would help to expedite the evangelization of the heathen, and greatly add strength to our efforts to promote the propagation of scriptural holiness among the people of Africa; and

WHEREAS, General Superintendent Hardy C. Powers appointed a commission of representative missionaries from both missions to investigate all the implications of such a union, upon the work of the respective missions in Africa; and

WHEREAS, this Commission is unanimously of the opinion that such union would be to the advantage of the cause of Christ's kingdom in Africa; and

WHEREAS, it has been reported to us that the union of the two movements in the British Isles has been effected; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the missionaries of the Church of the Nazarene and the International Holiness Mission, and the African leaders of these missions, here in session, in the presence of God and of Rev. H. C. Powers, D.D., general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene, on this the twenty-ninth day of November, 1952, believing such union to be in the will of God, do hereby unreservedly enter into this union, determined by God's help we shall devote our whole heart, soul, and strength to the salvation of souls, the sanctification of believers, and the building up of Christ's kingdom through the Church of the Nazarene, to which we pledge our wholehearted allegiance, and request the presiding general superintendent to here and now consummate this union of the two missions.

In his unique manner, Oscar Stockwell wrote: "The melting, the amalgamation, took place as we received

these new brethren by extending the right hand of fellowship. Eye looked into eye, hand grasped hand, tear mingled with tear, and 'Hallelujah!' countered with 'Praise the Lord!' while African and European alike said, 'If we had any doubts about this union being of God, they have been dissolved completely in this holy atmosphere.'"

The native elders of both groups had a large part in the convention. Problems concerning union were freely discussed and decisions were reached in conference with the native men. This was heartening indeed.

One of the main considerations was the Bible school location. Rehoboth was ideal from many standpoints and Stegi had many advantages. The matter was thoroughly discussed by the missionaries. The school could have gone either place with harmony and agreement. However, they insisted that the native elders bring in a decision. Their spokesman finally said: "We hoped our 'fathers' would let us know their thought, but sometimes Father gets old and needs a crutch and the son must support him. We decided to act like men and to tell you what we think." The decision was made by the convention to combine the schools at Stegi, where the immediate needs of the enlarged student body and faculty could be more easily arranged. At the end of two years the matter is to be reviewed, and a final decision made. The encouraging thing about this is that the natives are "acting like men." They are no longer children, but are accepting responsibility in the great task of saving Africa. Yes, "Father needs a crutch."

If Africa is ever to be won to Christ, Father will have to depend upon these native men. One hundred and fifty million people cannot be won by missionary personnel alone. The native Christians and leaders will have to "act like men." Indeed they are doing it and there is great hope for the future.

The manner in which the missionaries and nationals are carrying on the work should cause "Mother" to rejoice. On the Arthurseat station, where the convention was held, there was abundant evidence to prove to any interested member of the "home" church that the work is great, the program is substantial, and the money is wisely invested. For example, the Ennor Memorial Church, which accommodated the convention, was a monument to the genius of the missionaries and the assistance of the nationals. We had seen them out on the hillside making brick for the construction of additional buildings to house the school. A simple brickmaking machine was operated by four native men. Two others were mixing the sandy soil (fortunately of proper texture) with cement, and still another carried the bricks off to where they laid them in the sun to dry. One look at the church caused us to wonder how they could take \$10,000.00 and erect such a sizable and commodious building. Cooperation of missionaries and nationals is the only answer.

The group of native elders, their splendid ability, and unusual devotion inspired our hearts to believe for the realization of "Father's" dreams and the fulfillment of "Mother's" desires. Each member of the "home" church would have rejoiced to see and hear just what the missionaries experienced. The nationals indeed have decided to "act like men" and give "Father" a hand in the great common task of reaching Africa for Christ. In this "Mother" takes pleasure, for Father needs the crutch which the "children" are supplying.

Convention services and business sessions continued until 3:00 p.m. on Monday, December 1. Sunday was a great day. The blessing of the Lord was upon the united group in such a way as to place the seal of the Holy Spirit upon the union of the two missions. Fellowship was rich and genuine. Great things are ahead for the church in South Africa.

Far Horizons

The tier of countries which are washed by the Mediterranean—Morocco, Algeria, Libya, and Egypt—have for many years constituted the stronghold of the Mohammedan faith in Africa. During more recent times Mohammedanism has been on the march. In Alexandria, Egypt, one thousand young men have been trained to be sent as missionaries to the south. The larger part of Sudan is Mohammedan ground. In the Sahara they found themselves at home, for theirs is a religion of the desert. The current advance of Mohammedanism in Central Africa is the greatest crisis before the Christian Church in the continent.

As early as 1911 in the conference at Lucknow, India, held to consider Moslem problems, there was a call for the establishment of a chain of mission stations across north central Africa to hold back the Moslem advance. As late as 1951 our superintendent, W. C. Esselstyn, sent a letter of appeal for the opening of holiness mission stations across central Africa because of the increasing march of this pagan religion. The chain he mentioned was far south of that which was recommended in 1911. Islam has been on the march.

There were two supreme requests at the Union Convention which could not be granted by the General Board in January, 1953. Both were pressing situations and both were attempted steps northward. The establishment of a separate mission in Nyasaland, with Tete to be included in the new venture, was the first. Immediately the face of Jeremia Ngozo, the radiant Nyasa evangelist at Rehoboth, was called to mind. The appeal for his people had not been forgotten and now the combined missionary staff virtually repeated his request.

The Zambezi River, which in its lower course runs east and west, forms the dividing line between central Africa and what is called South Africa, or the "subcontinent." While Nyasaland is only a beginning point into central Africa, it certainly is an opportunity for the Church of the Nazarene to break into the area and help to win many tribes for Christ, rather than to leave them to be captured in the name of Mohammed.

The second request, though not so far north, was in the same direction. In 1949 a station was opened among a new tribe in the Blaauwberg area of the Northern Transvaal. A church, school, and dispensary have been operating with good success, but not without opposition.

So great is the desire of Chief Molobock to secure medical aid for his people that he has offered many inducements. The medical authorities of the Union of South Africa have offered to match dollar for dollar any investments the mission will make in establishing a hospital in the area. For a radius of seventy-five miles there is no hospitalization available to the people, who number at least a half million.

These two appeals cannot be met by special projects because, like most needs, they are operating items which require annual appropriations from the General Board. Only an increased interest in the "10 per cent for world evangelism" plan of giving and an active support of the total missionary program will enable the board to enter new areas with the message of heart holiness.

What we want you to note particularly is the fact that two missionary armies are moving in on central Africa: the Mohammedans from the north and the Christians from the south. Which will it be? Surely the Church of Jesus Christ will do more for a living Saviour, who will meet the inner soul needs of the people, than the zealous

but misled followers of Mohammed will be able to accomplish. And we want every member of the Church of the Nazarene to know that this struggle touches our own missionaries. Their appeal is for much prayer and generous support of the 10 per cent program.

Going farther north in our thinking, much could be said for the situation in Portuguese Guinea on the western coast of Africa, just across from the Cape Verde Islands. Nazarene Cape Verdians have been forced by the famine in the Islands to migrate to the mainland. They have been begging the church to do something about their needs.

In Nigeria several hundred miles east of Portuguese Guinea, there have been contacts made by a doctor who a number of years ago was employed at Bremersdorp, Swaziland, in our Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital. In addition, there have been repeated appeals from a group of native holiness people who already call themselves Nazarenes.

The entering wedge was so effectively driven into a new tribe in Southern Rhodesia that its challenge constitutes one of our most pressing opportunities. By actually offering his own life, Ray Miller melted the opposition against the white man and preached the only gospel message these people have ever heard. The young chief sent runners down the elephant trail on numerous occasions with requests for more visits by the missionary. Illness brought Ray Miller home and he accepted an assignment in Trinidad, where he was greatly needed.

These are a few of the openings north of our present sphere of activity in Africa. While some of the places are not so far north as to form a chain across central Africa, the mission would certainly be moving in the right direction to take these strides northward. This is the burning desire of our combined missionary force in South Africa. Far horizons challenge the church.

Traveling Under Escort

The British Overseas Airways Corporation Comet Jetliner was forty-five minutes late. Its departure from Johannesburg was scheduled for December 3 at 10:00 a.m. We had traveled from Acornhoek to "the big city" on December 2, checked our flight, and retired early. A good night of rest prepared the way for the twelve-thousand-mile trip which would terminate in Kansas City on December 5.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee," had surely been made good up to this point in the journey. It was much better to have an angel guard than to have an armed guard. About 3:00 p.m. on December 2, driving from Arthurseat to the city, we passed through Panesville. At four-thirty a tornado struck that town and demolished it. We missed the tornado just one hour and a half.

Forty-eight hours prior to our arrival in Johannesburg, the nearby town of Albertynsville was struck by a cyclone. Grateful that we had missed these strong winds, but apprehensive as to whether or not other storms would prevent the jet from making its scheduled flight, we rested in the fact that "he knoweth the way that I take."

That evening the special promise which had become precious during the fall season was exceedingly significant. "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee" (Isa. 41:13). During the week of October 12, this verse became mine. Fastening the seat-belt in Kansas City at 3:15 a.m. aboard a plane loaded with precious cargo—seventy-five adults and several children—heading for California, I offered a brief, silent prayer and into my mind came these in-

spiring words, "I . . . will hold thy right hand . . . I will help thee." In New York October 27; in Leeds, England, on October 31; and now in South Africa on December 2, came these same words and that same Presence! In addition to the band of angels was the assurance of His presence. Sure enough, we were traveling under escort.

December 3 was a bright, clear day. Arriving at the Rand airport, we cleared with customs officials and waited for the departure of the bus. Information had already been given that the passengers would be taken in a sealed bus to the new John Smuts airport for the departure of the plane. The reason for this was that regular-length airstrips were not sufficiently long for the jet take-off when loaded. Hence, we parted with the missionaries two times, for they drove to the Smuts field to wave good-bye as the speedbird traveled the runway at the rate of 200 miles per hour before it took to the air. While we were yet in London, the newspaper told of one of the BOAC jet planes in Rome which failed to lift itself into the air before it reached the end of the runway. It was therefore wonderful to see the new two-mile slabs of the Smuts airport. At 10:45 a.m. the jet engines were in operation, missionaries were waving, and we were "moving." The plane climbed to an altitude of 40,000 feet and cruised at approximately 500 miles per hour. Eight miles high and 8 miles a minute!

Powered by four D. H. Ghost engines, the "Comet" is the fastest passenger aircraft in operation. Since regular fares are charged, its thirty-six seats are always full. The absence of propellers gives a remarkable freedom from vibration and makes one feel fixed-in rather than traveling through space.

Of course there was great curiosity as to how the turbo-jet engines operated. The explanation was given as follows: "The engine gulps air in through the nose, compresses it, then feeds it into the combustion cham-

ber, where it is mixed with fuel and ignited. The result is a blast of hot gases which escapes toward the rear, spinning the turbine, which in turn spins the compressor. Finding no obstacle behind the turbine, the hot blast expands quickly, turning heat and pressure into velocity and rushes out of the tail pipe, creating the thrust which pushes the 'Comet' through the sky at high speed."

In one hour and forty-five minutes a landing was announced. We were over Victoria Falls, coming into Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. This famous waterfall was worth seeing even at a high altitude.

It was David Livingstone, the great missionary, who crept to the edge of the "smoke that sounds," as the natives called the vapor with the loud roar, near which they were afraid to go. This event gave the falls significance to us. Then, the fact that it is located on the broad Zambezi River was of special interest.

After a thirty-minute stop and a bit of excitement as to whether we were staying on the runway too long, we were lifted high in the air for a three-hour-and-ten-minute flight to Enteebe, Uganda, in the heart of Africa. This area has been called the "zone of pagan darkness." Because of the tremendous challenge of the region and the full assurance that there should be no unoccupied fields, the rather lengthy period of time in Enteebe passed quickly and we were on our way to Khartoum, Sudan, where the plane was scheduled to land about 9:00 p.m. Here we watched a native Mohammedan curio-shop operator as he was absorbed in his evening prayer to Allah. It pained our hearts to realize that we were getting near Egypt and could see the influences of the Mohammedan religion. Back and forth he went as his head touched the prayer carpet and then was lifted to an erect position. The words of Jesus, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father *in my name*," came to mind with real force. Thank God for His Son, our Saviour! May His love win Africa's

Moslems, that they may approach the throne of God through that matchless, powerful name, Jesus.

Eleven o'clock found us in Egypt, where one hour was profitably spent. Cairo, a city of strategic importance, made a fitting point of departure from Africa. We could look back as it were upon thousands of primitive blacks who called with many voices from the length and breadth of an awakened land. A spiritually sensitive ear could hear the plea from 850 language groups. The mind's eye could see 150,000,000 pairs of hands, dark hands, rough hands, beckoning hands lifted up for help. Faith could envision Africa's sons and daughters accepting the message, exploring the possibilities of grace, and proclaiming the riches of full redemption.

Standing at the top of the continent, we could not resist an evaluation of Christian missions. Africa's call to D. B. Jones and Harmon Schmelzenbach forty-six years ago and to their successors in intervening years has resulted in a tremendous advance in the Union of South Africa, Swaziland, and Portuguese East Africa. Mother Schmelzenbach said: "I cannot hold back the tears as I see what God has done in dark Africa. There is such a spirit of revival and the church is growing by leaps and bounds where people said nothing could be done. Praise His name forever!" Ten thousand five hundred and eighty have been redeemed from demonism and witchcraft (3,121 are converts under thirteen); additional hundreds of sanctified souls have gone on to glory; and literally thousands have been strongly influenced by the gospel. There are now 200 national preachers, trained and licensed, to whom the missionaries give assistance in reaching native people through the operation and expansion of 375 stations, out-stations, and preaching points. An additional 300 national teachers and nurses assist in the work. New areas, new tribes, and new languages are constantly added to the

ever-increasing outreach of the church. Thousands of native people gather each year in great camp meetings to sing the gospel as only Africans can, and to proclaim the Word of Life with a surprising grasp of the doctrines of the church and unusual ability to illustrate them. What a monument to the lives and efforts of the missionaries!

The call is relentless. Beckoning hands and pleading voices disturb the Christian. Complacency is impossible while the call comes ringing, "Send the light, send the light." Ease in Zion is incongruous while men walk the bushveld or mountain trails in constant fear of evil spirits. Light! Love! Redemption! These are the things for which Africa calls. And these are the very things the church has to offer. Let more workers travel the road of human need with the message of divine love. While doors are open, the situation is strategic. Africa is calling!





King Sobuza
Swaziland, South Africa