Blood Brother of the Swazis

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Blood Brother of the Swazis

The Life Story of

DAVID HYND

M.A., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., D.T.M. & H., C.B.E.

by

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PREFACE

I accepted the commission to write a biography of Dr. David Hynd, C.B.E., because I thought I possessed a very high appreciation of him. My research, however, has convinced me that this has been altogether inadequate. His greatness and goodness have become more and more apparent, fully justifying a colleague's evaluation of him as being one of the outstanding missionaries of this century.

In spite of my endeavors to be realistic and honest in my portrayal of him, I am afraid that I will have disappointed my friends who share Cromwell's passion to have warts and all included in the picture. A critical appraisal of my source material has revealed no warts that I can display. Rather has it but demonstrated how aptly Shakespeare's description "a very parfit gentil knight" can be applied to my friend.

Inevitably the limelight has fallen upon David Hynd, so that it may seem to some that full justice has not been given to his fellow missionaries, especially his devoted and talented wife, Kanema Sharpe Hynd. Dr. Hynd would be the most insistent that the fullest recognition and credit be given to their contribution to the magnificent record of service herein recorded. I can only plead that the limitations of space and purpose made it impossible to make fuller reference to the not inconsiderable part they played in his achievements.

Normally I would have offered this book as a tribute to the noble band of missionaries whose sterling qualities are exemplified in Dr. David Hynd. In view of the recent death of my wife, Emily Frame, however, I am taking the privilege of dedicating it to her. Never called to the mission field, she nevertheless exhibited in her life the

same devotion, sacrifice, and Christlikeness that shine forth in these pages. So in remembrance of Emily, sweetheart in life, companion in service, and inspiration in memory, I dedicate this volume.

GEORGE FRAME

CONTENTS

Chapter One

"TAND'ABANTU"

The doctor took off his white coat, rolled up his shirt sleeve, and, drawing up a chair to the side of the cot, he sat down, saying, "Go ahead, Sister."

Quickly, deftly, the needle was inserted into his outstretched arm. When the syringe was filled with his blood he took it into his hand and, gently bending over the little patient, gave her an intramuscular injection to counteract the scurvy that was attacking her.

As Doctor Hynd left the ward, Sister Rennie's eyes looked down with compassion upon the tiny black mite, then filled with admiration as they followed the tall figure crossing to another building.

For the little patient was an unwanted Swazi babe; the blood donor was her chief—a university prize man, brilliant surgeon, and the medical superintendent of the Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Bremersdorp. On a number of similar occasions she had seen him give his blood to save one of Swaziland's little ones.

One Saturday morning the scattered natives living along the trail that led from the Black Umbuluzi River up into the middle range of hills of Swaziland saw a strange cavalcade consisting of two riders accompanied by a native on foot. The two mounted men presented anything but a Zane Grey picture of riders born to the saddle, who seemed to be part of the horses they rode. The two mission station hacks were far from being Black Beauty's; utility, rather than style and classic build, was stamped all over them. The riders rode heroically rather than joyously. If the white man lacked the carefree,

graceful posture of the experienced horseman, he had the determination and purpose of a man who was on an urgent mission and would use any means and endure any hardship to accomplish it.

Dr. Hynd was riding. Some hours before, Joseph had come panting up to his house, having run the ten miles that lay between his outstation and Bremersdorp, to tell the doctor of a native who had been badly burned. Accompanying the evangelist back to his station, he found a heathen man waiting to guide him to the kraal. He had to leave his car at Joseph's place; and for hours with Peter, his interpreter, he had been riding over the bushveld and now was climbing up into the hills, where native dwellings were even more distant from one another.

On one of the bleakest stretches of the trail another native came bounding and shouting down the hillside to meet them. Their guide had provided a striking enough contrast. He had a mop of untrained and unruly hair; necklaces and bracelets stood out against his black skin, and only the compulsory piece of cloth that hung like a short skirt from the waist to the knees covered his nakedness; the customary small animal's skin formed a girdle and dangled in front of him. As he ran, sometimes in front and then behind as the horses broke into a gallop, his spear had seemed to come dangerously near to them as he waved it to emphasize or make clear some instruction. But the newcomer looked even more grotesque and fearsome; for hanging about his body were charms and bones of every kind, and the eyes that stared out of the contorted face were those of a demon-inspired soul. The missionary doctor and witch doctor had met on a Swazi hillside. While later meetings were to develop into tense conflicts in which the power of God challenged that of witchcraft, this first meeting was something of an anticlimax. The witch doctor did not identify the doctor as a missionary and had actually stopped

him to beg for money, the prevailing famine having seriously interfered with his income.

Up, up, they rode until Dr. Hynd began to wonder if there was anything sinister in the summons. But finally their guide pointed to three or four dome-shaped huts clinging to a bare hillside. Two women met them: one the grandmother and the other the sister of the victim, who, they explained, was an epileptic. He had gone to a beer drink in a neighboring kraal, and some hours later they had been startled by him running blindly down the path screaming in agony. He had fallen into the fire.

When the doctor asked where he was, they pointed to what appeared to be a heap covered with a filthy blanket. On removing the blanket even he, trained to look at gruesome sights, was appalled at what he saw. The poor boy was burned from his waist up; flesh and skin were roasted, and his face was swollen to twice its normal size. It was unaccountable that he was alive. After doing all that he could to relieve his sufferings, the doctor began the homeward ride as darkness was beginning to fall. That night he slept on the cow-dung floor of Joseph's little church. Up in the early hours of Sunday morning, he set out to get home in time for the Sunday morning service, after having had prayers with the evangelist and his family.

Strange though it may seem, it was Saturday morning again when another native came running up to the house on the hilltop to call for help. On this occasion the doctor was able to reach the nearby kraal by car, to discover that a youth was critically ill with peritonitis. At the time he had no facilities for performing the operation that would save his life. Without a moment's hesitation the doctor decided to drive the 350 miles to the hospital in Johannesburg.

At 4:30 p.m. that afternoon the car, with Dr. Hynd at the wheel, Peter sitting in the front beside him, and the heathen mother supporting her son as best she could in the back seat, drew out on to the trail that was an apology for a road and began to bump and sway its way on its mission of mercy. With only a two-and-a-half-hours break during the night, Johannesburg was reached at 5:00 p.m. on Sunday; and by 8:00 p.m. the boy was safely through his operation. After a few hours' rest in a fellow missionary's home, the doctor was on his way back home early on Monday morning. Dawn had hardly given birth to Tuesday before he was crossing the Swazi hills on horseback en route to a native evangelists' conference.

The scene shifts back to the hospital compound at Bremersdorp. A man is sitting on the ground doing absolutely nothing, although he has a saw in his hand and wood for cutting before him. Dr. Hynd, passing by, stops and speaks to the idler; then, taking off his white coat, sits down beside him. Taking the other end of the saw in his hand, he talks away to the man until slowly the saw begins to move. The sullen look gives place to a smile that spreads as the movement of the saw increases until it is rhythmically swishing through the logs.

Some time before, this man's leg had had to be amputated by the doctor. The loss of his limb, however, had been like opening the floodgates that let the native dread of illness come sweeping into his mind. He was paralyzed by the fear that he would never be able to live a normal life again. To help him the doctor promised to get him a wooden leg if he would make some contribution towards its cost. On his eager and grateful agreement it had been arranged that he should be paid for sawing some wood for the hospital. But when he sat down to begin

the job all the old fears had revived, and even hunger and the withholding of food had proved ineffective in getting him to commence. Then the doctor intervened, and his personal interest helped the man to break through the immobilizing phobia. No modern rehabilitation center has had a more successful restoration to normal living than that which took place on that African compound with no apparatus for occupational therapy at hand. For the man not only continued at that particular job until he had completed his payment but he remained as a workman for another year.

The primitive mode of life that the Swazis continue to follow in spite of the fact that white settlers have been in their country for more than a hundred years would deceive one into thinking that they are a dull and stupid people. But beneath the tribal customs and ways that seem so barbarous and incongruous against the background of an invading civilization there is a keen and lively native wit and intelligence. Nowhere is this shown more clearly than in the facility with which they judge people and aptly express their judgment in names that are devastatingly accurate in their characterization.

Their apparent immunity to European culture (for in the white communities of Mbabane and Bremersdorp heathen practices persist in living alongside the white man's way of life) does not mean that they are insensible to or incapable of appreciating any service rendered. Thus, with penetrating insight and illuminating evaluation, they have given to Dr. Hynd the native name of *Tand'abantu,* which in Zulu means "the man who loves the people."

With inscrutable eyes they have seen a bare hilltop at Bremersdorp become a hospital and develop into a Christian community. With immobile faces they have observed the *dokotela* introduce to Swaziland the first

ambulance, X-ray unit, and school for training native nurses. With wondering minds they have watched their sick and lame and blind find healing at his hands. To their amazement they have discovered that, no matter how busy he might be or what urgent administrative tasks clamored for his attention, he would always take time to sit down with them and discuss their personal needs and problems as if they were the most important matters in the world. Their genius for analyzing character has enabled them to discern that only a great love for them could inspire and sustain Dr. Hynd's effective and all-embracing service; so that today he is known as *Tand'abantu* throughout the Swazi nation from King Sobhuza II down to humble Maria Mhlongo.

Maria was afraid. This was not an exceptional thing in a country where superstition and the witch doctor still held undisputed sway in the majority of minds. But Maria was a fear-ridden woman with a difference. You saw the difference immediately you looked at her clothes and her home. A neat print frock took the place of the cowhide skirt, the native insignia for a married woman. A well-kept garden led to an oblong hut with windows draped with curtains, and its clean and tidy interior had some simple furniture in it.

Christ in her life explained this difference in her that made her home and herself stand out in bold relief to the surrounding heathen environment. He had also delivered her from the tyranny and terrors of witchcraft. Nevertheless she lived in dread that she was going to be a childless wife, the greatest tragedy in a Swazi woman's life.

Then help and hope came to her through the mission hospital, and from a grateful heart she wrote the following letter to *Tand'abantu.*

"Dr. Hynd," it reads, "in the first place I thank God who called you for this Hospital work here in Africa.

I feel I cannot express sufficiently how much I praise God for the three healthy babies he has given me through the help of Sister's and native nurses.

"I know it was not easy for me to give birth to these babies, but through the power of God who gave you wisdom to know what to do for poor women you have saved my life and have made things easy for me. Oh! I know that there is a wonderful wish in my heart which I cannot fulfill but God will richly bless you all. My English is not up to date but I hope Doctor will understand what I am trying to say. Thank you for all you have treated me like your own child. May the Lord bless you abundantly. Thank you. I am yours faithfully. Maria Gladys Mhlongo."

King Sobhuza II provides both a compromise and a comparison between civilization and heathendom. The royal car will glide to a stop to let him step out clad only in a loincloth; but on other occasions he will appear in faultless Western clothes. He has been educated in South Africa, but he has something like seventy wives and nearly two hundred children.

His claim to be Paramount Chief is based partly on heredity and partly on his supposed possession of magical powers such as rain making. He is, therefore, committed to a policy of fostering and practicing the heathen tribal rites upon which these latter claims depend. His promulgation of certain of these rites that have conflicted with the convictions of our Swazi Christians has made it necessary for Dr. Hynd to support their position. This has not kept the royal family from acclaiming him as *Tand'abantu.* The Queen-Mother, a very important person in the Swazi state, claims him as a personal friend.

The proximity of the royal kraal to the hospital—it is only seven miles away—has been instrumental in bringing Sobhuza's family into close contact with the doctor's work. He is accepted as being the physician to

the king's household. A special room is reserved for the royal patients. The hospital files contain the following letter from the king.

"Dr. Hynd, I learn that a communication from you has been sent to me advising that I can now fetch the Inkosikazi which note I regret has not been received by me. I am sending the car to bring her home. I shall not fail to come and express my congratulations in person for the wonderful success you have been crowned with by the Lord. (Sgd.) Sobhuza II."

When Dr. Hynd took his son, Dr. Samuel Hynd, to be introduced to the king on his return to Swaziland as a medical missionary, Sobhuza cordially welcomed them into his office. He evidenced and expressed great delight and pleasure that Samuel had returned "home" to share in his father's work. He went on to discuss with them some of the critical political problems that confront the Swazi people and spoke to them as if they were vitally and intimately bound up with their interests.

The interview closed with the two missionaries and the Swazi king kneeling on the floor while *Tand'abantu* prayed for his salvation and divine help for the nation.

Giving blood to an African babe, ministering to the epileptic and dying youth, sitting down beside a fear-paralyzed native do not make the same exciting reading as the exploits of pioneer missionaries who have blazed a trail through virgin forests and faced death from cannibals and savages. But if they are not in the same category of adventure as Livingstone's trek across an unexplored continent, his is a record of service that ranks equally high in the annals of missionary history; for the painful and grueling ride for an inexperienced rider to a forsaken native's kraal, and the twenty-four hours' nerve-racking drive along torturous roads with a patient threatening to die on one's hands at any moment, called for

the same passionate love for Christ and consuming compassion for the needy African as inspired the great missionary explorer's efforts. It marks David Hynd as one of Swaziland's greatest benefactors and one of the outstanding missionaries of today.

Chapter Two

THE HYND SAGA

Press gangs were hated by the liberty-loving Scots of the eighteenth century. These parties of sailors, sent out under an officer with power to force into service any suitable man they came across, created alarm and opposition wherever they went. A whole countryside would combine to help their youth escape from them. Young men who would have instantly followed the Fiery Cross, summoning them to fight for prince, church, or liberty, used every strategy to avoid this detested form of compulsory service.

The approach of one of these press gangs to Auchtermuchty towards the end of the century rudely shattered the uneventful and peaceful life of Farmer John Hynd and his family. The Hynd boys fled from home, and found sanctuary in neighboring towns and in countries across the sea. Thus began the migration that today sees the great-great-grandson of John Hynd, Dr. David Hynd, C.B.E., in Bremersdorp, Swaziland, South Africa.

One of the sons went to nearby Dunfermline and as an engineer played a pioneer's part in bringing the railways to Scotland. His son David ran away to sea, but soon tired of the roving life of a sailor and set up his home in Perth. He became a sawmiller and had a large family of seventeen children.

Perth is famous in Scottish history and literature. Standing on the banks of the Silver Tay, the charm of the Highlands and the Lowlands meet and blend in it, to make it one of the loveliest towns in Scotland. In its streets and buildings, redolent of its ancient and historic

past, Sir Walter Scott found inspiration for his famous story *The Fair Maid of Perth.* Hence, in settling in Perth, David, the sailor, gives our story its beginning in the birthplace of romance and adventure.

In the scenes where Scott's blacksmith hero sought and fought for the hand of his heroine, the glover's daughter, Samuel, one of the sawmiller's sons, wooed and won Margaret Hutton, the fair maid of Perth of the Hynd saga.

Marriage led to the greater romance of the new birth. Samuel was gloriously converted shortly after the wedding. Margaret, brought up in the Presbyterian discipline of the Church of Scotland, did not at first take too kindly to her husband's new brand of religion. It was not long, however, before the young husband and wife were rejoicing in a common experience of salvation. They became members of the Congregational church, but gradually their allegiance and service became centered in the Railway Mission, of which Samuel became secretary.

A few years later they got caught up in the holiness revival that came to Perth through the visit of Reader Harris, K.C. This brilliant orator and lawyer, on being marvelously delivered from infidelity, became a flaming, dynamic evangelist of full salvation. The meetings that began in the home of the Episcopal rector who had invited him in the first instance, grew in numbers until two thousand people crowded into the tent on the banks of the Tay for the summer holiness conventions.

Religion was set on fire in ultraconservative Perth. Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and others were fused together in the cleansing flame of Pentecost. Their convention services echoed with shouts of victory; their prayer meetings were freighted with power. They were a militant band who carried the good news of their new-found liberty and power into the open air. The

streets that had once rung with the war cries of clashing clans and factions now resounded with the jubilant songs of Zion.

Marching in the front ranks of these shock troops of holiness was Samuel Hynd, tall and dignified, rich in gifts and graces, a born leader of men. Inspired and supported by his wife, he took a leading part in establishing and maintaining a permanent holiness witness in Perth.

Margaret made her home in Leonard Street, her mission field. David was born there on October 25, 1895; Catherine, a sister, had preceded him in 1892; his brother John arrived three years later; and the last of the family, Grace, was born in 1908 after the family had left Perth.

Mother Hynd, like every mother with such superior qualities, became the mistress and maker of a truly great and gracious home. Her overflowing love transformed into a haven of happiness the typical Scottish working-class house, austere in architecture, limited in accommodation, and lacking everything conducive to social amenities. The family life under her guiding spirit became a kind of co-operative society with every child doing his or her share of housework. Each day commenced with the family altar, when the Scripture was read and all were committed to God in prayer. From it her children sallied forth with the greatest heritage in life, the memory of a praying mother and her transparent, radiant, and saintly life.

Like every true mother she had no favorite. Each of her children she considered as a sacred trust from God. But David called for special attention. He was not too strong in his early boyhood days, and it was her devotion and care that nursed and nurtured him to robust health.

Sharing his grandfather's love of railways and engineering, Samuel had joined the staff of the Caledonian Railway, becoming a locomotive engineer or, as his fellow workmen would call him, an engine driver. His integrity

and ability gained for him the honor of driving the royal train on a number of occasions, with the King and Queen as passengers. In 1908 he was promoted to locomotive superintendent and transferred to Carstairs Junction, a railway center about thirty miles south of Glasgow, Scotland.

The writer's grandfather was an engine driver in Carstairs Junction at this time and served under the new superintendent. While visiting the village recently, I asked some of the residents if they remembered the Hynds.

"Aye," was the reply. "He was a gey guid boss. They were guid folk but queer. They were ow'er religious."

This was their way of saying in the vernacular: "Yes. He was a very good boss. They were good people but queer. They were overreligious."

Queer? Samuel and Margaret Hynd would certainly appear to be to villagers whose only place of worship was the parish Church of Scotland and whose religion was strictly confined to attendance at the Sunday morning service; for they carried the revival fires with them, and no opportunity was lost to witness. Every Sunday afternoon found the two of them taking their stand in some street to proclaim the saving power of their glorious Redeemer.

Chapter Three

SAINTS ARE NUISANCES

Holy John of Perth stepped out of a deathbed in Perth Infirmary to join the holiness band headed by Samuel Hynd. He described himself as an "old sweat"—or soldier with forty-two convictions against him in the army for drunkenness. His old life had caught up with him in another bout of delirium tremens, in which he was half crazy and dying.

A lady visitor from Sandes Soldiers' Home came to his bedside and told him about what Jesus Christ could do for him. He immediately believed and was instantaneously and miraculously transformed.

The next day while reading the New Testament that she had given him, he came across James 5:15, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick." God had saved him the day before, so God would surely heal him now in answer to prayer again. His prayer for healing was immediately followed by a request to the startled staff for his clothes, as God had healed him. With the doctor's warning that he was going out to his death ringing in his ears, John Thatcher walked out to live for thirty years as a radiant Christian and successful soul winner.

He was the most lovable, effervescent, and unpredictable character that I have ever met. A walk downtown with John was an adventure or an ordeal according to one's temperament. A casual meeting with the parish priest or minister not infrequently ended with the startled cleric being pulled to his knees on the pavement while John fervently prayed for his salvation. A crowd of any kind was a challenge and opportunity for him to pro-

claim the wonders of the Christ he loved so passionately. The joy in his heart was liable to spill over at any time and in any place and find expression in a shout or a dance. He was the most unorthodox member of this unique band of saints.

John found himself in such company as Grannie Rutherford. Grannie, who lived to be over ninety years of age, was beloved throughout the holiness movement in Scotland. The remembrance that the old prayer-warrior was upholding us before the throne has put new strength and courage into us when, as young preachers, we were in difficult moments.

Past generations in Scotland would have credited her with "second sight." The New Testament name for her undoubted gift is "spiritual discernment."

"He doesna' witness to me," would be the old saint's only comment on some visiting preacher or layman. Invariably her judgment would be confirmed by experience, although at the time the rest of the congregation would be favorably impressed with the visitor.

A stranger came into one of the week-night services and introduced himself as a member of another holiness congregation. His request for help to reach a dying sister in England gained sympathy with the congregation. Grannie startled the man and confused the meeting by standing up and declaring she "didna' believe a word o' it. The deil's in his ee'." Hastily the preacher tried to discountenance the charge that the devil was in the visitor's eye, and an offering was taken to help him on his way. But a few days later word came through that he was an impostor who had actually robbed the church of which he spoke.

Charlie Hunter, a sanctified Irishman, every bit as individualistic as John and Grannie, tells how while he was visiting her she asked him to read a certain chapter in the Bible to her. Finding it rather lengthy, he had

the temerity to say before he had finished it, "That's enough, I'm tired of reading."

"Tired o' reading God's Word," Grannie exploded, "and ye ca' yoursel' sanctified? Shame on ye, man. Shame on ye."

Charlie had met his match. He finished the chapter.

David and John, the sons of Samuel and Margaret, and their bosom chum Willie Young were unwilling fellow travelers with these queer folks. They did not overestimate the value of their privilege of having saints as their companions. The incorrigible trio were little concerned about their sins and not overworried about the world to come. Hiking, cycling, photography, and other hobbies crowded out every other interest. To this pagan state of mind of the unconverted boy, a saint is a "strange guy." So that if the ways of the boys proved to be troublesome to the saints at times, the ways of the saints were equally a nuisance to healthy boys.

When we hear that David would sometimes stubbornly refuse to read his portion of scripture or pray in family prayers, it is not difficult to understand what his reactions would be in meetings of which he was an unwilling participant.

The holiness folks in Perth made the conversion of their children a serious business. Grannie had afternoon prayer meetings in her house for the children. Her saintly sister, Miss McLaurin, had a Bible class for them in her humble home. Hugh Clark, whose two daughters Betty and Agnes are now missionary nurses in Swaziland, had children's services every Thursday evening in the Railway Mission.

Attendance at these gatherings was a must for David, John, and Willie. On rare occasions some spark of interest in the proceedings would be generated. But more often than not, like all services they were regarded as unpleasant interruptions of hobby or pastime.

John Thatcher, however, was the big bad wolf in their minds. John was a believer in the theory that the end justified the means, and every means was legitimate that would bring a soul to Christ. So very often at the close of an evangelistic service the three chums would find themselves making their way to the place of prayer at the altar rail, under John's masculine persuasion. Of course John's methods were criticized, and the sincerity of the boys questioned, but the critics were confounded when on one of these visits David struck fire.

The transfer to Carstairs Junction appeared to David and John to be a heaven-sent deliverance from the over-zealous interest of their friends in their spiritual welfare. The only snag was that their chum Willie was left behind to endure it stoically without their support. But to their parents it was like going into a spiritual wilderness.

As a boy I was deeply impressed with the difference between Sunday in my city home and the Sabbath in my grandparents' home in the Junction, as the villagers called it.

On Saturday night all secular literature was locked away, as many of the next day's household duties carried out as possible, and as much of personal hygiene performed as was consistent with cleanliness, so that the Sabbath was indeed a day of rest. We rather dreaded the long hours of inactivity, only broken into by the walk to and from the morning service, and the decorous stroll in the afternoon under the eagle eye and iron discipline of my grandfather. The day always closed with every member of the household gathering around the big family Bible for evening prayers.

But I was also left with the impression that religion so conspicuous on the Sunday seemed to be safely put away with the best clothes until the next Sunday.

As a religious discipline it gave to my countrymen of past generations a native strength of character and rugged natural nobility; but to Father and Mother Hynd, stepping out of the red-hot atmosphere of a holiness revival, it lacked the grace and glory of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The coldness and formality of its worship and the absence of any message of personal salvation was a challenge that they immediately accepted. To the embarrassment of their children they set about bringing to their neighbors the story of the wondrous love of Christ that filled so great a part of their lives. Perhaps some of the fights that David got entangled in arose out of slighting remarks made by schoolmates about the queer conduct of his parents in preaching among the rows of railway workers' houses every Sunday afternoon.

David, with his brother and sisters, had now more time and greater opportunities for developing other youthful interests. The large garden of the old schoolhouse which was their new home encouraged him to become a keen and practical gardening enthusiast. During the summer months he joined in the healthy village sports that so profitably took the place of modern ready-made amusements. Tall and athletic in build, his natural choice was the "high jump"; and he became reasonably proficient in "throwing the hammer," a typical Scottish exercise. The long winter evenings gave him the chance of revealing his latent musical ability, and he taught himself to play the English concertina.

Looking back upon those days he says: "While at Carstairs, I had opportunities of enjoying open-air country life in that beautiful part of the lowlands of Scotland, which developed in me a love of nature and a knowledge of rural conditions which I would not have missed for anything."

Vacations were spent in Perth. The city on the Tay not only had its appeal as the home town, but the holiness

people there with their joy and liberty had become very attractive to David and John, when seen against the background of the cold, formal religion that flourished in the Junction. In this new perspective, old acquaintances lost their quaintness and unpleasantness and assumed the qualities of real friends; and their kindly, enthusiastic interest became something to be grateful for. Even Holy John came to be revered; for, true to his reputation, he again got hold of David on one of these visits and this time confounded his critics by being instrumental in getting him genuinely saved. But we had better let David tell about it in his own words.

"My conversion was at the age of twelve years. It was while on a visit back to Perth that my stubborn will yielded to God and I was born again in a meeting held by the Railway Mission in the Good Templar Hall, South Methven Street. On returning to Carstairs Junction it was a real test to my courage to have to join my parents in their lone witness in the open air each Sunday and bear witness before my schoolmates. God helped me to do it, and from that point I did not turn back.

"On a subsequent visit to Perth during a special mission being conducted by the Reverend Charles Stalker, a Quaker holiness evangelist from the U.S.A., I entered into the experience of entire sanctification. The unfolding of God's plan for my life after that was by a constant sequence of events, in which I always sought to find and do the will of God."

David, the boy, had become an adolescent and a Christian. The "all-rounder" was appearing, the missionary was in the making.

Chapter Four

A LAD OF PARTS

There was a scream, a splash, and terrified boys stared down into the sea where one of their playmates struggled in vain to keep from sinking. An unkempt youngster dashed up, poised for an instant on the quay-side, then went plunging down into the waves. Surfacing alongside the drowning lad, he kept him afloat until help arrived that lifted him to safety. The urchin then slunk away, unnoticed and unthanked.

Somewhere in the archives of heaven there is a record kept of how the worst boy and most incorrigible youngster that Elgin had known for generations saved a life for missionary service. For the boy he rescued lived to become Commissioner Allister Smith, who blazed the trail for the Salvation Army in Zululand, making a place for himself on the Honor Roll of the pioneer missionaries of Africa.

By way of contrast, David Hynd would maintain that in the same record there is a minute of how the best girl in town played her part in helping him to become a missionary to the Dark Continent.

In spite of being born a daughter of the manse, Agnes Kanema Sharpe found life to be full of adventure and excitement from the very beginning. One morning in 1893 she had kicked and cried her way into the family of Rev. and Mrs. George Sharpe, pastors of the Methodist Episcopal church in De Peyster, New York State.

In the memory medley of those early days certain scenes take prominence in her mind. There are the crowded congregations of revival times in the churches.

There is a vague remembrance of a strange scene, when her father and mother were the first to kneel in prayer at the altar rail after a tall, dignified Salvation Army officer had preached.

Then there was the day when Father, Mother, Sister, and herself boarded the train in Chateaugay and the crowd wept as they waved good-by; and the subsequent crossing of the Atlantic and landing in Scotland.

Another night looms large in her mind when Father and Mother came home late from church. Mother had been weeping; Father's eyes were sad. In answer to his three daughters' questionings he told them that he no longer had a church in which to preach. But she also remembers the thrill of the following Sunday morning when, instead of going to the stately church in Westmuir Street, they climbed the stairs to a small hall in Great Eastern Road where, with eighty friends from the old congregation, they worshiped in a way that brought heaven down to earth.

The experiences that had woven this mental tapestry sprung from the sacrifice and heroism of her parents. The Reverend and Mrs. George Sharpe had been twice-born in Scotland but emigrated to America, where they were married. In the course of a most successful ministry they entered into what Wesley has termed "the second blessing properly so called."

Accompanying this experience of being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire came the call and opportunity for them to return to Scotland and there become the pioneers of scriptural holiness. At considerable sacrifice they went to Ardrossan; then to Parkhead, Glasgow, where, after a glorious fifteen months' pastorate, Mr. Sharpe was voted out for preaching full salvation. This led to the formation of the first organized holiness congregation in Scotland, which became the mother church of the Church of the Nazarene in Britain.

Glasgow, which had thus become Nema's home, is the second largest city in Britain. Its most enthusiastic admirer has also to concede that for physical appearance it takes second place only to Edinburgh, the capital and Athens of Scotland. Romance and beauty are hard to find amidst the clamorous roar of its traffic and machinery or under the shadows of its towering cranes and chimneys or in its crowded streets and tenements. Yet the Glasgow of grim buildings brooding under skies gray with cloud and smoke is a warmhearted city that lays hold on all who are privileged to discover its true spirit. So, around the world and across the seven seas, you find its citizens who proudly claim, "I belong to Glasgow and Glasgow belongs to me."

In this cosmopolitan, throbbing, industrial heart of Scotland and in a home that was vibrant with the spiritual adventure of founding a new denomination, Nema grew up into a presentable and pleasant lass. In a church that was locally called Sharpe's Kirk—because her father was founder, builder, and minister—and that was crowded out with people who flocked to hear this dynamic preacher; in services that, because of their spontaneity, responsiveness, happiness, and power were different from any others in the city, she was converted and sanctified in 1909.

Having inherited some of the artistic skill and temperament of her mother, art was her first choice for a career and she was a student in the Glasgow School of Art for two years (1911-12). But the call to service could not be denied, and the opening of a Bible school by her father in 1914 presented a challenge to prepare to become a lecturer in it; so she enrolled that year in Glasgow University.

In the cloisters and quadrangles of the university that overlooks the city from its commanding site on Gilmorehill, she found romance in the person of David

Hynd. She had seen the tall, shy young man in some of her father's services, but the opportunity was now provided for this acquaintanceship to mature and ripen into courtship. Under the benign eye of the Muse of Wisdom the "lad o' pairts" fell in love with the parson's daughter. In her quest for knowledge, Nema gained not only her M.A. but her MAN and, with him, a new vocation and a destiny.

The "lad o' pairts" has always been a feature of Scottish university life, as the vernacular calls the youth of humble means who, through hard work and intellectual ability, distinguishes himself. David Livingstone is a typical example who, although laboring in a mill at ten years of age, by working and studying eighteen hours a day gained admission to Anderson Medical College and went on to win international recognition and honor. While David Hynd did not have to face such stringent circumstances or arrive at his alma mater on foot carrying on his back his food for the whole session in the form of a sack of oatmeal, as so many of his compatriots had done in the earlier centuries of its 500 years of history, nevertheless he qualifies for inclusion in this fraternity of some of Scotland's noblest sons.

His father's promotion had not materially changed the family's position as members of the artisan class; so David matriculated in Glasgow University in October, 1913, with the knowledge that he would have no easy task before him. But his five years of high school at Lanark Grammar School revealed that he had inherited from his worthy ancestors a high I.Q. He gained the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire prize for the best final year student. He encountered more difficulties than he ever imagined; but his diligence and determination, previously interpreted by his family as stubbornness or dourness, enabled him to carry on and carve out a

scholastic career undreamed of in the beginning. Before this final triumph there were summer vacations spent working hard as a gardener's laborer, a streetcar conductor, a railway porter, and two years during the war making munitions in Beardmore's Parkhead Forge and five months' service in the army.

The years 1918-19 proved to be as momentous in his life as they were in the history of Western civilization. On January 2, 1918, he was married to his varsity sweetheart, in the Parkhead Church; her father, Rev. George Sharpe, officiating. The cessation of war in November, 1918, opening up the way for an early resumption of studies, with the responsibilities that marriage had brought, now made the choice of a career of paramount and urgent importance. His own description will give us insight about this very important period in his life.

"Since conversion I had always been very conscious of a deep concern to know and to do the Lord's will for my life and this included the matter of occupation or sphere of service. The question of a career was always much in my thoughts, but the decisions seemed to lie between the Indian Civil Service, the teaching profession and the ministry.

"At the close of the war and just before I was demobilized from the British Army, the need of a medical missionary for Swaziland, a British protectorate in South Africa, was brought to my notice and presented to me a challenge. It was a new thought to me and a difficult decision to make because it would mean a long course of study at Glasgow University and there was now the added responsibility of a family. After some weeks of deep thought and earnest prayer, Mrs. Hynd and I accepted what we felt very definitely was God's challenge to us; and knowing it as His will for us, we set ourselves the long and arduous task of equipping our-

selves for medical service with the Church of the Nazarene in Africa.

"As we read of the conditions in Africa that revealed the great spiritual and physical needs of her peoples, the clarity of our call was intensified, and made it easier for us to hold to it in the face of many financial struggles and alluring offers, especially towards the end of our years of preparation."

With characteristic zeal, determination, and ability he set about the task of equipping himself for his life's vocation. Immediately on being demobilized from the army in January, 1919, he resumed his studies in Glasgow University. We ordinary mortals found it a strenuous task to keep up with the curriculum for the arts degree. But before he had completed this work he commenced in April, 1919, two other courses in science and medicine; so that for one term he was actually taking work for degrees in the three faculties of arts, science, and medicine, and for two whole sessions combining the two in science and medicine. This achievement was made all the more meritorious by the fact that in the course of this very heavy schedule of study he gained the prize on two occasions for being the best medical student of the year, and finally graduated in July, 1924, with first-class honors in medicine. When he left the university with these distinctions and the four degrees —Master of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Medicine, and Bachelor of Churgery (Surgery)—it was evident that Africa was gaining a missionary of exceptional character and rare intellectual ability.

It was during these strenuous, important years of 1921-25 that the author was brought into personal contact with the Hynds. I can well remember being taken up, on the afternoon of the Sunday after my conversion on October 13, 1921, to the upper room in the mother church and finding myself a member of a group of sev-

enty intelligent and happy youngsters around my own age of eighteen. But the most vivid memory is of the leader, David Hynd; for all through his heavy university work he continued as the active chairman of this Bible class and an enthusiastic worker in every activity of the church.

Youth never thinks of its associates as being brilliant; but, in modern parlance, we wholeheartedly and unanimously voted him to be absolutely tops. There was nothing aggressive in his personality nor flamboyant in his leadership. He was quiet and subdued both on and off the platform, but he succeeded in gaining and retaining our appreciation and admiration. We knew him to be our friend, but we never felt disposed to be familiar with him. He belonged to us and yet he was above us, the hallmark of a born leader of men.

The Reverend J. B. Maclagan, now superintendent minister of the International Holiness Mission operating in Britain and Africa, and myself were appointed as inexperienced youngsters to pastor small neighboring congregations. The need for men was so great and so urgent at that time that Dr. Sharpe took the risk of sending me out at nineteen years of age, only a year after I had been converted. Although my companion was much better equipped by a longer Christian experience and natural ability, both of us stood in desperate need of some training and direction. Mrs. Hynd came to our rescue and volunteered to coach us for the examinations required for ordination. Her enthusiasm and ability were infectious, and she inspired us not only to carry on but to look beyond the work required of us. If for no other reason than that he had proved himself big enough to win our tutor for his wife, we would have esteemed David Hynd. We were rooting for both of them when they were ordained at Easter, 1924, and also

on their appointment as missionaries a few months later.

But the most illuminating and significant fact to emerge from this association has only now come to light. It has required my present research to acquaint me with the academic honors that Dr. Hynd had gained during the years in which we were associated with him. This is typical of the man of whom the Reverend James Jack, a close personal friend of the Hynd family, has written: "To me the outstanding characteristic of Dr. Hynd's life may be summed up in one word—humility. Although honored at home and received by the King on his visit to South Africa, he never referred to himself or his achievements. His motto was 'that in all things he might have the pre-eminence.' "

When the R.M.S. "Arundel Castle" pulled out of Southampton en route for South Africa in May, 1925, her passenger list contained the names of Dr. David Hynd, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., D.T.M. & H., and Mrs. Hynd, M.A. Their good friend John Thatcher would have, in his quaint fashion, revised it so as to include after both of their names B.A., Born Again, and S.W., Sanctified Wholly. To his way of thinking, these were the highest and most important of their impressive list of qualifications. It is certainly true that, without the consuming love for God and man with which their total surrender to Christ had invested them, the acceptance of one of the alluring offers presented to them on the eve of their departure might have tempted them to turn aside to a more inviting way than the one they were now embarked upon.

Chapter Five

THE DARKNESS TALKS

"Yesterday morning I was up at 2:30 a.m.," wrote Dr. Hynd on June 9, 1925. "I got up thus early that I might get a first glimpse of the land where we were to become co-workers with Christ for the salvation of souls. There, shining in the darkness of the early morning hours, were the lights of Cape Town. Like a grim sentinel in the background was Table Mountain with her nebulous cover spread over her as if to give us welcome."

A mountain in the mist, a city in the night, a giant in darkness—the Hynds could have had no more appropriate welcome to dark Africa.

The New Testament author draws a graphic picture of the desolation of men in telling us that when Judas went out from Christ to betray Him "it was night." David Hynd was discovering that, because they had set out to reach men in their exile from Christ, the journey to Swaziland was literally a journey into the night. The journey was to teach them how black is the night that engulfs men, so that a consciousness of increasing darkness was uppermost in his mind at this time. Humor and an active intellect kept it from degenerating into a morbid outlook on life. It became a spiritual discipline that equipped and braced him to meet the swift-approaching challenges of his missionary career.

The inward conflict that had raged before they sailed had a deleterious effect upon the voyage. Tempting offers had reached him right up to the time of sailing —offers that held out prospects of early promotion to

prominent positions in his profession with all the accruing temporal honor and benefit. The offer of an appointment as a professor in a Christian medical college in China, providing opportunity for important missionary work with a comfortable salary, was a subtle and alluring temptation.

Their renunciation of them all, so that they could remain true to their call, enhanced their vision and stimulated their enthusiasm, thus intensifying their detachment from the normal course of life. They were adventurers launched on a great venture and they had no time for anything that interfered with it.

You sense this state of mind in Dr. Hynd's first letter after he had left his adopted land. "Alone down in the cabin of the great ship we have dedicated ourselves afresh to the service of God and the church and claimed from Him a special anointing for the work. Christ, the Son of God, hath sent us through the midnight lands. Mine the mighty ordination of the pierced hands." And he closes with the quotation: "The vows of God are on me, and I may not stay to play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers till I my work have done and rendered up account."

We are not surprised therefore to find that the Doctor's reaction to the usual ship routine of dancing, gambling, and drinking was almost volcanic in its intensity. "While I write, the ship's orchestra is busy playing dance music, and were their faces black, their hair curled and greased, these civilized dancers would not be out of place in a heathen African kraal. Life on board ship is by no means any nearer a paradise than life in any of our cities."

Madeira provided an interesting and welcome break for the passengers when the "Arundle Castle" made its first stop there after a voyage of 1,300 miles. Even before the ship had dropped anchor a flotilla of small boats

was circling round them, their youthful occupants diving into the sea to retrieve any coins thrown to them. Then a second wave of heavily laden boats swept in upon them, their Portuguese vendor owners scrambling and swarming aboard like the pirates of old, and taking possession of the decks on which to display their linen, fruit, chairs, and parrots. Voices shrill and loud, deep and insistent created a din that made rest or relaxation impossible.

The passengers were thrilled with this scene that gave them such a spectacular introduction to a life so vastly different from that which they had left behind. Madeira would forever recall for them animated, colorful pictures that would recapture some of the present pleasure. But a somber note colors the Doctor's memory and he writes: "A day has gone since we left Madeira, but those voices still ring in my ear and the cries, which might be interpreted, 'Come over and help us.' "

While his fellow travelers were taking advantage of the shore excursions to see the sights, he sought out the hospital. He was eager to get firsthand information of the conditions he was likely to meet. His comments are interesting. "There were sad cases [it is a doctor who writes] indicative of the poverty, drunkenness, vice and freedom with the dagger which prevail in this mid-Atlantic isle."

The exciting new scenes of Cape Town interested him. The train's climb up and through the mountains intrigued him; but amidst the scenic splendors and changing panorama of the two days' railway journey to Johannesburg it was the glimpses of native life that fascinated—and shocked him. He was amazed at the appalling conditions in which the people lived alongside of the civilization of Cape Province. The pigsties at home were better, he states, than the hovels these peo-

ple lived in, some of which were made of mud, others of grass, and others of tin cans.

The imaginary fabulous diamond fields of Kimberley and gold mines of the Rand appeared to him as a naturally arid countryside converted into a vast wasteland by the interminable mounds of earth thrown up by the bruising hand of industry. Their finest products of sparkling diamonds and glittering gold had never had any attraction for him; much less had their crude beginnings or the processes that unearthed them. It was the 168,000 native mine workers congregated on the Rand that interested him, and it was in one of their barrack-like compounds that he made his first direct contact with the African in his raw heathen condition.

"We looked through a window," he states, "and saw the stalls in which the natives sleep. There were two tiers of whitewashed stalls out of which peered many black faces. In the center was a group of heathen men: some dressed, some naked; some yelling, some laughing, others singing their heathen songs. The whole scene reminded one of hell."

These first days in Africa throbbed with urgent desire to get to Swaziland. It was as if the drums of a divine impatience within him were beating out an undertone of accompaniment to his every thought, word, and deed —"Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!" So ten days after landing in Cape Town, the Hynds swung out of Johannesburg on the last stage of their journey to Swaziland —and the midnight that was racing to meet them.

The remaining 350 miles had to be covered by car, as there are no railway connections, and it took them three days of hard driving over unsurfaced road. They had to drive through rivers, soaking all their luggage, which had to be dried at each night's stopping place. They sank up to the axle in a mud hole and only got out with the help of two native women, one of whom

pushed and pulled with a baby on her back. Then they ran into a bog, and it took four oxen from a neighboring kraal to pull them out.

Finally, Bremersdorp. It had been a wonderful moment when, swinging around the bend from the Transvaal, they had found themselves on the borders of Swaziland. Instead of the strange land they expected to see they found a scene that vividly reminded them of their native Scotland. There, piled up in front of them, was range after range of mountains. But nostalgic memories vanished when, as the sun was setting on the third day, they saw Bremersdorp on the hillside and the site of the hospital before them. The Doctor had reached the goal which he had held steadfastly before him down through the long years of his preparation. Mrs. Hynd had at last reached her new home, which would be heaven indeed with two young children worn out by a nightmare journey.

The car drew up at a trail that led to their new home. When Mrs. Hynd looked up she saw "a bare hilltop covered with long grass and standing on it a small house which in the failing light looked like a skeleton of a building." Closer examination confirmed their worst fears; only four walls were standing, without a roof. There was nothing else to do but to drive another forty miles in darkness over an unknown trail to Stegi. The Reverend and Mrs. Shirley and Miss Pelley warmly welcomed them to their mission station.

The dawn of their third day in Swaziland brought midnight to the Hynds. The Doctor awakened with a raging fever. Miss Pelley diagnosed paratyphoid fever, and a pathetic little group carried him by stretcher into her neighboring dispensary, where he lay critically ill for seven days. It was then decided to transfer him to the hospital in Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa. Fevered, weak, ill, he had to endure a seventy-

mile journey in the back of a car over terrain that put a strain upon healthy people.

The journey to Swaziland had been an education in the true dimensions of human need. Any tendency that his preoccupation with medical studies might have had to make physical suffering pre-eminent in his thinking was counterbalanced by these experiences. His mind had been directed and focused on to the spiritual needs of men until they had become his major concern. In this process the glowing colors of any romantic missionary picture that he may have held had been transmuted into the grays and blacks of the actual missionary situation. Now in this crowning experience of frustration and disappointment, the darkness deepened into midnight.

For nine days he lay in that Portuguese hospital wrestling with the questions: Why had God brought him to Swaziland to bring him to the point of death? Why should his first medical experience in a land so urgently requiring medical help be that of being a patient? At the same time, he was desperately praying. In these days it has almost become a platitude to say that "prayer changes things." But in David Hynd's case prayer changed a sickbed into a mountaintop experience of transforming fellowship with God; it changed the midnight hour into a dawn of more fruitful and effective service.

"Although I have come through very deep waters," he writes in his first letter to his Bible class back home in Parkhead, "since I left you all in the comforts of home and have experienced much that has tested my faith and obedience to the very utmost, yet I do praise Him that today He is sweeter than ever before and my only desire is to spend myself and my all in the great and glorious privilege of pointing lost souls to their Saviour. We cannot be great sympathizers until we have been great sufferers. I pray that my own experience of suffering will have prepared me to minister to

the indescribable sufferings of the neglected masses around me."

Undaunted by this experience, a week after he left the hospital found him leaving Stegi for a three days' trek to Peniel to attend the Missionary Council. While Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Hynd, Miss Pelley, and the children rode in a springless wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, Dr. Hynd and Mr. Shirley walked beside it. The men had to wade waist-deep through rivers with all their clothes on; and Big John, the native evangelist, carried the women and children across on his broad shoulders. At night they slept out on the bushveld under the starry skies that made them think of God.

As they trekked through the country the bush telephone was busy flashing the news before them that the new *dokotela* was passing that way. Here and there along the trail individuals and groups of natives were waiting for him. The halt, the sick, and the blind had come themselves or been carried there in the hope that he might help them. Others were messengers sent to plead with him to turn aside to a kraal where some sufferer lay too ill to be moved. Every case that he examined bore evidence of the work of the witch doctor, giving him yet another insight into the forces that he had to contend with.

Insight into darkness may well summarize David Hynd's missionary career so far. Insight into the darkness can equally well describe its lesson to us. For as we have seen him look into the heart of the African we have been enabled thus to look into his heart. He saw darkness that appalled him but did not dismay him, that staggered him but did not disillusion him. We have seen in his heart the true meaning of what it is to be saved and sanctified. The darkness talked to him of the desperate need of the human heart. His reactions in the darkness have spoken to us of the secret of vic-

tory and triumph of Christ in human hearts. He emerged from these experiences stronger and more able because a consuming passion for Christ had laid hold on him. Prayer became a trysting place where lovers met and springs of life and strength gushed forth.

There is a significant passage in one of those early letters that is worthy of recording.

"We are doing our best to serve our Master in Swaziland. The difficulties are great. The news from home is not always encouraging. The devil has the mind of this people numbed with his power. But ah! high over all is the great heart of a loving God bleeding over this people. As we get up close alongside of Him and drink of that refreshing spring, we come away with a renewed vision of His plan for the redemption of lost souls around us.

"Do you know the sweetness of the secret place of prayer? If not, come to Africa and be thrown entirely upon the resources of an Almighty God and you will prize as never before this most glorious privilege of getting your weary soul refreshed from the hand of God.

"There is a nice, quiet spot down in the long grass on our place here, and every Sabbath morning I go down there to get in touch with you all through the throne of grace."

Dr. Hynd has been destined to fill a role that has been productive of many graphic pictures. Earthly citations take record of him as the tall, stately, poised administrator and the cool, competent surgeon. They pass over, however, the two that have special significance for the records of heaven as showing the true measure of the man and the secret of his life.

One is that of the man down on his knees in the long grass pouring out his soul in prayer, so that the passing Swazi may hear a voice but see no one. Its companion

picture is that of the man looking up into the African sky and then, with radiant face and glowing heart, penning as if inspired these vibrant words that lay bare the message of his heart.

"This evening as I sit in my room in a mission station in heathen Africa, Jesus of Nazareth, the only begotten Son of the living and true God, saves me from all sin through the sacrifice of His life for me on Calvary; sanctifies me through the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He fills my soul to overflowing with this love, inspiring me to live for Him and serve Him in the midst of this dark and needy people, and strengthens me for the task of winning their souls for Christ in face of all the multiplied forces of sin.

"The cross of Christ has been put to the test in all lands under all conditions and, praise God, it has still to be proved that it cannot lift the soul that lies in the deepest depth of sin. The story of God's love for mankind as revealed in the cross of Calvary wins out under all conditions. May we ever live under its shadow until the very spirit of our Master possesses us throughout, and until our whole outlook upon life is controlled by the thought of knowing and doing the will of God."

Chapter Six

GENESIS IN BREMERSDORP

I still have a vivid recollection of the only occasion, twenty-four years ago, when I saw and heard Harmon Schmelzenbach. The personality of this pioneer Nazarene missionary to Swaziland was such that one meeting was sufficient to etch an impression on my memory. With uplifted arms and impassioned speech, he depicted Swazi life as sweeping on to doom with the increasing speed and frenzy of a river rushing towards the precipice that hurls it into the hungry whirlpool below. His passionate cry, "Africa, O Dark Africa!" re-echoes in my mind time and time again. His strong features and sturdy build come to life whenever I look upon a photograph of his great predecessor, David Livingstone.

Harmon's family emigrated from Germany to America, where, instead of discovering the proverbial gold, he found a greater treasure in Jesus Christ. The restless spirit that as a turbulent youth had made him rebel against the conventions of society prematurely launched him out, some of his friends thought, on a precarious missionary career. Precipitously leaving college, he wooed and won his bride en route to Africa, where, urged on by a Pauline desire not to build on other men's foundations, the young couple set out on a three months' trek in a donkey-wagon, that ended in Swaziland.

Missionaries had reached this small British protectorate, sandwiched in between the Transvaal, Portuguese East Africa, and Natal, many years before the Schmelzenbachs settled there in 1911; but little or no progress had been made in changing the pattern of native life. Tribal

custom and heathen practices still directed living into channels that were both destructive and bestial. Witchcraft continued to hold undisputed sway over large areas of life. Men strutted and preened themselves, drank and caroused, while their womenfolk toiled and slaved to keep their homes and till their fields. Rampant disease and sin still took dreadful toll of human life and happiness.

When David Hynd was entering Glasgow University as a freshman in 1913, the young German-American was storming these strongholds of sin entrenched in the Swazi kraals. Among the seminaked and tousle-headed natives that sat against their wattle fences or grass huts and listened to the lone white man, were James Malambe and Peter Dlamini. As this man's man spoke in their own idiom and with figures of speech drawn from their own environment, they would often join their fellow listeners in nodding their heads in purposeless assent. But a day came in each of their lives when, challenged by the voice of God, they stepped out from the midst of their companions to make decisions that were revolutionary in their own lives and momentous in the history of the work in Bremersdorp.

Harmon Schmelzenbach was preaching on death and judgment and his cry, "Cut the grass around your hut before the fire reaches you," changed James Malambe into an interested listener. The picture of the bush fire driving towards his inflammable hut, which, through his indolence, he had failed to protect by cutting the long grass and thus forming a border of vacant land all around it, awakened him to his danger. A black hand reached up to grasp the white hand held out in invitation and entreaty, and the white and black knelt down in prayer before the wondering eyes of the other listeners.

In these moments two of David Hynd's co-workers and companions were discovered. Trained and equipped

to take his place with ease and quiet confidence in the leading circles of his profession, the young medico, nevertheless, found his first intimate friends after his graduation in these two dark-skinned brethren who were deep in the filth and evil of the native kraals while he was in the classrooms and quadrangles of his famous alma mater.

Peter was assigned to the Doctor as his interpreter and helper when he began his work in Bremersdorp in August, 1925. In the eight weeks that had intervened since they first saw the site of the hospital, little change had taken place on the hilltop. It was still a treeless expanse of high grass, with not one brick laid for the hospital. "The peanut perched on its brow," as the four-roomed house had been humorously and aptly described, had been made habitable by completing the roof and doors and putting in windows. But there was no water or sanitation, and cooking had to be done over an open fire in a little detached outbuilding at the back of the house.

He had to commence on three tasks right away: the language had to be learned, the confidence of the people gained, and a hospital built. Under the prevailing circumstances each of these tasks was formidable in itself, and together they constituted a load that challenged the Doctor's devotion and faith.

Mrs. Hynd joined her husband during those first mornings in poring over textbooks, their only helper being the illiterate but intelligent Peter. In the afternoons Dr. Hynd would mount a horse and, with his faithful native helper, roam the valleys and hillsides, visiting the people in the kraals, and especially seeking to gain the favor of the chiefs. Sometimes a call would come for help from some distant place that would keep him away for some days; and if during his absence other urgent appeals came in, Mrs. Hynd would leave Isabel

and Samuel and rally forth to do what she could for the sufferers. She has ministered, on such occasions, to mothers desperately ill in childbed, and to little ones fearfully burned in the open fires of their huts. All the time every opportunity was being taken to correct their pronunciation and add to their vocabulary by checking with the Swazis they contacted.

Inspired by the humility and willingness of these two university graduates to be taught by him, Peter gave himself wholeheartedly to the task of helping them. They not only became proficient in the language but, with Harmon Schmelzenbach, gained a sympathetic understanding of the Bantu mind that opened up a way for them to gain an entrance into the Swazi's heart.

The first patient in Bremersdorp was a young lad called Mafa, who was knocked down by a motor car on their second Saturday evening there. The Doctor went down to the nearby kraal and astonished its black inhabitants by kneeling on the ground and washing and dressing the wounds of the boy. Later that night the boy's intoxicated uncle came up to ask if Dr. Hynd could visit them at any time for a service. The very next morning, Sunday, August 31, 1925, the rattling of an empty petrol can announced that the first gospel service was being held on the hilltop.

The congregation that gathered in response to this crude announcement was composed of Dr. and Mrs. Hynd, the Reverend and Mrs. Janzen, veteran missionaries who had come with them for a week or two to help them to get settled, Peter, two natives newly engaged to work on the grounds, another native who had come seeking help for a sore eye, and some curious cows. While the missionaries sat on empty boxes sweating in the broiling sun, and the Swazis squatted on used cement bags, the first hymns were sung and the first sermon preached at the new mission station.

The next Sunday the same routine was followed with an entirely new congregation. The two natives in attendance were relatives of Mafa, and on the third Sunday his family provided the nine worshipers. Thus early was indicated the close relationship between the medical and the evangelistic work.

Congregations steadily increased, in spite of the interruptions brought about by intolerably hot weather or heavy rain; but there was no money available to erect the humblest church building. So a front porch was added to the house, with a corrugated iron roof and mosquito-screened sides and front, and for nearly two years services were conducted there every Sunday morning. Young Isabel's bedroom was used after the services as a prayer room in which to help seeking natives to find God, or as a classroom in which the new converts were catechized and instructed.

The Doctor's painstaking efforts to get on good terms with his neighbors and to understand them met with a surprisingly quick and gratifying response. Long before the hospital was ready to receive inmates, a steady stream of patients sought him out. They would sometimes find him busily engaged in laying bricks. Laying aside his trowel and washing his hands, he would examine them and treat them in the open air, or on occasions the small outhouse would be converted into a clinic or an operating theater.

The necessity for a surgical operation arose when a native was brought in with a leg that required immediate amputation if his life was going to be saved. The doctor had a wooden table carried into the small, bare room that masqueraded under the name of a kitchen. Mrs. Hynd was commandeered to give the anaesthetic, but a third party was absolutely necessary. The surgeon's eye fell on Kelina Shongwe, conscientiously working away in the vegetable garden. She had proved herself

to be faithful in the work given to her when she had been converted. Why should she not prove herself to be equally dependable in this?

So without any trained assistants or suitable apparatus, the operation was successfully carried out. Kelina did not let the doctor down, for after the patient had been made comfortable following the removal of the leg, the Hynds returned to find her still standing and holding it as she had been instructed to do at the beginning. This amputation marked the birth of a fruitful idea, for it was the first time a Swazi girl served in any nursing capacity. The outcome is another story.

The work had become very heavy, and the Doctor was feeling exceptionally tired when, one afternoon, he saw a native with his wife and two children come trudging towards his house. Another case or problem, he thought, to tax my weary brain or overburdened strength. But no; they were dressed in an odd assortment of European clothes. When they came clearly into view all doubts disappeared, for the man's face shone in a way that made him different from his fellow natives. James Malambe and his family had walked the sixty miles from Pigg's Peak. He was to become Bremersdorp's first African pastor and evangelist.

The first Sunday morning he preached James was dressed in a frayed and faded blue coat, and short trousers that made his bare feet all the more conspicuous. His sermon, that revealed a wealth of spiritual power and mental ability, inspired the missionaries and moved the native listeners.

A unique triangular partnership and friendship developed between Dr. Hynd and his two African coworkers. Peter made himself indispensable as an interpreter and medical orderly, while James became an invaluable spiritual aide. Mutual appreciation for one another and a kinship of grace carried the relationship

beyond the bounds of co-operation until it deepened into fellowship akin to brotherhood. A missionary observing the Doctor and Peter working together said that they were like brothers, in spite of the fact that the unassuming Scot was dignified and commanding in personality, while his assistant presented an almost comic-opera-like appearance in the nondescript European clothes that marked the early stages of his emergence from primitive heathenism. Out of these associations developed convictions that were courageously expressed in an article Dr. Hynd wrote in January, 1931, for the *South African Medical Journal.* Referring to his experiences in "bringing medical aid to a rural area in Swaziland," he stated:

> We have not come to the conclusion that fundamentally the pigmented section of our population has an inferior brain to the unpigmented section. We know of nothing in medical literature which has proved that the pigmented skin produces a hormone of any kind which has a deleterious effect upon the grey matter of the brain.
>
> The only reasonable course for our profession to adopt in the training of fully qualified doctors is to give the weight of its influence in South Africa to the admission of all suitable students to our medical schools irrespective of color. The expenditure of 65,000 pounds for a separate medical school plus all the cost of maintenance is a tremendous price to pay for the unethical attitude of color prejudice. Our association, composed of men trained to adopt the scientific outlook on life, should give a lead to public opinion in enunciating a truth clearly stated in the first century A.D. by the Apostle Peter, "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."

Foundations were laid during those first months, not only of the hospital, but of a philosophy of human relations that challenges us to become partners with

Tand'abantu in the missionary service that earned him that title. It introduces a new emphasis to the missionary appeal by showing us that a truly scientific and Christian view of the backward peoples teaches that, given equal opportunity with the other races, they will soon measure up to their achievements. They too have been made increasingly conscious of this fact by the modern awakening that has reached them, and there are already ominous signs that, unless Christianity steps in and brings them under the leadership of Christ, communism may well lead them into a state that will be infinitely worse than their present one.

Chapter Seven

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Dr. Hynd qualifies to be classified as one of the great missionary leaders described by Dr. Mott in his book *The Present Day Summons*:

> The true leader is at his best under baffling circumstances. The board members and board secretaries to whom the churches are most indebted are not those associated with so-called strategic retreats, but with steady triumphant progress under conditions where the majority insisted that advance was impossible.

If his medical friends at home had known the nature of the commission for which he had turned down their lucrative offers, they would have been convinced that he was an unbalanced religious enthusiast. The situation he found himself in is pictured in his report of a service they held within a few days of settling in Bremersdorp in August, 1925.

"Last week we had a little ceremony of cutting the sod for the foundation of your hospital in Africa. We were alone with no crowd around as we sang 'O God, our help in ages past; our hope in years to come.' We felt how much we were thrown upon God at that moment, starting in a place covered with grass to build a hospital and most of the money yet to come in and our Missionary Board in great straits for money."

The shadows of the approaching depression that hung over the birth of the enterprise lengthened and deepened all through the building program until in 1933-34 they felt the full force of the financial storm. His report of April, 1934, contains the following paragraphs.

"Now when I look back over the work of the past year it has, without doubt, contained the biggest problems that I have been called to tackle during my stay in Africa. This has been due to the slashing cuts that have been made in the financial support we received from our Missionary Board. Our support for the hospital was diminished from 20 pounds to 4 pounds per month. Support for native evangelists and teachers has been reduced from 2 pounds to 7 shillings per month on which they have to keep their families. We have ten fine native girls in training as nurses and the maintenance allowance we had been receiving for them has come down from 8 pounds to 3 pounds per month. No appropriation has been received for our Mission School, of 127 boys and girls, for the past year from our Board. This critical time has demanded from us as missionaries all the faith, perseverance, sacrifice and vision of which we are capable. We are not through the crisis yet."

He continues:

"The question I ask myself is this, 'Are you constantly planning for the advance of the cause committed to your charge?' Yes, we go on as though God meant us to minister to the suffering ones, we go on planning for the opening of new outstations as though God meant us to give to every man the Gospel in the same measure as we have received it; we go on bringing in these Swazi bairns as though God meant us to grasp the opportunity of redeeming them from heathenism and building them up into the Kingdom of God. Just at the moment white ants have demolished the timbers and grass roof of one of my outstation churches—nothing in the Budget for this—but we are planning to renew it. At another place a chief has at last consented to allow us to build an outstation—no money in the Budget for this—but we are planning to build it."

This indomitable and fighting spirit flashes out in the pamphlets Dr. Hynd wrote and the verses he quoted at this time. Among his titles were *The Challenge of the Present* and *Depression Dispels Doubt in Swaziland.*

Poetry is constantly finding a place in his writings. It is in doggerel verse, meaty, down-to-the-earth stuff, that he expresses in forthright manner his sentiments. His faith and courage find expression in two verses that he used during this hour of crisis.

So on we go, not knowing.
We would not if we might.
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than walk alone in the light.

And again:

Are you standing at Wit's End Corner,
Yearning for those you love,
Longing and praying and watching,
Pleading their cause above,
Trying to lead them to Jesus,
Wond'ring if you've been true?
Remember, at Wit's End Corner
Is just where He'll see you through.

One day in 1924 three men had knelt in prayer on this black hillside overlooking Bremersdorp. Dr. Sharpe, the Doctor's father-in-law and at this time missionary superintendent of Africa, India, and Palestine, with Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach and Rev. C. S. Jenkins had come to the geographical heart of Swaziland to find a suitable site for a mission hospital. Their final choice was this hill standing a mile from the village, giving magnificent views of the surrounding mountains and valleys and, what was more important, a strategic situation from

which to serve the Swazi people. One of them has recently said that none of them visualized on that occasion the transformation that has taken place. Today the bare hilltop has vanished; the long grass has been replaced by timbered and well-kept grounds; the "peanut on the brow" has been swallowed up in the miniature town that has been built up.

In the intervening twenty-five years the thirty-five acres donated by the British government has grown into a site of seventy acres, with a nine-hundred-acre farm adjoining it. There have been built in the same period a hospital and its extensions of a new wing and children's block, two doctors' houses, four missionary homes, eight African workers' homes, a Nurses' Training School with an additional wing, an orphanage, church, school, girls' hostel, boys' hostel, industrial building and workshop. Where in 1924 only cattle grazed, there is now a regular population of five hundred and thirty-one that increases to over eight hundred people passing in and out every day.

When Miss M. K. Latta arrived from Scotland in 1931 to take charge of the educational work, she was appalled as a professional schoolmistress at the conditions under which the school was operating. Dr. Hynd took her into the church building where two native teachers were trying to teach about ninety boys and girls, and her immediate reaction was that it was impossible to teach with three teachers shouting one another down. It just couldn't be done. But she found that "can't" was not in the Doctor's vocabulary. They had held services and clinics in the shadow of a building, so why not classes? They could always pick up the blackboard and move with the shade.

To keep moving with the sun, however, was not to keep in step with the times; and the longer it was necessary to continue, just so much longer would many of

the Swazi people be doomed to live under the shadow of death. The need had quickly arisen for the services and the clinic to move, and building had to be begun if the work was to grow and function efficiently. Whereas the hospital was started according to plan, nearly every other building had to be commenced under the pressure of urgent needs and without any provision being made for it. The clinic had moved from outside the Doctor's house into the outpatient department; the services, into the veranda and then on into the church; the classes, from the church into the school. Thus the building program was virtually a moving out of the shadows; and as this evolution helped to deliver more and more Swazis from the darkness of heathenism through increased effectiveness and usefulness, the history of Bremersdorp became literally a human moving out of the shadows.

Facilities for building a Swaziland were practically nonexistent. Materials had to be imported and brought by ox-wagon from the border. It was a week's journey for the lumbering beasts with their limit of fifteen miles a day. Bricks were so difficult to obtain that the Doctor was forced to tackle the problem of making his own. The first step was to master the art of brick-making from books. Then he had to prospect for suitable raw material, finding it in the claylike earth around a water hole. He had to instruct and supervise the new heathen that he engaged to make the bricks.

So it was with sanitation at a much later date. The staff had seen him with textbook in hand planning and directing the laying of a drainage system, much to the delight of the native nurses and the relief of hygienically-minded white sisters. Previously the primitive method had to be resorted to—Swazi probationers carrying out the excreta in pails and depositing it in pits that of course became a breeding place for flies. It became a tradition in the hospital that one visit to this part of

the grounds made you an enthusiastic fly swatter for life.

The only help available in those early days was one white builder whose undoubted skill was counterbalanced by his frequent bouts with drink that made him very undependable, and relegated him to the class of "poor whites." The Doctor also had the services of a semiskilled native, and he later brought in from Portuguese East Africa four Indian builders. So, in his own words, he was forced to become "a hospital doctor, general practitioner, laborer, bricklayer, plowman, ox-driver, and general knockabout servant of all."

A letter of November 22, 1926, draws a Nehemiah-like picture of him, except that he stands with lancet and trowel in hand instead of sword and trowel.

"We have been trying to make quicker progress with the building of your hospital, and every minute we could spare we have been busy with hammer and nails, bricks and trowel trying to make the most out of the men and money that we have in hand. In the midst of this building we have the audacity of trying to treat some patients."

The erection of the church is a typical example of the whole building program. When the church became an absolute necessity, although he was already heavily committed in building the hospital with inadequate resources of every kind, he nevertheless commenced the construction of a house of worship, seventy feet long by thirty-six feet wide.

Passing by a hillside about half a mile away from the hospital, he saw strata of stone showing, and the inspiration came to him that there was first-class building material that could be had for the taking. Natives were equipped with crowbars and employed to dig it out; then it was rolled down to the waiting oxcarts. During the operation the tough bottom of the cart was worn out

and had to be replaced. Also the rough shaping of the hard stone proved to be heartbreaking job for the workmen.

Only the semiskilled labor of the four Indian builders was available along with as many Swazi laborers as could be employed. The doctor had to give his orders for the builders to a half-caste in English; he passed them on in Portuguese, and the Indians discussed them in their own dialect, while the Bantus kept up an incessant buzz of Zulu. As if this babbling background of Portuguese, Hindustani, Zulu, and English were not enough to contend with, the physician-*cum*-builder had a few hair-raising experiences thrown in for good measure.

They soon found that to span the thirty-six feet in preparation for putting on the roof presented great problems for them in those primitive circumstances. When it came to putting the trusses in place, men were precariously perched on the walls, while others tried to raise and balance the beams with long poles. In his enthusiasm the Indian carpenter nailed them to each other but neglected to fix them to the structure, so that when a high wind arose they swayed and rocked, threatening to crash and bring down a good part of the building with them.

There was no danger of the finished building's being mistaken for one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches. Although experience improved the Doctor's ability to plan and design, the other buildings also fell short of being masterpieces of architecture. Nevertheless, each one was a romance in provision and achievement.

April 30, 1934, broke over the hills of Swaziland as a glorious day of sunshine. The scene on the Bremersdorp station matched the day for brightness and festivity. Two hundred and sixty boys and girls were on parade in their best clothes. Hundreds of native Christians

were on hand with their pastors. Heading the group of government officials, settlers, and missionaries was the Resident Commissioner. There was no sign of the depression there in the preparations for a feast that had been made, with a whole ox cooking in every available pot and petrol tin.

Most excited of all were Miss Latta's girls, ranging from five to eighteen years of age. For different reasons they had to come to live on the station in spite of the fact that there was no accommodation available for a dormitory. So they crowded into the one room where the women workers in the hospital slept, until at night it was impossible to find a place to walk because of the closely packed girls sleeping on the floor. Some of them had been forced to sleep outside in the courtyard, even during the winter.

Conditions like these could not be allowed to continue in a hospital whose wards were equally overcrowded. But to turn the patients away was to send them back to heathenism, from which some of the older ones had fled. So while standing at Wit's End Corner trying to run the hospital on a budget reduced by 75 per cent, Dr. Hynd had audaciously commenced to build, and today was the opening of the new girls' hostel that had been erected during the depression. In her opening address, Mrs. Hynd told the crowd how it had been accomplished.

"It has been a remarkable historical fact in the story of the Church of Jesus Christ throughout the world that, when a real need has presented itself in building up the Kingdom amongst the nations, there have not been lacking those who have been ready to contribute to such a needy cause. In this case it has been done by Christian friends in Scotland and England, all of them poor, many of them unemployed, but all of them imbued with the spirit of their Master. This building

is a monument to their faith and sacrifice. It is a testimony to their love for the cause of Christ and humanity even in the difficult days that have fallen upon them."

Two years later he faced another challenge at his desk. Dying infants were brought to him with the plea from their deluded parents that he would keep them until the children were free from the bewitching that had made them ill. Or it would be an orphan or an illegitimate child with no other home available. He kept two babies because they would have died if they had been turned away, but they had to sleep in the corridor outside of the maternity ward. But let him tell his own story.

"While writing home to my mother today telling her about the fifth child I have sent back with its parents to die within the last few months, I woke up to the fact that I was beginning to write this to her with not the same concern as when I turned away the first one or two. Pray for us, your representatives and His—that we may do as He would do. And when you pray, may He urge you to share with us the burden of providing a room where we may help such infants."

God answered prayer—not through America or Britain, but from the offerings of the missionary societies that are to be found in every little Church of the Nazarene in Africa. In 1941 an orphanage was opened, and today the thirty-two happy, smiling, singing tiny tots are one of the main attractions of the station.

Dr. Hynd would change the motto "Where there is a will there's a way" into "Where there is God there is a way." *But God* were the words that inspired and sustained him in those testing days. They stood out in his mother's text that she had asked him to hang on his office wall. It was God that thus opened up the way and provided the means for building—the God who had sent the ravens to Elijah inspired Sister Evelyn

Fox to crown sixteen years of sacrificial service by leaving her small estate of seventy-five pounds to help build a new wing on the native nurses' home. Also Mrs. Susan Fitkin and her family in New York were led to sponsor the hospital in memory of their son and brother by generous gifts. Nazarenes all over the world became co-workers of the Doctor through their missionary giving.

Because of his faith God helped David Hynd "to expect great things from God and to attempt great things for God." Through his faith in launching out on building projects when reason said it couldn't be done, he gave God the opportunity to demonstrate that He still specializes in doing the impossible.

Chapter Eight

COLD PASSION

Walter was carried into the Fitkin Memorial Hospital critically ill; otherwise he never would have entered. He was hostile to disturbing influences like Christianity, for he was thoroughly satisfied in his ignorance and debauchery. But the fascinating world in which he found himself aroused his interest, so that it incessantly switched from one new thing to another. The doctor and the nurses were a constant wonder to him. Why did they take such good care of him?

A fellow may not have any interest in the white man's religion, but he cannot help taking notice when this *dokotela* of unheard-of skill brings a mat to his bedside, kneels down, and prays for him for the first time in his life. Nor can he help himself from becoming uncomfortable when twice a day words are read and sung in the ward which have an uncanny way of getting inside of him.

At any rate, by the time Walter was able to get up he was sufficiently interested in spite of himself to find his way into the church on Sunday. There the miracle happened. He became a new creature in Christ Jesus, a change which merited the new name of Walter.

While still a patient, he learned to read and to write. On his discharge he decided to remain as a workman, and eventually he became the ambulance driver and dispenser. He later married one of our best native nurses, and today they continue to serve Christ in a commendable manner in one of the outstation clinics.

Some years later the Bremersdorp church bell had summoned all who would come to Sunday school. From the male ward a well-built young man had joined the class being conducted by Miss Latta. His questions showed him to be the most intelligent and interested listener that Sunday morning. The respectful hush with which the others had listened to him talk deepened into breathless silence as he finally asked in the language of his race, "What must I do to be saved?"

Expectant faces fastened upon the teacher as unhesitatingly and unerringly she told him of the way in which he could become a Christian. Eyes pivoted back to the youth as he stood and meditated. Consternation, amazement, happiness broke through in different faces as he finally said, "I choose Christ." A Swazi prince had publicly accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Yes, miracles are taking place in Bremersdorp. Nurses familiar with the remarkable achievements of an advancing medical science at home are amazed at the miracles of surgery being performed out in the wilds of Africa. Among many other cases they speak of the woman who dragged herself to the hospital while suffering from a ruptured uterus, which, even in the most favorable circumstances, almost always proves fatal. She was consequently in a hopeless condition when placed on the operating table. But undaunted, Dr. Hynd operated and succeeded in saving her from almost certain death.

Ask the surgeon himself, however, for a firsthand report of the miracles that are happening and it will be to the church, rather than to the operating theater, that he will direct our attention. He is convinced that his greatest achievements are not gained in the antiseptically clean environment of the latter, but amidst the dust and dirt of the concrete floor that fronts the

church platform where men and women come to pray in penitence and consecration.

Whatever pleasure he gains in bringing healing and health to a stricken people is but a shadow of the happiness that possesses him when he witnesses lives like Walter and the Prince being transformed by the Lord Jesus. For, although Dr. Hynd is undoubtedly a brilliant surgeon, he is first and foremost an evangelist and soul winner.

Dr. Hynd, the surgeon, does not readily fit into the popular picture of an evangelist, for he is neither emotional nor demonstrative. His typical Scottish reserve would mislead one to assume that his efficiency as a doctor and administrator in very great measure arises from a cold, phlegmatic nature. But in actual fact the cool brain and steady hand of the surgeon are allied to a heart ablaze with evangelistic fervor. The alertness and logic of the executive are undergirded with a burning passion to win souls for the Master. This passion, instead of being a meaningless and dangerous emotionalism, has become the dominant purpose of his life, investing it with both its motive power and its goal.

"We have sought with all the power at our disposal," he reported in 1929, "to bend every avenue of service to the one all-absorbing task of making Christ Jesus known and of having the natives experiencing His saving and sanctifying power in their lives. By God's help it shall be a life-saving and soul-saving station in the midst of Swaziland's misery and darkness." He lost no time in fulfilling this covenant made on board the "Arundel Castle," for on the second Sunday of his settlement in Bremersdorp he held his first service before he had performed his first operation in Africa.

October 25, 1925, was the best birthday that David Hynd ever had. He was thirty years old on this ninth

Sunday of holding services in the new station. A simple, brief entry in his diary tells the story, "I preached on the veranda. Three converts—our first." To a man inspired by his vision and passion for souls, this is the greatest experience in the world.

C. T. Studd, the English cricketer and sports idol who became an outstanding missionary in China and Africa, gives some insight into the wonderful dividends of personal happiness that come to the soul winner on such an occasion.

"I can't tell you what joy it gave to me to bring my first soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. I have tasted almost all the pleasures that this world can give. I do not suppose there is one that I have not experienced but I can tell you that those pleasures were as nothing compared to the joy that the saving of that one soul gave me. . . . Formerly I had as much love for cricket as any man could have but when the Lord Jesus came into my heart I found that I had something infinitely better than cricket. My heart was no longer in the game; I wanted to win souls for the Lord."

That the Doctor's nonchalant statement covers a similar happiness is borne out by a paragraph in his first annual report that has all the lilt and thrill of C. T.'s exultant words.

"We have just finished our first full year in Swaziland. God has been with us and we have seen Him working in our midst in mighty power. It has rejoiced our hearts to know that in tending to the broken bodies of our dark-skinned people we have won a way into their hearts and opened the door for the Sun of Righteousness to enter in. . . . Men and women, boys and girls, have gone out from the hospital with a new-found joy in their hearts."

The flaming heart cannot be confined to preaching. The tongue of fire breaks out in witness at every opportunity, and finds in it a more congenial and natural mode of com-

munication. We are not surprised, therefore, to find our surgeon-evangelist an enthusiast for personal evangelism.

Again he is on the water, this time on his way back from his first furlough. He is writing to his fellow Nazarenes that he has so recently left behind in Britain.

"Who could ever summon up a picture of a real live member of the church without thinking of him or her as a person characterized with a passion to win the fellow next to him or her? We don't need campaigns for this; each one just needs to start right where he is. Consecrate the whole life to Christ, get the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the secret place of prayer to enable you to have the Christ attitude to those whom you should win and to make the right contact with them, and *your* campaign has begun. Don't wait to see if the other fellow is coming along."

Walter was not alone in being prayed for by his physician. The hospital was the Doctor's Jerusalem, and he sought to bring every patient and workman to Christ. It was not an unusual sight to see him on his knees by the bedside of one of the men patients whom he was endeavoring to lead to the Saviour. He also took the opportunity provided by evening prayers in the ward to bring a short gospel message.

Then after an exhausting day he could be found in the old garage among the workmen who lived there, singing, praying, and preaching in an effort to introduce them to salvation.

These impromptu night services presented an eerie scene: the tall, lean figure of the preacher casting its shadow across the circle of light that marked the center of the floor, while the black faces seemed to be swallowed up in the fringing darkness of the badly lighted room. The rustling of a restless body, the gleam of white teeth, or eyes reflecting the flickering light of the lantern provided the only evidence of a listener. The atmosphere at

times was heavy with sullen resentment and the influences that can be experienced only in a heathen land.

A mystery man squatted in that group in the gloom night by night. Why had he, a witch doctor, come to work at the mission station? At the beginning the missionary sensed that he was the focal point of the opposition to his message. But as the evangelist poured out his heart, the witch doctor became impressed, then interested, and finally concerned. It was a staggering moment for his companions when he slipped out of the darkness into the circle of light to pray for forgiveness.

God heard that prayer and he became a transformed character. He handed over to his benefactor all the paraphernalia of his witchcraft. But the fear and dread associated with those old practices was not so easily disposed of, and it was not until all these links with his old life were burned that he found complete emancipation. With Walter, Israel became one of the hand-picked fruits of the surgeon's personal evangelism.

Dr. Hynd's passion had in it the hallmark of its divine origin, a dynamic that revealed its presence by making a deep imprint upon its immediate location, then reaching out in ever widening circles to its environment. The kraal-dwellers of the fever-ridden bushveld and bleak mountainside lived with him, so that he could not rest satisfied with limiting his evangelism to the narrow confines of the compound community. Brooding over appalling and widespread soul need in the surrounding darkness, he found his Samaria and Judea beckoning and challenging him.

When others were available to relieve him, the hospital superintendent delighted in turning evangelist for the day, and with a native companion slipping away to one of the preaching points or outstations. On one such Sunday he left Bremersdorp at 9:30 a.m. for a two hours' journey to a kraal where a group of Swazi Nazarenes

met every Sunday morning in worship. After about four miles along the road the car had to turn off into the grassy bush along a rough track which for an hour took them around hillsides, down into valleys, over rocky places, and finally brought them to a stop at a river-bank. Here they found a party of twelve converts in camp.

A boy high up on the hillside eagerly watched them leave the car and ford the river. When after a forty-minute climb they reached him, *Tand'abantu* could not resist the lad's urgent appeal for them to visit his dying grandmother. On crawling into the hut on his hands and knees, he saw through the gloom and smoke of the interior an old woman lying in a filthy condition, decrepit with age and disease. The vision of that benighted soul dying without hope or comfort of any kind out on the lonely hillside so burdened him that he was oblivious to the rain that fell for the remaining twenty minutes of the journey. He declares that a lump was in his throat as he proceeded on his way that Sunday morning.

A beer drink was proceeding in a kraal a little farther up the hillside. Friends and neighbors had gathered to drink homemade beer that had been brewed by the womenfolk. Natives in different stages of intoxication revealed heathenism in all of its ugly nakedness; and the Doctor's heart, already burdened, became heavier as he thought of the riot of sin and tragedy that might break out before the orgy was ended.

Greeting them at their destination was a band of bright-faced, neat and clean women and children. Here against the background of heathenism that had so oppressed him, the Doctor found evidence of the wonderful transformation that the gospel produces in such surroundings, that encouraged his heart and inspired his faith in the mighty power of God. So the brief service that followed became one of the memorable experiences of life, even though he had to crawl again on hands and knees into the spe-

cially prepared hut, and sit on clean grass mats with his long legs stretched out before him all through the service. The sounds of nearby revelry did not hinder all from becoming conscious of the presence of God in their midst.

The prisoners met him, on his return, in the valley with a request for a service. They were natives who had been convicted for not paying their taxes and were being used by the government to make a path through the bush. Their police guard had gone home for the week end, for they had no desire to escape from this not too arduous form of confinement. The tramp thus ended with them standing in a circle while the missionary and his companion told them in song and story of Him who came to set the prisoners free.

It had been a trying day but a good day, and as the car rocked its way along the homeward trail the Doctor felt himself at peace with everything and everybody but sin and Satan. The crusader spirit had been quickened by the day's contact with the reality of the spiritual warfare, as revealed in the conflicting triumphs of the power of God and Satan. Slavery may have vanished from the face of Africa since Livingstone's day, but the open sores of mankind still remain. On the other hand, right at the very gates of hell the Holy Spirit is gaining ground.

Chapter Nine

THEY GAZED NOT

Our old friend John Thatcher was on the warpath. At least that is what the dignified Highland minister thought as he was stopped on the High Street of Inverness. With increasing disapproval he had to listen to John tell with rising enthusiasm of the fifty converts that had been won in his recent campaign in the town.

"But, Mr. Thatcher," he intervened in a vain attempt to dampen John's exuberance, "how many of them are standing?"

"Every man jack of them," came back the typical Thatcher reply. "That's just my trouble. Every one of them is standing as stiff and still as we used to do on the barrack square."

"I don't quite understand you, Mr. Thatcher. I would have thought that it was a cause for profound gratitude to almighty God if they are all standing as you suggest."

"Hi! You there on the bicycle, stand still a moment, will you?" suddenly shouted the unconventional saint to a passing cyclist.

"Sir, are you mad?" the minister shouted almost as loudly as John, his dignity forgotten in his astonishment and embarrassment. "Don't you know that he will fall if he tries to stand still?"

"Right first time, Minister. He'll fall off like every Christian will fall away who stands still. He's either got to go forward or go back."

There is ample justification for the minister's question as there is strong proof for John's homespun philosophy. For one of the greatest reproaches that evangelism has

to contend with is the numbers who start but do not continue or who, making a profession, fail to reveal in their lives the permanent and radical change that the gospel claims is produced by the Holy Spirit. This has made such a question almost inevitable. And if this is the case in regard to converts in a Christian environment, how much more is it justified in respect to the Swazis with their centuries-old heathen background, and their consequent backwardness in every phase of life!

Did the Swazi converts of Dr. Hynd and his fellow workers stand? Did they ever get beyond the "babes in Christ" stage of Christian experience? I think Dr. Hynd was influenced by such fears when he built the Bremersdorp church. An examination of it as it stands in the center of the crescent of hospital buildings reveals the strange fact that the windows are placed so high up in the walls that you cannot observe outside activities. This was deliberately planned when he started to build in the beginning of his missionary career, when every day seemed to introduce him to some additional evidence of the terrible degradation that engulfed the Swazi people, and when his only experience of a Swazi congregation was that of the crowd who gathered every Sunday morning on the veranda of his home.

Those first congregations were made up entirely of heathen men and women, dressed in their loincloths, skin skirts, and gee-gaws. Coming together with the most mixed of motives, they were so easily distracted that the missionary had good reason to wonder if they would ever develop into Christians who could give themselves to uninterrupted worship. Therefore, he had the windows placed sufficiently high up so that they could not look out during the service.

It was a phase, however, that quickly passed. The fellowship of his black-skinned friends, Peter Dlamini and James Malambe, dissipated any doubts that he might

have entertained as to the Swazis' capabilities of developing into not only devoted worshipers but trustworthy disciples. A wide range of intimate contacts with his adopted people has served to confirm this fact, but one Sunday morning service in the Bremersdorp church would have been sufficient to convince him forever.

The great congregation with the verve and rhythm of their singing and the sincerity of their praying had brought heaven down into the service. Under the spell of their worship, marked with reverence as well as fervor, the austerity of the building was forgotten and it was indeed the house of God. Joseph Mkwanazi preached with eloquence and unction, and at the close of the sermon a number went forward to pray. Samuel, now Dr. Samuel Hynd of the Fitkin Memorial Hospital, was one of the Swazi preacher's converts that Sunday evening. Knowing how he valued the salvation of his children above everything else in the world, we can understand the Doctor's appreciation of the man who, though he was black in skin, was God's instrument to bring his son to Jesus Christ.

The Sharpe Memorial Church, that is now in the process of construction to replace the old building, is being built exactly as it would be for a Nazarene congregation in any part of the Anglo-Saxon world. The windows are in the normal positions, a permanent confession in stone on the Doctor's part that he was wrong in ever limiting the work of the Holy Spirit in the Swazis' lives because of their deplorable circumstances. But the progress that has made this new church necessary has come from the vision that he got many years ago of the possibilities of building a strong indigenous church in Swaziland. Hence, he has pursued a policy of conserving and propagating the work accomplished by evangelism through organizing it into a church. The result has been a remarkable advance by the Bremersdorp congregation.

There were no Nazarene Christians in the area when he settled there in 1925; but in 1950 the main station with its outstations reported a membership of 219 full members, 245 probationers, and 514 Sunday-school scholars. In twenty-six years the first congregation of three at Bremersdorp has grown into a regular Sunday morning congregation of four hundred. This number is further increased on the first Sabbath of each month, called Big Sunday, because all who live too far away to come in every week make a special effort to attend that day. Then when there takes place the soul-moving scene of the outstation congregations marching over the hilltops, down into the valley, in single file and singing the songs of Zion to attend camp meeting, the church is crowded to its utmost capacity. How many churches at home can show a comparable growth or extension of their field of influence?

To look down upon that congregation through the eyes of the missionary is to discover that the spectacular numerical increase is the least impressive aspect of the progress that has been made. Written into the life history of many of the members is a story of devotion, loyalty, sacrifice, and service that is unexcelled in the annals of the modern Church.

Dr. Hynd describes a survey that he made at one of the services. Lying on a stretcher just before him at the front of the church was Rebecca, who insisted on being carried into every service, although her diseased spine meant that she could not be moved without suffering intense pain.

Lozinyanga's mother squats right in the midst of the women. She is an old lady who walks eight miles and wades a river every Sunday to come to church. A group of happy-looking girls have walked ten miles to get to the service. But some of the girls from the hostel, only

still in their teens, have come harder ways than this to be present. One such is Malabase.

One Sunday morning while a good crowd was worshiping in Bremersdorp, Shabangu was faithfully preaching the gospel to a handful of people in his little hillside church seventy miles distant. Malabase, just a girl, knelt in prayer at the tiny mud altar. She very soon gave evidence that a real change had taken place in her life, resulting in her being persecuted by the rest of the family. But the death of her father precipitated a major crisis in her life, for the heathen man to whom she was betrothed came to claim her as his wife. Only one way of escape lay open to her, and so she fled into the night. Hiding in the daytime, she traveled in the darkness, that holds so many terrors for the natives and so many real dangers, until she reached the hospital. She was in the service at the cost of having defied custom, bringing the wrath of her family upon her and making herself an outcast from her people.

But even Malabase was fortunate when compared with fellow members such as Nyanisile's mother. She was already married, when out in her bushveld home she found Christ through the witness of a Christian neighbor. The heathen husband's bitter persecution reached its climax when he refused to allow her to enter the hospital until it was too late. Her condition at first could have been easily cured, but by the time she was brought into Bremersdorp the blood poisoning had spread throughout her body. Fully aware that she was dying, she spent her last days constantly praising the Lord for the peace that was in her heart.

A typical Sunday morning service reveals that the Bremersdorp church is a going institution because its members have escaped the danger that has ensnared so many of us at home. Too often we merit the angels' reproof to the apostles at the Ascension, "Why gaze ye up

into heaven?" For we substitute religious exercises for soul winning. But these Swazi Nazarenes are not content with "gazing up into heaven" in idle contemplation, but have launched out into a program of personal evangelism that challenges and rebukes us. They have discovered that the true pattern of the Spirit-filled life is to tarry, then go; receive, then give; pray, then serve.

They have two preaching services on Sunday, at 11:00 a.m. and at 7.00 p.m. Sunday school is at 10:00 a.m. and church classes for catechizing at 2:00 p.m. During the week they have choir practice on Tuesday at 7:45 p.m., a prayer and fasting meeting on Wednesdays at 6:00 p.m., and a Sunday-school teachers' training class on Thursday at 7:30 p.m. What interests us most is that Amajoyina meetings are announced for married women on Wednesday noon, and for men, native nurses, and the girls' hostel on Friday evening. The rest of the program is pretty much in line with our week's activities in the homeland, but the Amajoyina are something new and they seem to be different from anything we have.

The doctor explains that the Amajoyina "are the people who have joined to carry the gospel in whatever way they can to their own people. So they visit the sick in their kraals and in the hospital wards, and hold services in the prisons, open air, and in the homes of the people." In other words, these native Christians have found an experience of salvation that has inspired in them such a love for Jesus Christ that it cannot be satisfied by only worshiping, but has also to express itself in sacrifice and service.

If we could have looked in at a conference of the native preachers held at a most difficult and critical time in their lives, we would have had another striking illustration of this. It was just after their salaries had been cut by 75 per cent, from two pounds to ten shillings (six dollars to a dollar and a half) a month, that they were en-

trusted for the first time with the responsibility of distributing ninety-four pounds ($284.00) of missionary money.

The minutes of their distribution read: "Thirty pounds to make up salaries to one pound per month [three dollars, still a 50 per cent cut]. Ten pounds for district evangelist. Ten pounds for medical missionary work. Twenty-eight pounds to help build two outstations. Fifteen pounds for a gift of five shillings to each worker in lieu of lost salary."

Here is the final answer to the question. By their allocation these African leaders have demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that they are capable of reaching a measure of sacrifice and responsibility that equals anything that we find in the Western world.

David Hynd's godliness, love, and business genius have played a great part in the building of this Christian church. An interesting comparison could be drawn between Wesley, Whitefield, and our Nazarene doctor. With each of them he shares a consuming passion to win men for Christ, but he lacks the fervent eloquence of Whitefield. His addresses are clear, logical, and convincing, rather than eloquent, emotional, and moving. He has a close kinship with the founder of Methodism; for, like him, the Doctor's evangelistic passion is linked with administrative ability. He is as enthusiastic in his organizing as he is in his evangelizing.

We catch glimpses of him from his earliest days in Swaziland paying attention to church organization. The first converts were taken into Isabel's bedroom to receive instruction in their new-found faith. We find him on Big Sunday at the front of the Bremersdorp church, surrounded by vegetables, eggs, and mealies, and it has not been unknown for a live fowl or goat to be included in the collection; for he took the opportunity of this monthly rally to teach the members tithing. Having no money,

they brought in a tenth of their produce. He took special delight in having conferences with his native workers.

His church statesmanship comes out fully in two documents that he submitted to the missionary council and that became the basis of their actions in these matters. In 1937 he drew up a scheme for the organization of the African field into districts, and for the outstation churches. This was adopted in its entirety and has been in force ever since. In 1944 he put forward a scheme for advance that included proposals for entering new rural areas, for catering to the spiritual needs of the ever-increasing African population in the towns and cities, and for opening up Churches of the Nazarene for the white inhabitants of South Africa. There is one self-evident result of this: there are now twelve organized European congregations in the South Africa District of the Church of the Nazarene.

Whitefield is an illustration of how an evangelist is not necessarily a church builder. Examples abound of how an organizer may form an institution and not a church. Wesley is history's classical pointer to the qualities necessary for building a living church. Not only must there be a combination of evangelistic and administrative gifts, but the spiritual must ever have pre-eminence. Succeeding in doing this, the Doctor has solved another problem and answered another question for us.

In response to the pressure of human need around him, he opened first a hospital, then schools, followed by hostels, and an orphanage. He has constantly had to do so much with so little; he has had to build with inadequate material and labor; he has had to contend with the frustrations and tensions arising from working with a primitive people. Nevertheless, he has not only maintained the spiritual glow in his own soul but has given constant priority to keeping the fires of evangelism and spirituality blazing on the station.

"In the medical missionary program of our church," he writes, "a spirit of intense evangelism must characterize the attitude of every worker on the team. This will be no mere falling into line with a routine but must be a spontaneous effusion from the depths of a heart that lives close to God, so that every human contact is seen through Christ's eyes as a soul to be won.

"The maintenance of such an attitude in the busy work of a mission hospital, which is usually inadequate in accommodation and staff, is no easy one, but it is a test to prove the true nature of our call, and can only be maintained by a determined and sustained effort to have a private altar where the missionary doctor or nurse meets with his or her God, and a staff altar where the missionary staff unite their hearts around the throne of grace in supplication for themselves, their work, and those whom they seek to reach. From fellowship and communion with Him alone is derived the passion for souls that is the *raison d'etre* for a missionary organization."

Chapter Ten

THEY PULLED HIS FINGERS

Witchcraft had invaded the Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Bremersdorp. Pathos and tragedy brooded over the male ward as it operated. Fear was mirrored in the eyes of the dying man on the bed, and terror inspired the frantic efforts of the man on his knees by the bedside. The failing voice of the victim urged his assailant to pull the devils out of him, that the latter's knobkerrie had supposedly put into him when it had crashed his skull at the beer drink. So with desperate earnestness the attacker pulled away at his victim's fingers.

The Doctor had performed two operations to remove the splintered bone and then, to pacify the terrified patient, had yielded to his pleadings for the man who had struck him to be brought from prison. As he stood with the police escort and witnessed this demonstration of the tyranny of their superstitious beliefs, every pull at a finger was like a tug on his heartstrings, urging him to hasten the day when they would be delivered from it.

The picture of the dying man terrified by the fear of death, and the aggressor frenzied with the thought that he might yet be charged with murder, graphically illustrates the truth of a statement made in a speech to Oxford University by General Smuts. "The true ruler of Africa today," the veteran statesman said, "as he has been for thousands of years in the past is the medicine man: and the only man to fight him effectively is the scientific medicine man. It is a matter for congratulation that our Christian missions are more and more developing their medical side. Medical mission is the mission for Africa. The devils of Africa are witchcraft and disease, witchcraft

the most demoralizing and disease the most widespread and terrible."

Evangelism was the consuming passion that sent Harmon Schmelzenbach trekking across the African veld, and then sent him out among the Swazi kraals. But very soon a whole battery of reasons convinced him and his fellow pioneer missionaries that medical missions would have to play a large part in the Nazarene missionary program. It seemed to them that Swaziland was the nursery for these twin devils of Africa. Witchcraft and disease presented insuperable obstacles to the spread of the gospel. It was, therefore, a great moment for them when Dr. C. E. West arrived in 1922 from America. He commenced medical work in the sparsely populated and hilly district around Pigg's Peak, where he set up a small, two-room hospital. The heroic doctor was severely handicapped from the beginning by government regulations regarding registration and in 1925 had to withdraw.

A commission set up by the British Administration reported that in this same year there were only three doctors left in the protectorate, and that the only medical aid being made available to the natives was the distribution of quinine to them through the police. The government was, therefore, anxious that the church should continue its medical missionary work, and offered them thirty-five acres of land in the centrally located area around Bremersdorp for a hospital site. There Dr. Hynd stepped into similar conditions as were prevailing in 1911, and the history of the hospital is the story of the pitched battle that had to be continuously fought against witchcraft. The fanatical faith of both the prisoner and the patient in this tyrannical superstition reveals something of the forces that he had to contend with in establishing and extending the medical ministry of the church. This brought many heartbreaking experiences to the Hynds.

Ten days after the Doctor had commenced work in Bremersdorp, a mother arrived carrying an infant on her back and leading her three-year-old son by the hand. The boy was in terrible agony with a badly burned arm, that he had got through falling into his mother's open cooking fire. Strict instructions were given to her to bring the little sufferer back for regular treatment. When three weeks passed by without her putting in an appearance, the Doctor sought her out in her kraal. He found that a witch doctor had been called in, and prescribed that shells should be ground, and the powder put on the affected parts. When Peter removed the bandages four fingers came away with them, and the flesh from the elbow down was found to have been nearly burned away by the acid.

A few weeks later a young workman became ill with pneumonia while working on the site. When his mother was called she insisted on having him removed to his home, so that he could be attended to by the witch doctor. The missionaries had to stand helplessly by while he was transferred to an oxcart, and watch him being tossed about in the lurching vehicle as it moved down the hill. He died before they had covered a mile of the journey.

This centuries-old devotion to witchcraft made it next to impossible for the Swazi mind to accept the achievements of medical science, and it invented all kinds of explanations for the miracles of healing that began to take place in their midst. When the Doctor informed a great chief that one of his wives would have to go to the hospital if her life was to be saved, he withdrew to his cattle enclosure to pray. With his clasped hands held high above his head he went round and round, praying fervently to his ancestral spirits to help him at this time. The woman made a remarkable recovery in the

hospital, and when her husband saw it he at once exclaimed that his dead ancestors had answered his prayers.

A father's strenuous objections to his son's removal to the hospital were overcome only when he was driven to the conclusion that the boy would die anyway, so that nothing would be lost by his being taken away. Confronted with a strong, healthy boy some weeks later, he confessed that the witch doctor had been wrong in diagnosing the boy as suffering from a black man's disease, that could be cured only by black man's medicine; the boy had been troubled with a white man's disease that the doctor knew all about.

With consummate skill, characteristic devotion, and a virile faith in God, Dr. Hynd gave himself to the task of overcoming these prejudices. Recognizing that greater issues than fame and fees depended on the results of his work, he gave freely of the knowledge and skill that had gained him first-class honors—to each patient, no matter how poor or sinful or how hopeless the condition. N. N. Kunene, native schoolteacher who lived on the Bremersdorp station in those early days, testifies that it was this wholehearted devotion to their interests that persuaded the Swazis to place their confidence in him. His staff bear witness that in the operating theater the Doctor's undoubted surgical skill was always allied to a very real dependence on God. Every operation was preceded by some prayer in the Holy Ghost, and one patient at least slipped into unconsciousness with the memory of the Doctor singing to him the chorus, "Since Jesus Came into My Heart." In any case, from the very beginning, long before the hospital was ready to receive them, a tragic procession of suffering humanity began to wind its way to the hill of succor. Lured on by the news of his successes, they came in desperation seeking his help, even before they had been weaned from witchcraft or convinced of the superiority of the white man's medicine.

An old grandmother came trudging up to the hospital, utterly worn out by her three days' walk of seventy miles and the burden she carried on her back. When her six-year-old grandson Gimezei was lifted from her back, her journey proved to be in vain, for the little human skeleton was dead. Two men were seen dragging something behind them in clouds of dust. Closer inspection revealed a Swazi sled, a branch of a tree shaped like a wishbone, with other boughs making a crude backrest. On it lay a man who had been pulled and bumped for eight long miles, although grievously burned by falling into a fire in an epileptic fit. A cavalcade of eight prisoners, with a police boy leading them with rifle over his shoulders, passed up the same road. They had been on the march for two days, four of them carrying in turn a man gored in the throat by a bull. The wound had been roughly sewed up with common thread. A team of sixteen donkeys came plodding in, and on the cart they drew a man who had traveled for days in agony from the pain of peritonitis, a large abscess on his back, and the discomfort arising from the constant jolts of the springless wagon and from the overpowering heat. The Doctor's car came slowly up the hill with a native man and woman standing on either running board, trying to steady a stretcher that lay across the back doors. On it lay the man's wife, whose plight had been made worse to the point of danger by a witch doctor's treatment.

Of those days when both building and medical work were in their infancy the Doctor writes: "The poor creatures come along with their sores, their injuries, their diseases, and we wash the mud and dust from our hands and we don't stop to think but just do what we can under the present conditions. If they are too bad to send away we tell them we can give them a bare room to sleep in, if they will keep their companion to look after them and do the nursing. Yet it is surprising what good re-

sults we get, both medical and spiritual, while working under these conditions."

Patients crowded out the hospital from its very inception. On one day before it was opened three unfinished rooms were occupied. On the sand that had been thrown in to level the floor of one room, there lay some sick women and girls, including a widowed mother who had brought her little girl fifty miles to be operated on. Lying under similar conditions in another room was the wife of a native evangelist, who had walked a hundred miles in twelve days to be delivered of her baby. Her mattress was the sand, and a pile of bricks was her only furniture. A youth suffering from dysentery and one with a septic knee had as their bed in the third room the broken brick thrown in in preparation for making a cement floor.

These patients were not too disturbed by such conditions. For if they had been sick at home, their sickbeds would have been grass mats, wooden pillows, and filthy blankets. They would have been lying in dark huts that had as their only source of light and ventilation semicircular doorways through which the other inmates crawled in and out. But the Doctor was deeply concerned and challenged at having to provide these dark-skinned sufferers the only accommodations available. The opening of the hospital was therefore a red-letter day in his life.

The Reverend S. N. Fitkin, former president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of the Nazarene, gives a vivid eyewitness's account of the event. Mrs. Fitkin says:

"The following day, July 16, 1927, the hospital was formally dedicated. Fifteen or twenty white friends were present, among them the Resident Commissioner, the Bishop of the Episcopal Church and other officials. In the audience were three native preachers, who with much

feeling expressed their appreciation for the hospital on behalf of the natives who are so destitute and helpless, and who in their sickness are left to the mercy of the witch doctors, who can give them no relief. Dr. Hynd explained a little more about the hospital and invited them in. What a procession! Many women were there who had only a few skins for a skirt and an old piece of blanket or shawl to tie their babies on their backs, and all had bare feet. Men and boys with a rag or skin about their loins, and long hair sometimes hanging over their faces, making some of them look like troubled, frightened children. The amazement and wonder expressed on their faces! The exclamations of surprise as they passed from room to room, and the gesticulations that accompanied them! The fear as they saw the operating table and instruments and then the joy depicted in their countenances as they gazed on the wonderful, clean white room and white beds for sick ones to lie upon."

April 11, 1930, marked the beginning of a new era for Dr. Hynd. For on that day, before another gathering including the Resident Commissioner and King Sobhuza II, there was dedicated the first X ray and first ambulance ever to be introduced to Swaziland. His correspondence of the preceding three years at times sparkles with his visions of getting these medical aids for his adopted people; at other times it is shadowed with the seeming impossibility of having the need supplied in pre-depression days; then it bursts into life with his determination to procure them, as it throbs and vibrates with the passionate appeals that he makes on behalf of them. His own accounts pay tribute to the churches, societies, individuals, and to the munificent gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Fitkin that made them possible. But the records of heaven will have listed David Hynd as the indispensable human factor in procuring them.

The hospital when it was first opened consisted of a main building under one roof, with a veranda to make it mosquito-proof. In the central block there were two native wards, doctor's, nurses', and test rooms. The left wing had two small wards for white patients, and the right wing included the outpatient clinic, operating theater, sterilizing room, and an X-ray unit. Very soon this proved to be inadequate, wards meant to hold twelve patients sometimes having fifty in them with patients lying all over the floor. Extension after extension has had to be added or improvised until the twenty-eight beds have grown into eighty.

The *Times of Swaziland,* familiar with all the local circumstances, stated in its issue of August 5, 1950, that the growth of the Fitkin Memorial Hospital was phenomenal. This description is shown to be fully merited by the statistics of 1928 and 1950. In its first full year of working as a hospital it had 235 inpatients and 1,900 outpatients. The latter report shows that it treated 3,518 inpatients and with the help of its dispensaries dealt with 62,154 outpatients—an increase of fourteen times the number of those detained for treatment and thirty-eight times the number who visited the hospital to be treated. Plans are now under way for the reconstruction of the hospital, through the generosity of the late Leon D. Fitch, an American Nazarene, to meet this remarkable expansion.

Just as it is extremely difficult to measure human suffering, it is equally difficult to assess the success achieved in relieving it. But some indication of what this medical ministry has meant to Swaziland is given in a statement made by Captain Wallis, one of the white residents in the territory, addressing the European Advisory Council at their session held in June, 1945.

"Dr. Hynd is a man of whom it is impossible to speak too highly. To my mind he ranks with the missionary

saints of old, whose names to this day are in the calendar of the Christian Church. He is the pioneer of medical services in Swaziland. He is a doctor who, if he sought his own interests, could make a fortune in any great city because of his outstanding skill. But he has devoted his life to alleviating suffering in this country. Many of us who have known him from the time he came to Swaziland owe him our lives, the lives of our wives and children and our happiness. Thousands of Swazis have had their pain and suffering alleviated by him.

"Dr. Hynd and the Raleigh Fitkin Hospital have led the way unflinchingly amidst the greatest difficulties in the development of the medical services of this territory. The Fitkin Memorial Hospital was the first up-to-date, well-equipped hospital to be built in Swaziland. It was the first hospital to build an X-ray department; it was the first hospital to establish outlying dispensaries with European nurses in charge; it was the first hospital, when such a thing was considered impossible, to train native nurses. It is now training nurses who are able to take exactly the same examinations as European nurses."

God has thus wonderfully honored the vision and faith of this intrepid servant of God, and the sacrifice and hard work of those who have worked with him down through the years. Doctors Tanner and Seaman have been other medical missionaries of the Church of the Nazarene who have worked with the Doctor. Dr. Kenneth Stark and his own son, Dr. Samuel Hynd, share the work with him now. From the very beginning a splendid corps of nurses has rendered magnificent service. The hospital has invariably been understaffed, with the result that the American and British nursing sisters have had to carry a very heavy load of work, often serving twelve hours a day. But they have had the inspiring example of their medical superintendent before them. Time and time again after an exhausting day he has made a bed for

himself in his office, so as to be immediately available in any emergency.

Someone has said that great achievers in the spiritual realm were ever great believers, and great believers were ever prodigious workers. The Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital is a testimony to the fact that Dr. David Hynd, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B., D.T.M. & H., C.B.E., has been a great achiever because he is both a great believer and an indefatigable worker.

Chapter Eleven

DR. PHUTUMA

At one of the graduation services held in the Bremersdorp Church of the Nazarene for the graduates of the Teachers' and Nurses' Training Schools, the name of Nurse Priscilla Mapanga was called. Her life history provides us both with a romance of achievement in character building and professional training and an insight into a remarkable development and extension of the work of the hospital.

Her story takes us back to the days when as a little orphan girl of eight or nine years of age she wandered over the bushveld from sunrise to sundown with her ten-year-old sister Keziah, watching the cattle of her brother-in-law who had given them shelter. One Sunday morning the cows took them within the sound of the little group of Swazi Christians worshiping God in their tiny mud and wattle church. Attracted by the singing they slipped inside, with the result that at the end of the service the small, naked Priscilla knelt on the earthen floor and gave her heart to Jesus Christ.

That same night in the privacy provided by the darkness of her hut, in response to the instructions of the native preacher, she tried to offer her first prayer to God. She had never in her life before been to a service or to school and consequently she found it a most difficult task. Her first attempt was limited to one word, *Baba*—the Swazi for "Father." The next night she was able to say, "*Baba wetu*"—"Our Father"; and each night thereafter she managed to add additional words to her prayer. But that word *Baba,* falling from the lips of the little

naked convert, was like incense to her Heavenly Father.

Then one day Priscilla staggered into the store nearest to her home, under the weight of a sack of mealies that she had carried for many weary miles. No one had told her, but now that she was a Christian she wanted to cover her nakedness. So in the evenings after the tiring days of herding were over, she had slipped away to the patches cultivated by her neighbors and gleaned the corn that they had left behind. Now she exchanged her gleanings for a yard of cotton that she proudly wore as a loincloth. Each night, however, she hid it under a rock, realizing that if found by her witch doctor guardian, he would know she was a Christian and not only forbid her to wear it but also make it impossible for her to continue going to church. Deliverance came to her when at eleven years of age she was able to join Keziah in Miss Robinson's Girls' Home at Endingeni.

Priscilla is one of the fifty-six native nurses who have been graduated from the Nurses' School, and who in 1951 were nursing in Swaziland and neighboring territories. Nurse Thema Dlamini is another fine example of this group. After her graduation she was appointed to help in the Stegi dispensary at five pounds a month; then she received an offer from the government to work in their hospital at fifteen pounds (forty-five dollars) a month. She at first accepted the invitation, but within three days changed her mind and said that she dare not go outside of the will of God, and remained in the service of the church at considerable sacrifice. Logana, another graduate, manifests a commendable spirit. A woman patient was converted in the hospital, and on her discharge it was discovered that Logana had given her one of her two dresses along with other clothing. Her explanation was: "Oh! I remember when I was saved I didn't have anything to wear and how I wanted a dress."

Behind the magnificent record and tradition of service that these girls are writing with their lives is an equally remarkable history of unremitting and sacrificial endeavor in their behalf on the part of Dr. Hynd and his colaborers in the Training School. Priscilla's life story gives significance and meaning to a statement made by the Resident Commissioner at the opening of the Fox Memorial Wing of the Swazi Nurses' Home on September 7, 1950. For the naked native mite in her ignorance and superstition epitomizes the tremendous difficulties that had to be overcome; and the intelligent, efficient Christian nurse that stepped forward to receive her diploma is an evidence of the success that has attended the endeavor. Mr. Beetham said, "Twenty-three years ago nurses' training was commenced in Swaziland, thanks to Dr. Hynd, who had the vision, initiative, and courage to strive to seek and not to yield."

It was a startling innovation, a daring experiment that the Doctor made when he called in Kelina to assist in the first operation. To the native and white spectators it appeared like madness to think that Swazi girls could ever shake themselves sufficiently free from their dread of sickness as the work of demons to the extent that they would place themselves in daily contact with it, or that their ignorance would allow them to become efficient and trustworthy nurses. But in spite of the fact that the Doctor had to accept for training in the beginning girls who had reached only the third standard of education, graduates are now serving in lonely outposts and as instructors in their alma mater. In a number of dispensaries opened down in the bushveld, these nurses are the only means whereby modern medical help reaches the surrounding population. They have to make their own preliminary diagnoses, prescribe treatment for the less serious cases, and keep complete clinical reports of every patient. In addition to this noble service to their

own people, they are invaluable members of the outstation churches. Some have become the first local secretaries or treasurers; others have built up Sunday schools, Young People's Societies, Woman's Missionary Societies, and in emergencies some have served as pastors.

What a distance separates Swazi womanhood, as symbolized in the ignorant, destitute, naked Priscilla, and staff nurses Eva Muthetho and Clara Dlamini lecturing and supervising in the Preliminary Nurses' Training School! At first it was possible to train the students only as nurse aides. Then with improved educational facilities being provided in the different mission schools it became possible to prepare them for the hospital nursing certificate given by the medical department of the Swaziland government. The Doctor's ambition was finally realized when the way was opened up in 1950 for graduates to become state-registered nurses by passing the examinations of the High Commission Territories Nursing Council. Sister Muthetho has distinguished herself, and brought both hope to Swazi womanhood and credit to the hospital, by becoming the first Swazi state-registered nurse.

The formation of this council is an illustration of the efforts that Dr. Hynd has had to put forth to make it possible for these girls to be given the opportunity to serve their people. When he commenced training native nurses, immediately the hospital was opened in 1927, there was absolutely no provision for their recognition, as no one else had dared to begin such a venture. So he has had persistently to pioneer the way in the establishing of classes, the setting of standards, and the formation of authorities for recognition. In response to his agitation the government finally formed, in 1945, the High Commission Territories Nursing Council, to provide for the examination and registration of African girls as nurses.

Dr. Hynd was elected to it as the representative of medical missions in Swaziland, Bechuanaland, and Basutoland, and was appointed its vice-chairman.

In the beginning the teaching had to be carried on by the already overburdened hospital staff. This, combined with the limited educational background of the student nurses, confined the classes to elementary anatomy, physiology, and nursing. The arrival of Miss Evelyn Fox in 1932 made it possible for an important forward step to be taken in improving the curriculum. Sister Fox had taken postgraduate training as a nurse to qualify her to serve in a nurses' training school in America. While she was serving as the superintendent of nurses in the Samaritan Hospital in Nampa, God gave her the vision of the need of these Swazi girls. Undaunted by the existing depression, she paid her own fare to Africa, so that she could more quickly answer the call. She devoted the rest of her life to this cause, dying in Swaziland in June, 1947.

Miss Fox's previous experience in a nurses' training institution enabled her to lay the foundations for the present block system of training and full nursing syllabus. The probationer on entrance attends a three months' course in the Preliminary Training School. On satisfactory completion of the course she is given her cap that marks her acceptance as a student nurse, and she combines ward duty with attendance at lectures. In fact, the training now given is modeled on the most modern standards. This has been further insured by the present superintendent of the school, Sister Dorothy Davis's, passing with distinction the London University's examinations for sister tutors, following a concentrated and exhaustive postgraduate course in London.

It has been inevitable that this development has been marked by serious disciplinary problems arising at different times among the student nurses. The customs

and influences of their old heathen background die hard, and on occasions they have broken through the discipline of this new community life. At such times, when the situation has seemed beyond the ability of those in charge to handle, Dr. Hynd has had to step in and adjudicate. The trait we have noticed before has revealed itself here again, and many a girl has been saved from shipwreck by his willingness to devote hours that often took him beyond midnight to learn the truth and find an equitable solution to the problem. Thus courage and faith, determination and patience, knowledge and love have combined to make possible the miracle of seeing Swazi girls delivered from the fetters of the past, pouring out their lives in sacrificial service for their sick neighbors.

Gratifying as has been the progress made from the elementary training of twenty-three years ago to the present achievement of providing a full nursing curriculum, the most inspiring reward that has come to the pioneers of the school is the volunteering in recent days of some of the graduates for missionary service. We are always impressed with those who volunteer from Christian lands to devote their lives to the nursing of the lepers. It bespeaks sacrifice and courage of a high degree. How wonderful then is it to find that one of these first-generation Christians, in the person of Nurse Betty Mamba, has been accepted to serve as a nurse at the leper colony at Mbuluzi. One of her most interesting patients at Temb'elihle, meaning "Good Hope," is Zulu or, to give him his full name, Salakwanda Zulu—a blind, legless leper.

Among the crowd of natives that poured out of the train that had just arrived in Johannesburg, two native ministers were outstanding. Neatly dressed in black, they impressed European and African alike, so that they were allowed quickly to pass through the barriers without their luggage being examined. Their ruse had succeeded and

Zulu and his companion had landed in Jo-burg, dope peddlers disguised as ministers. Each had hidden in his luggage a narcotic called dagga, much sought after by the African.

Zulu had first come to the city some years before as one of the thousands of natives recruited to work in the neighboring gold mines. Drink and gambling enslaved him and ultimately he was reduced to eating the remains of food that he found in garbage tins. Returning to his native Swaziland as a starving reprobate, he could find no relief or help. Then there came to him the daring get-rich-quick scheme of smuggling in the Indian hemp that, cultivated in Swaziland, was to the native what opium was to the Chinese. His success was short-lived, however, for illness laid hold of him, and when it was finally diagnosed as leprosy he was forced to make his way home. A penniless prodigal might have been allowed to remain at home, even if unwelcome, but a leper was a different proposition. Driven out by his relatives, he wandered for two days and nights until he found a little colony of lepers eking out a hopeless existence in their miserable huts at Encabaneni.

Dr. Hynd was appalled in 1925 when he found that absolutely nothing was being done for the lepers found all over Swaziland. He began to work and pray for what he called "a well-regulated leper colony in which all lepers could be segregated, that would at once remove a menace to public health, and provide comfort, treatment, and spiritual solace to those much in need of such ministrations." He once again became the intrepid crusader that could not be daunted by disappointments or turned aside by overwhelming odds. He sought the help of the American Mission to the Lepers and the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. Repeated approaches were made to the British Administration and the Paramount Chief. But apart from a grant of three hundred

dollars from the American Society, the only progress made was that the government made available a piece of ground at Encabaneni where the lepers could build huts for themselves and get a monthly visit from the government doctor.

When Zulu arrived at this settlement, the huts had fallen into a state of decay, and the lepers were neglected, dispirited, and hopeless. The frustration of the Doctor's plans for a leper colony did not lessen his interest in the lepers' welfare, and with other missionaries he visited the pathetic community, from time to time. In one of the services they held, Zulu, now blind and minus a leg because of the ravages of the disease, making him one of the most despairing among the despairing, gave his heart to Jesus Christ. His testimony is surely one of the most moving documents ever written in Swaziland. As translated by Miss Burne, of Bremersdorp, it reads:

"One glad day when some Nazarene missionaries came to conduct a service for us, I was convicted of my sin through the preaching of the Word. The light of the gospel revealed to me the vile state of my heart, and as I surrendered it to my Saviour, joy and peace flooded my soul and I was able to praise Him for His great salvation.

"Today I am living at our new leper colony at Mbuluzi. God mercifully took me away from Encabaneni. I am sure I should have died had I remained there. Now though sightless and without legs, I continually rejoice in the Lord, for I know that He has saved my soul. I am well cared for and have many fine Christian friends, some from this country and others from across the seas. I cannot express in words my gratitude to God for all His goodness to me. I love Him supremely. There are two choruses which I love and which become dearer to me day by day: 'Mine, mine, mine, I know Thou art mine' and 'Merciful Jesus, I know You are mine.'

"I have the assurance in my heart that when I leave this present world I shall see Jesus face to face—the One who saved me from all my sin. I am waiting for Him to take me to heaven whenever He chooses to call me."

Temb'elihle, where Zulu awaits his home call, is a fitting sequel to *Tand'abantu's* crusade to bring hope to the once hopeless lepers of Swaziland. The government's refusal in 1940 to grant permission to allow five hundred acres of land to be used as a site for a leper colony near Bremersdorp, for which purpose it had been donated to the hospital by the South African General Mission, seemed to be the crowning disappointment of the years of frustration in connection with the leper work. The official refusal was based on the fact that they had determined to build a similar institution of their own. In August, 1948, they completed the building of the Mbuluzi Leper Colony, consisting of a modern village and hospital complete with roads and other conveniences. Then God's purpose in allowing all these delays was revealed, for the government offered Dr. Hynd the opportunity of managing this up-to-date institution. So today Zulu, with seventy-nine other lepers, lives under the spiritual and medical ministry of the Church of the Nazarene in ideal conditions, and in a glorious situation that looks out upon the surrounding mountain ranges, and the river that flows in the bottom of the valley below.

Sister Elizabeth Cole has found her life's vocation in serving as matron of the colony. A native staff including the Reverend Samuel Dlamini, who served as a chaplain to the Swazi troops in the last war, assist her to carry on a full and varied program. Agriculture, building, and occupational therapy all play an important part in helping to lift and sustain the morale of the leper villagers. A school and troop of girl guides are carried on for the benefit of the children. As a result there is a marked improvement in the condition of the inmates.

Away back in 1929 the Doctor reported: "During the past two years attempts have been made to grow the Hydnocarpus tree, which is being much used in the modern treatment of leprosy. Seed was obtained from Siam through the courtesy of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. It would appear that this is the first occasion on which Hydnocarpus Wightiana seeds have been successfully grown in South Africa." In his annual report of 1951 he states: "Following upon reports from the Leprosy Research Unit of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association in Nigeria on the successful results obtained in both the lepromatous and neural types of leprosy treated by Diaminodiphenylsulphone (D.A.D. P.S.), the medical superintendent put practically all of the patients (69) on D.A.D.P.S. tablets orally. He is satisfied that there has been steady improvement in the health of the patients during this experiment." Fifteen patients were discharged that same year as cured. All but five of the lepers are now Christians.

As in every other branch of the hospital's activities, this success could not have been achieved apart from the selfless service of every member of the staff, but once again it is the outstanding leadership of Dr. Hynd that dominates the picture. Zulu's letter written after he had had his second leg amputated puts the Doctor in the right perspective.

"I am very grateful," the heroic old saint wrote, "to Dr. Phutuma for all the help which has come from him. I have given Dr. Hynd a new name because, when he was called to me when I was suffering much pain, he hastened to come and amputate my leg, and as a result my pain quickly disappeared when he placed his hand upon me. I praise God I am now better. Yours in the Lord, S. Zulu."

There is a kinship between those two native names of *Tand'abantu* and Dr. Phutuma. *Phutuma* in Swazi

means to hurry. Love is always quick to see human need, to find ways to alleviate it, as it is always quick to see the possibilities that lie buried in human nature and to provide opportunities for its resurrection. So Dr. Hynd has proved himself to those whom he has served as one who, because of his love for them, has been ever alert to help them, and who in consequence has pioneered venture after venture for the uplift of the Swazi people.

Chapter Twelve

THE WHEEL WITH MULTIPLYING SPOKES

Dr. Hynd returned from one of his early mercy trips, in 1926, when darkness had enshrouded the hilltop at Bremersdorp. The windows of his house shone like beacons to guide and welcome him home. Attracted to the window less brilliantly illuminated than the others, he looked in upon a scene unconsciously artistic in its setup and prophetic in its significance.

James Malambe sat in the center of the floor with a kerosene lantern by his side forming the light hub of a living wheel. Five heads poring over small Zulu reading books formed a circle in the patch of light around him. Their shining black bodies, glistening in the flickering rays of light as they lay with their stomachs on the floor, radiated to form the spokes of the wheel.

Two small eyes looked out upon the picture in wonder and amazement. They belonged to a little patient who had been carried for miles across the Swazi hills on his sister's back while suffering acutely from a badly burned arm. There was no other place to put him, so he had been laid in a corner of one of the four rooms of the Doctor's house that was requisitioned for a classroom in the evenings. He lay there totally unaware of the fact that he was the privileged spectator of the birth of another missionary venture destined to bring light and liberty to his people.

Dr. and Mrs. Hynd, already harassed by the problems that attend a mission station in its birth pangs, were at a loss as to how to meet the eager request of some of their work boys that they be taught to read their Bibles.

The arrival of James helped to provide an answer. Sympathizing with their desires for an education, he was very willing to share his limited knowledge with them. So the little six-by-six outhouse that had served so many purposes was once again pressed into service; and within the walls that during the day witnessed the first operations, the first efforts at education were begun.

Primitive as were the educational facilities represented in the black wheel, they were a great improvement on the beginnings. For now a textbook was provided for every one and each had room enough to stretch out full length, a comfortable position after a hard day's work. But in those first evening sessions they had had to sit on empty petrol tins to make room for all of them, and share the one reading chart that was available.

The spokes began to multiply. Numbers grew until there was no more room in the circle of tightly packed bodies. Another room had to be provided at the back of the hospital, and when the church was opened in 1927 it was commandeered to hold the growing classes. To meet the needs of these knowledge-hungry students other subjects had to be gradually added to the curriculum. Thus writing and arithmetic joined reading in the course, and Mrs. Hynd had to commence classes in Bible study, theology, and homiletics. This expansion was an embarrassment to the missionaries; but just when they were at wit's end corner as to how to cope with it, God made possible further developments beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Dr. Hynd's vision and enthusiasm for any project that he undertakes for God are infectious. His faith inspires and challenges others to participate, so that a co-worker has said that he has the ability of helping others to discover their true vocations. It was so with Miss M. K. Latta, although she lived in Scotland, five thousand miles away from Bremersdorp.

The Doctor's circulars sent out at this time gained her interest and awakened her sympathy. She found herself becoming deeply concerned about the needs and inexplicably identified with the struggles of the new school. A devoted Nazarene, who had literally given all to build up her home church in Uddingston, she felt constrained to pray that God would meet the urgent need for an educational missionary in Swaziland.

Her praying had a strange reaction. It brought consternation and mental turmoil. God broke into the even tenor of her life with a challenge to answer her own prayer. But she had reached that age where, to a woman particularly, the security of an established career in the Scottish schools seemed a more appropriate way of life than the adventure of fashioning an educational program in a primitive community. Did she not, however, have a headmistress' certificate in addition to her teacher's diploma from the Scottish Education Department, and years of teaching experience—qualifications that would be invaluable to the embryonic school system of Bremersdorp? Her last line of defense always lay in the fact that the church was already thinking in terms of missionary retrenchment, so that there was no money available for her transportation or support.

However, God intervened in an unusual way and M. K., as she was affectionately known, reached Swaziland in 1931, ideally equipped in temperament, spirituality, and professional qualifications to take hold of the school situation. It had reached a stage of development akin to the awkward phase of adolescence when a youth has grown out of the clothes and habits of an earlier period but has not yet become adjusted to the new demands of changing circumstances.

Miss Latta quickly determined that her teaching would have to be "a transmission of life, through life, into life," as it has been defined by a great educator. No matter

how efficiently she taught the three R's, it would fall far short of helping her scholars to shake off the evil tentacles of their heredity and surroundings. Top priority, therefore, was given by her to bringing every pupil into a vital relationship with Christ. For she considered that it was only in the experience of salvation and fellowship with the Saviour that this ideal could be fully realized.

A Christian environment she also deemed to be of great importance, so she threw to the winds any idea of a forty-hour teaching week, and chose to share the overcrowded quarters of the girls that she found living on the station. This marked the beginning of the school hostels that today have one hundred and thirty girls and forty boys living in them. By thus living twenty-four hours a day with and for their scholars, Miss Latta and her co-workers, Miss Bertha Parker and Miss Gladys Owen, are giving the highest and noblest type of teaching to the Swazi youth that come under their care.

Dr. Hynd found Miss Latta to be a kindred spirit and a most congenial co-worker. Her dynamic leadership kept the school geared to every forward step that he proposed. When the nurses' training scheme required as entrance qualifications standard six and then eight, her enthusiasm and energy had already established them as integral parts of the school. As a member of the Swaziland Missionary Conference and the Government Board of Advice on Native Education, he was instrumental in originating a Central Training Course for Native Teachers and having it officially recognized. It was Miss Latta again who was able to provide the leadership, so that it was established in Bremersdorp under her supervision and twenty-five are working under her, including Mr. Hobart Magagula, who after some advanced training is head teacher in the high school. Thus the educational program centered in Bremersdorp has expanded and developed, until in 1951 the original five pupils have become three hundred

and seventy-four enrolled in the outstation schools and three hundred and eighty-one in the main station school. The elementary reading course has given birth to a curriculum that reaches from the kindergarten, through high school, up to the professional training schools for nurses and teachers. It has indeed proved, in more ways than one, to be a wheel of multiplying spokes.

The living tableau in the Doctor's bedroom was also a prophetic picture of the history of the entire station. In response to local needs, Dr. Hynd has commenced one missionary project after another that has radiated out over ever-widening territory. Today Bremersdorp is the hub of a network of outstation churches and schools, the farthest being about fifty miles away. The hospital, likewise, has become the center of the medical missionary work in Swaziland. Connected with it are three health centers (at Pigg's Peak, Endingeni, and Stegi) at which are stationed a European nurse and a native nurse. There are also five dispensaries attached to outstations in charge of a native nurse. The history of these "Good Samaritan Inns," as the Doctor has called them, illustrates how this whole expansion program has sprung from the passion that has earned for him the name of *Tand'abantu.*

A monthly clinic had brought Dr. Hynd and two of his nurses, Sisters Dorothy Davis and Lydia Wilke, to the outstation at Mliba, down in the bushveld thirty-two miles away from the hospital. After attending to the patients that had gathered, they climbed the little hill that gave the district its name, to survey the countryside. They looked out upon a vast plain that in front of them was bounded by a distant mountain range and that on either side stretched out as far as their eyes could see. It was as if they were looking out upon a sea of long grass, crested by the thorny bush and scraggy trees that broke its surface everywhere. This

tangled vegetation they knew hid native kraals about a mile apart in which were hundreds of other Swazis, suffering from the malnutrition, tropical diseases, and fevers that they had seen that day. Oppressed with the thought of so many other sufferers throughout Swaziland that were similarly deprived of the help that could be given them, they had a prayer meeting in the long grass to ask God in some way to make it possible for small dispensaries to be built in such areas.

God's response was to lay the work of missions upon the hearts of Nazarenes around the world to unite to provide an answer. Native nurses like Jenetha Kumalo, Eva Mabuza, and Beauty Lukele volunteered to staff the dispensaries. The women of the Mliba church gathered and carried the stones with which to build the one for their district. Not to be outdone, some of the women from Gazaland gave two years' offerings with which to construct another. As a result of this combined effort sparked into existence by the Doctor's vision, five Good Samaritan Inns are now in operation. What this means to the Swazi people can be seen from one of their doctor's letters written in December, 1944.

"I sent you a letter some time ago telling you of the start of our project for the establishing of a chain of outstation dispensaries throughout our Swaziland District. The first one at Mliba is a real going concern and is meeting a great need. Our native nurse, Jenetha Kumalo, is winning her way into the confidence of her people and has been the means of saving many lives and relieving much suffering and anxiety.

"To give an example of one case, when I was down about three months ago making my monthly visit, there was a woman there in a very critical condition whom the nurse had for me to examine. She had fainted at the door of the dispensary. Examination revealed that her only hope was an abdominal operation. After seeing

about sixty patients there I took her back with me to the hospital in Bremersdorp, and we were able to save her life. On Thursday of this week when again making my monthly visit this patient came to see me. She was fat, healthy looking and beaming with smiles, grateful that her life had been saved. She has made a profession of Christ.

"This week I also saw another little patient there, a little boy this time, Mdabuko by name, who came into hospital from the same district, a little skeleton. He was so far gone, emaciated, covered with sores and semi-conscious that I never was able to make up my mind as to a diagnosis. After weeks of treatment in hospital in a fight that we felt was hopeless, Mdabuko began to recover. When he left hospital he was still somewhat thin but making rapid progress. Imagine my delight and surprise when a proud heathen mother marched a little fat smiling boy, whom I could not recognize, into the dispensary in front of me, exclaiming, 'Here is Mdabuko.'"

"Phonsa isinkwa sakho emanzini ngokuba uyakusifumana emva kwezinsuku ezining." The words escaped involuntarily from the Reverend James Malambe, native pastor at Bremersdorp, as he listened to Dr. Hynd speaking at the opening of the fifth dispensary at Manyeveni.

"I was first introduced to Manyeveni twenty years ago," the Doctor said, "when I kept my promise to a dying man in the hospital, and brought his body down to this, his home place to be buried. I can never forget that drive with the widow sitting beside the corpse of her husband wrapped in a sack, in the back of my car. Just over there with the help of some of the men from this district I dug a grave in the broiling sun, and around it had the first Christian service ever to be held in this place. For before he died my friend had been truly converted, as was his wife also, and you know how faithfully

she has stood for Christ in your midst all these years."

It was no wonder that James Malambe had felt constrained to exclaim, " 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' " For not only had he been one of the listeners at that funeral, but now in this desolate spot that had inspired the name of Manyeveni, or "The Place of Thorns," a Christian congregation had flourished for many years, and now Christianity was bringing health and healing into its midst.

Twenty-six years ago Dr. and Mrs. Hynd virtually cast themselves into the sea of heathenism that surrounded them, by pouring out their lives in sacrificial service for those who so often seemed to fail to understand and appreciate all that was being done for them. But today the results are to be seen in the great mission station that has arisen on the hilltop in Bremersdorp, and from which knowledge, healing, and salvation radiate in every direction.

Chapter Thirteen

THE MAN WITH SIXTY WIVES AND MORE

He is not an imaginary character of fiction; he is not an ancient figure of history. He lives today—and he lives with all his wives around him. There are at least sixty wives in his household; but it is difficult to keep track of the exact number, for others are added at frequent intervals. This modern and heroic chief is Sobhuza II, the king of the Swazis.

His children are equally numerous. Someone in close contact with the royal family states that there are nearly two hundred of them. Many of them are happy, healthy, mischievous-looking youngsters. And this is in spite of a high infant mortality among them and the seemingly barbarous customs that attend each royal birth.

When three days' old the infant is taken by an old crone who, after covering both of them with a blanket, sets fire to the fur of a rabbit's foot so that the babe inhales the smoke. Thereafter, it is shut up in a hut with its mother for three months, food being passed in to them through a small door.

This does not indicate that Sobhuza is a degenerate. He has, in fact, proved himself to be an enlightened and benevolent ruler of the people. As the titular head of the Swazis he exemplifies all the superstition and ignorance that have formulated their tribal customs.

Polygamy is an accepted custom among them. Marriage, more often than not, is only a business transaction between the father and bridegroom, as ten cows have to be paid for each wife. When they are handed over at the time of the wedding, it is called *ukulobola.* In-

stead of sharing our abhorrence for such a practice, the Swazi woman loves it as something that gives her worth and dignity. Sometimes, however, the arrangement is entered into long before the marriage, and it is then known as *ukwendisa.*

Ntombiyendlala was a fugitive from this latter practice that creates so many tragic and heartbreaking situations. Her father had betrothed her when she was quite young and had received the ten cows for her in addition to other presents. About the same time she had become a Christian, the only one in her kraal. When the time came for her to go to her future home, she rebelled and fled, as her husband, in addition to being an old man, was a heathen.

Swaziland had no cities of refuge as in patriarchal times, no places of sanctuary at church door or altar as in medieval times; but there was Miss Louise Robinson and her home at Peniel. The building was only an oblong lean-to built up against the back wall of the missionary's house. Slits high up in the wall served as windows, and ten or twelve girls had to sleep on the earth floor of stalls only big enough to hold one cow. Nevertheless, to the young refugee it was a haven and a home, as it had been to so many girls before her.

Dr. Hynd visited Peniel the day after Ntombiyendlala had arrived. To safeguard her against being kidnaped by her angry menfolk, he smuggled her away to Bremersdorp in his car. Her father and brothers pursued her to the hospital and in some stormy interviews demanded her return. Dr. Hynd successfully withstood their efforts and finally won her freedom through the courts. His comments on the departure of the frustrated and furious father are illuminating:

"If we could just see the situation from the old man's point of view no doubt this would be a serious business. Here is a daughter who is his property and whom he

has promised to another man. The usual ten head of cattle have changed hands and then this ungrateful girl who ought to be willing to do all her father wants of her according to the tradition of the country goes among white missionaries and learns of them to revolt against him and the family. Added to this, the cattle paid for her have been taken by her brothers to help pay for their wives, and then other presents harder to return than cattle have also been given. And then to add insult to injury, the white doctor helps his daughter to run about sixty miles from home and he is not afraid of him. What a terrible pass this country is coming to! The emancipation of women follows the preaching of the gospel by the intruding white man."

This priceless gift of sympathetic insight into the African mind is discernible at every stage of Dr. Hynd's career and is a dominating influence in every phase of his work. When he commenced to build the hospital he was influenced in his planning by what he thought the people would want. Thus, instead of wards, he built small individual rooms, reasoning that because of their association of sickness with bewitching through the evil eye they would want to be alone in their illness. He built a number of native huts in the ground to provide for the patients' friends who, he anticipated, would want to stay with them during their time in the hospital and who at the beginning always did accompany them.

From the earliest days the natives have discovered that the Doctor would always find time to sit down with them and discuss their personal problems and try to find a solution for them. It might be a marriage problem, a domestic difficulty, a child to be taken care of, but all received the Doctor's attention. Even today when the supervision of a large mission station and hospital makes numerous demands upon him, he will, nevertheless, take time out to deal with all who come to him personally.

"He was never too busy to give full consideration to anyone who needed his help"; so writes a co-worker. "He may have been pressed to the hilt with work, but he never let the one who came asking aid know that he was busy. He dealt with that one as though he only had a claim to his time and all that he could do for him was freely at his command. I noticed that through all the years I was associated with him and I think it was wonderful."

His staff and fellow missionaries learned to appreciate and take advantage of this rare quality, as the following excerpts from letters show. "His unfailing interest in his staff has meant a great deal to many of us." "No matter how long or how busy his day has been, he always has time to listen to his staff, black or white, and their problems are his." "Whether they are personal problems or relating to the work, we are always sure of a patient hearing, a good understanding, and so often a reasonable solution."

What this has meant personally to those who have worked with him is shown in a nursing sister's statement: "No matter how busy we were he never seemed to get excited or flurried. He always took time to talk over our problems and difficulties and to pray with us. Many times when I would rush into his office all nervous and excited because there was so much to do, and we never seemed to have enough staff to cope with the work, he would say, 'Sit down and let us talk it over.' I always came away ashamed of myself and praying that God would give me his faith and courage."

On January 21, 1928, the door leading from Dr. Hynd's room to the veranda of his house provided the setting for a moving tableau from life.

The Doctor sat in a chair right in the center of the doorway so as to prevent anyone from entering or leaving. Peter stood by his side interpreting. A Swazi lass

cowered at the back of his chair, sometimes hiding herself behind it, occasionally peeping out rather fearfully over his shoulder. Before him a native man spat and fumed and raged and argued while his old mother urged him on. A semicircle of three intensely interested spectators—Mrs. Hynd, Miss Robinson, and Miss Lovelace—formed a background within the room itself.

Pelina—for such was the name of the slip of a girl who was only fifteen years of age—was another refugee from *ukwendisa.* Three weeks previously the man on the veranda who was her brother had driven her unwillingly to the kraal of the man who, some years before, had given five cows to secure her as a future wife. The following day Pelina had fled from her new home, and for a week she was a fugitive in the bushveld. She reached the hospital on January 10. She had previously attended a number of the Sunday services with her brother's wife, who was a Christian. Now this brother had come to force her to go back home.

"I want my sister," he yelled. "She must return with me to her husband's kraal. I have not the cows he paid me for her to give back to him."

"We want her, too," was the Doctor's calm reply. "While she does not want you, she wants us; and so long as we both agree to that arrangement, then she shall do as she wants to do."

Fury and frustration, anger and fear, swept over the thwarted man. Threats and entreaties poured from him, but all to no avail. The Doctor remained adamant; the child continued determined, although she trembled with fear that almost become terror as, on their departure, both her mother and brother cursed her and excommunicated her from her home and family. But for the man in the doorway another girl would have become a human chattel.

The picture fades to allow another to come into focus. The falling shadows of the night have caught a Palestinian shepherd far out on the hills. There is no time to reach the safety of the village before beasts of prey will be on the prowl. So hastily he cuts the thorny bracken at hand and piles it up so as to form a fence enclosing a space big enough to contain his flock. When all the sheep are safely in, he gathers his cloak around him, lies down across the opening, and during the watches of the night his body forms the only entrance.

It is only in this concept that the truth and significance of Christ's statement, "I am the door," can be understood, as it illuminates the doctor-missionary's character and ministry and epitomizes the imperishable elements of life-changing service.

The men who have helped to change the face of Africa —David Livingstone, C. T. Studd, Harmon Schmelzenbach, and others—have done so because they have entered into the heart of Africa. This has been possible on their part only because Christ has first of all entered into their hearts. For "Thinking Black," as Dan Crawford has called this insight into the African mind, is but the practical outworking of genuine Christian sympathy that has been defined as "putting ourselves in the other fellow's shoes."

By sitting between the hunter and the hunted in the doorway of his room that Thursday afternoon, David Hynd unconsciously elected himself to this invisible Order of the Good Shepherds, whose insignia is a heart cleansed and ablaze with divine love. Their motto and code is, "I am the door." Their lives, like the life of the Lord Jesus Christ, their Founder and Head, are given in identification, fellowship, and ministry to the people they have been called to serve.

Chapter Fourteen

GLORIOUS FOOLS, LTD.

Fifteen thousand Swazis in the war-dress of the soldiers of Cheka, the famous Zulu warrior of seventy years ago, converged upon Goedgegun, just within the southern frontier of Swaziland, on the morning of March 15, 1947. As their black plumes crested the surrounding hilltops, and they came marching over the sky line armed with spears, knobkerries, and shields, the sleepy little farming township sprang into life, to welcome the invading hosts.

It was but the auspicious beginning of a momentous day crowded with memorable events. The weather was perfect, the early morning showers having laid the dust and cooled the air of the heat of previous days. The greatest crowd in the history of Swaziland gathered in the spacious natural arena on the outskirts of the village. Thousands of Europeans and thirty thousand Swazis formed a great semicircle, of which the warriors made an imposing and colorful center, around a dais.

Excitement bubbled up and overflowed when a car drove into the arena, and out of it stepped Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth, with their daughters, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. For the first time in history a reigning British king spoke to the Swazi people as he replied to the three addresses of welcome. The march past of the Swazi veterans who had served in the Mediterranean theater of war was another great moment. Then came the climax, when the Swazi warriors gave their customary salutation to royalty, a high-pitched whistle, as the royal family walked along their ranks, immediately followed by the whole Ndaba breaking

out into the barbaric rhythm and movements of one of their most solemn and significant dances.

The Nazarene missionaries went away with another outstanding memory, the moment when Dr. Hynd was called forward to receive from the hands of His Majesty, the King, the high honor of the Commander of the Order of the British Empire. This was the third award bestowed upon him by the British government. In 1935 he was awarded the Silver Jubilee Medal. The Order of the British Empire was bestowed upon him in 1938. The Resident Commissioner's statement made on this latter occasion gives the official evaluation of the services that the Doctor has rendered to the people of Swaziland and that constitutes the reason for the bestowal of these honors.

"We were all very deeply touched when we heard on the occasion of the coronation of Their Majesties, the King and Queen, in May last, that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to confer upon Dr. Hynd the Order of the British Empire.

"We extend to him our most hearty and sincere congratulations.

"We all realize how richly he deserves this most signal honor. He has given to all sections of the community in Swaziland many years of faithful and honorable service, not only in his capacity as medical adviser and head of the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital in Bremersdorp, but as an educationist of a very high order, and a true servant of God in the mission field and in general social welfare work. His fine record of service is so well known to everybody that there is no need for me to do anything more than refer to it in general terms. We thank God for such a man."

In the preceding pages we have become acquainted with part of this "fine record of service." Dr. Hynd's work on behalf of the Swazi people has not been confined

to the hospital, although that is more than sufficient for one man. He is also a member of an imposing list of committees. He is president both of the Swaziland Missionary Conference, in the revival of which he took a leading part in 1929, and the Association for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness in Africa, which he likewise helped to institute in 1935. Recognizing the need for a secular agency that could interest the local population in the questions of health and hygiene, he formed, in 1932, a Swaziland Branch of the British Red Cross Association. After serving for many years as the territorial director, he is now the chairman. He is vice-chairman of the High Commission Territories Nursing Council and the vice-president of the Governing Council of St. Mark's School. The Board of Advice on Native Education is also privileged to have him as a member.

How can one man take a leading part in so many varied interests and so successfully carry such a load of responsibility, and get through the amount of work that has been required in order to accomplish so much for his adopted land? The answer is very simple. When God called on him to honor the blank check upon his life that he had given to God as a youth in his consecration, by dedicating that life to the Swazi people, he unhesitatingly did so, and every hour since has been given up to their interests.

"Going to conference." There are pathos, humor, and illumination in this answer of sixteen-year-old Margaret to her teacher's question, "What is your father's hobby?" It reveals something of the price that Dr. and Mrs. Hynd have had to pay for their achievements. Margaret's brother's memory of those days is a human document that helps us better to understand all that it costs to be a faithful missionary and that missionary's child, and in doing so gives us penetrating insight into his parents' sacrifice. Samuel writes:

"On the African field, when connected with a missionary family, one does not have all the family life such as you have in the homeland. From the time I was eight years of age I spent only about three months of the year at home. The rest of the time was spent at St. Mark's, a Church of England boarding school, situated in Mbabane, about twenty-seven miles away from my home in Bremersdorp. Margaret, my young sister, went there at the age of five. Isabel went back to Scotland with my grandmother and remained there during a good part of her formative years. Thus even at this early time of our lives we were thrown into the wide world, where we had to fight our own battles without the guidance or care of parents. My being away from home so much cost me quite a lot.

"Any credit for the upbringing of the three of us must go to my mother, for my father was able to play only a small part in it in an indirect way, in the earlier years of my life. Dad was like a shadow at the back ready to step in if my mother felt she needed help. It was my mother who had to do the disciplining and spanking. She had to try to entertain us while we were back from school. It was she who got all our clothes ready and saw that we had all the necessary things. Dad just paid the bills.

"It must have been a difficult task for my mother in that she was having to spend a good part of her time at the hospital, for she had to do all the secretarial work as well as doing the financial work connected with the hospital and mission. The only time we saw our father was at mealtimes, and on such evenings as were not being spent at the hospital or at some other department of the work. It was not often that we could get even a two weeks' holiday together as a family. So very frequently when we did get away, my father would take us to our destination, then leave us to attend some conference, a fact not forgotten by my sister Margaret. Be-

cause of this I found my companionship mainly with the sons of the native evangelist and the native teachers who were on the station when I was on holiday.

"I have no doubt that both my mother and my father would have liked to be able to spend more time with us, but pressure of work made that impossible. There were some occasions when we did flare up a little and tell them we thought at least they should spend more time with us when we were on holiday from school. Nevertheless their influence and example was always there. In family prayers, held every single morning, and in many other things, we saw their absolute love for God, and their selfless service. This more than compensated for many of the things that were denied us."

It cost Dr. Hynd a lot more than his family could ever realize to be thus thrust into the background of their lives, for he loves his children. Among my earliest recollections of him is the picture of him carrying Isabel as a baby to and from the services in the Parkhead Church and giving her all the attention of a loving father. Then there is a passage written a few years later, when called to Pigg's Peak to attend Baby Schmelzenbach, who was very sick. He speaks of one of the greatest sacrifices that a missionary has to make as being this necessity of denying his children so many of the things that he wants to give them—not material things alone but the very things that Samuel has touched upon. It was because he was willing to make such sacrifices for the Christ he loves so passionately that he has been able to accomplish so much for his adopted land.

Samuel was right; his mother's task has been a difficult one. Mrs. Hynd has been overshadowed by her illustrious husband, yet everyone knows that without her wholehearted co-operation he could not have accomplished half of what has been done. She has not only been a devoted wife and faithful homemaker, but she has been an active

partner in every undertaking. The annals of the station speak of her at different times as nurse, radiographer, bookkeeper, treasurer, teacher, and pastor. If the children missed their father, how much more did the mother miss him! What lonely hours must she have spent as a wife when her husband was so occupied! She too has paid a price for the Doctor's success.

The sacrifice his wife and children have made with him is but part of the price he has had to pay. Could his medical friends but have known the full story of sacrifice, conflict, and heartache that David Hynd was going to be called upon to endure, they would have called him a madman instead of a fool, as they did when he first sailed for Africa. His financial sacrifices that inspired their condemnation diminish into insignificance in comparison with these sacrifices of spiritual dimension. Sacrifice has been the keynote of his life; sacrifice has been the secret of his success.

"Sacrifice!" thundered Schmelzenbach during that one meeting he held in the mother church in Glasgow. "Who dares call anything that I have done sacrifice when you look up at the Cross and see my beloved Lord dying for me while I was still in my sin?" The chairman had spoken of the worn-out pioneer's having previously refused to come home on furlough, of his babies that lay buried under the African sky, and in summing up his life of selfless service had introduced him as a man of sacrifice. How the missionary warrior stirred our hearts in that rally as he would take no glory to himself, and flung all claim to sacrifice to the four winds of heaven! The Cross became very real to us that night. Its challenge has lived with us ever since.

Schmelzenbach spoke for his friend David Hynd that evening, for this is the philosophy of sacrifice that lies behind all spiritual achievement. What a noble company they have thus joined! Carey, Livingstone, Judson,

Brainerd, Hudson Taylor, C. T. Studd are among the host of missionary heroes who have become such by sacrificing in the measure of those who know no sacrifice and have thus made themselves fools in the estimation of the world.

Fools they may be, but what glorious fools, what wise fools! By their foolishness they have turned the world upside-down. Limitless as their sacrifice may appear to be in the sight of men, it is extremely limited in their own eyes in the light of the rewards that have been promised to them and of the Cross that has inspired them. They are those who have found through sacrifice life, abundant life that will one day blossom into eternal life.

Social service is only a by-product in the life of Dr. Hynd. His vocation is to lead benighted men and women into salvation. Everything else is but incidental to this great primary purpose of his life, no matter how spectacular or noteworthy that life may appear to men. The civil honors that it has merited are but of secondary value, and so he has treated them, remaining humble and unpretentious in the midst of all these earthly preferments. The rewards he seeks are those to be bestowed at the great investiture of the King of Kings. With the patriarchs he looks "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." With Paul he presses "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

God marches on to the conquest of Africa, and David Hynd marches in His train, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."