REV. GEORGE CHAMPION

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PIONEER MISSIONARY

TO THE

ZULUS

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

AND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL, 1834–8

"Thy kingdom come"

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REV. GEORGE CHAMPION

"GEORGE CHAMPION, son of Henry and Ruth Kimberly Robbins, born in Westchester, Conn., June 3d, 1810."

So reads the genealogical record, its authority the family Bible, that record of the joys and sorrows that come to the household.

To the statistician the record means only one more inhabitant of that little New England town.

To the chronicler of workers in the Master's vineyard, of those who have gone forth to "prepare the way of the Lord," to "lay the foundations that another may build thereon," this new life is of special interest and we ask what were the surroundings of the child—or to use the word that now seems to express all the influence of birth and home, what were the environments of this new life?

Colonel Henry Champion[1] settled in Westchester in 1750. He was Commissary General under Washington.

His son known as General Henry Champion[2] also lived in Westchester.

His son Henry Champion[3] married Ruth Kimberly Robbins, daughter of Rev. Robert (Yale 1760) and Jerusha Easterbrook Robbins.

He died 1823, at the age of 41, leaving a young widow and three children, a son George aged twelve, and two daughters younger. The General took his widowed daughter-in-law and the three grandchildren to his home. Here they lived for a number of years. George the pride and delight of his grandfather. All the old man's hopes seemed to center on this boy, the only son of his only son. The atmosphere of the home was that of wealth and luxury. The sternness of the Puritan was tempered by the good things that money and refinement gather.

Here George grew up, his godly mother teaching him to obey the Lord, his grandfather instilling love of country and pride of birth that would stoop to no meanness or allow one to desecrate his name. At eighteen George was ready for College; he

entered the Sophomore class at Yale in the autumn of 1828. His vacations were spent at his grandfather's, and the old General watched with increasing pride the manly development of the youth who was to continue the family name and honor.

As a little thing may turn the course of the stream as it quietly wanders among its native rocks and woods, so a word spoken one summer day changed the course of this young man's life. In a College vacation, while riding on horseback through a quiet wood road, he stopped at a brook to water his horse. As he did so, a stranger perhaps ten years his senior rode up from the opposite direction and stopped for the same purpose. A few words of courtesy were exchanged, then the elder spoke of the "water of life." The reply of the younger showed that he had not yet drank of the life-giving stream and in a few earnest words the other urged the Saviour's invitation to "Come." They parted, each going his own way never to meet again.

Truly we "pass this way but once." The message delivered was the means through the Holy Spirit of leading the young man to the Saviour. The consecration was entire, all that he was or had, belonged to and should be the Lord's.

He often thought of the stranger who had spoken to him and whose face he remembered perfectly, but might never see again on earth. "I shall know him in heaven." While in Africa the Life of J. Brainard Taylor was sent to him by friends at home. Opening it, his eye fell on the likeness of the sainted Taylor and he recognized the face of his unknown friend.

The young man grew in grace, he came to be known in his class as an earnest Christian. He spent hours in prayer, and those occupying adjoining rooms often heard him praying as they went to sleep. He seemed especially to realize what the Saviour had done for him and for the world of sinful men, and the wish grew stronger to consecrate his life to the Master's service any way and anywhere that the Captain of his salvation might call; indeed he would "like to go where no one else wanted to."

The spirit of missions had begun to enter the hearts and homes of New England. Work had been begun by the American Board in India, Palestine and Syria—among the North American Indians—at the Sandwich Islands and China, but as yet no one had ventured to go to Africa to carry

the light of life to its benighted people. Africa was then indeed a "dark continent," only the borders of its 12,000,000 square miles mapped out; the rest marked on the maps of that time as "Great Desert" and south of that "Unexplored territory." Wild beasts, savages and every foe to the white man's health and life, were reported as existing.

In 1833 Dr. Phillip of the London Missionary Society had made a tour among the stations of that society in S. Africa. He learned some interesting facts in regard to the three great chiefs—Moshesh, Dingaan and Umzilikazi. He was told that the first was anxious for a missionary and it was hoped that the others were like-minded.

This report of Dr. Phillip's found its way to this country and led Mr. Champion, who, after graduating at Yale in 1831, had entered the theological seminary at Andover, graduating in 1834, to say "Here am I, send me." The Zulus were "just the people among whom he should like to labor." He offered himself to the American Board while still at Andover, and received his appointment January, 1834, to go to Zulu land.

This decision of his grandson came like a thunderbolt to the old General, whose plans were far

otherwise. He urged the claims of the widowed mother, offered him all his property or he would pay the expenses of five to go as substitutes. "No, he felt that the Lord called *him*, that the rich as well as the poor were called." When the old gentleman found that he could not turn his grandson from his purpose, he gave him $60,000 to pay his expenses to Africa and back should the company wish to return. Messrs. Grant, Adams, Lindley, Wilson and Venable had also been appointed to that field as missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M.

Mrs. Abigail Dodge—"Gail Hamilton"—in her memorial of Allen W. Dodge, facetiously says: "He evidently admires Mr. Champion for throwing away money, and an American missionary for the sake of having his own way. He calls it doing his Master's service, but nothing appears in the record to show that his Master could not have been just as well served in South Africa by another man or that Mr. Champion could not serve Him just as well in North America as in South Africa, while he would have had his grandfather's money to devote to his Master's service, and would have comforted the heart of the poor old man who was nearer to him and more sacredly his charge and

duty than every beastly Zulu of them all. His own way may be the best way for a man, but if so it is so because it is his own way, not because it is the Master's way."

Not so thought Mr. Champion.

Personal service, not a substitute, sent many a man full of love for country "to the front" in the days 61–65, when the contest was for a united country, for our flag—that not a star should be taken from its field, and all men honored the man who, forgetting business and home ties, offered his services, perhaps his life for the cause.

George Champion was married November 14, 1834, to Susanna Larned, dau. of John and Susanna (Moore) Larned, at her father's house, Webster, Mass., by Rev. Loren Robbins.

Mr. C. was ordained as a missionary at Colchester, Nov. 19; returned to Webster the next day.

Here we take up his journal.* He writes:

"Punctuality is the life of business, therefore I commence my journal November 20, 1834. Came by rail to Boston 31¼ miles in two hours.

Nov. 21.—Have been on board the brig Burlington, a spacious ship. They are fitting up some

* Given to the A. B. C. F. M. by S. E. C.

convenient staterooms and there is a large cabin. My heart was full of joy as I trod the deck; here I am to be for three months.

Sat. eve.—Eighteen or nineteen dear missionary brothers and sisters met at Mr. Hubbard's, among them those who are to go with us. How it thrilled me to see them.

Sabbath eve.—Just from an overflow meeting where we received our instructions. A very solemn and interesting time. Rev. Mr. Abeel and Mr. Winslow addressed us very appropriately. We seem to be really entering on our work; the sooner we reach our fields the better. I long to be toiling away unobserved rather than be a spectacle to a gazing congregation.

Nov. 25.—The missionary is making up his outfit. A missionary party at Mr. Hill's last evening. Deacon Safford called this morning. At 9 o'clock portrait painter* (Edwards), at 10 miniature painter (Blanchard). Have bought hats, caps, tin, hardware, and been to cabinet maker and to missionary rooms to pack. Our southern brethren have come almost wholly unprepared and we must wait for them to fit out. Every mail brings us letters; we must

* See Frontispiece.

keep them to read on the voyage. Oh the kindness of Christian friends! To-night the missionaries met at Dr. Andrews' to become better acquainted. The secretaries are as kind to us as fathers.

Thanksgiving.—I spent it in thanking God that he has led me so far toward my field of labor.

Saturday.—Removed to vessel. Now good-bye, I close my American Journal."

They sailed Dec. 3, 1834.

"Dec. 5.—Two days at sea. I was taken from a sick bed and brought on board; it was considered doubtful if I ought to start with the others. Oh joyful hour when Dr. Warren gave his permission! I think I am better now than the others, they in their berths, I up, while the vessel rocks like a cradle. I heard from my berth the singing of Heber's hymn 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' as the vessel left the dock. I joined in spirit.

Wed., Dec. 10.—A week on board. A new country, everything floating. Some choice spirits in our little band.

Dec. 11.—All sails set and flying on the wings of the wind. Shall soon be in the torrid zone. The captain of his own accord proposed prayer. The crew are of every nation, I doubt if one has a Bible.

Sunday, Dec. 14.—I feel like a pilgrim, am 2000 miles from home. Service on deck—the capstan the pulpit. Not one of the seamen had I venture to say ever seen the like before. I spoke to audience of 20.

Dec. 19.—Salt water to wash face and hands. Breakfast generally hash, of meat or fish with potatoes. At dinner the captain helps each to Benjamin's share ; dessert, rice pudding well stocked with raisins—the only pudding the cook knows how to prepare. Occasionally one of the missionary ladies makes something different. They have taught the cook to make Indian bread, we often have it for tea. The goat I bought in Boston is a great comfort. We can have a tablespoon of milk for our tea. We have prayer morning and evening. The one who preaches on Sunday is pastor for the week and conducts prayers. Some good singers among us. Have made slow progress for a week. The captain thinks if Job were here, *his* patience would give out. In this part of the ocean the wind often blows in a single day from every point of the compass. "Variables" the sailors call them. Have distributed three Bibles and ten Testaments among the crew ; wish I had more.

An upset lamp made a little fire in cabin, soon extinguished. Thank God!

Dec. 23.—Seeing a sail 2 or 3 miles away made us feel that we were not alone on the ocean, What a jewel my wife is, by her kind attention I think she has won the love of all here.

Jan. 1, 1835.—Have been making resolves. I am conscious that I shall not be able to push forward as I have done and live long. I want to work among the Zulus as long as Dr. Carey.

Jan. 7.—At equator, did not see Neptune. Mercury 84° to-day, sun vertical. The trade winds temper the heat. Sailing at the rate of 200 miles a day now. Oh the water; mix it with anything, the scent remains. All went on deck at noon to see if we could find our shadows.

Jan. 19. Preached to-day. It is hard to speak with skies for sounding board.

Jan. 22.—A breeze as the sailors say, making 8 knots an hour. I begin to feel the appalling difficulty of a new unwritten language.

Jan. 26.—In ten days at the Cape if the Lord wills. Oh joy!

Feb. 1, 1835.—Repacking for embarking. Distributed tracts. Have had many personal talks

with the sailors from time to time, some I hope have decided to lead a new life.

Feb. 4.—We have dwelt with delight on the various providences which have drawn us together. There was a union of hearts at the south in reference to this very object before they knew that they should be appointed to this mission. There was a similar harmony at the north.

Henry Venable is from Kentucky, father a minister. Mrs. Venable was Miss Martin from Indiana, her father a home missionary. She had been longing to go as a foreign missionary. Met Mr. V. only three or four weeks before she was married and came to Boston ; hence her scant outfit, but the good people of Boston clubbed together and worked from morn till night. Mr. V—— is a real tinker, made a rolling pin to-day when he found some of the ladies using a bottle to roll out apple-dumpling crust.

Alexander Wilson is son of a minister in North Carolina, studied medicine two years, then theology at Princeton. Mrs. W. was Miss Jane Smith from Richmond, Va.

Mr. Grout is from Pelham, Mass. Mrs. G. was Miss H. Davis from Holden, Mass.

Dr. Lindley is son of a minister, native of Penn. Mrs. L. was Miss Lucy Allen a native of Virginia, later of New York, an intimate friend of Mrs. Wilson; they agreed together to go to the heathen if God should open a door.

Dr. Newton Adams is from E. Bloomfield, N. Y., has studied medicine, is our leader in music, is ready to turn his hand to anything and like the wise man "keepeth his words till afterward."

Mrs. A. is of Dutch extraction, from Auburn, N. Y. She had been consecrated to the work for six years before she met Mr. A.

Feb. 5, 1835.—Land ho! was shouted as we were at dinner to-day. At first it was like a dim cloud along the horizon. Soon Table Mt. rose up, leading the van. Our hearts leaped for joy.

Feb. 6.—Safely landed at Cape Town. The scenery as we entered the harbor was grand. Cape Town is a snug little village of two-story unchimneyed houses at the foot of Table Mt., whose table cloth of fog overhangs the summit for a distance of two miles."

Our modern maps give us little idea of the territorial divisions of Southern Africa at this date, 1835. There was no Orange Free State, no Transvaal

Republic, and the English Colonial possessions were very limited in comparison with its present vast extent from the Cape to the Zambesi. The white people were chiefly of Dutch origin.

England had seized the Cape as a part of Napoleon's empire at the time of its dissolution and had not seen fit to restore it to its original owners. She had held it about thirty years. The Dutch settlers became discontented and in 1833 they decided to move to the northeast to be free from British rule. They gave to the country the name Transvaal Republic when after several years of conflict they obtained full possession. We know it as The South African Republic since 1886. These Boers or peasants are the descendants of the Dutch settlers in S. Africa since the 16th century, who still retain their national character.

We left the missionaries, twelve in number, just landed at Cape Town. It was planned in Boston by the Board that Messrs. Lindley, Wilson and Venable should establish a mission about 1000 miles north of Cape Town and 400 west from Port Natal in the kingdom of Umzilikazi, one of the three great chiefs of southern Africa. This was to be known as the Inland Mission. The other three

missionaries, Messrs. Adams, Grout and Champion were to go to Port Natal and thence to the country of Dingaan, another of the great chiefs. This was to be called The Maritime Mission.

The journal continues:

"Feb. 9, 1835.—Most of our goods detained at Custom House, clothing excepted; they must remain there till we leave for the interior. Learning Dutch.

Feb. 11.—Have concluded to pay duties and take our goods, our departure for our fields seems delayed; even the workers from Caffre land to the north of us are coming in under military escort. The Boers are fighting the natives there.

Feb. 12.—We do not like the English hours where we board, we intend to hire a house while we wait, and be American. It will be cheaper."

Just six weeks after their arrival at Cape Town the six missionaries designed for the Inland Mission left in company with Rev. Mr. Wright of the London Society, who had come down from Griquatown, 600 miles in the interior, for his annual supplies. They stopped for several months at G. to rest their oxen and study the Sitibele dialect, which was spoken by the natives for whom Mr. Wright and Mr. Hughes his co-laborer, worked, and by

Umzilikazi's people 100 miles farther north where the American mission was to be established. This was done the next spring at Mosika, the chief's residence.

The missionaries destined to the Zulu country were detained at Cape Town till July (1835), on account of the war in Kaffraria, through which their route lay. In the meantime we find Mr. Champion is not idle; he says in his journal:

"May 31.—Have made my first attempt at preaching in Dutch in a neglected part of the town. Have heard that the cutter in which Brother Adams and self were to go to Natal, but were providentially detained, was found wrecked, not a soul on board. A Caffre chief who had been held as a hostage by the English tried to escape and was shot. The English governor has marched up through Caffre land to Hintza country, murdered him and all in his country; 8 or 10,000 acres is proclaimed as belonging to England. Oh! man's avarice!

June 5.—Visited the Dutch burying-ground, no stone to tell where Brother Warren was laid. Saw the tomb of Mrs. Smith and Dr. Vanderkemp with this epitaph:

Stay friend of Jesus, drop a pious tear
The dust of sainted Mother Smith lies here,
And next her Vanderkemp ; now go thy way
Go and do likewise to thy dying day,
For Zion's sake employ thy gifts and prayers
So shall thy life and death be lovely, be like theirs.

June 13.—The cannon at the castle has just fired, saying the sun is down. Probably no one but myself considers this Saturday-eve as a part of the Sabbath. A note from Mr. R. saying he will make no charge for acting as our agent. This saves the Board about $100 a year.

June 15.—Winter rains have set in.

Sunday, June 27.—Started a new school in a neglected part of the town. A room had been hired, the children notified, not a soul was there. Soon one came in, then we went out to "compel" them to come in, gathered 50 or 60. Ten knew their A, B, C, or had heard of God. Some Mahomedans. Dr. Adams just back from Dingaan's country. The chief had heard through some Dutch farmers of missionaries as ones who could teach his people to read and write. He says he should like *some.* We wish to go there.

July 2.—Packing, start for Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, by sea. We are all going though Dr.

Phillip would like to have some of us stay here and work.

July 6.—Seventy children came to S. S. yesterday.

July 10.—Streets flooded thereabout. It is nearly the time of a Mahomedan festival and the priests demand so much, the people steal to satisfy them." On the eve of the departure, Mr. Champion wrote to Dr. Anderson.

"Our stay at the Cape has refreshed our spirits. It has taught us many things in reference to African missions that we should not have learned otherwise. We have not been out of employment. Our first attention has been directed to whatever would subserve the interest of our mission, but we have preached in the house or by the wayside. Every evening almost we have had some service. These have often been well attended and we hope not in vain." Again from journal:

"July 23.—Started but becalmed. Our vessel, the Kuysna, is the first of its size built in Africa; the timber is from the K. river. Only the second officer seems to be sober—were not our Heavenly Father at the helm I should have fears.

July 25.—Tossing about with head winds. No nearer Algoa Bay than five days ago. Not an

officer on deck. We find our captain has been engaged in the slave trade, carrying his colored brothers from the Congo to Charleston, S. C. As he tells it now he adds—"May God forgive me." The cup is often at his mouth. He thinks it can't harm an old sailor.

Aug 1.—Now a head wind. Everything that we have yet experienced in our missionary work proclaims *patience.*

Aug. 7.—Yesterday, our tenth day out, we had a sight of Port Elizabeth, so named from the wife of Sir R. Donkin, a former governor of the Colony. A fleet of a thousand sail could float in Algoa Bay. The village rises on the hill side; we have anchored a mile and a half from shore; surf boats drawn over a rope stretched from ship to shore are the only way to reach terra firma. As government is using them, we must wait. As one after another reach the end of the surf boat line a Hottentot catches you in his arms and wades to dry land.

Aug. 8.—We are at Rev. Mr. Robson's of the London Missionary Society. He has a neat chapel on the hill, his house adjoining. This land once belonged to the Caffres, but the English are cruelly exterminating them. We wait here

expecting to go to Bethelsdorp. God has kept us from great dangers on our voyage with a drunken captain. I think it has been in answer to prayers.

Aug. 10, 1835.—At B.—at house of London Missionary Society.

Aug. 19.—Wife and I settled in a little three-room house. Brothers G. and A. in a large house though living separately. The war continues, so the way to Dingaan and his country is dark.

Aug. 24.—Another Sabbath. A joy to be in this missionary village, to hear the natives sing and pray. Three missionaries are here from Madagascar, returning to the Cape. The idolatrous queen has expelled them. The mass of the people do not side with her, but she is such a tyrant she would bind even their thoughts. She has forbidden the natives to *think* of Christ and to speak His name is death. The only hope seems to be that some foreign power interfere. They left Mr. Jones behind to revise the Bible, and there are 130 converts. Oh, God watch the seed sown! It is very important to enlighten the chief of a heathen country. The people are suspicious there is a plot underlying English missionary movements.

This evening we went to the Bay and delivered a temperance address—walked, which is not fashionable. A native may do it. Intemperance prevails here, especially among government officials. Every vessel brings brandy. Government supplies its 2 or 3000 troops with it. The spirit bill will be a heavy item of the Caffre war.

Aug 31.—Good news from the war. Macoma and Charlie, two native chiefs, desire "to be the governor's children;" the latter has retracted some of his tyrannical measures.

Sept. 3.—A vessel from America bringing letters, the first words from home since we sailed Dec. 5. Oh! how good to hear! I am translating a sermon into Dutch. It looks decidedly as if two or three of us had better go inland, not more. The natives are so suspicious, they cannot possibly see why we come, it must mean trade.

Sept. 8, 1835.—Monthly concert last evening, precious meeting. A missionary from Madagascar present, driven from his work. Letters from home to May 28.

Sept. 13.—A Hottentot, through an interpreter, preached to the Caffres. Oh 'tis a happiness to be a missionary in Africa.

Sept. 17.—Joyful news of peace. The chiefs are to retain their country and live as British subjects.

Sept. 23.—Oh, if I could give you an idea of the flowers of the country, every hue and shape. Some one collected 105 distinct species in 4½ hours, within a mile, and in the unfavorable season, December. Brother Grout returned from Grahamstown, could not see the chief. The governor forbids all persons passing into the new territory.

Oct. 17.—In my walk to-night as the sun was setting, was very disconsolate about the conversion of the African tribes to God, when I suddenly came to a clump of trees where a Caffre was pouring out his heart in his native tongue to God. I begin to read the language a little, study it every day.

Oct. 28.—A temperance meeting lasting four hours. Some of the Hottentots are good orators."

At last Providence seemed about to open the way for reaching their desired field of labor. Under date of Nov. 14, 1835 he writes:

"A vessel soon to leave for Dutch Natal, we can have passage and an interpreter. Find the custom-house officers must give us permission to leave the Colony. Preached in Dutch.

Nov. 21.—Sun eclipsed, thermometer fell several degrees, disc partly covered. I hear that at Nitenkage the natives have a prayer meeting at the Mission Chapel before sunrise and end at sunrise, when they must be back to wait on their masters, who will be waking.

Dec. 20, 1835.—By God's grace we are at last anchored at Natal. Sailed on the 7th from Algoa Bay, a boisterous passage marked by special providences. A son, George, born Dec. 17, 1835.

Dec. 22.—We hope it will please God to make this the scene of our future labors. Here we would live and die. We left Mrs. Grout and Mrs. Adams at Bethelsdorp and my wife at Port Elizabeth. We must find out if we can settle in Dingaan's land before our wives join us. The country seems fertile, well watered and adapted to fruit of all kinds. We had brought a wagon with us, fortunate, as there is only one in the place; got oxen here. To-day one man brought us some green corn, another milk, told us the names of things and asked our names in return. They do not beg. Are large, finely developed, wear almost no clothing. Thermometer 80°.

Dec. 24.—We hope the king is favorably inclined,

at least he is anxious for beads! I tried to tell a few natives whom I have met of the Redeemer, but their stare of wonder seemed to say no, it cannot be! We must not go forward till summoned by the king. In the meantime we sow seed.

Dec. 28.—Our first Sabbath in Natal, preached to about 12 natives. All sat *a la* Turk on mats. The white man seems respected. We have access to thousands.

Dec. 28.—Visited a native krall, one must enter on hands and knees. We hear that the king has killed his rain-makers, probably in anger, as he believes in witchcraft.

Jan. 1, 1836.—Occupied with the language all day. I feel more and more the importance of becoming master of it as soon as possible. An interpreter is but a poor instrument for conveying the true language of a man's heart. This language, the Zulu, seems similar to the Kaffer. It is beautiful in harmony. They call the cannon By-and-by. Lieutenant Farewell brought the first one to these shores, and when asked by the natives to fire it, replied 'by-and-by.' I was able to-day to blunder out without an interpreter, why we had come to these shores.

Jan. 4.—Our bullocks came to-day. 10 are counted a 'span.' We have obtained articles for barter consisting principally of small, yellow, white, red, blue and black beads 3 to 4 shillings a pound. We have 80 or 90 pounds. This with some cloth cost $67. A part is for the customary present to the king. The king wears small white and large red beads. It is death for a subject to do so.

Yesterday an English and Kaffir service. Interpreter animated, it seems as if I should have no greater happiness than to preach to the natives in their own tongue. In the evening a Hottentot woman came to talk of her troubles.

To-day at 10.30 after much ado we started on our journey to the king. A Hottentot driver engaged. We do not go without fears as to the result of our journey." The distance was about 150 miles and took two weeks.

Extracts from the journal during these few weeks are as follows:

"The country is evidently capable of supporting a large population, but wars have killed and driven off the people. For 70 miles between Natal and Dingaan it is an uninhabited country. There are few rocks, soil very rich from the decayed grass for

centuries. Before reaching the bed of streams there is generally a steep descent, often perpendicular and dangerous. Our oxen are docile, each knows its name, we travel about 3 miles an hour, heat oppressive. Have seen no wild animals, but at night we light fires to frighten elephants whose tracks we see, and to drive off mosquitos. The honey birds come round us chattering, and our men follow to find the honey; have brought us some. We must ask permission of the king to enter his country, we can now see it in the distance."

Jan. 6, 1836.—Under date of January 8 he writes: "Last night I tried to tell 15 or 20 Zulus about the Bible. They listened eagerly; had never seen a book and had no idea of a thought being communicated on paper. Said they would like to have teachers if the king allowed it."

Again he writes:

"Crossed the river, the oxen swimming and drawing the wagon, we and the goods crossing in the boat. One of the skin boats was partly eaten by wolves last night. Had to re-pack after all were over. Kralls becoming more numerous, one had as many as 30 huts with the large cattle pen in the

center. Cattle small in size but fine. When we stop for the night have many visitors.

My spectacles gave much amusement. At a flower under a magnifying glass, and a looking-glass, they wondered and wondered. Plenty of milk brought us.

Sunday, Jan. 10.—30 or 40 visitors, 2 or 3 chiefs, all very curious. We must be cautious till we have seen the king.

11th.—The king's mother came out to meet us. She wanted a present. One was given her. She wanted everything. We had not seen such a begging spirit before. She wore only a cloth petticoat and a dirty kerchief round her shoulders. We hastened away from her. She has sent our message to her son and furnished us a Zulu guide to conduct us on our way. The field for work will be large indeed if the king grants us favor. At every krall the people flock out to see us and follow us—the children are afraid. Would that the regard shown us sprang from our object. No, they are heathen. This evening before supper we saw a man hastening over the adjacent heights. It was our messenger returned from the king. It will take us two days to reach him.

Jan. 15.—Started this morning early, a crowd accompanying us but not far. At noon stopped at a large krall. A very old man met us. Did not know his age. Writing home; the people much interested to see me put words on paper.

Jan. 18.—Arrived Sat. Jan. 16 at 3 P. M., at Gunquuthlorn, Dingaan's capital, but did not see him till the next morning. He sent us some flour, sour milk and suet. The people crowded about but might not touch us, till the king had seen us; such is the rule. Expected a strange Sabbath and so it proved. The king sent for us early; of course our presents must go also. Providentially our interpreter had often been to the king. He was sitting outside his cattle krall in a large old-fashioned chair which had just been given him. He wore a long red plush cloak. For several minutes silence, then he asked for his presents, examined every thing minutely, especially razor, umbrella, pictures and the lock on a small tin trunk given him. Seemed pleased with all. In the afternoon after we had returned to our camping ground he sent us a goat; was sorry we had been without meat so long.

Jan. 19.—Yesterday the king took us through his palace. It consists of several houses separate

from others, and stands on the highest ground. House perhaps 20 feet high. He led us from room to room. We saw 60 or 70 girls dancing with some harmony and precision. His houses are very neat; though high inside, you must creep to enter. He is very vain and a tyrant, his people are in abject fear. Is still in doubt as to why we have come, says he must consult his two chief men as to whether we may stay.

19–21.—The king sends for us almost every day, asks questions, inspects our things, sometimes wants them.

Apr. 21.—Walked for half an hour round the town. It is in the shape of an oval. There are said to be 1000 huts in the town. Cattle kralls in the center. At the smith shops they were making shields large enough to protect the entire person. The king has several large dogs of which he is fond; has also snakes for pets.

Jan. 22.—The Lord has disposed the haughty king to grant us all that at present we could wish. He asked us our reason for coming, it was given and a Bible shown him. He asked if men knew anything of God before Christ came, and why God did not stop all sin and misery. He finally said we

might stay but his chief men must locate us. They wish to place us at a point several miles distant where there are 5 or 6000 people. The king said if you succeed I will bring you into the heart of my dominions. We were mutually pleased. It is all we ask, the work must be gradual.

We have found no trace of religion. 10 o'clock went to the king. He was eating when we arrived; was told that no one might cough in his presence. When permission to enter was given we crawled in, the king was lying down covered with a coarse white blanket, his head on a wood bolster. Six or eight girls sat round, their head dresses hung on the wall behind them. King inquisitive as usual—asked how we learned to read.

Jan. 23.—Started for the destination the king decrees. Country fine, it ascends as you go inland.

Jan. 26.—Have crossed the 'Mts. of the Sun.' Have left my dear wife for perhaps six months. Dr. Adams and Grout will go back to the Colony for our wives and effects. I remain at Natal alone."

I quote from the "Jubilee of American Missions in Natal."

"On reaching Bethelsdorp Mr. Grout found Mrs. G. rapidly sinking in consumption. She died Feb.

24 (1836), full of faith and rejoicing that she had been counted worthy to leave her country and home on such an errand. About a month later Messrs. Grout and Adams accompanied by Mrs. Champion started from Bethelsdorp for Port Natal taking the overland route through Kaffirland. Good oxen were so scarce at Natal that this seemed the only way to reach Mr. Champion in Dingaan country. Although the distance was only 600 miles they were two months on the journey. For the greater part of the way there was no road; at one time they travelled for fourteen days without seeing a human habitation. At times the grass was above the oxen's backs."

But we left Mr. Champion on his way to the place designated by the king and his councillors. He pressed on over the fertile country, fording streams, at times in danger but sure that he was on the way to his work—was *in* his work, for he speaks daily of acquiring more and more knowledge of the Zulu language.

"Feb. 7.—Had to build a raft to cross a river.

Feb. 10.—To me is left the task of choosing where to locate. I need wisdom. No white brother to consult with. God guide me.

Feb. 19.—Have looked about. Have selected a spot west of the Umlass river, on high ground near its banks. You see the Bay of Natal in the distance. Within 3 or 4 miles of here there are 30 or 40 kralls, perhaps 1000 people.

Feb. 20, Sunday.—About 100 Zulus assembled under some large trees. I tried to tell them of Jesus.

Feb. 25.—Am to have a hut built near a krall so as to get the language faster. May God help me!

Mch. 3, 1836.—Am settled in my new hut, 6 or 7 feet high, 10 or 12 in circumference, one window; everything about me is so new, I hardly know how to act. I hear constantly the smooth flowing language it is my object to learn. About 20 huts near me.

March 4.—The Zulu men are busy making baskets. They weave them close enough to hold liquids. The women are working in the gardens and fields. The men, however, assist in keeping watch at night when the corn is ripening, or the wild pigs would destroy it. The men are not as indolent as I expected.

March 7.—Began my school to-day. About a dozen children, some of them with babies tied to their backs, the mothers in the gardens. These

made much ado at being so near a white man, whom they fear worse than a lion.

May 7.—After two months I see fruit of my labors.

May 8.—My house has been brought up from Natal on men's shoulders. I feel like a missionary. Another man has decided to give up his design of taking a second wife. Am building a school house.

May 22.—Yesterday was truly happy to introduce my wife, Brother and Sister Adams and Brother Grout to the spot selected for the station. All my solitariness is gone. We are sad, for Mrs. Grout "is not."

June 2.—Our goods have arrived at Port Natal from Algoa Bay. We hope to go at once to the king.

June 21.—Went to the king's krall, found he was away quelling a rebellion. Returned.

Aug. 3.—Several shocks of earthquake.

Aug. 15.—We hear that the Zulu war that has occupied Dingaan so much is over.

Aug. 28.—Held our meeting to-night in a room with wall and roof. We are now to separate. The king has given permission for a station near him, and wife and I are to go. Brother Adams

remains here. Brother Grout will help us both as seems best. The two stations will be about 80 miles apart.

Started Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1836 to work among Dingaan's own people. The children of the school accompanied us to the foot of the hill. Our wagons drawn by 16 oxen, each wagon has its driver and leader. We have a few goats and fowls. Travel not over 10 miles a day. One day saw six lions and many buffaloes. The former walked off deliberately, the latter fled. One day our men shot two buffaloes.

Sept. 2, 1836.—Pitched our tent in the king's country at last, and began to arrange our goods. Wild dogs cause us much annoyance at night.

Sept. 16.—Brother Grout has seen the king; a site selected for station. Dingaan was very inquisitive as to our religion; was rather afraid of the idea that dead folks live again, as he has lately killed some of his captains. No one dares to ask why he does it. We find the mothers scare the children by saying, "I'll give you to the white man, who will eat you up."

Sept. 22, 1836.—*At last* after 22 months of wandering by sea and land, we are safe arrived at

(D. V.) *our* mission station. May God bless the work! The tents, one for Brother G., the other for wife and I, made of the canvas covers of our wagons, make us think of the time the children of Israel abode in tents.

Sept. 27.—Are trying to make ourselves comfortable till we have a good dwelling. Have brought only the household goods that are absolutely necessary. Very hot day and night. A vast cloud of locusts passed to-day for over an hour. Air looked full of snow.

Oct. 2.—Sabbath, visited two kralls.

Oct. 9.—Sabbath, 100 came and listened to the word with some distraction and taking of snuff. We had told the people of a day of rest. To-day we saw only a few women working in the gardens.

Oct. 15.—The king has heard that we had some shaggy blankets and has sent for some. It is not safe to refuse, and shall go with a roll and explain why we have them and why we wish to keep some. We hear that he tells the people they need not listen to us; he will tell them what we tell him. Oh, the despotism. "Yes, Father," must be the reply to every demand however cruel. None but he

may eat sugar-cane or sweet potatoes. If one of his subjects displeases him, he is destroyed and his cattle go to the king.

Oct. 18.—The king said he wanted to be taught and the children might be, but the blankets, why had I brought so few, he must have the rest; was angry and dismissed me. His heart is in God's hand.

Oct. 19.—He says he must have all the blankets. We wanted to buy a cow with one. Evidently some one has influenced him against us.

Oct. 21.—Brother G. has gone back with the rest of the blankets.

Ginani. "I am with you." This Jesus said to his first missionaries, and this we would name our station. My wife suggested the name.

Oct. 24.—It is said that the king forbids the people to come to us. They bring us milk at night and hasten away. Yesterday Sabbath, not a single visitor. We did not expect this trial.

Two days ago a messenger came to tell us that our grass storehouse by the river was on fire. We hastened over, all our furniture and most valued articles gone, especially my books. I try to say, "it is well."

Oct. 29.—Brother G. returned, found the king pleasant. He sent us several cows, but they are poor specimens.

Nov. 7.—Yesterday Sabbath, saw no one at work. The king is angry against the whites of Natal, but seems to favor us.

Nov. 14, 1836.—In our house. It is built chiefly of stone. Three 8 x 10 ft. rooms, no doors or windows yet, and not all thatched.

Nov. 15.—A chief came with eight boys, he wished to see what we did to them when we taught them.

Dec. 31.—For the past month we have been trying to make our surroundings more comfortable but our real work seems at a standstill. One excuse or another keeps the people away on Sunday. A few women come regularly. I am making progress in the language.

A boy came to us for refuge. He and another boy by accident stepped on a bead dress belonging to one of the king's women; the other boy was killed at once. We dare not keep the one who escaped.

Jan. 1, 1837.—Four men came in search of the boy.

Jan. 2.—I killed a snake, have killed several before. It has frightened some of the Zulus. I had killed a man, they say, for the spirit of a man dwelt in the snake.

Jan. 7. It is pleasant to hear of new paths opened in this dark land. Two traders have arrived at Natal from a mission station to the west of us. They passed through a very populous country.

Our work progresses slowly, the people seem disinclined to send their children to school. Superstition and witchcraft prevail.

Jan. 9, 1837.—The yearly dances begin, all is confusion and eating at the capital. Crowds assemble and shout the king's praises as they dance. We were bidden, had to go. The king very gracious. He often turned to ask us, "Is not this very fine?" My wife and little boy are great curiosities.

Were glad to come home, found the Zulus left in charge of our things had been trusty. They were glad to see us. Three salutations were not enough. There seems to be no way of doing anything in Zulu land but by connection with Dingaan.

Jan. 19.—Monday. Yesterday the people came in larger numbers and asked many questions. 12

girls came to-day to learn to sew, and Dingaan sent a little girl to take care of our little boy.

May 1, 1837.—Our monthly concert. We have no intelligence to cheer our hearts, we must walk by faith alone. We can report some progress in the school, numbers increase. The girls are especially pleased with frocks made for them and put on while here. Their parents often come and look in on them with delight.

May 6.—This evening a messenger came, saying the king was sick and wanted our help. The man had come over the 80 miles in a day and a half. Brother G. and an interpreter start in the morning.

May 7.—Assembled in our new reed school house and chapel. A Zulu service in afternoon.

May 12.—Word from Brother G. He found the king had a cold and stricture of the lungs. Brother G. proposed a blister. Dingaan was afraid, wanted it tried on some one else first.

May 17.—Brother G. returned, king better. Brother G. has brought with him two white men from the interior, men just adapted to aid us. They report our brethren driven from their station, narrowly escaping with their lives, and that they expect to come to us."

The six missionaries left at Mosika, the inland mission, had hardly commenced their work when they were taken ill with fever occasioned probably by living in their houses before the mud floors were dry.

Mrs. Wilson died Sept. 18, 1836. She sent this message to her mother and friends in America: "Tell them I have never regretted coming to Africa." The others recovered, but suffered from rheumatic affections for months.

A war between the Dutch Boers and Umzilikazi, in whose country their station Mosika was, compelled our missionaries to decide to give the field and join their brethren at Natal. Subsequent events proved it to have been a wise decision. Not knowing of a pass through the mountains, they went around Grahamstown, a distance of 1300 miles. Again we take up the journal.

"May 21, 1837.—The coldest day we have experienced, 50° to 55° all day. Got round the fire.

May 23.—Commenced brick-making. The boys learn their part tolerably well.

May 24.—Seven girls came from the king—'to learn everything.'

May 27.—The king sent to have me write a letter for him.

June 4.—Perhaps 200 present to-day.

June 8.—The king is assembling his warriors; for what, one knows not. They have been passing along from the kralls all day, heads covered with feathers, bodies adorned with ox-tails, all carried big shields. Only the lame, sick, the women and children left. At night they huddle together like animals.

June 10.—Went round to-day to tell the people that to-morrow is the Sabbath. They cannot keep the count of days, they like to be told. We have a flag on a staff for those near. We need a bell to call the whole valley together.

Swearing is one of the evils of the country. They have sworn by Dingaan as the highest one. If I tell them of God they turn and swear by Him.

June 19.—Letters and books from home. The king has sent us two bright boys. About 40 present to-day.

July 16, 1837.—Our first communion in Zulu land. Brother Grout, wife and self.

July 22.—After our brick-kiln was fired, it fell owing to the heavy rains.

July 22.—War between the Zulus and Boers goes on.

July 23.—Start to-day to see Dingaan to confer with him as to enlarging our work in his land.

Returned Aug. 2.—Found letters from America. 13 months since the last came—dated 2 years ago.

Aug. 6.—Sabbath. Gave the people an harangue, attentive. A set discourse is too cold for them.

Aug. 7.—Monthly concert—began contributions.

Aug. 9.—Children learning a little English. Gave them the days of the week. I find the nation is trained to war; there need be no excuse for attacking another chief, you simply want his land or his cattle. The king has heard of brandy, desires some.

Ang. 20.—Nearly 100 people, mostly women, came to service. One woman noticed the button-holes of my coat. I told her my wife made them. 'How many wives had I?' They begin to get the idea of praying to God for rain and corn.

Aug. 21, 1837.—Brothers Venable, Wilson and Grout here. The two first reached Natal about a month ago. They hope to open a station in Dingaan country about 30 miles from here. A messenger has come from the king asking Mrs. C. to come and sew his blankets; she and little George must return with the messenger. She did not go,

wrote a letter to the king and I sent him word that Brothers W. and V. are here waiting to see him.

Aug. 25.—Brother Grout started for America this afternoon taking with him his motherless child and Dr. Wilson's. We heard this morning that a vessel was in the Bay and as it is uncertain when another opportunity would offer, he hastily packed. May God prosper him.

Aug. 27.—Over 300 present this Sabbath.

Aug. 29.—In doubt about going to the king; he has sent no answer to my message that two other missionaries had arrived. We asked God that if we were not to go He would hinder us. He has and we wait.

Aug. 30.—Started—reached the king.

Sept. 1.—He sent for me alone to read Mrs. C.'s letter to him. He then wanted to see the others and their present, a few blankets and beads. He seemed pleased.

Sept. 2.—Have been looking over the district. It is barren now. Dingaan's war with Umzilikazi has taken off the people. It is said that D.'s soldiers are on the way home, have taken all U.'s cattle and he has fled. D. is pleased, thinks he has now no rival.

Sept. 3.—Sabbath. The people went out to meet the soldiers, much shouting and dancing.

Sept. 7.—The king has said that Brothers W. and V. may live at Hlangezwa, one of his kralls 30 miles from here, (Ginani.) We can then count at the end of 2½ years four stations, 2 in Zulu land, 2 in Natal.

Sept. 24.—Soldiers in, travelled slowly as they drove the captured cattle.

Oct. 1.—Our second communion.

Oct. 18.—The king sent a girl to help us in our housework; that looks friendly.

Oct. 31.—12 Boers have arrived in D.'s territory and want to settle. 1000 will probably follow.

Nov. 4.—Busy translating. The Boers with their governor, Pieter Retief, returned. The king refused to see them till they bring back stolen cattle.

Nov. 20.—Some rain, am planting my garden.

Dec. 10.—These people are destroying each other, kralls are deserted. It is rumored that the whites are to be killed.

Dec. 23.—I start to-morrow to see the king; the state of affairs demands it.

Jan. 1, 1838.—Was treated kindly, spent four days.

Jan. 3.—Had quite an audience to-day, they had come for different purposes. There are many ways of doing good.

Jan. 7.—The children are having their arms burned with live coals; scars are marks of beauty. One girl staid at home to-day because she dreamed she was eaten by a wild animal. In such a case one must not go out the next day.

Jan. 18.—Plastered my chimney and am fitting up my study. The natives wonder and admire; to-day they seemed suspicious that I was going beyond the king's permission.

Jan. 28.—Only a handful came, so after school and meeting, I started for some villages. The people listened, but oh they think only of to-day. If I tell them they must die, they ask, 'What is going to kill us?'

Feb. 9.—Brothers W. and V. came to us to-day; their work is suspended. 60 Boers had been murdered, probably by the king's orders (Retief and his companions.) These emigrants thought they were safe, were eating their breakfast when D.'s men overpowered them. It is said he feared the Boers as neighbors.

Feb. 13.—I sent to the king that I was not afraid, that I trusted in my God. The question rises, shall

we flee the coming storm? If we leave, it may be difficult to return when war is over, and Christ's cause may suffer.

Feb. 15.—The king sent word that I may stay and teach if I wished.

Feb. 20.—A fire came near burning our house.

Feb. 23, 1838.—To-day we left our home and people with sad hearts. It has seemed for some time that we must go to Natal for the sea-air, such is the state of my health, but the floods have prevented. Now a boat arrives. The hostile attitude of the Natal people, the success of the Boers, the subversion of the Zulus, and the fear that amid contending parties we might be counted the king's enemies and be slain, decided us to leave our post for the present. We hastily threw some clothing and food into our wagon; sent a message to the king. The people begged for presents as if thinking they should see my face no more—promised to take good care of my house till I return. We reached the Zugela river; the boat was at the opposite shore. Our driver had the courage to swim over among the alligators and bring the boat. We crossed, kindled a fire but the rain put it out, and with only an umbrella to shelter us we were drenched

before morning. Reached a place of safety at Natal Feb. 27, 1838. The people are bent on war.

March 12, 1838.—Have to-day decided to leave the country. Ultimately say some. Reasons: This is likely to be the seat of war, and no place for our families. If Dingaan conquers he will be too high-minded to receive missionaries; in case the Boers, the natives so oppressed, that this is not a desirable field.

March 13.—Brother V. has concluded to stay with Brother A. and watch movements.

March 14.—We expect to go on board to-morrow. My heart breaks to leave this country. We came to Port Elizabeth five days ago. The school here is very flourishing. All colors, and shades of color and rank, all mixed in together, all interested and knowing no distinction but merit. Went to Port Elizabeth by water.

May 9.—To-day letters from *home.*

May 18.—Decided on a short journey for Mrs. C.'s health. Gone about eight days. Travelled in a wagon with 4 oxen. Mrs. C. improved a little.

Oct. 20.—I am at a loss what to advise the Board. I agree with them that the question is, Shall we give up S. Africa? it has good climate and facilities for reaching interior tribes. Heard of two Zulus who

had come from Dingaan's country to learn more of the God. So our seed-sowing may not be in vain.

Oct. 21, 1838.—We hear that 100 soldiers were embarking at Cape Town to take military possession of Port Natal in the name of the English. This may ultimately greatly change our prospects.

Nov. 8, 1838.—This morning early, tidings were brought to me 'a man child is born unto thee.' (*Henry*) He is lent to the Lord as long as he lives.

Nov. 28.—The English governor has issued a proclamation, taking possession of Port Natal in consequence of the disturbed state of affairs among the native tribes, and the prospect of their exterminating each other. A fort to be erected;" he adds: "The sole object being to prevent the country being held by any of the hostile parties, the occupation to be purely military and not at all the nature of colonization or annexation to the crown of Great Britain as a colony.

Given at Cape Town, Nov. 14, 1838."

Mr. and Mrs. C. with their two sons sailed from Cape Town for America, Feb. 1839, in ship Dover. Arrived at Boston, Apr. 11, 1839. They went to Webster, Mass., Mrs. C.'s early home. In August they went to Dover, Mass. Mr. C., still hoping that

they might ultimately return to the work in Africa, was anxious to be doing something for the Master while he waited. For nearly two years he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Dover, "preaching with zeal," when he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs. Resigned, June, 1841, and went to Troy, where his widowed mother was living with her son-in-law Jonathan Edwards, who married Maria Champion. An only daughter Susanna was born in Dover, March 23, 1841. She died at Troy, Oct. 13, of the same year.

Leaving the two little boys in charge of their grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. C. sailed from New York for Santa Cruz, Nov. 16. The oldest son George died of scarlet fever at Troy, Nov. 21.

Mr. and Mrs. C. arrived at Santa Cruz, Nov. 26. After three weeks of great suffering and weakness from repeated hemorrhages, Mr. C. died December 17, 1841, aged 31; was buried at Santa Cruz.

After Mrs. C.'s return to America she resided most of the time in Boston. She died of consumption at B. July 8, 1846; was buried in Oxford, Mass., by the side of her little boy and girl.

SARAH E. CHAMPION. (*Mrs. Henry.*)

DATE DUE