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# A Trip to Africa

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**"UNOBANTU" FITKIN**

# *A Trip to Africa*

By

Rev. MRS. S. N. FITKIN



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*Affectionately Dedicated  
To My  
Beloved Co-Workers  
in the  
Woman's Missionary Society*

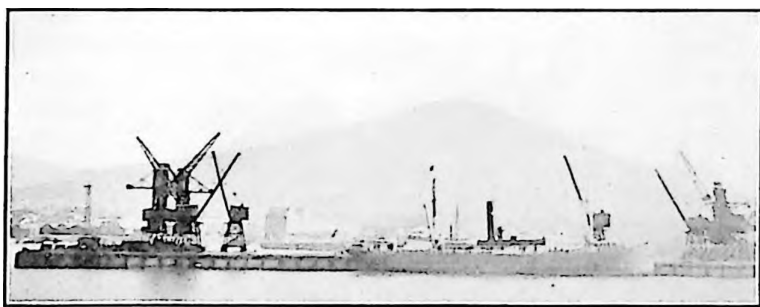
# A Trip to Africa

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## THE JOURNEY

At last the long-anticipated visit to Africa was to become a reality, and Mrs. Bresee was to go with me. On June fifteen we left New York on the Steamship Mauretania, for England. The weather was cold and stormy most of the way, but as a recompense we had two lovely days there, as well as the privilege of seeing the King and Queen, and attending a service at Westminster Abbey.

From Southampton to Cape Town the weather was fair and warm, and the sea calm. We arrived in Cape Town July eleven. A large flock of sea gulls came out two hundred fifty miles to welcome us. It was good to see land once more, and to know that this was indeed poor dark Africa.



*Cape Town Harbor*

We took the train immediately for Johannesburg, and for nearly one thousand miles we passed over mountains and desert wastes, a different Africa from what we had expected. We were looking for jungles, but none appeared. At Cape Town and vicinity there had been rain; the grass and trees were green,

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and flowers dotted the fields. It was Springtime. But beyond there, the only green spots were at small stations, where there was water, and pepper, cassia and palm trees had been planted.



*En Route from Cape Town*

The rest was largely desert. The country reminded us of Arizona and New Mexico, our own western desert lands. In some sections whole fields would be covered with little mounds, three or four feet high. These, we found, were ant hills. We were also told that in some parts of the country no rain had fallen for three years, hence the serious famine conditions.

The native houses here were square, made of sticks, plastered with mud, and with grass roofs. Occasionally we would see a few cattle or sheep near the streams, and a mule team with eight span, or an ox team with six or seven yoke of oxen, drawing loads of mealie or wood. Occasionally we caught a fleeting glimpse of a few natives.

Reaching Kimberley, the great diamond field, early in the morning of the second day, we looked out to see a nice, large station, but with only a few European dwellings, and a few native kraals. The mines were a short distance away.

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*"The Dump"*

Nearing Johannesburg (for miles around us) we saw great mountains of dirt thrown up out of the gold mines. They call this section "The Dump." We reached Johannesburg in the afternoon, and here we found a fine large town decidedly English, with trams and trolley cars in abundance. We had only time for a short auto ride to see the native Indian and Chinese quarters, and to get a general view of the town from a neighboring hill; for we had still another night on the train, which brought us to Breyton, near the border of Swaziland.

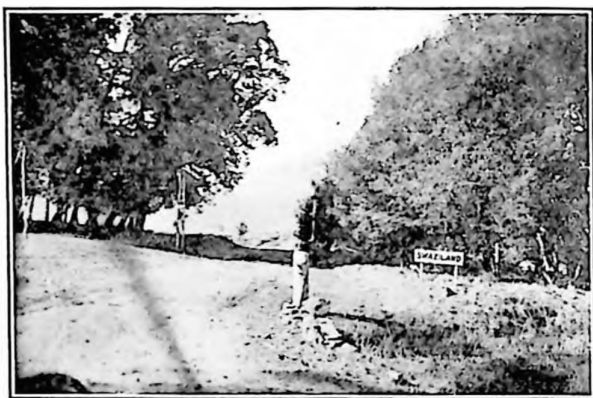


*Breyton Railroad Station*

Here we were met by our District Superintendent, Rev. H. F. Schmelzenbach, and Dr. Hynd, the latter having come to meet visitors on their way to the dedication of the new Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital. On the cover of the extra tire, on the back of Brother Schmelzenbach's car, we saw our first

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Zulu text, printed in white letters: "Pendukane ngokuba umbuso wezulu u sondale," "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Our first vision of Swaziland was by moonlight, and such a wonderful moon, and myriads of bright stars! How near the heavens seemed, and how beautiful the Southern Cross! Leaving Breyton at five-thirty P. M., we were hurried along over mountains and hills in a real automobile instead of on muleback or by ox wagon as our predecessors had gone, making the one hundred ten mile trip in seven hours instead of several weary days. We felt very unworthy of this special favor, and increasingly so as they multiplied.



*Border of Swaziland*

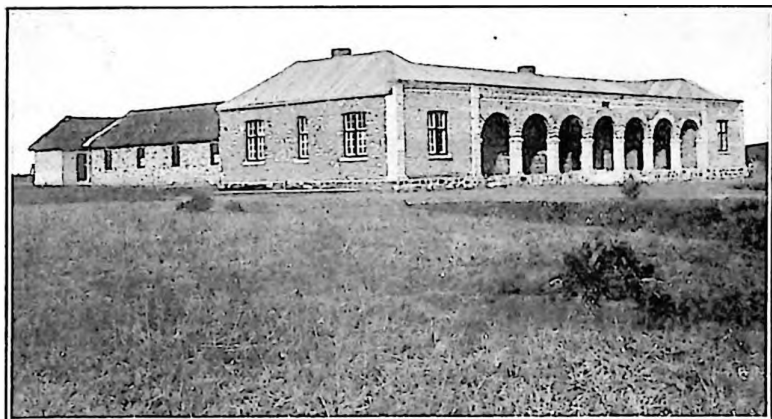
### THE RECEPTION

The reception had been planned for Thursday morning, thinking we would feel too tired to come all the way at night; but as we did not feel a bit tired, and as the District Superintendent and the doctor were anxious to get back to resume the District Council meeting, we hurried on, reaching Bremersdorp at a little after midnight. At Mbabane, the capital of Swaziland, which is twenty miles from our hospital station, Dr. Hynd passed out car, and went on a little faster to arouse the missionaries and natives for the reception. We were not informed of this purpose, so we were surprised a little later to behold, away on a hilltop, several lighted buildings. When presently we reached them, we found our boys and girls standing on each side of the driveway, singing us a welcome in one of their beautiful songs of Zion, and in the excitement we for-

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got all about saying "Sar-ko-bo-na" (the Zulu greeting), which we had so faithfully studied on our way.

All along the broad hospital piazza were our beloved missionaries waiting to welcome us. What a glad hour it was, and how our hearts rejoiced, and our eyes overflowed with happy tears, as we listened to the greeting spoken by James, our native evangelist, and Peter, the faithful and efficient native medical assistant. Then followed the glad welcome by our missionaries, and refreshments, and we all found it hard to say "Good-night" and seek a little rest before the dawn of another day.



*Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital*

### **BREMERSDORP**

Bremersdorp is our new hospital station, where Dr. and Mrs. Hynd, the nurses, Misses Carpenter and Munro and Martin, and the teacher, Miss Bellew, are all working together to spread the glad tidings of salvation. It is beautifully located on a hill, affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The morning after our arrival, as we went out and gazed upon the beautiful landscape, we could scarcely believe that it was really Africa. But presently we beheld strange figures passing along the highway; black men with long bobbed hair, with permanent wave, and bone ornaments and chicken feathers gleaming in the sunlight. Tied about the waist of each was a piece of bright colored cloth and over this a couple of skins of small wild cats, the tails hanging down in front and in back.

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In his right hand the native held aloft a huge club, but he was not as formidable as he looked—"It is the custom."



*Heathen Men*

Not far away I could see a little group of women and girls coming over the hill, the women with their hair done up about a foot high, on top of their heads, kept in place by a mixture of clay. They wore short skirts made of skins about knee length.



*Heathen Women*

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These were the married women; their babies were tied to their backs by old pieces of shawls or blankets. The younger ones, with bobbed hair and permanent wave, were the girls. They wore bright colored bandana handkerchiefs, one tied about the waist, and perhaps another draped over the shoulder. The women and girls almost always carry large bundles on their heads, and all have bare feet.

Yes, these were the raw heathen, and we were indeed in dark Africa!



*Our Missionaries in Africa*

### COUNCIL MEETING

The District Council Meeting was being held here in Bremerdorp, and we were privileged to attend the closing sessions, where a sweet spirit of harmony and fellowship prevailed.

Then followed preparations for the dedication of the new buildings at the station. English officials from the town sent up about a dozen prisoners to help level off the grounds around the new chapel. Native police came to guard them. The

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*Native Prisoners*

prisoners were dressed in black and white striped prison sweaters and knee pants, one leg white and one dark blue. They sang as they worked, keeping time with their spades, raising and lowering them in unison.

Next we were escorted through the splendid buildings at this new station, and what a delight it was to see the doctor's house and nurses' home, both substantial brick buildings with corrugated iron roofs, and piazzas to protect from the burning sun. The new modern hospital was an added surprise. It seemed almost incredible that in two short years our young doctor and his excellent helpmeet had been able to accomplish so much. It is a marvel of neatness and efficiency, and as we passed from room to room, through the wards and native quarters, how thankful we were that God had made all this possible. The new chapel or church (for it is really a lovely stone church) was also nearing completion, and many were busy putting on the finishing touches for the coming dedication. In the afternoon fifty of our girls arrived from our Girls' School at Peniel Station, seventy miles away.

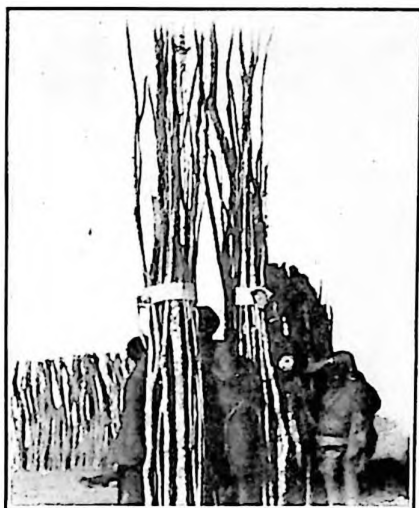


*School Girls Arriving From Peniel*

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*Having Prayer in the Queen's Kraal*



*Gateway to the King's Kraal*



*The King's Kraal*

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They came up the hill singing hymns of praise. Weary? Yes, in body, but rejoicing in the love of Jesus! They had been two days on the way, sleeping where night overtook them. They carried bundles on their heads containing extra clothing and food for the journey. How eagerly we all ran out to meet them, these precious jewels our own dear missionaries have gathered for the Master in dark Africa!

### VISIT TO THE KING'S KRAAL

It was now proposed that we pay a short visit to the King's Kraal, which was only seven miles away over the hills. The missionary auto again made this possible, and soon we were winding our way through Royal Valley, over a very narrow sandy road, lined with tall grass on either side. Many kraals (groups of small huts, the property of one man, usually with several wives) could be seen on the hillsides and down in the valleys along the way.

The King's Kraal was on a hill and consisted of twelve to fifteen round grass huts, in groups of three or four, surrounded by reed fences. The entrance was guarded by two big men wearing only a loin cloth and little fur skins. The gate was a few tall poles tied together on either side, leaving a small opening between them.

Two men were sitting on the ground just inside the gate, grinding down bits of bone on rough stone, for hair ornaments. The missionaries prevailed on them to let me purchase one they were just finishing. Their long wavy hair, about three inches long, was filled with these ornaments and feathers. A young man, walking about with a club, consented, after much coaxing, to show the white ladies how the natives run, waving these clubs from side to side, and he did it to perfection.

The King was away on a hunting trip, but we saw the Queen, his mother. She had a man bring a gourd of water to pour over her hands, then she waved them dry, and shook hands with us. She claims to be a Christian. She wore a plain dark dress, and a kerchief on her head. Before we left we were invited to her hut for prayers.

Her hut was the same as that of any other native, absolutely bare of furniture. She crawled into it, and brought out her grass sleeping mat to sit on, and had a boy bring small

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*Two Swazi Belles*



*Swazi Dudes at King's Kraal*

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boxes to serve as chairs for us. One of the missionaries spoke and offered prayer, the heathen all bowing their faces to the ground.

Two Swazi belles sat outside one hut. They were pretty, and were dressed in rich embroidered pieces of cloth. They held small mirrors, and had bead necklaces and bracelets and earrings, as well as many ornaments in their hair. They were afraid of the camera, and I had hard work to secure their picture. The young men rather enjoyed having their pictures taken.

When we returned home we found that thirty of our boy evangelists had just arrived. They had walked 85 miles, coming from Pigg's Peak, our Fitkin Memorial Station. They stood in line in front of the Hospital to welcome us, singing "When the First Trumpet Sounds I'll Be There" in English and then in Zulu. One of them gave a very fine address of welcome in English. He said in part: "We are very glad you have come to our country. We are all very glad to see you. We have prayed for you while on the sea that you would come safely; we thank God, and are very glad you are here."

We shook hands with them all and told them we were glad to be there, and praised God for them and for all the mercies He had given to us and to them. They sang again in English, "The Light of the World Is Jesus" and other hymns in Zulu, while we wept tears of joy and thanksgiving that we had this great privilege of seeing and hearing these splendid, spirit-filled young African preachers. That evening we preached to the missionaries, and God blessed and encouraged our hearts together.

### **DEDICATION OF THE RALEIGH FITKIN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL**

The following day, Saturday, July sixteen, the Hospital was formally dedicated. Great preparations had been made. Many lovely cakes had been sent in by the white people from the village. The program was at eleven o'clock in the morning, and was rendered from the Hospital Piazza. Fifteen or twenty white friends were present, among them the Resident Magistrate, the Archbishop of the Episcopal Church, and other officials. Those taking part were seated on the piazza, and a white

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ribbon was strung across the entrance of the hospital. Standing on the right were the missionaries and nurses in costume; on the left were the white friends.



*Dedication Service at Hospital*

A little farther to the left were our native boys and girls who sang twice in English, and about two hundred native Christians and heathen standing together a little distance away.

The District Superintendent, Rev. H. F. Schmelzenbach, was in charge. Our boys and girls sang "Africa, Dark Africa"; the Archbishop offered prayer; and I spoke in behalf of the homeland and the heart interest of our Nazarene Church in Africa, of the part our women had in helping to make the hospital possible, and of Raleigh. I showed one of the little boxes, like those in which much of the money had been gathered. Then Dr. Hynd gave the financial report, and the magistrate cut the white ribbon, and declared the Hospital formally opened. The white people were then conducted through the Hospital and church, after which refreshments were served to them.

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*Dr. and Mrs. Hynd, Nurses and Visitors on Hospital Piazza*

### THE NATIVE SERVICE

In the audience at the dedication service were three native visiting preachers, one a Presbyterian, and two Wesleyan Methodists. At the close of the program they requested the privilege of expressing the appreciation of the natives for the Hospital. So after tea and cake had been served to the white people, the natives were invited into the new church and quickly filled it. They stood for one and a half hours while these preachers each gave splendid addresses. The Presbyterian was a finely educated and cultured Christian gentleman. Even the missionaries were astonished, for they had not realized that education and salvation could so change the African. He spoke in English, and it was translated into Zulu in order that the great company of natives could understand. The other two spoke in Zulu and it was translated into English.

They spoke with much feeling, of the appreciation of the natives who are so destitute and helpless, and who in their sickness are left to the mercy of the witch doctors, who can give them no relief. One spoke in behalf of the King, who would have been present, but who was away on a hunting trip. They spoke beautifully about the part the mothers had in sacrificing

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to secure the money to build the hospital. This was a great surprise to them and gave them a new viewpoint of mothers. They mentioned very tenderly the mother whose little boy had been interested in them, and said that this mother should not feel bad, because he had gone to Heaven, for now she had many sons and daughters in Africa. They wanted to give her an African name, so they called her "U-no-ban-tu" which means "Mother of nations," but they wanted it especially to mean "Mother of the Bantu People."

Responding at the close of these addresses, with Brother Schmelzenbach interpreting, I tried to express my appreciation of my new name and all the kind words spoken, but my heart was almost too full for utterance, and my eyes overflowed with tears of joy. I assured them that I had rather be "Unobantu" than to be the Queen of England. I then told them that I had seen the Queen while in England, which was a pleasure and privilege, but that meeting the Queen of Swaziland had brought greater joy and blessing to my heart. This pleased them very much. I tried to tell them *why* we had come to Africa, and built the Hospital, and why the missionaries came and toiled—that it was because of the love of Jesus in our hearts, and that we longed that all should know and love Him too.

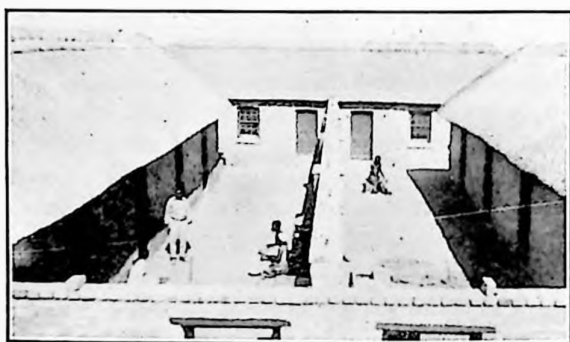
Dr. Hynd then explained more about the Hospital and invited them in, after which we hurried down to the door to help the missionaries pass the little cakes to them all, as they went out. Such a procession! I wish I could help you to see it. Many women were there who had only a few skins for a skirt, and an old piece of blanket or shawl to tie their babies on their backs, and all had bare feet. Men and boys with a rag or a skin about their loins, and long hair, sometimes hanging over their faces, looked, some of them, like troubled, frightened children. They were surprised and pleased with the little cakes, and how thankful we were that a little ray of light and hope had reached their darkened lives and we trust, penetrated into their darkened hearts.

A little later we were hurriedly called to go to watch the natives who were being conducted through the hospital building. I wish I could properly describe that sad but joyful scene. We laughed and cried by turns. The amazement and wonder expressed on those faces! The exclamations of surprise as they

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passed from room to room, and the gesticulations that accompanied them! The fear as they saw the operating table and instruments, and then the joy depicted in their countenances as they gazed on the wonderful, clean, white rooms and white beds for sick ones to lie upon! If only all who have contributed to make this hospital possible could have witnessed but this one scene, you would have felt repaid a thousand-fold.

Next on the program was a W. M. S. meeting when the missionaries organized into the first W. M. S. in Africa. Since then societies have been organized among the natives. They are very enthusiastic about it. Everyone wants to join, if only they can manage to secure the dues.



*Native Quarters of Hospital*

Later we went out to where our boys and girls were eating their evening meal (they eat only morning and evening). It is the custom for the missionaries to give them a treat on such occasions, and as their daily food consists mostly of corn meal porridge, "mealies" they call it, meat is a great treat to them. This year the expenses had been extra heavy, for the missionaries had come to Bremersdorp for the Dedication, and then were to go back to Peniel for the Camp Meeting. So they had decided that they could not afford to give them meat. I asked that I might have the privilege this year, as I could not bear to think that these boys and girls who had walked nearly a hundred miles should be disappointed.

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Accordingly the ox had been prepared, and as we hurried out, what a happy scene awaited us! The mealies had been boiled in large iron pots which stand on three long legs so that fire can be placed under them. (Sometimes they must walk many miles to secure the dead branches of trees for fire wood.) The corn meal is cooked very thick, so that it can be scooped out of the pot with the first three fingers of the right hand; all heathen eat in this way, but many of our Christian boys and girls had found small sticks with which to carry the porridge from the pots to their mouths.

The pieces of meat had been cut very small, as one ox, even tho all of it is eaten except horns, hoofs and hide, provides only a small portion for eighty young people. Nevertheless they were happy indeed, and a little later we heard singing outside of the doctor's house. Hurrying out, we found them all lined up singing in English, "When we all get to Heaven, what a day of rejoicing that will be!" We listened with full hearts and tearful eyes, and at the close they all raised their right hands and repeated in unison, "We thank you for meat!" That broke us up completely. O, how we love these dear African people, and how we rejoice and praise God for these who are saved and who are preparing to go out to tell others the blessed story!

### DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH

At eleven o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, the new church was to be dedicated. Long before that time the crowd began to gather. This is a beautiful stone church, the stones having been brought from the hills beyond our property. It has a small bell tower; the bell was a gift from the British Isles, and can be heard for miles around over the Swaziland hills. Just on time the missionaries joined the crowd waiting outside the door; a missionary offered prayer; and then Mrs. Bresee spoke through an interpreter about Solomon's temple and God's promise to dwell with his people. Next Dr. Hynd presented her with a key; she unlocked the door and we all went in. There were about 500 natives, 300 of them raw heathen.

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*Congregation in New Church*

Three beautiful services were held there during the day, and several seekers were at the altar. One especially I want to tell you about. She was a young heathen girl seeking God for the first time. Her name was Mdzatasa Saewanit. We caught sight of her making her way from the back of the church, stepping over and around the crowd seated on the floor. (They had left no aisle.) Let me help you to see her as she comes slowly forward. She is a pretty girl, really a Swazi Belle, with bobbed hair about three inches long, with permanent wave; her eyes are barely visible beneath the falling locks, which are studded with many bright ornaments. She has three small round spots burned in on her forehead and cheeks (a tribal mark), long glass earrings, a steel chain and a bead necklace about her throat, and several china and grass bracelets of different colors on her arms. She wears a piece of bright-colored embroidered cloth tied about her waist for a skirt; a large bright colored kerchief is tied jauntily over one shoulder, and hangs down in front; while another, dark blue and embroidered with white, is tied around her neck and hangs over her shoulders. She is unusually well dressed. Reaching the platform, she stopped in front of the pulpit, and lifting her right hand, she said, "I want to be a Christian." After making this declaration, she turned aside and sat down on a mat near by. When the altar call was given she was there, weeping and praying with many others. If she remains faithful she is to be named Esther when baptized, and

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we hope and pray that she may truly become a deliverer to her people.

### STEGI—John Short Memorial

We next visited Stegi, that splendid station where Brother and Sister Shirley and Sister Pelley live. Brother Shirley took us in his car; it is forty miles from Bremersdorp. En route we stopped at a kraal where Dr. Hynd carried the body of the man who was converted at the Hospital, and who had requested Christian burial. This man's wife was also saved and they now earnestly desire a chapel there. At this kraal, the man was studying to be a witch doctor. He had two wives; one was a Christian. The missionaries had been there before so they were very kind and let us look into their little huts. There were two used for sleeping, furnished with a couple of grass sleeping mats and a few rags, and one for cooking. The cooking hut was very black and full of cobwebs as there is no outlet for the smoke, and during cold and rainy weather the fire is made on the ground in the center of the hut. We crawled in and saw a few pumpkins and citron in one corner, and an iron cook pot and a few gourds in another. A shelf hung from the roof on which the corn used for mealies was stored. Out in the yard the women showed us how they ground the corn between two rough stones.



*Women Grinding Corn for Mealies*

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The Christian wife wore a plain dark dress; the heathen wife the usual skin skirt, her hair done up high on top of her head and mixed with an abundance of mud; and of course she had the usual baby tied on her back. A wooden dish with food, mealies with some citron cooked in it, sat on the ground; it was covered with flies. While we stood there the mother took some and put it into the baby's little hand, and it was devoured eagerly. The man showed us a gourd with a narrow neck closed with a corn cob stopper. He told us that it contained sour milk, and took the stopper out for us to look in, but the odor prevented the view. It was filthy. A little tin can used for a milk pail was encrusted with dirt outside and in. Poor things! I suppose they never think to wash it. Is it any wonder that fifty percent of the babies in Africa die in infancy? Before leaving the man brought out some spears and showed us how far they could throw them. He also insisted on presenting me with a string of beads. To be sure that they were clean he washed them with soap and water, then ran them through his mouth several times to dry them. After we had prayed with them, and exhorted them to seek the Lord, and had gone out to the car, he came running after us with a gourd full of peanuts. We obediently stuffed them into our pockets, and finally were permitted to resume our journey.

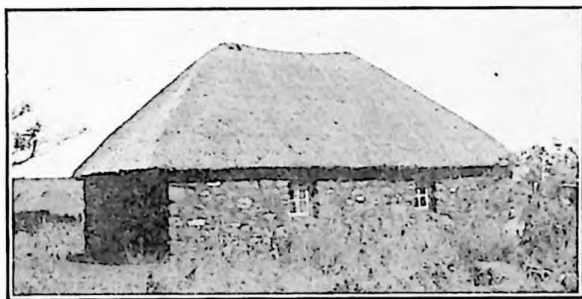
Soon we reached another kraal where we saw the old woman "of the white feather." Sister Shirley had written us about her, how as a poor heathen, she had walked ten miles to



*"The Woman of the White Feather"*

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Stegi to church, and when the collection basket was passed and she saw the people putting in offerings, she felt bad because she had nothing to give. Then suddenly remembering her hair ornament, a white chicken feather, she hastily pulled it out and put it into the basket. A little later she was converted and now wants a chapel built in that section. These chapels, like the accompanying picture, cost \$150. Oh, how they are needed!



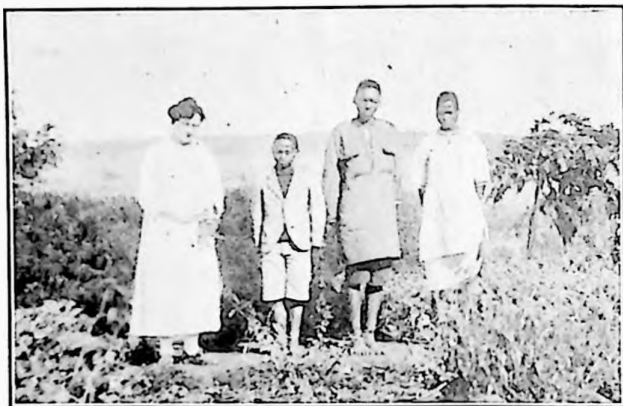
*Native Out Station Chapel*

that these poor, ignorant children may learn how to live, not merely exist, and come to know Him, whom to know aright is life eternal. There were also at this kraal five splendid, intelligent-looking young women, each with a baby on her back, as well as one older woman who held a tiny baby, a month old, in her arms. It was a raw, cold day; we were wrapped with heavy coats, but this baby had only a tiny rag around its neck, and it was shivering with cold.

Our Stegi Station is up on a mountain, overlooking many miles of bushveldt, through which we passed to reach it. As we began to ascend the mountain, a very large kraal was pointed out to us, where a wealthy chief lived. There are thirty-two huts in the kraal, and he has eight wives, much land, and many cattle. Miss Pelley told us of the time that she visited him. Seeing many children running about, she asked the chief how many children he had. He replied, "I do not know; I can count my cattle, but I cannot count my children."

At last we reached Stegi. We were delighted with the lovely little station here on the main highway. Here we found

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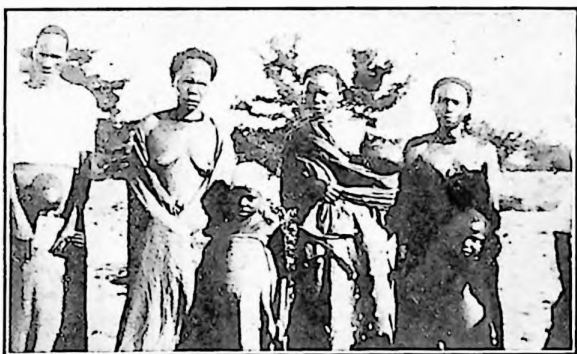
*Sister Pelley and Native Boys*

Sister Pelley's home and dispensary (which is really a little hospital), Brother and Sister Shirley's home, the printing office and the little chapel. The buildings are of sheet iron, but when sealed with wood on the inside, are very comfortable. Brother Shirley operates twenty out-stations beside printing a native paper, catechisms, booklets, and the "Africa Nazarene." He assured us that this would be impossible without the car which friends in America had made possible for him. Sister Pelley is both nurse and doctor to the natives for miles around, and is much beloved by them. Dr. Hynd visits the dispensary every two weeks.

After a delightful lunch here (in truth, a real American dinner of venison, vegetables, salad and pudding) we were off again for Manjacaze, Portuguese East Africa, 275 miles away. Brother Schmelzenbach now took us in his car, and Sisters Penn and Jenkins went with us. The road was fine to Lourenco Marques, a small Portuguese town on the coast where we stayed over night. Here the men wore gunny sacks, with holes cut for head and arms, and many of these were worn to shreds. O, so many had on only a mere rag, for even those who have work receive only six pence, or twelve and one-half cents a day. We left again at daylight for a twelve hour ride over very bad roads. When fifty miles from any town we broke three coils of our front spring, in spite of the utmost care, but the Lord brought us safely through to the next town where we had a new spring put in, while we had tea with an Indian merchant and his little

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wife. The country here was level and very beautiful. It was Spring. Trees, green grass and flowers grew in abundance. For over a hundred miles the government had planted on either side of the highway double rows of pineapples and cassava plants, from which tapioca is made. The trees here were larger, and some places looked almost like jungle land. The appearance of the natives, too, was somewhat different from that of the Swazis. At first I could not understand from a distance just why they looked so strange, but finally, at nearer range, I discovered it was the red-brick color of their hair. Red-haired negroes! The missionaries explained that they had mixed in a generous quantity of the red clay of that section.



*Christian and Heathen Women of Gazaland*

### MANJACAZE

We reached Manjacaze a little after dark. The natives recognized their "Mother Jenkins" and ran behind the car, which was finally parked under a big tree. We walked single file nearly a mile in midnight darkness before we finally arrived at the mission station. I thought of snakes, but did not step on any, and I was thankful indeed when I reached a resting place. This station is composed of native huts only. The main building, which the missionaries occupy, is a long hut with reed walls, plastered with mud and whitewashed inside and out. It has a grass roof and inside a ceiling made of gunny sacks and whitewashed. The floor is made out of anthills which is a gummy substance, and when pounded down, is quite hard. The furniture is mostly constructed from packing-boxes.

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*Sister Jenkins and Her Orphan Baby*



*Manjacaze Church and Congregation*

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The station is in a government reservation and is surrounded by hundreds of kraals. It is in the bushveldt; the only water supply is a muddy hole. Everything is screened over, even their bed, yet they suffer much with malaria. There are several other huts, one used for a dispensary and another for the girls. There is a girls' school here, also a larger day school.



*Mrs. Jenkins and Part of the Day School*

The day school is held in the new native church building made of reeds and grass. There are, in addition to this immediate station, twenty out-stations within a radius of from fifty to seventy-five miles. We are glad that a car will soon be provided for Brother Jenkins. At one o'clock on the day following our arrival, a splendid service was held in the new church. Runners had been sent out in the morning in different directions to announce the meeting, and four native preachers came with members of their congregations. The church was well filled with about two hundred present.

The American visitors gave their testimonies; then wept and shouted while these native Christians sang, and gave clear second-blessing testimonies, and got blessed just as we do. Brother Schmelzenbach preached and several came to the altar. I wish I had space to describe the unique messages given there that day. These people are like children, and surely our brother knows how to reach them with his clear, pictured truths.

John is the special native evangelist here. He was building a new hut, putting in a window, and making the door high enough to walk in instead of crawl. He has a Christian wife

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*Unobantu, Holding John's Baby*

and a tiny baby. This station, too, is on the main highway with many heathen passing continually. Mrs. Jenkins stopped some boys who were carrying a musical instrument, which looked something like a bow (to shoot with). It was a long stick strung with wire, and had a small gourd in the center, and a spool to keep the wire tight. They had fine, intelligent faces, though they wore as the others only small skins around their waists, and the chicken feathers and other ornaments in their hair. They were very shy, but finally yielded to our persuasion, and played on their instrument with a stick, which they carried very conveniently in a big hole in one ear. Later the girls brought us nice hot roasted nuts, much like chestnuts. They raise many peanuts here, and sweet potatoes and corn. As there are no stores near here, they hull the corn in big buckets, pounding it with wooden mallets, as in our old-fashioned churns. The corn is white and when hulled makes fine mealies. Our Christians

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

have tin dishes, for when they are converted they do not want to sit on the floor and eat with their fingers like the heathen. The girls here tie a piece of cloth under their arms; this reaches to their ankles. The Christian girls also make a waist with sleeves. The boys wear a shirt and a piece of cloth tied about their waist. The native boys and girls quickly learn to do all kinds of work.



*Manjacaze Native Christians*



*John's Hut*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

After a delicious dinner of chicken and sweet potatoes, roasted in the coals by the girls, and also fresh roasted cassia nuts, John the evangelist asked to come in and bid us good-bye. He expressed appreciation and wonder at our coming that long distance to see the African people, and said in closing, "Go ye well in the way, and greet all the people for us." Brother Jenkins says that he never preaches without emphasizing the return of the Lord Jesus. He is watching for that great day and earnestly exhorts the heathen to prepare, for it is very near.

The following morning we were up at three o'clock, for we planned to make the entire trip back to Stegi in one day. It was raining as we made our way with the aid of a lantern back to where the auto was left standing beneath the tree. The native boys and girls were up to accompany us and to help get the auto started. It needed some urging as the ground was sandy and wet. We had no serious accidents this time, tho the car skidded several times, once nearly turning around, but no harm was done as the road was level. In the early morning before daylight, we surprised a big gray wolf. The headlights dazzled him, and he stood still in the middle of the road for several seconds, then leaped away in the darkness. In spite of the drizzling rain and the dense fog in the low lands, we reached Stegi about seven-thirty that evening, and spent the night with Sister Pelley. We enjoyed this little visit to the very limit. We did not want to go to sleep for we had so little time there, as we were obliged to hurry on the next day to Peniel for the Camp Meeting. Sister Pelley's home is very cosy, with cupboards and wardrobes made of packing boxes. Beside the little two-roomed galvanized iron house which was her home, she had built, with the aid of her house boys, an extra room, a "lean-to" she calls it, so that she can entertain traveling missionaries. She also has another large room and piazza which is the dispensary; her white friends donated the money to build that. She is greatly beloved by white people and natives.

After coming down from the mountain the next morning, we drove through miles and miles of bushveldt. At this dry season it looks like a desert, with only a few scrubby trees and bushes here and there. We forded the Black Umbuluze River

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*The Black Umbuluze River*

and many small streams, and stopped at Paul's outstation—only a small native hut for Paul and his family, and a little native chapel with stone walls and grass roof.

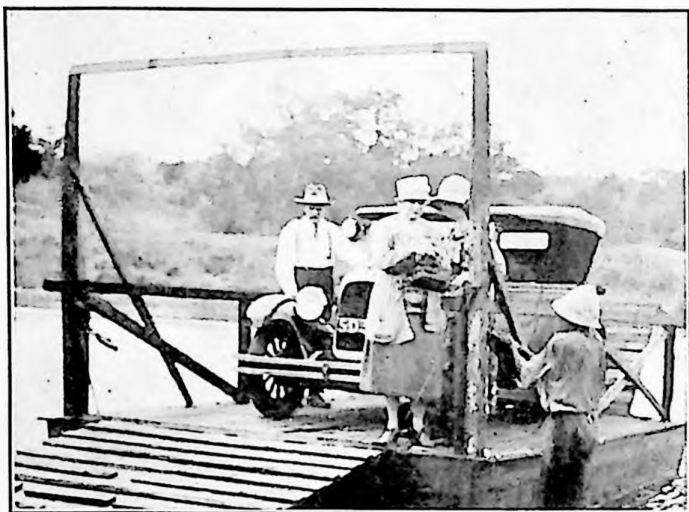


*Paul's Outstation*

As we rode along we saw Shadrach's station upon a hill, and passed several companies of native Christians on their way to the Camp Meeting. One or two rode on donkeys, but most of them were walking. Reaching the Komati River, where previously missionaries were carried over on the backs of natives in the dry season and which was almost impossible to cross during the rains, we thought of our splendid evangelist who lost his life here while making the effort to reach an outstation. We saw at this place natives with just a few rags on, men with two or three safety pins for earrings, and sticks larger than lead pencils thrust through holes in their ears.

But we found the crossing of this treacherous stream very easy, for a ferry boat is there now—a "pont" they call it—large enough to carry the car safely over in the dry season, for natives

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*"Pont" for Crossing Komati River*

wade in and pull it across. If they only had a cable (which would cost about fifty dollars) they could then pull themselves across even during the rainy season. Brother Schmelzenbach and some of his boys made this punt, and also a road up over the mountain for nearly twenty miles, where the government said this was impossible. So now, with the car, we made the remainder of the trip in about two hours, which if made by ox team, as formerly, would have meant nearly two days, as well as sleeping out in the woods over night. We felt very unworthy of all these special benefits.



*Peniel Station*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*Brother Schmelzenbach's House*



*Girls' Home*



*Joseph and Solomon*



*Willie Young*

### PENIEL STATION

Here we were at last, at Peniel, the first station opened seventeen years ago by Brother and Sister Schmelzenbach and Mrs. Shirley, who was then Etta Innis. The first house built is still in use. It is made of stone and galvanized iron; it leaks

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

and needs to be replaced by a new one. A little church, the Girls' Home and School Building, a few native huts and a Tabernacle comprised the station. But it is beautifully situated on the side of a hill. As we came up over the hills and got our first view, we praised God for the faith of these pioneers who, being assured that this was the place, settled down in their covered ox wagon until permission to remain could be secured from the Swazi Queen. We arrived earlier than we were expected, so our girls did not have a chance to get to the gate to meet us, but as we neared the gateway we were surprised to see a large white banner stretched across it, on which were



*"Welcome to Africa"*

printed in large letters, "WELCOME TO AFRICA." Below was drawn the figure of an African waking from sleep, and above, an open Bible. Our hearts were full and our eyes blurred with tears. We afterwards learned that the banner was made by Willie Young, who is a real artist. He is a teacher in the Girls' School, and was my interpreter on several occasions.

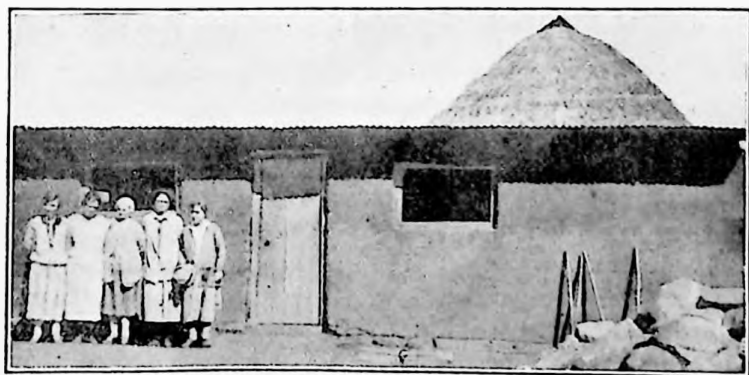
Joseph, one of the oldest native evangelists, came to see us very early the next morning. He told us how eager he had been to see the white ladies who had come on such a long jour-

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

ney to see his people. He said, "I have drunk beer on this very spot, but I want you to tell all the people when you go home that Jesus has redeemed me and washed me in His blood." How his face shone as he repeated again and again, "I am very, very glad, and thank God that the missionaries came and brought the light when we were in darkness." We told him we would carry his message back to our people, and continue to work and pray that many more missionaries might come with the blessed Gospel light. Joseph is the District Superintendent's right hand man; he speaks English very well. He and Solomon are the two oldest native workers. I told him I wanted to take his picture to show to our people and he said that he wanted the American people to see him because Jesus had delivered him and made him all new. He was pastor of one church for five years. During that time he sent out into the work thirteen preacher boys and three girl preachers who became wives of preachers. Solomon's wife is said to be a splendid speaker, and Solomon, the only native who will sit and hold the baby while his wife preaches. When saved and sanctified, many of these African boys and girls feel called to preach and several are very gifted.

### THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AND HOME

These buildings are on a hill, higher up than the home of the District Superintendent. The school joins the small church, and together they hold only about 200, hence the need of the big tabernacle for camp meetings. The Girls' Home is nearby.



*Girls' Sleeping Hut*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

Inside there is a large dining room with a long table and benches, and they have some simple tin dishes, for they like to eat as the missionaries do. Their sleeping rooms they built themselves, carrying the stones a long distance. There are seven small rooms eight feet square, and seven or eight girls occupy each room. It is all very neat and clean, the dirt floor swept with the grass brooms, and their sleeping mats and blankets rolled up and tied to the roof. In each room a little rough stand has a white cloth on it, and a Bible or Bible portion. A few mottoes are tacked on the walls. These girls make their own dark print dresses with the missionaries' help; their hair is neatly brushed and those who are engaged wear a colored kerchief tied over it. Several of these girls are engaged to our preacher boys, but they will have to wait several years before they can be married, for the boys, after they get through school, must earn enough to purchase ten head of cattle to give their future wife's father. This is the law, and even our boys must observe it. The cattle cost from ten to twenty dollars a head; this means long years of hard work. This school is the largest of the six schools in charge of missionaries. We have fifty-four others in charge of native workers, besides thirty-eight on the Rand, near Johannesburg. There is a total enrollment in all of these schools of nearly two thousand. The girls here at Pigg's Peak, with their teacher, make about two thousand Kraal visits annually. They also have six preaching places which they supply every Sunday, the farthest more than seventeen miles away. All of this traveling is done on foot. Last year they led forty-three souls to Jesus at the out-stations, and fifteen at the home station. They have a large garden, raising vegetables and peanuts.

I must tell you how they shell their peanuts. One day towards evening we noticed several girls out on the hillside, preparing the evening meal. One girl, a little apart from the others, was busily engaged with a dish of water and soap. She seemed to be scrubbing her feet. We wondered a little, but asked no questions, until presently we saw this same girl dancing up and down in one spot in a very strange manner. Inquiring then, we found that she was shelling peanuts. We hastened to investigate, and found that a small round hole had been dug in the ground; a quart or more of peanuts had been poured in,

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

and now the freshly washed feet were busy treading off the shells. When the shells were well broken, the peanuts were winnowed by lifting a gourd containing nuts and shells high above the head, and then pouring them out into a dish on the ground. During this process the wind blows the shells away. The missionaries assured us that this was an art, for they had tried it and had not been successful.

Our girls are very happy here, many have been rescued who had been sold to old men with many wives. How their faces shine as they sing and testify and pray! I wish I had space to introduce you to them individually; they are all very sweet, dear girls, and all so thankful for this place of refuge.

One rather small girl was pointed out as being especially blessed in prayer, often praying four or five hours at a time. What battles some of them had before they were permitted to come! Another dear little girl had been sent out daily to tend the goats. She would drive them near the mission and run in to listen to the strange stories told there. When this became known she was beaten and forbidden to come again, but her heart was so hungry that at every opportunity she would steal away to the mission. When the light came into her heart she asked for a dress which she hid in a rock on her way home, wearing it only while at the mission. They continued to beat her, and sometimes would pour beer down her throat, telling her that then she was not a Christian. But still she came. Finally she told the missionary that God wanted her to wear her dress home. She expected to be beaten, perhaps killed, but lo! God answered prayer, and when she arrived at her home with her little dress on, they gave up and permitted her to attend the school. Soon her mother and sisters were converted also. But many others, not knowing of this place of refuge, have been driven away to lives of misery.

Peter, one of our workers, tells about two of his sisters. His father was a wicked old chief, and when one of his daughters refused to go to an old man with many wives, he beat her, but still she refused. So he tied her up by her hands to the top of the hut, built a fire of green leaves under her, and smoked her. When nearly smothered, she consented. The other sister, after being cruelly beaten, went out, tied a rope to a tree and

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

hanged herself. Can we wonder that dear Sister Robinson cannot turn these poor girls away, even though the building is crowded? She now has fifty-four girls, and only about one-third of these are receiving support from the homeland. Is it strange that she eats native food, and shares even that with every new comer? Surely there are many of our women who, if they only realized the need, would gladly provide five dollars a month to help care for these dear girls.

### THE CAMP MEETING

But I must hasten and tell you a little about the wonderful camp meeting. On Saturday afternoon the Christians from the out-stations began to arrive. It was a sight long to be remembered. First we would hear singing and, running out, we would



*Native Christians Coming to Camp Meeting*

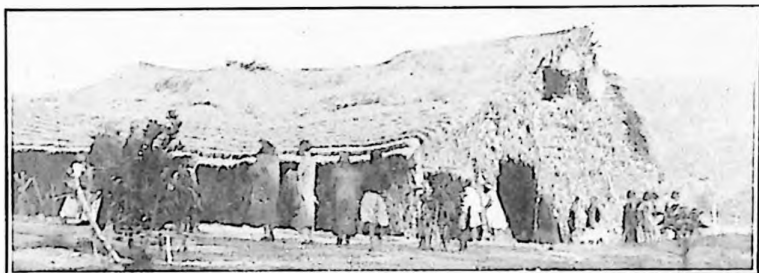
see a company, from forty or fifty to a hundred, coming over the mountain. Sometimes, while gazing at one company, we would hear music from another direction, and behold! another congregation outlined against the sky, coming in, footsore and weary (some having traveled forty or fifty miles) but rejoicing in the Lord! As these companies came in sight, a few women would seize a flag (an old piece of cloth tied to a long stick) and run to welcome them.

Crippled Daniel brought in his flock, riding before them on a fine gray mule. He is a bright, fine-looking young man, fully developed except that his legs from the knees down are shrunk and helpless, making it necessary for him to crawl about on his hands and knees. The women and girls carried heavy bundles on their heads; some even had iron cook pots. There was great rejoicing as one company after another arrived, old and young, almost the entire membership of these outstations. I wondered what would happen at our District Camps at home if almost every local church member came.

I have not told you about the wonderful tabernacle yet. It was large, seating about 600, and was made of cornstalks and

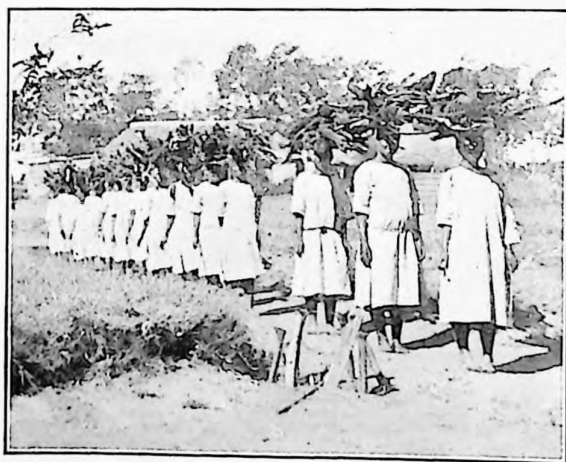
## A TRIP TO AFRICA

grass, held up by a few heavy poles. It sagged in places, and leaked, as we found out before the camp closed. We hope the



*Tabernacle*

friends in the homeland will send them money for a better one before next year. It would be dangerous in a storm. This building was also to be the great bed-room for the women during the Camp; the men were to sleep in the church and school building. But how were they going to feed this great crowd? Ah! yonder I saw a big vat being carried up the hill by sixteen strong men. They placed it up on stones; in that the mealies were to be cooked. A little later I saw a number of girls going away. I was told that they were going miles over the mountain to get wood. When they returned, I asked them to stand in line a moment while I took their picture. Here they are.



*Girls Carrying Wood*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

That night we attended the School Program, when two students, a boy and a girl, were graduated. How I wish you could have been there! I can tell you only a little part. The students from both the Boys' and Girls' Schools were present and participated. It was all in English. Such singing and recitations! Whole chapters from the Bible in unison! first the girls and then the boys. Two boys explained in detail the Jewish Tabernacle, a miniature of which was before them; the first asking questions, the second replying. Ten boys took part in an exercise, each one speaking a different language. Then sixteen boys each answered in his own way this question: "Why is it better to be a Christian than a heathen?" This was most interesting, as was the entire program. It would have done credit to any of our schools in the home land. And how pleased the graduates were with their diplomas! Let me give you just one little incident that shows the appreciation of these African young people. These graduates were given a tiny portion of the Scriptures, one a Gospel and the other the Psalms. Their joy was unbounded. Lillian clasped hers to her breast, exclaiming, "It is a treasure! It is a fortune!" Afterwards a little gift of money was given each, and when the amount was explained to them, Lillian was almost beside herself. She wept and shouted; the boy sought to hide his emotions, but both expressed again and again their appreciation and thanks.

Sunday dawned clear and beautiful, and even then voices could be heard in prayer and thanksgiving at the early meeting, which was in charge of different native preachers each morning. At nine, I had the privilege of speaking to the native preachers, and God blessed the message, for Philip, a Sabie boy, who had long been seeking, was sanctified wholly, and with a shining face testified, prayed and shouted, and helped many seekers at the altar during the rest of the Camp. While the Camp was held mostly for the native Christians, yet several heathen attended in the day time. (They are afraid to go out at night.) A group of young men in very fancy costumes attracted much attention. I suppose they were really Swazi dudes. In addition to the usual dress they wore elaborate earrings, and many chains and necklaces about their necks, as well as rings and bracelets on wrists, arms and legs. Strings of beads crossed from shoulder to waist on which were tied little bunches of fur.

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*Swazi Dudes*



*On the March*

Some wore wide bead girdles. And others had little square mirrors, into which they gazed so frequently that it was quite evident that they understood perfectly just what fine-looking fellows they were. They carried the usual club—"Knob Kerry" it is called—and walked about very proudly. It was hard to get their picture, but after I showed them the picture on the plate,

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

they consented. They came inside the tent to most of the services, and were very respectful. The other services of the day were especially blessed seasons. God's presence and power were manifest.

The altar services were wonderful, with thirty or forty at the altar both morning and evening. Such praying, groaning and weeping, I have never witnessed, but God came and brought peace and blessing.

Monday was another lovely day. I arose very early to hear Joseph preach at the first meeting, and going out just as the light was breaking, I slipped on a rolling stone and sprained my ankle badly. Then I had to be carried to and from the tabernacle and down the hill to the little pond where the beautiful baptismal service was held. A great crowd had gathered



*The Baptism*

on the mountain side to witness this service, in which forty-five boys and girls, who had given evidence of a new life, were baptized.

### **FITKIN MEMORIAL STATION**

The next day between services, Brother Schmelzenbach took us over to Pigg's Peak and a mile beyond to the Fitkin Memorial Station, where Sisters Lovelace and Rixse live, and where we have our Evangelists' Training School for Boys. This

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

is now held in the old hospital building. As we traveled over this mountain road, our brother told us that in summer this is a great snake country; that mombas are often seen here fourteen or fifteen feet long. He said that his horse stepped on one once, when he was riding through this section, and for a while horse, rider and snake were sadly mixed up, but the Lord let him escape without injury. Another time, when riding at night through the bushveldt, along a narrow trail among the trees, he heard a voice suddenly speak, saying, "Halt! A momba!" He stopped, and in a moment he heard a rustling sound in a tree just ahead. Watching closely, he saw in the dim light a huge momba uncoil and slip to the ground and away, after which he rode on, praising God for another deliverance. These snakes are very deadly, having sufficient poison to bite and kill six head of cattle at one time. We were thankful we had visited Africa in the winter time.

Reaching our Fitkin Memorial Station, we found only native huts for our two missionaries here, Sisters Lovelace and Rixse. During the cold and rainy weather they are very damp and uncomfortable, their shoes getting moldy over night. Pray for a missionary home here.



*The First Hospital Building*

How delighted we were to actually see the first small Nazarene hospital that was built in Africa. It is now being used for a dispensary and school building for our Evangelists' Training School for Boys. There is also a large native hut where the boys sleep. We are only able to care for about thirty at present, but hope soon to enlarge the station and thus be able to provide for many others who are anxious to attend.

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*Some of Our Boy Evangelists*

Returning to the Camp we found a wonderful testimony meeting in progress. I am sure you will be interested to "listen in" to some of these. The wife of Enoch the Evangelist, who is also a preacher, sought the baptism of the Holy Spirit for nearly a year. She was unstable before, but now is a power. She shouted and praised God for the blessed experience God had given her. She exhorted other preachers' wives to get sanctified and help their husbands in their work, while tears streamed down her face. She got so blessed that, clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "I can't understand how anybody can be so full, but it is the Holy Spirit in my heart. I do not want to hide now, but if I was sick in my heart I could not help others to find Jesus, but God has made my heart well." How her face shone; it was so beautiful! She was dressed in white with a black kerchief tied over her hair. Through her, the blessing of the Lord fell upon the entire congregation.

Zephaniah was saved recently down in the Bushveldt, and was baptized the day before. He said in part, "The light came into my heart like the dawn comes at the crying of the cocks, crowing of the fowls." Another said that he used to worship demons and smoke hemp, but Jesus had delivered him. Another, a slender lad, who has charge of our new station at Namahashi since the return of Brother and Sister Janzen, told with a shining face of his love for Jesus. He has heart trouble, but had walked forty miles to this meeting. We were told that often while traveling many miles over the mountains visiting

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

kraals, he suddenly falls by the way, sometimes remaining unconscious for hours at a time. But as soon as he recovers, he gets up and goes on rejoicing in the wonderful love of Jesus, and has no thought of giving up the battle. Joseph and Solomon now came up before the platform and brought the American ladies greetings through an interpreter. After this I told them about Raleigh and the Hospital, and showed them the little box with Raleigh's picture on it. They were greatly interested, and when I finished, the congregation rose and sang "When We All Get to Heaven," and we wept and shouted together.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFERING

The offering for the expense of the Camp Meeting was now taken. I had previously inquired of the district superintendent how the expenses of the camp were to be met. He replied that a special offering was taken, and that these African Nazarenes gave as unto the Lord, and that it had always been sufficient. I could not see how it was possible for these destitute people to give the amount necessary, and wondered if it would crowd out the sermon, or if it would mean begging or urging as it so often does in the homeland.

But no! wonder of wonders! (Look down upon that congregation with me a few minutes. You must see it all at a little closer range.) The need is first clearly stated, and at last the people are permitted to make their offering to the Lord. See, several are on their feet at once, and some are holding up small bills (ten shillings—\$2.50). Yes, these are our dear native workers; they have been saving up for many weeks, for this is above their regular weekly offerings that they each have in their churches, for repairing their buildings and providing for their poor and the like. Now the entire congregation rises as we sing, "We're Marching to Zion," and the march begins. It still seems impossible, but here they come, and with offerings too; no urging is needed. Their faces are beaming and how they sing that grand old hymn! Bills and silver pile up on the open Bible. Do you notice? **Bills and silver**, no coppers. Some one tells me that these African Christians do not give pennies to the Lord at the Camp Meeting.

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

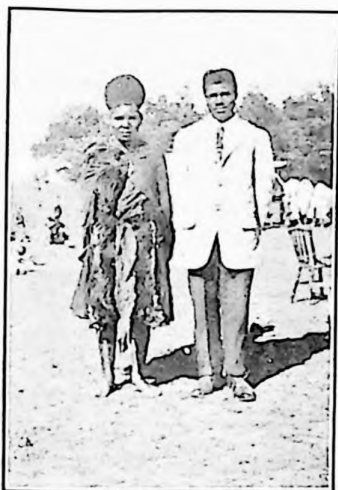
But look, here comes a very old woman, and so destitute; what can she be bringing? See, she is laying a threepence (six cents) reverently on the Bible, and turning away with such a happy face. I know it is like the widow's mite, "all her living." I simply can't stand this. I look into my bag and find a shilling, and tell Sister Pelley to give it to her, and make her to know it is for food and only for herself. Watch her face; how astonished she is! She can scarcely believe it is true. Now she is showing it to the other women. What do they mean? They are shaking their heads and making motions toward the altar, and the dear old woman appears troubled. Sister Pelley listens, and says, "They are telling her that it is not for her; that she must put it on the Bible." Oh, dear, she is coming back, and before Sister Pelley can reach her, she lays it down, but it is rescued again and placed in her hands, with the explanation that it is for her, that the white lady says she must keep it for food. Again joy and gladness beam from the dear old wrinkled face.

Now our girls are coming. They have been making and selling baskets and other grass things and saving up for this joyful occasion. But who is this dropping such a handful of silver on the Bible? Oh, that is Lillian, who has given, not one-tenth, but one-half of the money given to her as a graduation present, besides that which she has earned. God alone knows the sacrifices this offering means to all these precious Christians, both missionaries and natives. You are anxious to know the result of such devoted, hilarious giving. Will it meet all their needs? Now it is counted and, praise the Lord! it is \$125.00, enough for all expenses. Seventy-five of this has been given by the natives.

Then Gideon preached. He is one of our splendid native preachers, and brought an earnest, stirring message from 2 Cor. 6: 17. He exhorted them to "come out" from sin, and to emphasize the truth by way of illustration, he told them that sin had them all shut in like a little chicken in a shell, but they must come out or die. "It is not enough," he said, "for that chicken to peep a little, or to peck a little at the shell; it must come out or a big dog will come along and eat it up. So it is not enough that you should have a little desire, or make a little effort; you

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

must come out from all sin, or the devil will get you. But if you will obey and give up all your sins, God will receive you and save you." It was an illustration they all could understand, and a very precious altar service followed.



*Boy Preacher and Heathen Sister*

### THE CLOSING NIGHT

All too soon we came to the closing night of this wonderful camp meeting. It opened with a great song service, with Brother Jenkins in charge, the blessed old gospel hymns ringing out first in English, then in Zulu, and the saints getting blessed. Then the prayer service which followed was equally indescribable. Brother Schmelzenbach preached a searching sermon and between forty and fifty came forward without urging, and such weeping and praying, I had never before witnessed. Many of the seekers were women with babies on their backs. Several were Christians, yet they wept and prayed so earnestly that I wondered why. Later the missionaries who went down to talk with them told me about some of them. One was seeking forgiveness because when very hungry she had yielded to temptation and had eaten meat that had been offered to spirits. Our church does not permit this. Another had walked fifty miles and was weeping and praying for grace to go on with the Lord.

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

for her husband had taken a new wife, and they had both beaten her and driven her out of the home. Another was praying for help to give up her snuff, while still another, with breaking heart, was seeking comfort and grace, for they had taken her baby from her and driven her out, because the baby had cut the upper tooth first. They believe this means that the spirits are angry and they often blame the mother. Another anxious, frightened mother was groaning and praying; she had left two sick children at home, and had come especially to pray for them; she feared they would die, and they are so afraid of death. Some others had backslidden and lost the joy out of their hearts. Their husbands had beaten them until they had compromised and made beer for them, and now they were praying to be forgiven and restored. These poor African wives are very cruelly treated and beaten for the least offense. How sadly they need the comfort of Jesus' love! But does God hear and answer these prayers? Yes, they "pray through" in Africa just the same as in America. Soon weeping was changed to rejoicing, and what a scene, as one after another came through shouting, until the last one was standing and praising God for victory. I especially noticed a man away on the right of the altar. What a transformation, as he stood, and with hands raised toward Heaven, rejoiced and praised God.

I must just pause to mention one young girl who was seeking to be sanctified wholly. When the blessing came she stood, clapping her hands, and looking up, with such a shining face as I have never before seen. It almost seemed as if she might go up bodily, which would not have been difficult, so far as the old tabernacle roof was concerned. The rain, coming through about this time, was a gentle reminder of its condition. But these praisers were wholly unconscious of the storm, altho many of them were getting wet. All agreed that this was one of the best camps ever held, and every heart was filled with praise and thanksgiving as the Doxology was sung in closing. It was after midnight before plans were perfected to make all the dear people comfortable for the night. The women were transferred to the church and school building, and the men tried to find a dry spot in the old tabernacle. While these arrangements were being made, a belated visitor arrived, Dr. Hynd, who could not leave patients in the hospital to enjoy the entire meeting, but who

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

had planned to be here for the last service, and to take his people home. The rain had hindered him, for when he had arrived at the river, at the foot of the mountain, his car would go no farther, and he had been six hours in the drenching rain, coming up the mountain on mule back. All were thankful for his safe arrival.

On Wednesday we were to go on to Sabie, where Brother and Sister Penn have a splendid work, with a Girls' School and several out-stations. But the roads were impassable and the railroad station was about seventy miles away. So we had to give up this trip, tho we regretted it sorely.

The rain continued to pour down, but the poor people must return to their homes. Do you ask about umbrellas, rain coats and rubbers? No, they were not in evidence; the people went as they came--no extra clothing; babies each with only a grass cord around his neck or waist, huddled down in the blanket or shawl on his mother's back. How sad we were to see them go in this fashion, but they, with happy shining faces, paused to wave a good-bye, and several of the native workers came to shake hands again and say farewell.



*Native Preacher and Heathen Brother*

That evening the missionaries gave us a real surprise. They all gathered at the district superintendent's home, and after

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songs of praise and prayer, several short addresses were made, expressing appreciation for our coming and the services rendered. It was all so sweet of them. Then another surprise followed, when Dr. Hynd, after kindly remarks, presented us with a beautiful great shield and spear, such as Swazi warriors carry in battle, also a smaller shield and spear, and several small skins and other native curios. The large shield and spear belonged to Zephaniah, one of the boys who had been baptized the day before. He had carried them to dances at the King's Kraal before he was converted. I asked Sister Bresee to respond first, as my heart was too full for utterance. Afterwards I tried to tell them how much this evening meant to us, and assured them that we would do our best to make these things help to increase the interest in Africa, when we reached home.

It might be interesting to know a little more of the wonderful history of this boy Zephaniah, who had used the spear and shield. His father was a wicked old chief, who had opposed any of his people who had desired to attend the services at our station. He had a large kraal near Peniel, with twenty wives and one hundred fifty children. The missionaries had prayed long for him and those in his kraal. Finally when death approached he was afraid, and sent for the missionaries to come and pray with him. It had been the custom for a chief to be buried in a cave, and with him a living man. Then the cave was sealed with stones. But this cruel custom was prohibited by the British government. Therefore, with this chief was placed a living goat as a substitute. The cave was duly sealed, and the living and dead were left together. However, in some strange fashion, that goat escaped from its prison and returned to the dead chief's kraal, throwing the entire camp into consternation. This was a terrible omen. The witch doctors said that something dreadful would surely happen. Not long after this, a hog bit one of the boys, and later another native was gored by an ox. The witch doctors said that it surely was the spirit of the dead chief coming back for revenge. Accordingly the usual "smelling out," to locate the witch or witches, was resorted to, and the kraal was scattered.

Now there is a church at this very place and many Christians. Some of our best native preachers came from here—Crippled Daniel, Zephaniah, Phineas, and others.

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

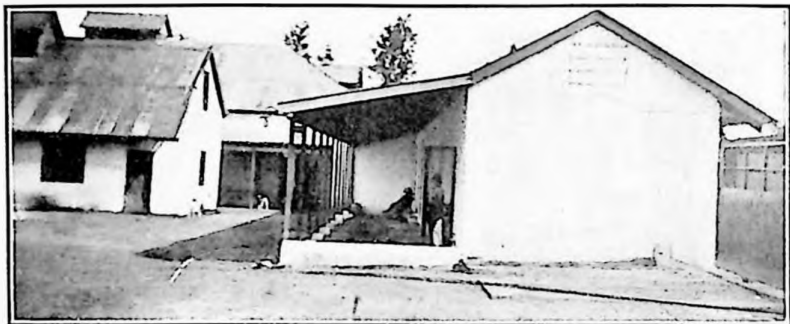
### TO JOHANNESBURG

We left Peniel Thursday morning for Komatiport Railway Station, nearly a hundred miles away, to entrain for Johannesburg. It was still raining and the missionaries feared we could not get down the mountain in the car. However, Brother Schmelzenbach said that he would try, if we felt that we must go. As our schedule made it imperative, we ventured. My ankle was still lame, but I could walk with a cane. The car skidded several times, once nearly slipping over a steep bank, and all got out and walked down the steepest part. Next we stuck in the mud going up a steep grade, and everyone climbed out again and either walked or pushed. At the river the boys pushed the punt over, and on the other side we met the Shirleys, who had returned from Komatiport Station on Wednesday and had slept in a native kraal over night. They said we could not reach the station with our load. (Sisters Robinson and Lovelace were with us, on their way to Johannesburg to have some dental work done.) But our intrepid superintendent borrowed a shovel and hatchet, and we pressed on. We passed through lion country, and the girls assured us that if it were later in the afternoon we might have heard some roaring. We saw several herd of wild buffalo and deer, and flocks of wild guinea hens. We met hunters with wagonloads of game and skins. We drove through ponds of water, got stuck in the mud several times, but God answered prayer and took us safely through.

As darkness settled down, we had difficulty in tracing the road, which was only a few wheel marks across a desert waste, most of the way. Sometimes the girls would get out to make sure the road was still there. At last we saw the lights of the village, and we stopped because the road ended here. The lights were still over a mile away across the river, and only a railroad trestle bridge stood between us and our destination. It was now raining and dark, and we were all hungry, for we had had only a little lunch on the way. Whatever should we do? As usual Brother Schmelzenbach had a plan. He left us and tramped away in the darkness. Presently we saw him returning with a lantern. He said he was going to walk over the trestle bridge and try to persuade them to send a car after us. About an hour passed and, sure enough, a headlight appeared, and then a train

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

came puffing slowly over the bridge. Yes, here in dark Africa, we were to have a special car to take us to town! It mattered not to us that it was only a cattle car and that we stood up in the rain, for we soon were to find a shelter, food and rest.



*Hotel at Komatiport*

Arriving in town we were conducted to a very small hotel, and how thankful we were for a little bare room with a bed that looked reasonably clean. We left the following afternoon and reached Johannesburg the next morning. Our good missionaries, Brother and Sister Ferree, were there to meet us.



*Government Official's Home*

### MEETING IN COMPOUND AT JOHANNESBURG

Saturday evening we were to have a meeting in one of the compounds with some of our native boys from Gazaland. When we arrived we found many already gathered there, and some were busy carrying in benches for seats.

The meeting was held in the sleeping or bunk room. Double tiers of beds, or stalls, were built along the walls. It was much colder here than in Swaziland, and a fire burned in the brick chimney in one end of the room. These rooms are in a large

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

galvanized iron building and have two small electric lights high up near the roof, which give very little light. Yet our boys gather here to hold night schools that they may learn to read the Bible.



*Inside the Compound*

Brother Ferree had charge of the service, and we were all blessed together as we sang and prayed and testified of the wonderful grace and love of God. We counted it a great privilege to get a little glimpse of the great work here in these compounds. We have thirty-eight such meeting rooms and schools along the eighty miles of this great gold-digging section. Yet we are sorry that our Christian boys need to come so far from their homes to secure work, for if they remain more than a few months the gold dust gets into their lungs, and they go home broken in health, and some live only two or three years.



*Chapel at Mudder Deep*

Sunday morning we went to preach at Brother Jones' Chapel at Mudder Deep, near another compound, about thirty miles distant. Some of our boys were up early, and without stopping for breakfast, had walked forty or fifty miles to be present at this service. Is it surprising that their souls are greatly blessed?

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It was a union service; and some of the boys spoke Zulu and some Shangan, but all sang the hymns together. At the close one of our native workers was exhorting at one end of the altar in Shangan and at the same time one of Brother Jones' workers appealed earnestly to the crowd at the other end in Zulu. Despite the commotion and the crowded room (about 400 were there) several made their way to the altar.

After the service we all went out into the yard, where a bonfire was made to burn up a lot of charms. Witch doctors had given these charms to different boys while they were heathen, to drive away evil spirits, restore in sickness, and so forth, and the missionaries encourage the Christians to destroy these charms. We noticed that several boys were almost afraid as they gazed upon this strange scene.



*Burning Native Charms*

In the afternoon we went to Brother Jones' home. These dear people are English missionaries, connected with the International Holiness Association. They have a big fruit farm and an industrial school, where we held a short service. Then we returned to Johannesburg.

### TO VICTORIA FALLS

We left that night on another thousand-mile trip to Victoria Falls, the largest waterfall in the world. On the morning of the second day we arrived at Bulawayo, where we remained until evening, as this is the terminus of the South

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

Africa Railroad, the remainder of the journey being made over the Rhodesia line. These railroads in Africa are fairly comfortable and make good time. We had hoped to see more wooded country on this trip, but found very little change of scenery along the way. While waiting here we went out twenty miles to see Cecil Rhodes' grave. It is one mile up on the mountain, and can be seen some distance away. We also



*Cecil Rhodes' Grave*

visited a cave which was sixty feet high, just a large semi-dome with animals carved by the natives in colors on its walls. Here we saw some natives in fancy costume. A rickshaw man at the station had a very gay headdress of feathers and horns, and of course we had to have a ride in a rickshaw.

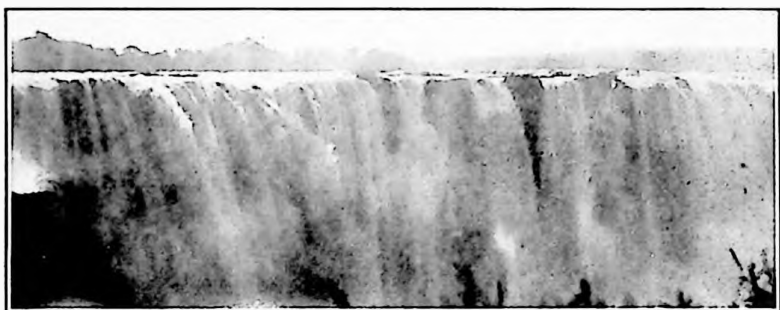


*Native Trolley*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA



*Zambezi River Above the Falls*



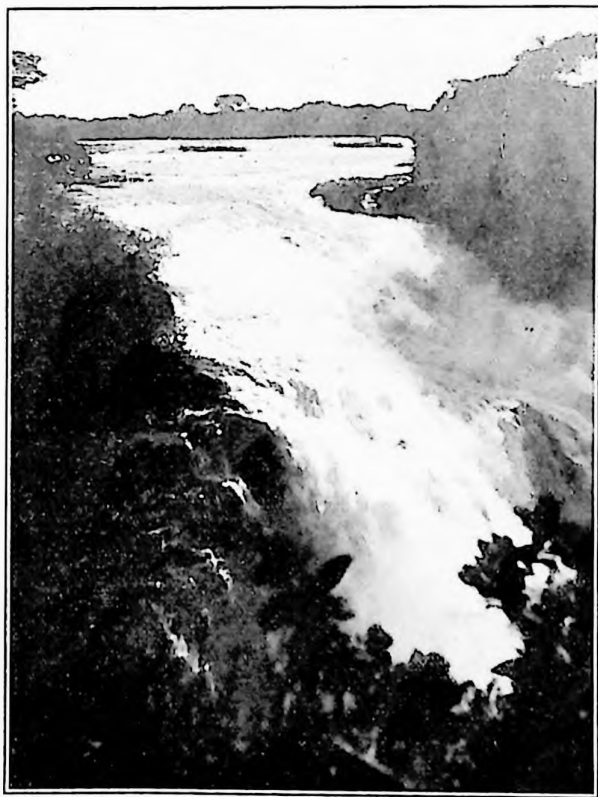
*Victoria Falls*



*Victoria Falls Hotel*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

The following day we reached our destination—the wonderful Victoria Falls. It was warmer there, as we were nearer the equator, tho nearly four thousand miles above sea level. The trees here were larger and had Autumn tints on their leaves. Here we found a very fine hotel, from whose piazza we could see the spray like smoke continually rising above the Falls about a mile away. The trip to the Falls is unique. We were carried there on a little trolley car pushed by two natives. We had to change cars three times. The cost was two shillings (fifty cents) and tips each way. The Falls are wonderful, but so large that you can see only a small portion from one place. We walked through the rain forest (needing rain coats and umbrellas to protect us from the spray) for a mile and a quarter, going



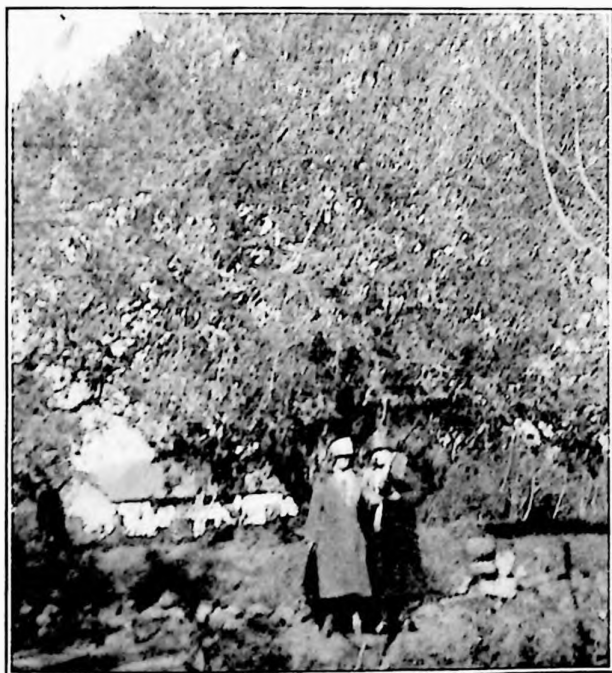
*Devil's Cataract*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

up as near as possible at each open space in the wood, and then we had seen only a small part. It is not out in the open like our Niagara Falls, and therefore it was impossible to see at any point the entire length of the great fall of water. But the



*Rain Forest*



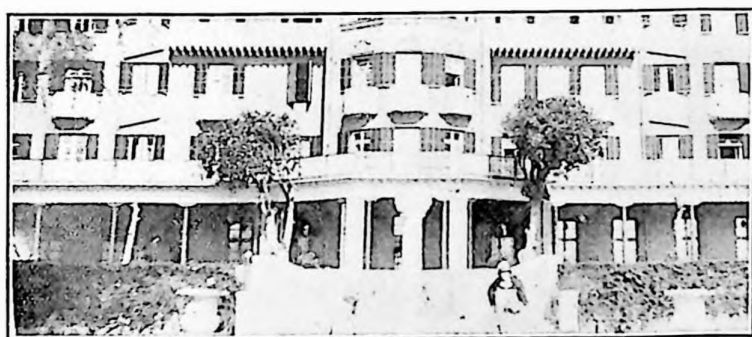
*Famous Indaba Tree*

## A TRIP TO AFRICA

deafening roar told of the volume and power there. One day we went across the Zambezi River in a motor boat to Livingstone, a small town named after that great missionary and explorer. We were told that we might see hippopotami here, but we saw only crocodiles.

Returning to Bulawayo (on our way to Cape Town nearly two thousand miles away) we visited the Governor's House and Indaba Tree, where Cecil Rhodes made a lasting peace with the natives.

Then on again we went, for three nights and two days, to Cape Town. We were sorry to say "Good-bye" to all the dear ones in Africa, but we were glad to be on the homeward journey.



*Mt. Nelson Hotel*

### CAPE TOWN

Cape Town is a beautiful modern town, and we were glad to have two days here before sailing. One day we had a wonderful drive down to the Point (Cape of Good Hope) fifty miles away. There were beautiful mountain and ocean scenes along the way. At the point we sat down and looked out upon the water, where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet. Another day we visited an old castle and the first church built in South Africa. We were very comfortable at the lovely Nelson Hotel up on the mountain side.

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### HOMeward BOUND



*Harbor Tug—Table Mountain in Background*

Again, through the mercy of God, we can record a pleasant, restful voyage of seventeen days to Southampton, England. We had planned to stop in Scotland on our return trip, so after one day in London we hastened on to Motherwell, Scotland, where we were entertained in the home of our dear Dr. and Mrs. Sharpe, who took us to the different group meetings that had been arranged. The Lord graciously blessed our hearts together as we gave them the latest news from Africa.

One more short ocean trip and we are in our native land. But our heart is still singing a psalm of praise for all these privileges enjoyed—a song which is now nearly twenty thousand miles long.



