The Reminiscences

And

Recollections of A Pioneer

or

With the Message

In The Dark Continent

1894 – 1924

By

I. B. Burton

INTRODUCTION

Back in September pf 1953 when Thelma, Irwin and I first went out to Africa to start our own mission work, we called in at the Southern African Division office at Claremont, Cape. While there, my cousin, Elder E. W. Tarr, who was then a departmental leader in the Division Office showed us a copy of a manuscript which was written by my own grandfather, Elder I. B. Burton about his experiences as a pioneer missionary to Solusi and other places in Southern Africa. My grandfather died before I was born and I have always been interested in his experiences. We did not have much time then at the Cape, and I did not have an opportunity to read this manuscript through, although I would have like to then.

I had wondered through the years what had become of that manuscript, and I was not aware that there was another copy of it in existence.

In May 1976 while I was visiting my folks in California over one week-end, I found that they had recently gotten a photo copy of this manuscript from my Aunt, Grace Stevenson in Africa. While at their place, I read it through and decided that it should be made available at least to our own immediate family. I brought the manuscript back with me to Texas and since then, I have been re-typing it so that we could print it. The photo copy was in places very hard to read. As I typed the manuscript, I have tried to keep it as close as I could to what Grandfather Burton had written. I have, however, frequently made corrections in grammar and construction as I typed along, Many sentences I have shortened. I realize that even now, it will not be perfect, but I have tried to change as little as possible. Thelma has spent much time reading the typewritten pages and correcting them. She also has helped me run this all off on the off-set press.

Mr. J. W. Foust of the Whitney Printing Company in Amarillo has been most helpful to us. He kindly supplied us with the cover material without cost. He arranges for the negatives to be made for the printing of the covers and has helped with the stapling of the finished books at his press.

I trust that as you read this book, you will realize as I have, the great sacrifices made for the Lord's Work by the early pioneers and that you will determine, as I have, to use all the marvelous facilities God has blessed us with to help in the spread of the Gospel Story.

Irwin Barry Burton
Amarillo, Texas
June 25, 1976

INTRODUCTION TO THE DIGITAL VERSION

After my Dad had this manuscript printed, he gave copies to all of the family members and sent copies to various Adventist libraries and historical sites. Then in the mid 80s, Dad began to get into computers. He decided he wanted to get this manuscript into an electronic format. Over the next 20 years off and on he worked on scanning and OCRing the document and then doing various formatting and additional editing.

It was an on-going project of Dad's and he never really finished the work he wanted to do. Shortly before his death, he had spent some time trying to assemble an index of the document.

After Dad died, I inherited his computers and files. As I looked through the files on Dad's computer I found a Word document for this manuscript. Since at the time I used WordPerfect, I converted the document to WordPerfect format. Later, I moved to using OpenOffice and LibreOffice and so converted the document again. My conversions did not change anything, just put it in a file format that I could open easily.

Recently, I decided to once again take a look at the document and see what I could do to "finish" the work that Dad started. I'm not changing much from the basic format that Dad left. I'm finishing out the Index that he started, and I'm adding a Table Of Contents.

It is my hope, as it was Dad's that anyone who might in the future happen upon this document and reads it, will be blessed as they discover the dedication to the finishing of the work that was displayed by our early pioneers.

Irwin B. Burton
Westcliffe, Colorado
August 25, 2020

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Chapter 1

Planning For The Trip

Izikulu ziya kuza zwele Egipiti: ama-kushi atyetye ukuyisa izandla zawa ku Tixo: Ambassadors will come from Egypt; Cush will readily extend her hands unto God! Spurrell.

Not long after Seventh-day Adventists began their work in South Africa, the General Conference authorized the Cape Conference to take the Three Angels' Messages of Revelation 14 to regions beyond South Africa. Work had first started among the Europeans in South Africa. Now Seventh-day Adventists were to take the gospel to the millions of Africa's black sons and daughters.

The regions to the North were teeming with millions of people who had strange customs and beliefs. They lived in lands still unexplored. They had never even seen or heard of the white man. They did not know their right hand from their left. They were without God and without hope in the world. Until then, they had not even received a crumb of saving truth. They too, must hear of the Gospel of the Kingdom -- this is something that must happen before the Lord can come in the last generation.

With the thrill of the first love that comes to all who hear and accept the Lord's message for our time, the little company at the Cape looked forward to the time when they would carry the good news of a soon coming Saviour to those who dwell in a land ‘shadowing with wings beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, to a nation scattered and peeled, a nation meted out and trodden down, whose land the rivers have spoiled.’

The months of April and May 1894, found the little company of believers at the Cape busy and excited. Several of their members were to be the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries to any heathen land.

Friends filled the Claremont Seventh-day Adventist church on May 6, 1894, to bid farewell to the seven men who were leaving on this pioneering missionary journey.

This was the last time for some in that company to meet with their friends on this earth. This was their last farewell. Today some of this number are sleeping in distant mission lands separated by vast distances from those they left behind on that memorable May day. Some few are still carrying the banner of the cross and are waiting the Lord's return. They hope to meet again those from whom they have long been separated.

Oh how sweet the songs of Zion sounded with the swelling strains of such grand hymns as:

Anywhere, dear Saviour, in Thy vineyard wide,
Where Thou bidst me labor, Lord, there would I abide...

Where the night may find us, surely matters not,
If we camp with Jesus, O blessed is the spot!
Quickly we the tent may fold,
Cheerful march through storm or cold,
Anywhere dear Saviour, to work for Thee.

Those who were going north earnestly sang that beautiful hymn!

"Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work today
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"

From the depths of our hearts came the answer, "Here am I, Oh Lord send me."

Chapter 2

Matabeleland

"The LORD is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens. . .Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!" Psa. 113:4,6.

Matabeleland (Rhodesia) was then a new country that had just recently been opened up for settlement of Europeans. To such a country, men of all classes and conditions flock. People were coming from all parts of the world seeking fortunes for themselves. While some were successful, many were disappointed. Peaceable tribes such as the Makalangas and the Mashonas formerly occupied Matabeleland. These tribes were agricultural rather than warlike by nature. Through their efforts, they had brought large tracts of land under cultivation. I have seen tracts of their fields that extended over thirty miles in length and several miles in width. The warlike tribe of the Matabele under their great Zulu chief, Mzilikazi came in among these peaceful peoples.

Mzilikazi was the son of Mashobana, and the father of Nobengula (Lobengula). The Zulus drove him out of Zululand, and he tried to establish himself in what now is known as the Transvaal. His army raided the country for a radius of three hundred miles or more around his kraal. This area is now known as the Marico District. He wrought such devastation everywhere that the country became a wilderness, and most of the population was annihilated. Such a despot could not long remain in peace. At the time of the "great trek" of Boers (or Dutch farmers) from the Cape Colony in 1836-37 the Zulus came from the East. This forced him to move farther north. Mzilikazi went north and established himself in what now is known as Rhodesia.

During his stay in the Transvaal, Mzilikazi met with the pioneer missionary to those parts, Dr. Robert Moffat. This servant of God so impressed Mzilikasi that he named one of his sons, Kurumana after the river at the mission station of Kuruman. This early acquaintance with Dr. Moffat paved the way for the first missionaries sent out later by the London Missionary Society to start their work in Matabeleland. At the time of our trip to Rhodesia, a trading company -- the Charter Company had obtained concessions from the then ruling chief of the country. This concession was over a section of territory that was occupied by the Mashonas, a subject tribe. The young warriors of Lobengula went about with little restraint. They molested the Mashonas among whom the white man had settled and who were helping them develop their concessions. It was not long before the Matabele soldiers clashed with the new comers. This brought war in which the Matabeles were severely defeated and all their country was taken over by the Charter Company. The king fled. His army was scattered and the country was ready for European occupation. Thus it was, that a power that had been a scourge to the surrounding tribes for hundreds of miles and a real hindrance to God's work was moved out of the way. This prepared the way for the advance guard of Seventh-day Adventist missionaries.

In 1860, the London Missionary Society sent two missionaries -- the Rev. Sykes and Rev. Thomas up into Matabeleland. These men with their families went up into the wilds where they were surrounded by blood thirsty natives. Their trust was not in the arms of flesh, but in the living God, and these faithful men and women did good work in the forefront of the battle.

The experiences of these early missionaries have not yet been written and given to the world. The dear Lord keeps a faithful record of the hardships and trials through which His children pass. Often their hearts were saddened when they saw but little fruit for their labor. Often what little was gained was ruthlessly destroyed by orders of the cruel tyrant who ruled his nation with a rod of iron. No sooner did a native man or woman become interested in Christianity, than they would be smelt out. Eternity alone will reveal the results of the labors of these noble men and women who endured the heat of the day, and who have gone before into the regions beyond. Now the time had come when the Gospel of a soon coming Saviour was to be carried to this land.

Chapter 3

Leaving Cape Town

My life must touch a million lives in some way ere I go,
From this dear world of struggle to the land I do not know
So this the wish I always wish, the prayer I ever pray!
Let my life help the other lives it touches by the way!
S. Gillilan.

Our long journey began on May 7, 1894. At the Claremont Railroad Station the group stopped to pick me up with my box and bedding. With a colored man, I then drove on to Paarl, a distance of forty miles. There was a wagon builder establishment on the outskirts of Paarl where the large wagon that had been ordered for the journey was receiving its finishing touches. We waited for two days in Paarl for the railroad cars to arrive. We loaded the wagons and mules onto the railroad cars and started out on our long northward journey.

Vryburg was then the end of the railroad track, but in those days the journey we were undertaking was considered a very long one. To many it seemed like we were going to the ends of the earth.

I traveled with the wagons and mules in the freight train in order to care for the mules' needs during the journey. They daily needed their food and water. It was a long, slow journey on the freight train, but there was always a good view of the surrounding countryside. As this was my first such trip, it was very interesting.

The farms between the Cape and the Hex River Mountains looked very beautiful and cozy as they nestled among the foothills. It was autumn. Glimpses of the harvesting of grains and fruits brought vividly to mind the words of the Saviour that the white fields were ready for harvest. We fervently prayed for more reapers.

The beautiful mountain scenery with its valleys and vastness reminded me of those mountain strong holds, that during earth’s dark night, were the refuge and shelter of God's persecuted people from those who sought their lives. While we were ascending the Hex River Mountains and as we remembered the mission on which we were engaged, the words of Isaiah came to mind. 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' Isa. 52:7.

The forerunners of those who were to carry the great threefold message to those who know not their right hand from their left were on our train. My heart thrills yet as I think of those early days and of the earnest desire that filled the hearts of that first party to speed the glorious message to those sitting in darkness. We believed that what had to be done,

must be done quickly. We believed that signs all around showed that Jesus' coming was near and how we all looked for that blessed hope.

After traveling for several hours, we finally reached the top of the Hex River Mountains. We now were on the brink of the table land called the Karroo. As we looked over the vast stretches of barren wastes, we realized that we were in a country of vast distances. To the traveler with oxen, donkeys or horses, this is even more evident. However, the Karroo is not what it at first appears. It is not a great barren wasteland.

As one travels and the country changes from the water, grass and tree lands to that dry area within a few hours it does give one the impression that it is a barren wasteland. It contains some of the richest soils in South Africa, and when it is well watered, will yield an abundant harvest. It is the pasture ground for thousands and thousands of sheep and goats that feed on a very nutritious bush known as the Karroo bush. Donkeys and ostriches have done well on the Karroo, but cattle do not do well there.

A few weeks after a good rain, the whole area looks like one vast flower garden. I well remember the first time I saw the Karroo in its glory dress, and language fails to describe its beauty. It seemed to put new life and energy into my very being. Now while traveling through it for the first time, there were many things to attract my attention, and I was sorry when night came to obscure my view. After feeding the mules, I would make up my bed in the little wagon and retire for the night.

Chapter 4

On to Vryburg

Away in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush boy by my side.
Pringle.

I woke up early the next morning and saw the country changing like a kaleidoscope. I thought of the tribes of native peoples who had at one time wandered over these hills and wilds. Waste and barren as it seems, the country had and still has a strange fascination for many people. Among the strange sights to be found in the Karroo are the fences. As trees are scarce and stones are plentiful, farmers use stones for fence posts and fasten strands of wire to them. These fences enclose large farms. Now and then a homestead may be seen. Some are near the railroad track while others are some distance away. All who live in these homes carefully conserve their water. Houses are located where one can see a group of trees in a flourishing condition. The sight reminds one that the Christian should be like the person described by the prophet Jeremiah. "For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." - Jer. 17:8.

Hills that were sometimes near and sometimes far off on either side of the railroad track seemed to be rising on the plain. Nearly all had flat table tops something like the famous mountain in Cape Town. These hills are level and flat and are all about the same height. They must be one of the peculiar results of the flood in this part of the world.

Here rivers are rushing torrents during the rainy season, but for most of the year, they are beds of rocks and sand. Because of this, the Orange River with its long railroad bridge was of special interest. This river starts in the Drakensberg Mountains that are only about one hundred and seventy miles from the Indian Ocean on the east side of the continent. It then flows west. It drains a large part of the country as it flows right across the western and southern part of the continent before emptying itself into the Atlantic Ocean. The pioneer missionaries sometimes had to camp on the banks of this river while they waited for the water in the river to subside so they could cross. Now a bridge spans this big river and no time at all is lost in crossing it. We realized that the Lord has gone before to open the way that His work may now go forward without delay. How often his people have been slow to move with His providences. I well remember once talking to a Pondo chief who asked, "Where have you been with this truth all the time? Why did you start away beyond us?"

On the second day of our journey, the train pulled into Kimberley Station. We stopped there for three hours, but this was too short a time to see much of the world's great

diamond center. We did see however, indications of some of the difficulties and hardships that diamond seekers had passed through in their gamble for the wealth that passes away -- wealth that is never sufficient to satisfy. We also were in search of wealth, but our quest was for jewels to grace the Master's crown.

After we left Kimberley, the scene changed and the country looked even more barren and dry suggesting that it seldom rained there. The farther we went into Bechuanaland, the more this was evident. As we went on it was evident that the Kalahari Desert was not far away and we did cross a corner of it before our journey ended. Hundreds of stones of all sizes are found on either side of the railroad track. For centuries these stones faced the sun and the sun has turned them black as coal.

We saw very little life excepting an occasional meerkat that was startled by the passing train. These little animals would scamper off a little distance. They would stop, and then sit up on their back legs to give us one more look before disappearing into a hole in the ground. The meerkat is a very pretty little animal that is a little larger than a full grown rat. They are easily tamed and make very good pets and like to snuggle close to their owners to keep warm. As their natural habitat is in hot climates, they love the heat.

As we neared Vryburg, we saw a very deceptive and strange sight. We saw what appeared to be a beautiful park. There we saw glistening sheets of water fringed with green willow trees. As I had not seen such a pretty sight before, it was most interesting to watch. As the train traveled along, the scene changed and we realized that what we had seen was a mirage. We could understand how travelers can be deceived by these optical illusions. So it is with Satan's pleasing allurements. His victims are lead on and on until at last, the fascinating vision dies away and the victim is left in despair.

The train whistles and there just ahead is the village of Vryburg, a place that is well known to the missionaries of early pioneer days. We pass the station and stop a mile beyond the town. There on the platform are the rest of the party who have traveled up by passenger train. Our party of seven consisted of the following: A. Druillard, P. J. D. Wessels, Fred Sparrow, J. H. Harvey, A. Goepp, J. Landsmann and I Barry Burton.

Chapter 5

From Vryburg By Wagon

Faith, mighty faith, the promised seed
And looks to God alone,
Laughs at impossibilities
And o'er it shall be done.

In Vryburg the first thing we had to do was to purchase oxen to pull the heavy wagon. A team of fourteen to sixteen oxen is usually used to pull a wagon carrying eight or ten thousand pounds. These wagons are often called land ships. Like a ship they carry provisions enough for weeks and months of travel. We also needed two horses to act as leaders for the six mules. Our mule wagon would carry only four thousand pounds.

It would take too long to go into detail about all that took place on that trip. There are several things that are of interest and as I look over my diaries of those days, it is difficult to choose what to tell.

One thing we had to study carefully was the watering places along the way. In all our journey, we always tried to care for our teams. We tried to ask what the road was like ahead of us so that on Friday we would camp near water and grass until after the Sabbath was past. During week days, each missionary had his appointed work to do. Mr. Fred Sparrow was the driver of the team, and I took turns in both holding the lines and driving the mules and herding them.

The job of caring for the teams was the most risky as we were traveling through a new country that at one time had many beasts of prey. Even when we passed through, some parts were infested with them and they were dangerous. On Sabbath the others took turns at herding, so that those who had been doing it through the week might have a rest and a change.

In traveling we followed this practice. All would help with the in-spanning, and then we in the little wagon would take the lead. We would travel for nine or ten miles, depending on where we found water. If we heard that water was more than nine or ten miles away, we would travel for about ten miles. We would then out-span for a couple of hours and then start out again. On several occasions water was a long distance away and that made it very hard on both man and beast.

Often we slept in very cramped quarters. The small wagon had room for two -- Messers Druillard and Wessels. The large wagon held the other four, while I had the pleasure of sleeping on the ground all along the way by making my bed under the little wagon. When we out-spanned at night, it was not always easy to know what the ground

would be like under the wagon. It often turned out that my bed was hard and stony and on occasion I found thorns to be unwelcome intruders.

We would start out as soon after three in the morning as possible. After three or four hours of trek, we would out-span and wait until about three in the afternoon. We would then in-span and travel for four or five hours at night.

Sometimes we would get into mud holes and bogs and then the real fun began. Some people called it trouble. I suppose that it all depends on how one takes it. It meant a lot of hard work. We would have to get out the wheel jack and hunt for stones. These were usually prominent by their absence. These experiences always seemed to take place at night when it was hard to see and was very cold.

The winter months on the high veldt are very cold except when one can manage to get into the sunshine and then it is very hot. Very often the only thing to do when we got into one of these mud holes, was to unload the whole wagon before we could get it out. Of course this always took up a lot of time. Once we broke the pole of the wagon. Then we had to use the ridge pole of the tent in its place. Fortunately these tent poles were made of good pitch pine and could stand a lot of rough usage.

Then there were the stumps and boulders in the road. It seemed that the wheels would aim at hitting everyone they could find. This was especially true if there happened to be a good sized stump in the way. It seemed that the wheel would deliberately try to go over it. Then of course the wagon would come to a standstill because the front axle had gotten caught on the stump.. At such times we had to cut the stump shorter. Very often this was not possible. The only thing to do was to unhook some of the oxen. We then hooked them at the back of the wagon and by a series of maneuvers, would try to get the wagon clear of the stump.

On our journey to Rhodesia we had to cross the Shashi River. At the place we crossed it was very wide and had a deep sand bottom. There were several wagons in our company, for we had met others who were going our way. It was an unwritten law of the road that when a wagon was in trouble, each party does what it can to help. When a wagon from another party got stuck in the Shashi River, we took our span and hooked it onto the stuck wagon. Sometimes there were three and four spans of oxen all hooked onto one wagon. Sometimes there were as many as sixty-four oxen helping to pull wagons across the sand.

We had three spans of oxen to pull our large wagon across the river. When the first span reached the top of the bank, they pulled down on the necks of those oxen behind them and they had to be taken off. This left just two spans to pull the wagon up the river bank. On another occasion, we hitched the horses and mules in front of the oxen and crossed the river that way.

Although the river beds are usually dry, one has only to dig down a little way to find water. It would almost seem as if the water ran underneath the sand. Usually the water found by digging in the sand of the river beds is very good.

When we started on our journey, we did not take a large assortment of food stuffs and soon our diet consisted of boermeal porridge. Boermeal is wheat ground whole and then some of the bran is removed. After living on this for some time, there were several complaints of heartburn. One brother was so ill, that we camped for a day at a place where there were a lot of locusts. He caught some and roasted them at the fire and then ate them. We did not do much hunting or shooting on this journey.

A few days before we reached king Khama's kraal, Mr. Druillard had a severe case of toothache. This was the first time that he had suffered with his teeth, and he was then a man well on in years. When we reached the Palapye Kraal, he went to the resident missionary and had it pulled. Some members of our party went in to see King Khama. He told them that there was plenty of room in his country and asked why they needed to go any farther North? He asked if the Matabeles were bigger sinners than the Bamangwato. It is a pity that we did not leave part of our company to start work in that place. We also needed to give to these people the message we were planning to take to others. May the Lord forgive us for our shortsightedness.

In this area, the natives live in large towns or villages that are usually built in a circle. There is an inner and an outer circle. The huts are built between these two circles. This space is again divided among the different families, and the whole, makes quite a maze. In the inner circle all the cattle and small stock are kept, and this is also where councils are held and where dances take place.

The outer and inner palisades and the division walls are constructed of mud. The outer circle wall is three and sometimes four poles thick. Heavy trees are used for these walls. As extra protection sometimes thorns are worked in among the poles. In some places around these towns, the country has been cleared for miles around of any trees.

Native peoples have quite a variety of food. While some tribes make use of just a few items in their diets, others use many. I have been among many tribes and people and have never found it necessary to live on flesh, although the natives are very fond of meat. At the Chief's kraal, they eat quite a lot of meat, but most of the people do not often get much. Their food consists of mealies, Kaffir corn, millet, sweet potatoes, beans, ground beans, peanuts, pumpkins, marrows, gourds, locusts when in season, caterpillars and white ants. They eat roots and bulbs when food is scarce.

After we had passed through Khama's country, the country changed from large flat and level country to a section that was hilly. The road wound around among these hills. The formation of the hills or kopjies consists of huge rocks and boulders piled upon each other. Some of these hills are very small while others are very large. They are found over a large part of Matabeleland. Trees and bush cover some of the hills.

This is the home of the wild fig. It is a shady tree and one can find a cool place under it on a hot day. These fig trees are not like the ones we have been used to. This tree is an evergreen tree. The fruit is found on the thick part of the boughs, the trunk and even close to the ground on the roots. Sometimes the fruit seems very tempting, but when you pick them and break the fruit open, you find them full of ants and sometimes flies. When you do get the fruit free from these pests, it is very tasty. There is another fig tree that has fruit growing on the tips of its branches. This is not a large fruit, but is quite palatable. Both of these trees are fine shade trees and they afford a cool resting place for the weary traveler.

The nature of the country changed and we found ourselves passing through parts that were well wooded and the trees were a beautiful green. Some of these had strange fruit on them. Some of the fruit looked like plums while others like oranges.

One day while I was driving along, I was using the long whip, and occasionally the road ran through a narrow opening through the woods. The boughs would touch on either side of the wagon. We passed one branch that looked innocent enough. It turned out to be one of those trees called the wait-a-bit. I had to wait-a-bit, for the branch caught me and dragged me off the wagon. I was caught there, suspended in the air and had to be helped down. A person needs very strong clothes to withstand these African thorns. I believe Africa holds first place for thorns. You can find anything from the smallest to the largest and longest and thorns of all kinds of shapes.

As we traveled along, we often would start singing many of the good old Advent hymns. The hills, woods and plains rang out again and again as we went along. There was one hymn that we used to sing two and three times a day. We never seemed to get tired of it. It was, "God be with you till we meet again." Oh, those were happy days. I can still in imagination hear the sweet tenor voice of Mr. Druillard. Although he has now gone to rest, we look forward to the time, if faithful, we will meet him on the sea of glass, and join in the grand redemption song. How sweet are the words of the hymn.

We shall meet beyond the river
In that glorious land of bliss,
The Son shall reign forever
As the king of Righteousness

We shall meet in yonder city,
With the walls of jasper bright,
We shall shout our songs of triumph,
No more sorrow, pain or night.

Some happy day.
Is of jasper bright,
We shall shout our songs of triumph,

No more sorrow, pain or night.
Some happy day.

Chapter 6

Arrival At Bulawayo

Often in our experiences we forget the other fellow. Then it is our own trials and difficulties seem to loom up like mountains. We should stop for a moment and look at the lot of our neighbor. Often when we see the difficulties others are having, our own difficulties seem much less significant.

We had been traveling for six weeks. The roads were just dust and mud. Eating had been very irregular and the food we did eat was not good. We were glad to out-span at a small stream close to a trader's store. This store was six miles from the new township of Bulawayo.

Mr. Druillard and I walked into town the next day to get the mail. We had not gone into town very far, when the first thing that attracted Mr. Druillard's attention was the Stars and Stripes floating over a little Calico building. Mr. Druillard being a good American Citizen, had to find out who lived there. He found an American who had started a restaurant and as this was the fourth of July, he proudly wanted to show his country's colors. We had a good visit with this man and he became a good friend then and later on. We went to the post office and found some mail waiting for our party.

In town we found surveyors very busy surveying the new township. Many stands had been sold and a canvas town had sprung up. The administration planned that the town would be a modern one. They planned for broad streets that would allow even the old time bullock wagon to turn in them. A lot of life and action were going on now where only a few months before there was only bare veldt, ruled over by a native chief.

We returned to camp, tired and hungry. The meal was soon ready. My companion could not eat as the flies were into everything. Our tent was just black with them. Mr. Druillard waited until dark to eat his meal. The flies in the tent had a warm reception. That night and for several nights afterwards, we could close the tent, light some paper and grass and tried to get rid of them in this way.

At certain times of the year and in certain sections of the country, one could hardly breathe without pests getting into eyes and nostrils. I have seen native children with their eyes and mouths covered with flies. The flies and other insects spread a lot of disease such as sore eyes and sore mouths. Any sore or wound usually takes a long time to heal because of the infection carried by the flies.

On the 5th of July we went in to town to have an interview with the administrator and to present to him our letter from Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The interview was most successful. Dr. Jameson, the Administrator told us that each person in our party could peg out a farm of six thousand three hundred acres. There would be no charge for the land, but it would be necessary to make certain improvements on the land. The Administrator

supplied native guides to the missionary group. The officials advised us to go to an area across the Gwaai River among the Makalanga people.

The guides took us across the Khami, the Kwesesi and the Gwaai Rivers to the native chief who ruled that part of the country. His name was Solusi. He was a Makalanga and was the head chief of that district. There were several chiefs under him.

We had left camp and had gotten nicely started on our way. Mr. Goepp, one of our party walked up to one of the native boys and said to him, "Can you speak Kaffir?" The native, not understanding a word of what was said replied, "Andiva." (I did not hear you), meaning I do not understand you. Mr. Goepp said, "I did not ask you that. I want to know if you can speak Kaffir." Again the native replied, "Andiva." "Well, you are a funny fellow. I ask you if you can speak Kaffir, and you say, 'an eve her.' I do not know her, neither can I have her." With that he walked around to the other side of the wagon and said to Mr. Sparrow, "Here is a native who cannot speak Kaffir." We had this joke on him for several days. He had often amused us on our way to Rhodesia.

We reached the section of the country that we had been directed where we would start our mission. Soon we were busy pegging out the farms and getting them as close to the right size as possible. When we had finished pegging out the mission site itself, all but two of our number pegged out the farms that had been granted to them. We registered the farms and divided the supplies among the group. We all went to our sites to make provision for the rainy season that was just upon us.

Two of our party, after organizing us into a Sabbath School, left us and returned to the Cape. They were to report on the success we had and of the goodness of God that had crowned our journey. The two who left were Mr. Pieter Wessels and Mr. Druillard.

Mr. Sparrow was our first Sabbath School Superintendent and Mr. Harvey, the first secretary. For some time we all met at the mission site where Mr. Sparrow was located. We finally decided that this was hardly fair. The different ones in our party were located some distance from the mission. One was four miles to the South West. Another was four miles West North West while two others lived about six miles North North West. After carefully considering the matter we chose a site on the Western mission boundary line on the banks of a stream of water that was nearest the center of the little settlement. Here we built a hut where we could hold our services and we spent many blessed Sabbath days there.

A few natives also attended these meetings, but no real effort was then made to give the message to the native people at that time.

On Sabbath morning we would first have Sabbath School followed by the Sabbath services. After the meetings we would usually divide our group into twos or threes and visit in different homes. We would usually return to our own homes the following morning.

Our Wednesday evening prayer and missionary meetings would be held in two or three homes. Some members of our party would go to one place one week and to another the following week and so on. We always looked forward to these meetings. We felt that there was power and blessings that we could get from the meetings and we needed all the help we could get.

One Sabbath we were returning from our little Bethel and were close to Mr. Harvey's house. I was leading the party. Suddenly I jumped back just in time to escape from being bitten by a tree snake. These tree snakes are very dangerous as they hang down from the trees and can be easily mistaken for a tree limb. Often they lie along the boughs and as their color is mostly green, it blends in with the foliage. Often a person does not see them until it is too late.

Another time one of these snakes missed its mark, fell to the ground and swam across a hole of water nearby and escaped into the bush on the other side. It then crawled into the grass.

One time while I was walking across country to visit some missionary friends, I saw a very large snake go into a hole. At the time I was about five miles from my friend's home. The hole had two openings. The head went down one opening and soon came up out of the other. The hole was not long enough for the full length of the snake's body. When the head came out of the one hole, there was still about six inches of the tail outside of the other hole. We found two large stones. When the snake saw danger, it would pull its head into the hole and we covered the one opening with a stone. By this time the tail had come out farther. We placed the other stone over the opening where the tail was, pinching the snake's tail. We then removed the stone from the opening where the head was. The head came out, but the other stone was holding the tail. The snake stuck its head out and for a while, there was quite a fight going on. When the snake was later killed, it measured eight feet ten inches in length.

I saw quite a variety of snakes in this country. Some were only a few inches long while others were several feet long. I have had skins of snakes that were over eighteen feet in length. The very large snakes are of the constrictor family.

At one time, our eggs seemed to be disappearing rather strangely. Although the chickens were laying well, we collected very few eggs. We decided to watch the hens carefully. We thought that perhaps a small animal that belonged to the skunk family was taking the eggs. We did not see anything like this at that time. We did not find the thief until a broody hen was set. The thief was a snake. This snake was not large. It did not even have a large mouth and yet it would swallow the eggs whole. We caught the culprit in the very act. The mouth would stretch over an egg and as it was being swallowed, there was a row of what looked like sharp horns at the top of the throat. These horns would pierce the egg as the snake swallowed it. We killed that snake along with a couple more of the same kind and after that, we did not miss any more eggs from the nests.

A native man ran over to us after a puffadder had bitten his leg. I made a few deep cuts around the bite with a sharp knife and filled the incisions with permanganate of potash crystals. This saved the man's life. The part that had been treated came out as a round lump. It left a hole in the leg that gradually healed.

The puffadder is a very slow and lazy snake and is even more so on a cold day or when a cold wind is blowing.

One day I was walking over to see a sick native woman. Two men accompanied me. We walked over a path that was overgrown with grass and before I knew it, I stepped right on one of these snakes. It had been coiled up in a tuft of grass in the middle of the path and was fast asleep.

There have been several occasions when people have camped out, and snakes have crept under the sleeper to get warm. It would make one shudder to think that you had a snake for a bed fellow. These snakes as compared to that old serpent, the Devil, who is always ready to bite at the first opportunity, are very mild and tame. One of the poisonous snakes we met at times was the three cornered snake that was dark green in color. They are about four feet six inches long. They are very poisonous and are often seen in pairs. The native people are very frightened of them.

The most poisonous snake we met was the mamba. Both man and beast are afraid of this snake. These snakes will at certain times, follow a person and will even chase to attack. I only met with one of these snakes when it was vicious. Fortunately I was able to escape.

A friend of mine was riding home on his bicycle. He thought that he saw a stump of a tree in the grass alongside the road. He had not gone far when he thought he saw another stump. The second stump seemed so much like the other. He was curious and he looked again. This time he found out that what he thought was a stump was a large mamba following along in the grass. When he realized what was following him, he rode as fast as he had every ridden in his whole life and escaped from the snake. Perhaps that is enough about snakes for now. They are horrible things at the best of times.

Chapter 7

Getting Settled

I love to meet them now
Before Thy gracious throne to bow
Though weakest of them all
Nor can I bear the piercing thought
To have my worthless name left out
When Thou for them shall call.

The natives thought that we were a strange people. They wondered why we would regularly meet in the hut on the banks of the little river. Only one of our party could talk to them so that they could understand what was being said. Mr. Sparrow had lived among native people all his life and could speak the Xhosa language. These people spoke a dialect of Zulu. When one knows one of these languages and has a good ear for the different sounds he can soon understand and converse with the people. We had to leave all explanations to him. After a time we began to learn the language for ourselves. We could tell the people of the God who had created everything and who loves and cares for them and of the plan of salvation and of the soon coming of Jesus the second time.

As the rainy season was approaching, we hurried to put up our huts and houses. The site we had selected for house and garden was quite far away from water. We therefore decided that the best thing to do was to dig a well. With the tools we had -- a pick and a shovel -- this was no light undertaking. The ground was very hard. We dug down ten feet when we struck a large rock that covered almost the whole bottom of the well. We did not know what to do next. We had no drills or dynamite. At first we thought that perhaps we could work down one side of it, but soon found that was hopeless. We collected large quantities of wood and started a fire at the bottom of the well on top of the large stone. We kept a raging fire there for two hours. After this we poured a lot of water that had been brought up from the stream down this well on top of that rock. It broke into many pieces and we were then able to remove it. The old saying was true. "Necessity is the mother of invention."

We had been living on boermeal porridge two and three times a day. It had become repulsive and we made a plan to have a change. We secured a large flat slab stone. We placed three stones on the ground to form a triangle and set the slab stone on top of them. We made a fire under the flat stone and soon it was hot. We mixed up boermeal and made this into little cakes that we placed on the hot stone and in this way baked them. Eventually we used an anthill as an over and were able to turn out some very fine bread. When we started using anthills as ovens we left the bread in too long and it baked so that it was all crust.

It is amazing what one can find out through experience. "Necessity is truly the mother of invention," and this proved true during our pioneering experiences. We learned many things for ourselves that we did not learn in school.

Let me tell how an anthill can be used as a bake oven. We would choose a large anthill and cut a piece from its side for an opening. We would open the inside so that the hill is only a shell in the shape of a beeskep. We would use a flat stone or a piece of tin for the door. We made a good fire inside this oven. After the oven was well heated, we would remove the fire. We would then put the bread into the oven, close the door and seal the edges with mud or cow dung. We have tried many other ways of making ovens such as digging into the wall of a dirt bank or digging a hole in the ground.

After I had built a small house in which to live, I realized how helpless I was in my work since I knew neither the language nor the people. I decided the first thing I needed to do was to spend some time in language study. The London Missionary Society had two mission stations in the country. The nearest was eleven miles from Bulawayo. I decided to visit it to see if I could spend time in studying the language. I explained my mission to the missionaries there and they gave me a most hearty welcome. My stay with them was very pleasant and profitable.

While at the London Missionary Society Station, I soon discovered that there was a lot of work to do. I made myself useful during my four month stay with them. Reading, writing and learning hymns and tunes to the hymns kept me very busy. When I left, I was able to go through the country and make myself understood to some degree. Although four months was a long time to be away from Solusi, it was time well spent and I found what I had learned was most useful in later life.

Chapter 8

Back Home

When I returned home, I started a school and taught the native children the words and tunes of many hymns. Trying to teach them to read and write was no easy matter. Singing was what they delighted in. After learning the words and tunes of a new hymn, they would teach it to others. On many occasions they would spend the whole night teaching hymns to others. There was a public road that passed the boys' huts and travelers would stay at the boys' huts overnight.

The natives are keen learners. Soon they had learned quite a few hymns. The encouraging thing was that they taught them to others and there was no telling how far away these songs finally reached.

The people of Matabeland specialize in different types of work. One group knows how to smelt iron and to work it up into spears, axes and knives. Another group makes wooden bowls, dishes and spoons. Another composes songs and makes up dances. The ones involved in dances are known as the Abahai or the ones who can put words together nicely. They traveled about the country and stopped at the different kraals where they were always welcome. They would teach the new songs and dances to the local residents. One time a troupe of these music composers stayed in a kraal not far from where I was living. When they learned that there was a white man living near, they had to compose a song about him. Sometime before I had supplied grain for seed to quite a few of the natives. As a token of appreciation, they composed a song telling of the goodness and kindness of the white man.

Natives are very superstitious. Because of this, witch doctors do a thriving business throughout the country. Many things are done by these doctors that are too horrible to put in words. The natives have confidence in these witch doctors. Although the native never knows when he may be smelt out, he looks on these doctors as an essential part to the safety of society and the welfare of the tribe.

The Government has stopped a lot of the bad things that used to be done so openly. Now a lot of the wickedness is done in secret and the natives do not tell anybody about what is really happening. When cattle are lost and need to be found, not only the natives, but also many of the Europeans resort to consulting with witch doctors. The concoctions that the witch doctors use when they treat the sick are too awful and disgusting to mention.

At one time I visited a kraal where one of the witch doctors had been treating a sick woman. He had already required that two head of cattle belonging to her be killed and was then calling for a third. I checked the woman and soon found what her problem was. I dismissed the witch doctor and gave her some good water treatments. In a few days she was up and about. Had the witch doctor continued, the poor woman would have died.

In those days, many sick people were cured with the loving kindness of Our Heavenly Father and a knowledge and use of simple treatments. Most times this was after they had been already been given up by the witch doctor. Whenever we have used the simple treatments in our work, they have always been an entering wedge for our message and have been successful in breaking down prejudice.

After I completed my house, I felt that it would be a good thing to have some chickens running around. This would make it look a little more homelike and cheerful. Natives living nearby had very few chickens and were not anxious to sell them and so I made a trip of fifty miles to obtain some. I took along six boys early one morning and after traveling for two days, arrived at a village where we could get all the chickens we wanted.

We made some baskets in which to carry the chickens and then bought as many as we could carry. As I was in a hurry to get back to the mission, we started out at night. It was a very beautiful moon lit night. Nights were lovely and cool while the days were very hot. We had been traveling for about four hours when we passed near some woods. As we were walking along silently, suddenly we heard a yell just alongside of us in the bush. This was followed by the hideous laugh of a laughing hyena. This was the first time that I had ever heard this sound and I will never forget it. I little knew what fear was, but that noise made me tremble for several minutes until the boys told me what had caused it and of its habits.

We went on a little farther and the hyena crept around on the other side of the path. I told the boys to go ahead, and I would stay behind a little and would try to get a shot at it. The animal was too clever for me, however, and kept out of sight in the bush. A little later we found an open space and camped for the rest of the night. We soon had a good fire started. I fired one shot in the direction of the howling and all was quiet for the rest of the night. The hyena is a horrid looking beast and is very strong. With all his strength, he is also a real coward.

One night when I went down to Mr. Harvey's for Wednesday evening prayer meeting we were chatting before retiring. As we talked we heard a noise out at the cattle kraal. We opened the door of the hut, and as we did so, we saw a hyena trying to get the cattle to stampede. I grabbed a knobbed stick that was handy and ran towards the kraal while Mr. Harvey went for a gun. When the hyena saw me running after him, he went round the kraal and off down a path. I ran after him for a little way but he escaped. It was not until I returned that I realized what a silly thing I had done. Had the brute turned on me, I would have stood very little chance as I had only the stick for a defense. The Lord cares for His children and He cared for me that night. To Him be all the praise.

Mr. W. C. Tarr, one of our missionaries, had a miraculous escape from a hyena. He was up in this same country and one night, he and his wife were sleeping under a wagon when a hyena came around. His wife woke up when she heard the sniffing of the animal. Had she not roused up, no doubt the hyena would have bitten off her husband's face. When

she moved, the animal ran away. The Lord had more work for these workers to do and so spared their lives. They have been able to lead out in the work at several of our mission stations since then.

One time a transport rider was taking a load of grain to Bulawayo. He out-spanned for the night near the Gwaai River. As the night was hot and sultry, he made his bed a little distance from the wagon in order to have all the fresh air possible. About midnight he was rudely awakened by a hyena who had bitten off his nose. When we think of the dangers our workers are subject to in the mission land, and how seldom one is hurt, we can truly say that the angel of the Lord encamps round about them and cares for His servants.

One day when I was visiting with chief Solusi, I found at his kraal quite a gathering. It was not long before I found out that there was going to be a dance at the village. Drummers were beating the drums that were made out of parts of tree trunks hollowed out with an animal skin stretched over the opening. The drummers take the drums to different kraals when dances are being planned for the kraal. This dance was being held during the new moon season. I found out that at each new moon, some of the kraals in the area would have a dance.

As I was waiting for the dance to begin, I saw several strange sights. One was the customary washing of hands and faces. They filled a calabash with water. Then water would be sucked into the mouth and then squirted first over the hands so that they could be washed. The mouth was filled again and water was squirted into the hands so that the face could be washed. To complete the job, the mouth had to be filled several times during the procedure. When water is scarce, they are a little more careful in how it is used. A mother some distance away was washing her baby by squirting water from her mouth over the child. This is how baby got its bath. All depended on the sun to dry them.

Bantu children seldom if ever have any clothing to wear during the first years of their lives. When it is cold, they place a little animal skin around their shoulders. It is remarkable how hardened natives become to the weather. I have seen natives going about with practically nothing on in the coldest weather when frost was thick on the ground. On other occasions, I have seen men sleeping next to the cattle kraal on a scorching hot day, wrapped up in a thick woolen blanket.

For this dance as the natives came into the kraal, they would begin clapping their hands and would keep this up until the chief would acknowledge them by clapping his hands. If a man wanted to speak, he first would clap his hands. The chief would then clap his hands and only then was the man allowed to speak. If a person wanted to leave the dance, he would clap his hands. The chief would acknowledge the wish by clapping his hands, and then the man could leave. I have also seen women clap their hands when they approached the chief. When the chief spoke to the people and if he said something that pleased them, they would clap. At times a native or natives would come from some distance to see the chief. They would begin clapping their hands while some distance

away. It was good to see how respectful the natives are of their superiors. Also they should be commended for their respect for old age. An old native man almost always commands respect.

After the men held a little council, the people formed a semicircle. At this dance they had three drums that they beat with their hands. The people began to sing and clap their hands and the men began to dance. The men did all the dancing and kept at it all night. Long after we left, we could still hear the singing and the beating of drums. Women clapped and sang and encircled the men.

At certain seasons of the year we could listen to the drums night after night. One night they would be in one kraal and the next in another not far away. I have found out that all natives love dancing. This has been true with all the tribes that I have visited.

When Israel got Aaron to make a golden calf, they feasted and danced and rose up to play. All these dances had a semi religious meaning, but none of them are any good. They lead the mind to sensuality and deviltry when man forgets his God and the Devil takes over.

Chapter 9

The Second Party

We were happy to learn that a second party of missionaries was coming up to Solusi. This party was being sent out by the Foreign Mission Board from America and were expected to arrive the early part of 1895.

We sent the large wagon down as far as Mafeking to meet them. By now the railroad had reached there and that was about a hundred miles North of Vryburg. This saved all those many miles that the year before we had to make in the wagons. We decided to divide our group into two parties - the one was to go down to meet the new party and the other group would stay at the Mission.

The group who went down with the wagon had an exciting and for one member almost a fatal one before they got to Mafeking. They had not gone more than a hundred miles, when after out-spanning one day, Mr. Landsmann decided to take a bucket to get some water.

He found water some distance from the wagon. After filling his bucket and taking a drink, he started back, but he lost his bearings and went in the wrong direction.

This area was very bushy and it was easy for a person to get lost in it. For three days he tried to find the wagon, walking all day long and at night he would sleep in a tree. He had nothing with him but the bucket of water he was carrying. On the third day, he found the wagon that was then in-spanned and ready to start. The other members of the party had done all they could to find their lost companion. These efforts were without success. The party was now ready and anxious to push on to report the matter, so that a thorough search could be made by the police who were the nearest foreigners in that part of the country.

This was not the first time Mr. Landsmann had gotten lost. Some time before he had left home to attend a missionary meeting at Mr. Harvey's. After the meeting, he was invited to stay for the night, but decided to return home. He took the wrong road, went around a hill and found himself at Mr. Harvey's again. He kept walking around those hills for most of the night, and was finally guided home by a native early the next morning. Many have lost their way and their lives because they did not know how to take bearings in bush and open country. Gospel workers had to enter strange, unexplored parts. They had to run the risk of not only losing themselves in forests and wild country, but they faced the danger of losing life itself. In all of this, the guiding and protecting hand of a loving God has ever been near them. I will not tell here the experiences of the second party and of their journey. I believe that it has already been told by them themselves and has been published widely.

There was much rejoicing when the second party arrived. As we looked over the large country and were aware of the millions of souls who were groping in darkness we

thought of the commission that says, "That this gospel must be preached to all the world. “Yes, it is to go to every nation, kindred, tongue and people before the Lord comes. We asked ourselves, "Who is sufficient for this great work?" We felt that we were but a drop in the ocean. We all earnestly prayed that the Lord would send workers into the great harvest field.

Members of the second party were, Elder and Mrs. G. B. Tripp and little boy, George, Dr. A. S. Carmichael and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson. There were also some others who came along to settle on Mr. Pieter Wessels' farms. All were Sabbath keepers and it was hoped that their influence would be a blessing and a strength to the new work.

Those of us who stayed behind to care for things were not sure just when the party would be arriving. We were all happy when finally we heard that they had arrived. We went over early in the morning to the one party that had come onto the farm nearest to where we were staying. As we approached the camp, we heard the sound of singing among the hills and how sweet it sounded. The words were clear and distinct.

‘K zal u leiden, ‘K zal u leiden
Ja mijn oog zal op u zijn
God beloft /K zal hem verbeiden
Want zijm oog zal op mijn zijn.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye
On the way from earth to heaven
I will guide thee with mine eye.

The Loving Father has continued to fulfill his promise and has guided His work and His workers in that dark land until now. Still the sweet songs of Zion are sung in the regions beyond.

It was not long until the Mission Group built some temporary shelters. Walls for these shelters were made out of mud and poles. Thatched roofs kept out the rain. Plain earth was used for the floors and under the floors there were millions of white ants. They were always ready to devour any and everything under and above them. We had quite a time with these pests. Nothing was safe from them if left on the ground. We drove nails into the walls on which to hang our clothes. If we left them there for a day or two and sometimes even less, chances were that they would never be used again. The ants would have found them, and in the shade and hidden from view, would carry out their work of destruction. I have used them as an illustration of how Satan and his angels work as they carry on their work so subtly, silently and unseen from view. Is he not the prince of darkness?

It was very difficult to try to keep our food from the ants. We tried all sorts of things and ways and at last we used large cookie cans for the job. These cans were covered with paper labels and the ants would even eat all the paper off and then would leave on the can a deposit of wet earth. This would cause the cans to rust through as the metal was thin. We had to keep the cans moving so that we could save what we could. The ants would get into a house's walls and then shortly reach the roof. After that the building would not last long. Missionaries now have to go to the expense of making all their houses ant proof.

I came across a very interesting sight one time as I was walking through the woods. A large army of black ants was coming towards me. These are very large ants with bodies measuring about an inch in length. If they are disturbed, they give off a peculiar smell which one can smell for a long distance. They look like a well-trained army. At the front were the scouts looking along the long line of soldiers! On either side of the column other scouts were searching all over, but were keeping on in the same direction as the army. More scouts were bringing up the rear of the columns. They marched on and on, and consisted of a very long line.

I followed them, keeping far enough away not to attract their attention. They went on about twenty yards farther when they came on a settlement of white ants. These white ants had made a lot of tunnels on the ground, and were busy cutting and collecting grass. They cut the grass into short lengths and carried the pieces to their hole where they could be stored away.

As the black ants approached the colony, there was a lot of confusion and both black and white ants scrambled for the tunnels. As the black ants were stronger than the white ants, soon they were pouring into the tunnels. In less than five minutes they came out again, each one with a white ant in its mouth. Again they formed into a column and marched back, evidently very pleased with their find. As I looked at these ants and saw how they had destroyed a host of weaker ones, I thought of the saying, "one bug feeds on a smaller bug, and the smaller on another bug and that one eats another and so on ad infinitum." These black ants both sting and nip, and when you have been stung or nipped by them, this is an experience you will not soon forget. These black ants are not the only ones that make you remember them however.

One day I was digging a patch for a garden and there was a lot of grass and undergrowth to be cleared away. Suddenly I stopped what I was doing and jumped away and began to rub my legs. I had been working over a nest of red ants. They no doubt felt that it was time to drive me away before I damaged their home too much. They will climb up one’s legs and when there are enough of them there they seem to give a signal to sting and all do it at once. These are the ants that the native use to torture and kill those who the witch doctors have smelt out and condemned. The victim is bound, stakes are driven into the ground over a red ant nest and the ants are left to complete the torture. When the ants are finished they leave behind only clean bones. Oh! How much suffering has been and is

still being endured by the poor people living in darkness! May the gospel soon reach the poor souls so that much suffering can be avoided.

Another time as I was walking under some trees I looked up and saw several large birds' nests. As I had not seen any just like these, I climbed up to investigate. I soon paid very dearly for my curiosity. These nests turned out to be ant nests. They were built out on the branches of the tree, and when disturbed, they swarmed out very quickly and dropped all over me. Wherever they touched the skin, they had no mercy nor did they spare me.

There are all kinds of white ants. Some are workers. These are not able to defend themselves. Others have very powerful cutters or nippers. These are the ones who cut the grass and do the fighting. On one occasion I saw these large fighting ants put to a very novel use. A native came in with a deep cut on the arm that required at least four stitches to close up the cut. I did not have a needle or thread handy, and questioned what I could do to close up the wound. Natives came to my assistance with the suggestion that the heads of the white ants could be used.

All that needed to be done was to pick up a large white ant with a good big head! As soon as you caught it by the body, it would open its nippers. You would then squeeze the edges of the wound together and press the head of the ant quickly and firmly against the wound. The nippers would close tight and would not let go, and then the body was broken off. Several of these heads were used on the wound and served well as stitches. The arm made a speedy recovery. The native was happy and the novice surgeon was wiser by the new knowledge he had received. With all the knowledge and skill acquired at an up-to-date Sanitarium, there was still something that could be learned from the heathen native.

Before leaving ants, there is another use to which I saw the termite put. From observation, I believe that they swarm out of their holes as bees do out of a hive, with the exception that while the bees follow a queen, these ants fly all about and fill the air for a while after it rains. They fly about for a while and then come back to earth, shed their wings and make new homes for themselves or go into the holes of others. Flying ants are all large and fat and come out for the most part at night, although I have seen them on a cool day as well.

When the flying ants come out I have seen native children, both big and small make fires all over the place. Then they get their little cooking pots, calabashes or any other receptacle in which to put the ants. The ants are attracted to the light of the fires. Thousands fall all over the place where they are pounced on by the children who collect them and put them into their pots to roast over the fires. They are considered quite a delicacy. They are like candy to the native children. Birds and chickens have quite a time when they are around and even dogs and cats get some. Early one morning I saw a hen and her chickens watching some holes and as fast as the ants came out, the hen and chickens would feed on them. They thrived well on the ants.

Other insects besides ants are also interesting. Two of us were chatting near our home just next to the path that lead to the door of the house. In this spot there was quite a lot of grass lying around. As we were both looking at the ground we were surprised to see a bit of grass move in the path. We watched it carefully and there it was moving again. The grass was a few inches long, bright and new, and so we looked to see if there was an ant moving it. We found that it was an insect that looked just like a piece of grass. Unless you looked very carefully you could not tell it from the real thing.

Another insect bores its way into horns. I had a beautiful large pair of horns that I had particularly wanted to keep. I put them up in a tree to cure them. I did not think about them again until I thought that they would be cured and would be ready for mounting. They were ox horns and measured nine feet three inches from tip to tip and I thought a lot of them. When I went for them, I found them completely ruined. The little insects had bored them through and through and left long borings outside of each hole that looked like a growth of moss. I had often wondered why it was that many horns of deer and cattle were not found lying about in the veldt, but after that experience, I knew why.

Chapter 10

Medical Missionary Work

The day is ended, ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine
Father forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness, curtain Thou my bed
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow of my head,
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.
- Author Unknown

After he had settled down some, Dr. Carmichael wanted to get out among the people so that he could help them medically. He wanted his medical help to be a way of also treating people's souls. Before he arrived, I had been taking care of the medical work at the mission. I had spent six years working with my step-father with drugs and medicines and had gained quite a lot about diseases and their treatment.

When coming to Matabeleland, I brought a good supply of medicines and surgical equipment. Natives all around knew me before long. At times people would come in from as far as two hundred miles to find medical help at the mission. It was exciting to see some poor person who was suffering from tooth-ache come in and find quick relief from his suffering. At some times when my medicine supply was depleted, I would have to send them away without help. Fortunately missionaries of another society were able to supply us with additional medicines. Truly treatment of the sick gives to one an influence that can be used in reaching the hearts of people with the message of a loving Saviour.

One experience that surprised the natives and left a deep impression on them was when they brought a man in for help who had been shot in the upper arm. They brought him to Dr. Carmichael. The wound was so big that the patient had to be put under anesthetic. While the doctor was cutting out the broken pieces of bone, the patient was saying a lot of nonsense. Mrs. Armitage was helping us, and some of the things the patient said was not appropriate to say in the presence of a woman. His friends told him to be quiet or talk about something else. He did not seem to take any notice of them or what the doctor was doing. The doctor was looked upon as a wonderful man and a great witch

doctor. Because of the doctor's care and skill and due to his own strong constitution, the arm was saved and he made a speedy recovery.

The doctor loved to go out to visit the people and would often invite me to go out with him. We would treat the sick and then would tell them of how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. We told them of Jesus' life here among men. We told them of His promise to come again, to take those home with him who chose Him as their King and Saviour.

These natives had never heard of Christ before and this all seemed strange to them. They were steeped in their own superstition and believed in evil spirits and the spirits of their ancestors. We did find among them a faint idea of a Supreme Being, but each one had his own idea of what He was. They would meet at appointed places where some said that they worshiped. Usually these places turned out to be where they would conduct some heathen custom that they had gotten from some chief or medicine man. We found nothing to compare with the isms and beliefs of the Indian or Chinese people. This was truly a land of great darkness, a land without hope and without God. In this respect there was little to distinguish them from the wild animals that ran wild in their country.

We were amused when on one occasion a very fat native woman came in. We had been working about twelve miles from the mission and had been taking care of some sick people, when this fat woman came in. She must have weighed at least five hundred pounds. Both the doctor and I had seen some big people, but she was larger than any we had seen. Generally doors to the native dwellings are small and often people have to get down on all fours to enter the houses. The doors to this old dame's huts had to be specially constructed for her, for she was out of all proportion for regular entrances. We usually tried to be serious. This time we enjoyed the laugh of the old lady and the fun she and other made of her.

On the trips we made, we were able to learn much about the country and the people. We were able to study peoples in their homes. One thing that we found very interesting is how they made their skin blankets or what is called a korass. After the skins are nicely prepared by continuous rubbing and by applying to them grease until they were quite soft, the skins were cut to fit evenly. They used sinews of either some large wild animals or to sew them together. The sinews are beaten between stones to separate the threads and they use these threads in their sewing. Their needles have no eye but is like a long wire nail with the point well sharpened. Holes are made on either side of the skin and the thread is then threaded through them. This is a slow process but then for the native, time does not matter. This sewing is done very neatly and some of the korasses have very pretty designs.

One time we saw some little boys sitting around a fire roasting something and chatting to themselves. They seemed very happy with what was going on. When we looked at what they were roasting we found it to be a very large mushroom that was no less than nine inches across. This provided a tasty dish for the little fellows. Since then we

have seen some of these mushrooms that were twelve inches in diameter. At times I have had fun watching a race between a animal and a herd boy. The animal would scent or see one of these mushrooms and would start off to get a meal that it liked very much. At times the animal would get there first and at other times, the herd boy would. When the boy and animal arrived together, the boy would use a stick to save if possible at least a portion if not all the mushroom. There are several kinds of mushrooms, some are large while others are small and they are edible and eaten by both white and black peoples.

While we were out on one of these medical trips, we were surprised to find some natives very busy searching for something in the trees and on the ground. When we investigated, we found them gathering caterpillars. These caterpillars were both in the trees and on the ground. They were at least one and a half inches long. It seemed that the natives were having a marvelous time collecting them. We wondered what they would do with such queer looking creatures. We thought that perhaps they were gathering them for their chickens. Somehow that did not seem reasonable. Chickens generally have to fend for themselves, gathering any food or grain left about. Some times these chickens go into the huts to help themselves. We did not have to wait long to get the answer. Soon pans were filled with these creeping, crawling creatures and were carried home with glee. The pots were soon placed on the fire. It was not long before there was a savory smell. A small pot full of the caterpillars was brought over to the doctor and me. We looked at the pot, then at the other and then waited for the other to begin the feast. Neither one of us felt very hungry right then, and we declined the dish with thanks. This made all the youngsters who were waiting very happy, as they were just waiting around to see the white man eat what they all longed for.

There are many kinds of caterpillars in this country. If a person touches some of these with bare hands, he would soon feel a sting, caused by the fine hairs with which they are covered. This sting burns for quite a long time. The bodies of these creatures are covered with stiff hair, and these hairs prick one's skin. Most of them have a poison that is left behind after the prick.

One day I was sitting under a thorn tree trying to enjoy a little shade, although the tree was not yet in full leaf. I was surprised, when some of these caterpillars that caused the burning sensation, dropped from the tree onto the back of my neck. The experience was very unpleasant. Many other people have had similar experiences.

During some years in the native territories, these caterpillars are just like a plague. One day the trees will all be beautiful and green and the next they look as though a fire has passed through them. Trees would be cleared of all foliage as long as the plague lasted. They would go through the trees one by one until most of the trees were stripped clean. This kind of plague is caused by a very large caterpillar which covers the trees. After a week or so the trees that are cleared of foliage, put out new leaves and soon are just as beautiful as before. The kind of trees most effected by this plague are the thorn trees. I have not seen anything that would eat this caterpillar - neither man, beast or fowl.

It is interesting to watch these caterpillars travel. It looks as if they were all joined in a string. In this fashion they climb trees, and often one can see them hanging down from a tree without letting go. They separate when feeding. If they want to get to a lower branch they use a web, and can return by the same means. By looking at them, a person would not think it possible for them to climb up the web again, but with just a little motion up they go. Truly one can see the greatness of God as he provides for the needs of his lowly creatures.

The natives use different kinds of store houses in which they store their grain and other foods. When they have a good crop of food, they make provision for the future. Many of these store houses are on or above their kraals. Some they build in secret places among the hills, rocks and woods. At times I have come across these storage places in and among the hills, rocks and woods. I have seen these store houses out among the rocks and have searched but not found any path leading up to them. They had to do this to protect their food supplies. Before the white man came, there was no telling when some enemy would raid the kraal and take all their food.

One of the simplest store houses was a large basket made of grass that was plastered over with mud. Sometimes these baskets would be placed in a hut and at other times, it would be placed on a platform outside with a temporary roof covering it. These receptacles held from three or four bushels to thirty or forty or even more and they generally lasted only one season.

One favorite store house was built of ant hills. First a foundation of stones is laid. They then make the floor of the granary. These granaries could be either large or small. At times these would contain only one compartment and at other times would contain two or three. The wall was started with a ring of mud from an ant hill or some other suitable material. This ring was allowed to harden until it could bear the weight of another ring. These rings were from four to eight inches thick. When the weather was hot, they could sometimes place two rings in one day. The round hole entrances on the sides are near the top. The doors are made of the same materials and fit closely. The size of these openings are large enough to let in a small child. When the structure is dry from four to six poles are placed around the structure to carry a grass roof to keep rain out from the granary. When grain is stored, the cover is placed over the opening and then plastered over. This makes the room air tight and the food is thus preserved.

The most common storage for grain is in pits under the cattle kraals. They dig a hole somewhere in the kraal. This hole is round and no larger than will admit the body of a small man. This hole is made in the shape of a bottle neck. As they dig down, they widen out the hole until it is very large. Sometimes they are large enough to hold about a hundred bags of grain. After they have finished digging this hole, they build fires in them to get them thoroughly dry. A ledge is made about eighteen inches down the neck of this large bottle. A flat stone is found that will fit over it and it is then rammed down. Some earth is put over the stone and then they place several inches of manure over it. A person may walk

all about these cattle kraals and never dream that he may be walking over hundreds of bushels of grain beneath him. At times water does get into these pits, not from the top, but from the sides and then the grain rots, but even then is not wasted. They seem to enjoy it even at certain stages of rottenness. Many times I have had to get away from the scene of feasting and cooking because of the horrible smell.

One day I was very hungry and the natives brought me a bowl of this food as I was resting in the hut. I saw the food and noticed a nasty change in the atmosphere. At first I did not connect the two. However, when I found out what had been the cause, hunger or no hunger, out went the bowls. Poor old Doctor! He could not manage the native dishes, so carried a supply of food with him, and as soon as that ran low, he would have to return home. He did however, love to be out among the people and always encouraged me to teach the natives to sing hymns in their own language. They were eager students. This delighted the doctor. The experiences we had trying to bring a knowledge of the Saviour to these poor heathen peoples will long be remembered.

Sometimes Dr. Carmichael would take Mr. Goepp with him. Mr. Goepp was not a singer and although he could read music and could play the French horn, he could not sing music. I went down to visit him, and when quite a distance from his huts, I heard a dreadful noise and thought that perhaps someone was trying to murder or hurt him. I hurried on and cautiously approached the door and looked in. I saw him sitting with his hymn book, enjoying himself singing or trying to sing.

There is a land of corn and wine
And all its joys will soon be mine
There shines undimmed one blissful day
For earth's dark night has passed away.

Oh! Beulah land! Sweet Beulah land!
Upon thy heights I long to stand,
And view the radiant, jasper sea,
And mansions fair, prepared for me:
And find on that eternal shore
My heaven, my home, forever more.

Chapter 11

Experiences At Umkupuvula

One runs into trouble very often without knowing it. I had been to Bulawayo to attend to some business and to get the mail. I was returning by way of the Solusi Mission road. By this time I had settled at Umkupuvula that is some twenty-five miles north of the Mission itself. While I was returning home on this trip that night, a rainstorm came up. It was cold and wet and I had still another eight miles to go to reach the Mission. I felt that I needed rest. I stopped at a native kraal and the people very kindly gave me a clean new hut - at least it appeared so to me. They made a fire in it and gave me a new mat and a new blanket. It did not take long for the fire to dry out my clothes. I then lay down to sleep as it was still raining quite heavily. I have no idea how long I slept, but I distinctly remember waking up with a burning feeling all over me as though I was on fire. I went out or rather crept out of the hut into the rain for I felt that I could not stay in the hut any longer. I just lay down in the mud. That was so soothing. I lost consciousness and knew no more until after sunrise when I woke up and found several natives around me trying to wake me up. I was so weak I could hardly stand, and the Mission was still at least another eight miles away. I started out, and hoped that my strength would return.

It took me almost the whole day to reach the doctor's hut. When I arrived at his home, I found him just ready to take a bath. He had the bath full of hot water. When he looked at me, he knew that there was something really wrong. He told me to strip. He put some permanganate of potash into the water and after mixing it well, told me to get into the bath. I had been poisoned by the bites of some insect that are very common in many parts of South Africa. They are a species of bug known as tampans. The bites are very painful and are poisonous. The doctor told me that I had just arrived in time for him to save my life. These insects love to get into the chicken houses and runs and soon will destroy all the poultry. The doctor worked with me for a few days and got me going again. He told me that I had gone through a very critical experience. How many times we run right into death's doors. I cannot help repeat the words of David, Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! Psa 107:8.

It was some time before the missionaries could do any real aggressive mission work. We had so much to do in clearing the land, plowing, hauling stone, making and burning bricks and then carting them to the sight of the building. Another thing we had to do was to cut timber. There were also many other things that fall the lot of a pioneer missionary.

With all these other things that needed to be done, the Lord did not allow his work to be neglected. He sent a Zulu man and his family to settle on the mission farm. This man spoke a little English and soon became our translator. I believe that he became the first convert at the mission. Before he arrived, we had organized a Sabbath School and had

regular Sabbath School meetings, followed by church services. We all tried to attend these meetings as often as we could. Some of us had to come quite a long distance to be at the meetings. We invited the natives to attend with us. Brother Fred Sparrow would speak to them and give to them some of the spiritual food that the rest of us were enjoying. It is good for a person to look back at what the Sabbath Schools were like then and to see how they have grown today. Who has despised the day of small things? Now from that center, our Sabbath Schools have spread out for hundreds of miles. Praise the Lord. Truly our message is a forward message and is pressing on to regions beyond.

Whenever a person goes to a new place, he should expect many new experiences to come along. We had not been in Rhodesia long before these experiences started happening. Some of them were quite comical. I will mention one of these. When first we went to Rhodesia, tobacco smoking was practically unknown among the original natives, but the use of snuff was quite common. When natives met, snuff was handed around. This seemed to open their mouths so that they could tell what news was going on.

The snuff used was crude mixture of a very common tobacco, ashes of a bush that is very pungent and from the African aloe. The natives highly prize their tobacco patch and guard it with jealous eyes. The person who has a good tobacco patch can barter with his neighbors. Snuff is made in a very simple way. Tobacco leaves are cured and then put into a piece of broken earthenware pot. This is placed over a slow fire so that the leaves become dry and crisp. Then they are placed on a special grinding stone that in only used for this one purpose and are ground into a fine powder. An equal amount of ash from the bush and aloe mentioned are mixed in with the ground tobacco leaves. After everything is mixed thoroughly, the mixture may need to be slightly moistened, which each snuff maker does to his own taste.

Snuff boxes are made from all kinds of containers that will hold tobacco. Sometimes plain bottles are used and at other times, they are covered all over with beadwork. At times small calabashes are used and here again, some are plain and others covered with fancy beadwork. Sometimes bits of reed, small horns and even empty rifle cartridge cases are used as snuff containers. Snuff is not only used by Rhodesian natives but is in use by all the natives in South Africa and by the Hottentots. Hottentots used it in their noses and also in their mouths. There is quite a snuff trade carried out among Hottentots and Kaffirs. It is sad to think how these bad habits spread and carry sickness and death to their victims.

One day two old African queens visited me. These old women would sit at my place by the hour. Time was no object to them. Each time they came, the first thing they asked for was snuff. For months they had come, asking for snuff, but had gotten none. One day I was surprised, however. I had bought a job lot of things at an auction sale, and in among the stuff were two four ounce bottles of red pepper. As the labels had been rubbed off the bottles, I did not know what they contained. When I got everything home, my house boy, who was very inquisitive, felt that he had to open the bottles to find out what was in them. Without my knowing it, he sampled the pepper. He thought that he had made a great find.

One day, the old ladies were giving me a scolding for not getting them some snuff, even though they had snuff with them at the time. My house boy came to the rescue. He said that I had some very fine snuff. I was surprised to hear him say that I had snuff. I told him to get it and he brought out one of the bottles of pepper. I looked at it, opened it up and guessed that it was red pepper. I told the old ladies that it was not tobacco, but they did not believe me. After all, my boy had tried it and found it to be good snuff. I said, "You may try it, but it will bring tears to your eyes." I little knew that this is what they wanted. I gave the bottle to the boy and he gave a little to each of the queens. Soon they were sampling the pepper as they would snuff, and sure enough, the tears began to flow and they began to sneeze. When they were through, they could not thank me enough for the good time that they had.

They would first put some into the palm of the hand. Then they gathered it into a little heap with the nail. They took a pinch between the thumb and the first finger. They would close one nostril and sniff it up the other. They would take another pinch and do the same with the other nostril. They then put their nose into the palm of their hand and would sniff up the rest of it. These two women kept asking for the two bottles of pepper. As I had no use for them, I gave them the pepper. I have wondered whether they used the pepper as snuff. The natives took a long time to believe that we did not use tobacco. In their conversation, they would refer to us as the people who did not sniff tobacco. Many of the natives had learned to use dagga or the wild Indian hemp. This drug has the same effect on their system as opium. After a native acquired the habit they are useless. It takes such a hold on them that they are most of the time in either a stupor or are dazed. One cannot depend on them for work of any kind.

It is interesting to see the various ways they have devised to smoke dagga. They have a little clay bowl to hold the drug. This bowl is fitted to the end of a reed or small bamboo that is about twelve inches long. The other end of the reed is placed in a horn that has been filled with water. The reed and top of the horn are clasped with the hand and covered. The reed fits between the thumb and finger and is pressed together. Meanwhile a coal of fire is placed in the bowl that contains the drug. The smoke is drawn down through the read and through the water into the mouth. This is done a few times very rapidly, and then the mouth is filled with smoke and water and is blown through it. Some of their practices are very distasteful. When they have no horn, they will resort to a bottle, a jar or a tin can. Sometimes they make holes in the ground to inhale a little of the drug. God has made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions. In the end, the dagga user becomes a total wreck.

The lot of a missionary is not always easy. Often there are thorns along the way. When we find the thorns in the way it reminds us that "This is not my place of resting, mine is yet to come; onward to it I am hastening, on to my eternal home."

One of these experiences happened to us when our hut burned down and we lost almost all that we had. This included almost all our library that had cost almost two

hundred pounds. We did not save more than a dozen books and but just a few of our good tools. Mr. Goepp had a camera that cost him one hundred dollars. The camera was on top of the wall of the hut just under the thatch. In front of the camera we had placed a large dish that was half full of pumpkin seeds. Just a few days before we found a very good pumpkin in our field. We had saved all the seeds and put them in the dish on the wall for safety. As the hut was burning, Mr. Goepp thought of the seeds, but did not remember the camera. He was so concerned about the seeds that I rushed into the burning hut. I grabbed the can of seeds and threw them outside the door and then rushed out myself. The skin of my fingers was burned where I had touched the hot can. Unfortunately the seeds by this time were all roasted. Our clothes were gone. We managed to save just two blankets. The shirt that I had on had holes burned in it from sparks which hit me when I rushed in to try to save a few things.

A rat that upset a candle caused this fire. The candle touched a curtain and in a few seconds, the fire had reached the thatched roof. At the time, everything was very dry and in just a few minutes the roof was burned completely. Whenever one of these huts starts to burn soon the whole hut is a fiery furnace and one must hurry to get away from it. When there is dry wood, dry grass, some cartridges and gun powder ready to go off any moment a person needs to get out of the way. Both of us had been lying on our beds reading and were only partly dressed. Each of us had a candle. We had our evening worship and it was just before we retired for the night. We had tried to make the inside of our hut comfortable. We hung up some curtains to divide the hut into two compartments - a living room and a sleeping room. I had made it a practice of taking a drink of cold water before going to bed. This particular night, I went to get my drink from a bucket of water that was hanging from the branch of a tree near the door. While I was outside, I saw a rat run into the hut and called to Mr. Goepp and told him that the rat had gone inside. Mr. Goepp made a noise and the rat while running around, upset one of the candles which set fire to the curtain. Before we could reach it, fire had flared up to the thatch, and we had to rush out with no hope of saving anything.

Although this was a serious blow, and took from us most of what we owned in the world, we took comfort in the text that says. The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD. Job 1:21. We found comfort when we compared our lot with that of Job. We realized that our lot could have been very much worse. The dear Lord did not allow a trial to come to us more than we were able to bear.

A text that often brought comfort and strength to the workers in the field is Phil. 4:1. Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved. Phil 4:1 One had at times to lean very heavily on the everlasting arms of God, and to look to Him to supply their every need.

Opening work in new and strange places, among people who knew very little, whose ways were so different and whose language was so strange made things difficult.

One needed an abundance of grace, faith and confidence to hold onto the one purpose of bringing a knowledge of the Saviour to the heathen.

Blessed Lord, how much I need Thee,
Weak and sinful, poor and blind,
Take my trembling hand and lead me,
Strength and sight in Thee I find,
Safe am I if Thou dost guide me,
Trusting self how soon I fall
Walk life's rugged way beside me,
Thou, my light, my life my all.
Then what e'er the future bringeth,
Smiles of joy or tears of grief,
Still to Thee, my spirit clingeth,
Thou are still my soul's relief.

The Lord did supply the need and give comfort when we were passing through all the hard experiences that make the soul cry out after the living God.

Chapter 12

Experiences

One night I had an unusual experience. I have never heard anyone else tell of having such an experience. I was sleeping just outside a kraal on the banks of the Khami River. There were huts where I would have been welcome and it was very cold outside. After the experience I had where bugs in the hut made such an impression on me, it took me a long time to sleep inside a hut again.

I had planned to start out early. The carriers I had were ready to start out but they changed their minds. They decided that they would eat first. They did not plan to stop again until they had covered the remaining twenty miles. About a half hour after sunrise my attention was drawn to one of the most weird sights I have ever seen. Towards the west at a distance of two to three miles, I saw hundreds and thousands of phantoms running towards the north. They seemed to be at least a hundred feet tall and many of them were even taller. They resembled armies on maneuvers. It seemed they were regiments of men and sometimes one regiment would overtake the others. This kept up until about an hour and a half after sunrise. Then the phantoms began to vanish like mist. The carriers would not move until the air was clear. I was anxious to see how things would end. They looked so real that they left a deep impression on me for several hours. I was anxious to find out from the native how they explained this. They told me that the phantoms were the spirits of their ancestors looking over the country. They said that sometimes these spirits would remain away for long periods of time. On other occasions, they would return in just a few years.

This experience puzzled me for a long time. One day, I happened to be near the stump of a tree and some bushes at the same time in the morning. There was just a little mist present that was close to the ground, and I saw that the stump and the bushes looked like those giant phantoms did. I discovered that the whole thing was an optical illusion. They could only be seen under ideal circumstances. I did not soon forget the experience however.

Paths crisscross the county in many different directions. One of the first things a person must learn is to know the paths that go to where one is headed. Sometimes a path might appear to be going in the right direction. Then it would turn to either the left or the right and if one was not careful, he might find himself miles from his destination. Because of the heat during the day, at certain seasons of the year we would often travel at night when we had to walk or travel with oxen. Donkeys and mules do not mind the heat.

On one occasion, I was walking with three Africans to get the mail and some food supplies. Usually we would leave in the afternoon and by walking through the night, would arrive in Bulawayo early in the morning. The boys were leading the way and we had traveled several hours into the night. The night was very dark as the sky was overcast.

As we walked along, I had the impression that we were going too much to the left which meant we were going towards the north. I did not say anything for I felt that the boys knew the country and its paths and so I followed them. After a while I heard my boys talking among themselves and then they stopped. I asked them what the matter was and they said, "Si lahlegila, we are lost." This was not pleasant news to hear, but is one of the things a person must take in good grace. The clouds seemed to be getting heavier and more threatening. I then took the lead. We left the path and turned to the right and kept on towards the south by east as nearly as I could judge by the little glimpses I caught of the stars between the breaks in the clouds. We stayed on this course for about four hours until we reached the banks of the Khami River at a spot I was not acquainted with. As the Khami River had crocodiles in it, we retraced our steps for about a mile and reached some rocks. At this point, the storm broke and we soon were soaked. We tried to get some shelter from some rocks, but they gave us very little shelter. Each boy had a blanket with him and these soon were put to use. We placed one blanket on the ground and put the other two over our heads and huddled together to keep warm. The rain was very cold. Soon water covered the ground and we had water under us. Then water came through the blankets that we had over us. With all this, we knew that we were better off than we would have been without this protection. We stayed there for two hours. It was then light enough for us to see the country and get our bearings so that we could find the drift in the river. It is always safer to cross at a ford than to attempt a new passage. When we did cross the river, the clouds had cleared away and the sun was shining brightly and was warm. We were all dried out when we reached town.

Another time I was returning from town and had with me a good rain coat. Rhodesian rains are sometimes very heavy and I was caught by one just as I was going over the first range of hills from Bulawayo. In a few minutes, the water covered the ground to a depth of six inches. This made walking very hard. Within an hour the rain had stopped and most of the water had run off. It was hard to believe that just a few minutes before we had been in a flood.

When Mr. Landsmann and I built our first house, we selected a site between some hills, or kopjies, as they commonly are called in Rhodesia. This was a beautiful place. We learned however, that our choice was a foolish one when we had to leave it with everything we had. We were returning from visiting one of the native kraals when a thunder storm came up and all we could hear was thunder everywhere. It seemed that our ear drums would break. When we were within a couple of hundred yards of the house, there was a terrific flash of lightning that seemed to strike the big rocks to our right. Then there was more thunder. It was simply frightening. We thought that if a local storm like that could do what it did, what must it be like when the Lord comes in all His glory and shakes terribly the whole earth. May all who read these pages be ready on that day to say, “Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the LORD; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.” Isa 25:9

Chapter 13

Starting A School

There is a lot of difference in teaching school now to what it was thirty or forty years ago. When I first went to school, we were put into classes. My first class was the A. B. C. class where we were taught the alphabet and one, two and three. Teaching then was done in unison. The teacher had a chart hanging on the wall with the letters of the alphabet from A to Z. She would point to the first letter and say, A and the students would all say A after her. She would proceed through the alphabet with the students repeating after her what she had said. We regularly sang the letters out. The same method was used in counting. When I visited some Mission Stations in 1894, I found that they were carrying on with the same methods. Since I had not taken a teaching course, when it came time to start up my own school, it was no easy task. Anyway, I did not think much of the old-fashioned method others were following in their teaching.

I felt that I needed to start with my own school. I obtained some primary books in the vernacular along with a New Testament and a Zulu Bible from the oldest mission station in that part of the country. With these materials, I began my own school.

We had the sky for a roof for some time until we had collected enough grass to make a roof. We began school with from fifteen to twenty children. Unfortunately they were not always the same ones from day to day. We taught the alphabet. We carried on in this way for about ten days, after which we made a change and adopted a new method. We took the New Testament and began with the first chapter of John. We divided each word into syllables. The language lends itself very well to this approach. We taught the sound of all the letters in this fashion. All the words in the native language are spelled phonetically and this makes teaching easy. After just a few weeks of such drill, the children found themselves reading. Unfortunately I only had one copy of the Sentebili New Testament and was unable to get any more. Later we began using the Zulu Bible and this has now been adopted by all the missions. Zulu is not now the language of the people there but is well understood. By using Zulu literature, we improved our evangelistic work very much. It was always interesting to hear the children rehearsing the lessons that they had learned during the day to their friends. The children told the parents the story of Jesus sacrifice on the cross. Many changes have come over those people since the early days. In those early days I would have questioned whether it would be possible to find fifty natives who could read and write. Today there are hundreds and thousands who have a good education. Now we have natives who can themselves minister to their own people. In this way the gospel can finally reach people who have waited for so long.

One time, I needed to make an extensive trip through part of the country to the east of Bulawayo. I left without even locking up my huts or putting any of my things away in a secure place. Anyone could have helped themselves to whatever they saw and fancied. The day before starting out, I had baked some bread and took some with me. I left the rest of

the bread on the table. I had baked this batch of bread in my ant hill oven for over three hours and it was thoroughly baked, and much of it was just like crust. After being gone from home for a month, when I returned I found everything just as I had left it. The bread was on the table in a plate where I had put it. The main path was near my front door. I have known traders who would leave large quantities of grain in the care of the natives. They could have helped themselves and others could have stolen it, yet when the traders returned, they always found everything intact. Many travelers and hunters have mentioned this excellent trait of honesty of the natives in those days. There have been exceptions to this. I can testify to their credit, that during my many years of labor for them, I have lost very little of my personal effects to natives.

At one time, I had some chickens taken and killed. The one who stole them, thought that they belonged to another man on whom he had a grudge. If there is a thief in a kraal, he is a spotted man and the whole kraal will know all about him. He must watch out that he is not caught. Some have questioned why the native is honest. Some feel that fear is what keeps him in check. Others feel that it has something to do with superstition. I feel that there could be some basis for the latter but not the former. The native looks on grave sins, not on lying and stealing for instance, but in being caught in the act or being found out. If one has wronged another and it is not known who has done the wrong, and someone else reports the matter to the wronged individual, the injured one just tells the informer that he must collect so much money or so many head of cattle. The injured individual does not trouble the guilty party himself. The informer must either get the damages from the guilty party or else pay up himself. If he refuses, there is trouble.

Very little informing takes place, even if there are several witnesses. Complications that may arise, makes a native very loathe to make any charge against his neighbor. Because of this, guilty people often go free. One should not think, however, that there are no law-suits in this country. They have many of them and sometimes, these will last for days and weeks. Any matters that cannot be settled by the headmen and sub-chiefs are taken to the higher courts. These cases are tried by native law and custom.

Someone asked me whether we had enough milk and butter. Native cattle are very poor milkers, and the only cattle we had in the early days were native cattle. I have had as many as sixty milking cows and would get no more than four gallons of milk from them at a milking. The milk they do give is very rich in cream. In South Africa a general practice among both native and European cattle owners is to let the calves to have the first drink. In the cattle kraal milking is done by the milker calling to a helper at the gate to release a certain calf. All the cattle and calves are named. When the calf is released, it runs to its mother who is near at hand. After it has had a drink, the milker catches the cow by the back legs with a riem and ties the legs together. The calf is chased away and milking begins. As soon as the milker has finished milking, he allows the calf to return. If the cow holds her milk, the calf is allowed to drink a little more and then the milker takes over again with his milking. Not all cows are tame. Sometimes it is necessary to throw a rope or

a riem over the cow's horns and she is then tied to a tree or pole in the kraal. What I have described is how most cattle owners milk their cows. In Matabeleland, they take an additional step. Boys like to ride the young animals. When the animal is about a year old, they catch it and using a stick sharpened to a point, they make a hole through the cartilage of the nose of the animal. A fine strong rope that they have made, usually from the bark of a tree is inserted through the hole and is brought up the sides of the cheeks and over the head just behind the horns where it is tied. Occasionally this rope has to be replaced. Boys make use of this rope when they want to ride the animal. The boy will run along side the animal with a long stick. He slips the stick along the animals cheek and when the rope is touched, the animal stands still. He can now mount it and guide it either with the stick or he can put lines on to the rope. Most cows have this rope through their nose. When the milker wants to milk, he will run his long stick between the rope and the cheek of the cow, and as a rule, the cow will stand quite still. When the milking is done, the cow is released. Often I have seen the milker milking and talking, and the calf standing close by impatient to get some milk. The calf will make a run for some milk, and the milker caught by surprise, will be sent flying and often, the milk will be spilled all over him.

Only very slowly are the people learning that they should take the calf away and hand feed it. Old customs and habits die hard.

As soon as the milking is done, and often before, the milker will pour some milk into a calabash. At the bottom of these calabashes, there is a little hole with a plug in it. The plug is taken out and the whey is drawn off. I noticed a custom that the old men in Matabeleland drank the whey. I asked why the old men did not drink or use the curds. They told me that the curds were for younger people. These calabashes are never washed, but as they are emptied, they are filled with new milk. In cold weather, the calabashes are put out in the sun so that the milk can ferment more quickly. Often dogs serve to wipe away any spilled milk and to clean the calabashes.

At some of the kraals, the natives use goat skin-bags instead of calabashes to hold the milk. A goat is killed and skinned so as not to damage the skin more than necessary. The animal is cut up inside the skin and the flesh is drawn out through the neck. When this skin is filled, it looks like the pictures of the Eastern water carriers water bottles. After these skin bottles have been used for some months, milk placed in them is soon soured. The natives like their milk when it is very sour.

While speaking of milk, we had an experience at Solusi Mission. The Missionary ladies took upon themselves the responsibility of taking care of the milk, cream and butter. There was a ready sale for all the butter they could make, and we were anxious to get as much to market as we could. Everything was doing fine until one morning. The lady in charge had a real surprise. All the butter that she was going to make into pounds of butter disappeared. Most of the people thought that the natives had stolen it. This happened until they discovered some dog tracks. They figured that the dogs must have been helping themselves to the butter. One time both butter and the dish holding it disappeared. This did

not seem to be the work of dogs. The dish was found quite a distance away in a field, but there was no butter left anywhere. They told me what had happened, and I decided to wait up one night with my gun. Several dogs did turn up. One seemed to be the leader. There were two doors to the building where the butter was kept. The leading dog first went to the front door, and then went around to the back door. That door was firmly closed with a large stone at the sill. He then returned to the front door. By this time I had the door open and the gun ready. I shot him and the other dogs ran away. We lost no more butter after that.

Dogs such as these have been known to scratch away the earth from the bottom of the doors and work their way right under the sill to get inside. They have worked away at good sized stones in their effort to get in.

At one of our mission stations, these native dogs have taken away little pails containing milk, cream or butter. These pails have lids on them. The dogs would carry them away for a long distance and would then somehow get them open. One dog ran away with a long narrow can that contained some grease. The top of the can had been cut open with a can opener. We later found the can, and in it was a dog's head. The jagged edges of the can had caught the dog well behind the ears and he could not get his head out of the can, try as he might. The native dogs all have to fend for themselves most of the time, and at best their life is a very hard one. Dogs belonging to the chief or other well-to-do native do receive a little more care and food. The natives are very fond of their dogs and try to get as many as they can. There are certain breeds of dogs that are in demand and the natives are willing to pay a good price for them.

As mentioned before, the young native boys enjoy riding young steers. Most often the animal will resist the riding, The boys will overpower them and take turns riding them in the kraal. After they have tamed the steers, they will ride them over the veldt. Riding oxen is not easy since the skin is so loose and slippery. It is quite an amusing sight to see young people climb onto a steer and then fall off as soon as the beast moves. They have much fun and amusement and they do enjoy themselves.

Most natives do not seem to have any feeling for his beast. When they use oxen to plow, they treat them very cruelly. If the native owns a horse, he will ride it hour after hour, never caring whether the horse is tired or not. When the animal does not keep up, it is beaten unmercifully. They seem to think that animals do not matter and they can treat them any way they want. When I have pleaded with them for these poor animals, they have looked at me as much as to say, "I wonder whether you are in your right mind or not."

I have seen some Europeans who were brought up with or near natives who have this same spirit of cruelty to animals. A natives have no feeling for his animals, and many Europeans have no feeling for the natives. When Europeans punish natives for something

they have done, the treatment is often very cruel. When I think of things like this, it makes my blood run cold.

It is only when Christianity takes full possession of a man that the old nature is changed.

Chapter 14

Rhodesian Birds

When we first went to Rhodesia, we found many animals and birds. Guinea fowl were everywhere and would come close to our homes. Guinea fowl are as large as a good sized chicken and are easily domesticated. Guinea fowl can be a real nuisance to the farmer after he has planted his fields with grain. After the farmer has planted his fields, he has to constantly watch to see that the guinea fowl and other birds do not eat the seed he has planted. When a hundred or two hundred guinea fowl and sometimes even more get into a field that has been planted with corn, and when the young plants are small, these birds will work hard to get the grain out. When the plants are small, they will scratch them out to get to the grain. After the corn has grown and the grain is in the cob, these birds will even then do a lot of damage. It is nothing but a fight, day after day to get a crop for ones labor in some of these places.

I used to be very fond of the guinea fowls and the native boys would often bring their eggs to me. I would then set the eggs under some of the hens and in a little time, I had many little chicks running around the house. When they grew up, they would go away. They sometimes would go quite a distance, but at night they always returned to the old roost in the tree and to their adopted mother.

In some parts of the country, we would see hundreds of these birds together and it was always a beautiful sight to watch them feeding. When afraid, they did not always try to fly, but would often run from danger. They can surely run. It is useless to try to catch them. They are very fast. During the time of the Matabele rebellion, the troops killed many thousands of them for food. Although both the Europeans and natives destroyed many of them, the country still has an large number of them.

There are many different kinds of birds in Rhodesia. One bird that caused a lot of trouble in our gardens was the pheasant. They would get into the kitchen garden and would scratch up all the seed and root up all the green stuff. They were a plague. One day, Mr. Goepp and I took a walk to look at his garden. When we got close to it, he told me to be quiet to see if there were pheasants in the area. Sure enough, there was one standing on a rock watching us. As soon as he saw that we had seen him, he gave a warning call, and a large covey of them flew away.

There are many kinds of little love birds, a specie of parrot. They all love to feed on wild fruit. Partridges and quails are all over. One finds ostriches both on the plains and in the desert parts. When Lobengula was King and ruled the country, his soldiers used to make their head-dress out of the little black ostrich feathers. The head-dress was very imposing and looked something like the Busby worn by the British guards. When these native soldiers were dressed up in their head-dresses of black feathers, the head-dresses were made so that they formed a small cape that came down over the shoulders. With their

spears, sticks, battle axes and large shields, they looked very grotesque and imposing. Their looks were enough to strike terror in the hearts and minds of those they were going to attack. To see them in full war-dress at a dance is a sight long to be remembered. It is enough to give one a creepy feeling all over and make one wish that he was far away from the scene. A person at one of these feasts is really in the company of evil angels who must control at such gatherings and at times, their presence is felt.

Ostriches are found in the Kalahari Desert and are hunted by the Bushmen for food. They are a very timid bird and easily take flight at the least sign of danger. The Bushmen have learned their habits and are able to hunt them with success.

King Lobengula had a very large bush and tree enclosure I estimated to be between eight and ten thousand acres. This enclosure was located about nine miles from his Royal Kraal or six miles south east of the present town of Bulawayo. When this enclosure was completed, he gave orders to his soldiers to drive in a lot of ostriches. They then closed up the opening. With this arrangement, he was able to have a good supply of black feathers whenever they were needed. One day while I was riding my horse, I saw four of the King's ostriches and was able to get quite close to them. Not then knowing their wild ways and habits, I thought that I could run them down with the horse especially since they were so close. I was very surprised when I rode toward them to find that they moved off. The faster I rode the horse, those birds seemed to be just trotting ahead of me in a most provocative manner. The horse was soon wet with sweat. Soon those birds seemed to lower their bodies to the ground and stretch out their long legs and were away and I was left far behind. When they had put some distance between themselves and the horse, they started to dance and went round and round as fast as they could. They looked like four big tops. It seemed as though they would say, "Now can you do that?" Since the first encounters with ostriches, I have learned a lot more about these large birds and have had several very narrow escapes from them. One time, when crossing an ostrich camp, a male bird came running towards me. Just as he got in front of me and was ready to kick out, he dropped down on the ground and began to prepare for a fight. It should be noted that these birds kick forwards with a ripping downward movement. The large toe has a strong claw that, should it contact you, will tear the clothes from end to end and maybe will tear through flesh as well. Fortunately I had a good, long thick stick with me. As he rose, I struck his neck a heavy blow that sent him sprawling to the ground quite dazed and struggling. I made my escape and when he recovered from the blow, he staggered for a while and then ran away.

If a person knows just where to hit the neck, he can always get away without killing the bird. They are very stupid at times and are easily frightened. We bought some of these birds for one of our mission stations thinking that they would be quite an asset. We thought they would bring in a good income as ostrich feathers were in quite a demand at the time. We were sadly disappointed because some animals, either dogs, or jackals frightened them. They ran against the wire fence with such force that several of them were

killed outright and others were injured. Instead of being an asset to the mission, they were a big loss as the birds had cost several pounds each.

In some areas the ostrich has been a real curse. Such a premium was placed on what were styled good birds, that in the eyes of many ostrich farmers, their ostriches were of more value than the lives of their colored servants. In some places, land that once was covered with vineyards and fruit trees and used for other agricultural purposes, was cleared of trees, vines and converted into ostrich camps. There are many of these ostrich camps in the Eastern Province of South Africa. Before the land was turned into ostrich camps, often there would be one to several Europeans living on the farm. They had many natives employed to take care of things. Now most of these farmers and natives have had to leave to make room for the birds. Today many farmers have been ruined because of the change in fashions so that there is now little or no demand for ostrich feathers.

There was another very interesting bird that we discovered. On a very hot day, two of us were walking between some tree covered hills. We were talking when suddenly we both heard a familiar sound. We thought that we were nearing a blacksmith's shop because we heard the sound of a hammer striking an anvil. The sound was so real, that we stopped to listen. We investigated, and were surprised to find two birds sitting on the bough of a tree not very far away. They were able to do a good job as they would mimic different sounds. We would become suspicious when the sound kept up for so long a period without a break. After this experience, whenever we would hear these birds, we would say, "There go the anvil birds again." Our name for them was anvil birds.

There is another bird that looks like an ordinary parrot that hunters hate. Often a hunter will be stalking some game. When he approaches in order to get a good shot, he finds that these birds will have been watching him. They are the first to see him. Just before they are able to shoot, the birds will shout, "Go away, go away." Animals seem to understand that when these birds make these sounds it means that there is danger near. They do not wait, but leave as quickly as possible, much to the disappointment of the hunter. I have known of hunters who became so angry at these birds, that they have fired at them and then returned to camp in disgust. They know that at this point it would be useless to follow the game for as likely as not, the birds would again give the warning signal.

We decided to raise some chickens to have fresh eggs for our own use. Later we wanted to be able to send eggs to the market. We found that we had to be contend with many enemies to our poultry. Among these enemies was the large number and variety of hawks. These birds would swoop down and catch our chickens all the way from the smallest to the largest. They would then perch in a nearby tree to eat what they had caught. Many times we have had to shoot to try to save our chickens. These birds would fly around looking for something to eat, and they did not mind in the least, if what they found was one of our chickens. Others just seem to be passing the country in straight lines, but if they passed over where you were keeping your chickens, they would settle in a nearby tree and watch for their chance. They would then swoop down, and catch the first one they could

and fly away with it. These birds often fly for long distances. Missionaries are plagued not only from below but also from above with all kinds of vermin. Job speaks of hawks and what they do in Job 39:26.

Matabeleland and many other parts of South Africa have many varieties of doves and pigeons. Some are large while others are small. Some are very plain while others are very beautifully marked. Each variety has its own call. Some calls are very plaintive while others are jubilant and lively. Doves and pigeons often become very tame, but there are others that are shy and timid. One variety builds the silkiest little nest. He will place two or three sticks across one another and lay eggs there and why the eggs do not fall off has often puzzled me. Their call sounds something like this: "Two little sticks across with a bit of moss for the do; do; do; do; do; do; do; do; do." Another sounds like he was saying, "Ndi velu amaxoseni, ndi velu amaxoseni," which means, "I have come from the Xhosa kaffirs, I have come from the Xhosa kaffirs." Many times as I have listened to doves, my mind has gone back to the words of the Psalmist. I have thought how he must have loved doves and had learned many lessons from them.

As one labors on the far flung battle lines, it is then that many beautiful lessons are learned by studying nature. It is through nature that one can learn much more of the love of the Great Creator.

I have been saddened many times as I have seen dozens and dozens of little birds that have been killed by little native boys. They catch birds at water holes or springs. During some seasons of the year, water is very scarce throughout the country. Birds gather from all parts by the hundreds to drink at these springs and water holes. It is then that the little native boys make bird-lime from some berries that they find growing on wild bushes. After covering some sticks with the bird-lime, they lay around the watering places, and in this way, the birds are caught. Natives generally have little mercy on either animal or bird.

Before going on to something else, I would like to say something about a few more birds. Vultures are very large birds that are seldom seen alone, but are often in flocks. I have seen hundreds flying around in one location. They are carrion birds and feed on any dead carcass that may be around. I have seen an animal die in a native kraal and then be dragged out to be buried. Although nothing could be seen, within half an hour, the sky would be filled with vultures, ready to come down when the coast was clear.

During the time of the rinderpest plague, when the country was almost denuded of all cattle, vultures had the time of their lives. This plague visited us at the beginning of our mission work and caused quite a loss of livestock.

Another bird is the buzzard or wild turkey. I mention this bird because at one time it puzzled me a great deal when I was camping on the borders of the Kalahari Desert. I was awakened very early one morning by the booming of these birds. I had not seen or heard them before, and when a person sees and hears them for the first time, they make a quite an impression.

When I first heard this sound, I wondered what animal made this kind of sound. As it was, we were now more than one hundred miles from the native kraals and I had just a few boys with me. I had not yet met the Bushmen. We had only three guns, and we knew that there were dangerous animals around. The sound got nearer. We stored everything away and as there were a lot of trees which one could easily climb, we all watched carefully and waited for the enemy to appear. We were surprised after a while to see some big black birds with red heads marching along quite leisurely some distance from us. From time to time they would make that booming sound. The boys wondered why they had been deceived for they call them rain birds. The native superstition is that when these birds make a noise, it will soon rain. I could tell more about birds, but space will not allow. For those who are interested in the feathered world, there is much to interest in a study of the birds of Matabeleland.

Chapter 15

Animal Life

On one occasion when I made a seventy mile trip west of Solusi Mission, I had an experience I will long remember. I was sleeping in a native kraal. I had left my pack donkey outside to graze. I had asked about the possibility of lions being around for I knew they liked donkey meat. When I wakened up early the next morning so that I could make an early start, the donkey was no where to be found. Several natives went to look for him, but either could not or would not find him. I felt that surely some wild animal had either scared him off or possibly had killed him. I slipped on my bandolier of cartridges. I gave my gun to my servant to carry and with a good stick in my hand, I started off to hunt for my donkey. I was determined to find him, dead or alive.

It took me some time to find out just which direction the donkey had gone. After carefully studying the ground and the paths, we did find the tracks that lead over to some hills some three miles away. We headed for the hills, following the tracks as best we could and within an hour, we found ourselves among the hills. When we arrived, we found another surprise for we soon were informed that we were trespassing. All around us on the rocks and in the trees were baboons. I would estimate that there were at least two hundred of them. I have never before nor since seen so many baboons at one time. The servant put down the gun and ran for his life. Some of the baboons came on towards me. I soon realized that they meant business, and that there was going to be a struggle. Those who were nearest me rushed towards me and I shot them. Then others came on, and it was not until I had killed and wounded over twenty, that they stopped coming. My gun was so hot, that I feared that it might burst. The revolver then came in handy.

I decided that the best thing for me was to retreat as quickly as possible. I then spotted some large baboons to my right on some rocks who had gotten to within fifty yards of me. These seemed to be the leaders. Probably they were planning to make another attack on me. I aimed at one who was sitting on the rock. Others had climbed into a tree close by. I fired and to my surprise, I saw two baboons fall some thirty feet, one from the rock and another from the tree. In a few minutes all the rest had fled. When I realized that the danger had past, I sighed a sigh of relief.

I am thankful to God for my deliverance that day, for had those baboons attacked me and had not faltered, I would have been up against hopeless odds. For some time I waited, afraid to move, because I realized that when I shot, two baboons had fallen. I had only hit one, and the one I had missed was no more than thirty five or forty yards from me. I felt that perhaps he was waiting his chance to attack me. After I had waited quite a while, and as nothing seemed to be moving in that direction, I went toward the place where the two baboons had dropped. I found both baboons dead. They were real big animals, and I realized that had they attacked, I would have had no chance. I hurried away from there,

and in the distance, saw my donkey quietly grazing. When I reached the donkey, the servant was nearby watching him. He was very frightened as he had watched the scene.

I had heard that if a person pointed a gun at a monkey or baboon, they would always run away and hide. I have tried pointing a stick at these animals in the Cape Colony and they would run. No doubt they had been hunted so much by the white man, that they have learned to respect his weapons and they run away. This was not the case in Rhodesia. The baboons knew nothing about the white man and his firearms, and because of this were very bold.

Mr. Harvey had a frightening experience with baboons one night. He was bathing in the stream close to his hut. This stream ran between the hills and some baboons came down perhaps to investigate the white creature in the water. They were very bold and my friend was afraid of them and hurried to his hut. He sent a servant over to me to ask that I drive these baboons away. The next morning I went over early and my native servant took his big dog with him. When we reached the hills, the dog rushed at one large baboon. Poor dog! In a few seconds, the dog was torn from limb to limb. When I saw that, I decided that I never wanted to find myself in that position at any time. If wild animals had intelligent minds, how helpless man would be against all their great strength.

Sometimes baboons are kept as pets, but they are of no use, and often cause a lot of damage to gardens. They can do a lot of damage to a corn patch and destroy a lot of pumpkins. Natives have told me that baboons can count up to three, but that three is the limit. They claim to have proved it this way. A man had his corn patch close to some hills and the baboons used to raid it often. When he went to the patch, the baboons would all leave and then as soon as he left, they would be back again. When he took another man with him, they would all leave. Then when the friend left, he stayed behind to get to them. As long as he remained in the patch, the baboons stayed away. He repeated this with three going to the patch. As long as any stayed in the patch, the baboons stayed away. When four went into the patch and three left, the baboons rushed down to the garden and into danger. They claimed to have tried this on several occasions to prove their theory.

Although I have not seen it, I heard of a Dutch farmer who trained a baboon to lead his oxen along the road. When the ox-team came to water or a stream that they had to cross, the baboon would jump up on the yoke and sit there until the oxen had gone through the water.

Most natives will not eat the flesh of monkeys or baboons, but there are some that do. Witch doctors like to get the skins of these animals. From them they make their head-dress or caps, and they use other parts of the animals in their concoctions. There are some little monkeys so small that they would fit into a coat pocket. Ladies like to make pets of them. They are very amusing when tamed and do make good pets. The larger species cannot be trusted. One time I came across a troop of baboons that were walking along the side of the high banks of a river, turning over stones. They are fond of scorpions and were

looking for some. It was interesting to see how quickly they handled the scorpions. They will break the end of the tail off, for they know that the sting is in the tail, and then the rest is pulled to pieces and eaten. I have seen them in a patch of prickly pears, and although these pears are covered with thorns, they eat a lot of them.

I was returning one day from a visit to old Chief Solusi. He like many others, had his kraal up among some kopjies and in that way was well protected. There were three different paths to and from his kraal. While walking along the western path on the level before descending the hill, I noticed several tumble bugs rolling large balls of manure. These bugs belonged to a particularly large species and measured two and a quarter inches to nearly three inches long. The front part of their heads are shaped much like a spade. With their heads and feet, they collect the dung and after they form it into balls they deposit their eggs inside. Then they dig a hole in the ground in which they bury the balls. They push the ball along with their back legs and so travel backwards. They cannot see where they are going, but they seem to be able to follow the path very well. As I watched, I noticed they were approaching a part of the path where it crossed over on the top of a rock. I wondered what would happen. I did not have long to wait. Soon one came along and rolled his load over the top of the rock and the next thing it rolled over the edge and dropped ten feet. I felt that surely this was the end of the bug, but no such thing. It seemed a bit stunned for just a moment or two and then moved around briskly. It soon found its bearings and started off with its load again, only to take another fall a little farther on. I watched as several of these bugs fell with their loads. None seemed the least bit daunted, but just went on with their work. I thought that this was truly a lesson for Christians to learn on perseverance. No matter how hard the road is, they also should move right along, going over or around, but always reaching for their objective. Surely it is God's plan for us to study these little creatures that He has made, so that we can learn lessons from them.

I have already mentioned that flies are a plague in Matabeleland. One day I was studying one of these scavenger beetles. As I watched it closely, I saw some little flies, smaller than the head of a pin, flying around the eyes of these beetles. I could hardly believe my eyes, but had to take another look to be sure that they were there. They were the smallest flies I have ever seen. I wondered whether the beetles worried about them, and discovered that they would wipe them off their eyes with their front feet every little while.

There is much in nature to interest a person if he will only take time to keep his eyes and ears open to observe the wonderful works of God. A person who is not observant loses many of the blessings which God has in store for His children.

One day while resting in the cool shade of a tree that was growing out from some rocks, I was watching a small bush that looked familiar. It looked like some I had seen in the Cape Colony. As I watched it, it seemed as though one of the leaves was moving along the stem. I looked carefully at the thing, and thought that perhaps I was dreaming or had been mistaken. There was no mistake. What looked like a leaf was moving along the stem.

I removed it from the stem, and carefully checked it. I found it to be an insect, but I must say, it looked just like a leaf.

Often I have seen different insects use many different types of camouflage in their make up. Some would look just like pieces of grass. Others like pieces of wood or like green leaves, dry leaves, or pieces of bark of a tree. The coloring of each blended in so beautifully with the tree, grass or ground, that it was very hard to distinguish them from the object they were on. It is even difficult to tell them apart from their surroundings. One day I pointed out one of these insects to a friend. It was sitting on the trunk of a tree, and although he looked very closely, it was not until I made the insect move, that he saw it for himself. This particular one looked so much like tree bark.

One insect that I have noticed little African boys playing with is the mantis or Hottentots' God. There are many kinds of them in Africa. Some are very large, and others are very small. Boys will take two of these insects and with one on one stick and the other on another, they will bump their heads together. They would start boxing each other. The boys thought it a lot of fun to see them spar with each other. My own children would carry them into the house and place them on the window to catch flies. They are very good fly catchers, and it did not take them long to catch all the flies on the windows. Sometimes they attack spiders. A daddy-long-legs one time took up a position on a window. He had barely gotten settled, when he spotted one of these Hottentot gods. He thought that he now had a good meal, but it made a meal for the mantis instead.

Little native children have many ways to amuse themselves and spend time. Sometimes you will see them near the water or at their kraal and even in the veldt itself, with a lump of wet clay. They will be modeling cattle, dogs, wild animals etc. Some of their models are very true to life. Some of the little fellows will make their models of cattle with small heads and a very large pair of horns. They think the animals look beautiful with large horns. After they had seen our wagons, they would try to model them in clay. It was surprising how true to life they would make them. They would make axles out of bits of sticks. When a wagon was dry they would attach to it a bit of string that they made, either from grass or bark of a tree, and then would pull their little model along as proud as could be.

These poor little fellows come into the world without a knowledge of a Saviour. Their early days are spent like the dogs of the same kraals. They grow up into manhood and what are they? They are nothing but types of heathenism in its darkest form. They are without God and without hope in the world. Yet the Gospel must go to them. What is most cheering is that it will reach hearts that will respond, and from these will be gathered out a company to grace the courts of King Jesus.

During certain times of the year, many native people would pass my home. They were carrying large lumps of a very dark salt. I often wondered where they got it from. I

later learned that they traveled over a hundred and thirty miles from where I lived to get it and some of them had traveled even farther than that.

When they started out, they would take a lot of food with them. As they traveled, each day they would hide some of it for use on their return journey. I realized that they had to go to a whole lot of trouble to get this salt. When they reached the salt pan, known as the "Ntwetwe" in the Kalahari Desert, they had to cut the salt under the water. This salt varies in thickness from a few inches to eighteen and I have seen some, thirty inches thick. It takes quite some time to cut out the salt. They use a spear and walk in the water. They select a spot and cut down into the salt, guiding the spear with their feet. The first chunk is always the hardest to get out. They will cut a hole in the middle of the lump and put a knobbed stick through the hole and work away until it gets loose. This is very hard work and often the lumps that they do get, weigh one hundred pounds and more. They make up loads of fifty to eighty pounds and carry these all the long way home.

There are only certain seasons of the year that they can go to the salt. This is during the dry season or winter months. During the summer rainy season, the salt pans have too much water in them. No matter how much salt is taken, the holes are filled up again by the time the next season comes around. This salt is very strong and has a nasty flavor, but the natives are very glad to get it. In some places the natives will wash ground that is salty and boil the water until there is just a thick sediment left. This they will lay on mats and put out in the sun to dry and use for seasoning. Sometimes we have wondered as we have seen how primitive these people's food preparation is, why there is not more sickness? They do not suffer with many of the ailments that are common to civilized peoples. No doubt, their simplicity accounts for much and then too, for most of their lives, they live outdoors.

Chapter 16

African Fruit And Iron Smelting

In the early days there were many opportunities when we could be of help to our fellow men. We always received much satisfaction when we could help. Frequently malaria fever proved to be disastrous with the early settlers and many were laid to rest as a result of this plague. Not much medical help was available, although there was a small nursing home in Bulawayo. This little place was always full. As soon as a person was well enough to get around a little, he had to leave to make room for others who were waiting.

I had taken an interest in the temperance cause and became acquainted with many of the temperance people. Because of this, I met a young man who was a good worker in the temperance society. He enjoyed a genuine Christian experience. He became ill and for a while there were real questions whether he would recover or not. His life was spared however, and as soon as he could be moved, I took some carriers and a stretcher and we took him out to my place. In a few days, he was able to move all about the home, and he took an interest in many little things that needed attention. He soon was able to take charge of meal preparation, and this really helped me. He saw to it that everything was well cooked and on time.

Each evening we would conduct a Bible study before we went to bed, and these were very worthwhile seasons for both of us. One night we had just finished our worship and had gone to bed, when I remembered that I had not covered the milk. I got out of bed, but as I put my foot on the floor, I jumped for something there stung me. I took the candle and soon saw that a large scorpion was walking around just ready to strike again. I soon did away with the insect, and because I had nothing better available, bathed the wound in a solution of baking powder. It took over an hour before I received any relief. A person has to be careful when living in a mud floor hut, with the door open and the veldt being all over outside. A person can expect to have all kinds of visitors.

It was not long before our patient was almost well and he began to do a little exploring on his own. He found some wild fruit trees. There was one fruit tree that bore good fruit when it was ripe. Before it was ripe, it would pucker ones mouth. He learned from the natives that a person could eat the fruit, and as the trees were loaded, he collected a large basket full and took them home. He had the servant make a fire and after selecting two pounds of the best fruit, he put the fruit in a pan. Just then he remembered or thought that he remembered that his mother had used a pound of fruit to one pound of sugar. He boiled the jam for a couple hours and then tasted it. He found it to be very tart and thought that he must have made a mistake. He added another two pounds of sugar. This did not help. The more he cooked that fruit, the more tart it became. He put in one more pound of sugar, but it was no better. When I returned, he told me what had happened. I laughed but regretted the waste of sugar, for there was no way we could use that jam. I do not know

any of these wild fruits that will make jam. Some of these fruits do make refreshing drinks. We called them the wild oranges. They look like oranges as they hang on the trees. The skins are hard and are more like shells. The insides consist of seeds and juice with nothing to eat. The pulp is used by mixing it with water and adding a little sugar that makes a refreshing drink.

Another fruit looks like a plum. It is very beautiful, but when a person tastes it, it does not taste good. There are people, however, who do like them and the natives eat them.

I was always very interested in how Africans would smelt iron. We found out that they did all their iron smelting away from their kraals, but did know just why. Their iron workshop as I will call it, was at least a quarter of a mile away from a kraal. They had built a blast furnace. This was five feet high and seven foot six inches in circumference at its widest point. It tapered up to a small opening at the top for the fumes and the smoke to escape. It was also used to feed the furnace. At the front of the furnace there was a small opening for the melting metal and ashes to escape. Back of the furnace there was an earthenware pipe used to join up with the pipes of the bellows. This blast furnace was built up in the same way as was used in the building of their huts. Layer was placed on layer. Goat skins formed the bellows. Like their milk bags, the skins used for the bellows were cut just as little as possible. A wooden pipe was fixed to the opening of a hind leg of each goat skin. Two sticks were attached to the neck of each. These formed the handles of the bellows, and were opened and closed by the working of the bellows.

The iron smelting craftsman would sit on a log of wood, and place the nozzles of the pipes of the bellows into the earthen pipe of the furnace. After placing his big toes on them to keep them in place, he was ready to begin. He would take hold of one skin with his left hand and the other with his right and hold the sticks apart. In this manner, the necks of the skins would open. He would first lift one and then the other. As the skins would lift up, they would fill with air. When they were at their highest, the operator would close his hands with the sticks inside, thus closing the opening. He would then press down and the air would be pressed out through the pipes into the furnace. By working these alternately, there was a constant stream of forced air entering the furnace. There are different places in the country, where there is a lot of iron ore. I have known when the natives have carried it for over a hundred miles. This iron ore is very rich, and gives a good return to the worker. These people know nothing about coal, but they cut down certain hard wood trees and burn their own charcoal. They know from experience which trees to use, and which ones give the best results.

They would place down a layer of charcoal and then a layer of iron ore. They would repeat this with another layer of charcoal and another layer of iron ore until the furnace was full. The man working the bellows would be relieved every half hour or so until the metal began to run. Not much iron would be produced each time, but the native is very patient, and what he did not get today he was content to get tomorrow.

They have no anvil or steel hammers to work with. Their tools are very crude. They use a large granite rock as their anvil and then use different sizes of stone as hammers. They use a thick piece of green bark bent in the shape of a hair pin. They use a stick for a poker and when one sees the kind of work that is accomplished with such primitive tools, one is quite surprised. While at work, they often sing. This is especially true as they work the bellows and just before the iron begins to run. They sense just when this will be. It is then that they work harder. These foundries will often be hidden away among the hills and rocks. They did this for self preservation. Often while working hard to recover some iron, there was the danger of some marauding party that would come along and steal the precious metal.

The tools and implements that they would make are soft. I have however, seen them cut down a hard wood tree with their axes that broke the edge of my ax. They make spears, battle axes, hoes, axes, knives, awls, beads etc. It takes a long time to make their wooden dishes, spoons, pillows etc., but it takes much longer and a lot of patience to work with iron. The native says, that tomorrow is another day, and so if he cannot finish the job today, it is put off for another time. They are not worried with the troubles and trials of civilized man and so live to a good old age.

Chapter 17

Matabele Rebellion

I had been laboring quietly at my little place, Umkupuvula. I was busy with two propositions. One was building a large hut and the other was digging a well. The school boys could not understand why I was trying to dig a well so far away from water. They were also very interested in the hut that I was building. I was using a method in my roof construction that was entirely new to them.

Everything was moving along smoothly, but there did seem to be something wrong. The natives moved around very suspiciously. There was a feeling of fear and danger in the air, that I did not understand.

There is a secret communication system known among the natives that the white man has not been able to solve. The natives have not made it known. Even if trouble is as much as a hundred miles away, it is known within a few hours. I have heard of a battle taking place in Zululand and the natives in the Transkei knew about it and what had taken place before the whites knew anything about what had happened. This was true even though the whites had telegraph wires up to within a few miles from where the battle took place. I had heard of this, but did not believe it.

The troubled condition had already lasted about a week. The whole air seemed strained. Finally the chief came to me and told me that I must leave immediately. I asked him the reason, but he said he could not tell me. He promised that he would send some men with me as far as Chief Solusi, but that I must not delay. He told me not to wait until morning. I must leave right away that night. Three men came over and after we had prepared and eaten supper, we started out. I tried to find out the reason, but although the men would talk about anything and everything else, they would not tell me the reason.

Early in the morning the men left and I went on to Mr. Landsmann and told him of my experience. We both then went over to Mr. Chris Sparrow. He told us that he too, had his fears and had sent a boy off to learn if there was any trouble. When we arrived at his place, the boy had not returned and he did not understand why he were not back yet.

With all this, we felt that there must be trouble somewhere, either among the natives themselves, or perhaps between natives and whites. We knew nothing about its seriousness or its nature. We felt, however, that the situation was so serious that we had better go over to the other brethren at the Mission and counsel with them. We left immediately and called first on Dr. Carmichael, who was almost half a mile from the others. We told him about our fears and he joined us and together we went over to see Elder Tripp. We discussed the matter, and all except Elder Tripp felt that the situation was a serious one, and that we should try to learn more about it.

Dr. Carmichael suggested that I go into Bulawayo and find out if all was all right. The other brethren all agreed. As the middle of the day was very hot and because there might be danger, I started out late that afternoon. I reached the Gwaai River when it was very dark. I left the wagon road on the right and followed the native paths that made the distance shorter. Bulawayo by road was thirty two miles from Solusi Mission.

When I was about half way there, I saw some fires in the bush to my left. I saw an armed band of natives sitting around the camp fires eating. I could not get near enough to hear what they were saying, and so I hurried on for I sensed that there was real trouble brewing. I continued for another two hours. Then I saw on the same side of the road, another band of native men. This group was not quite as large as first one.

I hurried on as fast as I could and finally reached Bulawayo at half past seven. I immediately went to the intelligence office, but had to wait until eight o'clock to see the General-in-Command, General Willoghby. I told him about my experience in coming to Bulawayo and of the missionaries at the Mission. He told me that he did not believe my story as every white person had been brought in. I told him that I was sorry he did not believe me and I could understand why. I suggested that if he would telephone the native commissioner, Mr. Thomas. who himself was in Bulawayo, perhaps he would treat my statement with some seriousness. He told his aid-de-camp to phone Mr. Thomas and he said, "My God! Those poor people have been forgotten." I then asked the General what he advised me to do. He asked whether I would be willing to return later. I told him that I would. He asked me how I had come and I told him I had walked. He asked how I planned to return. I told him that I was very tired, and that if he could supply me with either a horse or a bicycle, I could get back much quicker. I did not feel that I should delay in returning to the mission. He said that he would try to get me a bicycle or horse. However he had doubts about being successful as they had all been taken by the department and were being used by the emergency forces. He asked me to return at eleven o'clock for further instructions.

I went down to Mr. Thomas the N. C. (Native Commissioner) and I there learned of the seriousness of the native uprising. He sent out spies to locate the bodies of men I had reported and was waiting to hear from them. He had suspected that they would be somewhere near the place I reported them to be and was happy to get my report.

I rested until eleven o'clock and then returned to the intelligence office. The general was sorry that until then they had not been able to secure either horse or bicycle. I told him that I would then have to return by walking and would start soon after five o'clock. He wanted to give me a rifle and ammunition, but all I took was a heavy revolver and fifty cartridges. He then told me to collect the company together and go with them to Fort Mongwe as quickly as possible. He would have his troops go out to meet us and take us to the Fort. He told me to check in again before leaving to find out if anyone had returned with either a horse or bicycle.

I then went to Mr. Thomas and learned that his spies had returned and reported that the two large bodies of men I had seen, were moving north.

I was surprised at two o'clock to see Elder Tripp. He had left a few hours after I had started out and had come by way of the wagon road. He had some important mail to send off and had not thought of it before I left the Mission. He said that he was returning at sun down, and we decided to return together.

Together we went around town as he attended to some business matters. The business men we saw did not feel that the native uprising was serious. This was quite different from the feelings of those who were directly dealing with the question. They all sensed that serious danger confronted the country and were doing all they could to take care of things.

Elder Tripp and I started out and followed the wagon road. We walked until one o'clock in the morning. Elder Tripp suggested that we sleep for a couple of hours. He wanted me to sleep for the first hour while he watched and then he would sleep for the next hour while I watched. I did not agree to this, and told him to sleep first. He lay down and was soon fast asleep. I let him sleep for an hour and a half and then woke him up and told him that we must hurry on. He wanted me to have my rest, but I had heard some signals at a distance that made me feel that we should not delay further.

Elder Tripp was a man of God. He sensed that he had a very important Mission and a message to give to the people. He could not believe that the natives would interfere with the Mission or the work. We know that God does care for His people and His work. I believe that he requires that we do all we can. Then we can look for Him to bless whatever little effort we have put forth to care for ourselves and for the work entrusted to us.

When we reached the Mission, we found the Missionaries almost ready to leave. Mr. Gordon, who was the Assistant Native Commissioner located about twenty five miles west of the Mission had a very narrow escape. The rebel natives attacked his headquarters. His little force of native police had fought nobly in his defense and they urged him to get on his horse and flee for his life. After all, it was he that they wanted to kill. He took their advice and escaped.

On his way he passed Mr. Chris Sparrow who immediately sent word to all around, packed his wagon and went over to the Mission. Mr. Harry Anderson got the Mission wagon ready. He buried some of the things and did all he could while Elder Tripp was away for a speedy flight. When Elder Tripp arrived, he did not want to move away from the Mission. He believed that it was only a little local trouble and that there was no danger. I gave the other Missionaries the message from the General. Since I was the one who had been sent by the brethren to learn all I could, they all agreed that they should follow the General's instructions. Quickly we finished packing everything and were soon ready to leave.

We left that afternoon and traveled well into the night. As there was no road the way we were going, we had to blaze a trail. We wanted to start again early in the morning, but before we could get going, a native runner arrived with a letter from a Mr. S. Lewis. Mr. Lewis had been sent out east of Bulawayo with some mounted men and on his return that night, he learned that our party was still out west. He reported to headquarters, and was given permission to escort our party into Bulawayo.

Mr. Lewis was a farmer and was our nearest neighbor. Our road passed close to his homestead. He hurried his men out to the Mission and found that we had already left. He met Mr. Landsmann who lived close to Mr. C. Sparrow's home. Mr. Landsmann had refused to leave his home. Mr. Lewis made Mr. Landsmann join his force. He also sent for the native police who had defended Mr. Gordon and who had been awaiting further orders.

When Mr. Lewis found that we had left, he decided to return to his farm and wait for us there. We were thankful for his help and hurried to his camp. We reached there that afternoon and rested there for most of the night.

At two o'clock the next morning, I warned Mr. Lewis that there was danger and he soon have the oxen all in-spanned, and everything ready. We were soon on the road again. It had not taken long to get going that morning. We had not traveled more than four or five miles, when we looked back and saw that the homestead we had just left was burning. God had wonderfully preserved our lives.

We traveled along that day and camped for the night on the Bulawayo side of the Khami River at a little homestead of some settler who had already fled. That night, although now about worn out for lack of sleep, Mr. Lewis asked me to watch on the banks of the river. At two thirty he came and sat beside me and together we listened for some twenty minutes. We heard the bark of a dog in the distance and on the other side of the river. I said, "Mr. Lewis, there are no kraals there." He said, "I do not remember any. What do you think?" I said, "There are some natives there and we had better move on."

Mr. Lewis left me, and soon had the wagons on the road and came back for me. We had not gone far, when the house we had just vacated was in flames. Just why the natives did not come and molest the party, I believe to be nothing but the hand of Providence.

We reached Bulawayo and out-spanned at the back of the hospital. This was the beginning of a stay that lasted several months. The members of our party were: Elder and Mrs. Tripp and son George, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Dr. A. S. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Sparrow and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sparrow, Mr. A. Goepp, Mr. J. Landsmann, R. Pittney, Andries Laurens, William Bosman and I. Barry Burton.

The war lasted for several months. This made it very difficult for all who had to remain in town. We were very happy when we could return to the farms. Some of us went out to the farms before things settled down. Everything was very expensive in town during this time. We could find a little native food on the farms and felt it worthwhile to run the

risk of going out. We were thankful that our houses had not been burned. We found that only the cattle had been taken. The natives felt that all cattle belonged to them. The troops had built a fort on the Mission not far from the houses. They named it Fort Solusi after the chief of that district. Chief Solusi's kraal was about four miles west of the Mission. I believe the Mission started to be called Solusi Mission from this time. None of us wanted the fort there. In times of war, however, the powers that be place their forts where they think best. We had to put up with it.

We were to pass through one of the most trying experiences of our lives. The soldiers were finding it difficult to bring the natives into subjection. They began to destroy all the native supplies of food where they could be found. This led to a serious famine and starvation in the land. All suffered. I saw natives hunt for roots and bulbs to use for food. During normal times they would not think of eating these items. I saw them gather old bones that they would pound into powder. They would cook this with some greens such as leaves and herbs and would eat this mixture. My cattle died as a result of the rinderpest plague that swept through the country and killed most of the cattle. I had these cattle skinned and the skins were put into trees close to my huts. I returned from a trip and found that the skins had all disappeared. I discovered that the hungry people had taken them and cut them with axes and pounded the pieces of hide on stones, cooked them and ate them. What a shame? They consumed every piece of rawhide they could find. Oh, what cruelty there is in war and of how man deals with man.

The missionaries did whatever they could to feed a few at the Mission. We cared for many of the children. Some children were rescued from ant bear holes. The burden of caring for so many became heavy for the Missionaries. They felt that there was hope in reaching the hearts of some of them with the blessings of Christianity. So our Missionaries fed, clothed and instructed these children.

Chapter 18

Emergency Trip To The Cape

I received an urgent letter from my mother who was living at the Cape and was very sick. She wanted to see me. I booked a seat on one of the open coaches and started for the South. For six days we traveled, night and day with very little rest. The coach had no seats. We had to sit on bundles of rugs or boxes. We were packed like sardines. Often we would get out and run just to stretch our legs. The wagon was pulled by relays of oxen. We changed every ten miles. At times no oxen would be waiting at the ten-mile halt. At such times we would lie down and get whatever rest we could. At such times, many of us would fall asleep and it would be hard to wake us. Dust stirred up by the oxen made traveling very unpleasant and uncomfortable. We were very glad to reach Palapye where we could wash and have a hot meal. We had to wait at Palapye for four hours and most of us slept during that time. When we reached the end of the railroad line, we got into a railroad car and traveled over the uneven lines for sixty miles to Machudi Station. The rest of the journey to Cape Town was uneventful.

The day after I arrived in Cape Town, the Manager of the New Claremont Sanitariam met me and asked me to help them as they were very short handed. I spent three very busy months at the Cape and then started for the north once again.

In planning my trip north, I decided to go just as far as possible by train. The rest of the way I would go by bicycle. I bought a good bicycle. I also took along with me some things that I would need.

A friend gave me a well bred pup to take along. At Machudi Station, I loaded my bicycle with the things that I felt I would need on the road and sent the rest of the goods by freight. I never heard of those items again. Many travelers lost their belongings in those days, and there was no compensation. All freight was handled at the owner’s risk.

I still had four hundred miles to travel. It was the beginning of the rainy season and this made it more difficult. I then came to the edge of the desert and knew I had to cross a corner of it. My water can held eight quarts of water. I filled up the can. I decided to start early in the morning. It was difficult to make any progress across the sand. At the end of the first day, I had almost no more water. I continued for part of that night and by the time I stopped, my water supply was empty. The next day I suffered with heat and thirst. I went on because I knew that there was water I had seen somewhere on that road. It turned out that I had to travel for forty one hours without water. When I reached the water, what a sight greeted me. The little vlei at which I had planned to have a good drink of life giving water was one of the greatest disappointments of my life. The vlei was a dirty slimy green mass of mud. In the center of this there was a dead horse. He must have been there for several days. On the edge was a dead dog. The stench was awful. This was the only water I knew of for forty miles. What was I to do? I could not go on without water. I was

exhausted. I scooped out a hole on the side of the vlei and got a piece of grass. I made some holes through the sides and into the bottom of that muddy liquid. I waited for the water to percolate into the hole I had made. It took some time, but the hole did fill up with that thick, muddy muck. I then took my handkerchief and folded it four times. I got down and sucked the moisture through the handkerchief. I then gave the little dog a drink and started on my journey once more.

The next day it rained and because this made the sand firm, I was able to reach some good water. I had no further trouble with water from then on. As long as I live, I will never forget that experience. The return trip had other problems. I had a lot of trouble with thorns. We all tried various ways to keep from having flats. In spite of all precautions, we had many of them. I had to cross a place where the road for miles had many thorns and then it was just a continual mend, mend, mend. I have patched as many as thirty three in the front tire and twenty eight in the back. Every three or four miles I would have to mend tires. I was happy to leave that section of the country.

I traveled on. A few miles from the Shashi River, it began to rain and when I reached the river, I found that it was swollen to its banks. Where I was to cross, it was wide but not deep. On the side I found myself, I was wet and was without shelter. On the other side, there was a coach post shelter in which I could see that a fire was burning. I laid the bicycle on its side, tied dog and my other things securely on it and carried the bicycle and things on my head into the water. I was fully dressed. As my clothing was already wet, it did not make much difference. I found that some places in the river, the water was up to my waist. A little farther, it came to my neck and in a couple of places for short distances, I had to walk with my head under the water for a little distance. Fortunately at such times I did not have to go far.

The bed of the Shashi River is mostly sand and as such is quite level. When I reached the other side, I felt like a drowned rat. I crossed and went into the shelter. I soon had all my things drying in front of the fire. Two native boys were helping me. Rain prevented me from going on for a day and a half. When I did start out, I found I could not ride the bicycle. I had to walk because the mapani mud would stick to the wheels and in just a little while I would have to clean the wheels with a stick and wash them with water. By now there was plenty of water. I found that pushing the bicycle was more tiring than carrying it. I decided it would be better to carry it until the roads improved.

There were lions in this part of the country. At night I would light the little oil lamp of the bike, and place the bike next to a tree. I would then climb up into the tree and find a limb on which to rest for the night. I would buckle my belt around the branch and my body to save me from falling in the night. On two occasions the only trees I could use with safety were thorn trees. It was not easy making these trees suitable for a night's resting place. I tried cutting off the thorns and this helped a little. As I tried to sleep, I would awaken when a thorn or two that I had missed made their way through. Often I have thought of the different kinds of beds I have had to sleep in I have quite a list of them.

After four days of traveling through the mud, slush and rain, I reached the Native Commissioner who kindly put me up and entertained me until the weather improved and the roads were dry enough to ride on. I found this time very profitable. We had a good time together studying the Word of God. This young man was the son of the some old Missionaries and was deeply interested in spiritual things. When the time came for me to leave, he did not want to see me go. It is good to know that the thoughts expressed by the poet are true.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet.
Around one common mercy-seat.

The fine weather and dry roads made the rest of the journey comparatively easy to travel. I was able to ride to within a mile of Bulawayo. I had to walk the rest of the way because the tires both were flat and the pump no longer worked. It took fourteen days of traveling to cover four hundred miles. I was very thankful to God for guiding and caring for me and for bringing me safely all the way.

Chapter 19

The Kalahari Desert

It was not long before I started out on another journey. This time I was going to the Kalahari Desert. Elder Tripp was anxious to learn about the natives who lived west of the mission. I wanted to learn more of the salt pans where the natives collected large quantities of salt that they brought past the mission. The London Missionary Society told me that I would find one of their stations about twenty miles south of Lake Ngami. That was the only work being done for the thousands of natives out west of our mission at that time.

Elder Tripp approved of my plan and soon I started preparing for my trip. I sent the carriers on ahead and told them to meet me at the Nata River. I started a day later with five boys. The party numbered sixteen in all. After I had walked about fifty miles, my boots began hurting my toes. The reason was that the paths were so shaped that they turned the sides of my boots up. When it rains, these native paths become little streams and wear away the center and they are very hard on boots and shoes. I decided to walk bare foot for a long distance until I got into a lot of thorns that grow on runners. I had to resort to my boots again. These thorns are a plague to the poor sheep and goats for they get into their hoofs and cause a fester and bring a disease to the feet. These animals suffer a great deal from these thorns. The little native boys help the sheep and goats when they see them limping by catching the animals and removing the thorns. For several days on this trip we enjoyed watermelons. The native watermelon is very sweet, but quite white inside. They do not have the deep red inside that I had been used to at the Cape. We were able to get hold of a lot of peanuts until we reached the Mapani forest. This was a wide stretch without water. I think where I crossed this forest, it was fifty miles wide. There was no water for this whole distance. When we got to the other side of the forest, we reached the border of the desert where we found some Bushmen pits and made our camp there. We expected to meet the rest of the carriers there, but found no sign of them. We waited three days. We were coming to the end of our food supply. On the fourth day, I sent two boys in another direction to intercept another road that came into the desert. I hoped that perhaps they would find the carriers. There was no sign of them there. When we first arrived we met some Bushmen, but they soon disappeared. It took a long time for us to get in touch with them. One of my boys knew about Bushmen and their habits. He succeeded in making friends and the day after we arrived, we were all on friendly terms with them.

The Bushmen are very simple people. Their huts are very crude affairs. This is how these particular people make their huts. They break or cut branches that they plant in a half circle. They bend the tops over to form the roof and then pile up some tufts of grass and place them on and over this crude roof. These huts are not wind or water tight. In the open part of the half circle they make their fires. They will sleep in these huts with a good fire at the opening burning to keep wild animals away. They are quite safe from animal attacks by following this practice. When it is cold, and it gets very cold in the desert at night, they

sleep very close to the fire. I have seen scars from burns on the inner sides of their legs. In their sleep they move and burn themselves before they wake up.

The Bushmen have a couple of ways of starting a fire. The most common way is to use two pieces of wood. They cut a hole in one piece. They sharpen the other piece to a point. They then put the piece with the hole on the ground. They put a little sand in the hole. They take the other stick and put the sharp point in the hole and begin to rub the stick between their hands as quickly as possible. At times two will work at the fire making job. After they work the sticks for quite a while, there will be evidence of a little charring. They put some tinder near the hole and increase the rubbing of the sticks. Soon there is a little smoke. With a little gentle blowing, soon there is a little fire. They put in some soft grass and small twigs and soon they have a good fire burning. Generally they always try to keep a fire burning. When they move they take some fire along with them. Women are responsible to keep the fires burning.

Like all tribes of South Africa, the women are the burden bearers. Most of the work falls on them. I have not learned first-hand what the marriage customs are of the Bushmen. No doubt they have some system of dowry as other African peoples have. Every tribe with which I have had dealings have what is known as lobola. When I have asked them the origin of this system, they have answered that their fathers did it, so they follow.

The next day we saw some Bushmen digging for bulbs. These bulbs were marble size. They used hard sticks to do their digging. They sharpen the sticks at one end. They put a round stone with a hole in it on the other end in order to give weight to it. Many times previous to this I had seen stones such as this and had been told that they were Bushmen stones. Try as I could I did not imagine what they would be used for. These stones vary in size from about four to eight inches in diameter. All have a hole in the center and they are made of the hardest stones available. I did not learn how they made the holes. Bushmen have left paintings in caves and in the rocks in different places. They have also left pictures carved out on the hardest iron stones. These pictures were of animals and many of them were very true to life.

Two boys and I started to dig for some bulbs as we were very hungry. With our axe we shaped a good sharp stick and set to work. We found out that it was hard work. The ground was hard and dry. It had not rained for more than two years. After three hours of hard work, the three of us had only a half cap full of the precious food. When the Bushmen saw what was happening, they came to our assistance. They gave us some so that we could make a small meal. They were able to dig them out quickly. They knew just where to dig. Besides their bows and arrows, these Bushmen had some old guns. They had run out of ammunition and asked me to give them some powder so that they could do some hunting. I emptied some shot cartridges and gave them the powder and shot. They had caps for their guns.

We arranged to go out on a hunt together. Early one morning before sunrise, we started out for the desert. The desert began just a short distance from the camp. As the sun came up, we saw a very beautiful mirage at the edge of the desert. The desert was about ten or twelve feet below the ground we had camped on. The desert was not all sand, but there were patches of limestone through it. We tramped for several miles when I saw what seemed to be a very large vlei. As we approached, several thousand geese rose from the water. These geese soared in the air and went through all sorts of maneuvers. I tried to get closer to them, but the light was very deceptive and the ground was very wet. As you walked along for the first hundred yards, you would sink three or four inches. The next hundred yards you would sink six or seven inches. It seemed that there was no way to get closer to the geese. As walking was becoming very difficult, we decided to turn back.

We walked along for several more miles over the desert. As we looked towards the west we saw an unusual sight. There seemed to be some huge creatures about fifty feet high in the distance feeding. They looked like they were about half a mile away. They looked like some small black hills. As they appeared suddenly, the mystery was that much greater. I felt just a little apprehensive as I did not know what they were. I thought that they might be elephants enlarged by the mirage. If they were, I did not want to meet them in open country. I looked at the Bushmen and they did not seem a bit worried. It would be unwise to let them know in any way what I was thinking about. We walked towards these creatures. They were much farther away than we first thought. After we walked for an hour, we had a much better view of them and then they looked like some large ostriches that were feeding. By this time there were only three of them and they looked to be only about fifteen or twenty feet high. After another ten minutes walk, I was again surprised. Those huge creatures had been reduced to three black crows eating locusts. As far as the eye could see there was just one huge wave of dead locusts. I remembered the swarm that had passed over Umkupavula. It was the largest swarm I have ever seen and it took three days to pass over. They must have laid their eggs in the desert somewhere and had now died and the wind had blown them up like a huge black wave. I was told that the eggs would remain in the ground until the first rains that might take as much as six or seven years. No wonder people have not been able to get rid of locusts. My boys told me that often animals and birds would appear to take on large dimensions in the desert. No doubt this illusion is caused by what makes the mirage itself. We managed to shoot three gnus or blue wildebeests. These the natives brought into camp. Two of them were given to the Bushmen and the other was cut up and dried in the wind and sun.

When Bushmen get a large supply of meat, they eat until they are drunk and this is what happened this time. They ate until they could eat no more and were just helpless. When they recovered, they danced for me. I had not seen such dancing before. They would imitate all the movements of the wild animals. One was imitating a tortoise and another an ostrich. One would imitate an elephant while another a buck and so on. It was a real experience to watch them. These people do not do things half way. When they eat, they eat to the finish. When they dance, they do so until they are drunk. The Bushmen of the desert

is different from the Bushmen of the forest. The desert Bushman is much taller. Those of the forest are just over four feet tall. The desert Bushman is over five feet and I have seen some who were five feet six inches tall. The men dressed like the Bechuanas with the loan cloth. The women wore skin skirts that reached to the knees. They did not expose as much of the body as did the Bechuanas. I found the women and children to be very shy and timid. I marveled at how quickly they could hide.

The Bushmen had a camp not far from the road that went to the salt pans. If any of them would step out of the road, there would be just a slight rustle. Then everything was quite still and not until the danger had passed away did they return to camp. I use the word camp, because these people do not build kraals or huts in which to live. They keep moving as they hunt game that is always moving to look for pasture. Their camps are a very simple structure. A few branches are broken down and arranged to form a quarter section of a ball. Some grass is thrown over the branches and this is all the shelter they have. Fires are lit in front of this structure and are kept going continually. Should a fire go out, they will soon have another by using the two stick method. They do not have much in their enclosures to move from place to place. What they have consists of a few calabashes or gourds, a few clay pots, a few skins and maybe a knife or two. These are made by natives or perhaps bought from traders. They will sometimes get an item or two from other natives in exchange for skins. When they move, they are not encumbered like some people are with a lot of earthly possessions. Their wants are few and easily satisfied.

These Bushmen speak a most difficult language. Perhaps it is the most difficult language in the world. I know only two white men who had a working knowledge of it. The language consists of every click known. Some of these clicks sound like pistol shots. The Hottentot, Korana, Quiqwa, Damara and the Bushmen languages have the same construction and are made up of clicks. No doubt, these languages all came from the same common stock. Although these languages have things in common, the lowest in the scale is that of the Bushmen. For a long time it seemed that every man's hand was against them and they were killed at sight. They brought a lot of this trouble on themselves by their habit of stealing stock. They did not seem to realize that cattle were not as free as the wild game and that owners would resent anyone helping himself.

These people seem to know every inch of the forest and we had to depend on them to take us to water. Water is very scarce. The Bushmen have dug pits in the most likely places in the limestone. At times the water is near the surface. At other times they have to go down twelve or fifteen feet. On my return, I was without a supply of water for three days and two nights. Our tongues were swollen and our eyes seemed fixed. We expected to find water on the second day at one of the pits, but found it dry. Four weeks before this, there was water there. We went on to the Matengwe River and arrived at eight at night. We found a dry river bed. We dug down into the sand seven or eight feet and found some water. It percolated in slowly and this saved us. Had we come to a stream of water at that time, it would have killed us. This river runs into what is known at the Ntwetwe in the land

of a thousand vleis. This is a part of the desert and the hunting grounds of the Bushmen I met.

One method they use to hunt is that they locate the game one day. Early the next morning, every available person will start off. One individual will direct the hunt. He carries the tail of some animal that he uses to signal his instructions to the hunters. He will stand on some high ground and the hunters will form a large circle around the game. The leader will signal with the tail instructions which way they should go. Just how these signaled instructions work puzzled me, but they did close in on the game and got what they needed. This whole affair finished with a feast.

When I think of these poor people without God and without hope in the world, my heart cries out to God to send someone to teach them. A remnant from these people must also be saved at the coming of Christ.

When the Moffats labored in Kuruman, they reported that Bushmen attended their services and became interested in religion. Surely some of them will be gathered out for the Kingdom. Never will I forget the plea that those people made to me on the day I left them. These are the words as nearly as I can recall. "White father, brother, we have been hunted by the white man and the black for many years now. Our people are being thinned out. Soon there will be none of us left. We have had to run for many years now right in the land that was ours. In many parts that belonged to us, we are hunted like game. Why? Our flesh they cannot eat. Our skins are of no account. Homes we have none, and we are tired, oh so tired! We have no dogs. We must be our own dogs to run down the game. Now we are being run down like game. We run down game to give us food, but what are we being run down for? We are tired. Won't you come and live with us and be our protector? Won't you come and teach us how to work the land? Won't you give us seed? We will work. We will be your children and you be our father. All that you tell us, we will do." Two boys followed me to my home. They wanted to live with me and only when I left the country did they return. After this interview, I walked for fifty miles through country full of fever. I came down with fever and was very ill. There was not a soul to help me. I had over a hundred miles to go to reach the mission and the doctor. I was delirious for three days. No one knew what to do to help me. God was good and merciful and spared my life.

On the fourth day, I sent a messenger to the mission and my boys made a rude stretcher on which they carried me. At the different kraals we would get fresh carriers. I was carried for more than a hundred miles. As one thinks of experiences like this he is reminded that "My times are in His hands." It was that severe attack of fever that prevented me from returning to those poor Bushmen. I have pleaded for them many times since that time. I believe that the gospel of the kingdom will go to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. Often I think of those two boys who came to live with me and hoped some day that they could show me the way back to their own people. They would take turns sleeping inside the hut. One would sleep inside the hut and the other outside every night. They would not sleep with the other native boys.

As one thinks of these tribes with their strange ways and customs, how they grovel in heathen darkness and superstition, he is reminded that this has been brought about through sin. This makes one long for the day when there will be no more sin. Oh Happy Day! Come quickly.

Oh where are the reapers that gather in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin
With sickles of truth must the work be done
And no one may rest till the harvest home.

Go out in the byways and search them all
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall
Then search in the highways and pass none by
But gather from all for the home on high.

Chapter 20

Lion And Locusts And Food

"When thou liest down, thou shall not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet." Prov. 3:24.

It is interesting how callous and careless a person becomes after being in a new country for a while. At first one is almost afraid to go far from home without a weapon of some kind. After a while one becomes used to the wilds. Often one will start off on a trip without thinking of taking a gun with him. From Umkupuvula to Bulawayo was a trip of over forty miles. The road went through country often visited by lions. You would hear of times when they were in the area. I want to show how a loving God cares for His children and how His angels watch over those who put their trust in Him.

I had gone to Bulawayo and had taken along three boys to carry out some supplies. We started out rather late. Since the phase of the moon was just past full, we decided to walk through the night. We passed a kraal about ten o'clock that night and the boys begged to turn in so that they could rest. I gave them permission to stop, but said that I would go on alone. Days were hot and I preferred to travel in the cool of the night. I carried a small load and a stick and went on for about another five miles. By then I was feeling very tired. I thought that I better take a rest and so stepped out of the path towards a large Mapani tree just fifteen yards from the path. I sat there for a while and then lay down and was soon fast asleep. I did not realize that anything had happened until the next morning when the boys came along the road and were very excited. The path was sandy. It was easy to see what had passed through beforehand. The boys saw the fresh tracks of a lion who was following my tracks. They could tell that the lion was behind me by how the tracks were formed. They were anxious. They felt sure that the lion had caught up with me. They regretted that they had let me go on alone. They arrived at the place where I had turned off of the path. The lion had gone on. They thought that the lion had just grabbed me and gone on. One of the boys looked towards the tree where I was and saw me sitting up and looking at them. We do not know how close to death's door we come at times. The boys rejoiced when they saw that I was safe. I am thankful to the Ever Watchful Eye. He who closed the mouths of the lions in the lions' den when Daniel was cast in, could just as easily have blinded the eyes of the lion who passed me that night.

One of the great plagues that often visited us and did considerable damage was when swarms of locusts came our way. Often our crops were destroyed and at times the Lord has seen best to save them when destruction seemed inevitable.

I have wondered whether the natives were happy or sad when the locusts came. Often they greeted the locusts with shouts of joy. When the locusts settled, everyone got busy. Natives would rise up very early in the morning and would capture locusts with

every receptacle available to them. The early morning hours were best to capture them. Locusts had to wait until the sun rose to warm and dry their wings. Even before all the containers were filled with locusts, they would put pots on the fire with just a little water and would fill them with locusts which they steamed and cooked. As soon as one pot of locusts was finished cooking they made it ready for the next batch. The cooked locusts are emptied out onto mats and put in the sun to dry. While this is going on, everyone is eating to his fill. When the locusts are dry, they are stored away for future use. At times they are eaten dry while at other times they are stamped into meal and used in the making of porridge which needs a little corn to thicken it. Locusts are also used as a seasoning to flavor other foods. Everything preys on the locusts when they are around. This includes man, dogs and birds. The dogs have their fill. The chickens have a good time. Goats and even cattle feed on them. Wild birds eat them. On one occasion I was happy to get them. Although it took a lot of courage to eat them at first, it is surprising what hunger will do to drive one on. A person does not need to starve when locusts are around.

On one occasion when I could not get much food, I learned a new use for watermelon seeds. The melons are cut into thin slices. The seeds are taken out and dried. Later on the seeds were ground into meal in a stamp block and used as porridge. The seeds of all the melons are saved for this purpose. Melon skins are also hung out to dry and when dry were stored away. They then used them for making porridge. This porridge had to be thickened with meal.

Another food that most of us enjoyed was the monkey nut or peanut as it better known by some. During some seasons we could get a lot of peanuts. We raised many bags of peanuts at Solusi Mission.

When we first went out to the mission, the country was filled with guinea fowl. I had the natives bring me some of the guinea fowl eggs. I set these under my hens and soon had a nice lot of birds. They roosted in a tree close to my hut. They would be away and remain away all day, but in the evening, they would be back and would roost with their foster mother.

Chapter 21

Need For Medical Work

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say ye to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not: behold your God . . . he will come and save you." Isa. 35:1.

One soon learns when undertaking the task of giving the gospel message to the heathen how great a task it is. He also learns how small and insufficient he is as an instrument to accomplish this task. We would look over the vast harvest field. As a little band of workers we would say, "Who is sufficient for this?" During those days we received much comfort from the text that says, "Not by might or by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." Zech. 4:6. God has His way of doing things. God arranged to send another strong worker to assist us. We heard that Elder Armitage and child had arrived in Cape Town. They were starting their journey up north immediately.

Weeks had passed and the party was nearing the mission. One afternoon a messenger came from Elder Tripp, the superintendent of the Seventh-day Adventist mission. This mission was now known as the Solusi Mission and was named after the Fort Solusi that had been built a little distance from the mission during the Matabele Rebellion. The chief who ruled that district was Solusi and he lived on the farm "Peace" that was four miles from the mission. The messenger from Elder Tripp brought word that Elder Armitage would arrive at the mission the next day or the day following. He asked if I would come over to the mission to give Elder Armitage a royal welcome. There was no question about it. All else would be put aside and I made preparations to go to the Mission that was twenty or twenty-five miles from Umkupuvula where I was located.

I told the boys that we were starting for the Mission at cock-crow the next morning. We retired early that night. Our dog started barking furiously at about one o'clock. We were soon awake and after dressing quickly, went out to see what the excitement was about. By now, three other dogs had joined in. They came from the large native kraal nearby. Soon we found what was causing the excitement. A small wild cat was trying to get at the chickens. This cat gave off a horrible musty smell that was much like a skunk. As the dogs attacked, the air was filled with the unpleasant smell.

We killed the cat and then had a good wash. I changed clothes and had the cat buried. This was the quickest way to get rid of the awful smell. After that episode, none of us could get back to sleep. We spent time around the fire and listened to the wonderful tales the natives told of the wild animals in this country. We stayed up until the cock crowed. I then went into my hut to put on a pair of high boots. One of the boys brought in a kettle of boiling water and placed it near the bed. I saw him come in, but did not notice what he was doing. The next thing I knew was that I had upset the kettle of boiling water

right over my right foot that then had on only a sock. I ran outside to try to get some relief. Some time later I was able to put my boots on and started limping towards the mission. I did not want to miss the Armitage reception.

About nine miles from home we saw one of the most amazing sights imaginable. As far as we could see to the right and to the left we saw an army of centipedes about twenty yards wide all traveling towards the west. We did not want to walk over them. We tried first to go to the right and then to the left. They seemed just as many either way we went. To the left we noticed a lot of birds feeding. As we approached them, we saw that they were eating the centipedes. They were making a lot of noise. We wondered whether they were calling all their friends to the feast. Finally we crossed them. Not many have seen such a sight. How and where they came from has often puzzled me. We reached the mission at noon. Elder Armitage arrived later. We were all very happy for the new help and soon found him to be a strong man who would greatly strengthen the work.

That night I could not take my boots off. I slept with them on. I tried to return home the next day but only reached Brother Sparrow's home that was only four miles from the mission. I stayed with him over night and then started out for home the next day early. I reached home late that night and felt really bad. I asked my boys to help get the boot off. They had been on for sixty-three hours. Getting the sock off was quite a job. I soaked the foot in hot water for a long time. The natives brought in some bulbs that they peeled and covered the foot with them. For several weeks I could not do anything. The pain in that foot was intense. During this time I did not see another white face. I realized what it meant to be lonely. The Lord finally brought me through that experience and I give to Him all glory for it.

Experiences like this showed me as never before, how great the need was for a thorough knowledge of medical science. With this kind of knowledge a person could be of much greater service to those who were sick. The little supply of medicine I had brought with me was now gone. I had nothing to help my burned foot. The only things available were crude native medicines. I decided that I could do much more to help everyone if I took the medical course and so began working to this end. I would have started had it not been for Elder O. A. Olsen's visit. I spoke to him of what I was planning. Like a father, he told me that I should not waste so much time for it meant six to seven years to prepare for what I wanted. He saw the need for medical work and advised me to take a special course at the Claremont Sanitarium. The other brethren agreed with this and so I began to prepare. Dr. Kate Lindsay visited us at that time and was interested in the work of the mission. She promised us a windmill that she realized we needed badly. Not only did we need this for pumping water but also for grinding grain and other things. It was quite an experience for the doctor to come out to the mission on the Mission Express. I believe the stage from Bulawayo to the Mission was the slowest she had ever traveled on. She told us that she was very sorry that she had not brought her wheel as she could have made the trip in a few hours.

Chapter 22

My Last Trip To Rhodesia

After Elder Armitage arrived they started on the buildings. Mr. Anderson's house was the first to be put up. The next was Elder Tripp's, followed by Elder Armitage's. All was hustle and bustle. All the workers were very happy to get into their new homes.

Disappointments came. Just as all seemed to be favorable for starting an aggressive work, malaria overtook the doctor and several others. Although everything was done that loving hands could do, death took a very heavy toll of our dear workers. Four of the mission family died. Chris Sparrow’s only little daughter and Sister Armitage were advised to leave the country. On her way to the Cape, Sister Armitage died at Kimberly. As soon as this news arrived at the Cape of what was taking place, they sent help, but it was too late.

I left the mission work at this time to go to the Cape to take the nurses' course and spent three years in trying to better fit myself for the work to which I had given my life.

During the time I was at the Sanitarium, Elder Mead and his party arrived. They spent some time at the Sanitarium before leaving for the North. We had many very pleasant times together.

After three years, I returned to Rhodesia. Elder Mead asked me to make a trip north, east and south. He wanted me to report on the suitability and openings for some other mission stations. Mr. Chaney and I made this trip. We had a most interesting time. We had been warned to boil all our water because of malaria. No one then knew that it was mosquitoes that caused malaria. At some places we found the mosquitoes were ferocious. We camped at the Bambesi River and went in for a bathe. The water was fine. We were really enjoying ourselves when a lot of little fish started to bite us. We also kept watch for crocodiles that we knew were also in that area. Whenever we reached a river, Mr. Chaney would say, "I hope there are no aligils or crocatatoes here." We found mosquitoes mostly near the rivers. That is where we suffered from their bites the most. On this trip we saw a lot of very beautiful lilies. We took back a number of bulbs. We passed through a beautiful Mahobohobo forest and enjoyed the fruit. These trees are the straightest that grow in this part of the country and make useful timber.

One night we were traveling a little later than usual. We were eager to reach water. We began to hear a loud noise and as we reached the water, the noise was deafening. The noise came from thousands of frogs. From the sound it seemed that there must be millions of them. The river banks were covered with frogs. They were of all sizes and they made different sounds. There were many different kinds of frogs in the country. They ranged in size from the tree frog to the giant frog that is as large as the crown of a felt hat. One day while passing along a native path, I felt something catch my trousers' leg. I jumped to one

side. I thought it might be a snake. Instead there was one of those large frogs that had small knobs all over its back. It was colored a dirty brown on top and was pink and green on the sides and underneath. It had torn a hole in my trouser leg and was eager to get in another bite. I could not help admire the spirit of that fellow.

After a stay of about five months this time and while I was on the same trip, I became very ill with malaria and was unconscious for forty-eight hours the first time. Mr. Chaney and Mr. Walter Head did all they could for me. They hurried me back to the mission where Dr. Green could look after me. It seemed that health wise I was making very slow progress. I will never forget the kindness of Elder and Mrs. Mead, and Dr. and Mrs. Green who cared for me when I was close to death's door. When I was strong enough to travel, they took me to Bulawayo on the wagon and saw me safely off on the train for my long journey to the Claremont Sanitarium. After we had traveled for three days, an armored train began escorting us. We did not travel the fourth night as we were then passing through the real danger zone. The war was still on with the Dutch. We could see the maneuvers of one army from the train windows for several hours as our train went slowly on its way. We were following the armored train and its armored engine. As we went around a sharp bend, our train crashed into a troop train. The accident sent us all flying and tumbling all over our compartments. Some felt that shells had struck the train, but we soon discovered what had actually taken place. Our train had run into the rear of a train that had troops and horses. Two of the railroad cars had been smashed. The accident killed several horses. Others had to be killed. A few men were injured but there were no deaths. The soldiers soon cleared the tracks by turning the cars over and clearing the dead horses from the tracks. The injured men were cared for. In less than an hour we were on our way again. The Lord had again spared my life. After eight days of travel, I arrived at Claremont. My wife and her cousin were at the station to meet me. They did not recognize me. I looked at them for quite a while. They took me to the Sanitarium where for four months I was helpless. It was a whole year before I could take up some light work. I wanted to return to my first love, the native work in Rhodesia, but the Lord had other plans for me. Although I passed through many hard and dark experiences, I always remembered a hymn I had learned at a Mission Station. The words are.

There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
To gather His loved ones home.

There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,
But a blessed reaping when Jesus comes
To gather His loved ones home.

Chapter 23

The Missionary's Challenge

When I look at the sky, that your fingers have made,
With the moon and the stars you have formed,
What is man, that you think about him?
What is Adam's son, that you regard? Psa. 8:4,5.

As a person looks back, it is encouraging to see what progress has been made. The work progressed very slowly at first. Early missionaries labored and sowed in tears. Years went by and they saw no fruit for their labor. Finally the day came when old heathen men and women bowed to the Christ of the gospel. The time had come when the cross began to triumph. Africa began calling out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Calls are now heard from all over, "Come over and help us."

Some faithful workers have laid down their lives. Because of failing health, some who have carried the burden for years have died. Progress is being made. The work is going forward and reaching the depths of the wilds. Places are being reached that just a decade ago were but very little known. The message is going forward quickly. Soon Africa will be lightened with the Gospel.

The Lord is leading men to expand the railroad, telegraph, telephone and other means to carry men and news far and wide. Today, missionaries are using these blessings to carry the glad tidings to those who know it not. Just think of the thousands of miles that Moffat and Livingstone had to travel by wagon, horse and cart. Many of the places they traveled can now be done by railroad and automobile. When Elder O. A. Olsen spoke of the work to be done in unentered parts of Africa, he said, "Brother, we have only a little time to do a great work in, and what we need most of all just now is men to push ahead."

I will not try to tell of all the good men and women who have and are still working in the mission fields of Africa. I do believe I can voice the spirit of all when I say that they count not what some call sacrifice, a sacrifice, but look on their work as a privilege.

One of the most glorious callings and privileges that God calls a man or woman to do is to give to him the privilege of giving to others, no matter where, a knowledge of His saving grace. As a person looks over the bright cheery faces of natives who have found a friend in Jesus, he realizes that any sacrifice he might be called to make pales into insignificance. These people are brands that have been plucked from the burning. A person's joy knows no bounds as he sees a soul for whom he has labored, make a full surrender to Christ as Saviour. One might ask whether these natives remain faithful. I believe I am correct to say that fully ninety percent remain true to their Faith.

Pastor Moke, who I believe was the first to be ordained to the gospel ministry among our African brethren says, 'When a native accepts a lie, he will die with that lie. If he accepts the truth, he will die in the truth.'

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise. Psa. 11:30.

Does It Pay

Does it pay to work for Jesus?
Does it pay to win a soul?
Does it pay to bring an Offering?
Does it pay to have a goal?

We can hear the heathen calling,
They the gospel now must hear,
They are starving for salvation
They know not the Lord is near.

Some have crossed the distant oceans,
Come from many different lands
Sent out by earnest brethren
To Afric's rolling sands.

These workers now have labored
Through the heat and toil of day
Counted not their lives as precious.
But to work and wear away.

Hark we hear some songs of Zion,
Wafting from those heathen lands,
Songs, the workers we sent taught them
By our Missionary bands.

Yes, some souls have found Salvation,
They have heard the gospel tale,
There is joy among the angels,
They now sing the glad refrain.

Yes, it pays to work for Jesus,
Yes, it pays to win a soul,
Yes, it pays to bring an offering,
And it pays to have a goal.

I. B. Burton

Chapter 24

Leaving Matabeleland

When I left Matabeleland for the last time, physically I was a broken wreck. I was so weak that I could scarcely walk. I was so emaciated that my wife did not know me. For nine months I was a helpless invalid. I tried everything that I could to get back on my feet. There seemed to be no help. It appeared that malaria had really taken its toll.

At the end of nine months, I had an experience I want to relate. Doctors had warned me that I should not eat certain fruit. The fruit that I must not touch or use in any way was the guava. I went into the dining room and smelled fruit that had been cooked. As I looked around, I found some nice stewed guavas in the pantry. This dish of guavas was so inviting and since the cook was away, I had a large helping of the juice. Since no harm came my way, I had some more the next day. I repeated this for several days without my better half knowing what I was doing. Soon I felt better than I had, and became bold enough to ask my wife for some more. She flatly refused. She knew what the doctor's instructions were. I had told her what they had said. I told her that I had been using the juice for several days and that I had suffered no harm. Finally I persuaded her to let me have some guavas and from that time on, my health improved rapidly and by the end of the year, I again reported for work.

After my sick spell, the brethren thought that it would be best that I not return to the North, but that I should be engaged in work in the South to allow my system to fully recover from the serious illness I had experienced. For a year, I worked in the Cape Peninsula, engaged in nursing, canvassing and doing Bible work. During this time, I had the privilege of helping several very influential Dutch people. They became very good friends to the work in South Africa. I spent time working with the Colonial Dutch people in the Cape of Good Hope. On many occasions since then, I have had a lot of dealings with them.

Soon after discovering the Cape of Good Hope, sailors began to realize the importance of this place as a place of call for their ships. Soon the Dutch East India Company in the year 1652 established a settlement at the Cape. A few Dutch families from Holland settled at the place now known as Cape Town. From there they spread out to other places. Some time later, many suffered a very bitter persecution in France. Some of these fled from France and found asylum at the Cape. When they arrived, the authorities insisted that they begin using Dutch instead of their native French. Since that time, these two strains of people, French and Dutch merged into one. They are today known as the Boers or African Dutch. They are very religious people. The older people among them conduct worship in their homes each morning and each evening. As a rule, they are early risers. I have often witnessed these families begin the day by singing a Psalm and having prayer. The "prophet's chamber" is a very beautiful custom that they practice among themselves.

The prophet's chamber is a spare room that they always keep open for visitors and it is very seldom that a stranger is turned away. I have heard it said that these people are the "soul of hospitality."

These people use a lot of coffee. A coffee pot is kept on the fire all day long. This coffee drinking habit on their part was a real trial to me as I worked among them. I had an experience many years ago that made me take a very strong stand against coffee drinking. I was walking along the road when I met a Dutch farmer who was also going my way. He told me that his wagon was ahead of us and if we would hurry, we would be able to ride. As we traveled together, the old man became deeply interested in the subject of the Second Coming of Christ. He wanted me to go with him to his home to spend the night with them. He wanted his family to also hear what I had to say on the subject of the Second Coming. Then he wanted me to show him the text in his own Bible. After I had been introduced to the family, we sat down. The lady brought two large basins of coffee. I was thirsty and soon drank mine. I did not expect what happened next. The old farmer emptied his basin, and the old lady filled up both basins again. The farmer's basin was soon empty again, but I was not used to drinking so much and had difficulty in drinking mine. When we had finished the coffee, we sat down at the spread table for dinner.

After dinner, the farmer brought out the Bibles and we studied the signs of the times that they all enjoyed. As these people were deeply interested, we did not finish our study until two o'clock in the morning. They had never studied the Bible in that way before. We compared texts with other texts to determine their meaning. After they realized that the end of all things was at hand and that the return of the Lord was near, they wanted to study further. As we studied, the old farmer became very thirsty and every half hour, his basin was filled with coffee. Mine was replenished a few times. Since then, I have had no use for coffee.

I was sitting on the porch of a small Sanitarium that belonged to a Dutch Doctor friend of mine. He is a strict health reformer and was enjoying the refreshing sea breeze. The surroundings were calm and peaceful. Two ministers were also on the porch with us. This doctor, a faithful Christian gentleman was not happy unless he was sharing with others the blessings of living the simple life. This particular night the doctor was telling us about coffee and how injurious it was to the body. He told of some patients that he had treated had soon had improved in their health after they had stopped the use of coffee. He shared how some others who would not give up coffee had only gotten worse. One of the ministers agreed with him. He felt it was surprising that more people were not sick. He said that ministers really had a problem. Some of them would make twenty and sometime more visits a day, and at each place one would have to take a cup of coffee. One cup would be Java coffee. The next cup would be Natal coffee. Others would be made of rice, barley and then something else and so on. What an assortment of drinks one would have to take in a day's work. Often if you would refuse a cup of coffee, this would be an offense of

such great magnitude, that you might just as well leave. I had to learn this. Experience did teach me many ways of getting around it.

As I labored among the Boers, since they were very religious, I had many opportunities to study the scriptures with them. At one farm, after I had sold them some books, they invited me to have a meal with them. After the meal, they would not let me go until I had explained the state of the dead and had shown them just what the Bible taught. We had quite a study. They felt they could not believe what the Bible actually taught and what they had just read. The dear Lord came close to us by His Holy Spirit and opened their eyes. The good lady asked what sort of man I was, who could upset the teachings of the church with the Bible. The old man said, "He is like the young man that the Saviour said was not far from the kingdom." They all wanted me to visit them again and tell them more.

I hired a cart and a couple of horses to travel through the Caledon District. The owner of the cart was a colored man who was deeply interested in the message. He offered to drive the cart for me. I gladly accepted his offer. The first day I did very well and sold a large number of books. That night we found ourselves near the seashore. The people here were some very poor fishermen. We decided that since the weather was good, we would sleep outside on the grass. We prepared supper, gave the horses some feed and turned in for the night. About two o'clock the next morning, it began to rain and soon we were soaked. Quickly we transferred our things into the cart and spent the remainder of the night sitting up and trying to doze. When the sun came up, we in-spanned and started off. A funny thing happened for breakfast that morning. We called in at a small homestead and the people there said we were just in time for breakfast. We joined them at the table. All they had on the table was a large dish of baked fish, the size of herrings. After they had served all, they asked the blessing on the food. Never before had I experienced eating only fish at a meal. There were no knives, forks or spoons and we had to use our fingers. During the meal, every once in a while they would pass around a wet cloth so that we could wipe our hands. As I had not seen this done before, I watched others to see what would happen. This was the dish cloth. Some would use it to wipe their hands and mouths. The mother used it to wipe the hands, mouths, faces and noses of the children. It was also used to wipe the plates and the colored girl used it to wipe the table. The dish cloth really was a very useful tool. When a person travels, there is so much to see and learn.

Late one day after we had traveled all day and had called in at many farms, we began looking for a farm where we could spend the night. We stopped at one, but since they had no place to put us, they suggested that we go to the next one. We arrived there after dark. It is a custom in those parts for a traveler to reach a farm before dark if he plans to spend the night there. This gives the farmer's wife a chance to prepare for you. If a person arrives late, often the people are really put out and it takes a lot of tact to smooth the way and get into their good books. At this farm we found a young farmer and his wife who had two adopted sons, aged ten and twelve. After we had something to eat, we had a

Bible Study. That night we studied the subject of baptism. Someone had previously told them that it was not right to sprinkle little children or to make the sign of the cross with the finger dipped into a basin of water. They were quite concerned with what they had heard. They did not have any way of finding out the truth for themselves. We got out our Bibles and read what the Bible had to say. Christ himself, was fully grown when he was baptized. He went down into the water and then came out of it. John needed a lot of water to baptize in. Baptism really was like a burial. A person must believe before he is baptized. He must repent, confess his sins and then follow the Lord in baptism. A baby cannot do these things. We had a good Bible study with them. They felt that there must be something wrong with their church for it did not teach that way. I told them that I had only the Word of God to guide me. If their church did not teach that way, it was their business and not mine. When we went to bed that night, I sank way down into the feather mattress. Feathers may be useful, but a mattress made of them is not something I want. I got out of the bed, made a place to sleep on the floor and had a good night sleep.

At about three o'clock, the man started to make a fire in the stove and prepared some coffee. This woke me up. By the time the coffee was brewed, the lady and the two children were dressed and ready for their drink. When they had finished drinking their coffee, I heard them put the cups away. The young man read a chapter from the Bible and then offered prayer. I thought to myself how beautiful it was to begin the day early like this and to begin it right. Many Dutch people practiced this custom. It would be well for all to follow a custom like this. Before leaving, they sang a verse of a Psalm to the tune of the Doxology. The young man started singing in a high falsetto voice and sang the first verse alone. When he began on the second line, his wife began on the first one. It was not harmonious at all. When the man began singing the third verse, the woman and children started singing the second one. This created a real discord, but they all sang loud and heartily. After a while the dog could not stand it any longer and so he united his rich tenor voice with the others. I told a Dutch friend about this experience. He said he could take me to a home not far away from his home where I could hear that same thing repeated almost every morning. When the dog joined in, I put my face into the pillow. I did not want to hurt their feelings for anything in the world.

We had a wonderful experience when we visited a Moravian Mission. We saw a beautiful spirit among their workers and it was a joy to meet with them. They put their hearts and souls into their work. They hungered for the salvation of souls. Among them were French, German and Swedes. Each of these nationalities was united in the goal of winning souls. I arrived at their mission in the evening and they made me very welcome. I told them who I was and what I was doing and they invited me to speak in their church that night. I had to speak in Dutch. This was the first time I had spoken in Dutch. The Lord really blessed me and gave to me much freedom as I spoke. The missionaries were very thankful and really appreciated the message of the Blessed Hope. They thought it strange that this most important subject had escaped their attention for so long. They thanked me

for the message of comfort I brought and for teaching their people to look for the Great God and Our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

I was busy selling books to the people on the mission station when time for lunch approached. I received a message from the head teacher to go to the school. There I found the head teacher, an intelligent colored man. He said that he thought that perhaps I would like to hear some of his students sing. I will long remember the singing I heard there that day. The first song sounded like a band. All hummed their parts. It was very musical. Next certain ones sang to the accompaniment of others who sounded like a band. They then sang songs in parts and finally they all sang a beautiful hymn with a grand chorus and it was just glorious. They then asked me to speak to them, and I chose to speak about singing. I told them that the very first song we know anything about was on the day this earth was created when the sons of God sang a song of rejoicing. Later on we learn about the song sung by God's people when they crossed the Red Sea. The most beautiful song ever sung was when the Saviour was born, "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth and goodwill to men." There is another song that will be sung when the redeemed stand on the Sea of Glass before the throne of God. They will sing the great redemption song, the song of Moses and the Lamb. Oh! May we all be there on that day.

I called at a farm where I found a lady who had bought "Steps to Christ." She had read it through several times. Her minister called there after she had read it through twice and saw the book lying on the table. He warned her against the book and told her that she should put it in the fire. He told her that it had a very fine poison in it. It was so fine that you could not see it. The lady asked him if he had read the book. He said that he had not. She then asked him how he had detected the poison. She told him that she had read it and that the poison had done her no harm. The book had been a blessing and comfort to her soul and she advised her minister the read the book and get a blessing also. I sold this lady a "Mount of blessings" and "The Coming King." She was very pleased to get them.

I went to the village where this minister was. I had the best day of my whole canvassing experience there. He was at home busy correcting the school children's' reports. I called at his home to see him, but the servant told me that he would not see anyone that day.

I came to a settlement of colored people and found them all very religious. The old grandmother was ninety-six years old and had been a slave. When her master died he left his estate to her and to her descendants as a perpetual right.

The old lady had a very large house and made us very welcome. She provided us with good food and with a large feather bed in the spare room. It was good to meet with these poor people who were despised and looked down on by their neighbors.

The man who was driving me around loved pork. While with me, he learned a lesson that cured him. As we were driving along an avenue leading to a farm, we saw a sight not fifty yards from the back door, that we will long remember. A mule had died and

was left lying outside of the stable. Some pigs had discovered the dead mule and were in their glory. These were all big fat pigs that would soon be slaughtered for the market. My friend felt sick and could not eat anything that day as he thought of that sight and what he had eaten. I showed him from God's Word that it was not in God's plan in the beginning that man should eat meat. God had never given permission to eat swine. I showed him that God had strictly forbidden man to eat the blood and that most of the meat used today contained the blood. In the New Earth, we will again live on fruit and since that is so, we should now learn to discard a flesh diet. The best meat these days is diseased and so why should we take disease into our systems when God has provided us a better and healthier diet? In South Africa, there is very little excuse for eating flesh and it is only the perverted appetite that calls for it.

Chapter 25

Literature Ministry Experiences

One time I visited the oldest Mission Station in South Africa, Genadendale, (Vale of Grace). More than one hundred and fifty years ago a Mr. Smit of the Moravian Society began work among the Hottentots and brought to them the precious truth. Since that time, the enemy of souls has tried hard to spoil their work, but without success. This station has become a thriving settlement. Four or five thousand Hottentots have made their home there. These Hottentots are a mixed race. One would need to go to the inland to find the real pure Hottentots.

These Hottentots have small holdings on what was at one time a very large mission area. The missionaries still have charge of all the land which at one time were mission lands. The natives have built their little homes under the supervision of the missionaries. They have planted fruit trees. It is a beautiful sight to see the hundreds of orange trees in blossom. The fragrance of the blossoms permeates the whole valley. Bees produce a lot of honey as a result.

Hundreds of these people leave home to find work. The mission asks that they return home at least twice a year, at Easter and Christmas, to attend church services. From childhood the people have been taught that these are important seasons and so they want to be there during this time. Drinking has been a curse to these people and has done more harm than anything else. Wine that the farmers have made and sold has been the ruin of many thousands of lives of these poor colored people. During my stay in the area I placed many small books in the homes of these people. There are many of them who are able to read and this puts them well ahead of the others who have not had this advantage.

At another place, I found two ministers of different denominations occupying a site that had been closed down by a mission society when they ran out of funds. These two ministers had some land and had built a home and a school. As they were keen rivals, I had a good time there. If one bought a book, the other also had to have the same book.

One young Dutch man was eager to learn about the canvassing work. The leaders asked me to take him along and teach him how to canvass. The first experience we had together was quite discouraging. We finished working one little village and started towards the next. We planned to work on both sides of the road. The Dutch Reformed Minister sent his deacons and elders out on horseback to warn the people not to buy any books from us. At first we did not realize what had happened. As we called at farm after farm, the people almost drove us away. They would not listen to what we had to say. We could not get into the homes. This continued for the whole day. Night was approaching. To our left was a steep, high hill. I realized it was no use for us to go along the road and expect to get anywhere with them. I told my friend that I felt we should climb the hill and get to the next place that way. There was some danger in doing this, but I felt impressed that we should

proceed that way. We were able to get part way up with the cart and mules. We then unloaded the cart and carried our books and bedding to the top of the hill. With the lightened cart, the mules were able to proceed to the top of the hill. Two or three times the cart almost turned over. The Lords angels must have steadied the cart and seen that we arrived safely at the top and then down the other side. On the far side of the hill we found huge boulders and rocks. Many times I have wondered since then just how we were able to get down safely. We found a large river at the bottom of the hill. We drove the bed of the river until we arrived at a drift. We followed this road to the next farm. We sold several books to the people and they received us gladly. We later followed this road to the village we had been headed for on the other side of the hill.

There were several farms along the road where we had success in our work. When we reached the place where the two roads joined close to the village, the people at the first farm wanted to know why we had been so long in coming. They had been waiting for us. They planned to make it difficult for us, but had cooled down before we arrived. Although we did not sell them any books, we did have a nice conversation with them. The deacons had really spoiled the territory for us and we could not accomplish anything in that area. Several times we have had similar experiences. At one place, the people boycotted us. We could not buy food for either ourselves or for our animals. With all that was working against us, truth would not be suppressed. We were able to come through where we experienced some very trying experiences.

Chapter 26

Work In The Karroo

We had been working in a part of the country known as the little Karroo. Because the distance between farms was so great, we were not able to accomplish much. At times we traveled for hours before we would reach the next farm.

Local people in the little Karroo talk about distance of travel by how long it takes to get to the next place on horseback. When a person asks how far it is to the next farm, they will say for instance, a half hour on horseback. It seemed to me that the speed of the horse would really determine how far a place really was. Some horses might just travel six miles while another might travel twelve in the same time. Some times I would be told that a distance was just half an hour away on horseback. I would then travel for several hours to reach the place. At such times I felt that the people were deliberately lying to me as it had taken me three or four hours of travel. When I would arrive at my destination, I would ask how far it was back to where I came from and they would tell me that it was only a half hour on horseback. I realized that it must just be a custom for them to say that. No harm was intended. They did not mean to be deceptive.

Surely this is a land of vast distances. Some of the farm houses I saw had been built a hundred years before. They had thick walls and often were very high. Most houses had large windows made up of many small panes of glass and had heavy shutters. Doors to the house were also heavy.

I have thought about these buildings with the heavy lumber and wondered where the lumber had to be hauled from. I thought of the poor slaves and what they must have suffered in those days. Task masters and slave drivers have always been a cruel band. Slave owners and slave drivers have carried on with their ways for many years. While slavery is supposed to be abolished in the world, there are still slaves in the world today. A day is coming, however, which will be a happy day when the captives will be set free. Jesus is coming soon and He will proclaim liberty to all. May He come soon.

After the mid day meal, it is a custom to close all the blinds and shutters so that people can rest for an hour. I have noticed that most Dutch people follow this custom. After the rest, people have coffee before going about their business. One town I was in was so closed up at this hour that no one could buy anything. All the shops closed from twelve to two p. m. In same instances at Christmas, they will close the shops for three weeks. Most people would leave the villages and camp out for a month. At such times little or no canvassing can be done. Churches expect all members to participate in the Lord's Supper four times during the year. Much is made of these occasions and a great deal of preparation of food and clothing goes into these occasions.

At times, people have to travel to their churches by wagon. At such times they will make their camp in the church ground or close by. Some live in their wagons. Often they will spread out a large sheet of canvass next to it. Some will have a tent or two while other hire rooms. Some even have town houses where they will go at such times. Town houses are usually closed while the farmer is at his farm. Town houses are opened up at the time people attend church and this way, they can be comfortable.

When people arrive after their journeys, they are dirty from travel. Next morning, men are all cleaned up and are wearing their long black coats and high hats. Women are dressed in their best as well. When there are young people that are to be confirmed, this is a time for much rejoicing.

As I have tried to reach the people in this area, I have used all kinds of transportation. I could list, horse and saddle, horse and cart, horses and cart, mule and saddle, mules and cart, ox wagon, donkey wagon, bicycle and at times, I have walked. I found that most of these means of travel are accepted by the people. The one exception is for a person to walk. I learned that one should never walk. If a person walks, he is considered a tramp. People do not have any time for tramps. Many men tramp through the country as loafers who have taken advantage of the kindness of the people. If they see a man walking, they immediately suspect him of trying to impose on them.

They like to see a person drive up with a pair of showy horses and a good looking buggy. Under these conditions a person is very likely to get into a house, being well treated and is able to sell some books to the occupants. Leaving books with people of course, is the main purpose of this work. At times I have been embarrassed when I have had to tramp the long distance from one farm to the next with my books. Sometimes the only place I had to rest or sleep was by the side of the road. Then when I would reach the next farm in the morning, they would ask me, "Where did you sleep last night?" I found answering questions like this more difficult than having to sleep by the road. At one place, I had a bicycle to ride from one farm to the next. I would carry a small stock of books with me that I would wrap in a small piece of waterproof paper. I then covered the parcel with two large sheets of brown paper five feet long and two feet, six inches wide. I carried a light cycle cape so that I could get along as lightly as possible.

I reached one farm about four o'clock one winter day. Soon I had finished my business with the people and planned to go on. I asked how far it was to the next farm. They told me that with a horse I could easily reach it in half an hour, but since I was riding a bicycle, I should be able to do it in even less time. I started out as they told me that the farm was just on the other side of the hill. I traveled for miles and still there was no farm. After dark I continued on and traveled for three hours. By this time I was very tired and yet there was no sign of the farm, and I had been traveling for the best part of a day in the Karroo.

During the day the sun made things very hot, but after nightfall it was very cold. There was frost all over the ground and there was ice in the water. It was now so dark that I could hardly see where I was going. I decided to get off the road to find a place where I could camp for the night. I tried to feel around me for some grass to light a fire. There was none. The only thing around there was gravel. There were no trees or bushes. I took the package of books from the carrier and unwrapped the two sheets of paper. I smoothed the ground by scraping away any of the bigger stones. I then laid one sheet of paper on the ground. I took off my boots and wrapped my feet in a small piece of paper. I took off my coat, laid down and covered the upper part of my body with my coat and with the second large sheet of paper. Over this I put my cycle cape. I used my books for a pillow. Everything was fine for an hour or two. I had been so tired that I just fell asleep. I woke up to find all the little stones working their way through my flesh. I would move and twist to try to relieve things. I had to cover my head as well because it was so cold. At about three o'clock I heard a rooster crowing not very far away. Then when it was light enough, I saw the homestead not far away.

I was very stiff when I crept out from under my covering. Everything around me was white with frost. My cape was stiff from the cold. I fastened my things together and went on to the farm. When they heard what had happened, they felt sorry for me and would not allow me to leave until after dinner. They wanted me to rest a while. When we sat down for lunch, the old man asked me to count how many were seated at the table. I was surprised to find that with me there were twenty five seated at that table. There was the father and mother and twenty two of their children. They were a very happy family. They were not going to be together much longer. Soon there would be a scattering. Some of the older children were getting married and were going to make homes for themselves.

Boer farmers very often have very large families and are always proud of them. One evening just after sunset we came to a farm and asked if we could stay with them that night. That day we had been told that this particular farmer was a very good man. We also found out that he was a very rich man who owned thousands of sheep. He was one of the leading elders of his church. Others that day had told us that he would treat us well. When we met him and asked if we could stay for the night, he just walked away and left without saying a word. We waited for over an hour in the bitter cold. When we had nearly given up any hope of finding shelter there that night, a young man came up on horseback. When he saw us, he sent servants to out-span our mules and took us into the house. We learned that he was the eldest son and what he said and did was law. We were very happy to get in out of the cold and after chatting with the young man and some of the other children for a while, the servants came in to lay the table. Some of the daughters also helped. We were in a very large room that was well furnished. In this room I saw a piano, an organ and some other musical instruments such as violins. Soon the table was loaded with the evening meal. The Boers usually make the evening meal the main meal of the day. After eating the sumptuous meal, the Elder took his books and read a little out of the first one and then a little out of the next. He assumed a very sanctimonious air while he was reading. We then

knelt down and he first read a long prayer and then another. When we got up from our knees hymn books were passed to each of us. One of the girls sat at the piano and another at the organ. One of the boys took the violin and we sang a hymn. We then said good night to each other and went to bed.

We had bought some forage from the young man for our mules and went out to give the mules two more bundles for the night. I then went in to go to bed while my companion stayed a little longer with the mules. It was a good thing he did. As he was watching, the elder drove the mules away and turned some of his own mules into the forage. When he left, my companion then drove off his mules and brought our own back and secured the stalls against the other mules. When morning came, we were happy to get away.

While we worked in the Oudtshoorn and surrounding districts we often had to rough it. One Friday evening we camped on the veldt, miles away from any farm. We had decided to spend the Sabbath there. We found a nice sandy spot on which to make our beds. We put our cart over this spot and tied a length of canvas around the windy side to protect us from the wind. The sky was clear and it promised to be a fine week-end when we turned in for the night. About midnight I woke up when I felt something cold under me and found that our sandy bed was now a river bed and the water was rising. We got out of there just in time for the water rose three feet in just a few minutes. There had been a storm up the river and the waters had come rushing down. We spent the rest of the night, uncomfortably in the cart. As the sun rose in the morning we realized that we were in for a wet time as we saw the clouds gathering all around us. After a while it became so bad that we in-spanned and traveled on to the next farm. Although these folks were very poor, they were very good to us.

They brought us some food that was just porridge mixed with sheep tail fat. Most of the poor whites and natives use mealies or corn as a staple article of food. Many poor farmers mix sheep tail fat with the porridge. We found this dish very unpalatable although we were very hungry. Between us we had a little bread that we shared and it was soon gone. As the rain continued, we had to make the best of the situation. It is not safe to travel in such weather in this area.

One other time we saw a very heavy storm approaching us. We hurried on to the next farm house that was not far away. We reached it just as the storm started. The farmer sent his son to help us out-span the mules and to push our cart into the wagon house. We had barely finished and gone inside the house when the storm broke in all its fury. We were surely grateful to our Heavenly for this timely shelter.

The old farmer told me that I would have to excuse him as he was very absent minded and that he came from a family who were known for being absent minded. He then told many things about his father and I would like to mention just one of them.

He told me that his mother had made a very nice pair of trousers of buckskin for him. Only a few years ago, they used to make many clothes of skins especially prepared by

removing the hair and even now there are people who still wear them. The old man was so proud of his trousers and started off to the village in the afternoon. While he was walking along the road he met a young man who was driving a cart and had a pair of frisky horses who were going the same way he was. The young man asked whether the old man would like a ride and the old man accepted the offer. There had been some heavy rains and the roads were in very poor condition. They had not gone very far before the cart went into a hole and turned over. This threw the old man on to the grass. The young man was pinned under the wheel on the side of the cart. Fortunately the horses stood still. The young man called for help, but the old man could only think of how he might spoil his trousers by getting them dirty and he told the young man that. The young man had to get out the best way he could all alone. When all was ready, they both got into the cart and drove on into the village without any further mishap. That night they both had to share the same room at the boarding house. The old man put his new trousers over a chair and went to bed. Early the next morning, the young man got up and noticed that the old man was still asleep. He took out his knife and cut about six inches off of each leg of the trousers and then left. When the old man put his trousers on, he looked down to admire them and then it was that he noticed how short they were. He said, “My! Now that is wonderful to think how much a man can grow in a single night.” I did not think that this man was very absent minded, especially when he could tell us so many incidents like this.

The night I spent with them, the old lady prepared what looked like a good supper. My companion could see what was going on in the kitchen from where he sat. I was on the other side talking to the old man. When we sat down to supper there were sausages, a large tureen of pea soup and a large plate of home made bread. The old man asked the blessing that I believe was the shortest blessing I have ever heard. All he said was “Amen.” He then cut the sausages into short lengths and passed the dish to his son who passed it on to me. I asked to be excused and handed the plate to my companion who also asked to be excused. The old man asked me why I refused the meat. I told him that I had a lot of pea soup in front of me and also some bread and I wanted to enjoy that. I also said that I did not care to eat meat and without it I felt I was much better off. I filled my companion’s plate with soup and then helped myself. The plates were large and held a lot. I had just finished mine and my companion who was a good eater asked for some more. I gave him a second helping. Then it was that we saw a large piece of pork at the bottom of the soup tureen. My companion got sick and could not finish his soup and soon left the table and went outside. It does not always pay to gratify the appetite. He told me that he saw a part of a pig hanging up in the kitchen and knew that the meat was pork. The son gave us some pears and after that the pork did not worry my friend anymore that night.

We have often been served biltong that is a dry meat which has been salted and dried in the shade. The Boers are all very fond of it and if they cannot get game to make it from, they will kill an ox or some other animal just so that they can have some biltong on hand. Large tracts of country have been completely cleared of game not only for the sport of it, but also to get flesh to dry for future use.

Chapter 27

Work in the Cango District

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered, the Lord is gracious and full of compassion." Ps. 111:2-4.

We were working in a very beautiful part of the Oudtshoorn district known as the Cango. The high mountains are crossed by a zig zag road. The wild flowers are glorious. One cannot find any more beautiful and abundant varieties of heather anywhere else than in the South Eastern portion of the Cape Province. Heather found there is world famous.

The famous Cango Caves are found in the Cango District. These caves are very extensive. One can travel for miles in them and still they have not been fully explored.

When some of the rooms in these caves are lit up with magnesium ribbon, they look like a fairy palace. The stalactites and stalagmites hang down from the ceiling and rise up from the floor. They reflect the colors in light like prisms do. As a person looks at these sights he stands in silent wonder and admiration. With all their beauty, these wonderful works of nature but little reflect what the awful grandeur nature's God must have.

On our way to the Cango we called in at each farm. We came to a farm where it seemed that we would be able to purchase some oats for our mules. My companion went on ahead by bicycle as we did not want to take the cart down unless we were sure of getting the needed food. He had not been gone long before he hurried back to ask me to see a young man who was dying. I jumped off the cart and ran down to the house. We hurried into a small room that was ten feet long and ten feet wide. This room was full of big fat women. How they all got inside the room is still a mystery for me. This room had a very small square window that was twenty four inches by twenty four inches. The young man was choking. There was not a breath of fresh air in that room. I cleared the women out and opened the window. I had to cut his shirt and undershirt that were very tight around his throat. I took a blanket and made four fomentation cloths out of it. I went to the kitchen looking for hot water. Fortunately there was a large cauldron on the fire that was full of boiling water. I saw a lot of ostrich meat on the table that was waiting to be dipped into the boiling water before it was salted. The ostrich had killed itself by running against a wire fence. These people did not want to waste it. They were going to make biltong out of it. Everything came to a halt when the young man got sick. I worked hard for more than an hour before this man was out of danger. Everyone realized that had nothing been done for him, he would have been dead in ten minutes. I am sure that the Lord blessed my efforts to him. From that time on, these folks had a real soft spot for the colporteur. This is just one of many experiences we had.

Early one morning we had to go through a mountain pass. This particular pass is about twelve miles long. We had to cross the river that ran through this pass a total of thirty two times. The scenery was very beautiful. There were mountains that towered up for thousands of feet on all sides. We saw a very beautiful waterfall in this area. Here the water fell for over two hundred feet and landed on a very large rock. All the falling water had worn a deep hole in the rock so that it looked like a huge basin. Although the water was very clear, I could not see the bottom of this basin. It seemed to me that truly this was one of nature's beauty spots. In this same pass I saw flowers growing that were as near black as anything I have ever seen. They were just like velvet. At times a person sees flowers that are so beautiful that he never forgets them. It was on this trip that I found some wild flowers known as Narinas. Their color was a very beautiful dark blue. The thing that really attracted my attention to them was that they seemed to be peppered all over with gold dust. This gold dust glittered both in sunshine and also in the shade. Nowhere else do I ever remember seeing flowers that had what looked like gold dust sprinkled over the petals.

A colored man who was describing the people in the new earth said, "We are like flowers. Take the lilies. They are such beautiful flowers and are of so many colors. There are white, yellow, red, pink and even black lilies. They are all lilies so it is when we get into the Kingdom of God and the redeemed of the Lord." This good man did not allow the color question to worry him and you would often hear him singing his favorite hymn.

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book he has giv'n
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

Oh! If there's only one song I can sin,
When in His beauty, I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
Oh! What a wonder that Jesus loves me!
P. P. Bliss.

Chapter 28

The Oudtshoorn District

Most people like sweet things and the Dutch are no exception. They know how to preserve watermelon, musk melon, carrots, figs, apricots and in fact they can make jam or preserves from most fruit. Then they will take the leaves of the prickly pear and preserve that. Where there is no fruit in the Karroo for them to preserve, they will dig down sometimes three feet or more into the ground to find roots, tubers and bulbs that the Hottentots have shown them are edible and will preserve them. They even use the leaves of the bitter aloe. Personally I have tasted quite a number of these different preparations and many of them are quite palatable.

In one district in which we were working, bitter aloes grow in abundance. Many of the poor folk go out at the right season to tap the aloes. Whole families will camp out at this time. Since they are very poor, their encampments are very crude. While out tapping the aloes they have very few comforts. We have noticed that they first scoop a hole in the ground. Into this they place a piece of skin or canvas that makes a kind of pocket. Then they cut aloe leaves and stack them up all around the holes and let the sap drain out and go into the pocket they have prepared. During this time, they watch the weather. They have found that some times are better than others for this work. At the right time, more sap will be available and so they plan their work accordingly.

After the leaves have drained well, the sap is collected into cans. The sap is then taken to large pots holding between forty and fifty gallons. The sap is poured into these and put onto a steady fire that is kept burning under them. The liquid is stirred until it becomes thick. It is then emptied into wooden boxes where it cools and turns into solid blocks. Each box weighs about three hundred pounds. These are then shipped to England where the extract is purified and worked up into different preparations.

When we went into one of these camps at one time, we did not know what we were getting into. We were happy to leave. It is not pleasant to be in a place where all you can smell is aloes. It soon becomes very sickening. We felt sorry for the poor people who work there to make their living.

We were sent to a place called Warmbaths in the Oudtshoorn District. We found some believers who gave us a very hearty welcome. They took us to the river where we found a hot spring right in the middle of the river. During the rainy season, this river is large. When we visited it we found only a small stream. The local people had thrown up a wall of earth around the hot spring to raise the water level. They had constructed a number of bathing houses. Into these bathing houses the people had sunk large boxes where the warm water from the spring was fed into the boxes. As the water came out of the spring, it was too warm and had to cool first or at times cold water was added. We tried bathing in

one of these boxes and enjoyed it very much. It was a refreshing experience and felt invigorated for several days afterwards. It was easy to see why these hot springs had become such an attraction. People came for miles around to enjoy it.

One other sight I should mention is that at about eight o'clock we would sometimes see a light about two miles from the hot spring. It looked like a lighted lantern on the banks of the river. It seemed to move. We came to the conclusion that somehow it was escaping gas from the marsh and that it acts like a will'o'the wisp. Some of the local people were afraid of it as it seemed so uncanny.

Our mules traveled very slowly. It seemed that they did not pay any attention to the whip. They went on their own way and at times this was very tiring. One night we told one of our Dutch friends of our problems with the mules. He promised to help us the next morning. He told us that he had worked with mules all of his life. He had found a way of getting them to move along without hurting them. The next morning, he gave us a stick that had a tin spur on the end of it. This spur was at least three inches in diameter and had big points like a star. It could not hurt the animals. When we first started using it the mules did not know what we were using to make them move. We found it saved using the whip and we seldom needed to touch them with the spur. Our mules took on a new lease of life and our driving became a pleasure.

Our believers at these hot springs were very good to us. They gave us raisins, figs, walnuts, oranges and large loaves of bread. Their help was providential because after leaving them, we had some very hard times. For several days we could not get any food. In some of these places, we found water that is very brack and is very unpalatable to strangers. When drinking this water, it always seemed as if salt had been added to it. I have heard that when people from these parts go to town, they often add salt in their coffee before drinking it.

As a person travels he meets up with many customs that different people have. These customs would fill up volumes if we wrote about all of them. One custom these people had was to sing in the morning. Often I woke up to the voice of the father singing. He would be joined a little later on by the mother. They would sing a stanza of a sacred song or perhaps a portion of a Psalm. Often they did this at day break. Doubtless this must have started in the days when the early Christians lived in terror. At such times his faith was so strong that no matter what danger lay ahead for him, he sang praises to the God of heaven.

It was very pleasant to hear the father as he lead out and to have the mother and children joining in from several parts of the house. They would sing that good old song, To Canaan, to Canaan, I am on my way to Canaan, for Canaan is the promised land, and I'm on my way to Canaan.

How sweet these words sound as a little company of Dutch believers sang from the depths of their hearts. One might ask, "What about the Dutch? Do they have any interest in

the Message?” It may seem strange, but nevertheless it is true, that after what they have done so little has been done for them.

Chapter 29

Work Among the Dutch People

It was a Dutch family in South Africa that first kept the Sabbath when this truth was brought to them. It was not long before other Dutch families joined them. It was Dutch Sabbath keepers who sent the first money to America to pay the expenses of a minister to teach them all of the truth.

The Lord has entrusted a lot of money to some of these Dutch believers. They gave liberally at a time when it was needed. Since that time most of the work has been carried on among English speaking people. The Dutch have not had the opportunity of hearing the message as the English have. Of course there are reasons and I believe that the two most important are that the country is very large and the towns are small and far apart. The farms are large and the people are very scattered. Then there are so few workers who can speak their language. For many years there were only two ordained men working among them and only one was working full time in the field. There are now four ordained men working for the Dutch. One would think that the people who had called for the truth and had invited messengers to their land would have been the first to receive attention. Instead the truth has only made slow progress among them. However, it is true that some very precious souls have been gathered in. There are men who love the truth among them. They are willing to speed it on by their means. One time an evangelistic effort was being held in one of the little Transvaal towns. An old couple who lived four miles from town heard about the truth that was being preached. In spite of their age and the distance from the meetings they came night after night and listened very attentively as the message was being preached. At the end of the meetings they were baptized.

One Dutch brother told me that when he decided to become a Seventh-day Adventist his former minister visited him several times and tried to dissuade him from this new light. On his last visit, this brother asked the minister some thoughtful questions. One I thought especially good was, ‘What were you doing all these years? This sheep was wandering about, doing its best to live and yet no shepherd cared for it. No one cared whether it lived or died. It found a little shelter on the side of the hill, but often the rain and cold would come and endanger its life. Where were you? You call yourself my shepherd. You have done this for twenty years? Now that a tender loving shepherd has found the sheep that was lost and forgotten for so long and who has cared for it and made it happy, you come to claim it again. No, I will not return to such care any more.’ There are many such sheep just waiting to be gathered into the fold of Christ.

I met a family at a place called Muiskraal who had kept the light of truth burning year after year. They had not been visited by a worker for several years. There were tears of joy when at last we met and were able to spend a week with them that passed only too soon.

One family in the George district helped me a lot as I tried to spread the printed page. At this time my mules were tired and thin. This good farmer took them and put them into a fine lucerne camp. He then took a pair of fine fat mules from his stock and told me to drive them as hard as I could. It did not matter how hard the road was because when they got tired or worn out, I was to bring them back and get another pair and so on until I had finished working the country around those parts. He felt that the Lord's message demanded haste.

While visiting in this home the Lord gave me my first fruit among the Xhosa people. My heart still rejoices in the Lord when I think of that experience. The farmer friend who had helped me with fresh mules had a very fine native family working for him. This man was hired as a handyman and at the time was building a stone wall. His wife worked in the kitchen. The servant heard that I observed Saturday as the Sabbath day and was very curious to know why. We studied together and immediately he saw that Sunday was not the Sabbath of the Lord. He realized that God commanded man to keep holy the seventh day and not the first day of the week. He was surprised to learn that for years he had been keeping the wrong day.

This man was a preacher in the native Baptist Church and was a good, hard working man. After one of our studies he said to me, "The Lord has spoken to me through His Word, and it is not for me to ask why. I must do just what His Word tells me to do and so I will never break the Sabbath again. Then he went to his master and told him of his new found light and that he wanted his Sabbaths off. After a long talk his master agreed to give him his Sabbaths off. All the farmers praised this native and said that he was the nearest to being a Christian of any native that they had seen or known. Still they did not believe that he was genuine. This Sabbath was something new. The natives were always willing to go after something new. I believed that when they said this they were wrong. I have found that the natives are not a people who easily leave a lie for the truth and I told them that. They said they would believe that he was in earnest if he would give up his tobacco. I took that as a challenge. Tobacco was used in every way such as snuff, chewing, smoking and was even eaten at times. This man had used the weed for more than thirty years. After being away for some time, I returned to this farm one Saturday night. The next morning I walked over to brother Pitwell Faba and found him working. I watched for a while and noticed how hard he worked.

After we had greeted one another he asked me to have a Bible study with him. We went over to his little home. He brought two chairs and his Bible and we sat down. I then asked him if he wanted to go to heaven. He said that he did. I then told him that he would not be happy in heaven. He said, "O yes, I will be very happy if I can only get there." I told him again that I did not believe that he would be happy in heaven. I repeated this several times. Finally he asked me, "Umfundisa, tell me why I won't be happy there?" I told him that the reason was he would not have any tobacco there. He was again very surprised that he had been doing wrong. He said that most of the people smoked and even

ministers smoked and thought it must be all right to smoke. I told him that our bodies were the temple of the Holy Spirit and that we were not our own for we had been bought with a price. We were to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits for we belong to God. I told him that tobacco was a dirty habit and was bad for our bodies. I told him that it was a custom that had been learned from the Pagans not too long ago. After I told him this, he got up, excused himself for a few minutes and then went into his house. When he returned, we studied about the Home of the Saved. We studied how this world would be the home of God's people after he had made it new. We studied how the new Jerusalem was to be the capital city of the new earth. We studied how God would dwell among us.

I then left. For a month I was busy making a big circuit in my work. It took me some time before I returned for a fresh pair of mules. I looked up the old native brother. He was working at the same stone wall. Although I watched for some time, I did not see any smoke. I did not see him chewing. He was not smoking even though it was cold. When I asked him about this he said, "I don't smoke and am not using tobacco. Do you remember the day you told me it was wrong? I took all my tobacco and my pipe and matches and put them on a shelf in the corner of my house and there you will find them. Everything is there except for the matches which my wife has used. Now every time I go into my house, I look at the shelf and say, 'You devil, you had me a slave for so many years. You won't get me again.' I asked him if he had found it hard to give up tobacco. "No," he said, "Think what Jesus gave up for me. I cannot do enough for my Saviour." Within three months, my dear friend and colleague, Pastor D. H. K. Groenewald baptized him and his dear wife. Since that time, although he has had many tempting offers from farmers to work on their farms, he would not give up the Sabbath. He rather chose to work for a small wage and be free to keep the Lord's day holy. Some time later the Conference employed this man to teach the truth to his people and he was responsible for bringing many souls into the fold.

Chapter 30

First Work among the Xhosa and Fingo Natives

I received a call to work with Pastor G. W. Shone in building up the first mission work among the Xhosa and Fingo natives. At that time some of the Dutch brethren felt that I should give them my time and services. They made me an attractive offer. After I thought over the two calls very carefully and prayerfully, I again chose my first love and that was to work for God among the natives. Many years before I had started out in native work. I had never really been weaned from work among the natives and always yearned to return to it even when I was carrying on work for the Europeans.

Let me say something about these native people commonly known in the Cape Province as Red Kaffirs. These people are found in that part of South Africa commonly known as Kaffirland. They are also found in a part of the Transkei. They have settled mostly in the eastern part of Cape Province. Visitors at Cape Town often see him at work at the Cape Town docks. From Cape Town to East London he has made himself indispensable to the shipping companies. He is not only useful to the shipping lines, but he does most of the hard work on the farms. He is also employed in the building trade and in the railroad system. He has become the white man's burden bearer in this country. He is known by many as the essential Kaffir. I do not know what people would do without his help. I can go even further. Many of these natives have taken the advantage of education and have become ministers, lawyers and clerks. Some have their B. A.'s and D. D.'s although these are in the very small minority. The great masses of these natives are still steeped in the grossest of heathenism.

The Kaffirs are a fine, tall race of people. They vary somewhat in color from black to copper or bronze. They have fine features. Their foreheads are well developed. This contrasts with the Hottentots and the Negro. Their whole physical and mental characteristics stand out in broad contrast to others.

At present the Kaffirs are broken up into small clans and there are no more great chiefs who once ruled over them and consolidated them. For most of the year, these people eat very simply. Their diet consists of mealies (corn), kaffir corn, milk and in season, pumpkins, marrows and a few wild greens which they use as a sort of spinach.

I found some of their customs very strange. The first food they give their babies is sour milk. I saw mothers take sour milk, pour it into the palms of their hands and then hold this to the baby's mouth and the baby was forced to drink it. I heard that some of these babies choked to death this way. For three days the child is fed on sour milk. After that it is fed from the mother's breast. They believed that if the child first drank mother's milk it would cake in the child's stomach and shorten its life. During the three days, the mother is doctored and takes a lot of native medicine.

It is only on rare occasions you will find sickly or deformed children among these people who live in kraals. Among those who in the last few years have adopted the ways of civilization this is not nearly as true. They seem to be subject to all the ills which civilization brings with it. I am sure that if there would be any sick or feeble among the raw native babies, the rough treatment would soon put an end to their lives.

Heathen native children wore few clothes. When small they lie on a mat in the clothes in which they were born. If it is cold, they are covered with a skin or an old blanket. If the mother wants to go anywhere the baby is just put on the mother's naked back with a blanket or korass tied around both mother and baby to keep it from falling off. Only the baby's head is visible and sometimes even the head is covered.

It is very common to see a woman walking along the road with a load of wood on her head, something in each hand and a child strapped to her back. I have seen them give medicine to their children. They lay the child on its back, force the mouth open and pour medicine in the mouth while holding the nose shut. This forces the child to swallow. Although the child might struggle they pay no attention to that.

Until they are ten or twelve children wear little or no clothing. In cold weather they may have a piece of an old blanket or skin korass. This will cover only a part of the body. The young girls wear a bit of cloth around the loins or some times this might be a string of beads. From about twelve they will wear a short skirt and this is their dress until they are married.

Boys are sent out early in life to herd the goats and cattle and most of their lives are spent out in the open. They amuse themselves by learning to fight with sticks. They will throw stones and sticks at birds and small game. In this way even chicken hawks are some times brought down. Like the children of the north, they spend a lot of time modeling clay animals. On these animals they will place very large horns. These almost over balance the rest of the animal's body. Usually the native children have to fight their own battles. Parents take just about as much notice of their quarrels as they would of dogs and so early the children have to learn to care for themselves.

Girls do not have as easy a life as do the boys. They have to start early to act their part in life. They must care for the baby. They will carry the baby on their back, feed it and put it to sleep. They help carry water, feed the fire, stamp corn and help to attend to the many other duties that fall to a woman's lot. It falls on the woman to do most of the work lighter.

One secret natives have to lighten their work is to sing. Whatever they do, they do it with a song. One will often see women walking along with a heavy load of wood which they have brought from a long distance. They will be singing and clapping their hands as they walk. No matter what they do, they sing and dance which helps make their hard work.

There is one event in the lives of both boys and girls to which they look forward to and is the height of their ambition. This event is when the boys are accepted into the tribe as men and when the girls are accepted in the tribe as women. The young men will dance as part of their initiation. This period generally lasts between six and nine months. During this time the boys are known as white kaffirs because they smear their bodies with white clay. When they are through, they wash their bodies. They collect and burn all their clothes, blankets, korasses and anything and everything that they have used before. Then they rub themselves with red clay and get a new blanket. When a girl is born she is looked on as so much property. She is worth so many head of cattle. In this way she adds wealth to the household. Because of this she is more cared for and protected than are the boys. There have been natives who have disagreed with me on this point, but in my wide experience among them and from the observation of other missionaries what I have stated is no doubt the case.

When the girl begins to reach marriageable age, her father or guardian is on the lookout for a husband for her. He may be either young or old. The girl is not considered in the deal at all. The real question is how many cattle will it cost and the more that can be gotten is the one thing that affects the decision the most. This makes marriage a purely business deal. This is one of the difficulties missionaries face in running a school among these people. Many times while the girls are getting an education and are becoming useful they will go home for a holiday and not return to school. We find out later that she is now married or is going to get married.

When it is time for the wedding to take place, the bridegroom does not go to the bride’s home. She must go to him who is her honored lord and he must receive her in a truly dignified way. The friends of the bride choose a number of their intimate friends to form an escort or bridal party to go with her to the residence of the bridegroom. He has been informed that they are about to arrive. He is prepared to receive them. The bridal party both male and female dress in the grandest heathen style. They put on bead necklaces, head dresses, breast ornaments, arm, wrist, leg and ankle bands of all kinds. It would make a European smile to see to what use some European articles of attire are put. A bridal party looks more like one going to a funeral than to some happy occasion.

When they reach the kraal of the bridegroom they begin to sing and to dance. This continues until late at night. One old missionary in telling of this said, “ Each party dances in front of the other, but they do not mingle together. As the evening advances, the spirits and passions of all become greatly excited, and the power of song, the display of muscular action, and the gesticulation of the dancers and leapers are something extraordinary. The manners in which, at certain times, one man or woman, more excited than the rest, bounds from the ranks, leaps into the air, bounds forwards, and darts backwards, beggars all description.”

These violent exercises usually close about midnight when each party retires. The next morning the bride’s party goes into the bush and they remain there until about three in

the afternoon when they return and the dancing starts up again. At this time, the parties still stay separate. Towards the close of the evening, the bridegroom's party sits in the front while the bride's party dances in front of them. The men of the bridal party keep a little to the front while the girls, young women and the bride herself dance close to the bridegroom's party. The bride is identified as the only one who carries a knife. The bride goes forward with an attendant on each side. She advances to where the bridegroom is sitting. She then delivers a harangue in which she does everything in her power to come up with abusive words. I have heard a bride use such awful language to her future husband that I expected him to rise up and strike her. All through this he sits there talking to his friends as if nothing is going on. After she has asked him a lot of questions, the headman then asks a few questions. He then says that the woman is the man's wife. The bridegroom's party then give the bride a talking to and they lay down the law as to what her duties are. They do not mince matters with her. After this the beast is slaughtered and they begin with the wedding feast. At this time it seems that the crowd is happy.

While this merriment is going on, the bride is looking for an opportunity to make her escape to her parent's home. If she manages to escape, then her husband will have to ask for her back very humbly. He will also have to pay an additional beast to get her back. Africans say that this is for his neglect in allowing her to escape.

Chapter 31

Native Dwelling and Foods

Native huts are built of poles and sticks. The sticks are intertwined like basket work. This is also true of the roof. When the framework is completed it looks like a huge basket. Then the walls are plastered with mud and the roof is thatched with grass. In some places the local people have learned to build the sides of their huts with sod and this makes a very fine wall. The ropes used to tie the poles together are made from wild creepers found growing in the woods. The rope they use to tie the thatch on with is made from the rushes that grow near and in swamps. These rushes are taken, split and woven into ropes and they last for years when not exposed to the weather.

They use four or six poles to support the heavy roof. These poles are put under cross pieces and carry the heavy weight of the grass roof. It is between these poles that are from six to eight feet apart around the center of the hut that they make their round hollow fireplace. The whole family gathers around this fireplace on a cold day and for the evening meal. It gives both light and warmth. The only opening to the hut is the door and the place soon gets heated up.

When the weather is cold and rainy, all the cooking is done inside the hut, but if the weather is nice, then most if not all the cooking is done out of doors.

Women do most of the house building. The men put the woodwork together. The women will carry the poles, sticks and rope materials. They will make the rope, cut the thatch, thatch the roof, make the plaster and plaster the walls. They make the floor. The door is also the window and the chimney and so it is not long before the whole of the inside of the roof is black and soot hangs all over.

The people use mats for mattresses. They roll these up during the day. They use a piece of wood for a pillow. The wooden pillow is also used for a seat or a chair. These people use calabashes for drinking cups. They also use them for buckets to carry and hold water. They keep milk in them. Natives used to use earthen pots for cooking in, but since the white man has brought iron pots, these are what is commonly used now.

The native carefully chooses a spot for his kraal. They choose some high place or gentle slope so that the water can run away quickly. They want the manure to stay as dry as possible. The manure quickly accumulates and forms bedding for their cattle. The kraal is often the granary as well. Putting the grain under the kraal serves two purposes. One is to preserve it from a very destructive insect and the other reason is to preserve food for a rainy day. After the grain has been in these holes for any length of time, it gets a sour taste. The natives seem to relish it that way. When these pits or granaries are opened, they must wait for some time before they enter them. This allows any gases to escape. I have known natives to lose their lives when they went down too soon. This grain is no good as seed as

the germ of life has been destroyed. A lot of this grain is used in making beer. The natives call it utyella. When they make this beer the natives have learned from the Europeans how to malt grain. Now the drink that they make is much more intoxicating than it formerly was. If this beer is taken in large quantities as it often is, they are soon drunk. They have a custom that they must not stop drinking until the beer is finished. This might take days to do.

They do not think milk fit for food until it has gone through the fermenting process. Milk is brought from the cow and is poured into a calabash. This fermented milk, where milk is plentiful, is one of the staple articles of diet.

Although the natives enjoy the taste o meat, they do not use large quantities of it because it is not plentiful. Meat is used mainly at feasts and at the chief's kraal. Mealies are first stamped in their stump blocks and then cooked for a long time. Often a few beans are added to the mealies and this makes a good dish. Recently the natives have learned to use tea and coffee and to use white flour. These items are having bad effects on the users.

Smoking has become so common among them that old men and women and even children are now using tobacco. It is horrible how bad habits spread.

These natives will grease their bodies and then rub in red ochre. After the grease and ochre is removed, the skin shines like bronze.

Recently disease has been increasing. This has been brought on by their unsanitary and unhygienic ways. Their simple life and diet tends to help them live to a ripe old age.

Chapter 32

Beginning of Maranatha Mission

Of stories, I well know, there's divers sorts,
Some foreign, some domestic; and reports
Are therefore made as fancy leads the writers
(By books a man may guess at the inditers.)

But readers, I have somewhat else to do,
Than with vain stories thus to trouble you'
What here I say, some men do know so well
They can with tears and joy the story tell.

Brother Moke started his work among the Xhosa people by visiting them and selling books to them. He would then hold Bible Readings wherever and whenever he could. Finally the brethren thought that the time had come when more should be done for them. Pastor Shone was ordained and set apart for this work. He was a man who knew a lot about natives and could speak their language. He bought a little wagon and had a tent cover put on it. He put a little spring mattress inside that could be folded up. He bought some oxen and after he got things in shape, he started out to look over the country. He first wanted to learn what the needs were. He then chose a place to be a center out of which he could work. The party traveled through part of Kaffirland and then went across the Kei River and visited some parts of the Transkei. They then returned to Kaffirland and at the invitation of a native chief, located for a little time at Debe Nek. They felt sure that this was the place to start their work. They soon found that they were having a lot of trouble in getting a place as the chief failed to live up to his promises. They counseled with other brethren. Brother Charles Sparrow had bought a farm twelve miles from the Great Fish River. This farm was on the main road from Grahamstown to Peddie. Peddie was a large native settlement. There were lots of natives who lived on Brother Sparrow's farm and on the adjoining farms. Brother Sparrow has always had a tender spot in his heart for native people. When the brethren were puzzled as to where to locate, Brother Sparrow offered to lease or sell them a portion of his farm for a Mission Station. The brethren went out to see the place and they made the matter a subject of earnest prayer. As they looked towards the East at night they could see hundreds of native fires. The brethren were impressed that this surely was the place to start the first mission for the natives of Kaffirland. We all believed it to be the place of God's choosing. It was not long before plans were made to build some buildings and it was then that I joined Pastor Shone in this work.

It was not easy to quarry stone, haul water, build, make fencing and to look after the numerous other things that needed our attention on a new mission station. At the time there were two missionary families there. Each family lived in a tent. We later put up a small

wattle and daub building with a flat iron roof. We divided this building into two rooms that we used for a kitchen and living room. Each family had a water tank and we could catch water from the flat iron roof. The tanks were a real blessing. It was a long time before we could fence the farm in. The neighbor's cattle would roam all over the place. These cattle were fond of clothing and so on wash day, we had to watch the clothes very carefully. Pastor Shone lost a lot of his valuable clothes on one occasion when these cattle ate them up.

It took us some time to work up an interest in the new mission. Pastor Hyatt had a big heart for the natives and he thought of a plan to go around among the kraals or villages with the little wagon. In this way we could speak to the people about our mission station and invite them to send their children to the new school. We would hold services in the different churches that were open to us and would hold lantern services in the villages. These were mostly open air meetings. We also tried to help the sick with simple treatments. We found that the medical work was a great wonder to the natives. The Lord blessed our feeble efforts to alleviate human suffering. By encouraging the people we got some students for the school. We felt that if we could get the children interested first, we could later on win the hearts of their parents. The work progressed slowly and was quite discouraging because we did not see any results. Finally we decided to hold an evangelistic effort in the Grahamstown native location after we had had a small camp meeting in that city. We worked hard for several months holding our meetings in the streets, in visiting and in holding meetings in a tent. At last we saw ice broken and were able to gather in a small harvest of souls. It is strange but true that the natives want to see old men in a cause or movement. They want to see the gray hairs as one man put it. Then it was that they felt that there was something to the movement and we found in our experience that the old men gave strength and standing to the work. The first four families to accept the truth in Grahamstown were encouraged to move out to the mission station. There they could get more instruction. We hoped that the men could be trained as workers. With the help of these people we were able to bring to others the light of Present Truth.

We had a very remarkable experience with one old man and his wife. We were holding our meetings in one of the main streets in Grahamstown Location and as usual we were using the Magic Lantern. We put our screen up on the side of the street so that all going along could see it. We had quite a gathering. Among the hearers was a native woman who had just returned from her work in the town. She seemed to be deeply impressed with the service and asked if we would be there again the next night. We told her that we would be and the next night she was there with an old colored man. Both of them seemed to be deeply interested in the message. Night after night they came to our meetings and heard the truths presented. One night the old man asked us to come to his house. He lived near the place we were holding our meetings. We found out that he was an old colored American. He had fought in the Civil War and had been drawing a pension. He had left his pension to his daughter in America to live on. She could get his pension as long as he lived. He had spent most of his life at sea as a ship's cook and had been to

almost every port in the world. He was one of the most uncouth and unpromising men that I ever met. He could not speak one sentence without using a lot of foul language. It hurt my ears to listen to him. This old man and his native wife were hungering for salvation and earnestly seeking for it. When he made his surrender to Christ, his language was fearful, but it was the only way that he could express himself. We had to teach him to quit using foul words and to use good clean words to express himself. We taught him to pray. He learned to read in a few short months and then he would spend hours with his Bible. He loved to sing the hymn.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee
Oh! Lamb of God, I come, I come.

He also liked to sing, “Wonderful Love of Jesus.” He first heard these songs sung at our street meetings and the words went home to his heart. Both he and his wife were baptized and for many years they were both faithful and true and we all believe that we will, if faithful, meet him on that great resurrection morning. Old Brother MacFarlane as we called him, became as simple as a child in his religious expression. I look on this man’s conversion as one of those wonderful triumphs of the glorious gospel of Christ. Its transforming influence was both seen and felt in that humble home. How true are the words of that hymn,

Since Jesus Came into My Heart

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought
Since Jesus came into my heart!
I have light in my soul! For which long I have sought,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

I have ceased from my wandring and going astray,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And my sins which were many are all washed away
Since Jesus came into my heart!

There's a light in the valley of Death now for me,
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And the gates of the City beyond I can see
Since Jesus came into my heart!

I shall go there to dwell in that City I know
Since Jesus came into my heart!
And I'm happy, so happy as onward I go,
Since Jesus came into my heart!

Chapter 33

Beyond the Fish River

We decided to do some work at the Fish River about twelve miles as the crow flies from Maranatha Mission. This was one of the more difficult places to work. Some other societies had tried but without success. The heathen there were among the worst to be found in Kaffirland. Pitwell Faba was the native worker sent to help me with this effort. I found him to be a very fine worker for this difficult area. White farmers lived on the one side of the river and there was a native settlement on the other side. When the farmers heard that we planned to work among these native they bitterly opposed us. They said that nothing was safe as it was. The natives would cross the river and steal sheep and goats and whatever else they could. If an ox or a cow would stray over to the native side of the river, it was never seen or heard of again. Then there was drunkenness and fighting that went on over on the native side. A person did not know if his life was safe or not and the farmers felt that if we went over to work for them, things would only get worse.

Prickly pears grow all along the banks of the Fish River in an area covering many thousands of acres. For several months in the year, the fruit can be found on them. Prickly pears are a curse to hundreds of farms in this area. It is a cactus that is hard to eradicate and it spreads very rapidly. Its thorns are very sharp and are dangerous. Some of these thorns are very small and are easily carried by the wind. There is a danger that they could get into a person's eyes. Natives think of this fruit as a blessing rather than as a curse. They eat a lot of them and make a drink from them that they like very much. At certain stages of fermentation, this drink is intoxicating. The so called Christian natives living up in the hills come down in large numbers to collect the prickly pears. They also help drink the beverage that has been made by the heathen living in the valley.

Heathen natives have told me that often when preachers were sent to hold services for them and if they did not want to hear them preach, they would invite the preachers to have a drink. They would keep them drinking so as not to hear their preaching. I was sent to work among these people.

One morning I left the mission in the little gospel wagon that was being pulled by six oxen. We reached the river without incident. We crossed it and camped safely on the other side. Here I had to wait for native oxen to take me farther. That night I woke up when I heard some natives talking. When I looked out, I saw two men and a woman. They said that they had been visiting and were now returning home. The young woman stepped to one side and all of a sudden ran off. The men were distracted as they talked to me and the woman had taken her chance to escape. She was a young married woman who had been mistreated by her husband and had run home. The husband and a friend had managed to steal her away and in this way they saved having to pay an additional beast to get her back. Fortunately for her she was able to make her escape that night and the next day, the

men were still looking for her. She had reached her father's home and was safe. The mission oxen were sent back to Maranatha Mission. Natives brought some oxen and took me over to the kraal that I had decided to use as a center for my work among them.

At this kraal there was an old native woman whose one son was trying to live a Christian life. She had learned a little about the true Sabbath and wanted to learn more of the truth. My native worker had his soul and heart in the work and wanted to see the chains of darkness broken in that valley. He wanted to see the captives in Satan's hands released. We studied how best to win the hearts of these people. Almost every night we held services and used the lantern and slides. During the day we visited and became acquainted with the people. We have seldom seen such wickedness as we found there.

Some of the young folks were anxious to learn to sing. My native worker was a good teacher of the tonic-solfa system of music. Quite a number of young and old would come to sing. They also came to the night school that we started. The chief himself came to this school to learn to read the Bible.

Our work progressed very, very slowly. The mission officials felt that we should leave, but we were courageous and felt that if we could hold on a little longer, God would give us the victory.

Encamped along the hills of light,
Ye Christian soldiers rise,
And press the battle ere the night
Shall veil the glowing skies;

Against the foe in vales below,
Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory we know,
That overcomes the world.

To him that overcomes the foe,
White raiment shall be given;
Before the angels he shall know
His name confessed in heaven.

Then onward from the hills of light,
Our hearts with love aflame;
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,
In Jesus' conquering name.

Chapter 34

Conversions and Maranatha Mission

There was a man living on the top of a small hill near to the Fish River and not far from the huts where I had the Little Gospel Wagon. He was a pipe maker and honey beer maker. He would watch the bees early in the morning and would follow them to their hives. He had very good eye sight and would seldom miss finding honey when he was looking for it. He would rob the hives and that night, the honey and young bees would be made into beer. He used a wild root to aid in the beer fermentation. Before sunrise you would hear him as he called to his friends inviting them to drink with him. His pipes also sold well. This man loved his little son and it touched me as I saw how attached he was to the little fellow. This child was no more than six when I saw him. Today this boy is a fully grown man and is a good member of the church.

One day when I went to see the father, I found that he had just finished a little pipe for his son and was teaching him to smoke. I told him of the evils of tobacco. I showed him that instead of this being kind to his little child, it was excessively cruel. I used several illustrations as I spoke to him and when this father saw the force and weight of my arguments, he realized that what he was doing to the child for what it was. This saved the little fellow in time. The son later attended school. It is my feeling that this man was one of the people responsible for us to get a strong foothold at the Fish River.

Work in this area was progressing slowly. One day this man sent to me for help. His wife was very ill and he felt that unless something was done for her right away, she would not live. There was no doctor close enough for him to contact and their charge to come to his place would be too much. He could not move his wife.

At this time my sanitarium training came in handy. In a few hours the patient was out of danger and almost free of any pain. The news of this spread like wild fire. From this time on the people took a real interest in our work. One Sabbath a month after this experience, the Lord came very close to us by His Holy Spirit. When I made a call for those who would give their hearts to God, twelve took their stand and among them was our friend, the pipe maker. We really rejoiced over this for they were our first converts.

That night, we had another good meeting and the people happily went to their homes. I went to my bed in the little wagon and before retiring, I thanked the dear Lord for His love and mercy to those poor people.

Later on that night we had a terrible rain storm. It blew the wagon towards a drift. Had it gone into the drift, it would have broken up. During this experience, I did not feel afraid. We had had such a good meeting. I had prayed to God thanking him for all He had done, and I could accomplish nothing by leaving the wagon. I felt just as safe inside as out. This was one of the worst storms I have experienced. Next morning the natives were very

surprised to see how far the storm had taken the wagon. Had it gone just a little farther, it would have been in the drift.

I was called up to Maranatha Mission a distance of fifteen miles up the hill. To get there I had to cross the Great Fish River. This is a very dangerous river. I started off at sunset and in twenty minutes was at the river. I had thought that I might be able to swim across it, but later felt the risk was too great. I had a good stick. I stripped and tied my things in a bundle and strapped them on my shoulder. I stepped into the water but soon was fighting for my life. When almost across I found the current so strong that I nearly gave up. At that time, the deepest water was only five feet, but because of the fall, it could carry almost anything along with it. My stout stick helped me and without it I could not have crossed at all. I did not reach the mission until early the next morning. I was very tired and worn out, but was very thankful to God for His kind, providential care that had been over me.

There were many prickly pears at the Fish River and we often saw baboons come down to feed on them. It was not only the natives that lived on them for several months of the year, but also the baboons. Often we heard them quarreling early in the morning and also late at night. They lived among the rocks. Natives did not like these baboons because they always did a lot of damage to their crops. The natives watched their crops at certain times when they felt that the baboons planned to visit the gardens. As they watched the baboons, the baboons were also watching them. When the natives' backs were turned, the baboons would be in the gardens and would have a real feed.

Whenever a lot of natives settle in a place, it is not long before game gets very scarce. This is how it was at the Fish River. There was one animal that lived there that was not touched by the kaffirs but would have been hunted by both the Hottentots and Bushmen and that is the tortoise. These animals or reptiles were allowed to roam about where and when they pleased. Because they were not molested, they grew to a large size. It is amazing how strong these reptiles are. I stood on a tortoise back one time and held on to a branch of a tree to give me greater resistance and the old tortoise just moved along. I figured that the moving pressure at that time to be more than two hundred and fifty pounds. Little native boys like to find tortoise eggs. They are quite round and like large white marbles. I have not seen them eaten and very few natives will eat eggs of any kind. I have never seen a native woman eat an egg.

On my way back to the Fish River from Maranatha Mission I followed one of the old native footpaths. This was one of their old main roads and probably was made in the days when the Xhosa people migrated to these parts. About four miles from the Mission I came to a large heap of stones. These stones were not built up or piled up. They were just stones thrown one on the other. I asked my native companion what he called it and what it was for. He said that it was a Vivane and with that, he went and picked up a stone, spat on it and threw it on the heap. He said that the natives did that to give them good luck for their journey. He did not know how the custom started, but that these Vivanes were in

many different parts of the country. They were always found where the road passed over the saddle between two hills or mountains. At this particular Vivane there were many hundred stones which showed that many of the natives passing that way followed the custom.

Chapter 35

Starting New Work

The new converts at Fish River felt that they should build a school room. They wanted to make a square building with a sheet iron roof instead of Grass. My native helpers encouraged them and set the foundation for them. We found that the local soil was good for building walls. There was an old wagon that belonged to one of the new Sabbath Keepers. He took the bottom boards out and used these as a mold. They were placed up on the foundation with one side in and the other out. A large amount of earth was worked up into a very stiff mud and the mold was filled. In a day and a half the mud was set and the mold removed. The mold was then placed farther along the wall. The sun is very hot at the Fish River and the work progressed quickly. When they had a height of seven foot six in the front and six foot six at the back they wanted to put the roof on. Soon the roof was in place. They then plastered the inside and made a good earthen floor. This building was really a new home for one of the believers but was built to be also a meeting place and school. Later on another room was added to this building. This room was made with bricks as by then the wagon was need and the boards had to be replaced.

The natives at the Mission were very interested in our work at the river. I invited them to spend Sabbath and Sunday with us as we planned to have some revival meetings. A nice group came down from the Mission and we had a good Sabbath. We made plans for Sunday. About four or five miles away there was another headman who was a noted character. We felt that we needed to hold a meeting in his kraal. Early the next morning after a light breakfast we started off to old Bothlani's kraal.

As we walked we sang and others soon joined us. By the time we reached our destination we had a really large following. When we arrived we found that the headman was not there. He had gone to a beer drink about half a mile away. We decided to go and surprise them. We hurried and when we got through some bush we saw the hut only fifty yards away. We started to sing one of the old favorite hymns and were soon in front of the hut. The old headman was inside and would not come out. Not long after some of the old men did come out and wanted to know what we wanted. We told them that we had come all the way to hold a service for them and we would like them to all come out. Natives are very polite and they did not tell us to leave but soon most of them did come out. We sang a lot of music that they all enjoyed very much. I then spoke to them about our work and the message for this time. I pleaded with them to consider these things and to get ready to meet their God. My native helper then spoke to them for a short time and we closed our service with prayer and another song. The old men and women thanked us very much for our words and message and told us not to get tired but to come back. I had noticed frequently one or two of them would go into the hut, have a drink and then come out again. One thing that won the hearts of these people was the good hand shake of the white man. They said that if a white man would shake hands with them, then God must be with that

white man and this shows what love is. They did not understand what true love meant, but they could now see it because this white missionary came to them while they were drinking and getting drunk. At this time he had spoken to them words of warning and words of love. He does not stop there but he takes their hands in his and they can feel that there is love there. The seeds that we sowed there brought forth fruit and soon we had another company of believers with that headman as their leader. These headmen are petty chiefs who are put in office by the Government and are responsible for the good behavior of the section over which they are in charge.

Later we had two schools at the Fish River and one organized church. So the work progresses.

Chapter 36

Vacation Time at Maranatha

Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

The time had come for the students at Maranatha to go home for their vacation. I had to take the little wagon up there for this purpose. We crossed the river safely and soon arrived in good time.

We found a lot of excitement at the Mission. We heard students all over say, "We are going home, we are going home!" No matter how humble it is, it is home to them. Food might be scarce at home and they might even starve, but it is home and is the dearest place on earth to them.

Soon the wagon was packed with boxes and bundles and rugs. Elder Hyatt was to take the children over to Epoleni, a place near Debe Nek and from there, the children went their various ways to their homes.

I had to go into Grahamstown. I then cycled over to meet Elder Hyatt in Kaffirland as we planned to hold some meetings at some of the kraals. After the children had left, we went to the Amatole Basin where we had some good meetings. There we met a bright young man who was a teacher and a Catechist. He became very interested in the truth. Later on he accepted the message and joined the teaching staff at the Mission. He only lived a year after he joined the church. He was a most devoted Christian and one of the most lovable men I have met among the native peoples. He was looking forward to joining me in field work and in getting some training as an evangelist. He went to the Mission to get some experience and to study the truths of this message so that he would be better fitted to give the truth to his people.

Charles Ngunga belonged to the royal tribe and was much respected by his people. I still have the last letter he wrote to me and it is full of love and gratitude to God for that He had done for him.

When we first went to work in the Amatole Basin we found pigs everywhere. It seemed that every native owned a litter of them and they were a real nuisance to all of us. Elder Hyatt was glad when we could leave there because the pigs were everywhere and would not let us even eat in peace. The pigs would put their heads into a pot while it was on the fire and would turn it over. It was surprising how hot they could eat their food. Many natives lost their meals when pigs got to the food first.

We had good meetings wherever we went. We would use the magic lantern and show to the people pictures of the life of Christ and of the Signs of the Times. We heard of a group of natives at what is known as an Abakweto Dance. We went down to see them.

That evening we wanted to have a meeting with them. We arrived late in the afternoon and saw a number of old women holding the dry skin of a beast between them and were hitting it with sticks. All this time they were singing while other women were also singing and clapping their hands. A large number of men had gathered and were sitting in a row facing the cattle kraal. There was a lot of Kaffir bear being passed around and the people were getting quite excited. The Abakweto or white Kaffir as some called them, came out of the cattle kraal and began dancing. We watched them for some time and then invited them to attend a near by meeting which we would be having.

We left them and walked toward the wagon that we had left some distance away. After we ate our evening meal, we got ready for the service. One of the first things we would do when we had decided to hold a meeting at a place was to set up our lantern screen. This was white and could be seen a long way off. It would not be long before people would start to inquire about it. We told them that we were going to hold a meeting there. We would visit among the huts and talk to the people and tell them of our mission and work.

This particular night we got everything ready and we would know whether we would have a crowd or not by watching the children. If the children gathered around us early, we knew that all was well for the older people and that they would follow the children.

We started our service and had a nice audience. While the service was going on, some of the white kaffirs crept up in the shade to see the pictures and to hear what was going on. The man who was in charge of them would drive them away with his whip. He treated them like dogs. We all felt sorry for these poor boys wanted to see and hear what was going on. After the meetings we thought it would be best to move up close to a native church that was about three miles away. We in-spanned and went on our way.

After out-spanning we fixed up our beds for the night and retired after a heavy day's work. Our native helpers went to some huts near by and found accommodation and food. We had fallen off to sleep and had been asleep for about two hours when Pastor Moke came and told us that there were some red Kaffir women who had come a long way to see Jesus. They had often heard of Him but had never seen Him. At the moment we did not understand just what they wanted. It appeared that one of the women had attended the meeting the early part of the evening and had seen the pictures of Jesus. She was so impressed that she ran all the way to her kraal that was about five miles away and had told her friends there about what she had seen. They all joined her and ran all the way back, first to where the meeting had been held and then had followed the wagon track to where we had stopped for the night. They were afraid to come to the wagon to wake us up but went first to the huts close by and found the native helpers discussing with the people the message. They told the workers that they had come to see Jesus. Brother Moke brought them along to us and told us about their request. For a few moments we did not know what to do. Finally we decided to set up the lantern and pin the sheet onto the wagon. We then

projected some of the pictures of the life of Christ on the sheet for them. Those poor red kaffirs were very appreciative for what we showed of Jesus. They left very satisfied but this experience still lingers in my own mind.

We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last conflict in this mortal strife.

We would see Jesus; other lights are paling,
Which for long years we did rejoice to see;
The blessings of this sinful world are failing;
We would not mourn them in exchange for Thee.

Chapter 37

God Changes Lives

Soon we were headed back to the Fish River so that we could bind off our work there and could go elsewhere. The little wagon was soon ready for the road and we started early from the Mission. When we reached the banks of the Great Fish River there seemed to be a large amount of water in it. We checked with a farmer who lived nearby about it. He told us that the river would be perfectly safe to cross at that time as the water had gone down a lot. With him we went down to the river. There he assured us that all was well. I then got into the wagon and the leader started off down to the water. The driver was at the rear working the brake. The oxen started to run. We had six oxen pulling the wagon. Suddenly the leader dropped into the river that was followed quickly by the oxen and then the wagon. The river had washed against the bank and had taken the road away. The river had only been down about two hours before we entered it. Before this the farmer had sent his boy across and all was all right. Now in just a short time the oxen were helpless and were drowning. The water washed several things out of the wagon. In a way it was somewhat amusing but yet it was a serious matter to us. We got into the water and cut the straps that go around the oxen's necks and which hold them to the yokes. Soon we had the oxen free. We led them across the river. Our oxen were young, small and light and did not have the strength in the water as it was well over their backs.

We rescued some of the things that had been washed out of the wagons. When the farmer saw what had happened, he hurried to his home and got his boys together. They got together four large cows that were well trained in the yoke. He also got two long lengths of chain and brought the cattle down with the yokes on and one long length of chain attached. The other length of chain was attached to the tongue of the wagon. They found a way down at the side of the drift and crossed over to the other side. The yokes and tackle of the wagon were also taken across and our oxen were caught and a long span was made up of both groups. One man held the end of the chain that he fastened to the tongue of the wagon. Another strong man led the oxen up the stream for a ways. Another man was driving and two others were holding the chain that was attached to the oxen. The man leading the oxen went down stream with the oxen and got as near as he could to the wagon. The small oxen had to swim in places for the water was deep. Soon the men with the chains met and we wondered if they would be able to hook them together. They did succeed and the leader turned towards the other bank. When the animals realized that they were being led, they took courage and hurried to get across. The wagon moved and in fifteen minutes we were safe on the other side. We returned all the oxen and cows and waited for the natives to come with their oxen to take us to the school. We were very thankful that no lives were lost and that in spite of the dangerous experience the Lord's angels were watching over us. That night I slept on the banks of the Fish River all alone.

My helper had gone over to the natives at the school about six miles away. I must confess that with the hard experiences and excitement of the day, I felt lonely.

I had not visited my home and children for four months and they were only two and a half days journey away from me. However, I could not leave my work. It was not unusual for me to be away from home for months and months at a time. My children hardly knew me and I did not see or have the pleasure of seeing them grow up and develop. The whole responsibility of the children rested on my good companion..

This particular night I felt very lonely. I found myself weeping and my prayer was that God would finish His work quickly so that we could all go home.

After we had worked at the Fish River for several months, several families had been converted. It made a wonderful change to that whole settlement. There was less beer drinking and less fighting. A thing that really surprised the farmers was that there was less stealing of their stock. One of the farmers was bemoaning the loss of one of his cows. He was really surprised when one of the worst natives in that settlement took it over to him. It had wandered across the river and the farmer had thought that he had really lost it for good.

After that experience our work in that part was most highly spoken of. Never before had they had workers who worked better or were more faithful than our own boys. The truth became a part of the natives lives and they could not help but reflect the image of Him who lives in their hearts which they had opened up for Him. From many reports about the boys from the Fish River was that the employers were always well pleased with them.

One Sunday morning we traveled a long way down the river to visit the natives and came to a hut where the owner had recently died and the people were very sorrowful over their loss. The women were crying and wailing. Not far from the hut we saw men digging the grave. I felt that I should stop and talk to the men. There were quite a few around and only a few could dig at a time. This gave me an opportunity to talk. They dug the grave about six feet long and about three feet wide and about five feet deep. When they got to the bottom they dug out the side for about three feet. The body was then brought out and wrapped in a blanket and placed into the side which they had dug out. `They put some mats over it and brought out all his belongings and placed them in the grave. They cut a lot of sticks and put them against the wall so that when the earth was filled in, it would not touch the body. They asked me to speak a few words and I talked to them about the love of God and the plan of Salvation. We prayed with them and then sang while the grave was filled in. The people thanked me very much for what I had done for them and as we left the grave site, we talked about that better land where there will be no more tears.

No tears in yonder home; sorrow can never come;
Joy echoes thro' the dome; Love rules the endless years,
No tears, no tears in yonder home.

No death in yonder home; No parting hour of gloom
Death lies dead in the tomb, Whence does the dust of Faith,
No death, no death in yonder home.

Clasping again our own, Knowing as we are known,
Wailing no more alone, - Hail sinless Eden years!
No tears, No tears in yonder home.

Chapter 38

Medical and Evangelistic Work

During one of our trips into Kaffirland with the little Gospel Wagon, we had several very interesting experiences. These impressed on us of how the Lord was working on hearts and minds. We came to some scattered huts that were not far from the others. In the center of these huts there was an old church that had the front wall almost broken away. It was winter time. It was bitterly cold. Because of this we always tried to find some place to put the wagon that would be protected from the cold winds. We noticed that the goats and calves had taken possession of this church. It was still a shelter that we could use. We put up our screen and had the place cleaned. The owners had given us permission to use it if we could. Soon quite a few natives came in for medicine. It did not take long for word to get out. We were kept busy extracting teeth and giving some simple medicines to the sick people. One old woman sent for us and we found her to be very old and there was little that we could do for her. She had four generations of her children living around her.

We also met a very old man who told us stories of his early life. This story indicated to us that he must have been over one hundred and twenty years of age. He was rich and had lots of cattle and a farm.

We were called over to see a woman who had been ill with a sore back for over two years. She could hardly move. Her husband had done all he could for her and was becoming tired of the sick woman and was about to leave her when we called in to see her. We gave her fomentations to the back and a little massage and prayed for her. We were able to give her three treatments and then showed the natives how to give them. We questioned in our minds whether this poor woman would walk again. About a month later, I passed that way again and called in to see the woman again. We were surprised to learn that she had gone to Kingwilliamstown a distance of twenty-two miles. I did not return to that place for several months. When I did get back there I found her to be well and happy. She could not praise the Lord enough for sending us to help her. The Lord richly blessed the medical work we did for those people. When the natives saw the success we were having they gained confidence in what we were doing. There were some who opposed the work that we were doing and finally denied us the use of the old church when we tried to get it the second time. The people had cleaned it out and built up the walls and had started to conduct services there again. We had started a revival among the people and this had born considerable fruit.

Some time later we were going over to the Amatole Basin to check on the interests there. The Chief was interested in having us establish a little hospital there. We could not see how we could do this. We felt that there were several difficulties that we would have to get through first. The Chief seemed deeply interested in the truth.

Before entering the valley, we had to go down a steep hill and cross the Kieskama River. On our right at the bottom of the hill we saw a number of huts of people who wanted us to visit them. They wanted us to hold meetings for them. At first we did not see how we could get down to them. There was no road and the native footpaths were small. We were told that sometimes wagons did indeed go down there. When we heard this, we felt that we had better go down. Had we known how steep and bad the road was, we would not have tried to attempt it.

When old Moke looked back up the road, he said that if a baboon started to run down that road he would fall down and break his leg. Finally we did get to the bottom. We decided that we would never take the wagon down there again.

It was there that we saw a unique sight, one that we had not seen before nor have we ever seen since. A litter of pigs was feeding from an old sow and a native child was there among them fighting for one of the sow's milk bottles. While it lasted, this was very interesting. Elder Hyatt went to get his camera but got back too late to get a picture.

We had some success in the Amatole Basin and several took their stand for the Sabbath Truth. We did our best to tell these people of the coming of the Lord.

The people in that country were in a state of confusion. This confusion was also in the churches. One church that had been in existence for a long time was split up over things. One of the lay preachers felt that the split had come because there were those who felt that he should be the chief leader of the church and others thought differently. He had his hut right next to the church building. When standing at his hut door he could look in through the church window and see the speaker and part of the congregation.

For a bell he hung a plow share on the bough of a tree and he used that as a bell to call the people to his meetings. He started out by having his family join him in service and later on was able to attract three others as well. He would stand in his door and preach to his company and to the preacher in the church. He had a powerful voice and knew how to speak. Often he would attend our meetings and then he would preach what he had heard from us. This was not an isolated case. We saw many more strange things as a result of the confusion that started before we entered upon our work in Kaffirland. People often blamed us for it.

We know that Satan has ever been the accuser of the brethren and whenever a calamity came, God's people have been blamed. When Ahab met Elijah he said, "Art though he that troubleth Israel.?"

Chapter 39

Challenges, Accidents and Tickets

Long they've toiled within the harvest,
Sown the precious seed with tears;
Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens
In the glad millennial years:

They will share the bliss of heaven,
Never more to sigh or moan;
Starry crowns will then be given,
When the King shall claim his own.

It was the beginning of the school vacation and was time to take the school children home from school. Elder Hyatt decided that he would go with the wagon over into Kaffirland and that I should follow as soon as possible. We planned to spend three or four weeks doing evangelistic work. The wagon started out two days before I did. It was being pulled by oxen. I was to catch up on bicycle. When I reached the place agreed on, the wagon was not there but had gone over to the West about three miles to a new building that was only partly finished. This building belonged to a friendly trader. I hurried over and when I reached the house. I found Elder Hyatt in bed and he seemed to be in a great deal of pain.

I found out that he had had an accident while he was traveling along the banks of the Fish River. As they traveled along, the oxen had gone too close to the bank. When Elder Hyatt went to the river side to turn the oxen into the road and to steady the wagon, he did not succeed and the wagon fell over onto him. There was no doctor around for miles. We soon found that he had fractured some ribs and was badly hurt. I treated him and bound him up well. I kept him there until the bones were well knit. The weather was cold and we were very thankful for the good shelter of that unfinished house. We were not able to visit all the kraals we had planned. I did keep busy with those within five miles and held services almost every night. When I could move Elder Hyatt without danger, I took him to my home near East London. He stayed with us for several days.

On another occasion we were going to the Amatole Basin and at one place in the road we had to go down a very steep grade. Old Moke was sitting on the front seat driving. When he saw how fast we were traveling, he tried to jump off and fell under the back wheel. He had wanted to screw on the brake that was done from the back of the wagon. I managed to get out and put on the brake and we were able to stop the wagon. We then went back and I helped old Moke into the wagon. We took him to a place where an old woman kindly gave us the use of her hut. Before we left, she asked me to take her picture

so that after she died, her children and grandchildren could see what kind of an old woman she was.

It was a few days before we could move Old Moke to his home at Debe Nek. After we treated him and he had rested, we started out on the road again.

While we were at Debe Nek, I went out to see a dance. In a hut that was close at hand I saw a sight long to be remembered. In the hut a native was dancing and was bathed in perspiration. He was moving every set of his muscles. He was making his muscles tremble all over. I was told that he started to do that when he was a boy. In the group were several others who could do the same thing. I could move a lot of my muscles, but that native put me in the shade.

Native people are fond of dogs. They are used to clean up all around the kraal. They even clean out the pots and pans and in this way the poor women are often saved a lot of hard pot scraping. They go into the huts to lick all the dishes clean and generally are found to be very useful to the natives.

Near Debe Nek a young man and his two cousins were converted and went over to the mission to fit themselves for a place in the Master's service. It was not long before we also had others interested in the message.

A cattle plague broke out in the country. This meant that we could not use the oxen any more. All the districts were in quarantine. We had to invest in donkeys and they traveled very slowly. It seemed that when we wanted them to travel they wanted to sleep and when we wanted them to sleep, they wanted to eat. As they traveled they hardly moved. The chain would drag on the ground. As the wagon moved along it seemed that not even one donkey was really pulling. Once I spoke to a Dutchman about it and he said that ever since the Saviour rode on an ass, the angels help the donkeys with their loads. They gave us a lot of trouble by running away, getting through fences and getting into gardens. We never knew when there would be complaints about their behavior.

We spent some time near one of the oldest mission stations in Kaffirland. This station had been abandoned for many years. If the buildings could talk they would be able to tell us of the struggle between Christianity and heathenism. They could tell of light and darkness, right and wrong and of the awful Kaffir wars. They would tell us of the hopes and fears and of the earnest workers who had given their lives to help those in darkness.

We were permitted to hold our meetings in the church building which had been burned down twice as the result of war. I went into a room where the missionary after he had sent his family away, had to hide in the ceiling. This was a time when the natives were hunting him to kill him. There were some friendly natives whose chief instructed them to escort the missionary to safety. They hid him and waited for nightfall.

We were thankful as the Lord's messengers who were taking the most solemn warning to a dying world that we had the privilege to work under such peaceful conditions. We thanked the Lord for the work of the good men who had pioneered the way for us.

We were working where Dr. Van de Kemp had started his labors. The Lord gave us favor with these people While here a man came tome with a swollen hand. It was more than two times its normal size. I could see that what had to be done needed to be done quickly. He had not time to go to a doctor as the nearest doctor was fifty miles away. I did not think that I could help him. The Lord blessed my efforts and the treatment I gave. In ten days the swelling had gone down and the hand was peeling. In a month's time he could use the hand for light work and it was growing stronger. To the natives this was wonderful as all the native doctors had given up on him.

A practice that was followed among some of the churches was to give a ticket to all members who had paid their dues. These tickets would be issued either monthly or quarterly. At times I have found natives who were dying whose end was something awful. He had been told that because he did not have his ticket, he would not go to heaven.

One man who was very sick and was dying had been a member of one of these churches. His condition was going from bad to worse. He was a well-known character and was known as one of the worst men about. As he was dying, he sent for the native minister. When the minister arrived the first thing he asked the dying man was if he had his ticket. When the response was negative the minister told him that he could do nothing for him unless he had his ticket. This man told his family to sell one of his cattle and pay all that he owed and to bring all the tickets to him. His family did what he said and the poor man hung on to life until he could get those tickets. When they were put into his hands he said, "I am safe now. I am going to heaven. I have my tickets." He believed that by having those tickets he had all that was needed. Poor deluded soul! We have met many who felt that if they had a ticket in their hands, they would be safe.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, Oh how free!

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, Oh how free!

Chapter 40

East London Effort

Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfill'd to thee again.

Oh! Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy Holy Light!

We were instructed to hold an effort at the East London native location. We began by holding a series of meetings in the street as we could not get any building or hall suitable for our work. For several nights the weather was fine and we had an attendance of over five thousand. The crowd was immense. Many would get on the roofs and verandahs so that they could see the pictures and hear and see the speakers. The superintendent of the location was very kind. He made available to us all his white and native police to help control the natives. He said that they would often return from their work the worse for drink and he felt that they would cause some trouble. After we started our meetings, the rains set in and for many days we could do nothing except to visit and hold Bible Readings. My native helper became very ill. He had gotten so wet and had to go home. We finally had to postpone the effort until a later date.

One fine woman gave her heart to God and joined the little company of colored folks that were there. She was the sister of a man who later on became an active worker and who was ordained to the gospel ministry. His name was Agrippa Mzozyana. This sister was not one to hide her light under a bushel.

We planned to conduct a small tent effort at Kingwilliamstown. We thought that while some of us were laboring for the Europeans others could be working for the natives and colored peoples. We held our meetings in the street near a concentration of people. Between two to three hundred people attended these meetings. We carried on like this for some time. However, we found that the people could not stand attending meetings every night. We worked up a good interest and several Europeans, three coloreds and two natives took their stand for the truth.

After this, I took up work again with the Little Gospel Wagon. Mr. P. Smailes was sent over to help me and to get an insight to the native work. It was planned to open up work in the Transkei. For a time we worked in the Amatole basin. We met with the little company of believers and it was not long before some others joined. One of the converts

gave us a building that we could use for a church. After we made some alterations and got some seats, we had a very nice meeting place. Before this we would have to go to different huts where we held our meetings.

One evening when we had the hut packed so that there was not even standing room, Mr. Smailes was speaking and I was operating the Magic Lantern. We had the sheet hung from the rafters. There was just a little hole for a window through which Mr. Smailes could get a breath of fresh air from time to time. I was not as fortunate. I was away from fresh air and when the service was half through, the lamp began to go out. I secured everything and made my way to the door with a splitting headache. My companion finished the service in the dark. The natives who were sitting down did not become as distressed as I had since I had been standing all the time.

Very often the natives came to us for medicine and we did our best in trying to provide for them medical help. An old man came to us one morning saying that his wife was very sick. He lived a long way away. We could not go to see her, but we did make up some medicine and sent him away. He did not even thank us.

Most often the natives thanked us for what we tried to do for them. A few days after he left us, this man returned for some more medicine and told us that his wife was much better. We were happy to hear that she was getting better. We made up another bottle of medicine for her. The old man started off again without saying a word of thanks. We called him back and told him that he surely had forgotten something. He looked around and then said that he had everything that belonged to him. We told him that he had forgotten to say thank you. He looked at us for a full minute and then said, “We do not thank God who gives us the sun and the rain and who are you? Are you greater than God that we should thank you?’ Our native helper joined in the conversation and told the old man that when he threw a bone to a dog. It would wag its tail. If he gave his pig some food, it would grunt out its thanks. Was he lower than his dog or pig? We let the worker finish the conversation. So it is, we would meet all classes and conditions of men in our work.

We went next to the Tyumie Valley that is close to the Amatole Basin. We could get from one place to the other by walking over a part of the mountain. We traveled about in the Tyumie Valley and worked among the natives who lived there. They told me that this Valley had seen many a difficult struggle between Christianity and the powers of darkness. The native prophet Ntsikana used to live up on the hills on the left side of this Valley. You can see the tree under which he was buried. He was the first native to be buried in a coffin that he had made himself out of a tree.

At the upper end of this valley we met a lady who had a school where she had been teaching for nearly forty years. She was the daughter of one of the old missionaries. She was kind to us and let us have the use of her school to hold our meetings in. She also let us use her little cottage while we were there. We really appreciated this as we had been living

in the wagon for quite some time. We found the natives there to be very kind and they supplied us with a lot of food and milk. We had some good meetings there, but also found a great deal of prejudice.

It was in this valley that Elder Porter, Dr. Thomason and Elder Hyatt visited our work in Kaffirland. Here they saw how our work was being carried out with the Little Gospel Wagon

We chose a village near to a road that went into the Amatole Basin. Here we worked for quite a long time. We were looking for people who were interested. While we were holding a series of meetings at this village, we learned of two very sad experiences. One was of a little child. We heard that the little four year old boy was playing around the huts at noon one day. The father was away and the mother was busy digging in her garden. When the mother returned in the afternoon she looked for her child so that she could feed him. The little chap was nowhere to be found. Soon all the neighbors joined in trying to find him. They searched into the night, but did not find the child. Early the next morning they again started to search for him. They searched everywhere until noon on the third day when they found the little fellow up on the mountain fast asleep. It was a real mystery as to how he got there, what he had lived on and how he escaped being eaten by the wild boars. We do know that Jesus cares for the little ones. The second experience is a very sad one and did not have as happy an ending.

A poor native woman lived only a short distance from where the little boy lived. This woman had a three month old baby. Following the native custom, she had given the baby sour milk to drink. Some of the milk spilled on the baby's hands and the mouth was not wiped clean. The mother then laid the baby on a mat to sleep. She partly covered the baby with an old shawl. She then went about her duties. She cleaned the hut. She then started a fire and discovered that her water pot was empty. Since her baby was asleep she took the empty water pot, closed the door of the hut and went down to the stream for her water supply. She was gone for only about twenty minutes since the stream was not far away. She returned to the hut, filled the cooking pot and put it on the fire. She put the water pot into the hut. She found the hut door open and when she went in, she saw a big sow eating her baby. The child was dead. It face, arm and shoulder had all been eaten. These poor people have many sorrows and need the Gospel to comfort them in their bereavement. May the dear Lord come quickly and put an end to all the pain and death.

There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured tho't,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.
A land upon whose blissful shore there rests no shadow,
Falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

Chapter 41

Missionary Camp at Qumahasa

An angel passed in his onward flight,
With a seed of love, and truth, and light,
And asked "Oh, where must this seed be sown,
That it yields most fruit when fully grown?
The Saviour heard, and He said as He smiled
Plant it for Me, in the heart of a child.

We were working in the village near the road that went across the neck of the mountain to the Amatole Basin. Amatole means calves. Living on this neck of land there were several native families and a European storekeeper. The road ran along that neck of land that then went to the highland country behind the mountains.

Some very beautiful forests grow on the slopes of these mountains. There were also some very large old trees. Many of these trees are hard woods. Many of them have already fallen to the axe of the woodsman for they make good timber for wagons and furniture. There are several kinds of small deer and wild pigs in the forests. The lourie birds also live there. They are the most beautiful but most timid of all African birds. Delicious black-berries also grow in the forest. Children love to gather them. Both white and black people pick these black-berries.

As a person looks at the Amatole Mountains, it is not hard to think of their beauty. In winter they are covered with snow and are a true witness to all that "the Hand that made them is Divine."

We visited the natives in the little divide and were telling them of the great love of God and how the Saviour was coming soon. We had some really good experiences among them. We were waiting for Old Moke to give a few parting words of exhortation to a native woman. While we were waiting her little three or four year old boy, caught hold of my knees, looked up into my face and said, "peppermint boet, peppermint boet." I looked down at the little chap and into those dark eyes that were looking into mine with such expectation. That little fellow was calling me brother and was asking for some candy. I thought about that and realized that this was a real object lesson for us. No wonder the Saviour so often used the little children to teach the people some of heaven's most beautiful lessons. As I looked at the simplicity and trust of that little child, it taught me a real lesson. He looked at me, never doubting that his request would be granted. We can look at our Heavenly Father in the same trusting manner to supply all of our reeds.

We had a group of interested people at a place called Quamahasa that is about four miles from Alice. We found several there who were ready to unite with us, but did not see

light in belonging to a little wagon company. Natives want to see something stationary such as a mission church or school building.

A group of Baptists was given a very big church bell. The people collected all the money they could to erect a little church building. The purchased some bricks. The bottom of their tower was six feet square and at the top of the tower it was eight feet square. The tower was ten feet high. They set the bell on this tower and found out that there were no bricks left to build the church itself. They would hold their worship services under a tree near the tower when the weather was good. The tower stood for a few years. Finally they took the bell down and put it in a hut that the few faithful ones worshiped in.

At this place the people who were interested in the message we were presenting wanted to have something tangible as a church building. Responsibility The other preachers in that area had told the people we were only there to disturb peace and would then leave. One native made us a proposition. He was a leader in his church but saw and understood that what we were teaching was in harmony with the Bible. He offered us a plot of ground on which to build a church if we in turn would allow him and his people to use it on Sunday. We agreed and Mr. Smailes took on the responsibility of having a little church built. The natives were happy to see us take this step. It gave them confidence in us. We all helped in the building but Mr. Smailes was the one who bore the burden of financing it and of encouraging the progress of this work. It was a happy day when the building was dedicated for service. We held many happy meetings there. The man who gave us the ground soon was converted. His former brethren with whom he had worshiped for so long refused to hold their services in this little church.

One Sabbath this brother asked to speak at the close of the service. He said, “When one goes to hunt, he takes one or two others with him and also takes along some dogs. Now when you hunt, you go very carefully so as not to frighten the game away. You must use skill, be shrewd and careful. Sometimes it does not take long to get a prize, but at other times, it means days of toil and labor. There is much rejoicing when the prize is won. Everyone has to see it and praise the hunters. Well!” he said, “we have been hunting and we present the prize to you that you with us may rejoice.” With this he pointed to a new convert who was sitting on the front seat. He was a fine native man.

A very old man lived close to the church. He used to attend our meetings and loved the truth. He became sick and the doctors told him that he would die. He sent for all his children so that he could bid them farewell. Mr. Smailes and I went to see him and to try to cheer him up. He was happy to see us and asked us to pray for him. We realized that he was very sick and we gladly responded to his request. After reading a portion of Scripture we bowed in prayer. We both asked the Lord that if it was His will, that He raise up this old brother and we would give Him all the praise and honor. The Lord heard our prayer and this man was soon up and about. He lived for years after that illness. This experience really impressed the people and helped our work there.

We have often earnestly prayed for these people. The road from Alice has many bends where we have poured out our souls to God for help, strength and wisdom to carry out His work for these people.

Our little camp at Qumahasa was near the Tyumie River. This river had natives living on both sides of it. We held services there six nights a week and one of these meetings was held across the river. At times this river was deep while at others it came only up to our knees. Sometimes it was icy cold. Nothing stopped us from holding our meetings across the river except a heavy rain down pour. Even rain did not always prevent us from crossing. The natives were so interested that they did not want us to stop. Often we held meetings in wet clothes and would have to wait until we arrived back at camp before we changed. Many times we waded through this river when the water was waist high and we would be chilled through and through. We crossed the river one night when there was just a threat of a light drizzle. We did not pay much attention to it. Our lantern shone clear and bright. The sheet was a little damp making the pictures more clear and distinct. Some students came over from the large college about two miles away. Mr. Smailes spoke that night and his message was, “the Waymarks to the Kingdom.” I showed a hymn on the screen. It was one of the natives’ favorite hymns.

Ndikokele, O Yehova
Guide me, Oh Jehovah
Ndigumhambi Nkosi Yam
Me a pilgrim Lord mine.

I started the song and those students with their trained voices took it up. I stopped singing. It sounded very beautiful. It seemed as though many angels of heaven were there. We seemed to feel their presence. They sang that song and then I put on another song and they sang it the same way. Time came for the service to begin. I saw some white faces over to my right in the shadow. I put on the opening hymn and said, “Let us sing this hymn to the glory of God as we open our meeting, and may all be free to praise the Lord in song.” A wonderful experience followed. The singers put their whole heart into the words and I have never heard such singing by natives since. Pitwell Faba offered the prayer. It was a beautiful prayer. The native language lends itself to beautiful expressions. We sang again and then Mr. Smailes spoke through an interpreter. He preached a powerful sermon and appealed to all. We closed the meeting and felt that the Holy Spirit had been there to bless. Two gentlemen went over to Mr. Smailes and thanked him for the service. He learned that they were professors at the College and they told us that other teachers had also been there.

When we returned to camp some folks who had come over from our side of the river, helped us to carry our lantern, slides and screen. When we reached the river, two men wanted to carry Mr. Smailes across. One of these men was between fifty and sixty years of age and the other was much younger. The older man had been drinking and was

very jovial. He told the young man that he was too young to take on the task of carrying a man across the river. At this time I was some distance behind, but could hear and see what was going on. This man told Mr. Smailes to get onto his shoulder as the water was deep. They then started off. It was amusing to see the old man move along, first to one side and then to the other. Mr. Smailes had a stick in each hand and he was helping to keep the human horse steady. They crossed without mishap and the old man began to praise himself for his success in reaching the other side safely.

We needed to care for the interests in two locations that were sixteen miles apart. We decided to alternate in taking care of these interests. This meant that each of us would walk the sixteen miles every two weeks. We would leave camp very early Sabbath morning and would get to the meeting place before Sabbath School started. We would take part in the Sabbath School and followed this with a meeting. After the meeting we would rest for two hours and then have another meeting. We would then walk the sixteen miles back to camp. One night I tried to sleep there. I found the place so full of small visitors that seemed to come from everywhere. They even came from above. I would not try that again but preferred to walk all that distance back. We did not eat on the days we made that trip of thirty-two miles. We found that we were better off without food and were better fitted for the duties of the day without eating. Often as we made this trip, we longed for a horse. We had to carefully conserve the funds allowed us to carry on our work. We sometimes got tired. We had no rest. We kept at our work year in and year out with only one break which we had at the Maranatha Mission. Even at the mission we found much to do. We were always cheered by the words.

Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Chapter 42

Annual Meetings at Maranatha

Once a year we planned to go to Maranatha Mission for Bible Study. The workers and as many of the believers as could come would be called together. We really enjoyed these sessions.

At one of our annual meetings at Maranatha we received a special blessing. The Holy Spirit was present. Natives had come from the Fish River, Grahamstown and various areas of Kaffirland. The work had progressed slowly but surely. The little companies of believers were cheered as they saw many new faces.

The people were keenly interested in the study of God's Word and when a valuable Bible text was quoted, people marked their Bibles. A little piece of pencil would be passed around in order to mark the texts. When the text was marked it was seldom forgotten. The owner of the Bible could always tell at what occasion he had marked the text. He remembered the reason and the person who had presented the message. This shows how retentive these natives are.

Each morning we had early morning worship that often was conducted by one of the native workers. In this way they felt they had some of the responsibility of the meetings. I have often gone to see how they were getting on and to give my testimony along with theirs as to God's goodness to each of us. They would really exhort, pray and sing. They would then testify. Those were special times and God poured out to all a rich blessing.. Old Brother Moke would say that it was a shusu meeting that meant that it was a hot meeting -- hot with the Spirit of God.

We were having the last day of the feast and Elder White was taking the morning service. Somehow he felt impressed to have a testimony meeting of praise. Most of the believers expressed great joy and thankfulness for the privilege of being there and for the rich blessings they were receiving. They felt strengthened to go forth and do whatever they could for the Master.

One of the natives illustrated his experience this way. In Africa the paraffin tin is a very useful article for many uses. It is used for carrying water, cooking in and also is used as a heater. It is also used for many other different things too numerous to mention. This native said, "Well, before I came here I was like an empty gogoge (paraffin tin) and all I could do was to make noise. A gogoge is very useful when full of water to give a person a drink when he is thirsty. I have been just an empty noisy vessel and have not been able to give life but could only amuse just like an empty drum. Now my vessel is full. I can give of the water of life for I have been filled and there is no more noise. I have drunk deeply. My vessel is full and I can now be of real service for my Master who has been so kind to

me and filled me with His love. I do praise God for these meetings and these good times we have had together."

When returning from Maranatha after one of these gatherings we were going towards Debe Nek. We had traveled for some forty miles and were eager to find a place of shelter as we saw a heavy storm approaching over the mountains. The rain began to fall and the donkeys would go no farther. We pulled up to the side of the road and then out-spanned. We could see the storm going from the Southeast and could hear its roar. It was really awe inspiring. We noticed that the storm was about two miles wide and eight miles long. We just stopped in time. Had we gone another fifty yards, we would have been caught in a hail storm, many of the hailstones being as large as tea cups. Had we gone into the hail our donkeys may have been killed and the tent of our wagon would have been ruined. The next day we saw some of the damage that had been done. Trees were stripped of their leaves. Sheep, goats and pigs had been killed. Crops were destroyed and a native was very seriously injured. These storms do a lot of damage and sometimes come just as all the fruit trees are in blossom and thus will destroy the whole crop of fruit. If the storms come when the trees are all in fruit, they will just strip the trees. These storms are very discouraging to the farmers. Fortunately they are not a daily occurrence. At times these storms have struck towns and cities in South Africa and have done thousands of pounds of damage in just a very short time. There was one of these storms that was preceded by a very heavy wind. To those who saw it, it looked like a large inverted funnel. Behind this there was a heavy dust storm and just behind that there was a terrible hailstorm that left only desolation in its path. When the funnel part of the storm passed it cleared everything before it. In its path were three occupied native huts. These huts and the contents were destroyed and the people were never heard of again. This storm tore a stone farmhouse to pieces. It lifted a very heavy farm wagon and smashed it to pieces and scattered the remains for miles. This storm left a deep impression on the people in that part, especially when they heard that it had destroyed the huts and people in them.

The Xhosa and Fingo people enjoy a good service as do others. When it is time to celebrate the Lord's supper they really enter into the spirit of the service. As I have seen them enter into the service of humility and have seen how earnestly they participate with love and reverence, I have marveled. I realized how not long before these people had been rank heathen. What a change comes to a person as he is born again, not of corruptible things, but of incorruptible. God bless these native peoples is my prayer.

Miss V. Sutherland spent many years at Maranatha Mission as the teacher and Bible instructor. Many of the students date their Christian experience from the time they came under her influence. God can use our teachers as a powerful influence for good in His cause.

Chapter 43

New Work in the Transkei

In his chapter I would like to describe the section of the country we started working in. It is called the Transkeian Territories. It is the northeastern part of the Cape Province and is that part that had been set aside for a native settlement. With only a few exceptions very few farms are owned. Europeans are found only is a few small towns within the territories and on the trading stations that are scattered throughout. This territory has an area of about 18,750 square miles and it is bordered on the North by Natal. It is bordered on the East by the Indian Ocean and on the West by Basutoland, It is bordered on the South by the Kei River. This territory is divided into four sections known as the Transkei, Tembuland, Pondolandand Griqualand East. Tribes that live in this area are the Xhosa, Fingo, Pondo, Tembu, Hlubi, Baca and Pondomisi. The populations of the four divisions are as follows: Tembuland 225,087, Transkei 186,316, Pondoland 231,861, Griqualand East 249,038 for a total of almost one million people in this little part of the country. As far as our message is concerned this part of the country is one of the darkest in the whole of South Africa. Although these tribes speak different languages, they can all be reached with the Xhosa language and that is a great aid in reaching them.

At the East London location, (native settlement in a city) I met a bright, intelligent woman and her daughter. I had many Bible studies with her. She started to attend our church services in the location. She and her daughter accepted the whole truth. After they heard about the Sabbath they went back to their home in the Transkei. Not long after they left, I began to receive letters from them telling of interests that had sprung up and they requested they wanted someone to go there to teach them.

Mr. W. C. Tarr, the superintendent of the Maranatha, Mission felt that he would like a change of work. He decided that he would like to take up evangelistic work in the Transkei. It was not long before arrangements were made for his release from Maranatha. With an old cart that he had fixed up and with an old set of harness and a pair of somewhat inferior horses, he drove from Maranatha across country to the Transkei. It was his desire to save on any additional expenses for the Conference. His undertaking was no light one. They loaded the cart with what they thought they would need along the road. This included food, bedding and changes of clothes as well as food for the horses. He had only been in the Butterworth area for a short time when I went up to see him and to give him a helping hand. We had not been together long before we realized the extent of the work he faced. We decided to unite our efforts in this endeavor.

I returned to East London to finish my work there and in three weeks was back with Mr. Tarr. We worked hard, holding six and seven evening meetings each week. We took our magic lantern and other equipment with us. We were holding simultaneous meetings at several places that were from two to four miles from our center. Very often we did not

return until twelve or one o'clock at night. All this walking soon wore our boots out. We could not use the horses very much because they were in poor condition. They were so thin that they were skin and bones. We did need to use them at times for the heavy work we had to do. During this time we had no native help. The two of us would work together all over and in this way we were able to strengthen each other. It was a very happy day when Mr. Tarr could report his first convert. He said that he was so overjoyed that words failed to adequately express his feelings.

We found a few natives who were willing to meet with us on Sabbath. We would meet at Mr. Tarr's home in Butterworth. The few who came to these meetings filled us with hope.

We found that our Magic Lantern and slides proved to be very helpful in our work. In this way the truths presented impress the people both through the eye and the ear. With this equipment it was easy to hold the attention of large groups. We found we had some most bitter opposition we had to meet. The ministers told the natives that we had only come there to make them dissatisfied with their own churches and that when everyone was disturbed and discontented, we would leave them in a real mess. These ministers had a real hold on the people and we therefore kept on the lookout for a place that we could use as a church so that the people could see that we had come to stay.

The people used to meet in a large living hut. We went over there one Sunday and were invited to speak. The Lord was close to us and we were again asked to speak the next Sunday morning. The next Sunday we sent our native boy to bring the horses and we were busy preparing for the morning service. We checked the time and realized that we must hurry if we were to be in time for that Sunday morning meeting. The boy had not yet returned with the horses. We searched for almost two hours before we found them and then it was too late for the meeting. We felt that we should go and explain to the people what had happened. On arriving at the hut we noticed that the people were in a state of confusion. It seemed that things were not right. We greeted them kindly and told them how sorry we were that we had come so late. We told them what the reason was. Several of the people would not at first believe our story. We learned that the white minister had just left. He had heard that we were going to speak to them that Sunday morning. He had ridden over to stop us and make of us a public example. He told the natives that he would thrash us with his whip and was furious all the time that he was waiting for us when we did not turn up. He thought that someone had gone and warned us about him. We realized that the Lord had over ruled in this matter. Actually our horses were not far and we must have passed them two or three times as we searched for them. These natives after thinking things over realized how wonderful it was how God had helped us at that time. That minister never again tried to catch us, but he did try to damage our cause through the press. He discovered that this was his biggest mistake. Although he abused us, he could not stand against a thus saith the Lord.

We were visiting several miles from Butterworth. We came to a native house where several people were very interested in the Gospel Message we were presenting. We had held several meetings there and the Holy Spirit was working on hearts. An old woman attending the meetings was going blind. She could hardly see anything at the time. She was saddened at the thought that soon she would be totally blind. I made up for her a bottle of eye lotion made of salt and boracic of equal parts that was mixed with water. The old woman used a lot of tobacco. No doubt it was the tobacco that was causing her blindness. We told her that God could not hear our prayers for her if she continued to use tobacco. Natives are surprised to think that tobacco is harmful. We did pray for the woman and she gave up the use of tobacco. In just a few days she noticed a change for the better. She had her eyesight so far restored that she could now read her Bible with her glasses. To God be the glory for what He has done.

Our native servant amused us when he decided that he must be very clean. This was not always the case. We gave him a large piece of soap and he bought himself a cheap mirror that distorted the features somewhat. He was very proud of his mirror. We often saw him using it to admire himself. Several times each day he would look at himself in the mirror. When he washed he would wet his head all over and then rub the soap in which produced a white lather. He would then wash off all the soap and would repeat this process all over again which he did two or three times. He would repeat this for several days and would go through a lot of soap.

As I have said before, one of the chief arguments used against us was that we were some of those agitators who would come along and stir up things. This brought in much discontent with other churches and the ministers in particular. After undoing the work that had been done by the good old missionaries, they charged, we would just leave them in a real state of confusion. We realized that something needed to be done. We kept looking for a place to build a little church or for a suitable place where we could establish a mission station. We were working right in the midst of the native people.

Just before time for the East London camp meeting of 1917, we obtained an option to purchase a small farm that was just six miles from the outskirts of the town of Butterworth. When we presented a proposition to the committee, they gave it careful consideration. The farm was bought and we named it Bethel Mission. I feel that the Holy Spirit guided us in this work and that the Lord had His hand in keeping that place for us. This was the only available piece of land in the Transkei.

There are a few large rocks on the Bethel Mission. One of the large ones is where we would often go to seek the help and additional wisdom from the Lord. We are happy to have had a part with the naming of this mission.

Chapter 44

Early Baptisms

When we moved to Bethel Mission, we had a lot of work to do. We had to construct buildings. We had to get the farm lands into shape. We had to make fences, cut lumber and do a hundred and one other things that go to make up the routine mission life. One thing we did not and could not neglect was to visit those who were interest and those who had accepted the third angel's message. At this time we found a lot of evangelistic work to do. Even though we were very tired at times, we would pull ourselves together and would start off to our place or places of meetings. Most times when we returned home, we found that we were very much refreshed.

One Sunday Mr. Tarr and his native helper went out to the homes of natives whom he wanted to visit. After they had visited in several huts and had talked to those living there they found a very old man who was busy making a hoe handle. When he saw Mr. Tarr he was very frightened. He said he thought that this was the Coming of the Lord. Only very seldom was a white man seen visiting among the natives and that on a Sunday. Mr. Tarr spoke to him of the second coming of the Lord and how all need to be prepared for that great event. This conversation deeply impressed the old man. When Mr. Tarr was about to leave, the man said: "Wait a little." With that he went off into another hut and soon returned with a penny that he handed to Mr. Tarr. He then said, "The sermon was worth a penny." To those of us who know the natives, experiences such as these mean much.

We met an old native man named Nogwebela. He accepted the truth and was a very zealous individual. For years this man had been suffering with weak eyes. His life was very miserable. Some time before this, he had accepted the truth. He learned to love the truth and realized for himself that this was the only right way. The one thing that kept him back for a long time from taking his stand was that he loved his pipe and had used tobacco all his life. Finally by the grace of God, he took his stand and made a full surrender of his life. In just a few months his eyes became clear and strong and all he could say was, "Truly God is a merciful God."

Many problems faced us as we opened up the Bethel Mission Station. Native goats would keep getting into the garden and caused a lot of damage. Cattle would come in before we could get the place fenced in. Sometimes the transport wagons would stop on the road near the lands. The next thing we knew was that the oxen were in the lands too. If that was not enough, the native dogs would come around and eat the eggs. When we had some relief from them, crows would come and steal them. We had some wheat and oats growing beautifully. When these grains were in ear, hundreds and hundreds of birds would come and cause tremendous damage.

When it was time to plant the mealies, crows were there to take them out. When the mealies came into ear, the crows returned and took a heavy toil. In spite of these hardships, God blessed the work we were doing.

After Alec Benya, Mary was the next to accept the Sabbath. In our work in the Transkei, we were certainly hunters. We were always out there hunting for someone. It was a cold Sunday morning when Mr. Tarr went up a very steep hill some two miles from Butterworth. He came to a little native home. This was not a round hut but a square house with three rooms in it. On the outside was a fence of aloes that divided this land from the rest. Behind this fence or hedge in a sheltered spot from the cold wind, he saw a man with his face in his open Bible. He was fast asleep. When he woke and heard of our mission, he invited us into his house. They really drank in the truths and invited us to hold more meetings there. Mary was not long in making her decision. Her husband however, waited a long time before he joined his wife. Mary was a bundle of activity. She was soon working at giving to her relatives and friends all that she had. Her former minister became very angry at her. He called on her. After he did all he could to coax and to promise her, he told her that she must remember that she was the leader among the women and that if she gave them error instead of truth as she had been taught, she had a heavy responsibility that rested on her. Mary went through a hard time with that white minister who should have set her a better example. When he discovered he could not change her from her stand the threatened her. He said he would not allow her children to attend the public school any longer. His threats included her mother, sister and other relatives who had died and who had gone to heaven. He said that because God was angry with her for embracing heresy, they would lose all the joys of heaven and would be cast into hell. Mary had been taught from the Bible that the dead do not go to heaven and that they do not know anything. She could see that the man was telling her lies. As a result of this encounter, her faith and hope only grew stronger. This made her work harder as she endeavored to take the precious truths to her relatives.

She introduced us to her father and brothers and then to her sister Anna who was the leader of another church. The father was a very old man and we had the pleasure of working with him. He was born in Zululand. At the time of Dingaan’s Massacre of the Dutch pioneers he was a young man herding cattle. Later on he was captured by the Dutch and was made one of their slaves. He told us many experiences of those early years. What he enjoyed most though was to talk about his Saviour who had done so much for him. At the time we brought the truth to him, he was still able to read his Bible and could do a fair amount of work each day. He was not satisfied with just what we told him or what we read. He had to read it himself for a correct understanding. I remember well his words to me when I visited him for the last time. He said, “When the old missionaries came with the Bible and tried to show us the way to God, they lit fires in our countries. For years we have been sitting by the light of these fires and enjoyed their light. Now God has seen that the time has come when our eyes can stand stronger light. He sent you with such a bright light that all the light in which we sat has been swallowed up by the greater light. Now

when some old friend comes to lead me back to the old fire, I just repeat one or two passages of scripture and his light is swallowed up. I am so thankful to God for sending this light to me before I died."

The day of our first baptism was a very happy day. There were seven who were baptized that day. Among the candidates was an old man named Dambuza who we believe to be the oldest Sabbath keeper in South Africa. While he was waiting at the water's edge he said to me, "Now will the old man be washed clean." Our service was held on the banks of the little stream that forms one of the boundaries of the Bethel Mission Station. It was a very happy day for these, the first fruits of our work in the Transkei. We later had another baptism at Cebe a place close to the sea and thirty-five miles from the Mission. This was a wonderful witness to all the heathen natives in that area. Our work was growing and people were being snatched away from the powers of darkness.

It is easy to see how horrible heathenism is by this next experience. A man who had two wives and who lived near to where we were baptizing told us this very sad story. It seems that his two wives were visiting the hut of the elder and first wife when the husband came in. The younger wife said to the husband, "I would like you to come down and see my hut." With that the first wife became very angry and told the young wife to leave her husband alone and not to disturb him. This led to a fight. The husband ran out to call for help to separate the women. When he returned he found them sitting on either side of the hut. The old wife had her upper lip bitten off and the younger one had a piece of flesh bitten off her forehead. Some women came in and when they saw the woman with the lip that had been bitten off, they hurried for a needle and thread. They found the piece of lip and tried to sow it back on. Their needle broke in the upper part of the lip and while they were trying to get the broken needle out, a dog came in and ate the piece of lip that they had put down on the floor.

We had a red Kaffir girl who came to work for us who was named Nogarije. She was a good worker and when the Sabbath Services were being conducted, she would come in her red blanket. One Sabbath after the meeting, we noticed that this girl remained behind and we saw that she was crying. We asked what the matter was. She told us that she was being pricked by pins and needles. We learned she was being convicted by the Holy Spirit. She stayed with us and learned the full truth and was baptized along with several others. She joined the Bethel Church.

We had a good family tent that had a good fly and we decided to have some tent meetings. We took the tent and opened up the end and extended the fly out beyond it. This gave us a long tent. There were no side walls. We found that this tent worked very well and each night our tent was filled with listeners. When the weather got too cold, a man by the name of Jella who was the husband of Anna, Mary's sister invited us into his hut. This was a very large hut and we have had over one hundred sitting in it at one time. Several

from around those parts were converted. Anna and some of their children led out and were very happy in their new found faith. One of her daughters was a hunch back who enjoyed a rich Christian experience. She would lead out in prayer meetings. She prayed the most beautiful prayers.

Chapter 45

Training Workers and Pondoland

The gospel has a wonderful power on the hearts of those who allow it to do its work. Old Dandala Nkwambi was an old native whose son came to the mission to ask about our teachers. He invited us to his father's home. We went over and found this man to be the chief counselor to the great chief. He was a man well versed in the native law and customs. When any serious question came up, his words would be final. We held a meeting at his place and he told us not to get tired but to be sure to come again. We went several times there and soon had a little company of Sabbath keepers.

While his son was visiting us at the Mission, he learned that we did not eat swine's flesh, drink tea and coffee, use spices or drink strong drink. When he returned home, he told his people all that he saw and heard. On one of our visits to the kraal we were about to return home when the old man told us that they had some questions they wanted to ask. We went to the cattle kraal and sat outside in a sheltered spot. The cattle kraal plays an important part in the native life. After we sat there silent for a few minutes, several others gathered around us. Then it was that old Dandala spoke and said. "We like this truth you have brought to us for it is just as the Bible teaches. There are some things however, that we do not understand. The other missionaries eat pork, but I learn that you do not. Why is this?" We told him that God had never told man to eat pig and that it was an unclean animal. We read him several texts of scripture to prove our statements. he was pleased with our answer and said, "At one time before the white man came into Kaffirland, the natives did not eat pig or fish or many things that they do eat today. They have learned these from the white man." He then spoke about tea, coffee and strong drink. We gave to him our reasons for not using them and showed them that they were not food but that they stimulated and were therefore harmful. In the meantime the old man sat deeply thinking and smoking his pipe. It seems that he was weighing every word very carefully. "Well," he said, "I see that if I want to go to heaven I must leave off these things that I have learned to like, and I will leave them. I am an old man and there is little pleasure in this world to attract me. I, together with these sitting around are going to keep God's Commandments." Then as if a new thought had come to him he said, "What about smoking." I have smoked for over sixty years. I read a few portions of scripture and showed him that God called our bodies the temples of the Holy Spirit and that the temples should be kept clean. He that defiles this temple, him will God destroy. He calmly took his pipe out of his mouth. He handed it to me saying, "I have had my last smoke and I want God's temple to be clean, and now by the grace of God, I will be his child." When the heathen saw what the truth had done for this man and that he had gained the victory over tobacco, they called him a "man of men."

The gospel cleans not only a place but also cleans the body. There is real power in the word. We next passed through a very sad and trying experience. The flu epidemic

came sweeping through the country. It took a very heavy toll of lives. As we got up in the morning we would see some natives passing by who would tell us that in their kraal there were ten dead. It was an awful experience for there was so little we could do. The promise, “A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee,” was fulfilled for we were kept from all sickness. We thanked Him for His kind providential care to us. At this time most of the believers’ lives were spared.

We received applications from seven young men who wanted to train to be workers. These boy’s fathers were most anxious that their boys be of service in the Master’s cause. They made up our first class of students.

It is interesting that our first baptismal class numbered seven. The second class numbered seven and now the first class of boys numbered seven. In the training of these boys, we included field work for them to be involved in. Usually they attended Sabbath School and the church service. Then they would go out two by two to their designated places and would preach the sermon that they had heard at the Mission. These boys would often hold two services in the afternoon and this gave each boy an opportunity to speak. Each Sabbath w would go out with a different group of boys and saw how they were developing. It was not long before we had a church membership of over fifty. There were others scattered out some distance from the Mission. It was encouraging to see the young people bring in their tithe.

We were returning from Cebe after spending a few days there visiting with the little company. As we were late in starting our return journey, night overtook us while we were still a long way from home. We saw a kraal not far away to our left and went there to get some shelter. We asked permission of the natives there to out-span and they said we could. After getting everything prepared for the night, we asked the people if they would like for us to hold a meeting for them. They told us they were having a wedding and that we should go there as there would be a large crowd attending. It did not take us long to get the magic lantern and the screen together and we started off to the wedding that was about a mile away. Soon we had the screen up and quite a few people came to see what we were doing. We showed some native people and this attracted a lot more people. When a good crowd had gathered we showed some hymns and started to sing. Some men came along and started to make noise. These were red kaffirs and were somewhat the worse for they had been drinking Kaffir beer. I thought that we would be in for a rowdy meeting and so showed a picture of Christ our Saviour. I was surprised how quiet everything soon became. The men sat down and spoke quietly among themselves until the service started and they said the picture of the Saviour was wonderful. We had some good meetings with them and all wanted us to return and tell them more of the things we had told them.

Our work extended clear into Pondoland. Mr. A. P. Tarr, who had been laboring in that place had been called to Basutoland and we were given the oversight of all interests

there. When I first went to visit these people I was saddened to see so many empty huts. Some whole kraals were empty. The flu had gone through there. After we had worked for some time at a place about five miles from Umtata we had a baptismal class of six. These people seemed very earnest and developed into faithful followers.

I had been holding some meetings with them and was trying to get them established in the truth when I found that four were ready for baptism. We had held services there from nine until three o'clock and after that we started for the river. They told me that the water was about a mile away, but we did not reach it until it was almost dark. A group of people went with us and as we walked along, we sang songs. All were solemn as I took the candidates into the water. It was almost dark, but we were all happy. When the service was over it began to rain and I had to walk four miles in the dark through the water and slush. This experience ruined by boots. The soles came loose. Had it not been for the kindness of a shop keeper friend who say my predicament and supplied me with a pair of new boots on Sunday, I would have had to sit in my room the whole day until my train left for Butterworth.

The last time I went to Pondoland, I visited the paramount chief to obtain a site for one of our native workers to live so that he could work among the people. The chief received us very kindly and wanted to know all about our faith. I decided to stay there that night. The chief called in his council and asked me to speak to them and explain our peculiar tenets of faith.

When I asked the chief for a site for our native work, he asked the worker where he was born. It happened that he was one of the chief's subjects, but when the chief asked him for his pass, he did not have one. All natives must have passes and if the chief approved of a man moving into the country, he would take him to the Magistrate and have him register there. If a person does not have a pass, the chief can do nothing to help. The chief asked the worker why he did not have a pass. The chief told him that he was like the devil who goes around all over the country without a pass. This particular worker had been a teacher in Johannesburg for several years and had no need for a pass at that time. When he returned to Pondoland, he should have gotten a pass before leaving Johannesburg. I failed to get a place for him.

The next day when the people gathered for the chief, they formed a large half circle. The chief ordered that they bring me a seat to sit on. After we talked for a while to different individuals one of the men who sat next to the chief said that the chief's father and also his grandfather favored missionaries in the country and that they had done much to help them. He said that now missionaries had been in the country for many years teaching the Bible and that they had believe them. Now from us they were hearing that what these missionaries had taught was wrong. He asked why I kept Saturday for Sunday.

I thanked the chief and his people for giving me the opportunity to speak a few words to them to explain this question which no doubt they had been thinking about. After studying with them what the Bible taught, I asked them to let me have one of their native hymn books. They brought the book to me and in it I showed them three hymns that made the whole question clear when I explained things to them.

Among the group was a native minister who had spoken against me before I was called into the council. When he heard the truth from the Bible and from his hymn book, he did not know where to turn. I invited him to join the Lord's side and spoke very kindly to the people and told them that the Great God loved them. He wanted to save them all and that was why he had come to give them the true light. The chief was very happy with the meeting. He stood up when I had finished and went over to the kraal and soon returned with a man bringing a sheep. He said that his heart was white to me and that he wanted to give me a peace offering. He thanked me for the message I had brought and invited me to return. He wanted me to have a series of meetings for his people so that they could have a revival. The natives are calling for the message but we are so slow in reaching them.

The Transkei has very heavy storm. At times these storms do a great deal of damage. Many times gardens are flooded out.

I had to go to Cape Town and left the Mission early enough to catch the train. Two miles from Butterworth a storm came up and in just a little while the road was like a river. The rain continued for two hours and the train was late in arriving. We boarded the train and started off. When we reached the Kei heights, night had come and it was so dark we could not see five yards ahead of us. The lightning and thunder were frightening and the rain just kept pouring down. An hour later we were at the river and just as we neared the bridge, the storm broke out in renewed fury and the river had risen to the level of the bridge. The engine driver topped his train and backed away. Soon he decided that he should go over. That was a temporary bridge and had almost washed away once before. We crossed safely but ours was the last train to cross that bridge for soon afterwards it was washed away. A person often approaches danger but the angel of the Lord brings one through. That night was proof that God had his care for us and guided us safely over.

Chapter 46

The Work in Zululand

It may not be on the mountain's height,
Nor over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice he calls,
To paths I do not know,
I'll answer dear Lord with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go!

Perhaps today there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak,
There maybe now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
Oh Saviour if thou wilt be my guide
Tho rugged and dark the way,
My voice shall echo thy message sweet,
I'll go where you want me to go.

The work was now flourishing in the Transkei and the future was very promising. We had many calls from different places and our hands were full. We were very happy with our work But, but, but - - - there was another field that needed help and the Conference decided to ask me to go and to take charge of the work there.

The Zululand Field is a most beautiful part of the country. It has mountains, rivers, forests and hills. As it is semi-tropical there are quite a number of fruits that grow there and which are not found in the southern part of Africa. Natal and Zululand are known as the Garden Colony. Throughout the year somewhere you will find some green grass. Inland it may be dry and parched, but as one approaches the coast the hills and valleys are always green.

The Zulu Field took in that part of the country where the Zulu language is principally spoken. Zulu is used in Natal with it's more than seven hundred thousand natives and Zululand with its over two hundred thousand. It also is spoken in Swaziland with over ninety thousand and eight districts in the Eastern Transvaal with nearly two hundred thousand natives. These areas have a combined population of over one million and two hundred and fifty thousand of the finest Africans to be found in the continent.

Elder Armitage was the first missionary to pioneer the work in this field. He looked for a good location for a Mission Station over most of Zululand and a part of Natal. He found that he had come into this field rather late.

There are native reserves in Natal. Some of these reserves are very large while others are small. Natives settle on these reserves. There was a farm not far from two of these reserves. Many natives lived on all the farms in this area. The brethren studied this situation and decided to buy the farm.

Spion Kop was a very pretty farm that had a good river frontage. Part of the farm included a part of the Spion Kop Mountain. This farm had been the place where one of the biggest battles of the Anglo-Boer War had been fought. It was here that thousands of men lost their lives. As the Committee members looked over the farm, they saw how much of the soil was able to be plowed. They also saw an abundance of grass for grazing and also that it was only eighteen miles from Ladysmith and the railroad. They realized the potential of this site. It was not too far from town. Many other Mission Stations were farther from the railroad and they were drawing their students from all over the country. The farm was purchased and soon building and other improvements were started. They started a school and followed up the interests that had sprung up in a few places.

When it was decided to open up work among the Zulu people, the Sabbath Schools through the country were asked to donate their offerings to the purchase of the farm for a mission. I believe that this is the first mission that our Sabbath Schools helped to establish. The Sabbath Schools accumulated funds for this project and when the farm was found, there was a little money available.

The boys that Elder Armitage had taken with him from Matabeleland were a real help to him. These boys visited and taught in the outlying places and soon Elder Armitage had a small company of believers at Nyaliza and another at Louwsburg. He had a few scattered at Blood River and others at Elandslaagte besides those at the mission. These all formed chains of lights and pointed others to the source of all light. Some of these believers have had to suffer for the truth's sake. Their love for the truth made them look forward to the time when Jesus will come to set them free and give them a place in His kingdom.

Natives in South Africa have been taught to recognize a denomination by it's Mission Stations. A denomination without a mission station has no prestige no matter how good its teachings might be. The first question is, "Where is your home? Where do you live we want to come to visit you." What they mean is where is you Mission Station? We want to see how you live there. We want to hear from those living around you.

It means much to the message to have mission stations scattered about. These are real witnesses for the truth. At times when I was hundreds of miles from a mission station, I have heard from the natives about things that have happened at the Mission Station. Some times this has been only a few days after the event took place. We were happy to be

able to tell the natives about our own mission station, a place that was well known to the natives. In trying to get acquainted with the field it was not always easy to get to the places that I wanted to visit. With cattle disease, horse sickness and the bad roads, it was no easy matter to get around. At some seasons of the year, malaria fever is very severe in parts of this field. In such places, the workers have to be sent there during the winter season and then to return to the high veldt during the summer.

We started some work at Ermelo. Soon all the men from there wanted to join in carrying the truth to others. There was soon a baptismal class of twenty-five individuals. After we had carefully instructed them for several months, we baptized twenty-five. This company was organized into a church and they were a very happy little group of people.

Our work at the mission grew and the school began to be widely known. We had students come to the school from all parts for their education. While they were there, many gave their hearts to God. We visited Louwsburg and Nyaliza and we had some well attended meetings there for the people. Meetings were held near to Louwsburg.

There were two Sabbath keeping girls whose kraal was on the farm of a white farmer. The rule followed is that the natives living on the farms must supply a certain amount of labor each year. These girls were most eager to attend our meetings. They waited until the master was asleep and then dressed hurriedly and ran all the way. This was a distance of five miles and arrived just as we had closed the meeting for the night. We felt we could not let those poor girls leave disappointed. We had another service just for them and discovered that there were also others that stayed. These girls were very faithful to the truth. On one occasion they were found reading their Bible on Sabbath after they had finished their work. Their master was so angry that he took his sjambok (hippo hide whip) and thrashed both of them. The Bible was saved from destruction by one of the girls. On another occasion they were thrashed for not eating pork. The farmer had killed a pig and gave some of the entrails to these girls. Other natives would have taken them and thanked the giver, but these girls asked to be excused as they did not eat pork.

At Nyaliza there were some women who refused to make beer for their husbands. Although the husbands beat them, they remained firm to their resolution. When I met one husband, he said that if his fifth wife became a Christian he would not know what to do as he did not have any cattle to buy another wife. It seems as if when one of his wives became a Christian, she worked for the others until three out the five became Christians.

A little company at Nyaliza had been holding their services under a tree for many years. They were looking forward to the time when they would have their own little meeting place. Here I heard native women talking over a greater distance than I have ever heard anywhere else. One was talking from a mile away and I could not tell how far away the one was that she was talking to. I could only see tiny huts in the distance. I could not see the people and yet they were carrying on a conversation.

Some of the natives who worked on the farms found that when they began to keep the Sabbath they had a lot of trouble. Several families were driven off one farm because they refused to work on the seventh day of the week.

At Ngotshe that was near Louwsburg, the natives gave me a royal welcome. They had color washed the hut and made all sorts of designs on the walls inside the hut. They had decorated it wit a lot of flowers. At the time I wondered what I had gotten into. I soon learned that one of the men had married a mission girl and she had learned that white people enjoyed flowers. Soon they took me out to the fields and showed me a lot of pumpkins growing there. The man had gone through the field and had counted them. As he walked along as he came to the tenth pumpkin he would mark it. He told me that these were his tithe. He asked me what he should do with them when they were ripe. He told me that he would tithe his grain just when he had harvested it. It was gratifying to see these people trying to live the Christian life and to be faithful to their God. I went to see where they were getting their water and found a spring gushing out of a sandstone rock. They told me that the water was pure and cool in the summer and warm in the winter.

While I was working in Zululand flies and cockroaches troubled me a great deal. It was here that I saw more flies than I have anywhere else. These flies were both large and small. Some of these flies were so large that if they flew into your face it would actually hurt you. At one place as I was driving along I noticed a swarm of flies all around the horses. Sooner than it takes to write it, the horses were full of blood. Those flies just suck the blood out of any animal that they can find. I hurried away from that place just as quickly as my horses would take me.

One day I met a native playing a wind string instrument. The natives call it Ngwati. They take a stick and tie a long string to one end of it. At the other end they fasten a quill and fasten the other end of the quill to the other end of the stick. The string is pulled down tightly along the stick. The native places his mouth over the quill and forms a cup with his hands. He sucks in air over the quill and this produces a weird note. He also makes a note or two with his voice as he plays and enjoys this music. As the air passes over the quill it vibrates and makes a sound. This instrument really took some playing. I tried it once and I would recommend it as a fine exercise for the lungs.

A native minister was so happy with the new light he had received on the Bible that he decided to follow it. He handed me his credentials and told me that he could not preach any longer for his old church.

A person has many different experiences in the mission field. On one occasion in Zululand I had to baptize in a river that was two thousand feet below the place where the natives lived. There was only a small amount of water in the river as this was the dry season of the year. It was difficult to find a place where there was enough water for the baptism. After we had looked up and down the river for some time we did find a spot where the river was twenty feet long and was twelve feet wide. Water here was as clear as

crystal. The water that ran into this depression was very shallow. After it went through this depression, it continued on as a very shallow river. When we checked this depression we discovered that there were hundreds of large fish in it. As I took the candidates into the water, the fish all swam to the other side of the pool. The only individuals who could see the fish were the candidates and the minister.

We held a meeting at Louwsburg. The room where we met belonged to a native medicine man. This room was quite long but not very wide. There were forms on either side where the people would sit. These extended for almost the whole length of the room. Many different items hung on the side walls. These included garments, bridles, boots, hats, reims, saddles, leggings and other things. At the far end of the room there was a table that was loaded with bottles, tins and other containers that held the different medicines and drugs used by the medicine man. On the wall behind the table hung a colored picture of the head of Christ. Near it was a picture of the Virgin Mary. In a frame on a shelf there was a picture of Dinizulu, the Zulu king. In one corner was a shelf that was loaded with bottles of medicines. On the rest of the wall he had hung roots, bark and little heaps of things of various sorts. The door and window were at the end of the room. There was a seat behind the table for the speaker.

As the speaker spoke, he had to look over all the bottles on the table. We had a very good meeting. Members of other churches had looked down on the Sabbath Keepers because they did not have a minister to look after them. The other denominations were represented by their native leaders although they had not told their people to come. They wanted to find out for themselves what strange doctrines the white man had to bring to them. This was a good group of men and women. We even had six of our own people attending to help fill up the room that was now packed.

The speaker chose for his subject the conditions in the world. He told of the many diseases that plague both men and beast and also of the uselessness of the medicines when God would send his plagues upon the earth. You could see how the truth was going home to the hearts of these hearers. When the speaker closed, he used the words, “Prepare to meet thy God.”

I asked one of the evangelists to close the meeting with prayer and I will never forget his prayer. He said, “Oh, Lord, just like a nest of little birds lift up their little heads and open their beaks when the mother flies to the nest to feed them, so Lord we lift up our heads to Thee, and Thou hast tonight given us bread from heaven. Oh, Lord, may the bread make us strong for Thee.” As a rule when the native accepts Christianity, he means everything he does. One man learned that meat was not good for food. He then and there gave it up and has never used it since in spite of the fact that as a rule the natives are very fond of meat.

Chapter 46

Camp meetings, Chiefs and Baptisms

Our work at Spion Kop Mission developed and was soon widely known. Young people came to the mission from as far away as Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and other distant places. Christina, a young woman was one of our students. Although her father was a minister in another denomination she did not herself profess Christianity. She was a very worldly girl. It was not long before the sweet influence of a Christian School began to have its influence and she saw her lost condition. She was soon under conviction and saw her need of a Saviour. She was converted and then wrote her father and asked his permission to keep the Sabbath and to unite with us. His reply was very beautiful. “My child,” he said, “I have brought you up and cared for you. I have done what I could to help you to be a Christian. I have shown you all the light that I had on God’s Word. Now my child, if you have found a greater light and if you are sure that what you have seen is the truth and it can be proved by God’s Holy Word, then my child, I will not stand in your way. I will not stop you from accepting that new found light.” This woman rejoiced in the new found way. She in a company of thirty-seven were baptized in the beautiful Tugela River that was not far from the Mission Station. The results of the year’s work at the school made us all happy and there was a spirit of rejoicing among the native believers.

Our work grew and spread out so that soon we had small companies springing up in different parts of the field. We receive a call from the North Coast at Umlalazi in Zululand. A bright native evangelist who was a real earnest Christian accepted the Sabbath truth and with several others was baptized. At the same baptism, two Europeans were baptized. They all made up one happy band of Christians.

A small company of seven had been keeping the Sabbath and had been paying their tithes for some time at Warmbaths in the District of Carolina. After they had been carefully instructed they requested baptism. Following the baptism, we celebrated the Lord’s Supper. During this service there were some good Dutch brethren present. It was good for us to see how the Holy Spirit came in during the ordinance of humility and to realize that there was no color line there. When Jesus comes into the heart all are one in Christ Jesus. Every individual whether he is white or black when brought to the point of having to decide what he will do, must decide for himself. It is wonderful to see how bravely they do stand up when they have to pass through trials and tests.

In our field we had a man who had to stand firm for the truth. He had been coming to our meetings and the native evangelist had been explaining to him about the different points of our faith. He soon saw the importance of keeping the seventh day Sabbath as is taught as the Word of God. He carefully considered the matter. He then went to his master who was a baker. He told the master that he would have to leave his service for he could not continue to break God’s Holy Law. The master thought a lot of this native. He was

pleased and satisfied with his work. He did not know how he could get on without his help. For this bakery, Saturday was a very busy day. The master tried in all possible ways to entice him to continue with his work. He even offered to increase his wages by 33%. Our man said that he was sorry but that he would have to leave. He could not work on the Sabbath any longer. It did not matter how much money he was offered. What he wanted to know was that he was doing the right thing and was obeying God. He stepped out in blind faith. He did not know what he was going to do for a living. He did not let this worry him, but felt that in it all, his first duty was to God. God loves for His children to trust Him and it gives Him glory to have His children trust Him wholly.

Pastor White felt that it would be a good thing for us to have a little camp meeting for the natives of the Zululand Field. He wanted us to bring into one place as many of the believers as possible. Mr. W. Birkenstock kindly invited us to hold the meetings on his farm at Hlobane. We put up two living tents. The one was to be used by the women and the other by the men. Our attendance was not large but they all enjoyed the studies. Pastor White carried the burden of these meetings. Mr. Stockil, the superintendent of the Zulu Mission helped as well. This is how the meetings were planned.

Rising Bell	*6.00 a.m.*
Breakfast	*8.15 a.m.*
Bible Study (first session)	*9.30 a.m.*
Bible Study (second session)	*11.00 a.m.*
Dinner	*1.30 p.m.*
Bible Study (third session)	*3.00 p.m.*
Bible Study (fourth session)	*4.15 p.m.*
Evening Public Meeting	*7.30 p.m.*

Mr. Birkenstock let us use his farm for these meetings. We had cleaned it up nicely and had a number of pictures from the Sabbath School Picture Roll that we hung up around the walls. At times it was so cold in the barn that we all went out into the sunshine at a sheltered side of the building.

The chickens liked to lay their eggs in the barn. They found many boxes there for their nests. When we took over, the chickens did not like it and resented our intrusion to their domain. One old hen seemed to have settled this question in her mind about our right to be there. Often when we were in the midst of a Bible Study she would come out with a loud cackle and no matter how often we would drive her away, she would return. She was really persistent.

We opened up work in Pietermaritzburg, the Capital of Natal. Soon our work was moving along nicely. We kept busy holding Bible Readings and we had several individuals who were interested. Not long after we had a few who began walking in the light of God’s commandments. The light spread out to Edendale in one direction and towards Greytown in the other. So many calls came in that we did not know what to do to answer them. One

lady I met told me that she would be happy to return to England. In two months she had two boys work for her. The first boy she taught how to light a fire in the stove. Almost every time he would make the same mistake and light the fire in the ash pan. Another thing that he did was to whiten the whole of the kitchen floor. She had a square where the stove stood made white. This boy thought that he would improve matters for her. Then the other boy had to polish the lino of the hall floor with floor polish. He put it on so thick that the people in the house would find their feet sticking every time they walked along the hall.

Leduna, a paramount chief was taken very ill and suffered a great deal of pain. His chief counselors came to console him. As they sat around inside the hut they kept quiet. When the chief groaned or made a noise, then they all groaned. It was very weird and uncanny. They think a lot of their chiefs. Wherever the chief goes, he always has followers. The number who follow depends on his rank. When he stops they call him all sorts of pet names and titles such as elephant, lion, tiger, lord and if he talks to any of his people, they will immediately respond by calling him some high meaning title.

I went to a chief's wedding and the bridegroom sat next to me while the girl's bridal parties were dancing in front of him. He knew a few words of English and said, "Married, wife, this is my eighth wife." As the visitors would arrive, they passed by him at a distance and almost double themselves up in passing him.

When this chief died soon after his last wedding, there was awful wailing from all parts of the location. For many miles the people came. They cried and wailed. It was an experience to be long remembered. This poor man, although he was very friendly to me, would not allow any one to preach to his people. He had been turned away from preachers because some of them, instead of being as wise as serpents and harmless as doves, preached fire and brimstone to him. They told him that he was going to hell because he made Kaffir beer. He thought that all preachers were like that and he told me that he was not going to be insulted by any more of them.

Hundreds of people gathered for the funeral. They put the body in a black coffin. They dug a grave some seven feet deep and after they buried him they covered the grave with bushes to keep the evil spirits away. When a native is buried, the relatives put all of the dead man's belongings in the grave with him. They kill a beast before they start to dig a grave. They prepare the meat by cutting it up for roasting. When the grave is closed, the people eat the meat and then leave.

A man at Dundee bought a copy of the book Thoughts on Daniel and Revelation. He had very little education and yet he took that book and read it through very carefully. Whenever he came to a word that he did not understand, he would look it up in a dictionary or perhaps inquire about it from others who had more education than he did. As he read his eyes were open to the truth of the Sabbath. He saw that Sunday was not the Sabbath of the Lord. He began to keep the Sabbath. Not only did he keep the Sabbath but he told others and soon others were meeting with him each Sabbath to worship. He held

meetings with them and I will not forget the day we met at the riverbank for their baptism. This was a nice group of believers who were happy. Before going into the water I had a little service with the candidates. I noticed two with earrings. I told them that when a person gave his heart to the Lord, he would leave off everything that belonged to the world such as smoking, drinking and the wearing of jewelry. When the two good sisters heard this and realized what a Christian should be, they took those earrings off and threw them into the river. While they were doing this I noticed some of the others busy with their arms, legs and necks. I was surprised to see what a lot of stuff was collected. They gave me their bracelets, necklaces etc. When I asked them if they regretted having to part with their trinkets, they said that they did not want to be classed with the heathen as they were now God's children.

Kaboni who lived twelve miles from New Castle taught a large school there. This man became a reader of the South African Sentinel. Month after month he would read the paper as it came to him and while he read, he drank in all the truths that were presented. He first accepted the second coming of Christ. Then he accepted the doctrine of the condition of man in death. Later on he saw the light of the true Sabbath. Soon he became interested in the Sabbath truth and had a company of twelve to join him. These later on along with some at New Castle were organized into a church.

Natives have wonderful retentive minds. At one time I was talking to a large gathering of natives. At first they were all listening carefully. Then the chief began to give orders and I thought that he was not paying attention to me. I realized I should not stop as the custom is to go on even if everyone is talking. Several times the chief attended to different ones who seemed to need his attention. I was afraid that the busy man had gotten very little of what I had said. When I had finished, I sat down. The chief spoke to his counselors for about two minutes and then spoke to his people. He said, "You have heard what this stranger has said." He then went over the whole discourse almost word for word. He took the leading thoughts and enlarged and dwelt on them. I was surprised to hear my subject presented in such a clear way. When he finished, he thanked me for all I had said and told me to come again. I have heard a sermon that was preached at the Bethel Mission Chapel repeated by the students in the kraals the following Sabbath and they lost nothing of the message.

Chapter 48

Swaziland and a Dangerous Accident

The world is very evil
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The judge is at the gate:
The judge that comes in mercy,
The judge that comes in might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Before opening the work in Swaziland, I made a trip down into one part of the country by bicycle. Hlubi, our Swazi worker came with us. Part of this country is mountainous and is very hard to travel in. The rest is lowlands or Bushveldt and is very hot all year round. In most of the country where irrigation is possible one can reap two crops of mealies each year. Part of the country is very beautiful. Were it not for the prevalence of fever it would be a good country to live in. Malaria is prevalent in most of this country and many white families suffer each year from it. Natives there die by the hundreds.

Tropical fruit grows in many parts. There are many beautiful flowers. At the home of a Hollander we found that he had many grape bearing vines. He had a garden of flowers and many fruit trees. One problem that the people who grow fruit and vegetables have is that they do lack good markets. In this land missionaries from several different denominations have carried on work. Many of them have been successful. This goes to show that the Swazi is susceptible to the influence of Christianity. Quite a few Christian natives met their death at Mahamba. They were taken out to the top of the Mahamba Mountain and by order of the king were killed. When they saw the soldiers coming towards them, they realized that there would be no escape and so they knelt down together and died in prayer.

When I first went there I had a very interesting but embarrassing trip. I had stayed at the homes of some of the white people. Some of them were very poor and their living conditions were such that I preferred to sleep outside on the grass. I used my rain coat as a covering. At one place I stopped to visit, I found that the owners were all away from home. The house was a little two roomed cottage with enough space in the one room for a double bed but nothing else. Tobacco leaves hung down from the ceiling to within three feet of the floor. The other room was half full of mealie cobs that had not yet been shelled. The only way into the house was through a broken window. I met the farmer the next day. He had been on a trip to sell his tobacco. He was happy to see me and wanted me to start mission work on his place. There were hundreds of natives around there and they were anxious to have a school. This man gave me about five acres of land for building purposes.

He encouraged me to open up work there. They showed us a footpath over the mountain that they told us would cut off several miles. From where we were it seemed to be easy enough. We decided to take it. What a road! We had to carry our bicycles for miles and in some places, we almost doubted whether we could go on. Since that time I decided never again to attempt it with a bicycle. I would rather walk around that mountain with all its problems than to attempt that path again.

When we started our work at Mahamba on the Western side of the country near the railroad, the road from the station was fairly good for some distance into the country. There are three or four main roads that enter the country. I have used two of them and realize that a car could be used to advantage. In our work we have used bicycles, horses, donkeys and mule coaches.

We found these natives very much like the Zulu, but they had a distinct dialect of their own. They understood Zulu, but when they talked we noticed that they did not use Z. I soon found out that they loved to fight. When there is plenty of beer around there is almost sure to be a fight. Often in these fights some people are hurt and even killed.

It appears that the Swazi like the other Bantu peoples try to get as many wives as is possible. This is a problem that the missionary faces.

We met a native who was reported to be the tallest man in Swaziland. He was just seven feet tall. He was well built and had a wonderful staying power. He used to be sent by the chief to the royal kraal, a distance of eighty miles and on the morning of the third day, he would return. He was very proud of his family and showed me his seven wives and most of his children. His neighbors were all very proud of him.

The chief at Mahamba said that he was happy that we had come to his part of the country because we came with an open Bible. The other missionaries would read a text and tell what a lot they knew. With us we let the Bible speak for itself so that they heard the Bible talking and explain its own meaning. He promised to give us a site for a school. Although it usually takes a little time to get such a favor, he fulfilled his promise and gave us a very nice site. This chief dressed himself up in all his dancing finery and had some of his children dress in the best so that I could see what they looked like. This chief was a man six feet two inches tall and had very broad shoulders. He looked to be in the prime of life and I just longed to have him become a Christian. As I visited among the people they would call me, ‘Isabata.’ This word means Sabbath. I was the man with the Sabbath. We had some good times at Mahamba and I would like to tell some of these experiences.

A native minister saw the Prophetic Chart hanging up and he asked me what the meaning of all the pictures was. When he heard that the beast represented the papacy and that most of the denominations were following the footsteps of the papacy by keeping her laws, he was invited to choose the way of God and to follow the Bible only. He said that he could not because the prophecy must be fulfilled in the world among the people. He must continue his teaching of error that God’s word could be fulfilled. This man had a

brother who was a minister and the two of them would come to the meetings. When the minister brother heard the cutting words of the scripture, he could not sit still. He said that he felt as he was sitting on needles all the time and this made him feel quite hot. One man left his work so that he could attend services on the Sabbath day. When the service was over, he returned to his work in the garden. Somehow he felt very guilty and told me that he had never had such an experience before. He did not feel this way even when he had worked on Sunday. Surely the Spirit of God works on the hearts of men, drawing them to God.

A young man by the name of Tshabalala who was an evangelist of another denomination was considered the best Bible student among all their workers. He was a bright young man and loved the Word of God. He met Hlubi, our evangelist and it was not long before they had a Bible study together. Tshabalala was surprised to find out that he did not really know anything. He decided to visit one of our white missionaries. In the visit they discussed things and he felt like a chicken that was wet with rain. He had no idea that the Bible was such a wonderful book. He went home, sold all that he had and went to Spion Kop Zulu Mission and began a study of the Bible. He is now an evangelist and there are not many who can trip him up on any Bible subject. He loves his Bible and loves his God. He is not happy unless he is telling others of the good things God has done for him in giving him the light of the Bible. With this young man's conversion there was awakened an interest down into the Bushvelt or lowlands of the country across the Usutu River and not far from the Portuguese Border.

Chief Tengenyana had heard that Tshabalala was a good teacher and so he sent for him to open up a school at his kraal. I sent down two men to tell the chief about the Sabbath truth. After he heard the explanation, he began keeping the Sabbath immediately. Later on we sent down James Moya and his family. They worked there and soon reported seven persons who had begun to keep the Sabbath. Moya had only been there for a few months when I went down with Mr. Patchett and Hlubi to study the situation carefully to see what could be done to strengthen the work. We had a most interesting time, but it was one that almost ended fatally. We took the train to Moolman Siding and expected to see Hlubi there with horses. We had taken along saddles and bridles and also a few other things. When we arrived there were no horses waiting for us. We had twenty miles to go to our first stop. We found a man who was going that way with his donkey wagon and we arranged with him to take our luggage. We traveled with the wagon for about twelve miles. Then the man was going to stop for the night. We decided to continue on by ourselves. We walked on expecting that we would see the horses coming by at any time. We did not have that luck.

We finally reached Hlubi's home at midnight and were soon taken care of for the night. The saddles finally arrived about twelve the next day and we were not able to get away until after two P. M. For the first few miles we went along just fine. We hoped to reach Hlatikulu that evening. Six miles down the road my horse gave in. The native horses

that we had hired were not up to much. Now I had to walk and pull my horse along as well. He got worse and worse and finally I had to drag him along up the mountain. We reached Hlatikulu in the wee hours of the morning very worn and tired out. We took the saddles off our horses and let them go and we used the saddles as pillows and lay down under some trees. The next day I was able to get another horse and we continued on our journey. We planned to reach our destination that night. While traveling, the rain began to fall and we had to put up at a kraal a few miles from the river. We loosened our horses and went into a new hut that was placed at our disposal. This hut was far from being finished. It started to rain and the rain really came in. We covered ourselves with our raincoats as well as we could and then lay down to sleep. We had not been asleep long before the water found its way through some places in the roof and we were almost flooded out. We tried to shift to a little spot where it was dry.

The next day it rained and I was not feeling well. I let the other two go out to look for the horses. They looked for them for hours but could not find them. They continued looking for them the best part of that day. We went to bed without finding them. The next morning early we all went out to hunt for the horses and in a short time we found them not far away from where we had slept. Soon we were on the road again and it took us more than an hour to reach the Usutu River. On the banks of this river near where we had to cross there is a hot spring. At certain seasons of the year many Europeans camp there to benefit from the hot spring water. We tasted the water but it had a very nasty taste. It tasted like sulfur. It is a very hot spring and a person cannot keep his hand in it.

When we reached the river, I noticed that it was rising slowly and the water was very dirty. There was just a little drift on the water that showed that heavy rains had fallen up stream.

This river is a very dangerous one to cross for those who do not know it. In it one finds quick sand as well as crocodiles. Hlubi had been across it once and he thought he knew the way. He went on ahead on his horse and I followed him with Mr. Patchett behind me. Hlubi was forty or fifty yards ahead of me and Mr. Patchett was twenty or thirty yards behind me. We were moving along carefully when all of a sudden I saw Hlubi’s horse go down and Hlubi went down with him. He got up and went on. When I got to the same place I knew that the problem was a rock. I turned left to go around it. The water was getting deeper and swifter as we went into the stream. I had gone about ten yards past the place where Hlubi had gone down when all of a sudden, my horse reared up and fell over backwards into the water. He had come onto some rocks in the river and had tried to get over them and they had caused the accident. I had to loosen my stirrups while I was still under water. My horse could not recover himself and I was hampered by a long raincoat I was wearing. I got away from the horse and rose to the surface. I then caught my horse by the tail as he was floundering about. Finally he found a footing for himself and I ran to his head to quiet him down. I looked down the river to see how far we had drifted towards a reef of rocks. I knew that this is where crocodiles lurked. Imagine my surprise when I saw

my helmet floating down the stream. I felt the loss of my helmet keenly. I took my raincoat off and threw it over the saddle and tied it with the stirrup straps. While doing this I heard a voice calling for help. It was Mr. Patchett. His horse was afraid. I walked back and led my horse and then took the bridle of each horse, one in each hand and led the horses across. For a portion of the way I could walk and for the rest of the way the horses swam. We reached the other side safely soon after Hlubi got there. I was very wet. The sun shone out from the clouds and I soon had all my things hanging about to dry. When the clothes were dry enough to put on, we continued our journey and reached the chief's kraal in the afternoon.

We met the people and held some services with those who had decided to obey all of God's commandments. The next day, the chief took me over to a nice site that he had chosen for the school building that he was going to have built. He had also chosen a site for a teacher's cottage. He had also had a spot chosen for the teacher's garden.

When we got back to the river we crossed on a small bridge. We learned that about twenty miles up the river, the Government was having a bridge put across to cross at all times even when the river was flooded. Where we crossed our horses had to swim across and we nearly lost one. He could not get up the bank when he reached it as it was too steep at that spot. We tried taking him farther down. We had to give him three hours rest before we could go on. That night we slept in a little church where Tshabalala had been working. Other than this our return trip was uneventful.

At a later time I had to return to this area. I received word that the worker and his wife were very sick with malaria fever. Their little son had died. There was no one to help them. Many of the natives were ill and many had died that year. I hurried to Mahamba and secured a small donkey wagon and went down. My own health was very poor at this time. I should not have made the trip. However, there was no one else to send. I arrived there safely. Our worker, James Moya, his wife and child and needed things were put on the wagon and we started on the return journey. It was raining for part of the way back and this made it very hard for all of us. We did not have the protection from the elements we should have had. We had only a little open wagon. I went on with them as far as Hlatikulu and there I realized that I was not needed any longer with them. I took the post cart for Piet Retief.

I will never forget that journey. There were only the two of us in the post cart, the native driver and me. We drove though part of the night while the driver slept most of the time. The mules would often stop to sleep. The driver would wake up startled. He would shout to the mules to get them trotting and then he would sleep again. This kept up until we reached Mahamba at two in the morning. I could not find any place where I could sleep. It was cold and wet. I lay don on a sack on a cement verandah of a store until five when fresh mules were brought along for the post cart. A new driver took the whip and we were off to Piet Retief and finally I arrived there in time to catch the train to Ladysmith.

Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary, Light of the Glad;
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

Chapter 48

Final Labors

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Reclining on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm.

My health broke and I had to take things easy. However, when I saw the great harvest field and how much there was still to be done, I could not sit idle all the time.

During 1923 I was able to look after some interests not far from Pietermaritzburg and had some good times with those who were interested.

The little company at Umlalazi was strengthened by several additions to their number. Although they were having very hard times, they were firm and true to God and the message. There was a lot of starvation in the land. Then the minister of a nearby mission was giving them a lot of trouble.

I had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Taba and her daughter-in-law at Groutville. This sister is the widow of the first translator at old Solusi. She has been faithful all these years.

There was a little company some forty miles from Albert Falls who had been calling for help for many months. I decided to visit them. The only way to get there was for me to hire a motor car. There was a colored man at Albert Falls who had a car and was willing to take us over to the edge of the top of the mountain. We arrived at the mountain edge late in the afternoon. Just a few hundred yards from where we had to leave the car we arrived at the house of a native evangelist who offered to put us up for the night.

This is a very difficult part of Zululand. We had to climb down the very steep side of a mountain. On the sides of these mountains, the natives had leveled out places where they built their huts. They would also cultivate these mountain sides. They had good crops when the rains came in season. I had to go down some two thousand five hundred feet to visit some of these people. At times I had to hold on to the grass to keep from slipping. While on this trip a native told me of his Christian Experience that I would like to relate.

This man had been a heathen for several years during his early life. During this time, he was at his kraal. He then went away to look for work and found some with a traveler who wanted a driver and someone to care for his mules. It was while on these trips that he became interested in religion. At that time he did not join any church. Later after returning to his home he considered religion very seriously. He attended some religious services that were being held in the valley and soon he identified himself with the Christians there.

This man was a very heavy smoker and just loved his pipe. No one had ever told him that it was not good to use tobacco. He told me that he was thinking of what Christ

had done for him and what He wanted to do for all. While he was thinking he was smoking. He was in deep thought when he heard a voice as plain as if someone were in the room with him and the voice said, “Give up your tobacco.” He looked around but saw no one. He felt at the time and still believes that it was the Holy Spirit who spoke to him. He took his pipe out of his mount and smashed it and then took all his tobacco and destroyed it.

It is wonderful how some of these poor people are brought to a knowledge of God’s will. Some find it one way and others in another way.

I was conducting worship in a farmer’s home. The little native boy in the kitchen heard me reading. He could not understand what was read or said, but he knew I was reading God’s Word. He did not want to make a noise and yet he also wanted to hear all that he could even though he could not understand it. He wanted to be in the family of God. He crept in quietly and slowly and sat just inside the door. No wonder the Saviour said, “Suffer the little children to come to me.” We have found that the children we have brought into our mission schools have been staunch members of the church. The children want to be in the family of God’s love.

It does one a lot of good to see the joy and happiness that the little scattered companies have when they have a visiting minister. It is encouraging to listen to their experiences and their testimonies that surely have the true ring of freedom. Perhaps they are not as well acquainted with the ‘want columns,’ but they do bear testimony of God’s great love to them. They show plainly that they are living witnesses of God’s faithful dealings with them. Let us return to my experience down the mountain side.

Before we started down, I looked to my left and saw that to be the beginning of the valley. To my right the valley widened out as it neared the sea. As we looked down into the valley, we could see a beautiful shining river. On either side of the valley we could see the native kraals dotted here and there on the sides of the mountains. It really was a pretty sight. It was so easy to see and study the beauties of nature there. Finally we reached the home of the leader of the little company. This was about five hundred feet from the river. The road down was very steep.

This man was an evangelist. He was related to the chief. After we were introduced to the people we felt that we should pay our respects to the chief and make some points of our faith plain to him. We wanted him to have a clear understanding about what we were doing there. This chief was afraid that there was going to be trouble. He thought that the whole movement was just some Kaffir movement. When he saw that there were white men behind the program and that they had charge of the work, this chief was well pleased. After a good visit with him, we returned up the side of the mountain to the native leader’s home. We had a good service there and all seemed to really enjoy it.

After we had eaten a meal that the good people had prepared for me, we started up the mountain because it was getting late. I again slept at the little home of the native

evangelist and enjoyed a good night's rest. Next morning we started out early and it was wonderful how that car took us along. At times we were in the mud up to the axle and then we went through stretches of deep sand. We did use a lot of gasoline, but we arrived at the station in good time to catch the train which would take us home.

Before we organized the native church at Pietermaritzburg we did a lot of visiting. We wanted to personally see whether the various Sabbath Keepers were in harmony with each other. I had learned from experience that it is best to be very careful with the nucleus of a native church. They will be either the power for good or else will just die out. We had some meetings at Edendale and found nine who understood the principles of the truth and were waiting for baptism. Some of these had been keeping the Sabbath for over two years. They had been faithful and true all of that time. We had a good meeting in the little meeting place. After the candidates had been carefully examined, we all went to the river and while walking down to the river, we sang hymns. This was a really beautiful sight. There were many friends and visitors to witness the baptism. God was close to us through the Holy Spirit and the whole service left a deep impression on that congregation. Many went away believing that those who had been baptized were truly following the teachings of the Bible.

November 17, 1923, was a high day for the company of believers of both Edendale and Pietermaritzburg. They had been waiting for a long time to organize. Several had been waiting to be baptized. We held a service at the meeting place at Mountain Rise. After that, some walked while others were driven in a native motor car to Chase Valley where those who were waiting to be baptized were taken into the water and buried with their Lord in newness of life.

After this baptism, we organized the church and at the Natal-Transvaal Conference Session that took place on the 11th day of December 1923, this little company was received into the sisterhood of churches.

On December 28, 1928, I boarded the good ship, Edinburgh Castle for England and arrived in England on January 21 after being away for forty-five years.

I spent only six weeks in England seeking medical help. I found that the doctors did not all agree on what should be done. Some advised one thing and others something else. I took the advice of two doctor friends and returned to South Africa. Although my health has been poor at times, I have been able to do a little. I look forward to still having a part in the finishing of the great work of giving the last message to a dying world.

NOTE TO THE READER

Some may ask why another book should be placed on the market. I can only answer as follows.

First: When a man or woman chooses a life work, they become interested in that work and all that can be gathered relating to it is of greatest interest. Every available source of information is eagerly sought after.

Second: Many like to know what one sees and hears and notices when they start on their life work. In a new country, there is so much to see that is strange and often one can learn from other people's experiences.

Third: It is so good to learn how the gospel does its work. It is good to see how the Holy Spirit works on the lives and then to see people respond. When one has been sowing seed for years and is then able to see some harvest, this certainly fills one's soul with songs of praise to God.

If these reminiscences will interest the reader, if they will prove to him that there is power in the blood, if they will fill him with a desire to see more done and if they will help him to use the means that God has entrusted to his care to help advance this Gospel to the regions beyond, I will then feel that this book has not been

I. Barry Burton (1873-1928)

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