Schmelzenbach of Africa

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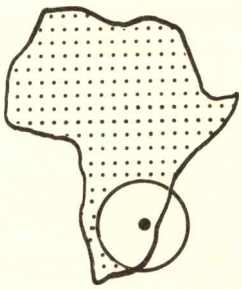

The Story of
Harmon F. Schmelzenbach
Missionary Pioneer to
Swaziland, South Africa

by
HARMON SCHMELZENBACH III

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Dedication

To my father
ELMER
and to the memory of his brother
PAUL
missionaries to the Africans

Acknowledgments

The author would like to acknowledge, with thanks, the help and advice he received from the surviving close friends of Harmon Faldine Schmelzenbach. Also from the surviving members of his own family—Elmer, Ruth, Dorothy, and Naomi—who have given me a glimpse of the inside as no other source could.

Contents

Chapter 1

The Call of Africa

"THEY CRY IN THE NIGHT. They perish in the darkness!" cried the voice of Harmon F. Schmelzenbach across the stilled thousands of listeners. His shoulders were stooped and his face yellowed by the fever of Africa. Yet his eyes and manner burned with a fire that so impressed his listeners that in the years to follow very few would ever forget. His arms dropped and he moved back to his chair.

A murmur swept the crowd. This was their missionary whom they had heard about and prayed for these 22 years. And now that he had been requested to return to America to address the General Assembly, they were able to see him in person at last. They had heard his cry and felt his vision. Many would pick up the torch he was now passing on.

The story had started well before the turn of the century when, in 1880, Barnett and Elizabeth Schmelzenbach had met and married in Marietta, Ohio. They had both come from the old country seeking a new land and new opportunities together with their parents. The green mountains of

northern Switzerland had been replaced by the soot and grime of the foundries along the Ohio River. In 1882, Harmon was born at Archers Fork, Ohio, second son to Barnett and Elizabeth.

When he was 12 years old, he and his brothers and sister—Joseph, Mina, and Harold—were orphaned. Their father had been Roman Catholic for some time and the boys were baptized in that church. However, by the time of their parents' death, they were all Protestant. Harmon was turned over to a family who forced him to work and his education was cut short. It was not long until he ran away and throughout his teen-age years moved from one pottery to another up and down the Ohio River.

He eventually obtained work in Carrollton, Ohio, as a jiggerman in the pottery owned by Rev. Dick Albright. Mr. Albright had built a wooden tabernacle nearby in which he often held camps and special meetings. It was to this place that a group of rough young men, including Schmelzenbach, went one evening to seek entertainment. However, God sent His Spirit in convicting power, and before the service was over, Schmelzenbach found himself at the feet of the Master. There were problems involved in his conversion. Restitution had to be made to many, including one farmer whose turkeys had provided a good number of Thanksgiving dinners for others than himself.

During the next two years Schmelzenbach became a familiar figure in the churches and independent camps in the area. He became more and more in demand as a preacher and was kept busy nearly every weekend somewhere. The lifting power of Christ in his life soon drove him to seek more education and improve himself in any way he could. The advice of the holiness people in the area was to go down to Peniel, Tex., and enroll in Peniel Bible College.

He threw himself into his studies with characteristic enthusiasm, until one night not long after his arrival. His studies on this evening were for a class on missions. His head came up with a start, and as he half rose, his chair clattered unnoticed to the floor. From his shaking hands slid the book,

The Life of Livingstone. Before him, as clearly as if he had stood there that moment, he could see through Livingstone's eyes, "the smoke from a thousand villages" where the name of Christ had never been heard. He fell to his knees and cried out, "Lord, here am I. Send me to tell them."

From that moment "his" people were African and his land was Africa. His prayer was answered and God gave him his commission, "Go!" The call to leave gave him no rest. Study became virtually impossible. Roommates in the dormitory lay awake long hours in the dark and listened to him pray. His cry was Africa, souls lost without hope, those who had never heard.

Since he felt the Lord would have him go, he decided the best time would be immediately. He told no one, for he knew they would think him rash in going so soon without assurance of support or lengthy preparation.

The Holy Spirit, who directed him those fateful days, was speaking to others too. Dr. E. P. Ellyson, president of Peniel, learned of his plan and, sensing God's guidance, did not try to hinder him. Rather, he announced that the coming Sunday evening service would be a farewell for Schmelzenbach.

During that service the little group of students and faculty were moved by God's Spirit to underwrite his support in the amount of $200 per year for the following five years. Their faithfulness to their promise made possible the opening chapter of Nazarene missions on the Dark Continent. That little band did not suspect the significant role they were playing in the building of God's kingdom.

Schmelzenbach left Peniel and headed east for New York to book passage to Africa. On the way he stopped off in Ohio to bid farewell to his many friends in the East Liverpool area. He hunted up each member of his family and told of his plans to become a missionary. His older brother, Joe, was still working in the pottery there and Schmelzenbach sought him out on the job, for he had been unable to find him after hours. He stood beside Joe's bench and told him the whole story, then asked if he would bow his head as they

prayed together. Joe reluctantly complied. Afterward Joe's fellow workers asked him who the visitor had been. He replied, shrugging his shoulders, "I don't know, just some religious crackpot."

Meanwhile God's Spirit had been moving with perfect timing. When Schmelzenbach reached New York, May 1, 1907, and went to the steamship ticket office, he found several others there for the same reason. Two other young people in particular were destined to play a key part in God's plan. One was a young single lady from Seymour, Ind., where she had been pastoring for a short while. She was Miss Etta Innis, later to become Mrs. H. Shirley. The other was an 18-year-old girl, Lula Glatzel, from Baltimore, Md. Together, on May 5, 1907, they boarded the liner in New York and ploughed out into the north Atlantic.

They landed at Southampton, England, where they changed passage for a ship headed around the southern horn of Africa. And so it was from the decks of the "Durham Castle" that Schmelzenbach first caught sight of the land God had sent him to to take for his possession. At Cape Town, under the shadows of Table Mountain, some of the missionaries on board disembarked and set off inland. Then the ship proceeded around the horn and up the east coast until, at last, it reached the town of Port Elizabeth. Here these three left the ship. From long before daybreak they had stood on deck, bracing themselves against the sea wind as they watched the dawn break across Africa. The unknown lay ahead, but each had heard the Master say, "Go," and each was standing there on that deck in obedience.

At midmorning they climbed down the gangplank and sought a place in which to stay. They found a small group working together under the White Holiness Mission and they were soon absorbed in the program of this work. Schmelzenbach spent considerable time among some of the inland tribes.

Getting down to the everyday grind of mission work, it did not take Schmelzenbach long to discover that he had forgotten something. As he was later to say, he got to studying

his Bible a lot closer than he had ever done before. He had never seen some of those scriptures in quite the light that he now saw them. He read, for instance, where it was written that *one* shall put 1,000 to flight, but *two* could put 10,000 to flight, "I'm wasting my time," he said. "I could be so much more effective." So he sat down and started to write some letters. These love letters were to result in the marriage of Lula Glatzel and himself about a year later in the home of Rev. F. T. Fuge, in Port Elizabeth. They had been in Africa one year and one day when on June 19, 1908, they were made man and wife and set out in the work together.

Their honeymoon was spent traveling inland to new areas of labor. First they went up the coast by ship to East London, then on by coastal tug to the tiny harbor at Port St. John. There they boarded an ox wagon and camped along the way as they journeyed inland for 100 miles to a settlement called Bazana in the land of the Ponda tribes. Both had been studying the Xhosa language, which is directly related to Zulu and Swazi.

The area was not new to Schmelzenbach, for he had spent four months in the place where he now brought his bride. Their first home was the single-room mud hut he had stayed in. He was soon to discover that this was not going to work out. The laws in that part of Africa at that time forbade the African from living within six miles of the European town. Only a recognized denomination was permitted to establish a mission station among the Africans and only a missionary of such a denomination was permitted to live among them. Schmelzenbach qualified on neither count. But he realized the necessity of a daily personal contact with the people if he was ever to master their language or understand their customs, so he decided to leave immediately. These same laws were true throughout the land, but on the fringes of some of the larger cities necessity had caused many of the Africans to move in much closer than the prescribed limits. It was with this in mind that the couple headed north for Durban.

They hired a transport rider and his ox wagon to carry

their few belongings and set out, creaking and groaning their way down the green mountains toward the Indian Ocean. Two days later they reached the Umzimvubu River, which was as far as the diseased oxen from the south were permitted to travel. Here they arranged for their belongings to be ferried across and then hired another transport driver to continue the trek north with them.

After a day and a half they reached a place where they could board the stagecoach, or post cart as it was called. Their trunk was lifted on top and tied down. They climbed inside the cart and, like a shot, were off. The stage had a tradition for speed and was, in fact, about the fastest transport available. Only once, as they careened around narrow mountain trails and sent the gravel rattling hundreds of feet down over the ledges, did his bride's nerve fail her. She turned a white face toward her husband and whispered the question, "Is he drunk?" To which Schmelzenbach replied, "We're in a post cart now, you know." And with that settled, there was silence as they sped on.

At the coastal town of Port Shepstone, they left the stage and boarded a train for the last lap of their journey. By the time they reached Durban, their funds were so low that for three days they had to walk the streets hunting for a room within their means. This accomplished, they set about seeking the people they had come so far to reach. They were well aware that their stay would be temporary, but until the Lord opened the next door they were determined to remain busy. To his joy Schmelzenbach found that the African "locations" (suburban communities) were close in, which made it earier to work there. The tribe living here were the Zulus and, although their language was related to that which he had already learned, Schmelzenbach bought new books and started over again learning the language.

In October, 1907, the college and church of Peniel, Tex., had become affiliated with the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Thus, four months after Schmelzenbach landed in Africa, he automatically became a member of the Church of the Nazarene. Shortly afterward, Miss Lula Glatzel had

transferred her membership from the Methodist Protestant church of Baltimore to the new Nazarene church at Peniel in anticipation of two things—first, her marriage to Schmelzenbach and, second, the possibility of appointment as a Nazarene missionary. They were to wait one year and five months before the church contacted them about missionary work.

During this period they sought out every open door. Four months later, after much prayer, the Schmelzenbachs applied to the South African Compounds and Inland Mission, where they were immediately accepted and assigned to the Bethany mission station inland at Eskort, Natal. Traveling up the main inland railway line for about 150 miles and then by narrow-gauge line another 15, they arrived at their destination on the tenth of February, 1909. Five months later David Harmon was born.

The mission home was made of stone and in the many cracks and crevices dwelt all types of crawling things, which made life exciting during those first months. Several times the right of occupancy was disputed with snakes.

The church work had been closed for some time and Schmelzenbachs worked hard to get it under way again. Shortly after their arrival they received the long-prayed-for letter from the secretary of the mission board of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. It inquired whether they would consider themselves Nazarene missionaries, since they were members of the Church of the Nazarene. Correspondence was to continue two more years. Letters took up to six months for answer, and negotiations seemed to move very slowly indeed.

Schmelzenbach went ahead with salvaging the mission as best as he could. He knew nothing of the people here or their customs and very few words of their language, but by constant study and the stratagem of gathering small herd-boys around him, he soon started to pick it up. He spent many hours a day sitting in the kraals listening to the boys and stumbling through conversation with them. He was learning and at the same time was entertaining a good

number of youngsters with his efforts! These constant studies and around-the-clock work, however, led him to complete physical collapse twice during that year.

The first time this happened, one of the Christian men was sent to call the superintendent of the field, who lived over the mountains from them. Rev. McDougal arrived late that same day and remained with Schmelzenbach two days, until he began to recover. He recognized the trouble for what it was and ordered all language books to be hidden until he returned two weeks later. The second time was sufficient to convince even Schmelzenbach that a controlled period of study was the wise thing. He kept studying for years and so mastered the language and accent that the Africans said he spoke like one of them. This was a tribute not often paid to one who learns an African language, and was one of the keys in reaching them and winning their lifelong respect and attention.

His first efforts at preaching necessitated the complete writing out and memorization of the messages, but these efforts were rewarded by a resurrection of the work. Backsliders repented and new souls were won. The work started to grow.

Dr. E. P. Ellyson wrote to Schmelzenbach asking if he would not open work for the Nazarenes there in Natal. In his reply he explained that Natal was already well-represented by organized churches and even holiness missions. It would be difficult to start Nazarene work in this province without infringing on established work. He then asked if the Nazarene mission board would authorize him to go farther north to a tribe called the Swazi, which had had very little done among them in the line of Christian work. He explained that he would need official church documents and some funds in order to do this.

Months slipped by; then at last came the answer. The church would grant him the permission and the documents, but was unable to provide any funds. During the years in the potteries and then later in Africa as a missionary, Schmelzenbach had managed to save small amounts of cash that had

been sent to him. With renewed diligence the couple saved and cut corners to lay aside all the additional funds they could. Correspondence with the board continued and the final plans were laid.

During this period they had several frightening experiences. The many clans that went to make up the warlike Zulu nation were constantly attacking each other. The mission station at Bethel was located on the dividing line between two powerful chiefs who had long been at odds with each other. Each of these men kept a small army and within six months they had fought twice. The first battle was some distance from the mission and, as no firearms were used, the missionaries were in no direct danger. The second clash was on the station itself and could well have ended in disaster.

As was the practice, large quantities of homemade beer flowed all day and the crowd grew in size as the supporters of one of the chiefs gathered for battle. The other chief living close by realized that he would be attacked and so gathered his people too. At dusk the army that had been hiding came out and marched to the attack. In the darkness, utter pandemonium broke loose and the war cries of the warriors were mingled with the screams of women and children. The thuds of the clubs and the ring of iron spears were heard above the shouts. The line of fighting passed back and forth through the mission compound, and as it did so, it washed crowds of women and children into the safety of the mission home. Here they cowered until the fighting had died down and Schmelzenbach could start working with the wounded. He lost no time in pointing out to them that the power of Christ could remove the fighting spirit that brought such tragedy. The mission was soon regarded as a haven by both chiefs, and the close contact had shown the people that these missionaries lived unarmed in their midst.

During the four years prior to this, a couple of armed bandits had roamed back and forth throughout this area. Several people had died at their hands. Now came Schmel-

zenbach's turn to meet them. A late knock sounded on the door one night and, as he opened it, a loaded gun was thrust against him. The sight that was revealed by the candlelight surprised him, for the two men were not white, as had always been reported, but Zulu with white clay smeared over themselves. While they searched the house and threw things around, Schmelzenbach spoke to them in their own language about Christ. They found only a few shillings, missing the 10 pounds concealed in a tea tin close by.

Later on trial, they testified that they had come fully intending to kill, but while the missionary spoke about Christ, they became afraid of meeting God with his blood on their hands. That night Schmelzenbach and his wife were reminded of the words of the Master, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

When at last their savings reached $750, they prayed earnestly and felt that the Lord could multiply these funds sufficiently to open the new field. Early on the morning of September 20, 1910, Schmelzenbach took his walking stick and some of the money and set out across the mountains to the town of Ladysmith, 15 miles away. Here he found a very small covered wagon, which he purchased. On the way home he also bought four donkeys from a farmer. These would be used for the trek north in search of a new harvest field in which to open the work for the Church of the Nazarene.

The farewells were particularly difficult. The church had grown and the missionaries were fond of the people. The one who had been promised as a replacement for them had been ill and had not returned to Africa yet, so the congregation would be alone. Nevertheless, the final good-bys were said, and on October 3 the Schmelzenbachs set out. The baby was now 15 months old. Billy Phato, a young Zulu herdboy, went with them to assist with the donkeys.

Chapter 2

Trekking Northward

THE LITTLE GROUP knelt beside the wagon and Schmelzenbach prayed for guidance as they started. He cracked the long whip over the backs of the four donkeys. The wagon lurched to life and started wending its way down the mountain. Their trek took them up through the heart of Zululand. Rolling, grass-covered mountains rose thousands of feet around them. Dense patches of forest were scattered here and there, and an occasional reef of weathered rock was exposed along some windswept height. It was not ideal country for wagon travel. The mountainsides were steep and with the frequent coastal rains they became very slick. The rivers, all rushing towards the Indian Ocean a hundred miles away, cut directly across their line of travel. This meant that they were either descending or climbing all the time.

It was wild country, insulated from the march of civilization by the deadly fever and by the most powerful native army in Africa. Zululand had only just become penetrable. The hardships of that journey were somewhat tempered by

the beauty of the land through which they now passed. There were endless rolling mountains, fading into the light blue haze in the distance. Between them were rushing rivers and streams. Wild animals were prevalent, and the travelers passed through one of the last strongholds of the white rhinoceros, the second largest land mammal in the world.

There were no roads and most of the time no track. The main trade routes followed the rivers to the sea, or kept to the sandy coast far to their right. The rivers had crossings well-known to the Africans and it was only at these places that they could be forded with any degree of safety. Here the bottom was generally sandy and the banks free enough of reeds and brush to prevent surprise crocodile attacks.

Schmelzenbach always claimed that God had created the donkey for only one reason—"to bring out any flaw in human nature!" He said, "If there was a flaw there, a donkey could show it up." And as they moved northward these donkeys proved reliable in that respect. They were stubborn and lazy beyond words, and with no sense of self-preservation or concern for their drivers. Added to these attributes was the interesting fact that none of these animals had ever been in harness before and knew nothing about "teamwork." Billy had never led donkeys before and the load was more than these four would willingly consider. These facts meant that the Schmelzenbachs had to walk most of the way. To make matters worse, Lula had recently realized that their second child was on the way.

After five days of travel, at midday on Saturday, they found a place where they might rest over the Sabbath. As they had not eaten since early that morning, firewood was gathered and soon a pot of cornmeal porridge was cooking. While this took place, Schmelzenbach cut a walking stick and announced that he was going to visit the nearby kraals. Before leaving he asked, "Are my lantern and slides packed where we can get at them easily?" They were, and with that he set out to invite the people in for a service.

At dark he returned and, as they ate the hard porridge without milk, the Africans started to appear. A sheet was

hung, and when the crowd had grown to good size, he started showing the slides. They had slides of the entire life of Christ and many from the Old Testament. With these, he illustrated his message. Silence fell across the amazed people as they saw the ghostly figures flit like spirits across the screen, dimly illuminated by the old carbide projector. The meeting closed with prayer and the announcement that on the morrow there would be a late morning service and more pictures in the evening.

Word spread like wildfire and early the next dawn small groups appeared, stared, and then slipped away. Schmelzenbach was concerned that they would not reappear later, but his fears were unfounded. At about one in the afternoon, they came. When at last a large crowd was seated, he rose and from the depths of his heart gave them the story of hope. Conviction was evident as the Spirit moved among them. The people left in a sober mood. That night the crowd was even larger and again slides and a message were given to them. Late into the night, long after the people had gone, Schmelzenbach prayed with a broken heart for these lost people of Africa.

This was to be the pattern followed each week. No matter how tired he was after the week's trip, the Sabbath was spent in services and calling in the kraals. He had a sense of always being in the service of the Master and it showed itself in even these, the earliest days of his ministry.

Among the first landmarks the missionaries passed was the old Swedish Mission, located at Rorkers Drift. Here the wagon road crossed the Buffalo River. Here, 30 years before, a handful of Englishmen had held off 4,000 of Zululand's finest warriors for 12 hours. Their gallantry that day had won them 11 Victoria crosses. Now only the wind sighed as it swept across the history of this dark land.

A little further to the north, the Schmelzenbachs forded the Blood River, where thousands of Zulu warriors had swept down on a group of soldiers and had turned the waters of this river red as they perished. The battles had not all been one-sided, however. The little mountain of Isandhlwana

passed to their right, reminding them of the complete defeat and rout by a Zulu army, not long before, of a British general with thousands of his soldiers. The trail wound dustily on to the north through the turmoil of Africa's bloody past.

Schmelzenbach himself had quite a few lessons yet to learn if he were to survive in the bush of Africa. The roads became few and far between. After pushing the donkeys hard one day, he then tried to ford a large river. The native boy, Billy, refused to lead, as he feared the crocodiles, and so stayed seated high and dry on the wagon. Schmelzenbach shed shoes and socks and led the donkeys in. When they reached deep water, however, the animals stopped. Then one decided to end it all and lay down. Schmelzenbach grabbed the donkey's head and held it up, only to see another start to lie down. He managed to catch the second animal before it got completely down and lifted it too. Finally, wet and weary, he persuaded them to stand quietly. He ordered Billy to crack the whip while he pulled, and once more they started on through the swirling, muddy waters.

Not long after this they became lost for the first time. Due to the intense heat as summer came on, as much travel as possible was done at night. One such night they took what they thought was a shortcut, and about midnight found themselves at a farmhouse at the end of the trail. There they slept in the wagon and at dawn started six hours' travel back to the place where they had turned off.

Now the weather broke and almost without fail the afternoon brought thunderstorms. With surprising fury the black clouds and rain would sweep down, and in minutes the trails would be running water and mud. The winds that accompanied these storms often took down trees and never failed to bounce the small wagon around. Hours were lost to travel as the rains came, and the hardships on the trek were multiplied. The night before the Schmelzenbachs reached Swaziland's southern edge, they had to be helped from a flooded river by a team of oxen belonging to a trader living close by.

The next day they reached Mankayane in Swaziland and

rolled into the mission station of the South General Mission. Here Schmelzenbach made arrangements to leave the wagon and his wife and family while he travelled further into the country to spy out the land. The picture was not bright. He learned that the old Swazi queen had made a vow 15 years before that she would not allow any more whites to settle in her country. She had not broken her vow since coming into power. The reason for her attitude was that some 30 years earlier the country had been sacked by thousands of adventurers of all types, seeking wealth. With no law and order, the country had for some time been as colorful as the early West in America had been. Now that things had started to settle down some, a very cautious and wary Swazi nation viewed with justified suspicion any new travellers.

There was a sprinkling of other denominations throughout the land already working, but in the northern areas no missionaries had ever remained. Schmelzenbach headed there, assured that this was where God wanted him to work. Several days of hard walking and sleeping on the ground beside the trail at night brought him to the capital town of Mbabane. Once more he found friends among missionaries of the South African General Mission. When they understood his determination to press on into the northern territory at Pigg's Peak, their superintendent, Mr. Bailey, provided him with a horse and guide with which to make the trip.

He pushed on to the British Magistrate outpost at Pigg's Peak. There he was well received, but the magistrate pointed out the futility of attempting to work without the queen's permission. He too would be unable to assist in any way until such permission was won. As this was a near impossibility it appeared that this corner of Africa was closed.

Schmelzenbach had many qualities that are the mark of a born leader and his sense of mission was not the least of these. He felt beyond any doubt that God had led him to this particular field where he was to work. Only the technicalities were to be worked out.

Having spied out the land, he hastened to return south for his wife and baby. He arrived on foot after having been

gone three weeks. Without pause, he made arrangements for them to leave with the wagon early the next morning. As they travelled north toward Mbabane, which lay high in the mountains, there was no wagon road to follow and the rugged terrain made the going exceedingly difficult. Not far from where they started they would face one of the largest and most dangerous rivers in Swaziland and it was in full flood, the rains having set in. Only a consuming sense of divine guidance led him to undertake this trip under the circumstances. He was now an experienced African pioneer, well aware of the dangers.

On the first day north, they faced the long, steep descent down the mountain. Mrs. Schmelzenbach carrying Baby David, chose to walk as they started slithering over the rocks and matted grass. Schmelzenbach locked the wagon wheels with rope. Using other ropes anchored around rocks, he litterly lowered the wagon yard by yard. Ropes broke often, and the wagon lurched and swayed downward, hour after hour. Once the wagon upset and food was scattered over the mountainside. The broken boxes were gathered for firewood, as these mountains were mainly grass-covered and wood was scarce. Exhausted, they eventually reached the bottom of the valley in late afternoon. Before them lay the raging Usutu River.

The floods had already washed away the sloping entrance to the river. It was raining in the headwaters and they knew that unless they crossed that evening the water would rise even higher and they would be delayed for days. As dusk fell, Schmelzenbach and Billy took picks and shovels and cut a new entrance into the bank of the river. This done, they tied everything down and started into the river. It was 200 yards wide at that point. Billy, who had recently been converted, now had no reason to fear crocodiles and without hesitation took the two lead donkeys straight in. The wagon went in with a rush and the momentum carried it some distance out onto the sand. The strong current soon stopped it and it became hopelessly stuck.

True to custom, the donkeys began to lie down. Billy

was at the head of the two front ones and kept them up. Schmelzenbach leaped from the wagon to grab the two others. Together they managed to save them. Providentially, on the far shore an Afrikaans farmer had camped for the night. He shouted for his mules when he saw the difficulty and crossed the river to give aid. With some struggle they finally managed to free the wagon and drag it to safety. Again Schmelzenbach was told not to try to cross a river with tired donkeys.

Several days later they reached Mbabane and, knowing that the worst lay ahead, Schmelzenbach purchased two more donkeys. Before they left, friends tried once more to persuade them not to undertake the trip. So strong was the warning that they departed with heavy hearts. But as they prayed, God gave them His promise from Ps. 37:5, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Thus reassured, they travelled on.

One factor troubled the Schmelzenbachs and they talked about it at great length. This was the attitude of fatalistic resignation with which some of the missionaries spoke when discussing the possibility of the Swazis ever rising above sin. All his life Schmelzenbach rebelled inwardly whenever he heard a missionary speak in this manner. He was determined to prove that God was able to completely lift these people.

The purchase of the two donkeys and the long months of trekking had now reduced their funds to $350. With this they would still have to build a home and locate a mission station. It was perhaps this fact, added to the many days delay due to deep mud and driving downpours, that brought the worst of the many hardships their trip entailed—hunger. About nine o'clock one night Schmelzenbach received a definite promise from God that they would succeed in their mission. This assurance sustained them through the months ahead.

On a Saturday evening they finally reached the great Komati River. They watched the brown torrent of water as it roared past, foam rimming the house-sized boulders and rafts of reeds. Uprooted trees swept past. Schmelzenbach

knew that the crossing would take at least one whole day, and as Saturday was now spent, it would be Monday before they could try. Because of the mosquitoes they faced two restless nights on the banks of this river.

The crowd for the Sunday services was provided in a rather unusual way. Before dawn on the Sabbath, they awoke to loud, angry shouts. Both of them jumped up in some alarm to see what it was. As it turned out, the donkeys had strayed into a neighboring field and an old man was driving them and Billy back to the wagon with accusations about the corn they had consumed. After some discussion, Schmelzenbach paid the irate man the amount he requested and asked him to return later with the people from his kraal. This he did, and that day they heard of Christ.

Schmelzenbach decided that the only way to cross the river would be to disassemble the wagon and its load and ferry it over with the aid of a rowboat, piece by piece. They were up long before dawn Monday, and while Mrs. Schmelzenbach cooked the hard cornmeal porridge that was their food, the work started. The body and back wheels were removed from the tongue and front wheels. Each part was drawn across with the help of Swazi men and the boat. Then the donkeys, one at a time, were taken over followed by the parcels of belongings and clothing. The last load was safely over by late afternoon.

The food was almost gone. What remained consisted of some sugar, a small quantity of cornmeal, and a handful of flour. The winter was just ending and no native would trade, for the people themselves were short of food. The missionaries realized that they would have to hurry if they were to make it to their destination on what was left to eat.

Early the next morning the donkeys were harnessed, the whip cracked, but the beasts refused to move. The long pull up from the river was more than they wanted to tackle. For five hours, Schmelzenbach coaxed, shouted, pushed, and pulled, all to no avail. Then, without apparent reason, the animals suddenly started up the trail and did not stop until they had reached the top many hours later. Here they were

unhitched, and while the donkeys grazed, Lula cooked just enough food to ward off hunger. Rounding up the donkeys again, the little company travelled on until late at night. The next day there was no breakfast, as only enough food was left to feed Billy and the baby later that day. The baby was pacified with sugar placed in a can lid.

During the late afternoon, while high on a mountain crest, a violent storm caught up with them. It came with a rush of wind and dust, nearly tearing away the wagon cover. This was followed within seconds by the thud of large hailstones striking the wagon. The trail ran alongside a ridge of rock which provided some shelter from the wind and hail, but their canvas was torn to shreds and the icy rain did not abate all night. Lightning and thunder were on every side. They decided to stop and wait out the storm. They placed the hungry child between them and tried to shelter and warm him as best they could throughout the long hours until dawn, when the storm finally abated.

In the morning they looked out in alarm, for they discovered that in the darkness they had stopped on the edge of a sheer drop-off. One slight misstep of the donkeys would haven taken them all several hundred feet down onto the rocks below. God's guarding angels had spared them a catastrophe.

Their food was soon completely gone and the baby cried until exhausted. Neither Schmelzenbach nor his wife had eaten much in several days and the tremendous physical effort of the trek had brought them to the very brink of exhaustion. When they could no longer satisfy the baby, Lula and Harmon both broke down and cried.

December 10, 1910 at 10 a.m., they finally reached the police post at Pigg's Peak, utterly exhausted. It was three miles farther to a trading post. Billy was sent on with a note and some money. The wife of the magistrate came over to visit, and seeing the plight of the baby, she returned home and immediately sent a basket of food. Their joy was complete that morning when they learned that 15 miles away there was a piece of property available that was within their

price range. The government agents promised to do all in their power to gain permission for them to settle, and provide a free grant of land for a mission.

The next morning Schmelzenbach, never one to waste time, set out on foot with a policeman as guide, to inspect the property. He was back a little after noon, having marched in blinding rain the last seven miles. Arrangements were made to proceed. The McCorkindales, owners of the place, were still there. One room of their house was turned over to the Schmelzenbachs.

Thus, on December 15, 1910, the intrepid missionaries reached the place that was to become the base for launching the Church of the Nazarene in Africa. So fatigued were they that Lula fainted and fell in the yard a day or so later, and had to be carried in. But with food and rest it did not take long for life to return to normal for the little family.

They had just arrived when the Schmelzenbachs received two letters that brought them great joy. The one was from the Foreign Missionary Board, telling him that Miss Innis had been accepted by the board and had been instructed to join them. The second was from Miss Innis herself, requesting information. They told her to remain where she was a few days until they could make proper arrangements. Soon they instructed her to proceed by train from the Cape Colony up into the Transvaal to a rail point on the northern edge of Swaziland, known as Hectorspruit. Four days before Christmas, Schmelzenbach set out in the wagon on the 182-mile trip to bring Miss Innis in. His wife stayed behind, not yet strong enough to travel. Two weeks later the two travelers were back.

About this time the Schmelzenbachs received a message from the commissioner telling them that, as they had not yet received permission from the queen, it would not be possible for them to occupy the house. This meant that they would have to move back into the wagon. Only now there were three adults and the difficulties were many. They lived 10 months in this manner, seven of which Miss Innis shared with them.

Schmelzenbach started immediately to build a permanent work among the people and went out among them every day. Once or twice a week he walked over the mountains to the commissioner's office to see if any word of permission had come, but none had. At last the commissioner informed him that the British Government had been unable to gain the needed permission. The only course open was for him to go to the queen himself and see if he could persuade her. In the meantime he had been preaching and praying with every African he could persuade to listen, until they had given him the native name of "Umtandazo" meaning "Prayer."

On the following week Schmelzenbach set out with his walking stick on the 120-mile round trip to see the queen. She was acting regent for the young man, Sobhuza II, and reigned with the advice of her counselors. When at last he reached the royal kraal, he was given an audience and presented his case. She in turn promised to look into the matter and speak with her counselors. Having done all he could, Schmelzenbach set out on the journey back to the wagon. The last night on the trail caught him at the Komati River again. This was the same spot where the wagon had been taken apart and ferried across. In a downpour of rain, he found his way to the kraal of the boat keeper and persuaded him to let him shelter there for the night. They built a fire and he sat there until dawn, drying his clothes.

The word that he had expected from the queen never came, and in order not to establish residency they had to move the wagon periodically. So it was that they found their way back to the area around Pigg's Peak. It was here in June, 1911, that a second son, Elmer, was added to their family. He was born in the back room of the corrugated iron building that then served as a post office.

Not long after Schmelzenbach started preaching there, a delegation of people came one day to see him. As he looked them over, he immediately recognized by their garb that they were witch doctors. They had come from far and wide to find out what he wanted here among their people. Realiz-

ing that these were no doubt, the leaders of the people, he poured out his heart to them in the story of Jesus. Back to their kraals they went, and organized their opposition.

"Don't let that man speak to you. He'll cast a spell over you from which our medicines cannot free you."

Fear swept the kraals, and day after day as Schmelzenbach tramped the mountains, he would find the kraals deserted. He would see the people working from far, but by the time he reached there, they would be gone. Often he found their food still cooking on the fires in the kraals, but always the people would have fled. The chiefs of the area sent an official delegation to the queen asking that permission for settlement in the country be denied him.

One morning a regiment of Swazi warriors swept past the wagon, their spears flashing in the early light, their war songs echoing down the mountains. Years later, after many of those same men had found Christ, Schmelzenbach learned that that regiment had gone to the queen to request his life if they could not force him to leave.

As the months rolled by and the rains came and went, Schmelzenbach, with unrelenting diligence, tramped the mountainsides in an effort to find the people. They would not come to him nor trade with him, so he set out to follow the thousands of winding footpaths that led to them. He would leave at dawn and return just at dusk, often covering 20 miles during a day.

On one such day he reached a village that was built differently from the usual style of Swazi building. Upon entering he was greeted most warmly. The head of this village was an old man who eagerly asked if Schmelzenbach was an *umfundisi,* that is, a missionary. When he told them he was, great joy swept over the villagers as they explained that they too were Christians. They pled with him to stay. The old man's name was Jacob. He explained that years before in another part of Swaziland he had found Christ under the ministry of the South African General and Pioneer Mission. Since moving here, he had prayed many years for God to send someone to teach them further. Jacob and his people

were not greatly different from their heathen neighbors, as they lacked light in many things, but they listened intently and walked in the light given them by Schmelzenbach's ministry. Jacob lived a godly life until his passing 19 years later. This was the contact that led to the opening of a mission station.

Schmelzenbach and his family lived among these people for several months and built a stone church there. This was also to serve as a school. He earnestly believed in educating and ministering to the physical needs of these people in order to open their hearts to the gospel.

Chapter 3

The Gospel Takes Root

DURING THE WINTER of 1911, Schmelzenbach once more set out over the many miles to the Royal Village. He had succeeded in obtaining help from the British resident commissioner to apply pressure for the permission necessary to purchase the land they had held on to for so long. This time he was successful, and in August the papers finally reached the office at Pigg's Peak. At last the queen had broken her vow.

It was late afternoon when Schmelzenbach returned to the wagon with the documents, but he immediately shouted for the donkeys to be rounded up. He was never known to wait around or waste time and this was no exception. He infected everyone around him with his spirit of urgency in moving forward for God. The wagon was ready and the hard cornmeal porridge had been cooked and eaten. As the tropical twilight faded, the family knelt beside the wagon and prayed, then started forward into the darkness of the African night.

The road was rough back over those 15 miles, but no happier group ever walked it. God had won; the land was theirs! It was after midnight when they rolled to a stop under the deep shadows of the eucalyptus trees that stood beside the little tin house. This was the first mission station of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa. Schmelzenbach named it Peniel. Two years of living in their wagon were over.

Immediately Schmelzenbach started to gather materials

for a church building. There were, of course, no funds available, so he did it himself. Men refused to work for him, even at very inflated wages, for they feared to. He cut and hauled the poles, then the bundles of long thatch grass, and stacked them close to the tin house which was still occupied by the McCorkindales. Not long after this, the McCorkindales moved to their new home several miles away.

As the work proceeded, so did the opposition. The local herdboy destroyed much of the cut thatch grass by turning his goats loose in it and then refusing to get them off when Schmelzenbach told him to. Late that night they were all aroused from sleep by the sound of fire. They rushed out to find the entire pile of roofing grass ablaze. The fire had been deliberately started on all sides and none could be saved. The next day the undaunted missionary started to cut more and stored it this time in a temporary building for protection.

His lack of discouragement must have had serious repercussions among the witch doctors, for the hostility increased. No one would set foot on the mission ground; no one would sell food; no one would work for the missionary under any circumstances. He took the little wagon four miles down the mountainside to a place where he had found suitable rock that he could use. Loading these a few at a time alone, he hauled them back up to the mission property. After 18 months he completed a stone church with a thatch roof.

He had scarcely finished this church, when the missionaries were awakened for a second time by the roar of flames. Once more the witch doctors had ordered the thatch burned. With it went all the poles and rafters that he had so carefully hand-made. Schmelzenbach reasoned that, if the church building was ever to function, it would have to be completely fireproof. So in the months to follow, he set out with the wagon across the mountains, 10 days' journey, to the railhead and hauled load after load of expensive corrugated iron. He completed the church just before Dr. Reynolds reached Africa.

The building of this first church, however, did very little to solve his basic problem—the fact that no one would set

foot on the mission station. He found that the witch doctors were more active than ever and stories were spread of how he would bewitch any that listened to him. He came upon several such gatherings where a witch doctor was busy sprinkling blood on everyone and pronouncing a curse on any that should listen to him preach. Since the people would not come in, he realized that he would have to go out to them. So, as before, taking his long walking stick, he set out each day along the winding little footpaths that led from village to village, garden to garden. Day after day, week after week, the story was always the same. Not a soul would he find along the way. Then, night after night, men would come and with their clubs beat on the sides of the corrugated iron house until it would shake.

Occasionally he met a passing stranger who would speak to him, but nowhere could he gather a regular group for services. The people he would see in the distance in kraal or village would always have disappeared by the time he reached there.

One day on approaching a kraal he found thus abandoned he noticed something he had not been aware of before. Each door was closed in such a way that someone would have to be inside to close it in that manner. Then it dawned on him. These people were afraid. They were hiding. Now what the witch doctors had been doing could be made to backfire. He had the people where they could not get away —and these huts weren't soundproof. Immediately Schmelzenbach started to call to them in their huts and then poured out the message of his heart to these frightened people. On to the next village he went, then the next. At last he had found the people. At dusk he would climb onto some great boulder high on the mountainside and cup his hands and shout, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." And the people in their gardens below would lean on their hoes and listen as he told them the story of Jesus. The months slipped by as from village to village he walked. Little by little the doorways were opened and curious eyes watched as the people listened. He taught them choruses and preached many times

each day. Eventually three kraals become friendly and would gather to await his coming for a service.

Lula accompanied him on about half of his walks. Once the people lost some of their fear of them, she was asked time and again to let down her long hair and braid it again. The women examined minutely every stitch of her clothing, exclaiming and admiring its construction. Their curiosity and lack of fear of her, coupled with her command of the language and evident love for them and their babies, soon formed a bridge over which the gospel moved.

While seated under the trees at the mission one Sunday morning in April, 1911, preparing his message, Schmelzenbach noticed a Swazi approaching. This man was entirely different in that he wore European clothing and a hat in place of the usual skin loincloth. As he drew near, Schmelzenbach rose to meet him. The first words of this man were to startle and thrill him for a long time; for he greeted him with, "May the name of the Lord be praised that my eyes behold a real *Umfundisi* [missionary] among my people this day." He told them that his home was here in Swaziland, but that many years before he had walked several hundred miles to Pretoria to work. There he had found the Lord as his Saviour while working for a Presbyterian minister. He had remained there nine years, for he was afraid to return lest he lose his Saviour. Now word had reached him that there was a missionary in his country and he had walked all this way to see if it were true.

That Sabbath he helped Schmelzenbach in the services, and after promising to come back when his contract was finished, he left. He also said that, although he was not yet married, he would be by the time he returned. This was of paramount importance if he were to be of much value to the work. He told them his name was Solomon.

During the next year a mission station was established at the kraal of Jacob. The people had sent a delegation from this area to ask if it would not be possible for a missionary to come and live with them, as they feared that they would return to their former darkness. The man acting as a preach-

er for them could read only in syllables and couldn't write his own name. This request became the center of the missionaries' prayers for the next few months. In the meantime, Schmelzenbach walked the 20 miles to Jacob's kraal and 20 back each week, to preach for them.

Miss Innis offered to leave the Peniel mission station and stay over there if a reliable girl could be found to act as guide and helper. God wonderfully answered prayer soon. One morning a young girl arrived, having walked some 40 miles to seek help for her soul. She came from over in that general area and soon became the companion they had prayed for, for Miss Innis. This mission, established 15 miles away, was named Grace Mission by Miss Innis, as it "took so much grace to go there." For a long time she lived in a solitary mud hut, alone among these people.

In March, 1912, on a Sunday afternoon, the Schmelzenbachs' two small sons came running in to say that there were two dressed Africans approaching. They turned out to be Solomon, the young man who had come a year earlier, and his new bride. She was in her teens and he about 30. Both were very tired, having covered some 60 miles in two days and having held a service at his parents' kraal that morning. The missionaries were also pleased to find that his bride was a third-generation Christian and a willing worker. Schmelzenbach told them that he wanted to station them with Miss Innis at Grace Mission, and Solomon answered that they would go wherever they were sent. They decided to proceed that very afternoon, although it meant a walk of many more miles. For years Solomon and his wife pastored the work at Grace Mission, later known as Popenyane outstation.

Nearly two years had now slipped by and still not a single convert had been won. Several had come and gone but no real penetration seemed to have been made in the darkness surrounding these people. Nonetheless, Schmelzenbach rose every day before dawn and, as was his custom, lifted his voice in prayer. Then taking his long walking stick he would once more set out from village to village preaching and praying with any he could find. Discouragement was

not his problem, as he always said that the battle was the Lord's. Most of these walks would cover about 15 miles in a circular route.

In the early summer of 1913, on a Sabbath morning, Schmelzenbach set out as usual, preaching his way from one kraal to another. This day his circuit was to form a triangle of some 22 miles. It was late and the sun had almost dropped behind the mountains when he returned. He came down the mountainside with an unusual spring in his step for one who had travelled that far. Gathering the family into the house, he told them the glad news. "Mama, we have our first convert!" They dropped to their knees and wept their praise for this one soul. It was not till all had risen that he told them that the woman had not actually been converted. She had merely obtained permission from her very old husband to come to the mission and seek Christ. He was afraid to allow her to do so in his kraal for fear of disaster. She had promised to come the next morning.

In the early gray light of dawn, the mother and her small daughter appeared at the edge of the long grass around the mission. They were drenched with the heavy night dew. Cautiously they peered around them, and then seeing that all was clear, they dashed across the yard to the lean-to that served as a kitchen. Here they called out (their way of knocking). Schmelzenbach and his wife had long been up waiting. The woman's first words were, "I want, this morning, to know how I can get Jesus to forgive my sins and come into my heart. That is what you told me He would do." It did not take long for those two missionaries to lead that first soul, step by step, in prayer to the Master. That day Jesus came in forgiving power and broke the chains of darkness and sin that had bound the Swazi people down through time. The little daughter who had come with her followed every step with her mother. No one knew how much she understood.

Schmelzenbach learned a lesson that day in the ways the Holy Spirit works. They had expected to have to teach this first soul for months to see much result, but as she rose from her knees, she had three requests. First she wanted a

Bible, and to learn how to read so that she could learn "the many truths" in it. Secondly, she wished a dress, so that she could cover herself respectfully like a "believer." Then lastly, she asked for some soap with which she could wash her hair. (The hair of a heathen Swazi woman is woven into a dome in a special ceremony at the time of her engagement. Special medicine is placed in the center of it by the witch doctor, and nothing on earth is ever to remove or disturb it. Courage beyond words filled that woman that day as she severed the chain of witchcraft and the past.)

Her marked change in her life was the topic of conversation for miles around. Within two weeks she had brought in a second woman to meet her Christ. By the end of a month two more had found her Saviour, and in a short time several families were won. Among these was the crippled boy Umquosha, who later became the preacher Daniel. Thus did the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa start.

The waves of cruel persecution that followed proved to be the fuel that fed the fire.

Schmelzenbach had gained an entry into many of the kraals by trying to assist the sick. His heart cried out for these poor, diseased people. He once said that if he had had the funds he would have studied medicine too. As it was, he used simple remedies and cleanliness with massive doses of prayer. He soon found that only where the witch doctor had failed, and all hope had been abandoned, was he allowed to try. By prayer alone many of these early patients recovered. So started the medical phase of Nazarene missions in Africa. Schmelzenbach rightly believed that a Christian could not be indifferent to the physical needs of his fellowman.

The educational and medical work were to serve in opening doors for the evangelistic work, and until his passing Schmelzenbach kept them in this perspective in Africa. He did not believe in or advocate institutional missions as an end in itself. The primary task was always carefully pointed out to each new missionary regardless of his or her assignment. The fact is, most of the missionaries did a little of everything

and few were specialists in any one phase, particularly in the early years.

As Schmelzenbach walked he carried a small packet containing burn ointment and forceps for tooth extraction. During these years he pulled thousands of teeth.

A new problem now arose. Due to persecution, many young people fled for their lives to the mission. There was nothing to do but take them in and feed and educate them. The financial cost of doing this left Schmelzenbach and his wife in dire poverty and without proper food for themselves or their family.

He discovered that there was no law to assist him in protecting these new Christians. So he spent many hours with the British commissioner at Pigg's Peak trying to work out some legal support. Eventually the commissioner agreed to help, provided Schmelzenbach would not be directly involved against the heathen. As the British Government had not been in this country very long, the commissioner explained that he was reluctant to change their customs. Schmelzenbach pointed out that any custom allowing cruelty and death was wrong and *should* be changed.

Not long after this agreement, there arose an occasion to try the law. An 11-year-old girl called Ngobodhlane and her sister had become converts and were attending the classes taught each day by Lula. The girl showed much promise and was a firm Christian, until one day she disappeared. A week later she turned up at the mission in tears announcing that she had been engaged by her parents to an old man with a number of wives. Schmelzenbach listened to her story, then encouraged her to refuse. She was amazed that she could do this, but he told her he would stand by her. Her consequent refusal and her flight from home brought Lula into personal danger when the adult brother tried to force his way into their home during Schmelzenbach's absence. She somehow managed to wrestle his spear away from him and withheld it as evidence of his attack on her. The girl was later kidnapped and beaten almost to death. In rescuing her, Schmelzenbach was himself attacked and narrowly missed being

killed by a club. The case went to court. the first of its kind.

Ngobodhlane stood alone in that court and pled her cause. The magistrate heard the entire case and then asked her, "Why not go with them rather than be beaten?" To which she answered, "Because I am a believer and have Jesus in my heart and I do not want to go back into heathen darkness." The magistrate, Mr. Vine, then turned to her brother and promised serious trouble if this ever happened again; then urged him, too, to repent. So the groundwork of legal protection was formed, to curb the cruelty with which the enemy reigned.

About this time an incident occurred which gives insight into the nature of Schmelzenbach and a clue to the reason for the loyalty that the Swazis developed for him. Solomon's wife had had twins about a year after they took up the work at Grace Mission. The little boy had lived only three months but the girl had survived. When she was about a year old she became very ill, and during this illness Solomon and Martha came to Schmelzenbach. Solomon explained that among their people, if one twin died and the other became ill, it meant that the spirit of the dead twin was lonely and calling for the live one. The remaining twin must then be allowed to play on the grave of the dead child.

When Solomon had finished speaking, Schmelzenbach turned to him and asked, "Do you still believe such things?"

"No," he answered, but explained that he had not been able to convince Martha. She explained that, though her people had all been Christians, they still practiced these things. They finally decided that, whatever their missionary said, that would be law.

Schmelzenbach started talking about God's great love. He spoke of His love for each of us and His love for the children in particular. As he painted this word picture for these two workers, he showed them that no child living with Jesus be concerned with anything of this earth. After he had talked and prayed with them for nearly an hour, they left. Martha had a new vision of Christ's love and never again was

tempted in this manner. Schmelzenbach won the couple's lifelong loyalty and love.

Not long after this a man was found unconscious beside the footpath not far from the mission. Schmelzenbach brought him in and a place was made for him in one of the huts. Because of his high fever, they suspected malaria. Schmelzenbach started nursing him with cold water and quinine and for 24 hours never left his side as he fought for his life. Eventually he returned to consciousness, and asked where he was and why. In three days he was sitting up, and in 10 days was eager to get on the road again. During this time Schmelzenbach had led this man to the Lord and had heard him give thanks for his life. He left and was never heard of again, probably returning to his home in Portuguese East Africa. His case, however, proved a great blessing; for it not only convinced the people of the power of prayer, but served to break down, to a great extent, the tremendous amount of hostility in the area. Even heathen respond to love.

Soon a great stream of people, young and old, were flowing into the mission to seek help for their medical needs. They came any hour, day or night. Schmelzenbach built a grass hut on the mission station where he could care for them. Here one could find him almost every free moment ministering to their physical needs as best he could and praying for each. Miss Innis helped him greatly in this new type of work.

The open fires built on the ground in the center of each hut, together with the beer drinks, led to a great number of tragedies. One young woman came screaming into the mission early one morning. She had returned late the night before to her home too drunk to know what she was doing and had laid her baby on the hot coals of the fire. By morning it was baked and nothing could be done. Gently Schmelzenbach tried to explain that she could see her child again if she would follow Christ. But the price was still too much for her and she was unwilling to leave her darkness.

The first camp meeting was planned. There were only about two dozen converts that Schmelzenbach could expect

to attend, and so weeks of intensive kraal visitation were spent, inviting the heathen in. He promised them something new and interesting each day as an attraction. There was at that time only one preacher, Solomon, and one established outstation. Miss Innis had a small school and was in charge at the second main station, Grace Mission Station. All of the people from there came marching down over the mountainsides late Saturday afternoon, singing at the top of their lungs. Miss Innis, on her donkey, was leading the way.

As soon as they had eaten and were ready, the plowshare bell was rung and the people gathered. Altogether about 150 people were there. The schoolchildren and Miss Innis shared the floor in the corrugated iron house at night. The rest used the church. Solomon brought the message that first morning. It has stood as a challenge down through the years. He spoke on the responsibility of each Christian and pointed out that, as no one could read in this dark land, their lives would have to serve as the Bibles to Swaziland. The missionaries were thrilled at the depths of wisdom that the Holy Spirit gave this first preacher. As each missionary and Solomon preached, the Spirit could be sensed, but no one came forward in response to the appeal to seek the Lord. This continued in every service except one. During that one, a young girl from a nearby kraal came and prayed. This one believer of that first camp meeting was lost, however, when her angry parents moved her far away to a relative's kraal where she could not be contacted.

These camp meetings were held each year and soon became milestones in the growth of the church in Africa. At these times special services were arranged for the baptism of those probationary class members who had completed their two years in the class. If they had passed their examinations and were showing solid Christian growth, then they were accepted into full church membership. The church members were all served Communion at this time, because distance made it impossible to take the necessary elements to their individual churches. At camp meeting it soon became traditional to forget the battles and count the victories.

There was all-night prayer, and very few problems ever returned to the remote outstations unsolved.

Schmelzenbach now drew the one or two national pastors in and tried to teach them responsibility and to widen their vision of the indigenous church.

On September 18, 1913, in a long letter to Mrs. Ada Irevin, he wrote about his vision of the future of the work by saying:

> We are looking to Jesus and by faith we see great things for our work. Pray that God will give us a chain of mission stations that will reach for many miles in the fever country, five miles from our home on the mountains. We are asking God to give us some native workers to push the work in these bad districts where no white man can live.

Guided by this vision of a great work someday, he began laying the groundwork for the formation of regular church districts. What had until now been work that he had personally supervised and tended, he now put in the hands of his pastors.

Schmelzenbach had by now mastered the language, and particularly the difficult accent. He had a very complete picture of the culture and of the people as a whole. All this came from living in their kraals and sharing their food and hospitality as he walked from place to place. He also realized that no missionary could ever hope to know all the attitudes and actions of a people so totally influenced by fear and superstition. So he started with his first workers and taught them that it was their church. If it were to remain strong and pure, it would depend upon their vigilence. The national church laws were all set up by the nationals themselves. The examining committee was composed of the national pastors and evangelists. The missionary was only to guide and advise. From this early foundation grew a very thorough and strong organization which moved steadily forward with a fully indigenous, self-supporting church in Africa as its goal.

Chapter 4

Breakthrough

THE YEAR 1914 marked the turning of the tide. The beachhead had been won and the work started to grow. But the Schmelzenbachs also entered a time of great difficulty through the next few years. The friends who had pledged support years before had now fulfilled their obligation and many had ceased to stand behind them financially. Others had moved and contact was lost. The church in the United States had not yet established a budget for Africa, other than the meager salaries of the missionaries, the Schmelzenbachs and Miss Innis.

Many more Africans were seeking refuge at the mission home. They were fed and clothed in such a way as to show to all that these missionaries were not here to exploit anyone. Then there was the lesson of Christian love and giving that had to be taught through it all. It was a new lesson, indeed, to these people just emerging from eons of darkness.

The five pounds, two shillings ($25.00) each month, that came from Headquarters, had been a wonderful answer to prayer since January of 1910. But prices here in the backwaters of the gold fields were as high as five pounds for a

single sack of cornmeal. Schmelzenbach plowed and planted grain and kept a few head of cattle for food.

The scars of malnutrition were soon evident and tragic. Baby David, the older boy, lost virtually all his teeth and developed secondary ones that also crumbled and dropped out. At 17 he had dentures.

The government had helped by granting Schmelzenbach a farm to work in the bushveldt area around the mission, as long as he did not work it for personal gain.

The year the first harvest was brought in, midyear camps and quarterly workers' conferences were started. These, too, had to be personally financed. But these ventures began to bear fruit before long and the native workers, on their own, started teaching their people to give. Tithing regularly, however, was not practiced for some time yet. Schmelzenbach purposely delayed emphasizing this aspect of Christian growth until the people fully realized that he was there to do all he could for them, expecting nothing in return.

In their own lives, the Schmelzenbachs had always had to practice the strictest economy in order to keep the work going. At this time they tried several new plans in an effort to find some help. The first of these was to choose three of the young men and send them away to the mines at Johannesberg to see if they could not earn some funds with which to assist. When they returned six months later, it was evident that the price would be too great. They had saved virtually nothing and spiritually they were far behind.

Several long family discussions were held and even the household possessions were gone over to see if any were saleable. There were, however, only four very rickety chairs, a small homemade table, and an iron bedstead with a cornhusk mattress. The sheets and other linens that Lula had brought with her were gone. They had been used in clothing the Christians and burying them when they died. She still had one good tablecloth, hidden deep in a box—just in case they ever had guests or for very special occasions.

Eventually it was decided that the entire mission would go on shorter rations. They did this by cooking only a limited

amount of cornmeal. Their own family ate together with the Africans, so it affected all. There followed some hard months indeed. The lack of food left all weak, yet Schmelzenbach never let up on his miles of riding, walking, and preaching.

During this time, Lula's only pair of shoes finally wore out completely. For several weeks she wore only stockings on her feet. Then she made for herself, from sacking, a pair of old fashioned "pushers," such as were worn to bed in the early days during winter. During that year she had only one dress to wear. At Christmastime a church in California sent Miss Innis a box containing a dress length which she gave to Lula. When she put the dress on for the first time, her two small sons ran screaming from her crying, "Innis! Innis! *Umlumbi! Umlumbi!*" meaning, "A white person! A white person!" Miss Innis laughed until she cried. Lula's tears were not for the same reason.

Amidst these trials came yet another. The only riding horse that Schmelzenbach had suddenly became ill and died. As the work was now scattered over a wide area and his outstations needed constant help, this was a catastrophe. He stood in the doorway of the house and, looking out into the distance, prayed silently. "Do you think there is any way that you can manage on our present funds?" he asked Lula. Then before she could answer he went on. "If we can, I think we have enough money to buy another horse." She answered that, since they had gotten by on five pounds ($25.00) for the supplies they had on hand, then they probably could. "I do not know of one more thing we can give up, unless it would be the sugar we use on the porridge," she went on. But this she feared to do for the sake of the children, as they already appeared undernourished.

They talked a long time and eventually decided to use the money sent by a dear friend for the education of their boys. The boys spoke no English, yet they understood enough of this discussion that soon they informed the Christians that it was they who had bought the new horse for their father, as it was their money.

Schmelzenbach left at 3 a.m. to walk to Pigg's Peak to

try to find a suitable animal. It was almost dusk when he came staggering into the yard and collapsed onto the floor just inside the door. Lula came running with water and sent one of the girls to make some tea. As they cooked in the yard over an open fire, this took some time. For several days Schmelzenbach remained very weak. But by the time the new horse arrived a few days later, he was much improved, and went on about his work as if nothing had ever happened.

The entire incident was to make an indelible impression upon the minds of the many young Christians. Education, to them, was one of the highest attainments in life. Yet Schmelzenbach would sacrifice the funds he was to use for his own children's education to keep the work going. In this they glimpsed the greater truth of God's sacrifice of His only Son for them. Many times in the years that followed they referred to this in their preaching.

The horse served well and Schmelzenbach travelled continually, until they referred to him as "the man who lives in the saddle." Often a runner would come to the mission saying one of the preachers needed him. Day or night, it made no difference, within minutes he would be in the saddle and would stay as long as he was needed. If he found people ill, he often brought them home where they could receive better care. Sometimes he stayed and nursed them there. He loved them more than himself.

The deep lines on his sun-tanned face were etched there by the constant battle with the powers of darkness and witchcraft.

Lula once mentioned to him that it had now been five years since they had had any butter on their table. He simply shrugged his shoulders and replied, "That's nothing. We have lived without it. I have learned to like dry bread too. I know an old prospector, 70 years of age down in the bushveldt, who lived on this kind of food, and he has only an old water tank for a home. He has not found a fortune either, But God is giving us a rich fortune in souls here in Swaziland."

God undertook for their needs in strange ways. A promi-

nent native man by the name of Gudlamuzi visited the mission one day and seeing the little boy, Elmer, he became quite concerned. "This child is starving to death," he said. "I will care for him myself." He left the mission and on returning home called for his herd of cattle to be brought in. He inspected each closely and selected one large cow. "This cow," he said, "is to provide the milk for that baby of the missionary from now on." Each day a child would appear bearing a large gourd filled with milk for Elmer. It was this additional nourishment that helped to save his life. Gudlamuzi continued this gift for many, many years.

One blistering summer afternoon Schmelzenbach came riding into the mission having covered some 40 miles. On his way back he had passed through the Peak and picked up the overseas mail. His smile and manner did not betray his weariness as he tossed the single envelope onto the table with the comment, "You have received some good news this trip." A little disappointed that there was no personal letter, Lula picked it up and started to read. As she read, the words blurred and soon the tears started to stain the ink.

"I don't see anything to cry about," he said. The letter said, "Your allowance has been raised to $35.00 a month and your wife will receive the same amount." Amid the tears and laughter she asked, "What do you suppose we will do with so much money, all coming at one time, and each month?" "I suppose we had better do what we did before we had it, be careful with it and save as much as possible for the work," was his reply.

This letter also announced the intention of the church to send Dr. Reynolds on an inspection tour around the world, sometime soon. They were overjoyed to read that Africa was included in his itinerary.

Then like a small boy with a new toy, Schmelzenbach casually said, "Here, I almost forgot to give you this." It was a letter from Lula's mother and it had not yet been opened. As she drew the paper from the envelope, out fell a money order for $100. The simple meal of roasting corn

had long grown cold before they rose from their knees and dried their eyes that afternoon.

The two of them sat and talked as they ate and many were the plans they each had. Schmelzenbach informed his wife that he had already ordered some planks to make her a new table and four new chairs to go with it. They both felt that, if they were to entertain a general superintendent, something would also have to be done to the old house. Both the walls and roof were built of rusted sheets of corrugated iron. Inside, Lula had lined each wall with unbleached muslin. There were no inside partitions, and so they had made dividers of muslin hung from wire. These were transparent when a lamp was held behind them, and anyway they reached only slightly higher than one's head, making for very little privacy.

Finally, Schmelzenbach asked his wife if she did not wish to use her gift to build living quarters for the African men and boys. These men now lived in one section of their house, and as there were 10 of them, it was crowded indeed. Then too, many of them had only just come out of heathenism and had yet to learn the very basics of hygiene. Lice and bedbugs were a constant problem, and in this tropical climate disease was an ever present threat.

Lula had been dreaming of furniture. Her two little boys had always slept on the floor. Their own bed was far from comfortable. Dr. Reynolds would have to have a place to sleep during his visit. Quietly he answered her, "I thought of all that too, but I am more concerned about the preacher boys' quarters. I believe I could put it up for $100 by hauling all the materials and doing all the work myself."

Lula, whose heart was no less that of a missionary than her husband, saw the truth of his suggestion and so vanished the dreams.

Schmelzenbach literally worked day and night now. Before dawn he would be on his knees committing the day, with all its burdens, to the Lord. As light came, he would mix the mortar and lay the rock for the preachers' quarters. After breakfast he took his long walking stick and set out down the

mountainsides preaching. He did not neglect or confuse the material and spiritual aspects of his work. They always stayed in the correct perspective. When the ordered supplies arrived from Johannesburg at the railhead, he harnessed the donkeys to the wagon and lumbered 182 miles over the mountains and back several times. Each trip took him about 10 days of hard walking. The stone he quarried some four miles away!

Late one afternoon he returned with another load from the Peak. When the canvas was removed, instead of lumber he revealed three beautiful pieces of real furniture. There was an upright wardrobe with a long mirror on the door, a dressing table with a swinging mirror, and a beautiful washstand with a marble top. Amid Lula's tears he explained that he had managed to erect the building for half the cost and had used the balance of the hundred dollars for this. That evening as she hummed at her work, "Over and abundant," went through her mind again and again.

As the weeks sped past, Schmelzenbach worked endlessly to complete the improvements on both mission stations before Dr. Reynolds' visit. Dividing walls were built into the home. Rock was quarried and hauled for new buildings. Everything was cleaned up and the meetings were all planned. By now the people would work for him for wages and he had hired one man to help him. The increase in salaries from $25.00 to $70.00 had enabled him to see many things done that would have taken much longer without funds.

Early in July, 1914, Schmelzenbach set out north by wagon over the mountains for the railhead at Hectorspruit. Here he planned to leave the wagon and team while he travelled by train eastward to the port of Lourenco Marques, Portuguese East Africa, where he was to meet General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds. The Christians and missionaries were all very excited about this first visit by one of the church leaders. They needed his guidance in the many areas of advancement that the work now faced.

On the evening of July 7, 1914, Dr. Reynolds' ship, the

"Surat," inched its way up to the wharf at Lourenco Marques, and he set foot on African soil for the first time. Schmelzenbach had arrived two days before, as he did not know the exact time of the ship's docking. As soon as Dr. Reynolds had cleared customs, the two men took care of necessary business in the city and then departed for the interior. They reached Hectorspruit the following day about five in the evening. Schmelzenbach purchased a considerable stock of canned goods to make Dr. Reynolds' visit as pleasant as possible. This also included canned butter from Australia, something they had not had before and would not again see on their table for many years. They hitched up the wagon and rolled out of town at dusk. After a short ride they stopped for supper and then pushed on until midnight before striking a camp.

The wagon travel was new for Dr. Reynolds and it took some time for him to learn to sleep comfortably, although a mattress had been brought along for him. Schmelzenbach rolled up in his blankets on the ground under the wagon along with the African men who were with them. The missionary was accustomed to rising early and at about 3 a.m., he built a fire and prepared some coffee for his guest. By four o'clock they had completed their early morning worship and harnessed the donkeys. Dawn saw them moving slowly towards the distant mountains that lay between them and Swaziland.

The days were never dull and Dr. Reynolds was to recall how impressed he was by the way his host never missed an opportunity to speak to the Africans along the way about their souls and tell them the story of Christ. Often they stopped as he purchased a handful of roasting ears or a pumpkin, as an excuse to speak to them. When he learned that most of them had never heard of God, Dr. Reynolds' heart was stirred by the same chord that stirred Schmelzenbach's for these poor people.

The trail was not without its usual dangers either. One morning their wagon driver nearly stepped on a puff adder and only the hand of God kept him from death that day.

Then there were the ever present lions, but the travelers were fortunately not troubled by them. By Friday they had reached the mountains and started up over them. That night they camped on a high ridge in the bitter-cold winds. The next day they pressed on ahead of the wagon. Dr. Reynolds was on a saddle mule and Schmelzenbach was leading the way on foot. There was snow on some of the higher peaks. They cut straight across country and about noon they climbed the last slope before the mission station.

Miss Innis and Mrs. Schmelzenbach were overjoyed to see the travellers and a large dinner was prepared. That afternoon many of the Christians that had gathered to welcome Dr. Reynolds heard him preach. Late that evening, long after dark, the wagon, with all their belongings, arrived safely.

Sunday was a full day. The crowds could not all fit into the church. Schmelzenbach had cut brush and poles and along one side of the church and across the front he had erected a large brush arbor. The ground was covered with cut grass and it was partially covered by canvas and brush. His two small boys thought this had been built for them, and spent many hours burrowing through the walls and creating a general nuisance. Three of the women had walked more than 20 miles, their babies on their backs, for the dedication service. They wished their children to escape the darkness and heathenism that they knew so well.

Dr. Reynolds probably never knew what an impact he made on those Swazis. In one of his first messages he lined up on a table several bottles containing clear fluids. Then as he spoke of sin, he poured one bottle into another and the clear fluid became dark. He went on to speak of the blood of Christ and then poured this dark fluid into a third bottle; it turned red. People were edging back from the platform. Not one sound could be heard. The heathen glanced furtively toward the door, preparing for instant flight. He spoke of the love and forgiving grace of Christ. Then he poured the red fluid into another bottle and it slowly became clear. At this point his reputation surpassed that of any witch doctor's

these Swazis had ever known. The missionaries, of course, did not mention to him what was occurring in the minds of the heathen. His altar services were exceptionally successful!

July 13, 1913, Dr. Reynolds dedicated the first Nazarene church built on African soil. The banner of holiness had been planted; a beachhead had been won. During that week Solomon's wife was sanctified and many were saved.

Twice Dr. Reynolds and Schmelzenbach took long trips into the bush to see areas that the missionary wished to open. They sat in native kraals, ate native food, and prayed together over souls lost in darkness. On Wednesday, the first class of converts was baptized. There were only four after all these years, but how the missionaries rejoiced! The chains of darkness were broken. Among those on the riverbank that day was Daniel, the cripple. His legs were useless, but each week he covered the five miles over to the mission, dragging himself along on his hands. His witness was true and radiant. Jesus had not passed him by.

The services were often used for catechism and instruction by Dr. Reynolds. Many attitudes of the church were explained, and then late into the night he sat around the dying embers of the fire talking with these three young missionaries about their work.

On Saturday, the wagon was loaded and everyone walked across the mountains to Grace Mission for the Sunday services. Nearly 100 heathen attended. The missionaries were amazed. They had never hoped to see a crowd such as this. That day Dr. Reynolds ordained Miss Innis and Harmon Schmelzenbach as elders in the Church of the Nazarene. Schmelzenbach was appointed superintendent of the African work and Miss Innis was made secretary.

Then the days of Dr. Reynolds' visit were over. Lula and Miss Innis stood alone on the mountain ridge and watched the wagon slowly wind its way down towards the bushveldt and the distant railway. It was finally lost to view and they turned and started back to the mission. In their hearts was a glow. They were no longer orphans, but part of a great family far away. At the train, Dr. Reynolds took only

one trunk. He insisted that Schmelzenbach keep all his warm, new clothes.

Late in 1914, another event was to take place that had a tremendous impact on those few early Christians. The full ripeness of the year had passed. The grass was now long and rank, in some places as high as the missionary on horseback. The mountains were daily bathed in smoke as the people burned the grass to bring on good grazing. Each afternoon the great, rolling, white clouds would climb higher and higher over the bush country and the whole world seemed to hold its breath, waiting for the rainy season to start. The days were scorching and the nights brought little relief.

One Sunday night, as Schmelzenbach rose to preach in the little stone church on the main station, there was a noise at the back. He glanced up and there, framed in the open doorway, stood a witch doctor, a woman. She was decked out in all the hideous paraphernalia of her witchcraft. The light from the single flickering flame of the lamp glistened on her hair matted with red ocher and mud. Her body was smeared with fats and oils and streaks of paint. Around her wrists and ankles were strings of goat bladders, blown up and dry, with pebbles in them to make them rattle with her every move. Horns and bones hung from her neck, filled with concoctions and medicines. A long snake-skin trailed from her hair.

As quietly as she could, she stepped inside and sat down at the back of the church. Everyone there knew her well. Many times in the midnight hours, when the rain would cascade down on the little corrugated iron roof of the mission home, they would hear her voice mingled with the rolling of the thunder as she raced through the mission grounds screaming at the top of her lungs, driven on by the demons within her.

The missionaries' children, sitting barefooted on the floor, slid deeper into the dancing shadows cast by the lamp, apprehension written on their faces. Schmelzenbach never paused. He requoted his text and started to preach. No one moved. The woman sat there at the back, her eyes glued on

the missionary as he told them the wonderful story of Jesus again. At the close of the message when the altar call was given, she rose to her feet and started down the aisle that separated the men and women in the church. She got about halfway down when suddenly she stopped. She seemed to lose control of herself. Slowly she turned; then with a piercing scream she fled back up the aisle and into the darkness outside. The people listened until her voice finally died away into the night across the dark mountainsides.

The missionaries were puzzled. "It seemed to me that she wanted to come down here to the altar," Schmelzenbach said. "But somehow she seemed unable to. If she wants to come down here and pray, then we are going to do all in our power to help her."

Plans were made. The following Sunday night as he rose to speak, there sat the witch-doctor woman again. Once more she listened intently, and once more at the close of the service when the altar call was made, she rose to her feet. With a determined look on her face, she started toward the front. The missionaries did not wait, but rose to their feet immediately and moved into the aisle, with the couple of Christians present. Again the woman reached the center of the church, then faltered and stopped. She whirled around, a wild look on her face. Finding the way blocked, she uttered a terrifying scream and hurled herself against Lula. Then she sank to the floor, unconscious. Gently they carried her down to the front of the church and laid her beside the log that served as an altar. Then all knelt to pray.

This was what they had prayed for—that God would prove to these poor people that He could break the chains of darkness and witchcraft that bound them. They prayed that night that, if God had ever proved himself before, He would do it again here in the darkness of the African night. Long into the dark hours they prayed. The woman lay there like one in a trance, her eyes glazed. She seemed not to hear a sound. Then suddenly great tears welled up in her eyes and started to cut furrows down the sides of her greasy cheeks.

In a moment she was kneeling and pleading, "What must I do, Missionary? What must I say?"

Word by word Schmelzenbach led her in prayer. Soon she understood and started to plead her own cause before God. In a little while Jesus came and broke the chains of demon worship and darkness that had bound her all her life. She came to her feet, a shout on her lips. "I'm free! I'm free!" she kept repeating.

She marched out of the church up on the mountainside that night, a fire of determination burning in her eyes. Back to her own people she went, to the footpaths her feet knew so well. But now as she trudged from village to village, instead of beating the demon drums, she preached the story of Jesus. So crumbled and fell the strongholds of Satan. Her influence and testimony during those early years greatly helped in breaking down the fear the people had of angering the spirits of their ancestors, should they repent. She was the first of many witch doctors that were to find the power of the Master's touch greater than the chains of Satan.

Christ has often taken the most unlikely material with which to mold the strongest pillars. The unlettered Peter became the acknowledged leader of the Early Church. In Africa, Joseph Mkwanazi was touched by Christ and immediately rose and followed Him. He came onto the mission station one Sabbath morning just in time for the service. By his lusty singing and the spirit with which he worshipped, Schmelzenbach saw at once that this man knew God. Far to the south of Swaziland worked a courageous and wonderful woman by the name of Miss Molly Moe of the Scandinavian Holiness Mission. Under her ministry Joseph had been converted a short while before.

As a detective in the police force, his duties took him all over Swaziland, and so it happened that he reached the mission that Sabbath. Actually, his home was not very far away from there. He was on leave and begged to stay a few days and worship with them at the mission. He attended every service and most of the small day-school classes taught by Lula. As his spirit was so good, Schmelzenbach asked him

to bring a message before leaving at the end of his vacation. He surprised everyone, for his sermon was excellent and powerful. The missionaries could see the work of the Holy Spirit in him and knew that, if given a chance, this unlettered Swazi could be a power for God.

That meeting was the beginning of a friendship between Joseph and Schmelzenbach that was to grow through the years until they became closer than brothers. Joseph had decided that, when his contract came to a close during that year, he would leave the police force and become a preacher. Before leaving, he asked Schmelzenbach if he would consent to his writing to one of the Christian girls he had met on the station. Letter writing carried a great significance to these people and was almost viewed as an engagement. It would be necessary for him to have a Christian wife if he was to become an effective preacher. Schmelzenbach gave his consent and in due course the letter was written and rejected by the girl he had chosen. No more was heard of Joseph for some time.

Into the Schmelzenbach home now came the third child, Ruth. The two boys, four and six years old, spent most of their time with the Africans and neither spoke anything but Swazi. On one occasion during this year David, the elder, was found kicking with his bare foot at a cobra that had caught a frog. Fortunately the snake had the frog in its mouth and was unable to strike back. Quickly, however, each child was taught the dangers of the insects and animals around him and early learned that vigilance was the price of life.

As the year of 1914 came to a close, the missionaries felt tremendously encouraged. Many key battles had been won. The work was growing on every side now and new opportunities were everywhere. People were starting to seek out Schmelzenbach and ask the way to Christ. In a letter to the homeland written that year he said, "Two souls were won this morning after they came here and asked me to pray for them." He had now been in Africa six and a half years.

Chapter 5

Sibhaha—Strong Words from a Warm Heart

IT HAD BECOME evident to Schmelzenbach that the center of activity in that area of Swaziland was at Pigg's Peak. During Dr. Reynolds' visit, they had gone there and spoken to the commissioner. As a result of these visits, a plot of ground was given to the mission at the Peak and a mission station was soon under construction there. This station was to replace the more distant one where Miss Innis was working.

During the early part of this year the missionaries started teaching the Christians to give systematically in some way or another. Usually the first Sunday of the month was offering Sunday and the people would bring in either cash or produce if they could. Schmelzenbach bought with cash all the produce and used it in feeding those who had fled to the mission. He brought in a tithe of the harvest of the farm that he worked, and in so doing the workers started to grasp the truth. They, in turn, began preaching it to their own people.

In the training of those first workers Schmelzenbach used the methods Christ had used. Together they tramped as

a small band from one village to the next. They, together with the heathen, listened as he preached and prayed. Their methods were copied from him directly and he required nothing from them that he himself would not do. The evenings often found them squatted around the fire eating parched corn or venison and discussing some aspect of their new faith.

In March, the first new missionaries to be assigned to the work in Africa arrived. They were a direct result of Dr. Reynolds' visit. Brother and Sister Shirley had been working a short while in the Stegi area of Swaziland under the International Holiness Union when they were notified that their application to join the Church of the Nazarene had been accepted. They were told to proceed to northern Swaziland.

During July of that year the third camp meeting was held and again the shouts of victory went up, although the enemy was by no means conquered. During the camp that year only one new convert was won, but this led to the opening of a new kraal, as her witness amid persecution resulted in the later conversion of her five sisters. Sister Shirley fell ill shortly after camp and had to be moved out to Johannesburg.

In September, Joseph came marching into the mission one day, two letters in his pocket. One was from the police; the other was his church transfer. He explained at some length his difficulty in obtaining the latter. He was immediately enrolled in school and Bible classes. At the same time he started travelling with Schmelzenbach. There were now eight young men enrolled in the Bible school. Joseph was to prove a pillar of strength during those early days. His unwavering faith, his life of prayer, and his burning zeal were all great assets to the school. Seldom did a week pass without some heathen custom, practice, or superstition showing itself among these young men. Through Joseph the missionaries were taught what to look for and how to recognize these. It took great patience and care to handle these precious souls and not break them in the making.

One day Joseph came to Schmelzenbach and earnestly

pled with him to select a future wife for him, since his own choice had refused. He felt that God would assist his missionary in this important decision. It took Schmelzenbach a week of prayer before he had made up his mind and then he told Joseph that the one selected was Emma. She was working in the mission home and was the one who made possible Lula's free time to teach in the school. Emma agreed and a few months later they were married and continued their studies together.

In December, Mrs. Shirley became much worse and died while still in the hospital in Johannesburg. The enemy had struck down the first Nazarene missionary on African soil.

As the new year arrived, it did so with tragedy for the Schmelzenbach home too. Mildred was born during this time, and due to the inadequate diet Lula had had, the baby was very weak. For a month they struggled to save her life, but there was no special milk or help and at the close of that month she died. Schmelzenbach felt the passing of this child very keenly. He dearly loved his children and realized that there may have been things that he could have done that would have changed the course of events. Then again, Lula was not the type of woman who wanted pampering, and she too insisted on carrying her full share of the load, as she was a missionary called of God. She pointed out that any sacrifice should be shared by both of them. When Mildred died, Schmelzenbach was suffering with some type of severe eye infection and had to be led to the graveside to bury his child. He asked the church people to sing one of his favorite hymns as he stood beside Lula at the grave. They sang "Abide with Me," in Swazi. The battle for Africa seemed dark indeed during those troubled times.

Brother Shirley came back to Swaziland alone and soon was caught up in the work with Schmelzenbach. He had some skill in printing and with Schmelzenbach's encouragement set out to print a small paper in Swazi that could be circulated among the Christians. They called it the "*Umpapamisi*" or "Awakener." It created great interest in reading and its message was felt everywhere. Schmelzenbach translated

hymns and school books and each was laboriously printed by Brother Shirley for the use of the church. The groundwork was laid and provision made to continue the printing phase of the work on the field in Africa. At first the equipment was almost nil, however, consisting of only one small hand-press.

During the next few years Schmelzenbach expanded the work greatly. He could now entrust the work on the local station at Peniel to others, thus freeing him to stay in the saddle more and more. He established 15 outstations with small, mud-block churches. He posted a Bible student at each, some covering more than one. These were now much more than preaching points, and in each there soon developed a class of converts studying the newly printed catechism in preparation for full membership. Among the young preachers were now some from the Dlamini clan, members of which were the rulers of Swaziland.

The Christians at the first outstation at Popinyane gave Schmelzenbach the name "Sibhaha." This was a very bitter herb used as medicine, particularly against malaria. After several years of listening to him, they decided that the truth of his messages was sometimes difficult, but if accepted it offered life to the one who was hopelessly lost. This became his Swazi name, and across Swaziland and the surrounding areas most of the Africans never knew him by any other.

James Malambe, one of his preachers, wrote, "He preached with strong words, but words from a warm heart. He was a Swazi; not a white missionary, but a Swazi."

Schmelzenbach's ability with the language and his knowledge of the customs of the people now opened the way for him to go into the kraals of the chiefs and headmen. This, in turn, automatically won for him acceptance in their subjects' kraals. This did not mean that he was received with favor everywhere, but the battle was now on a much wider front.

Joseph had been in Bible training 16 months and was a dynamic preacher. The missionaries felt that, if his spiritual maturity was taken into consideration, he could be graduated

in order to take a church. He never had found much pleasure in classroom work and was reduced to tears of joy when told of this decision. Joseph and Emma were placed about 18 miles from Peniel. Schmelzenbach's judgment was correct. Within a few years Joseph had built up a church of 50 full members, a much larger class of probationers, and 16 young people called to preach and sent away to the mission Bible school.

As Joseph started the second year of pastoring, Schmelzenbach and the workers had chosen him to become the first district evangelist. He thus became the right-hand man of Schmelzenbach and greatly assisted in the overseeing of the African church. While serving in this dual capacity he started four more outstation churches around his. Truly Schmelzenbach had been given a man of like manner as himself, one who understood his heart cry. Like two seasoned oxen, they carried the foremost yoke together, breaking the trail for the wagon to follow.

In January, 1916, an event took place which once more showed that the enemy was selling out very dearly. The mid-year preachers' convention had been announced. A few days before the meeting was to start, word came that the Komati River, below the mission, was in flood and the small boat used to cross it had been carried away. Schmelzenbach worked all the next day with some of the students to fashion a boat frame, which he covered with wagon canvas and tar. That evening he announced that he thought the meeting could go on as usual, as he would use this crude boat to ferry the preachers across the river.

Isaiah was called from the kitchen, where he was helping. He was by far the strongest swimmer and Schmelzenbach asked him to take word across the river to the workers. In 10 minutes Isaiah was ready and with a shout of farewell headed for the river in the gathering dusk. His last words were, "Pray for me." He sped down the mountainside and by dark had plunged into the flooded river and swam to the other side. From one church to another he ran, passing the word. The workers started to gather.

He had been told to wait the following day until all were at the river and Schmelzenbach would bring the boat down, so they could cross. Isaiah, however, was aware of the fact that, back at the mission, Lula would have no help in the cooking for the meeting until his return. So when he reached the river, he plunged straight in and in a few minutes was halfway across. Then, no one knew why, he went down and never surfaced again. The river was crocodile-infested and it was not until several days later that Daniel recovered his partly eaten body, many miles down stream. Thus Isaiah joined a swiftly growing list of those who died to see the church in Africa established.

The rain continued until Monday night, and Tuesday dawned bright and hot. Schmelzenbach paddled the small craft across from upstream, and as he reached the far bank, a preacher would plunge in and grasp the side and climb in as the boat swept by. Schmelzenbach would paddle him across. Sometimes Joseph would swim with the boat and steady it; sometimes Schmelzenbach swam and Joseph paddled. There were 23 preachers to take across the roaring, swollen river. Several missed boat on their first lunge and had to be grabbed by the two with the boat.

At noon a young girl came panting up to the crossing and pled to be taken over. She was from one of the outstations and was named Sophie. Amid tears she explained, "O *Umfundisi,* even now my father and the man to whom he has sold me are on my trail and will overtake me and drag me back into heathen darkness if you do not allow me to cross the river with you! God will help me to catch the boat and hold on well," she said. As the boat swept by, she caught it and dripping wet, was taken to the other bank to hurry on towards the mission.

As Schmelzenbach was a powerful swimmer, he spent the greater part of that day in the water steadying the boat. Finally Joseph, exhausted, had remained on the bank and one of the others had taken the paddle. One of the preachers threw his bundle of clothes into the boat as usual, then leaped from the bank. Somehow he struck the side of the boat and

in a second the frail craft overturned, wrenching itself free from Schmelzenbach's weary hands. He was swept out into the current immediately and was being carried downstream. In a flash Joseph ripped his clothes off and raced along the high bank until he was opposite the missionary. Then he plunged straight out as far as he could. Somehow amid those swirling, muddy waters he found his exhausted missionary, and together they reached a sandbar. The others had already caught the boat at the place where it overturned. That night Joseph and Schmelzenbach climbed wearily up the mountain to start the first service. It was many days before the raw patches on their knees where they had knelt to paddle the canoe were healed.

As June drew to a close, Schmelzenbach fixed a mattress into the wagon and once more set out north. This time he wanted Lula to have the best medical help available for the birth of their fourth child. In Barberton, on July 3, 1916, a son, Paul, was born. After a week or so, they returned over the mountains together.

In October, James Malambe and Schmelzenbach were travelling on horseback down to the Balegane outstation. As they rode along, Schmelzenbach suddenly reined his horse to a stop. "Did you say, *Mamba?*" he asked. To which James replied that he had not. Schmelzenbach insisted that he had heard someone say, "*Mamba,*" with urgency in his voice. As they were on open ground, they could see that there was no danger, and after a minute they urged their horses on. They descended the steep slope into the valley. At the crossing, again came the word, "*Mamba.*" Again they stopped and looked all around. They were just starting again when Schmelzenbach glanced up. There in his path amid the tangle of vines and limbs, he saw a huge snake poised to strike. Its head was lifted and its body balanced. Another step and he would have been within reach of this, the swiftest and most deadly of snakes. James and he realized, then, that the voice that had called could only have been divine. The words, "Lo, I am with you alway," were never more real to them than in those hours as they rode on towards the church.

A couple of weeks after this incident Schmelzenbach was to see one of his greatest dreams come true. In October, at the General Board meeting, Mrs. Susan N. Fitkin wrote and explained how, two years before, she and her husband had lost their 10-year-old son, Raleigh. He had always expressed a desire to be a missionary someday. As this would never be, they would now like to pledge the funds to build a hospital in his memory at Pigg's Peak, Swaziland. They had already sent funds to Schmelzenbach for the erection of a stone and iron church there, and he and Brother Shirley had just completed this building. They started immediately on the proposed hospital. Schmelzenbach had no doctor and no nurse, but in typical fashion he reasoned that if God were providing the funds He would also provide the personnel. He was right, of course, for at the close of that year Miss Lillian Cole arrived. She was fully trained as a nurse and was a real answer to prayer.

During 1917, her "hospital" was erected. It consisted of only two rooms, and equipment was very limited. There were cracks in the walls and under the doors, but here the Swazis could come and receive the life-giving help that the witch doctors could not provide.

Throughout his missionary career, Schmelzenbach continued to carry his small bag with his tooth forceps, burn ointment, and permanganate disinfectant. Wherever the opportunity presented itself, he used these simple remedies. Now he could call on trained help in the many difficult cases he found. Each one who returned home cured provided a potential opening for the gospel. Around the mission, many of the kraals were never opened until some member of the family became desperately ill and was given up by the witch doctor. Then the call would come and Schmelzenbach would ride out and do all he could. Prayer worked many miracles.

The General Board appointed a number of missionaries to the field during the year 1917. Only one arrived before the war situation made it impossible to travel. He was Mr. P. C. Neilson. Into his hands was entrusted much of the building work. Until now, Schmelzenbach had done virtually all

the building himself, sometimes using Brother Shirley. Now he was so busy with the expanding district work that it was imperative that some of the physical work be done by others. In the homeland reports of the advancement of the work in Africa had thrilled the people and funds were coming through for one project after another. The first group of national preachers was now trained, and serving in pastorates. Around each established church, these pastors opened many more preaching points and the numbers started to climb. Camp meeting was still the annual highlight, with each church marching in from across the mountains singing and shouting as they came. Persecution of the Christians was an everyday thing and the list of those who suffered and died rather than recant became long. Often the preachers themselves were threatened, and on many occasions, Schmelzenbach arrived just in time to avert disaster.

Chapter 6

Expansion in the Postwar Years

THE FLU EPIDEMIC in 1918 swept through Swaziland, leaving thousands dead. Schmelzenbach encountered it on every hand. His greatest concern was for his preachers. He requested and was given what remedies there were, by the British commissioner. During that winter he spent weeks and weeks camped down in the low bushveld, below the mountains. He passed out the medicine to all who needed it, visiting thousands of kraals and praying in each. He came back only to replenish his medical supplies and then returned, until he himself contracted the sickness and was forced to return home. Friends managed to keep him in bed four days; then a messenger arrived with word that Titus was sick. Titus pastored an outstation some five hours' walk from the mission.

Schmelzenbach rose from his bed and left to go to help his preacher. Two days later Lula received a note from her husband, sent by runner, stating that Titus had pneumonia and was dangerously ill. He also explained that he himself was down again and unable to care for his patient. Could someone come? Lillian Cole had 18 bed patients in the hospital and was working day and night, so Lula went to help.

She found both men in a small, lean-to shack, built

against the church. Inside, Titus had been placed comfortably on the only cot in the room. Beside him on the floor lay Schmelzenbach on a grass mat, a blanket thrown over him. He had placed himself as close as he could to his pastor, so as to give him his medicine throughout the day and night. Both were too sick to want any food. A small boy brought them water. It was 10 days before Schmelzenbach was strong enough to rise. He then obtained the help of a number of men and, using the cot as a stretcher, he had Titus carried 17 miles up the mountain to the mission. There God mercifully answered prayer and Titus recovered to return to his outpost.

At Cora Wilson Chapel, where Joseph had built a great work, another was now stationed and Joseph was freed to help Schmelzenbach in the continuous travel from one end of the country to the other. They were together day and night. Joseph grew spiritually from the experience. He told how the Lord taught him the lesson of love through the following shared experience.

Schmelzenbach and he were returning from the fever country on horseback. They had spent several weeks preaching among the villages down there. As they headed up into the mountains, darkness overtook them and then a heavy rain started falling. The trail became slick and they could follow it only by the flashes of lightning. During the previous couple of days Schmelzenbach had suffered some from malaria. Now the chill of the rain brought on a serious attack. The men pushed on several hours, soaked and chilled through by the driving rain, until late that night they saw a kraal ahead. They stopped and asked for a place for them to spend the night. The head of that kraal, however, would have nothing to do with Schmelzenbach, as he was a missionary, and refused to grant them shelter. They stumbled on for an hour until Schmelzenbach felt he could ride no more. They drew their horses into the undergrowth and each, using his horse blanket and saddle, tried to keep warm. Dense mist swirled around and soon a steady, bitterly cold drizzle set in.

For a long time Joseph lay there thinking. He had al-

ways been famous for his fighting ability before his conversion. Then in the police force he had prided himself in the danger of his missions. Now the enemy reminded him of these things and he felt resentment toward the people who had refused his missionary and himself a shelter. He heard Schmelzenbach toss and roll as the fever swept over him. Then sometime in the middle of the night he quieted down a little. Joseph heard him start to pray and he listened as Schmelzenbach prayed on and on for these very people who, in their darkness and superstition, feared to have him enter their homes. As he prayed, Joseph too started to pray. In a short while a new love filled him as he saw his own people still bound by Satan, still lost in darkness.

Dawn crept up over the land blanketed in thick, crawling mist. They could see but one pace at a time as they mounted and started on towards the mission, but seldom was such warmth found in two hearts.

The year before, Lula had received word that her father was critically ill and would not live long. As the war prevented any travel, it was not until now that she wrote the board and requested a furlough. The mission board granted this request at once and sent her the steamship ticket. Try as she would, she was unable to obtain a passage, due to the disorganized conditions following the war. For two years she wrote, during which time she received word that her father had died. Lula had been expecting another child and before it was due she realized that she would have difficulty. Schmelzenbach got her as far as the Peak when she went into labor. Twins were born. They named them James and Kathrine. They were premature and almost immediately James died. He was buried at the new mission hospital at Pigg's Peak. His grave was later lost with the coming and going of many missionaries there. They fought to save Kathrine's life, but a month later she too died. She was buried at Peniel, beside her sister Mildred.

New missionaries now started coming, and within a few months Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Penn, Miss Ora Lovelace, Miss Eva Rixse, and Miss Minnie Martin all reached Africa. This

solved many problems for Schmelzenbach. A proper Bible school could be opened, with Miss Lovelace and Miss Rixse teaching. First, however, came language study for all.

Joseph and he had already crossed the borders of Swaziland. Far to the north in the Transvaal they had surveyed the area around Sabie. They had also travelled eastwards along the Drakensburg Mountains, into the area of Chief Mpisani. Here the people spoke Shangaan and were of several tribes other than Swazi. One evening the two men reached a very large kraal built on a small, rocky hill. As there were hundreds of people around, Schmelzenbach decided to preach before going on. They dismounted and followed the crowd into a high reed enclosure. Here they discovered that they had come into a "smelling out" ceremony being conducted by one of the most powerful and well-known witch doctors in the country. (He was seeking to find the one who was responsible for some evil which had befallen the tribe.)

In the lull that fell when he was spotted, Schmelzenbach decided to take the initiative and preach. The people listened in silence and wonder. The old witch doctor crouched deep in the shadow of one of the huts, his skin blanket drawn up around him. When Schmelzenbach had finished, he and Joseph mounted their horses again, and rode off into the night. That stronghold of the witch doctor was one day to become a Nazarene mission station. A church would stand where the witch doctor had crouched. Where the demon drums had throbbed all night, a bell would ring to guide the people. The hill was called Emnombeleni or, more commonly, Arthurseat.

Schmelzenbach felt that work should be established around the mines at Sabie and missionaries be sent as soon as they became available. These tribes were numerically much larger than the Swazi. Five young men had come from this area to the new Bible school. They spoke all the languages of these people.

To the joy of the African Christians and the missionaries, Brother Shirley and Miss Innis were married. They were assigned to work in the new area at Sabie. Brother Shirley

had a rather extensive printing program going. Back at the Peak, the young hospital now had additional nurses to help with the ever increasing load.

Amid the expansion, Lula received word that the steamship company had granted her booking to the United States. They would not return the money nor cancel the booking. There was nothing to do but take advantage of the passage or lose the money, and so Lula and her four children prepared to leave. Schmelzenbach was not well much of the time now, as he had long fought a running battle with the fever. He made ready the wagon and took the family out over the mountains to the rail center. There they took a train for Johannesburg and finally Cape Town, a thousand miles away.

Schmelzenbach's one great concern was that there was no one to whom he could entrust his family for the voyage. In Cape Town, he scanned the passenger list of the ship they were to go on. His finger stopped at the name of F. T. Fuge! God had once more foreseen his need and faithfully provided. Brother Fuge had been their spiritual father when they first reached Africa. It was in his home that they had been married. Together the family knelt in that cabin and wept as Schmelzenbach placed them in God's hands for the long absence to come. Alone, he watched as the ship drew away from the dock. A dark plume of smoke hovered above it as it swiftly faded into the darkness.

Schmelzenbach returned to Swaziland, determined to do more for Africa than ever before. For weeks at a time he left the station seeking new localities to open work. He and Joseph preached day and night across the land. At Peniel, the Penns, Miss Lovelace, Miss Rixse, and Miss Martin gathered for intensive language study. Periodically he would return for several days to assign new lessons and help them, teach the Bible students, and handle the problems that had arisen. Then he was in the saddle and gone again, deeper into Africa.

Apparently there were some ticklish legal situations to be faced from time to time also. On the twentieth of July,

1922, he received the following letter from the office of the Swazi Nation, Lobamba Royal Kraal:

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst. informing me of the attitude of my messengers at your station.

I am sorry to learn that my messengers caused some disturbance at your home, although you do not acquaint me with the nature of the disturbance you particularly refer to.

I note also that the step you took was to refer the matter to the Magistrate who, in reply to your report, informed or assured you that the girl could not be expected to leave the mission station at my command without his consent. To this point I would lay emphasis that the girl in question was a Swazi by birth and therefore my subject. I fail to see the reason why you should refer me to the Magistrate. If you desire to forward my letter to the Assistant Commissioner you are at liberty to do so. But what I want is that the girl should appear before me to answer in a charge preferred against her by her father, as is stated in my message to her. Should you further protest against my message I shall be reluctantly compelled to institute legal proceedings against you . . .

Awaiting the arrival of the girl accompanied by my messengers,

I remain,
Yours faithfully,

This letter was signed on behalf of the king of Swaziland, Sobhuza II.

Thus the battle to establish the legal rights of the Christians went on, but at least matters such as the one above could obtain a fair hearing. These girls could no longer be forced into a heathen marriage. Nonetheless, it was no small pressure that had been brought to bear upon Schmelzenbach through the years while he was seeking to win this concession. Almost every Christian who was won needed his personal help and advice along these lines.

None of the missionaries knew when he decided to go to Pretoria. It was just another of his trips. But God had laid a very strange desire on his heart and he was obedient to the

leading of the Spirit. Alone, he set out from Swaziland to the west and, after many days of travel, reached Pretoria, deep in the Transvaal. Pretoria was the capital of South Africa and the British Government worked closely through its offices here with all of southern Africa.

Here Schmelzenbach spent several days visiting government offices and officially registering the Church of the Nazarene with both the South African and British governments. Then having done this, he mounted his horse and headed back through the bush to Swaziland. He did not know that he had just paved the way for the march of the Church of the Nazarene into all the British colonies as far north as the equator, and the eventual establishment of the European work to come long after his passing. His vision was of a church far larger than he would ever see.

Back home, he was thrilled again and again by the courage of his pastors. Many had now faced death and had not wavered. Joseph was attacked while in the pulpit preaching. He somehow managed to disarm one of the five men that had charged into the service bent on killing him. With a skill long dormant, he swung into action and, amid the startled cries of the women and children, he swept the short fighting stick around him. Within seconds the fight was over. The warriors were lying flat on the ground, tripped and disarmed. Five razor-sharp spears were in Joseph's hands. The men had to remain throughout the service in order to regain their valuable weapons. Joseph did not spare them in his preaching!

Schmelzenbach galloped through the night to reach a small outstation pastored by Samuel. He had felt that something was wrong and without hesitation had gone out to see if the pastor was in trouble. He arrived just in time to prevent the local chief and his men from burning down the church and killing the pastor. The chief had forbidden Samuel to ring his church bell or to blow his trumpet to call the people in, but he had ignored them. Years later Schmelzenbach summed up his feelings towards his pastors in the following letter written from Pigg's Peak:

Now back to the native worker. You ask after the Camps have closed, "Do they stand true and are they to be trusted?" I have worked among them for eighteen years and my soul fairly burns within me as I say that more of them are *Pure Gold*. Space does not allow further comment; however, I am sure that if a twentieth century Bible was to be written, God would give a number of the Native Workers mention as he has Daniel, Joseph and the Three Hebrew Children. And then I somehow believe the Master would permit someone to end up the words of the Apostle, in the 11th chapter of Hebrews: "And what more shall I say, for the time would fail me to tell of Rhodah, who was tied to the post and whipped in the cattle kraal; and Nkambule, who was whipped and dragged to a heathen man, who with courage stood before the Magistrate with bleeding wounds and pled her cause, assuring them that she could not break her faith in God; and of the boy Samuel who in the face of heathendom clenched his teeth and refused to partake of meat offered to idols, choosing rather to suffer cruel treatment; and of Joseph, how he escaped the edge of the spear and violent beatings with native clubs while preaching and turned to flight the armies of the heathen. And of many others who chose to be beaten and cruelly treated and driven off from their homes rather than recant; having their clothes burned, hiding in the mountains and sleeping in the deep grass in the veldt until they could make their way to the mission station. Also of women who were barren receiving children through prayer, refusing to partake of witchcraft. Some of these have passed on already, having died in the Faith, and saying with their last breath, that the promises hold good; and others are still living witnesses to the power of God.

One by one they stood the test and came through with flying colors. Schmelzenbach was often to recall the remarks made by those first advisors when he was on his way into Swaziland, that no Swazi had ever been known to remain true. The power of the blood of Christ was just the same in the lives of these people as in those of more civilized ones.

The native workers so trusted Schmelzenbach that they would follow him anywhere. Joseph and James both tell how, on their way down to an outstation with him, they reached a deep crossing on the Komati River. On a sandbank they saw

a very large crocodile. Schmelzenbach told them to pray as he swam the saddle animals through. The two preachers followed fearlessly and all reached the bank safely and continued on to the church. Another time, during the flood season, Joseph saved Schmelzenbach's life when he was swept off his horse and narrowly escaped drowning.

Not long after this incident, the missionary was returning from the bushveld on horseback with Joseph and reached the Komati River again. Schmelzenbach led his horse into the river, first throwing the stirrups across the saddle, so that they would not entangle its legs when swimming. He held on to the bridle as they swam across. Just as they neared the opposite bank, which was very steep, the horse suddenly plunged and reared, nearly striking Schmelzenbach with his forefeet. It seemed unable to swim further. Schmelzenbach immediately suspected that a crocodile had attacked it. He released the rein he was holding on to and, freeing his sheath knife, he circled the struggling animal. At the left hind leg, he felt the crocodile. It had grasped the animal fairly high and was clinging to it relentlessly while the horse slowly wore itself out. Taking a deep breath, Schmelzenbach plunged under the surface and running his hand along the side of the crocodile, located the left foreleg. Here in the soft spot, just behind the leg, he plunged the knife in as far as it would go. The crocodile, mortally wounded, immediately relaxed its grip on the horse and, flinging itself about, snapping its jaws, it was swept away by the current.

Schmelzenbach quieted the plunging horse and swam it out. Its left leg had been badly mauled, but not broken. They continued on foot up the mountain, 17 miles to the mission, slowly leading the injured animal. The horse recovered, but always bore great white scars across that leg.

The Africans referred to Joseph as Schmelzenbach's shadow. As they worked together, Joseph did indeed adopt many of his companion's gestures and mannerisms. Particularly when he preached could one see the similarity.

During Lula's absence in the United States, Schmelzen-

bach had an experience that radically changed the course of his life. He was riding his horse down the trail into the fever country. Ahead lay the bushveld, as hot as an oven. He was lonely and homesick for his wife and children. To fight the loneliness he started praying and soon was heavily burdened for the souls lost in the valley below. Then he seemed to see a great crowd of Swazis coming towards him. They were shuffling slowly towards the Judgment. Among them were their chiefs, and he recognized them as they drew near. Then from their midst stepped a chief and, pointing his finger at Schmelzenbach, he called, "Schmelzenbach, it is your fault that we are still in heathen darkness. You have loved your home and ease and have failed to bring us the light." At once Schmelzenbach began to defend himself, but one after another they cried out as they went past, "What must we say when we meet your God?" At last they were gone, and the horse had brought him to the banks of the Komati River. In the days that followed, Schmelzenbach made a covenant with God, "Just give me time enough to put one church in each chief's area here in the fever country." With that he felt that his obligation would be fulfilled, his work done. He spent that entire year in the bushveld, preaching continuously. One by one, the outstation churches were planted.

At council that year he told the small group of missionaries what he had seen and felt. He said that one day he had met a certain white man who asked him, "Schmelzenbach, is it true that you are spending most of your time down in the bushveld this summer?"

"Yes," he answered. "It is true."

"The man became angry and said I was a fool. He asked me if I did not think more of my wife and children than to do such a fool trick." Schmelzenbach answered him, "I have found a rich mine of black diamonds and am digging for them." Before Schmelzenbach closed his message, the missionaries were in tears and each was on his knees renewing his own consecration to God and the lost souls of Africa. They well knew that to reach these people would no doubt cost some of them their lives.

Lula returned just prior to council and found several new missionaries. As fast as the board sent them, Schmelzenbach had new places for them to fill. Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Jenkins had arrived. Miss Minerva Marshall and Miss Louise Robinson had also come. Miss Marshall was sent out to teach the missionaries' children, and in the next few years she applied herself to that frustrating task. The youngsters could speak almost no English, and in habit were pure Swazi. Before this time, they had been sent out to a mission school, hundreds of miles away in southern Natal, but this adjustment had proved too great and they had returned. Then the trip to the United States had helped some, although many Americans must have wondered at the four small, barefoot children, dressed in homemade clothes and clicking away in some strange language to one another. During this year, three weeks after their arrival in the States, Dorothy, the fifth child to live, was born in the safety of American medical care. The brother of E. Stanley Jones was the family doctor.

Mrs. Jenkins had been particularly glad to see Lula, as she had still not learned how Schmelzenbach cooked without eggs, butter, milk, or much else she considered essential. When she asked him, he merely shrugged and replied, "You'll learn."

Brother Jenkins was already in the saddle travelling with him everywhere. The language, however, was a great trial to him and he was often teased by Schmelzenbach for confusing his "in" and "out," particularly when he testified as to how glad he was that Jesus had gone "out" of his heart. Between them grew a deep bond of friendship that Brother Jenkins, at the end of his life, would describe as a "David and Jonathan" friendship.

Up in the Transvaal the work was swiftly growing and it became necessary to think about moving the mission station. Forestry had surrounded the town where the Shirleys lived, and the Africans were 15 miles away on reserve land. Miss Robinson was sent up to work with them. In the next few years others were to come here—Miss Martin, Miss Rixse, and Miss Cretors. Outstations sprang up on every side. The

property in town was sold and the mission was relocated 15 miles out of town at Bethel.

During April, Schmelzenbach became seriously ill again, while conducting a workers' meeting at Sabie. This time he had picked up typhoid along with the ever present malaria. For three months his life hung in the balance.

Lula left the children in the care of the Jenkinses and travelled to Sabie to take care of him. Once more word was sent out and the African church fell to its knees in prayer. Chain prayer meetings were formed. At the end of three months Schmelzenbach started to recover and they felt he was strong enough to be moved home. He was taken by train from Sabie to Barberton, which was the closest point to Peniel.

Twenty-four of his pastors marched over the mountains, 45 miles, to meet the train. They must have caused quite a stir on the platform of that little gold mining town as they gathered around the door of his coach, singing hymns. They had made a stretcher and gently they placed him on it. Then they swung it to their shoulders and started for Swaziland. The Barberton Mountains rise abruptly thousands of feet, so steep that hands must be used to climb much of the way. Eight at a time, the men carried their beloved missionary helping one another up and up, keeping the stretcher level and trying not to bump or jar it.

Eventually they reached Halfway House, and there they paused briefly to rest. Then they resumed their journey over the broken country towards Peniel. The churches along the way met them with food and encouragement. Singing together, they marched down past the police camp at Pigg's Peak and on, until at last they reached home. As they marched, Schmelzenbach must have remembered a similar group of men that had marched this same trail years before, their spears in their hands, on their way to the queen to request his life. Some of these same men had marched in both groups.

By the grace of God, Schmelzenbach recovered and was up and around visiting the churches within a few months.

The malaria, however, had been a very severe type known as blackwater fever. It caused internal hemorrhage and seldom did one recover from it. Permanent internal physical damage was inevitable.

Schmelzenbach was now well-known in all of northern Swaziland and virtually everyone had seen or heard him. Each year he and Joseph visited the royal kraal several times, and Schmelzenbach always found some way to leave a message. On many occasions he was asked to preach and he did so fearlessly. He now knew the language and customs flawlessly, and the workers of royal blood coached him on court etiquette.

He received a message from the queen mother about this time and he and Joseph hurried across the mountains to appear. She had assembled the counselors and headmen and he was called before this large group. After some polite discussion, the queen stood up and said, "Sebhaha, the land is now yours. You need no longer come to ask permission to establish a church. If the local chief consents, you may build where you desire."

The land was his! From the lips of the one who had sworn no missionary would ever settle in her land again, he was now given the gift of freedom.

Now was no time for slowing down. In the Johannesburg area, 200 miles away, a young couple had been building an independent holiness work. It was mostly among the Shangaan men from Portuguese East Africa, who had gone there to work in the gold mines. These missionaries were Rev. and Mrs. I. O. Lehmen, formerly affiliated with the South African Compound Mission. This couple asked to join the Church of the Nazarene. Schmelzenbach traveled throughout their work and on his recommendation it became a Nazarene mission. The Lehmens were left in the Johannesburg area to carry on, but many of their converts had returned home to Portuguese East Africa. This had resulted in the opening of a small work about 120 miles north of Lourenco Marques.

To visit this isolated station involved hundreds of miles of travel through low-lying swamp along the coast, or a trip

by coastal steamer up the Limpopo River. A young couple by the name of Sywulks and two single ladies, Miss Tallackson and Miss Pfankuchen, were working for the Lehmans there. All but Miss Tallackson had been forced to leave following the war because of their nationality.

During the missionary council of 1922, the Jenkinses were asked to go to this remote, fever-ridden area. After much prayer, they consented. Prior to this, Jenkins had accompanied Schmelzenbach on an exploratory trip to open a station at Stegi, a border post on the main wagon trail from the Portuguese East Africa coast through the center of Swaziland.

They had found a good site just out of town, and had returned several times that year. They built a brick and iron house. The Janzens were sent there as soon as they could move in. Brother Janzen obtained a motorcycle with sidecar and did much of his outstation work using it. About 12 months later they were transferred to Nomahasha on the border of Portuguese East Africa to found a mission station, but this never materialized.

Miss Myrtle Pelley worked at Stegi. She was a registered nurse and started building a medical center for the people there.

Brother Janzen was mechanically minded and bought the first car owned by the African missionaries. It was an old, secondhand Model-T Ford. Often Miss Pelley would call on him to transport a desperate case to Mbabane, some 75 miles away, where the only two doctors in Swaziland lived. They were Dr. Gibson and Dr. Jamison and they assisted our missionary nurses and personnel greatly.

During this year, 1922, Dr. West arrived to become the first doctor sent out to Africa by the church. It was a thrilling day indeed when he took over the medical work and moved into the small hospital at Pigg's Peak. Although the responsibility of this phase of the work was now lifted from Schmelzenbach's shoulders, it was never lifted from his heart. He was always moved with compassion by the pitiful cases of need that were encountered every day.

Schmelzenbach had been told by the doctor that it was imperative that he take time off to rest. He decided that he might be able to work two things at once, so he made arrangements with his workers to spend 10 days down in the bushveld with him that winter. This preachers' retreat, which became an annual event, was to be the only holiday Schmelzenbach ever knew and it served to weld the native workers together as nothing else ever had. They built a camp in wild country and would hunt and have services day after day. Many problems were ironed out among them by group discussions around the glowing embers at night. They listened in silence as the missionary taught them. All their lives they were to remember those few retreats together with him.

Schmelzenbach's accuracy with a rifle was legend. At Pigg's Peak the police sponsored a social get-together each year with shooting matches as part of the event. The national workers yelled with delight as Schmelzenbach outshot the rest, year after year. He was often able to obtain a handful of extra cartridges above the usual appropriation from the commissioner as a special favor for some chief. This won him their favor and gratitude.

Schmelzenbach seldom missed an opportunity to tease, and spiced his short sermons with a good deal of humor. The people loved it and would take almost any kind of lesson or scolding provided they could laugh.

On riding into the mission station with Miss Pelley, Miss Carpenter, and Miss Cretors, all just arriving from the United States, he introduced them by saying that they were by far the best-looking group ever to come out. This was particularly funny, as they were so tired and dirty from two full days in the saddle that they couldn't even dismount without assistance. These poor ladies spent several days in bed, and were limping around even after that.

In teasing Lula one day, among a group of these missionaries, he said, "You had better be nice to these ladies. You never know which one will replace you after you're gone." There he stood, weak and gaunt with the fever, one jump ahead of death himself, and it was too much for Lula.

She burst into tears. He wrapped his arms around her, apologizing over and over, little realizing what was so apparent to all the rest. Her tears were for him.

During the next year, another baby girl was born into the Schmelzenbach family. They named her Naomi Faith and she too survived.

The Schmelzenbachs had never changed their practice of exercising the strictest economy, and the comforts of that small home were few. Schmelzenbach had made a bookcase for Lula one Christmas, from planks of native African wood. Other than that, their furniture remained almost unchanged. Lula made all the family clothes on a small, hand-turned Singer sewing machine. Their salaries were always used in the light of the needs of the work; they lived on whatever balance might remain.

To the younger missionaries, Schmelzenbach was very much a father and advisor. They were challenged by his example to make their lives as effective as his, and they practiced the same economy. He could be very firm when the occasion required it. His problems now were not confined to the African church but also encompassed the missionary corps. On several occasions he was forced to return personnel that proved unsuitable.

It was always difficult for him to understand someone who did not feel as he did about missionary work, and his patience was sorely taxed by anyone showing earthly ambition. The messages he brought to the growing family of missionaries proved to be stepping-stones they used in years to come. He spoke once on "A Leap in the Dark," and Miss Pelley recorded that they were set on fire for God that day. Many took that leap as time passed!

Chapter 7

They Perish in the Darkness

THE WAGON was loaded with the camping equipment and all the pastors had arrived. Schmelzenbach on foot cracked the whip and the caravan rumbled down the drive towards the bushveld. They were on their way to the annual preachers' retreat. The following day, as they travelled along the banks of the Komati River, they noticed great piles of driftwood which had been deposited high in the treetops and against rocks far up the banks. They commented in amazement at the size of the flood that had done this.

Late that afternoon the wagon bogged down and they struggled until nearly dark to free it. Because of the delay they pushed on into the night to make up time. Finally seeing a light ahead, they came upon the home of a bachelor farmer who provided them shelter for the night. The man was overjoyed to be able to visit with another white man, for rarely did one pass that way.

The following morning, as the two men talked, Schmelzenbach happened to mention the driftwood and the enormous flood that must have brought it down. Immediately he saw that he had turned a dark page in the memory of the old farmer. For some moments he sat there silently, then

finally arose and walked over to the doorway. He pushed aside the burlap curtain and stood staring down into the valley. Schmelzenbach walked over beside him.

The old man lifted his hand, and pointing down below, he said, "Do you see where the river sweeps around the bend there? Well, in those fertile flats there was a large village with hundreds of inhabitants—an entire clan. Generations ago their forefathers had settled there when they discovered that the silt was very fertile and would grow crops when everywhere else they failed. Across the years they dug irrigation ditches and eventually became the most prosperous people in the land.

"Then, two years ago, the great drought came and no rain fell all year. The river ceased to flow and finally became only a string of green, crocodile-infested pools. The people opened their ditches to irrigate their land, but no water came.

"Then one day we saw the clouds start to climb high over the mountains. Our eyes watered as we stood under a bronze sun, gazing toward those distant clouds. The 'dust devils' (small whirlwinds) danced across the gardens, throwing up columns of white corn leaves high above us. We saw the flashes of lightning and knew that the rain would come soon. It did, and lasted for many days. The river not only began to flow again, but became dangerously high.

"Then one night a fresh storm broke with savage fury. Hail and rain swept down in torrents. Animals were killed and leaves were stripped from the trees. For hours the rain lashed the land in a never ending curtain. The people down there did not fear the river, for they could always retreat to the higher ground behind them. But with a great rumbling of the earth, the river suddenly roared down upon them, sweeping everything before it.

"Missionary, by the flashes of lightning, I saw the people begin to flee as the river swept across their fields and into their village. But, too late, they found that the river had taken an old course and their escape was cut off. I heard them shout and scream as they climbed on top of their houses and into the trees to try to escape the rising waters. I saw the

river sweep down in one roaring wave after another. Beneath the surface was the rumble of huge boulders crashing against each other.

"Amid the pouring rain I stood alone on the bank down there and tried to shout back for them to hold on until dawn. But the dawn, for them, never came. The storm never slowed and the rising river forced me to retreat higher and higher up the bank, slipping and crawling in the mud and rain. The voices grew hoarse and cracked, and, as the night wore on they became fewer and fewer, till at last no more were heard.

"At dawn the trees stood brown and naked as the receding torrent swept past. Missionary, they were gone! Nothing but red water! Gone! *Gone!* The entire village swept away."

The grim and tragic story etched itself deeply into Schmelzenbach's mind, and thereafter he could never thrust it from his memory. For what he had heard and seen was a vision of a great river of sin and superstition sweeping countless souls on into eternity. In his ears he heard them cry in the night. He saw himself and the few others on the banks of that flood trying to call, above the roar of darkness, for them to hold on till dawn. Desperately they were trying to build a fire to send hope, but the rain of sin soaked the wood. And along the banks, great rafts of driftwood, the driftwood of superstition, thrust back their small rescue craft. They needed more oarsmen to man the oars and others on the banks to hold the ropes.

Such an impact did this vision make upon him that he was to recall every detail of it as he stood before the General Assembly in 1928, and called out, "They cry in the night! They perish in the darkness!" Many a young person was to leap forward that day and grab the oars while the entire Church of the Nazarene dug their feet into those banks and held the ropes in response to his impassioned cry.

In those days of expansion on every side, Schmelzenbach was to suffer yet another tragedy. Charles Kent, named after Charles Jenkins, was born and developed rickets from the poor diet. When he was 18 months old he died. Schmelzen-

bach dug the grave and made the small box to hold the body of his fourth child Africa had claimed.

A few months later, with a broken heart, he made the decision to send the three oldest children back to the United States for their education. They had traveled one day toward the railroad and were far down the trail when they heard a shout. Running up behind them came Joseph, who had been away from the station when they left. They stopped the horses as he came up alongside the wagon. Clasping the hands of Elmer and David, 14 and 17 years old, he pleaded, "You're coming back again someday? God has told me that He has called you and you must return!" They knelt together on the mountainside—Schmelzenbach, Joseph, and the children—and settled it forever. Elmer and David promised to return.

Schmelzenbach was able to obtain a small grant of 30 acres on the central west side of Swaziland in the area of Chief Manzini. He planned to move the hospital here and establish a mission station. It was centrally located for all of Swaziland and lay just up the hill from a small trading center called Bremersdorp (now Manzini).

Dr. West was American-trained, and was thus unable to obtain recognition under the British government. He had tried for two years but the door was firmly shut. The mission board felt that he should therefore return for stationing on another field. If the medical work was to survive, a British-trained doctor would have to be found. God's timing was again perfect and, in 1925, just such a man was ready. Dr. David Hynd and his wife with their small children answered God's call and were sent to the field, coming straight from completion of his medical preparation. When they reached Swaziland, Schmelzenbach had not yet had time to complete their home for them and so they spent some time at Stegi. The enemy was well aware of the value of this young man to the work and within days he contracted typhoid and nearly died. The prayers of the African church and of the missionaries, however, were again effectual and he eventually was able to go back and do the work of building up a hospital

complex on the new station. His young arms were of great help as he carried his part of the load.

The veteran missionary, Schmelzenbach, made a deep impression on the new doctor, who was to travel many weary miles to minister to the older man's physical needs. A few years later at the end of Schmelzenbach's life, Hynd wrote in the *Holiness Herald* of England, "In the heart of this shepherd there was an abounding love that broke down opposition, an indomitable courage that knew not discouragement, the spirit that laughs at impossibilities and says, 'It shall be done,' a perseverance that outlasted the life of the greatest obstacles, and a transparency of purpose that was evident to the most suspicious of men."

New missionaries were now coming almost every year and the gaps in the work could be filled. Mrs. Marshall had translated enough hymns and songs to make up a small hymnbook, and Brother Shirley was able to print it. He was also printing a paper for Brother Jenkins in Shangaan several times a year. Every phase of the work was developing together. Miss Robinson had a gift of language and was operating a girls' school where many who were persecuted could find refuge.

On October 3, 1925, Schmelzenbach wrote to his children at Nampa, Idaho. Once more he reminded them of their commitment to God. He urged them to guard their souls closely and to work hard in preparation for their return. The letter was typically written—the first sentence in English, the rest in Swazi. He informed Ruth that her cow had had a calf, and David that his would soon calve. "Milk is plentiful," he said. Then he ended the letter with these words written in Swazi: "Keep true to your calling always, and return so as to win for yourselves white raiment in heaven. It is I, your father, who writes. Sibhaha."

Then came the clouds again. In 1926, Schmelzenbach was notified that because of the financial crisis in America, funds would have to be cut. At least six missionaries would have to return and the support of the pastors and native workers would be greatly reduced. Across the field he ex-

plained to the workers what was about to happen. The missionaries listened quietly and then, in a move that must have thrilled him, they cut back their own individual support so that not one would have to leave.

Together this dedicated band stood through those hard times. What they lacked physically, God made up to them spiritually. Across the field, workers and missionaries formed two-hour prayer bands to plead for the work in Africa. Revival broke out. During that year, greater advances were made than in any other year up to that time. More raw heathen were saved. From January until November, Schmelzenbach organized 14 new churches in church buildings most of which were built from native funds. Between July and November, 135 Christians were baptized. How the problems of the battle seemed to fade in the light of the victories!

The work had long ago leaped the borders of Swaziland and now, in ever expanding circles, was sweeping outward. To the east, along the Indian Ocean, Schmelzenbach travelled with Brother Jenkins from church to church and preachers' meeting to preachers' meeting. The work here in Portuguese East Africa was growing very swiftly. To the west and north across the Eastern Transvaal, home of half a million people, churches were being planted. Each year the pastors and some of their people would set out on foot to travel many days in wild country,, in order to attend the assembly at Peniel. Further west, services were now conducted every night and every day among the Africans working in the gold mines, mostly in the vicinity of Johannesburg.

Schmelzenbach was not one to try to hold to tradition for the sake of tradition. It was just as well, for with a continual flow of new missionaries there were many new ideas proposed. If they would not harm the work, he let them be tried out. Some worked, some didn't. For a short while, for example, a distinctive type of hat was worn by the Christian women, but soon the danger of spiritual pride in this was evident and it was discontinued.

No missionary established any church law. This was left entirely in the hands of the Africans for they alone were

aware of all the implications, and would, in any case, have to enforce such laws. No missionary was given a church to pastor, for this would never develop an indigenous church. Furthermore, Schmelzenbach was not dictatorial. He often made decisions but not necessarily those that pleased him.

Dr. Hynd summed it up in a letter written to England after Schmelzenbach's death in 1929. He said: "He believed in his mission. He believed that God had sent him and he knew that God would see him through. There was some indescribable something about the man that commanded attention. It was not learning, for he professed none, but there was an innate intuition which perceived the truth, or devised the proper plan, without much reasoning or analysis. It was seldom that his decisions could not be relied upon."

During 1926, he was able to purchase a car in which to make some of the long trips. It was a "Whippet Overland" and across the spare tire was the picture of a racing dog. This being one of only three cars in the entire area, he knew all would notice it. So he promptly painted over the dog, and around the spare tire cover wrote, "*Pendukani,*" or, "Repent Ye." The Africans soon learned what this meant.

The problem of using the car now faced him. The government had been unable even to cut a wagon road from the river up past the mission, so a car road was unthinkable. Schmelzenbach decided to do it himself, and after many months, working on and off, he built the road that has been in use ever since. At the river there was no bridge, and the Whippet could not be submerged, as were the wagons. He gathered logs and empty oil drums and was able to put together a very passable ferry for cars. Civilization was now here. Roads that the wagons had followed were improved a little and with the car he was able to cover much more ground than before. It it rained, however, then the horse came out, and in most of the country and to almost all the churches it was still the usual means of travel.

Chapter 8

Let Me Die Among My People

MRS. S. N. FITKIN and Mrs. Paul Bresee were the special visitors to the missionary council meeting in 1927. Schmelzenbach had gone out by car to the railhead at Breyton, west of Swaziland, to meet them. Dr. Hynd, who also owned a car, had likewise come to pick up some of the visitors on the way to the dedication of the new Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital.

Schmelzenbach had planned to travel part of the way that night and them complete the trip the following morning in time for the welcoming reception, as he thought his guests would probably be too tired to go straight through. He was wrong. They were so excited that they urged him to go on. They covered the 110 miles of trail in seven hours and reached Mbabane a little after midnight. Here Dr. Hynd and his load passed them and went on ahead to tell missionaries and workers at Bremersdorp that the visitors were right behind. An hour later Schmelzenbach started on, and as they came around the side of the mountain and looked down on the mission in the moonlight, what a surprise they received! The

lamps were all lit and stretching from the mission gates to the hospital were solid lines of sleepy Christians and missionaries all singing. Speeches were made and then a couple of hours of sleep were snatched before early morning prayers and the regular council sessions.

Mrs. Fitkin was amazed at what she saw on her visit. For one thing, Dr. Hynd had erected a hospital, in every sense of the word, all in two years. Then, when 70 girls came walking in from Peniel, carrying clothing and food, and having slept two nights en route, she was speechless.

Near the close of the council meeting she told them about the Women's Missionary Society. She enrolled all 26 missionaries, both men and women, on the spot. The fact is that Schmelzenbach had taught prayer and fasting as a regular feature of the entire African church membership from the beginning.

The government and many churches sent representatives for the dedication ceremonies of the hospital and new church. It was a memorable event.

In the few days that these two ladies travelled with Schmelzenbach, they saw the Swazi as few had. These once warlike people now welcomed them with open arms. Mrs. Fitkin was named *Unobantu* meaning "Mother of the People." Day after day was spent testifying, preaching, and weeping. The visitors saw the African church members bring in their camp meeting offerings at Peniel and could hardly contain themselves. It was sufficient to pay for the entire camp expense—$125.

When the women left Africa, they were not to forget. Missions had taken on a new dimension to even these great missionary-minded warriors. The grass and cornstalk tabernacles, the plain African food on the missionaries' tables, all inspired them upon their return to challenge the hearts of the people of God at home. In Africa the missionary society spread swiftly across the entire field.

Schmelzenbach came down again with blackwater fever and once more his life hung in the balance. The massive doses of quinine had left him slightly deaf. For days he slipped in

and out of delirium and consciousness. Then with the prayers of the church behind him, he again recovered.

He was now 45 years old. The tropical sun had burned his skin a dark brown and the fever had robbed him of all excess weight. His face was creased by deep lines. When well, he could walk for days without tiring. He begrudged the time lost when the fever laid him low. As soon as he could move, his wife would have her hands full trying to keep him home. He had gone through a long list of horses and saddles. His saddlebag was polished black from constant use. He realized that his earthly journey was nearing its close and sometimes spoke of all that was still left to be done.

He had always been a man of prayer. He prayed while walking and as he sat in the saddle travelling many a weary mile. The African preachers were deeply impressed by the way in which he prayed. Joseph said, "He never shouted or raised his voice; he just talked like we are. He always told us, 'God hears. He is not Baal.'" He had long ago learned the secret of drawing on divine strength.

As the General Assembly of 1928 approached, the board wrote and asked him to return to the United States for furlough. He was not happy about doing this, for several reasons. In the first place, there was not one spare moment without demands on his time. The work had greatly expanded in these past years, but there were still many areas to be explored and opened. Then too, he felt that his leaving would place a double load on someone left behind who would have to shoulder his share of the work. Furthermore, deep inside him he knew his own physical condition and was afraid of what might happen when the church leaders at home found out about it.

One day in February, his blood pressure rose so high that an internal hemorrhage started which came close to costing him his life. He begged his fellow workers not to concern the board with this incident, but they finally persuaded him to let them write. When the board learned this, they decided to cable him saying that he must return immediately.

In the United States there were many who wished to see

and hear, in person, their missionary for whom they had prayed so long. In the spring of 1928, when he received the cable ordering him to return, he obeyed immediately. The ship voyage did him much good and his strength was somewhat renewed by the time he arrived. For the first time he met Lula's family and relatives in Baltimore.

He then spent several months conducting services in centers across the nation. Everywhere the people received him with open arms. His messages were not as graphic as those that Lula gave, but they came from the depths of his spirit, pleading for the lost of Africa. The spirit of those messages left few people unmoved. Dr. Chapman wrote in the *Herald of Holiness* of June 12, 1929, of his own impressions by saying, "And in his presence one always felt that what he had thought and said about missions deserved no mention except to apologize."

Both the spiritual and physical effort of those meetings left Schmelzenbach exhausted. However, he kept on preaching as best he could. When he reached Northwest Nazarene College at Nampa, Idaho, and saw his children again he was overjoyed. He took Elmer and his girl friend out to eat. As they talked he dropped a word here and there in Swazi, teasing Elmer about her. She didn't realize why he had such a twinkle in his eye.

He had never been able to help his boys financially and this was of deep concern to him. But they worked in the harvest fields and held other jobs, and since their early life had accustomed them to difficult times, they had gotten along satisfactorily. They were preaching and holding revivals in the area also and this gave their father great comfort. Elmer was definite in his call, David less sure.

He went from Nampa back to the General Assembly, which was to be held in Columbus, Ohio. He travelled almost entirely by train now, as the vibration of automobile travel caused him extreme physical pain. He was used to lonely trails and cold nights under the stars, but here in these great crowds he felt the familiar presence of his Christ too. The

singing of those thousands of holiness people both blessed and impressed him.

The church leaders had sent Schmelzenbach to the best medical clinics available. The report they received was always the same: "This man will not live long." Finally they decided to break the news to him that they felt that they could not return him to Africa. J. G. Morrison, who was the general missionary secretary, was assigned the task. With a heavy heart he called Schmelzenbach aside and told him their decision. H. B. Garvin, pastor at Champaign, Ill., at the time, wrote of that meeting: "Schmelzenbach wept on his shoulder and pled to be sent back to Africa to die among the people he loved. Dr. Morrison was so moved that he told Schmelzenbach he would go back, if he, Dr. Morrison, had to personally raise the money."

Uncle Bud Robinson, sensing a kindred spirit, spent much time during the assembly talking to him. The church had asked him to speak to the assembly and he did so. In a bulletin issued by the board at the time of his passing, that service was described as follows:

> When he mounted the platform, it became evident that the fire of the veteran's spirit was undimmed. With arms outstretched and a world of pathos in his voice, the great-souled missionary pled for Africa—Dark Africa. All the wealth of his passionate love for the lost in that dark land was poured forth in eloquent and rapid utterance which left a profound impression upon his audience.

He told of the flood and those who were swept away in the night. Then he ended by saying that out there in the darkness of Africa's night a few lighthouses had been built by the church along the banks of that roaring river. He named the mission stations one by one and the days necessary to ride between each. He told of the missionaries fighting alone to reach a few souls as they were swept past, of the lack of men to man the oars, of the driftwood of sin and superstition, and of the ropes that must be held. Among those that listened in rapt silence were many who rose immediately to man the oars. Carl and Velma Mischke were among those

who, that day, saw the Master point to Africa. As pastors and laymen returned to their work across the nation, they were to remember Schmelzenbach's voice as he called, "They cry in the night; they perish in the darkness."

The pledges and promises for support rolled in from God's people and, greatly encouraged, he sailed again for Africa. At last the churches could be built, particularly in Portuguese East Africa, where the survival of the work depended upon establishing permanent buildings quickly to meet government demands.

The Schmelzenbachs reached Peniel in December, just before Christmas. The Africans were there to welcome them home, overjoyed at their return. Schmelzenbach had been gone only seven months, but those seven months had been hard ones and his strength was gone. He tried to throw himself into the work as before, but was too weak to do so.

During January he set out to visit all his African pastors. Many could be reached only on foot. Others were close to roads and trails. He heard that Solomon was lying at home severely injured. When Schmelzenbach had left for the States he had given him a riding mule to help him carry on his work. On a steep mountain slope the mule had shied and bolted. Solomon's foot caught in the stirrup and he was picked up the next day unconscious on the mountainside. The missionaries had done all they could for him at the mission station. Schmelzenbach set out to visit him. When he saw the poor condition he was in, he carried him four miles to the trail, where he had left his car. From there he drove him 110 miles to the hospital and placed him in Dr. Hynd's care. He was to remain there two years. His wife, Martha, carried on as pastor alone.

In February and March he made some business trips and conducted five revival meetings in as many outstations, all within six weeks. But he had overestimated his strength. To top it off, the sad cablegram from the board reached him: "No building funds for Africa." The bitter disappointment, following closely on the fair promises showered on him in the States, was too much. The crying needs of the field rent his

soul. The work in Portuguese East Africa would be lost unless those funds were sent. His heart was broken.

Schmelzenbach's strength was so far gone that his messages were now very short. In one service he fell unconscious while trying to preach and was carried home. He sometimes was forced to finish speaking while sitting in a chair.

On the twenty-seventh of March, he planned to start out for Sabie, over the Barberton Mountains, where a quarterly meeting had been planned. He was unable to rise.

On April 12, he gave his last public message. It lasted about 20 minutes. One evening that week he called Brother Jenkins to him and, supported by his young shoulder, they made their way a short distance up the hill behind the mission. As dusk fell, they sat looking out over the bushveld and talking. God had been good. Down there in the fever country churches had been planted. Across all of southern Africa the work was now sweeping on. There were seven main mission stations and 24 young, strong missionaries to carry on the work. He had seen the establishing of 140 African preachers. He had knelt to pray with most of the more than 3,000 African Christians. To the east lay the new hospital, to the south the new Bible school, to the north the growing work in the Transvaal. In the gold mines of Johannesburg there were now 251 full members of the church. There were 593 members over in Portuguese East Africa and day schools everywhere. Four great camp meetings were now held annually. Every phase of the work had been launched and all were growing. From those small pledges at Peniel, the work now required $30,000 a year to operate.

Finally Schmelzenbach said, "God has given us the best missionaries in the church for Africa." There was a bond of love between him and his workers, both black and white, that does not always exist between a leader and those under him. In all the 19 years he had served as superintendent he had never had one vote cast against him.

He then told Brother Jenkins that he was going to write and recommend that the board appoint him as field superintendent and that he must carry on when he was gone. The

younger missionary wept and said he should not write, but that night the letter was written. The next dawn a runner set out to mail it at the Peak. In it he said to Dr. Morrison, "I hope to do all I can as long as I am able, and when no longer able, I shall ask the missionaries to place me at the crossroads, where I can speak for Jesus until my last hour."

By Friday, the seventeenth of May, the suffering had become intense. He was very weak and was helped out under the tree in front of the house. Here he spoke to the Africans that gathered around. Then he collapsed and passed in and out of consciousness during the next 48 hours. Seeing his lips move and hearing him whisper on Sunday morning, the missionaries leaned forward and caught the words, "Oh, He is coming! He is coming! Bless His name! The journey is a short one!"

During one of his conscious moments on Saturday, he had asked where Joseph was. "I want him to *pelekezela* me," meaning in Swazi that he wanted him to walk a short way with him as he left on his journey. Joseph was far down in the bushveld, 35 miles away, holding a revival with Miss Robinson. A saddle mule was made ready and a boy was sent to call him. He reached the outstation at dusk, and as he galloped up shouted, "Joseph, Sibhaha is dying and he calls you."

Joseph leaped across the cooking pots, dropping his plate of food, as he ran for the mule. The animal was already exhausted, however, and so, calling out to Miss Robinson, who was at a nearby hut, he vanished into the night at a dead run. Twelve hours later, at five on Sunday morning, he staggered into the mission and dropped down beside Schmelzenbach's cot. There he never moved. Like an ebony statue, he sat through the days and nights that followed. Three times between Sunday and Wednesday night the missionaries persuaded him to go to his home nearby for a little food and rest. Each time he was back in less than an hour.

Joseph had thought to send runners across the bush trails to spread the word that their beloved leader was dying. Soon the African pastors and Christians started streaming

into the mission station. Schmelzenbach spoke to each one as he came into his room, giving words of admonition and farewell. Solomon's wife, representing him, stood there. She had walked 25 miles with her baby on her back to reach him. He charged her saying, "Be faithful, Martha, and God will give you the strength for your task."

There were some who were missing. The familiar figure of the cripple, Daniel, shuffling across the floor, was not there. He had preached faithfully until the Master had called him home. He, together with several others who had already laid down their lives, would meet him soon.

There were others who gave him joy as he bade farewell. That first convert, Ruth, had never wavered; she too was there. Her daughter, Marie, was there. They sat outside in silence beside a little, wizened-up, old witch doctor lady out of whom Christ had cast many devils long ago at a log altar.

To his wife, Lula, who tried her best not to weep in his presence, he reached out his fevered hand and said, "Mama, why do you weep? When could I be more ready to go than now? Am I not safe in the arms of Jesus?" Several times he cried out for Africa: "They perish in the night; they die in the darkness." These were among his last words.

Word had been sent to as many missionaries as could be contacted. The rains and flooded rivers prevented most from getting there, but Rev. M. A. Shirley, Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Esselstyn, Miss Lovelace, Miss Robinson, Miss Chism, and Dr. Hynd had made it.

Wednesday morning, May 22, Schmelzenbach lapsed into a coma from which he never rallied. That night, about 11:30, as his family and fellow workers sang "The Eastern Gate," he quietly went to be with Jesus.

Mr. Esselstyn and Mr. Shirley, using some flooring boards, made a simple casket and lined it with a sheet. They laid his body inside and covered the outside with another sheet. The next day, following a service in the church, the casket, borne by two missionaries and some of the native pastors, was carried to a spot just 50 feet from the home. There beside the graves of three of his children, they laid

him to rest. It was almost in the exact spot where, 19 years before, their wagon had rolled to a stop and the work of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa had begun.

Dr. Hynd spoke to the crowd at the graveside, and the Spirit of God fell as he did. It seemed that as Schmelzenbach left he had flung to them his mantle, and with a shout, missionaries and native workers alike had caught it up. Back to their churches they marched, determined that the torch which had been handed to them would shine in every corner of dark Africa. They would work till Jesus came!

In the homeland Dr. J. B. Chapman, on behalf of the church, saluted him with these words which appeared in the *Herald of Holiness,* June 12, 1929: "Peace be to the memory of the most apostolic man we have ever seen or known—Schmelzenbach of Swaziland, South Africa, a missionary of the Church of the Nazarene."

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