

The
ZULU
YESTERDAY
AND TO-DAY

GERTRUDE R. HANCE

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The Zulu yesterday and to-
day



GERTRUDE R. HANCE

THE ZULU YESTERDAY
AND TO-DAY

Twenty-nine Years in South Africa

BY
GERTRUDE R. HANCE

ILLUSTRATED



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INTRODUCTION

THE charm about Africa lies in what we do not know about it; and it seems to be true that the more we learn of that mysterious country, the more intense becomes our interest in it and in its people. Always there remains something we do not know, so that an almost unaccountable fascination lingers about a new book dealing with this subject.

The author of the present work writes from the vantage ground of a personal knowledge of Africa, covering a period of well-nigh thirty years. Urged by an impulse scarcely to be accounted for, save that it was the direct leading of God, Miss Hance, in early life, gave herself to service in the Mission Field, little dreaming that she would be assigned to the Dark Continent, and, as she herself tells us, shrinking at first from the call when it came to go to this, to her then almost unknown, and entirely forbidding territory. With a courage born of love for her fellow men, however, she responded to the summons; and there, away beyond the heart of Africa, in the land of the Zulus, she yielded the very best there was in her to the work of carrying the Gospel Light to the people of that country, soon coming to love them more and more, the better she knew them, so that her very soul was wrapped up in her service.

Now, in a charmingly simple way, she tells the story of these years of victory in that far-off field. Others have written entertainingly of the history of Africa; we have many books descriptive of the scenery and the various points of interest of that vast continent. Miss Hance gives us something of these things, but she gives us more. Her great purpose, whether consciously or not, does not so much matter, is to reveal to us the heart-life of the people of Africa; to show us what a strong, earnest, sincere man the African is, even before the light of Christianity shines across his pathway, and to help us to know of what he is capable when his life has been touched by that revivifying power. In doing this she proves herself to be more than a missionary; she is to the people with whom she comes in contact a true, warm-hearted friend, always seeking to help, to cheer and to guide out into better things.

In drawing back the curtain revealing to us the inner life of the African, the author shows us how very little there is in his nature which enables him to grasp the thought that he is a part of God's great world, which He loves and for which He cares; indeed, how almost incomprehensible to him is the idea of a Supreme Being at all, and how difficult it is to bring him to a knowledge of this great truth; but she also shows us that once the African does grasp the fact of God, as made manifest in the person of His Son, and the purpose of His plan for all the world, as disclosed in the Sacred Book, he becomes the most earnest, devout, and consistent of Christians.

It is to tell us something of this brighter side of the life of the man of Africa that the writer devotes her best endeavor, fully believing that if she can do this, others will come to see the man of the dark skin and the white soul as she herself sees him, and that so she will awaken on the part of fair-minded people a determination to think more frequently of the African, to pray for him more earnestly and to give more freely of sympathy and substance to the great cause of his uplifting.

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

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PREFACE

OUT of the harbour! Setting toward the open sea! The clank and clatter of chains and the thump of heavy hawsers are still! The clang of bells, the dull, half-smothered notes of whistles no longer break on the ear! The last farewells have been spoken! We are beyond the reach of clinging hands! Love signals of white no longer come to us fluttering across the ever-widening stretch of ocean wave! Out and away on the long voyage—toward what? Behind, home, dear ones, beloved America! Here, spirits hushed, lips for the time silent, hearts crowded to the full with the tug of parting! Yonder, uncertainty, expectation, Africa, with its door of opportunity! Yes, its door, and its heart; for we feel that the mighty continent which now lies beyond the reach of our vision has a door and a heart, warm, passionate, full of longing for something, it knows not what! May we find that door open, or if shut, may it be given to us with our feeble fingers to push it open, if ever so little, that Light and Truth may enter in! May we touch, though it be but lightly, the waiting, longing, groping heart of Africa for good! So we turn away from home, away from the fading shore-line of Christian America, to the mysteries of the Dark Continent!

G. R. H.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

I

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

WHEN I went out of the New York Harbour on my way to Natal, South Africa, I was under appointment to the foreign field by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, or, as it is usually known, the American Board. At that time this Board represented the Presbyterian and Congregational Societies, but at the annual meeting of the joint Societies held in the fall of that year, the Presbyterians withdrew and organized a Board under their own control, while the Congregationalists retained the original name, the American Board.

As there is always more or less interest in the reasons which lead those who enlist for service in the foreign field to take such action, and as I have been so many times asked why I did so, I may be pardoned for stating, as briefly as I can, the motives which inspired me to go as a missionary to Africa.

I was about ten years of age when Dr. Scudder's book on India, written especially for children, was given me by a married sister, who died not long afterward. Before reading this I had heard very little about people of other lands who did not know of God.

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From a child I had gone to Sunday School and church, yet in those early days until I was nearly grown to womanhood, I have no recollection of ever hearing a sermon or remarks, in the pulpit, on foreign missions. Dr. Scudder's book made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on my mind. I dreamed and thought much about it, wondering if when I were grown up, educated and good, I could go and teach those people of the love of God and of Jesus Christ, who came to the world to bless and save all who trust and follow Him.

Although I sometimes talked of these things in my home, yet I felt afraid to have any one know how full my heart was of the subject, or of what I was really thinking. I often prayed when by myself, hoping that "some day" I might become a real Christian. I was full of life and frequently realized that I had not been good, also that I sometimes appeared to others as if I did not care to be; still I longed and prayed for strength greater than my own to guide and keep me.

I tried to get books on missions, but they were scarce and difficult for me to obtain. As I grew older there were difficulties too, in the way of my getting an education.

From early childhood I had been a great reader and for a number of years was much helped about making a choice in my reading and studies, by a cousin who was a graduate of Yale and a lawyer.

I went to Harford Academy, for a year, and then at the age of sixteen began to teach school. After that I taught, studied, and went to school as

best I could. When about eighteen years of age I united with the church. That year I heard for the first time, an address on missions. It was given by a lady from China. I was greatly interested and the pent-up feelings of my heart were so strong, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. After the meeting I slipped away and spoke only to God, of my thoughts and desires. However, a few weeks afterward I talked more definitely with my mother than I ever had before, of my wish to become a foreign missionary. I feel that I owe much to her influence, but this idea of mine was so strange and unreasonable to her I saw she did not understand me, but thought I had a dreamy and unpractical fancy. There seemed to be no human being to whom I could freely talk on this subject, or look to for help. Sometimes I lost heart; a complication of discouragements and difficulties made me frequently feel that perhaps I ought to give up all thought of what I wished to do. For nearly two years I avoided reading anything on missions or seeking to keep up my interest in them. But I could not get away from the feeling that God was leading me to see more clearly what He would have me do and that I must follow in His light, or give up my religion.

When over twenty years of age I went to Dr. G. N. Boardman, who was then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Binghamton, N. Y. He was an able and distinguished man. I told him, as well as I could, of my wish to be a missionary.

As I think of it now, I am amazed that under all the circumstances, I had the courage to do this.

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It came as a great surprise to him, although he had known me for some time. I was then an attendant at his church and a teacher in the Sunday School. He always seemed to look at a subject in a very careful and deliberate way. After quite a long talk he spoke the first words of real encouragement that I had received from any one, about my going. I cannot express the comfort they gave me, with the feeling that at least one person whose goodness and wisdom I respected, understood me and my wish. More than three years later, I had a position as teacher in an Orphans' Home at Binghamton, N. Y. Circumstances, after a time, made it necessary for me to take the entire charge of the institution, as the superintendent had been dismissed and another could not be found. Within a few months it was taken over by the State and the committee urged me to accept permanently the position I then held. I was happy in the work; the thought that I could manage such an institution encouraged me to feel that I might be successful as a missionary. Still desiring to be one, I wrote the A.B.C.F.M. in Boston regarding this wish, and again sought the advice of Dr. Boardman, of whose church I was then a member, urging him to tell me plainly if he thought I was mistaken. "No," said he, "I do not think you are mistaken, but it is difficult for me to see how you can give up the position of usefulness which you now have here and which you are filling so well, with many friends to stand by you, and go to a new and more difficult field. I could not be a foreign missionary, yet I believe it is God's call to you."

From that time to the present, no matter what the discouragements were, at home or in the mission field, I have never doubted but that it was God's call to me, unworthy though I was for such an undertaking.

Having obtained a reluctant consent from my parents, I had further correspondence with the Mission Board. Dr. N. G. Clark, its secretary, a classmate of Dr. Boardman, came on from Boston to see me, and in due time I received my appointment.

The missions in various countries where work was being done by the American Board, when divided, as before mentioned, left members of each denomination in all the fields, when the Presbyterians formed their separate board. This caused no friction whatever, as sectarianism has little weight in our foreign work. The Zulu Mission was one of those allotted to the Congregationalists. Before this separation had been effected, I had written the Board offering myself for work where I might be most needed, with no thought of the Zulus or Africa. When this field was first proposed to me, I felt unwilling to go there. I knew very little about the coloured people, and did not quite like them. As I thought and earnestly asked guidance, while learning more of the Zulus and their land, I became much interested, and my prejudices melted away. I shall always be thankful I went there.

The need at the Orphans' Home was great. The committee urged me to allow them to write to the Board and asked their permission for me to delay a year before going out, on account of the circum-

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stances which seemed almost to compel me to stay at the Home. The Board did not deem it best for me to do that. However, I did not get away from there until within a month of the time of my leaving America.

My sister Frances was with me until I sailed. Her sympathy and interest in my going and in my work after I reached Africa, with her frequent letters, were a source of great comfort and encouragement to me all the years I was there.

On board ship we were a party of four. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, who were leaving their only son and daughter in America, as they returned to their mission home, where they had lived for many years before visiting their native land. Miss Laura Day and I were both going out for the first time. I could half forget my own loneliness and sadness at leaving friends and native land, as I saw those parents and children bravely bidding each other farewell, when I knew their hearts were almost breaking. Both of those children became missionaries, one in India and the other in South Africa.

We went by way of England. After spending a few very pleasant days there we took a steamer from Southampton for the Cape of Good Hope, called at the beautiful island of Madeira and at St. Helena, but did not see the coast of Africa until we reached the Cape, with its wonderful Table Mountain standing out, back of the harbour and city. During the voyage a frequent subject of conversation was Dr. David Livingstone, the great African explorer as well as missionary, and Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who

had gone in search of him. Nothing had been heard of either of them for a very long time. A majority of the passengers were quite positive in the belief that they could not be living.

The American consul and one other friend met us, and took us to their comfortable, pleasant homes, where we spent a number of days. Cape Town was settled by the Dutch when New York was still called New Amsterdam. It was a much more interesting city than I had thought it could be. There were many fine residences, large, well-built public buildings, schools, churches, museum and a large old library of nearly fifty thousand volumes, with many rare and valuable books. It was established in 1818. There were beautiful drives over macadam roads in a number of directions and many vineyards, including the extensive "Constantias," where that noted wine is made, but we saw little of "Afric's sunny sands."

The people were mostly English, Dutch, Malays, and Hottentots. The latter's allies, the Bushmen, used to be numerous there, but are now nearly extinct, owing to their having been pushed farther inland by civilization and the loss of many of their people by war and disease. They are pigmies in size, with bright, sparkling eyes that have astonishing power of seeing long distances, and were great hunters with bows and arrows. Their arrows were made of reeds pointed with bone, which was coated with a deadly poison. They made pits for trapping game and poisoned pools of water where animals drank and perished. They were treacherous, warlike, and

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at variance with all other tribes. They often lived in caves and in frailly built huts.

The Hottentots were frequently to be found living not far from them, yet never together. Their hatred of each other in many cases was inveterate, but they often united in fighting other tribes and the Boers.

The Bushmen are considered the most uninteresting, degraded, and low of all South African tribes, yet they were in advance of others in one respect; being artists with a peculiar knowledge of dyes that were practically indelible. High up on the rocks and cliffs, near the places where it is known they must have lived for hundreds of years, may now be seen carefully made hieroglyphics, pictures true to life of people and various animals with which they were acquainted. When the human form was delineated a sort of ochre and chocolate colour was used. Besides hunting scenes and animals, there are squares, circles, and crosses, with other strange marks. They are often found at a height very difficult to reach and are so indelible that no storm or time has dimmed them, where undoubtedly they were painted by Bushmen, hundreds of years ago.

Archæologists have tried to decipher them, but up to the present time have been unable to do so. The Bushmen can give no light in regard to them, but still know how to make some of those wonderful dyes.

The first missionary to South Africa landed at the Cape of Good Hope in 1739. His name was Schmidt. He came from Moravia, in Northern Austria, the land of John Huss and Count Zinzendorf, a land

that has sent out some of the most noble and self-sacrificing missionaries the world has ever known, within the last two hundred years. At that time the East India Company was in full terrorizing control at the Cape, and no missionary was welcomed by it, or the Dutch colonists. So that quiet, earnest Christian man went inland and remained for six years alone with the uncivilized Hottentots, when the East India Company told him he must leave, as they and the white settlers would not allow the natives to be taught or baptized.

In the six years of his work a few of the natives, about forty, had learned to read the Dutch Bible. Some of them had learned to speak that language before and he taught them as best he could, of the religion of Jesus Christ. Sadly he left, and for many years, as long as he lived, he daily prayed that the time might come when missionaries could go there and teach the gospel to the people.

Through the influence of a few gentlemen in Holland, the Moravian Society, after forty years' waiting, was again allowed to send missionaries to the Cape of Good Hope. On reaching there, while permitted to remain, yet they were greatly restricted in their work for the natives by the government, as well as by the colonists.

They heard that an old blind Hottentot woman was still living, who had been taught by the missionary, Schmidt, and that she very much wished to see them. It was quite a distance inland where they found her, living at the place where she had been told of God by him. That place is now called

Genadendal, and is one of the largest German mission stations in South Africa, as those new missionaries at once began work there. They found the woman old, feeble, and quite blind. When the missionary Schmidt was driven away he gave her a Dutch Bible which he had taught her to read. He told her to keep on reading and teaching others of its good news to them. The truth seems to have gotten into her heart. She and the others had kept up a little service, reading from her precious Bible, and teaching her own family and neighbours what she could.

Her joy when the new missionaries visited her was great. Soon after they arrived she went to the back part of her hut, and from a box took a bit of sheepskin, in which was wrapped her Bible. With it she had taught her children, her grandchildren and some others to read. Although she was blind, yet from it she still heard the word of God, as a granddaughter read it to her.

After her death the missionaries made a neat little box of camphor wood, with a glass top, for the Bible, where it is kept in the large church at the station.

There was slavery in the Cape Colony for nearly two hundred years. Not only were some of the natives living there enslaved, but people were brought and enslaved from Angola, Madagascar, and other places. In 1833 the English government, then being in power, abolished it. Over thirty-five thousand slaves were set free, much against the wishes and bitter opposition of the Boers.

The slave holders were partly compensated, twenty million pounds sterling, three-fourths of the value of the slaves, being paid them by the government, but the bitterness for that act of liberation is still felt in the minds of some of the Boers, who trek inland to find what they call liberty for themselves with plenty of land.

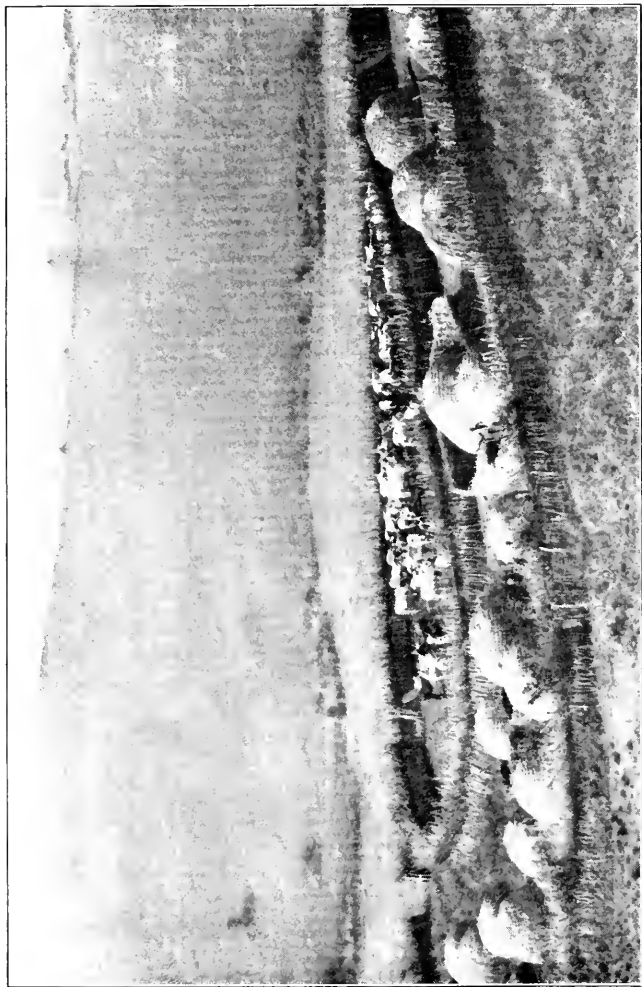
A native by the name of Jager Afrikaner, the descendant of a line of Hottentot chieftains, driven to fury by slavery, ill-treatment, and persecution, rose against his master, murdered him, and took possession of guns that were in the house. He then raised a band of followers, with whom he fled inland and finally settled in Namaqualand, where he became a terror to neighbouring tribes in that part of the country, as well as to the Boer farmers. At length he was conquered, not by guns or cruelty, but by the influence of Dr. Moffat, one of the those early missionaries who taught him of the Great Conqueror of mankind, Jesus Christ. He became gentle and kind, under the new name of Christian Afrikaner, a staunch friend and supporter of mission work in that part of the country, as long as he lived.

NATAL

AFTER our stay in Cape Town we took the steamer for Natal. It does not look very far on the map, but is a thousand miles. The passage is usually rough and often the waves are very high. We were frequently in sight of the coast, with its green hills and trees. We called at two or three ports where were quite large, and some old towns, of English and Dutch settlers. Inland the country is well settled for many miles; there, too, are larger towns than on the coast.

One pleasant afternoon, when not many miles from Port Elizabeth and the shore, we saw very plainly a beautiful mirage. It appeared quite suddenly at a time when many of the passengers were sitting on deck. I had never seen anything of the kind before. It was indeed very wonderful and looked like a great city, with domes, spires, large and small buildings reflected in the sky a little above the horizon, out to sea. Around and back of it was a hazy sunlit cloud. It remained five or ten minutes, then slowly faded away.

Many years afterward I saw another mirage, when travelling in Natal, at least ten miles from the sea. It was early morning, with the sun near rising, the country all about was green with grass and trees, there was a slight haze in the long stretch of valley



A ZULU KRAAL

just below us. We were on quite a hill, with a winding road of nearly a mile to its foot. It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque places in that part of the country. There is no large city nearer than thirty-five miles. To the south and east of us, above the horizon and the haze, suddenly appeared a very clear and even more beautiful mirage than the first one I had seen when on board the ship. It was fairyland, but very real with its domes and spires, houses, parks, and trees. We almost held our breath watching it, for the few moments, until the sun came up and it faded away.

The early mornings in Natal are usually so much more pleasant and cooler than other parts of the day, I always enjoyed travelling at that time. The chattering monkeys in the bushes near, the cooing wild doves, the beautiful birds, though not many of them songsters, the startled deer, the fragrance in the air, the variety of dew-laden flowers and the magnificent sunrises, all lent a restful charm to wagon travelling in South Africa.

The sky was bright and the day pleasant, when we landed in beautiful, sunny Natal, with its green hills, fine trees, and rivers. It, together with Zululand, is larger than the State of New York. The land is fertile and well-watered; also well-wooded in many parts, some of the trees are very large and beautiful. Though always green, yet they are not at all like evergreen trees in America, the leaves being more like the orange or laurel leaf. The foliage is thick so that one may feel quite sheltered from a shower of rain. The climate is much like that of Florida.

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Durban, the sea-port town, then had a population of about three thousand white people, mostly English; now it has grown so that it numbers more than 80,000 souls.

Even in those days there were some good public buildings, with stores, schools, churches, and private residences; also a beautiful botanical garden. The town extended back onto a low, green, well-wooded hill that overlooks the bay and has become the residential part of the present large, fine, well-kept city. This upper section is called Berea, so named by Captain Allan F. Gardner, who was the first missionary to the Zulus. He left the English navy and a few years after, at the age of forty, went to Natal in 1835, a year before our missionaries from America reached there. Owing to the unsettled state of the country and having no knowledge of the native language or books to aid him in mission work, he could do very little, so, after two or three years, returned to England.

His subsequent career as a missionary to Patagonia, where he, with six of his companions, starved to death on that barren coast, is well-known to the Christian world and many others. He went against the judgment of wise friends and risked too much in going to a wild, unfriendly people, where he had no means of procuring supplies or of getting away. As Jesus before had shown, stones were not miraculously made into bread. However, he was a noble Christian gentleman and his heroism has been an inspiration to many.

Zulus, in their native dress and blankets, were

to be seen on the streets of the town as we passed along. Transport was carried on with large wagons, that would take three or four tons at a load and were drawn by sixteen or twenty oxen. The missionaries had smaller wagons, carrying about a ton and so fitted up that they could travel, and if necessary, sleep in them. There were few who did not learn to ride on horseback.

The yoke for South African oxen is a round, straight piece of wood which rests on the neck, with four holes, two for each ox, in which flat pieces of smooth, hard wood about a foot long, are put; leather straps are fastened in notches to the lower part of these, extending underneath the neck from side to side. A long chain is attached to the pole of the wagon and then to a ring in the middle of each yoke.

After spending three or four days in Durban, meeting a number of English and some missionary friends, Mr. Lindley and his eldest daughter, came from their Inanda station, fifteen miles inland, to take me to their home.

There were at that time three miles of railway in Natal, and perhaps not a hundred in all Africa; now there are ten thousand miles in South Africa alone. We went on the little railway to the place where we found their oxen and wagon outspanned waiting for us. Soon we and our luggage were packed away, the oxen were inspanned, the driver cracked his long whip in the air, called some of the oxen by their names, and we began to move. It was all so new, wild, and strange! The half naked driver, as he then appeared to me, the leader boy in

similar dress, who held a strap tied to the horns of the two front oxen; then there was a boy behind to attend to the brake, dressed like the others. The Zulus have never been slaves and are called one of the most intelligent of the African tribes, superior in their physique, bearing, and language.

The men consider themselves dressed when their loins are covered with a thick skirt of fringe made from twisted strips of skin, with the hair or fur left on. The women wear skirts that come to their knees, made from nicely tanned skins. They, like the men, think themselves dressed, and after a time, we missionaries get to thinking so, too.

This reminds me of a little incident that happened after I had been many years in the mission. An American lady, who was teaching in a school for white girls in Cape Colony, came to visit me. While she was there we went to see some friends at another station, about twenty-five miles distant. I then had a little American buggy, in which I sometimes drove my horse. We started early in the morning and had a good road for part of the way. The country was beautiful, but the remainder of the road was greatly overgrown by grass, being little more than a faint track at any season of the year. However, there were trees and other landmarks to indicate the way, which was not unfamiliar to me. We reached the top of a hill, where the grass had quite overgrown the path so that it was difficult to tell which was the right one, just there. A kraal being near, a man came out dressed in his native costume. I was very glad to see him and learn about the way.

As soon as he found who we were and where we came from, he was pleased to see us and to show us the right direction. He knew a number of our missionaries and was much interested to hear about them, and the work at the station. So he, most courteously and kindly, went on with us for quite a distance until the path became more plain. When he had politely waved his hand over his head and said good-bye, and we ours, with thanks, my friend, in a faint voice, said, "Oh, how dreadful! What would my mother say if she knew this!" In a flash I then realized that she had not understood a word of all we had been saying or seen how kindly and respectfully this man, in his Zulu fashion, had shown us the way, although a heathen and dressed as such. I am glad to say that she, too, a few years later, became a missionary and ceased to wonder, I trust, what her mother would say when she saw a heathen Zulu, as she spent faithful years of service for them.

To go back to my first trip in a big wagon. We travelled on for about twelve miles, over a rough, and gradually ascending, road, seeing little of civilization, aside from two or three sugar estates owned by English people, until we reached Inanda. There, dear Mrs. Lindley, with her beautiful smiling face and open arms, came out to welcome me to the mission and her home. She was the mother of eleven grown-up children. Only the eldest and youngest were, at that time, with the parents. Although far from strong, yet she was very active. One day I saw her get onto her horse and ride off like a girl, as she went to see a sick woman. Evening after

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evening, she continued as she had done for many years, to teach a few natives in her kitchen. A number of the teachers and preachers in the mission were first influenced and taught by her to become Christians.

Inanda is one of the oldest stations of the Zulu Mission. At that time there was only a little village of the Christian people, a small church and day school, the missionaries' house, and a one-story brick building for a girls' boarding school, which had been started a little over a year before by Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, who was the first lady to be sent out by the Woman's Board of our Mission to any field.

After spending a week or two at Inanda, I went to Mopumulu, a station about fifty miles inland, where I began the study of the Zulu language with the Rev. Abraham as my teacher. He was often in his study fourteen hours a day working on the translation of the Zulu Bible, seeing natives and attending to other affairs, besides hearing my lessons. He would work very early in the morning and late at night. With his wife's assistance he was also educating their three half-grown sons, as there was no school for them to attend. Those boys could speak the Zulu language like natives, and enjoyed taking me out for rides on horseback, to visit the kraals, which was a great help in learning about the Zulus and their language.

My interest in the people grew and I longed for the time to come when I could talk and influence them to live new and better lives.

Pretty flowers were in front of the mission home



THE FIRST SINGLE LADIES TO JOIN THE MISSION
FROM AMERICA

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 3 Miss G. R. Hance | 6 Miss F. M. Morris |
| 1 Mrs. M. K. Edwards | |
| 4 Miss M. E. Pinkerton | 5 Miss M. Price |
| 2 Miss L. A. Day | |

and many nice orange, banana, and other fruit trees, near, which had been set out by the missionary. The house was on a high ridge with peculiar deep ravines and uneven hills all about.

We were far from other white people. The language was so unlike my own and so difficult I sometimes felt as though I could never master it. But I studied hard and tried to talk. If I could learn it I felt I should like to work for the kraal people and knew I could not unless I were able to speak so that they could understand. There is some school work which one might do without knowing much of the language. I did not wish to do that, as the other appealed to me more strongly.

At the station was a little group of Christian people, who, with their children, wore European clothing. They came to church on Sunday looking neatly dressed in the garments which the missionary's wife had taught them to make. A good many heathen came also, and we were glad to see them, although in their native dress. Sometimes an amusing start was made to wear a civilized garment with the native costume, a hat, a shirt, a handkerchief, a pair of leggings, a vest, a pair of trousers or a dress. One day an old woman whose name was "Ushiline" (shilling) came to the missionary lady and said she wanted to dress and come to church. Her husband was quite an important chief, but he was old, too, and they had no way of getting a dress as she could not sew. The lady finally gave her a night dress, and with a belt it made quite a good-looking outer garment. The chief, her husband, was a tall man and

he also wished to come to church. The next Sunday a white object came striding along the ridge of one of the hills in the distance. As it neared the church it appeared so tall and stately one could see that it was not "Ushiline," but her husband, in the night dress, belt and all.

The missionary had a very good driver for the ox wagon. His name was Umsela. He must have been forty years old, or more, and was a heathen man. He was always most helpful and kind when he went with the wagon, and wore some European clothes. Although he frequently came to church he appeared to have no desire to become a Christian. Afterward, the following story came out about him: Two or three years before his brother had died, and, according to native custom, Umsela inherited his wives and children. They did not like him and somehow a story was circulated that he was an "Umtakate," (wizard). Hatred and jealousy often cause such an accusation to be made by a person or persons who dislike another. Superstition and fear make others too ready to believe it.

One of the older girls was taken ill and died of consumption. A year or two later a second one died of the same disease. This made a great stir, and a third girl, nearly grown, ran away, accusing Umsela of being an "Umtakate." As their marriage dowries would have come to him had they lived, it was not a reasonable story, but she and others said they had seen him mixing medicine, and believed he had put it on some meat and given it to the sick girls. "They ate it and it stuck in their lungs and months after-

ward they threw up with much blood before they died, the very same meat which he had given them, so that was witness against him." They were sure of it and truly believed it.

All one could say would not take this belief out of their minds, and poor Umsela was crushed and heart-broken over their accusations. He, too, died not many years afterward; but the missionary and some others did not think him at all to blame, or unkind to the girls.

It is hard to overcome these beliefs, even after the natives become Christians. Most of them think that a kind of bug or cricket gets into their stomachs and causes sickness, and into their heads and causes insanity. Also that walking over medicine which an evil person has sprinkled in the path, or near about, has caused sickness and death. If any one is sick some person is always blamed.

One of the royal family fell from a tree and broke his arm. A man who was nowhere near him when he fell was accused of having sprinkled medicine under the tree, and so they put him to death. Many other things of that kind were continually happening amongst the heathen.

The English government, now being in control, does not allow such penalties. Dozens of the Zulu superstitions are no more absurd than some of those of civilized people, such as thirteen at table, the bad luck of Friday, knocking on wood, and other heathen signs.

III

THE ZULUS AND THEIR WHITE NEIGHBOURS

THE heathen Zulus do not worship idols, or a supreme being. They know nothing of a creator. Some of those who have become Christians used to tell me again and again how they longed to know who made the sky, the sun, and stars, the Indian Ocean, that came "just so far and no farther," the world, the great world, its people, and who caused their gardens to grow.

They believe that the spirits of their ancestors hover about them on earth, or go into some animal or snake, and so, under certain circumstances, they must offer sacrifices to them, to appease their wrath.

If one is ill, they say that his ancestors are hungry, or displeased, and offer meat as a sacrifice. The meat is not cooked, but left in an empty hut over night. The next morning the friends of the sick person take it out, cook it, and eat it.

There are certain snakes that they do not kill. I remember once finding a large one asleep in my room, as I went in to go to bed. (We always looked under the bed, pillows, and other things before putting out the light.) I rushed out to find some Zulus to come and kill it. Although large and of a peculiar shape it was not one of the most poisonous kind. The boys

hesitated and said, "We do not want to kill your ancestor." I told them to despatch the snake as soon as possible, and we would talk about ancestors afterwards.

They have a tradition as to the way death came into the world, and say that the first man found himself in a bed of reeds beside a river. A spirit told a lizard to go and tell the man that he might live forever. Then the spirit sent a chameleon to the man to tell him he must die. Both started on their errands. The lizard hastened at first, but fell asleep by the way. The chameleon went slowly, but steadily plodding on, and was first to reach the man with his message of death. So death came into the world. The Zulus hate both the lizard and the chameleon, but would not dare to harm either of them. If one urges to know who the spirit was that sent the messages, they say, "Oh, it was only Unkulunkulu," much as we would speak of a fairy, only a fairy.

The heathen Zulu lives in a kraal, which is composed of round grass huts. These huts form a circle about a circular hedge in which the cattle are kept at night. Each wife has her own private hut; the larger boys have their own hut and the larger girls have a hut with a grandmother or some older woman, who has charge of them. A brother, or any near relative, guards and never dishonours the virtue of a woman or girl in their family; neither will relatives, although very remote, intermarry.

I remember our having a great deal of trouble once, at Umvoti, because a Christian young man and woman wished to marry. They were very dis-

tantly related, so distantly they could not quite make out how it was; but the fathers said it should not be allowed. However, they were finally induced to give their consent.

The huts are made by driving long limber sticks into the ground, curving them to a height of about seven feet, forming a round top, then neatly weaving in other limber sticks, or reeds. Two or three posts are put underneath and it is nicely thatched over to the ground with grass. The door is about two or two and one-half feet high.

It is impossible for them to make a square. They sit in circles, and build their houses and kraals in circles. Ask a heathen, who had not been taught, to make a square on a slate, and he would draw a circle every time.

They have many peculiar customs, among them the marriage engagement and ceremony. The father of the young man and the father of the young woman get together, and if they can make satisfactory arrangements, a match is planned. After this meeting the girl is supposed to do the courting. The decision may not be satisfactory to either of the young people, but that does not matter. The girl makes a visit to the kraal of her prospective father-in-law. If she does not wish to go and does not like the young man, they have many ways of persecuting her until she yields. One is to tie her thumb so tight, it sometimes drops off; or they will not speak to her, or eat with her, and tie her near the cooking fire on a hot day.

When the first visit is made the young man is

seldom at home. She goes in, says nothing, but sits down in his mother's hut. His parents, no matter how well they may think, pretend not to approve of her. They talk of their high family standing, etc. After several days, often weeks, the girl sitting and saying little, they may decide to accept her; if so, they send her home with a chief man, two or three women and girls, and seven head of cattle, the least number that is given to bind an engagement. Sometimes the chief of a tribe gives as many as three hundred head. I knew a woman for whom that number was given.

A man may have as many wives as he can pay for. The Zulus are not married young. It may be years after the engagement before the marriage takes place, but the girl's father keeps the cattle. At the wedding, at least three more are given.

The young woman continues to call on the young man, or his family, but he is seldom at home. She takes presents for the future mother-in-law, in order to keep on good terms with her. The young man finally visits her and a feast is given.

The night before the wedding day, the bride-to-be, often with seventy or a hundred of her people, arrives in sight of the young man's home, a little before sunset. There they sit, on the nearest hill, and wait for someone to come out and meet them. The older men go with great ceremony and escort them to some nearby kraal, prepared for the party, where food is provided. The young woman appears very unhappy and is supposed to weep.

Next morning, with the bridesmaids, she goes to

the river and prepares for the wedding. There are no hairpins, the bride's hair is done up in a top-knot and plastered together with clay. She covers her face with a veil, or bead ornaments, and wears a skirt made of cowhide, that comes about to her knees. Her shoulders are covered with ornaments. Shortly before noon the bridal party starts for the bridegroom's kraal, doing a good deal of singing and dancing by the way.

Having arrived, her friends form a circle about her, and the groom's friends form a circle around him. The marriage ceremony is completed when the groom's friends succeed in getting the bride into their circle. It always takes a long struggle to do this, and the friends of the couple are boisterous and noisy. When they are finally successful the friends of the groom pass before the bride and in a semi-scolding manner tell her how fortunate she has been in becoming a member of such a noble family and how unworthy she is of such a husband. The bride's friends then come before the groom, eulogize her, and tell him that he has been honoured in securing such a wife.

When this is over, a great feast is prepared and all enjoy it except the bride, who eats nothing, weeps, and pretends to be very unhappy. Finally, all the girls of the company gather around her and sing until morning. At sunrise her friends depart for their homes and she goes with them as far as the nearest river, and returns weeping.

The Zulus have good voices and some of them learn to sing beautifully; but heathen music is very pecu-



“ READY FOR A PARTY ”

liar and weird, although they keep perfect time. They have wonderful war songs, wedding songs and funeral marches. I often wonder at the systematic manner in which they conduct funerals. Everything is done in perfect order, no matter how unprepared they are. The grave is dug so that the body, when put in it, will be in a sitting position, facing the east. Blankets, mats, etc., belonging to him are put into the grave. His war weapons are given to his eldest son. Mats are put over all, then the grave is filled with earth and carefully watched for a long time.

The case of King Tyaka, who was known as the Napoleon of South Africa, was an interesting one. He reigned over all South East Africa, before many English had settled there. Like Nero, he had a mother who was anxious to rule. It is considered very unmanly to be unkind to a mother. His mother took advantage of this and made him much trouble. He wanted to get rid of her and finally caused her death, but no Zulu would dare to say that.

He determined to show himself worthy of his office by honouring her, after her death, and arranged for the greatest funeral ever known in South Africa. He brought ten girls from different parts of his country and had them put in the grave with her. They knelt about the body and were buried alive. For a whole year ten thousand of his soldiers watched her grave.

The inhabitants of Natal and Zululand were mostly English, Dutch and Zulus. Later, Indians and Arabs have come there for trade and to work on the sugar estates.

In the northern districts of Natal, as well as in Zululand and many other parts of South Africa, the Boers own large tracts of land, one man often having hundreds, or even thousands, of acres.

For many years the white people in Natal paid no land tax. In the majority of cases, before the Boer war, their ideas of progress were not unlike those prevalent two hundred years ago in Europe. They cared little for good roads, schools, railroads, new industries, or the opening of mines.

On horseback, accompanied by a Scotch lad, I once rode through that part of Natal, where many of the Boers have farms. A Dutch minister gave me a letter of introduction to a farmer, a deacon in his church, at whose home, he said, we would find as comfortable a place as there was, to stay for the night. The man and his wife received us kindly and gave me the best they had. The house was small, with only one bedroom, which I occupied. They, with the smaller children, slept in the living-room adjoining. The Scotch lad slept on the floor of the little room off the kitchen with the boys of the family, who did not remove the clothes they had worn during the day. I went to bed early. About ten o'clock I was awakened by a strange, weird, singsong reading of a Psalm. Then a prayer was offered in the same tone, all in Dutch.

Next morning I said to my host that I would like to see their garden and farm. There was not a flower, shrub, or tree near the house, and almost no garden. The farmer showed me where his land extended, as far as we could see. He had over a

hundred horses, several thousand sheep and hundreds of cattle.

I asked him if he would not like to have better roads and a railroad by which he could take his wool and stock to market. "No," said he, "I can take my wool in my large wagon." And a school, would he not like to have a school for his children? He replied that they did not need a school, but would I help him get a tutor? He would like to get one for about six months, so that his children could be taught the catechism and to read the Bible!

I found he was only one of many Boer farmers who had similar opinions, and made no effort whatever, then, to improve the country or the lives and minds of the natives on their lands.

How could a people like these, in this twentieth century, rule others themselves, or justly rule and elevate the hundreds of thousands of heathen Zulus and other natives about them, who are naturally intelligent, and quick to learn good or evil?

This deacon went to church, twenty miles away, with his family, once in six months, to attend the "Nachmaal" (communion), but not more often.

The Boer farmers usually settle their quarrels and disputes a few days before communion, but frequently renew them the following week, or soon afterward.

IV

THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARIES TO SOUTH AFRICA

IT was December 22, 1835, when the first missionaries from America landed in Natal. They started from the homeland, a party of six ministers and their wives, sent out by the A.B.C.F.M. At the Cape of Good Hope, three of the gentlemen and their wives went with ox wagons far inland to what is now Northern Transvaal. The other three, with their wives, after many delays, went part way to Natal. At Port Elizabeth the ladies remained with English friends, while the gentlemen went on to reconnoitre and build temporary houses.

The country had not yet been taken over by the English and only a few traders and hunters were living there, besides the Zulus.

The missionaries were obliged to go a hundred and sixty miles or more inland, to see the then reigning King, a noted warrior by the name of Dingane, who ruled both Natal and Zululand.

He was sceptical about their being able to make marks on paper tell greater things than his wizards. He had two dogs. Their names were Tyaka and Dingane. He knew that the missionaries had not been told this. He sent a chief man with one of the missionaries to a clump of bushes, out of sight, and

so far away as not to be heard at the kraal. There the missionary was given the names of the dogs, and told to write them on a paper which was then to be taken to the king, and there read by his companion, while he remained at the clump of bushes. That the names were rightly told greatly astonished the king, and, after more parley, arrangements were made for the missionary to live in his country. Land for stations was allotted to them.

There was then no alphabet or written characters of the Zulu language. With great difficulty the missionaries began its study, without books or much assistance from the white hunters and traders, although they were kind to help what they could.

Temporary homes were built of reeds, mud, plaster, and thatch, three or four miles from the seaport. Two of the gentlemen went to bring the ladies and returned with them, travelling the six hundred miles in an ox wagon. Before they left Port Elizabeth, they were greatly saddened by the illness and death from consumption, of one of their number, Mrs. Grout. She died full of faith, rejoicing that she had been counted worthy to leave her home and country to aid in bringing the light of the gospel to Africa.

The missionaries, who had separated from their associates at the Cape of Good Hope and gone inland, suffered great hardships and privations. After spending two years in the part of the country where they had gone, a terrible war broke out there between the Boers and various native tribes. It was impossible to carry on missionary work and they were obliged to hastily leave, making the long journey,

more than a thousand miles, in the inevitable ox wagons, to join their brethren in Natal. At one time while on the journey they had no food for three days, but a little brown sugar.

They had suffered much from fever, and one of the ladies, Mrs. Wilson, died before they left. "Tell my mother and sister and friends," said she, "that I have never regretted coming to Africa." There was nothing with which to make a coffin for her, except two boards taken from the sides of their wagon. And so was buried one of the first American missionaries to Africa.

The Martha Washington Club, of Pretoria, in 1914, put up a beautiful and appropriate monument to Mrs. Wilson, near the spot where her grave is supposed to be. It cost seventy pounds, including the land around it. It has two bronze plates, one a reproduction of the rough stone with inscription, which was evidently put at the grave by Dr. Wilson in 1836, before he and the others of that party were obliged to leave the country for Natal. The monument is within sight of the now passing trains of The Cape to Cairo Railroad.

A hearty welcome awaited the weary, travel-stained party when they reached Natal. As soon as arrangements could be made, the missionaries were located at four points, miles from each other, all studying and preaching as best they could.

They had a small printing press, and, as fast as a little of the language could be learned, words and sentences were struck off and schools started for old and young who would come.

The Zulu language is a very beautiful one, and up to that time it had been kept to a remarkable extent unmixed with the languages of other nations, who since then have invaded the country.

Through the entanglements of this strange tongue, the missionaries pressed on to scientific study and mastery of it. Grammars and dictionaries, leaflets, school cards, part of the Testament, Psalms, and hymn-books were published. In 1883 the mission succeeded in bringing out the complete Zulu Bible.

It was found that the grammar of the language could be written as clearly and fully as that of any European language. The vocabulary is more than twice as large as that which was used by the peasants of England.

It is not harsh, but pleasant to the ear, although it has four "clicks" represented by its alphabet. One of these, and sometimes two, come into a word now and then. This language is not at all like English, but is to South Africa like Latin to Europe, a basis for a variety of tongues. Mr. Stanley said that with a Zulu interpreter he could make himself understood by almost any tribe south of the equator. So we find that the Bible and many other books published in Zulu, by our missionaries, are now being largely sold far inland in places where we did not know of Zulu-speaking tribes thirty or forty years ago.

The Zulus had a wonderful and most practical system of warfare. Every able-bodied man belonged to a regiment that could be called into service at any time. In battle they formed like the head of a two-horned beast. The horns often extended for miles

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away behind the hills. Gradually they would draw together until suddenly the enemy would find themselves surrounded, as did the English, at Isandhlwana and other places, before they conquered the Zulus.

Years before the missionaries from America went to South Africa, generals in the Zulu army would find they had too many jealous enemies in the ranks. For fear of their hatred and treachery they would secretly leave, taking their friends and a company or regiment with them. To get far from their enemies, they often went many hundred miles inland, before they settled down. There they would overcome other tribes and make them learn to speak the Zulu language. This accounts for its being so extensively spoken in many far-away tribes.

It is to the everlasting honour of the Zulu nation that, in times of peace, before the influence of evil foreigners had crept in to corrupt the natives and their children, not only missionaries but other white ladies were always treated with respect by them; they had no cause to fear any of the people.

Frequently where a Zulu man was properly treated, he would work years for a white family, being perfectly honest and trustworthy in his interest and care for all in the home. They are kind to children and like best those brought up to respect their parents and others. I do not remember ever hearing a Zulu child interrupt his father when speaking. They are a conservative people, have good forms and well-developed heads. It was unusual to see a Zulu man who was other than dignified and courteous. They have a great pride of race, of their courage and self-

control. A Zulu father will say to his little son, "You must not scream or make a fuss when you are hurt or in pain; you are a Zulu, a little Zulu man."

Work was getting well started by our mission in Natal, when another tribal war broke out between the Boers and Zulus. The Zulus, knowing what the Boers had done farther north to the tribes there, determined to drive them from their land. They took them unawares and many hundreds were massacred.

It was no longer prudent for the missionaries to remain in the country; they sought shelter at Port Elizabeth and Cape Town, where they received great kindness from English friends, as well as from the English government, which urged them not to give up the mission and return to America, although the board in Boston had advised them to do so. Letters were often many months going to and from the home land. In the meantime the English government had taken over Natal, and things becoming more settled, the missionaries resumed their work there. The government gave twelve grants of land to the American board for mission purposes. There were from five thousand to more than twelve thousand acres in each of these Mission Reserves. They extend up and down the eastern part of Natal, from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty miles apart. All our older stations are on them, each having also a glebe of five hundred acres, on which the churches, mission-houses, and school-houses are built.

The Zulus were slow to accept Christianity. The difficulties of the language, the various wars, the

extreme prejudices, the superstitions and stubbornness of the Zulu mind, delayed the formation of a church for over eleven years after the landing of the first missionaries.

The light of the Gospel shone into the heart of a Zulu woman and she was the first of that nation to be baptized. Her name was "Umbulase." In many respects she was a remarkable woman. Her husband had been an influential and powerful chief. He was killed in war at the time of the noted and bloody warrior, King Tyaka. The year following Umbulase's baptism, her son, Nembula, was baptized. He became an educated, intelligent Christian man and was ordained as pastor over one of the older churches at the station where he had lived from a child. His son studied in the schools of our mission, came to America, finishing with the study of medicine. After receiving his diploma he returned to Natal, and was employed by the government as district surgeon. All three, mother, son, and grandson, have now passed on to the "Better Land," after living as Christian members of the church for many years.

Umbulase, the mother, lived for a few years after I reached Natal. When I saw her she was feeble and nearly blind, but still earnest and trustful in her Christian faith.

Nembula used to tell the story how he and other little boys went to the service, when the Gospel was first preached to the Zulus. Many people came. It was held under a large and beautiful untombe tree, noted as the oldest and largest in the country. More than a thousand people could sit in its shade, on the



TREE WHERE GOSPEL WAS FIRST PREACHED TO THE ZULUS

soft green grass beneath it. When travelling I have often outspanned there.

The missionary who held the service was the Rev. Dr. Adams. His subject was "The Good Shepherd." He had spent much time and strength to get the best and most of his knowledge of Zulu into that simple address, thinking, hoping, and praying that the people might not fail to comprehend its meaning. The next morning the little boy, Nembula, came to the missionary and said, "Will you not hire me to help herd your cattle? We think you must be a great herdsman with many cattle, you said so much about it yesterday." He remained, his mother, Umbulase, also came and for many years they lived at the mission-house, and so began some of the first influences for Christianity among the Zulus.

Still very slowly the number increased of those who were willing to give up heathenism, with its sins and allurements, and accept Christianity. The mission has always been cautious, never hasty in admitting persons to church membership. I think I voice the feeling of most workers when I say that one of the greatest trials to a missionary is when a convert goes back to heathenism; hence the need of caution and delay.

So our society worked steadily on for the Zulus, their faith and patience often tried, but they were not discouraged. Year by year there was a small, though increasing, number of those who really understood and accepted the truths of the Gospel. Usually such came to the station to live in a more civilized way and send their children to school.

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But in the early eighties of the last century, a great awakening began in our mission and extended to many part of the country. In the year 1899 nearly as many united with our churches as had done so in all the first fifty years of the work.

The American board now has stations in many parts of Natal, as well as in the Transvaal, Zululand, Rhodesia, and Portuguese territory. There are day schools at all the stations, and at many of the out stations. Grants are given for them by the English government. There are two boarding schools for girls and one for boys, besides the normal school and a theological seminary. The latter, as well as the boys' school, has, for the past few years, been unitedly carried on by the Scotch and American missionaries.

Many of the Zulus are quick to learn mathematics and also the English language, which they frequently speak well, with a good accent. They often make excellent teachers, as well as preachers. Trades and industries are taught in the higher schools.

Various grades of dwellings are built by the more civilized Zulus, some of brick. There are good brick churches and school-houses, with suitable furnishings, at many of the stations.

In later chapters I shall speak more in detail regarding some departments of the work which I have here mentioned.

The missionary's home is usually a comfortable, pleasant, one-story building of brick, which a practical, refined, American woman can make homelike.

For food they can have chicken, eggs, sometimes

meat, fish, bread, beans, green corn, rice, sweet, and other potatoes, with a few kinds of garden vegetables. Oranges, bananas, and various tropical fruits, tea and sugar cane also grow there.

Sometimes I thought of things which I would have enjoyed, such as apples and other American fruits. One becomes very tired of rice, sweet potatoes, and chicken, although he may be very grateful for them. We had many ways of cooking chicken; but after my return to America I did not care to see or taste of this kind of meat for more than a year. The greater part of the time while I was in Africa I was many miles from a market; and yet, I would not like to say that I ever suffered for food or for a comfortable place in which to live, for that would not be true. The snakes, the white ants, the ticks, and the white tramps were the worst to be dreaded. Dissipated second and third sons of distinguished families, as well as more common people, frequently drifted to that country from England, having little money, ability, or desire to earn an honest living.

V

ENTERING THE WORK

AFTER studying the language for a few months, I went to the annual meeting of the mission, when I was assigned to the station at Umvoti, one of the older ones, fifty miles north of Durban, and about six miles from the Indian Ocean. A missionary, Rev. David Rood and his wife, were there; their only children, a son and daughter, had been sent to America. The view was fine as one looked from the house on the sparkling river and across it to the fields of sugar cane, the green hills and trees in the distance.

In the early days, after the first missionary came to Umvoti, five elephants were seen in the drift below the house, one morning. I never saw any wild elephants and they are no longer found in Natal, but hippopotami were still in the lagoon six miles away, at the mouth of the Umvoti, where the tide comes in.

An amusing story was told me by an old gentleman who was one of the early settlers in Natal. He and a friend went to fish at the mouth of the Umvoti. They slept in their wagon, outspanning across a path. Late at night they were wakened by a great tramping and knew the elephants were coming and that they never turned out of a path, if it were possible to remove any obstruction. The men in terror



REV. DAVID ROOD

dared not get out of the wagon and run. On the elephants came, stopped for a moment, tipped the wagon to one side, and marched past. No one was hurt, nor was the wagon badly damaged.

I had a horse to ride, and as I went about, becoming more accustomed to the language and people and seeing the many children with their parents, in heathen homes, I still felt that I wished to work very directly for them, instead of spending all my time in schools and for those at the station.

A daughter of Dr. Willard Parker, of New York City, had come to the mission as the wife of Rev. Charles Lloyd. He lived only about two years. They had been located at Umvoti, where she remained for a few years after his death, doing faithful and devoted service, being most interested in the kraal people. She worked for them as she could, holding services and having some of the children taught on week days.

After she left there was no one to continue that work, and it was a good deal run down, yet it had been a helpful start before I went there, for which I was grateful, as I also was for her loving sympathy with the kraal work as long as she lived, and which was helpfully continued for many years by her mother, Mrs. Willard Parker, who, with other friends of hers, sent me money for a very neat little memorial church to be built near where she began the first school for the kraal children. It stands on a gently sloping hill, is built of brick, has a nice bell, and cost, in all, three hundred and fifty pounds. There is now a graded school at that place, which

receives a grant from the government. On Sunday a good congregation meets for the service and Sunday School. Besides, prayer and other meetings are held through the week. It was at this out-station that Hobeana attended service. His story will be told later.

With a native boy from the station to look after my horse, I soon lost all fear of going to the kraals. For miles about they knew of the station and its workers, which made it quite safe for me to visit them, and they always seemed pleased to see me.

Although they have many bad customs, yet they have remarkable boundaries of conduct and respect, which an old-fashioned Zulu would never step over. In these later years, as I have mentioned in a previous chapter, some of the natives are being greatly corrupted in the towns, mines, and other places, by rum and the influence of bad, white people.

While a missionary should be friendly and willing to do anything which is necessary for the good of the native, yet it is well to remember that a too familiar person, or an impatient, irritable one, never really gains a Zulu's respect.

As soon as I could use enough of the language, I began, with a native young man or woman from the station who could read, to hold little services for the people, and schools for the children, under trees and at the kraals, a few miles away in various directions. Sometimes grown people came to the schools, and often little girls with their baby brothers or sisters tied on their backs, in a goat skin. After a time I could, in some places, induce the people to

help build a school-house of reeds with mud for plaster, and thatch for roof. A door, a window, a table, and some benches made from hewn logs with legs put in, gave us a cooler and more comfortable place for the day schools and for services on Sunday, than under a tree.

In an evening school at the station, I taught and trained Christian young men to teach such schools, and, as often as I could, visited and helped them with their work. The missionary had a class for men, who took the out-station services on Sunday, he also sometimes going with them.

The children who came to school from the kraals did not, at first, wear much but a few bead ornaments and occasionally a small blanket. Friends in America sent me shirts for the boys and simple dresses for the girls. Those they wore while in school, but did not take them home. They were left in care of the teacher. Every few weeks the children took them to the river, were given soap and there washed them. They all wanted to have clothes, and by weeding and in some other ways, would earn a little money to buy a garment for themselves, often before many months passed.

Sometimes a father would come with a stick in his hand on which were carefully cut notches. When I visited the school he would show them to me, and say, "My child has worked for you so many days in coming here to learn from a book. What are you going to pay me?" It is many years since anything of that kind has been done. They now understand how much an education means to them and for their

children. The great difficulty in these later years, is to get teachers in sufficient numbers, who are well-trained, to teach in the fast-increasing day schools.

On Saturdays I had, on the veranda of the mission-house, from fifty to one hundred girls of all sizes, learning to sew. As the schools grew, it was no small task to get the work ready and teach so many, even with one or two native girls, more advanced, to help. Friends in America rendered great assistance by sending basted patchwork and basted garments, for this sewing school. I had them put stripes around the skirts of the dresses to show their advancement in school. Grades One, Two, Three. They had three stripes when they could read the Testament, and the boys had long-sleeved shirts.

There were meetings, classes, visiting, and other work on the station, which I was glad to help about when I could.

At Christmas time the weather was always extremely hot, and the schools closed. I did not try to have anything then for the children. But in June, when the weather was cool and pleasant, I had a tree and "Christmas" for all the children at the station and out-stations. It was an interesting, yes, and a beautiful sight, too, to see over three hundred children dressed and marching up through the syringa avenue to the house, singing, and then to the great tree near the church, where the picnic was held. I often found that I was wiping away tears that I could not keep back, as they passed. Singing, recitations of chapters from the Testament and other recitations, speeches, with food and plenty of

oranges, were enjoyed by all. Then came the Christmas tree, with stories of the Christ Child, in the church. Friends in America for many years sent me presents for those trees. There was always something for each child, with a small bag of candy. In that way those friends did a most helpful mission work for the Zulus.

VI

KRAAL WOMEN

I BEGAN meetings for the women, in the kraals, with great difficulty. A Christian woman from the station was induced to undertake the work with me. She could not believe that a heathen woman, in a kraal, married, settled down and with children, could become a Christian, if she had not been instructed as she herself was when a child. "Oh," said she, "Inkosazana, you cannot understand how hard and dead their hearts are. They are so buried that the truth cannot get to them."

We would send word to the chief woman of a kraal that we wished to have a meeting in her hut, on a certain afternoon, and desired the women in the neighbourhood to come to it. Usually, we would find the hut swept, and tidied up, the day of the meeting. For a few times the women would come out of curiosity, more than for any other reason.

As each stooped to pass through the little door, not more than two or two and a half feet high, they would always turn to the left and move along close to the inside wall of the room, if many were there, until they were within two or three feet of the door. There was a superstitious reason for this. The men always turned to the right when they came in, and the seat nearest the door is taken by the chief man



ZULU WOMAN

of a kraal or tribe. The first time that I went into a hut, they laid down a mat, giving me that seat, and always continued to do so, when I visited them. Many times a head man or chief, has gotten up to give it to me.

After I was seated, when he was still standing, he would say, "Sakabona, Inkosazana," then all the others in turn would say the same. He would sit down nearer the middle of the room. They would have given up that seat if any lady of our mission had gone into the hut. When there were not too many people, it was cooler and more quiet, to have the meeting in a hut, instead of under a tree.

The women would sit in a row, or in rows, around the hut, with their babies in their arms, or strapped on their backs. All sorts of questions they would ask about my clothes, gloves, hairpins, etc. I would wait for them to care for their babies and take a pinch of snuff all around, which I could not at such a time ask them to give up, after which we would get quiet and begin the meeting, with a hymn and prayer. Then we would ask them what they remembered of last week's meeting. It was months before we could get them to admit that they remembered a word. Finally one would venture to tell a little. This would encourage another, and so on, until a great deal of the Bible story of the week before was told.

Then we would tell them another, very plain and short, usually from the New Testament. After a hymn and prayer and teaching a verse of Scripture, the meeting would close.

For more than a year we kept up such meetings, with apparently little result. The weather was often very hot and most trying to me for such work.

One day I did not take my horse, but walked with the Bible woman, so that we might talk by the way. I became very tired. There was no shade where we could rest from the burning heat of the sun. With my umbrella over me, I sat down on the grass by the path, and shall never forget how tired and discouraged I felt. I began talking discouragingly to my helper, a thing I had never done before. I said, "It is hard, so hard, to work like this, and I see that it is as you told me; heathen women's hearts are too dead and deeply buried in the things of this world and sin, to see and accept the truths of the Gospel." To my astonishment she replied, "You must not say that, Inkosazana, I see differently than I did at first. Light is creeping into their minds and hearts. I hear them often talking together of what they have heard at the meetings. Don't get discouraged; wait and you will see." A gleam of happiness and strength came back to me, as we went on to the kraal, where the meeting was to be held.

The hut was large, quite tidy, and much cooler than outside. We were early. They gave me a clean mat. I asked to be left alone for a quiet little rest until the women came. God seemed very near to me in that heathen hut. I love to visit beautiful cathedrals and greatly enjoy their beauty and music, but God can be no nearer to a person there than in a kraal home.

When the women began to arrive, I felt rested

and refreshed, both bodily and spiritually. As I commenced to talk to them, I had more freedom in speaking their language, than I ever had had before. The women were hushed as I talked to them of Jesus and His love. The room seemed filled with the spirit of the Master. When the meeting closed, I sat quietly while the women, one by one, went softly out without a word. Soon I heard low voices back of the hut. One woman was saying to another, "If this is true, that Inkosazana has told us, and I begin to believe that it is, what are we going to do? What can we do?"

As I went out, there were groups of two or three, all about the place, talking in low tones, much the same way. With a word here and there, as the sun was setting, we started for home. A number of the women accompanied me to the little brook at the foot of the hill, all the time talking and trying to excuse themselves from becoming Christians, because of some hindrance, which seemed to them to be too hard to overcome.

As they turned back to their homes, down the hill came the Bible woman with a beaming face. She was hastening to catch up with me. When she did so, she said, "Inkosazana, these women's hearts are not too hidden and hard for the Spirit of God to get in to give them light and teach them His truth. He is coming, coming to them."

For quite a time before this, I had noticed an old woman who frequently came to the meetings. She always sat near a large post inside the hut. When I was talking she would work her head and

body around on my side of the post, so that she could get near and look very closely into my face. If I smiled, she would draw back with an uninterested and annoyed look. If I spoke to her, she would say, "How can I understand? I am an old woman and what you say may be true, but it just goes in one ear and out of the other, as it would out of any old Zulu woman's," and she gave each a little tap with her hand, first on one and then on the other ear, so after that I tried not to let her see when I noticed her.

A missionary lady was with me one day, at a meeting, and was greatly impressed by this woman's intense and interested face.

Not long afterward, the Bible woman came to me and said, "Inkosazana, I have some wonderful news to tell you. That old woman who used to sit by the post and listen so earnestly, died last night. She has not been ill very long. Before she died, she called her sons and all the chief men to come and see her." She was an important and much respected woman in the tribe. "I have words to say to you," said she. "You know of the meetings for the women in the kraals, that Inkosazana and the Bible woman have been holding. Well, I believe that it is true, the story they have told us of Jesus; how he came to earth and is Son of the Great One, who made all things. I pray a little, but I do not know if He hears me. I am an old woman and cannot understand very well, but I am asking Him to hear and help me. Yes, women have souls, and so have you men. Many of your wives are not old. They can

understand and learn the way of salvation. I want you men to help and encourage them, to go to the meetings, that they may have a chance and learn the way and be sure, quite sure, and know of Jesus Christ, who died for those who trust Him. Soon after that she died.

Her words and death made a marked impression on her friends and neighbours, besides many others, and greatly helped the kraal work. Words spoken, under such circumstances, are always respected and repeated, so kraal meetings for women became very popular and many, I trust, were directly and indirectly influenced to become Christians. The meetings also helped the kraal day schools, and God's blessing continued with us.

A woman who had shown little interest at the meetings, came and urged me to go and see her brother, who was very ill, and lived some miles away. She had tried to tell him, she said, of Jesus, but her brother wanted to know more than she knew or could tell. It was a long, hot ride to the kraal, and no good place to rest when we got there. The Bible woman, "Upahlekaze," was with me. We found the man in the last stages of consumption. Very earnestly he began to talk to me of the new way, that his sister had told him of.

For a number of years the natives had needed to get passes in South Africa, when going from one place to another, out of their own county. This man had heard a little of the home and country of the soul. He knew that his days on earth were few. With an eager face, that I never can forget, he begged

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me to tell him how he could get a "pass" to that land. Quite simply I told him the old, old story of Jesus and His love for the world, of the cross, and redemption from sin; that Jesus was my pass and could be his also; I could not enter into the promised land until I accepted His love, His salvation; that He came to the world to give redemption to all people, who repented of their sins and trusted Him to be their Guide and King. And so, in the plainest ways I could, I answered his questions and tried to comfort and help him. The Bible woman also talked. Then we knelt down in the shadow of the hut, with others about, as we asked the Giver of all things, for this man; that he might find light and receive the "pass" to go through the Valley and Shadow of Death, fearing no evil, because of the Christ, who would be with him. The man was intelligent, with an eager mind for the Truth. He and the others thanked us many times, for coming, and begged us to come again.

The sun was very hot, and I did not like to drink the water there. They brought me a sweet potato nicely roasted in the ashes. I sat in the shadow of another hut and let it cool on a dish. Then I ate it; it was nice and refreshing, although there was no salt. As we said good-bye, I told the man I would come again, if I could, but in the meantime would send a Christian man from the station to read and explain from the Book in which Jesus' words are written. A bright look was on his face as he told me how his heart rejoiced to hear the good tidings, and that he, too, could pray to the Great One. So I rode

away, never again to see him on earth, as he died not many days after that; but I prayed all the way home for the man, and thanked God for permitting me to go to Africa to work for the Zulus.

Near our bridle path a little stream of water went singing over the rocks, shaded by trees, while green hills on either side, dotted with beautiful flowers, came down to the edge of the water. Some of the flowers were very fragrant, but most of them had no perfume at all. The valley broadened as we came within half a mile of one of my out-station school-houses. The sun was nearly down, when, in perfect unison, a strange, weird sound of many voices came to our ears. Looking some distance ahead, high up the side of the hill, we saw more than fifty people at a kraal, singing one of their old war songs as they practiced and were drilled in a favourite dance. They did not see us, or the primitive charm would have been broken. Most of the dancers were men, and all moved their hands and arms steadily and in perfect harmony with the chant. It was indeed a strange spectacular sight in the golden light of the setting sun.

VII

UNOMQAWE AND OTHER KRAAL WOMEN

THERE was a trying epidemic of fever five or six miles from us, near the sea. It was probably caused by drinking bad water; a number of persons took it and some had died.

A girl from there lived with friends on the station for awhile and was in my Sunday School class. She was at home when the fever broke out, and taking it, became very ill. One rainy morning her uncle, from the station, came, begging me to go and see her, and said he would accompany me. The missionary was not at home. I very much disliked to go. It was at least six miles away, with no civilized people or dwelling nearer than the station.

Covering myself with a waterproof and cap, I started, the rain beating in my face as I got on my horse. The man carried a few things that might be needed for the sick girl. When we reached the kraal, which was quite a good-sized one, most of the people had left for fear of the fever.

One man, a very old, childish woman, and a small child, for which she cared, were all that remained, besides the sick girl, who was nearly dying, and scarcely knew me at first. I did what I could for her; she revived a little and became more conscious, though she was very weak, as the fever was turning.

I remained most of the day. After leaving very strict directions that she must be kept quiet, warm, and given nourishment often, a little at a time, I told them I would try to come the next day and bring a woman from the station with me. The following morning was still damp and chilly. We found the girl much worse, and evidently dying. They had taken off the good blanket which I had insisted they must keep over her, and put in its place an old, thin one. I at once found the good blanket and covered her with it. She knew me and was pleased. She suffered much for lack of breath, and needed to be frequently raised. The woman from the station was afraid of the fever and did not like to stay in the hut. The man, too, was afraid, but he was her uncle, and, as the girl's father was dead, if she lived and married, he would have had her dowry of ten head of cattle. He would slip out of the room every chance he could get. Many times when she was more quiet, I went out to hunt him up and urge him back to care for her and hold her up when necessary. For a while I sat with my back near to the door, so he could not slip by me.

As the end was very near for the poor girl, I saw that he was quietly drawing off the blanket. I, as quietly, held it down on the other side. At last he said, "Ingubuyami" (it is my blanket). In a low voice I said in Zulu, "No, it is mine just now," and held on. Soon she breathed her last. Then I took the blanket and said, "Take it, do what you like with it." He took it away, and with it, himself.

The woman from the station then came in and

did very kindly and nicely what needed to be done. The room was made tidy, the body laid on a clean mat, and a sheet that I had brought was spread over all. This was nearly done when the man came back with a little stool in his hand. He placed it near the door, sat down and began a great wail. When that had gone on a few minutes, about as long as I could stand, I went up to him, and said "Kwanela" (enough). At once he stopped, took up his stool and went out. I can see now the Indian Ocean, the fog, the rain, and the lonely place, as I went out to go home. The man came to put me on my horse. As he did so, his only word of thanks was, in a sympathizing tone, "The child of the white man will get wet."

A Zulu asks many questions that are sometimes very difficult to answer, partly because of their little knowledge of a Supreme Being, and of the lack of Bible words and terms, although their vocabulary is large and rich for many other subjects. There are practically no words for the name of God or for the Holy Spirit. At first a word was borrowed for the former name, which the missionaries, working in another tribe, had used, but in the last revision of the Zulu Bible it has been decided to use a Zulu word which seems to have a more spiritual significance than any other to be found in that language.

Once in a kraal meeting for women, I remember speaking to them of Heaven as the home of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, who had for a time lived here on earth in a human body. How He suffered and died, but rose from the dead, was seen by many

people and ascended into Heaven, His home. How He sees us, knows us, and cares about us now, and if we obey Him and trust Him, some day He will take us to His own heavenly home.

A heathen woman who had been listening very attentively, said, "Oh, Inkosazana, tell us what Heaven is like." For a moment I thought how difficult it would be for me to find words to explain to her so that she could understand much about Heaven, when I, too, knew so little of that promised land, save that God, Jesus, and the redeemed would be there, and sin, sorrow, and tears would be no more. But how little she knew of God! I was perplexed and breathed a prayer for wisdom. I remembered how Jesus, when He was on earth, made use of everyday things, such as the people knew of, when He was teaching them His truths. Suddenly there came to me an illustration that I had never before used, which I hoped might help to give clearer thought to those women. The Zulus and other tribes also, dig large pits in the ground in dry places, where the rain can easily run off. The hole is very small at the top (about a foot in diameter), it then bulges out at the sides, being made smaller again at the bottom, which is often quite deep. The ground is raised about the mouth, then made hard and smeared. A large, flat stone is used to cover it. Inside, the walls are carefully pounded hard and made smooth. Such places are used for storing grain to keep it away from weevils and other insects. Otherwise every kernel would be stung and become only a hollow shell, if left in the open air for a few months

and not put into an air-tight tank or such bins as I have here described. Often these are made to hold two or three hundred bushels of grain. When empty they form a good-sized round room. If one is small enough to get in, or if by accident one were to fall in, it would be impossible to get out without help.

I said to the woman, "Suppose a child were to be born in an 'umgode wombila' (pit for corn), and that he should have care and food provided for him as he grew to years of maturity there. Suppose that people were to come to him and talk with him, but did not try to help him out; 'for,' they might say, 'He has plenty to eat and drink and a place to sleep; why should he not be contented?' He might hear them speak of the green grass outside, the trees, the birds, the flowers, the beasts, the sun, the moon, and stars; and perhaps he might ask, 'What is the green of the grass like, and the flowers—what are their colours? What are trees and birds and beasts? What is the sun? Tell me about the moon and stars?' And they might try to help him to understand about these things, but they would fail, because he had lived there all his life in the darkness.

"Then suppose that some day another visitor should come to him; that a kindly hand should be extended to him and a tender voice say: 'Listen: take hold of my hand; cling tightly; I will hold you fast and will lift you into the light, out of this place where you have lived so long with little light or knowledge: then you will see and know about those things which are now so hard for you to understand!' Surely, this would be good news. How

gladly would he reach out to grasp that friendly hand! How tightly would he cling to it until he was lifted from his glimmering light to the green grass, where he could see the birds, the trees, the flowers, the sky, and many other things that before he could not understand about. So to us all who live here in this world of sin and sorrow, with needed light, which means knowledge to know about many things that we cannot see with these eyes, or hear with these ears, or rightly understand, till we are helped to find God, and He speaks to our hearts. Jesus came to help us, as I have told you, and to lift us out of our darkened minds and give light to our sinful hearts.

“If we will listen and heed His teaching and His voice, which is the hand extended to us, we will grow more and more into His light and knowledge, and see and trust Him. Then some day He will take us to His own heavenly home, where we shall see for ourselves and know what it is like. In His word we are told that it is very beautiful, that there is no sin or sorrow there, and God will wipe away all tears from the eyes of those, who, trusting Jesus to help them, have been lifted into the light of the Great One who made Heaven and earth and gave immortal souls to white and black people in every land.”

One beautiful winter's day, which was about like a fine October one in New York, we were to have a kraal meeting off toward the Indian Ocean. When we reached the place, a number of women had arrived. We heard that a woman was there who had

been ill for a long time. I said, "Can we not have the meeting in her hut?" A strange look came into their faces. The Bible woman whispered to me, "They have a superstitious fear to go in there, because she has been ill many months, ever since her last baby was born." I learned afterwards that there was nothing at all contagious about her disease. We had a large meeting in another woman's hut. After that I went to see the one who was sick.

The sun was getting far to the west, as I entered the low door, coming in out of the bright sunshine. I could at first see very little of what was in the room. Gradually I saw two bright, piercing eyes and the extended hand of a woman, who was lying on a mat. "Oh," said she, "Inkosazana, how glad I am to see you! The women were afraid to come in and have the meeting here." I took her hand and sat down by her side. As she tightly held mine, she continued. "You know about medicine, I have heard that you do. Can you not give me something that will help me to get well? Do you see those children who are playing outside by the door? They are my children. If I die, the people will take me to the hill over there, and put me in a hole and cover me up, and then, never after that speak to the children of their mother. They will grow up and scarcely remember that they had a mother who loved them. Oh! if you only would give me some medicine so that I could live until they grow a little larger and old enough to remember me. A cow has been slaughtered to appease the wrath of our ancestors. This and that native doctor has come. I have taken

their medicines, and you see nothing has done me any good. There are my children"; and she tightened her hold on my hand. "I will take any medicine, Inkosazana, that you may give me, however bitter or bad it may be, if it will only help me to live a little longer for them. I beg you give me your medicine and try, oh, try to make me well!" With an earnest prayer that God would help me to guide and comfort this woman, I said, "Yes, I know a Great Physician whose medicine can help you. Your body has slowly wasted away, since you have been ill, and still you think and understand. So your hands, feet, and all your body may waste away, but that part of you which knows and thinks and loves your children, your soul, your very self, may have a new body and live on forever in another land; the home of Jesus, the Great Physician, that I want you to know about—a land far better than this, where your children, if they become followers of Jesus, may also live and you may see them there. His medicine is, believe, love, trust, and obey. He has been here on earth and lived in a body like yours and mine. Many people saw Him and heard His words. They loved Him, trusted Him, and He healed and comforted many.

"Then wicked men were jealous of Him. Their hatred was great and they put Him to death, but He arose from the dead, and for a number of days was seen by many people and talked with them. After that they saw Him go away up beyond the sun and stars; but He still cares for all people, white or black, as when He was here on the earth. He

hears us if we speak to Him, and sees us. We shall see Him in that heavenly land. He also sends his messengers to help and comfort us. You and I cannot see the sun now, which is going down beyond the Indian Ocean, because we are in this hut, which shuts it from our view, yet we know that it is there, as light from it is still coming into this room. So the spirit of God, of Jesus Christ, can come into your heart and into the hearts of others, and give new light, new knowledge, to help you understand the truth, that Jesus, the Great Physician, is your friend and Saviour. He knows about you. He loves you, and will hear you when you pray to Him."

Over and over, I tried to make more simple and plain to her the story of the Cross. Still tightly holding my hand, she said, "Will you not speak to the Great Physician for me? I am a poor, ignorant woman. How can I speak with words that are right, so that He will hear me?"

God seemed very near, as we spoke to Him in the quiet, humble room of that dying woman, who, I trust, was beginning to see the Light. "Oh! teach me," said she, "to pray. Words that would be fit, if only a few, that I may speak to Him." Something like this I taught her: "Dear Lord, give me, I pray Thee, Thy Holy Spirit, so that I may understand and open my heart to receive and trust Jesus, the Great Physician, as my Saviour and friend." Many times she said this prayer after me. When, with difficulty, I released my hand from hers, and with a quiet good-bye left the room, she was still softly repeating the prayer, in the twilight.

The sky as I went home was golden and beautiful. All nature seemed to speak of God. I sent a Christian woman a few times to comfort and talk with her, but I did not again see her, as she only lived a few days after that.

VIII

BASUTOLAND

BASUTOLAND joins the northwestern part of Natal, and has one of the oldest and most noted missions in South Africa, the French-Protestant. They have the old Huguenot faith, courage, and perseverance, with a deeply spiritual trust in God, under all circumstances. Their work has branched out into near and far away places, including the Banyai Mission and the Berotse, north of the Zambezi.

In the early years, as well as later, the Boers and Basutus had frequent wars, not unlike those between the Boers and other tribes, which again and again greatly hindered mission work in South Africa.

At one time the French missionaries were obliged to take refuge in Natal, and the Rev. Francis Coillard, of that mission, lived and worked at one of our stations for three years. Sesutu, the language of the Basutus, is a little like the Zulu, being one of the Bantu dialects. He soon learned to speak it, and it was a very great help to him in his travels among other tribes, in after years.

He was a young man when in Natal, and nothing was then known of the Berotse, and no one dreamed that some day his name would be held in little less regard than that of Dr. David Livingstone, as one

of the great missionary pioneers of South Africa. His book, "On the Threshold of Central Africa," is most thrilling and interesting, telling of the journey of over a thousand miles with Mrs. Coillard, in an ox wagon, and of life beyond the great and wonderful Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi, where they established the Berotse Mission, and where now those people have a Christian King.

While with our mission, he became very suddenly and seriously ill. The nearest doctor was forty miles away, at the seaport town, Durban. It was the rainy season and all the rivers were flooded; there were no bridges then in that part of the country. A native messenger was sent and as soon as possible, the doctor, an old friend, came, he and his horse having been obliged to swim two or three rivers. Mr. Butler, of our mission, had, a few years before, when crossing one of the rivers on that coast, been nearly dragged from his horse, and badly bitten by a crocodile.

The doctor found Mr. Coillard in so critical a condition, he felt there was little he could do to help him. "But," said he, "if I only had a few drops of Croton oil here, I might save his life." Rev. Mr. Rood, who was helping to care for the sick friend, remembered that at his station, fifteen miles away, there was a small bottle in which were a few drops of that oil. It had never been opened, having been left, with other medicines, by the late Dr. Adams, of our mission, who had died a number of years before. Mr. Rood got on his horse and rode the fifteen miles, and was back within a few hours, bringing the pre-

scious medicine, which, with God's blessing, saved Mr. Coillard's life for the great work which he afterward accomplished. Most calmly and quietly he waited for the doctor to come, and then for the medicine, knowing all the time how serious his case was.

Some years after Mr. and Mrs. Coillard had returned to their own work in Basutoland, and before they went to the Berotse, Mr. and Mrs. Rood decided to accept their urgent invitation to pay them a visit. I was invited to accompany them, and was much pleased to do so. It was a trip of over two hundred miles, at the opening of the winter season in South Africa.

We had a wagonette, drawn by twelve oxen. In that we travelled by day, and at night it was Mr. and Mrs. Rood's sleeping room. We also had a covered cart, drawn by six oxen; this was for part of the luggage, and for my sleeping room. Our native drivers and boys had a tent where they ate and slept. We carried with us a supply of food, and replenished our stock at villages, wayside stores, or Dutch farms, outspanning sometimes two or three hours in the middle of the day for the oxen to eat and rest. We cooked by the side of our wagon, and, when pleasant, sat on mats or the grass, to eat. The air was bracing, and our appetites daily improved. We went through Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, about fifty miles from the coast. It was quite a city, but not so large or as beautiful as Durban. Further on, we passed through Colenso and Ladysmith, both noted places, later, in the Boer war.

Our road was a government highway for the most part and fairly good. We went up some steep hills, while all the time we were gradually ascending. There were great stretches of highland, almost treeless. Here and there a clump of trees had been planted. Now, there are many hundred acres of eucalyptus and wattle trees. The latter grows quickly and yields large crops of valuable bark.

The atmosphere was so clear we could see great distances. There were deep rivers, not very broad. Often we scarcely saw them till we were on their banks; these were sometimes nearly perpendicular, and, after going down, there was a plunge into the deep water, where the oxen sometimes had to swim. Once we were obliged to wait two days for the water to go down, before crossing.

At last, we were in sight of the great Drakensberg mountains, a range that runs parallel with, and about a hundred and fifty miles from, the Indian Ocean. They are very grand, and the view from them extensive and beautiful. The highest point is 10,367 feet.

As we came along the green highland, at their foot, we saw what appeared to be a very large flock of sheep, not a mile away. We wondered if a number of Dutch farmers were herding their flocks together. They ate on and did not seem to mind our approach. When we were within a quarter of a mile, we could see plainly that they were not sheep, but a large herd of spring-bok. They are very handsome and graceful animals, taking their name from their habit of springing, straight into the air, when

excited. Their backs and sides are of a pale cinnamon brown color, the under parts a clear, snowy white, and between these colours runs a band of darker shade. Their faces are white, with a brown band from the eyes to the mouth, and a wedge-shaped mark of brown on the forehead. A characteristic marking is a peculiar fold of the skin across the haunches, beginning near the middle of the back. It is lined with long hair of the purest white. When the animal is quiet, it is nearly invisible, but in running they expand it, so there appears a white mark on the hinder part of the back, that has a very curious effect. In the dry season they come down from the mountain in search of green grass, which is not abundant at that time higher up. Those going ahead in the flocks get fat, while those behind are very lean. When they turn to new pastures, the lean ones go first and the others stay behind, taking their turn at the leavings.

We thought there must be at least three thousand in this flock. I ventured to say so, to a Wesleyan minister, when we had gone up the mountains, and beyond to the pretty town of Harrismith, where he lived and preached to a congregation of English people. "Oh," said he, "you need not be afraid to say three thousand; that herd comes down every year; I have seen it a number of times. There are over five thousand in it. No one is allowed to shoot one; they all go back in the spring." Before there was a law to prevent their being killed, very handsome robes were made of their skins. I was able to procure one to send home, in which are eight skins,

There are terrific thunderstorms in South Africa, and when travelling in an ox wagon it is not safe to go on, while one is passing over. The chain to which the oxen are yoked endangers them, as well as the wagon. I can never forget such a storm that came on us, as we were spending the night under the Drakensberg. The frequent, vivid lightning and the constant echo and re-echo of the thunder from the mountains, was very terrible.

For a few days we travelled in the Orange Free State, which adjoins both Natal and Basutoland. Here we more frequently passed Boer farms. Word somehow went on ahead that we were missionaries, so when we outspanned, the people would ride up on their horses, often from quite far away, to ask for medicine, to get a tooth pulled, or beg us to go and see a sick person.

One woman we went to see was very ill, but we found her sitting up in an extremely large arm chair. She was the broadest and most fleshy woman that I ever saw. By her side was a very fine old coffee-urn, with charcoal fixtures. I presume it had been brought from Holland, many years before.

There was very little furniture in the house, which was small, although I am quite sure that they were far from being poor, if sheep, cattle, and horses count for wealth.

The woman's complexion was clear and light, her eyes and hair dark. When young, I think she must have been fine looking, as many of the Boer girls are.

Mr. Rood had a small medicine chest with him,

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and in it just what was needed for her. They were very grateful. In the evening many came to our camp for medicine and to have teeth pulled. They gave us potatoes, watermelons, milk, and delicious brown bread, made from wheat, which grows well in that part of the country. They grind it in small handmills.

On our return, ten days later, we again outspanned in the same place. The woman was much better. Many came to see us. Mr. Rood gave them medicine, and pulled twenty teeth.

At another outspan, two or three Boer wagons were stopping a few rods away. Some children played about, in their quaint sun bonnets, with their dresses almost to their ankles. The Boer men had been away and rode up on horseback. One was, we judged, the father of a sweet-faced little girl, not more than ten years of age. As he dismounted, he had in his hand a riding whip, the kind called sjambock. He went up to the child and struck her three or four times with that ugly whip. The sight was sickening. The poor little thing cried bitterly, and went by herself, behind the wagon until they left. No woman came to comfort or speak to her. Neither she nor the others would have understood a word had we tried to speak to them. That man looked as if he might have been, and I think he was, of the class of South African Boers who like to live far inland, away from civilization, where he could have freedom to live and treat, not only his own family, but the native people, as he chooses.

Charles Kingsley once said: "There are two kinds

of freedom, the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought."

A few days from Harrismith, we reached Lerebe, Mr. Coillard's pleasant home and station, in Basutoland, where a very warm welcome awaited us. The people were pleased and interested in seeing Mr. and Mrs. Rood, as they said he had saved the life of their missionary. In the afternoon a meeting was held, to welcome us, and we listened to a fine address from one of the people, which was so hearty, so loving and good, it made us feel that much of God's spirit was there, and that we were with congenial friends and earnest Christians.

A number of the leading men were tall and fine-looking. Some of them belonged to the royal family. The chief lived only a mile or two from the station. He was not a Christian, but dressed in European clothes, and had a good house, built of stone. A number of the rooms were furnished in a civilized way, with nice linen, silver, glass, and china for the dining-room, where he entertained the English officers and others in fine style. He, like some other heathen chiefs in Africa, wished to be on good terms with the missionary, and occasionally came to church, yet he did not like his wives, or others of his people, to become Christians. However, a good many were converted, and among them some of his wives. One was his favourite wife, an intelligent, interesting woman. He was very angry when he heard of it.

One Sunday morning he called her to him in the

large courtyard, and said, "I hear that you pray." "It is true," replied she; "I want to know and follow the Saviour, Jesus." In a rage he answered, "Dare you tell me that? I will strike you to the ground with this club! I will kill you before you shall become a Christian." Said she, "I know you are my husband and my chief; you can kill this body, but you cannot kill my soul. I have a Father and a Saviour in heaven. I fear to displease them more than I fear to displease you." He raised the club to strike her. In an agony of prayer to her Father in Heaven, the poor woman fell at the feet of the enraged man. His hand dropped at his side, his voice changed, as he said, "Go away, go away, pray on; and when you pray to your God, pray for me!"

She went to her father, who was a heathen man. He was greatly displeased that his daughter should have left the chief and come back to him. He had received a dowry for her of forty head of cattle, which he did not wish to return. But the woman was so determined to live a Christian life, and so earnest, she at last induced her old heathen father to give up the cattle. Then she was no longer the wife of the chief. But, had she cared to marry again, custom would not have allowed her to do so. I often saw her, and two or three times we went together to see the people. She was refined, and so sensible, I enjoyed talking with her. She became a Bible woman and was a great help and comfort in the work.

This mission, like ours to the Zulus, is strict in regard to admitting members to the church. One

must have professed Christianity at least two years ; if not too old, must be able to read the Testament, and show that he wishes to help and teach others, before being admitted.

It was surprising to see, not only the number of men who could read, but also the number of women, some of them quite aged. No church member was allowed to be absent from prayer, or other religious meetings of their church more than two or three times, without being inquired after and called upon to give a reason for absence. There were about one hundred church members at that station, and three thousand in the mission, fifteen missionaries, and sixty-four native helpers. The contribution from the people, that year, was between three and four thousand dollars. Besides the station day schools, there was a training school for girls, and also one for boys.

At the time of the greatest Boer and native war in Basutoland, when Mr. Coillard was in our mission, the people, as well as the missionaries, were driven from their stations, being greatly distressed and cast down. Once, while hiding in the mountains not many miles from their homes, they gathered one Sabbath near a large rock, determined to hold a little service for united prayer. The heathen people, hearing of this, also came to see what the Christians would do in their great trouble.

One of the oldest members of the church tried to open the meeting with prayer, but could not express his feelings much more than by sobs and tears. The Christians, also unable to control their feelings,

united with him in that troubled prayer for help. The heathen became frightened, and ran to get away. The Christians being left alone, the Lord drew very near to them, and at that time began a revival which was a wonderful work of grace. In their sorrow, they were greatly strengthened and grew to rely upon God as they never had before.

Many of the heathen were truly converted and joined them in their homeless lives, until the war was over. So the work continued to grow and extend, as the years went by, not only in Basutoland, but to the far away Banyai and Berotse, although there were again and again sad hindrances caused by wars and their corrupt, demoralizing influences.

Mr. Coillard told me that he first began to hear about those tribes who could speak the Sesutu language when men came from them to work at the diamond fields.

The first South American diamonds were found in 1867. A Boer, plastering his house with mud, found a good-sized pebble, and some smaller ones, that looked peculiar. He gave them to his children to play with. A sharper man came along, guessed what they were, bought them for a small sum, and took them away. I remember that very soon after my arrival the country ran wild with diamond discoveries. There was a great rush for what is now Kimberley. It is five hundred miles from the coast in Natal, but many went there on foot, others on horseback or in ox wagons. They fell over each other to reach the place as soon as possible. Often they had little or no shelter by the way, or when

they reached there. Food was very scarce, and sold for unheard-of prices.

The dust storms were terrible. I have heard a lady tell that she could not make bread because of the dust, unless she got into a packing case, covered with a sheet, while she mixed it. She and her husband went there from Natal in an ox wagon, and lived in it after they reached the mine. They made a fortune. I have seen a beautiful diamond, which she found in a chicken's crop, and had set in a ring.

A gentleman whom I knew came down from the mines with a large fortune tied up in a handkerchief. He asked me if I would not like him to fill my hand so I could see them better; but my hand could not hold half of them. Each year, before the great European war, half a ton of diamonds were taken from the mines. One of the largest diamonds known was found at the Premier mine, a long way east of Kimberley, the Cullion. That mine has only been open twelve or fourteen years, but, like the older places, is fast becoming a large city with fine buildings, broad, well-paved streets, streets cars, electric lights, and 10,000 white inhabitants, with many thousand natives, who come to work in the mines.

The people of South Africa presented the large Cullion diamond to King Edward VII. It originally weighed 3,025 carats (one and three-fourths pounds), but has been divided into nine large brilliants and a number of small ones, all remarkable for their purity and lustre.

But we must go back to the early years and Mr. Coillard's station to continue the story of our visit

there. He told us that one evening he heard a noise at the door. When he opened it, there stood three men, strangers, who asked for food and a place to sleep. This was granted. They had come from the diamond mines, where they had been working for a year, to get guns and ammunition, to take back to their homes in Barotseland, which was many hundred miles inland, near the Zambezi. Like all others working in the diamond mines, they had been kept very closely in the compound and were taught nothing there of Christianity, or anything good of civilization.

To his surprise, Mr. Coillard found that they spoke the Sesutu language, and could tell him much of their distant home and people, where the Gospel had never been heard. As they talked on he said to them, "You have come a long way, and worked a long time to get what, to you, seems one of the best things you could possibly have. But I know of something far better for you to take to your home than a gun." Eagerly they asked what the white man had which could be better than a gun? He replied, "You have worked a year for your guns; you could not expect to give less time to get something better. You would need to stay and be taught that God, He who made all things, still lives. He has given a book to the world that you can learn to read and understand. In it much is told of this greatest of all things, which any person, white or black, may obtain if he truly seeks to do so. It would take time." They were much interested, and sat up late to hear more. The next morning they

were gone, before sunrise. Two days and a night passed, when at evening there was again a knock at the door, and the missionary opened it to find one of the men there. He had returned, he said, to hear more, and to get what would be better than a gun.

His companions were very angry that he wished to go back, and it was difficult to get away from them. Besides, he did not know when there might be another chance to have company on the journey home. However, he was determined to come back and stay awhile, and stay he did, until he had learned to read and to find what, to him, became far greater than a gun. Then there was a chance for him to return home with others. He went, full of earnest zeal, carrying a Testament and hymnbook. After a year or two he came back to be taught more, begging the missionaries to send some one with him to help teach the Berotse. I was much interested in seeing him, and hearing about the wish of the mission to send helpers there.

There was a beautiful and impressive custom at this station. Each morning, just at sunrise, came the call, "Tapalo, Tapalo" (prayer), which echoed softly from hill to hill. Soon the people came from all directions, to the church, for morning prayers.

One day Mr. Coillard said to me, "A few of the chief men of my church have come, and wish to speak to you." Six intelligent-looking Basutu men came into the parlour with their missionary, as interpreter. All remained standing, when Eliezer, a tall, fine-appearing man, said something like the fol-

lowing: "We are much interested in seeing you. I have asked our missionary many questions about you. We have never before seen a white, unmarried lady, who had left her father, mother, friends, and country to teach the people of Africa. We have learned many things about you. We see that you are not old, are not deformed, and if you had lived in America, you might, no doubt, had you wished to do so, have married. We realize that the women of our land are very unlike you, yet you have given up much, and with gladness, to teach and to help them find a better way. We know the missionary and his wife give up a great deal, but they have each other, their homes and children. Some of their children are grown, teach in the schools and help in the work here. But you have left all and come to this land. It impresses us greatly that you have done this. A few Sabbaths ago our missionary preached from the text: 'Give your bodies a living sacrifice,' and we said, 'How can we do that?' We give a little money, and help a little to teach and preach, but to give up all and leave our country, as you have done, Oh, we have not enough of the love of God in our hearts to do that. We have talked much about it since we have seen you, and realize that before becoming Christians we did not think of women as they ought to be thought of, and now we wish in some way to express our appreciation and gratitude to you for coming here. So will you consider us not presuming if we present to you this little token, which we found in our own mountains, and now ask you to accept? Please always wear it, re-

membering that we Christian men in Africa respect and honour you for coming to this land." A number of times, while talking, Eliezer had put his hand in his pocket. He now drew out and handed me, a very peculiar and beautiful stone, which I have since had set, in Boston. I am sorry to say it was, by accident, a good deal marred in setting.

A few years later, when Mr. and Mrs. Coillard, sent by their board, started with native helpers in ox wagons, on that wonderful and often roadless journey of over a thousand miles, to carry the Gospel to the Berotse, Eliezer offered himself to go with them.

They were very much helped when passing through the country of that large tribe, the Bamangwata, by the chief, Khama. When young, he had been taught by Dr. Moffat, and became an earnest Christian. He is now old and feeble; but since coming into power, when a young man, he has ruled the country in a civilized manner. He loaned Mr. Coillard and his party oxen and wagons, replenished their stock of food, and sent guides to assist them on their way. He has established an excellent system of schools in his country. Roads, churches, and school-houses have been built. Beer and other strong drinks have been abolished; also taking cattle for daughters, polygamy, rain-making, and other heathen customs.

Some years ago, Chief Khama was invited to visit England. He went, and was most kindly received, and honoured by being presented to the Queen. A good deal was made of him while he was there, which did not at all turn his head. He was glad to get

back to his own country and people, where he appeared the same courteous Christian chief as he had been before going away; a decided, straightforward, and progressive ruler.

White traders, with their families, gained permission from him to live and trade in his country, on condition that no strong drink would be brought in, to sell or give away. The temptation to break this agreement was too great for the traders. They thought that they could deceive the chief, so slyly brought rum into the country. Khama warned them that he knew what they were doing, and if they persisted in their shameful trade he would compel them to leave the country. But they did not think he would turn them out, and after a little time, began again to import rum. Khama sent a small company of his soldiers to search each trading station; rum was found in nearly every one. They rolled the kegs and barrels outside and turned their poisonous contents on the ground. Then the chief called the white traders and said, "You do not respect my laws because I am a black man, but I am chief in my own country, and I shall maintain them. I cannot trust you; to-day I make an end of trying to do so. I am striving to lead my people to live according to the teaching of God's word, which we have received from the white people, but you white men show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. Some of my own brothers you have tempted with this vile drink, and you know that I do not wish them even to see it, that they may forget it, yet you offer it to them."

The chief had always been kind to the wives and children of the traders, so they sent them to him to beg that they might have another chance to stay. The women said, "It means ruin and starvation for us and our children, if you do not allow us to remain." Said he, "I am very sorry for you and your children, and the trouble this may cause you, but I am more sorry for my country and the thousands of people for whom I am responsible, who will be ruined, if your husbands remain to sell them rum. No, you must go. I cannot trust them, and they can never come back as long as I am chief." So they had to leave.

The Cape to Cairo Railroad now passes through the country of the Bamangwata, and I hear that, greatly to the sorrow of Chief Khama, the English government has insisted that license to sell strong drink be given on the line, where trains stop.

The chief is now eighty years of age. At the capital of his country, Serowe, they have just dedicated, after years of labour, a large and fine red limestone church. When the church was dedicated, between 15,000 and 20,000 people were present.

After weary months of travel, Mr. Coillard and his party reached the great Zambezi River, where they saw those magnificent Victoria Falls, which are higher and have a body of water far greater than Niagara. The river, there over a mile wide, suddenly plunges into a cleft, or chasm, four hundred feet deep, and only from one to three hundred feet broad, which curves and winds in its narrow bed,

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for two miles, until it comes back to within three hundred yards of the southwest part of the falls.

The Cape to Cairo Railroad, with its wonderful, high bridge, crosses the gorge a little below the falls, then goes west, but south of the chasm, through the narrow strip of land that divides the bend of the returning rapids from the corner of the mad cataract.

The falls were discovered and named by the noted African explorer and missionary, Dr. David Livingstone, in 1855. The natives call the falls "Musi-wa Tunga" (Thundering Smoke).

A number of Mr. Coillard's missionary party had been prostrated by fever and two or three died. He and a part of the helpers, including Eliezer, crossed the river at a place called Sesheke, where the latter was stricken with fever and died. This was another heavy blow to his missionary and the expedition. Before his death, he said to Mr. Coillard, "I know that I cannot recover, yet I am very thankful to God that I have helped in starting this mission to the Berotse, and that we have come as far as this. My tomb will be the finger post for the mission; the door is open. Tell my friends back in Basutoland I am glad I came. Tell them also the Lord Jesus is just as near to us here as He is to them there." And so Eliezer died, giving himself gladly a living sacrifice for others. Let us not forget those words, and remember how the Lord Jesus died for the people in Africa, and is as near to them as He is to those of other and more favoured lands. But how shall they learn of the Christ, in that dark, neglected

land, unless more Christian teachers and preachers are sent to them?

People rush across continents and sacrifice much to get diamonds and gold; but how unwilling they are to sacrifice for that which is far greater than those, or guns.

Many I have known, who made that first rush for diamonds, have passed away. What would it have meant for them, as well as for Africa, if they had seen the vision of something greater, obeyed it, and been willing to sacrifice and work for a better object, as they did for those things which are not enduring?

If any are inclined to doubt the capacity for improvement of the African races, let them study the history of Lewanika, chief in Barotseland on the Zambezi, whose death is just reported. He won his chieftainship by war and the slaughter of his rivals and their friends. Then came Mr. Coillard and made his friendship. Once his confidence was gained, he asked the missionary to tell him how best to rule his country. Mr. Coillard's answer was: "Take the secret spear from under your cloak and throw it away; renounce vengeance once for all; attach your people to yourself by making their welfare your first object; put a stop to theft; give them justice, quiet sleep and good food to eat." Lewanika became a Christian. He journeyed to London to attend the Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria, where he was an honored guest. He returned to found schools for his people and to confirm them in ways of peace, dying this present year, rejoicing in the Christian faith.

IX

THE ZULU BOY, VELEMU

ONE day I sat at the open window, behind a thin curtain, in the mission-house, while the boys from the day school nearby were at play. The game which they played was one that they all liked, as the boys in America like to play horse. Sixteen or twenty oxen are used in South Africa, to draw each of the big wagons, so those children played ox instead of horse.

The large boys would go and get a good-sized limb of a tree, with plenty of branches, make a strong rope of grass, and tie it to the butt end of the limb. Then sixteen or more boys would inspan themselves and take hold of the rope. As many as could do so, would get on the limb of the tree. A boy would have a long whip with a very long lash, which he would crack in the air and say "Trek," when away all would go, down the smooth hill, for quite a distance, with great shouting and laughter, to the river.

In many ways boys are much alike the world over. There are too often those who want to carry the whip and ride, not caring if other boys wish to do so or not, or if they are inspanned and pulling all the time.

The boys that I am telling you about, stopped playing and having a good time, soon after I saw them,

that day. They began quarrelling, some standing on the green grass, and others sitting on the limb of the tree. The boys who had been inspanned the trip before insisted that it was their turn to ride. Another urged that it was his turn to carry the whip. There was some loud talking and gestures, which the Zulu knows to perfection how to make, without striking; and they do not all talk at once.

I noticed a boy who stood a little apart from the others, and said nothing. He was about ten years of age, with a delicate, refined face, high forehead, was neatly dressed, and I remember now how manly he looked, as he stood there in the bright sunshine that day. After a little he spoke, very quietly, and every boy kept still. "Boys," said he, "it is not right to quarrel in that way and spoil our good time. It is selfish to want to ride and carry the whip each trip, while others draw. All ought to take turns. You know Jesus sees us, and wants us to be kind to each other. It says so in His book. He was not selfish, and we should try to be like Him. Now, you boys ought to get down from the limb and inspan, while the others ride, and another boy takes the whip."

For a moment all was still. Without a word the boys who had been riding began slowly to get down and inspan, the others getting on. The boy dropped the whip, and another took it up. He cracked it, cried "Trek," and away they went again, with joy and laughter. The name of the little boy who had quieted the others was "Velemu."

Not very long before, he had come to Umvoti from

another station, with his mother and stepfather, who were Christian people. He could read the Testament very nicely, and often visited and read to old people who were unable to read. When he was born, his father and mother lived in the Transvaal, and there learned something about Christianity. They built a little civilized house for themselves, and dressed, hoping some time they could learn more, and to read. They heard of the American mission stations, in Natal, and thought they would try to get there after a while, although it was more than three hundred miles away.

When Velemu was about a year old, a dreadful sorrow came to the mother. The father was taken very ill; they could get no good doctor, and he died. Then his heathen brother came and said that Velemu and his mother must come and live in his heathen kraal, and she be his wife. The laws of the natives and the Dutch government upheld this claim.

The mother, poor Nozindaba, was heart-broken. She had no relatives who could help her, but determined not to be the wife of that brother and bring up her child in a heathen kraal. She had never been in Natal, but knew that it was very far away. Thinking about what she had heard of the American missionaries there, she almost frantically decided to find them. She boiled some corn, and also made native bread, tying these in a cloth and in the corner of her blanket. Then she put "Velemu" in a goat skin and tied him to her back. A little after dark that night, they started for Natal. She was not a large or very strong woman, but she travelled all night.

The next day they hid in bushes, where they rested and slept.

Then they went on, often in great fear of snakes and wild animals, or of being pursued by her husband's brother and his friends. Night after night they travelled, and day after day rested and slept, until their food was nearly gone. They then ate very little each day. There were few roots or berries which could be found. At last, after getting over the border into Natal, the mother sometimes ventured to ask for food at a kraal or a Dutch home.

They continued to travel at night, as there were still many weary miles to go before reaching the coast. Now and then they found a friendly person who gave them food, and referred them to some other friend; and so they went on until one day they reached the American mission station, at Amanzimtote, where she sank upon the doorstep ill, and nearly famished. She and her child were taken into the mission home, and kindly nursed and cared for. There they lived for a number of years, but they had suffered too much, and neither of them was ever very strong again.

The heathen brother searched until he heard that they were in Natal. He came all the way after them, and was determined to get them. In terror, they did not dare to go out of the yard, and often not out of the house. This went on for some time, the man staying in the neighbourhood.

At last the missionary went to the English magistrate and told him the woman's story. The magistrate called the man, and warned him if he did not

leave the country at once, he would have him imprisoned, and he was never to come into Natal again. Fortunately, he did not dare to do other than obey.

After six or eight years, the woman married a Christian man at Umvoti, where I was then living, and she and her little son, "Velemu," came there to live. From the day when I first saw him, I was greatly interested in the child. He often came to see me, and I would go to see him and his mother, in their neat, comfortable home. He liked best to talk about what he read in the Testament, and what he should say to the people to whom he read, and others. There were many days when he was not well enough to go to school, or leave home. Every one loved him. His strength slowly failed, until he was obliged to keep to his bed most of the time.

One day, when I went to see him, his mother was out, and he was lying alone in his own clean, little room. As I came in, his face brightened, and he said, while I sat down by him and took his thin, little hand, "I am so glad that you have come, Inkosazana, and that my mother is out, for there is something that I wish to talk with you about, while we are alone. My mother thinks that I am going to get well, but I am sure that I am not. She loves me dearly, and I do not like to tell her and trouble her. She went to Durban, the seaport town, and saw a doctor there. He sent me some red medicine, in a bottle. She got me a new pair of shoes and a coat. I took the medicine, and wore the shoes and coat, but I did not get any better. Then she took me

to Stanger, five miles from here, to see another English doctor. He gave me some more red medicine, in a bottle, and some white medicine, and she got a hat for me. It was a nice hat, and I have worn it, and taken all the medicine, yet you see, Inkosazana, I do not get any better. Now she wants the doctor to come over from Stanger, and operate on me to take the water out of my side. I know it will not do any good, and I do not want to have it done."

I said, "Your mother loves you and you love her, and she wishes to do everything she can to help you to get well, and would not be happy if she did not. It comforts her, and you want her to be comforted, don't you? So I think you ought to be willing to let the doctor come and do this. It will hurt you a little, but you will have less pain afterwards." Thoughtfully, he said, "Yes, I want to please my mother, and if you will come and sit by me, and hold my hand while the doctor does that, I will no longer refuse.

"Then, Inkosazana, there is another thing I want to ask you about. I am sure that I am not going to get well, as I have told you. I have never gone away with any one but my mother. I am almost never away from her; and my stepfather, too, is kind. I am sorry to leave her, but I would not be afraid to go, if I were sure that I should see Jesus, who loves all little children, as soon as I cease to see her. There are a great many little boys and girls in the world, and He might not see me at once, and I should be afraid alone. I have looked and looked

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in the Testament, to find something about it, but I did not find much. Please tell me, Inkosazana."

Then I said, "When you cease to be with your dear mother, you will see Jesus. He will not forget about you. He remembers every little child and has gone to prepare a place for those who love Him. He has promised to be with them when they go from earth to Heaven, through the Valley of Death. He said, 'I go to prepare a place for you in my Father's house. I will come again and receive you, that where I am there you may be also. I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. I will come to any one who wants me, and opens the door of his heart.' Dear little child, you long ago opened your heart to Jesus. He loves you, and you love Him." So we talked on, until he said, "It is all right now, I will not be afraid. Yes, Jesus loves me and is taking away the fear, because I shall see Him."

The next day the doctor came. Without any objection from the child, the slight operation to remove the water from his side, was performed. With a scream, as the frail little hand tightened on mine, he said, "Oh, son of the white man, how you do hurt me." He was soon more comfortable, but only lived a few days after that.

He softly prayed much of the time when awake. If a Christian came into the room he would ask him to read or pray. If an unconverted person, he would pray for him. All night before he died, he was conscious, but scarcely slept at all. When he could not speak above a whisper, his lips would move, and friends would hear him praying, as they

bent to listen; praying for his mother and friends, and telling the Lord that he loved Him, and was not afraid to go and live with Him, although he was sorry to leave his mother, as she would miss him greatly. And so he ceased to see his mother, as the Lord took him to Himself, away from sin and pain, to His own heavenly home.

X

UMVOTI

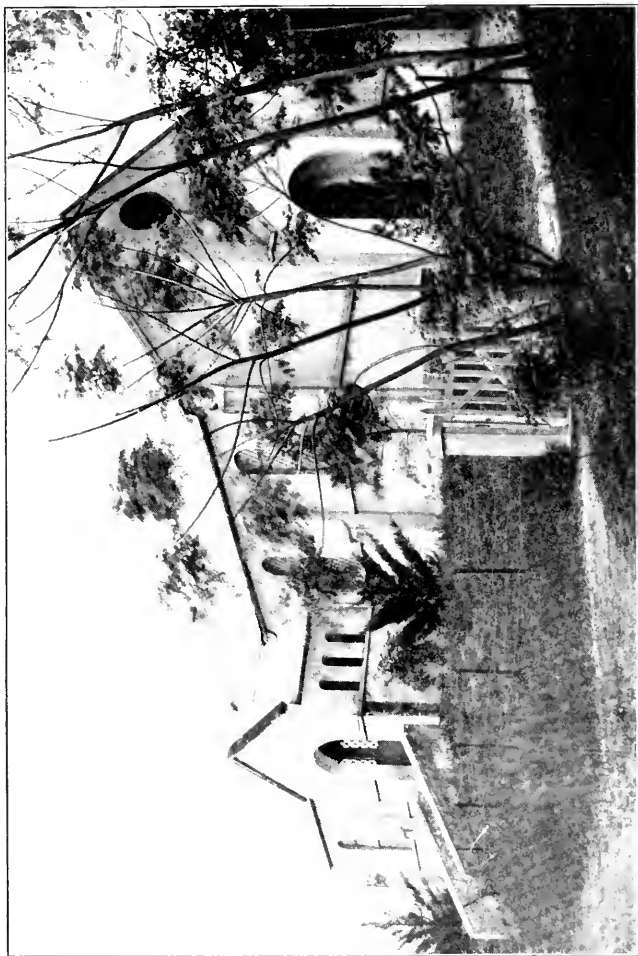
AFTER having been in the mission more than twelve years, I wrote a friend :

I wonder what you know about Umvoti? We live in an unburned brick house. It is plastered over, then whitewashed; the roof is of galvanized iron. The veranda runs nearly around it.

As I look out of the window, I see orange trees, loaded with white blossoms, although a little of the golden fruit is still there. I have sometimes seen, hanging from the limbs of orange trees, as well as from others, beautiful orchids, blossoming on a clinging vine, or a clump of foliage.

Fifty yards away, down a little decline, just in front, runs the pretty Umvoti river to the Indian Ocean, six miles distant.

A few rods back of the house, is a good-sized school-house, of burned brick, where about a hundred children come every day, from the Christian village. There are two native teachers for it. A part of the lessons are in English, the rest in Zulu. The subjects taught are much like those in the primary schools of America. The children sing very sweetly, and learn to read music from the "Sol, Fa System." They all dress, clothed by their parents, who live at the station. A little farther up, to the right of the



NATIVE CHURCH AT UMNATI (BUILT BY THE PEOPLE)

school-house, is a fine, large brick church, which cost \$6,000, and will seat about four hundred people.

None of the money for those two buildings came from America. The people grew sugar cane; from it sugar was manufactured at the government sugar-mill at Umvoti, without charge, which, when sold, paid for the building of the church and school-house.

A quarter of a mile away is the Christian village. There are seventy or more upright houses, some of which are built of reeds and plaster, with thatched roofs, while others are of burned brick and iron roofs. There are usually three or four rooms in each house, besides a detached kitchen. A few have from five to ten rooms, with neat European furniture. In nearly all, there are at least a table, bedstead, and chairs.

The food of the people is corn, amabele, sweet potatoes, sugar, oranges, bananas, amase (sour milk), sometimes meat, and bread. A beer that they make from corn and amabele is much used by the heathen people and some others, who are half-civilized, which does a great deal of harm. They wash their clothes, and ours, at the river on the stones. Each week I give a woman the soap, starch, and bluing required, for my clothes, and she brings them back neatly washed and ironed, for which I give her an English shilling.

In the winter we do not have much rain, and everything gets very brown and dry. The spring now, in October, is just opening. The hills and trees are lovely in their fresh green dress.

We have six out-station schools, belonging to Um-

voti, besides the station school. They are from two to six miles away, over roads that are only bridle paths. I go to them on horseback. We have services at all these out-stations on the Sabbath, and the Bible women have meetings in the kraals there, once a week; I attend them when I can.

On the lovely hills not more than a mile away are kraals of the heathen people, and from our veranda we can see farther on, two of the out-station school-houses.

Very interesting and impressive evangelistic services have, within the year, been held at this station, and also at some of the other stations of our mission, by Mr. David Russell, from Durban. He is an earnest, practical, Christian layman, who was influenced in Scotland by Mr. Moody, and is sometimes called the Moody of South Africa. For a long time, until the present year, there has been an apparent deadness in the churches of our mission, and but few additions. Yet many could read the Bible, and education in various ways was progressing.

At the beginning of the year, the service for the week of prayer, which our mission always remembers, was well attended. There were also indications of a more thoughtful state in the minds of the people. Following this, was a visit to some of our stations of Dr. Somerville, of Scotland, a noted Presbyterian divine. His sermons greatly stirred the Europeans in Natal, as well as the natives at our station. As we took the doctor's hand and looked into his venerable, intellectual face, the beautiful story came into our minds that is told of St. John, the beloved disci-

ple of our Lord, when he visited the churches toward the end of his long life. Often it lingered in my thoughts, as the doctor tarried in our home. When his voice rang out in the church the "Whosoever," as he spoke of the love of Jesus, then by word-picture made you see how real it was, you could not help believing it was very real to him, and that there were riches he could tell you how to get which many knew not of.

As he spoke of sin, sin which we could not get away from, sins that remained, even though our lives were upright, and we try to wash off every stain, still, like Lady Macbeth's, they would remain, as we cry, "Will these hands ne'er be clean?" We shall never forget the earnest way in which he then asked, "What will you do with sin; what will you do with it?" or the clear and expressive words that told of a Saviour, who must be obeyed, but just such a loving Saviour as a lost and ruined world, like ours, needed.

Then he took us in thought, to the hills of Bethlehem, to the shepherds watching their flocks and to the grandest concert the world has ever known, as the glad tidings were told, and the great orchestra began to sing when the solo had reached the word "manger." Then he led us, as in the still hour of midnight, through the quiet streets of Bethlehem, to search for Jesus and to tell others the glad tidings.

Those who think that carefully prepared sermons are not appreciated by Zulu audiences would, I am sure, have thought differently, had they been with us and seen our crowded church and the eager, in-

terested faces of the people, as they listened for nearly two hours; some of them obliged to stand.

The doctor remained with us for two days and held four services. Then, Mr. Rood, as interpreter, went with him and his party to visit other stations. Mr. Russell, whom I have before mentioned, was with them. While at Umvoti, he became so interested in the natives and the work, he accepted an invitation to come later for a longer period and hold a series of meetings. With great ease, adaptation, and power, he speaks through an interpreter. He has a wonderful gift of bringing Bible truths to bear on the minds of the unconverted, as well as on those of Christians.

From the first meeting, the spirit of God was manifestly with us, touching the hearts of many. The members of the church seemed to rise as with new life, and join heartily in the work? Some came long distances, and many sought salvation and forgiveness for their sins, through Jesus Christ.

The quiet, earnest prayers, the humble confession of sin, with the desire to forsake it and begin a new and better life, with Jesus as their friend and Saviour, was very marked, and made us feel that the Lord was doing great things for us, whereof we were encouraged, and very grateful to Him for sending this friend to help us. After the meeting at Umvoti, Mr. Rood, who is a fine interpreter, accompanied Mr. Russell, as he had Dr. Somerville and party, to some of the other stations, as helper, where also they had very interesting meetings.

We pray and trust that this special awakening

may be much more than "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," for the mission cause in Natal. God hears, and in His own good time, answers true prayer for others, and for mission work, although the night of toil is sometimes very long.

Thus a really great revival began in the mission, which has continued to the present time, with encouragements and discouragements, but also with a steady growth of power and influence for righteousness and uprightness in the churches.

The temperance cause, too, was greatly helped, by the stamping out of the native beer, as well as other sinful, heathen customs, which were creeping into the churches. There was a strong "Blue Ribbon" movement that has done a great deal of permanent good.

We cannot expect that in less than a century of civilization and Christianity, the Zulus will rise to a higher grade of moral and religious life than is to be found in many churches where the Gospel has been preached for centuries; although there is a class of people in more favoured lands, who seem to expect this.

However, of this I am sure, there are as noble, unselfish, and earnest Christians amongst the Zulus as can be found in any country. When one considers the age-long environment of body and mind from which a Zulu comes into God's great light and knowledge, it is truly wonderful the change which, in many instances, is very apparent in him, after he becomes a Christian.

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With the good influences of civilization, there is also much that is corrupting and confusing to the native mind, aside from the evils that are continually about those who work in the mines at Kimberley, Johannesburg, and other places. Too often, when they return to their homes in Natal, or other far-away localities, they are worse than when they left them. Added to heathenism are vices before unknown to this people.

Mr. Russell has been so often and helpfully connected with our mission, I would like to add here a few more words in regard to him? It is many years now, since he was ordained to the ministry. He has been pastor over some of the largest Presbyterian, as well as Congregational churches, for Europeans, in South Africa, and has also continued to hold evangelistic services, when he could, in various places, for both English and natives.

At the time of the "Men and Religion Movement" in America, he was invited to come here as one of the helpers. He joined the "team" in which were Mr. Raymond Robbins and Mr. Fred B. Smith. With them he went from East to West, as well as South, in that campaign. At the time of this writing he is back in Natal, and, during the past year, has held meetings at a number of our mission stations, where he is greatly respected and beloved, as he is in many parts of the country, and by all classes of people.

The schools and out-station at Umvoti continued to grow. As the more advanced pupils were taught

to read music, one of the teachers at the station school trained them to sing so well, a few times concerts were given, one of the days of the Christmas festival, to which white colonists within five and ten miles of the station, were very much pleased to come. Once the cantata of "David, the Shepherd Boy," by G. F. Root, which had been learned by the teacher when at the Boys' Training School of the mission, was rendered with such sweetness and in such perfect time, by fifty or more of the young people, it gave great pleasure to all who heard it. I remember an English officer being present, who rushed up to me, after it was over, and said, "Why did you not tell me; why did you not tell me, that you could do a thing like that here? It is years since I have heard anything so beautifully sung. What voices these Zulus have!"

There was a large class for inquirers needing Bible instruction at the station, once or twice a week, taught by the missionary or myself, to which the out-station, as well as station people, came. Many began the Christian life by attending these meetings, getting help also from services, conversations, and the word of God, for which they have great reverence. When one's own words fail to convince them of what is not right, a verse pointed out from the Bible seldom fails of doing so. At least they will put their hand to their mouth, shake the head and say no more. After two or three years of careful instruction, if a person continues an earnest, active Christian, and seems worthy, he is admitted to church membership.

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The services at the out-station on Sunday, as well as on week days, were kept up with the voluntary assistance of the church members from the station. Besides, the two faithful Bible women, Tetise and Upahlekaze, had a number of meetings each week with the women at the kraals.

In one school near which the chief of a tribe lived, for ten years no one came out from heathenism and confessed Christ. It was a tribe of over a thousand people. The children came quite well to school, and the people to the services on Sunday. The chief was friendly and now and then attended a service. A blind son, who was very intelligent, was the first to become a Christian at that place. By being taught to commit to memory, he gained a very clear knowledge of the Testament, and could repeat many parts of it, as well as scores of hymns. After a time he attended the theological seminary of the mission, and there, by listening, learned a great deal more, so that he grew to be a very useful preacher.

Soon after his conversion, others of the tribe became Christians. The chief, his father, continued friendly, but died unconverted. The blind man was the only son of the principal wife, and would have been chief, after his father's death, if it had not been for his sightless eyes. Another son, who was not a Christian, was chosen for that place. He often told me he would like to be one, but the older counselors of the tribe would not allow him to do so. They chose not only a second wife for him, but a third, and contributed the cattle for their dowries,

insisting if he were chief he must have more than one wife.

For quite awhile I had hoped to start a school five or six miles away, near the sea, where some of that tribe lived. One day, when at the chief's kraal, I said to the blind man's mother, that I wished to talk with the chief. I noticed how the women looked at each other, as she said he was in his hut with a number of his councillors. I knew that the men being there not one of the women would venture to go. If the men had been outside, as they more often are in councils, I would not have minded meeting them, but I very much disliked going inside. However, I sent word to the chief that I wished to see him and his councillors, and was invited to come into the hut where they were. I stooped down and passed through the low door into a large, nicely-built room, where, in rows near the inside edge, sat thirty-five or forty men, with rings on their heads, such as I will describe in a later chapter. The chief at once got up and arranged a nice mat for me, where he had sat. I did not say a word. When I was seated, he said, "Sakabona, Inkosazana" (I see you), to which I replied. Then each man, one at a time, said the same, after which the chief sat down near the centre of the room. For many years I had not been a stranger to those people, yet my heart beat wildly and I felt myself a little shaky when I began by saying that I was very glad of this chance to meet the chief and his councillors together, as I wished his people, near the sea, to have a school, and hoped they would build the school-house for it, so that their

children could be taught, as were children of others in the tribe. The country was changing, and surely they must see that it would be a great disadvantage for their children to grow up without any knowledge of God, or of what books could tell them. The parley was quite long; the chief spoke favourably of there being a school at that place; others spoke for and against it, but at last they agreed to help, and the school-house was afterward built. I said my "Salakable" and quietly moved out of the hut, with a sense of relief and thankfulness.

In the early years of my being in the mission, there was great need of books in the Zulu language, for the primary schools. A very good primer has been published, and that was about all which seemed to me suitable to use in awakening the child mind to become interested in reading. Within a few years, as soon as I could get enough of the language, I began to prepare something to be used in my own schools. The thought grew, until after a year or two, I had a "Zulu Second Reader" written. I had urged the older people to tell me fairy tales, such as they told the children in the evening around the firelight. Some of them were very good, and a few a little like those we have. I added stories of their kings and nation, with others on various subjects, that I hoped might interest them, then finished with a number of Bible stories, mostly from the New Testament. I wrote all, after carefully thinking of each subject and telling it to myself, as if I were a Zulu child. While I wrote them out, I kept that thought uppermost, holding my mind as far as I

could, within the scope of an intelligent Zulu child's mind.

When the manuscript was ready, the mission sent it to America to be published, with illustrations, as suitable as we were able to get. There have been a number of editions. It is still extensively used and sold where the Zulu language is spoken.

In the same way I felt the need of a Zulu pamphlet, very simple, plain, and short, which would comprise the Ten Commandments and the plan of salvation, in the words of the New Testament. This was published, and was a great help in primary work. It was a help also to those who could read, and wished to teach others to find a way, yet had not themselves learned sufficiently to explain clearly much of Bible truths.

There was a little Zulu newspaper, that for two or three years took more of my extra time and strength than I ought to have spared. I never wrote anything in Zulu without going carefully over the manuscript with Mr. Rood, or some other member of the mission, and also with an educated Zulu, so that the language might be as perfect as possible.

Miss Dalita Hawes, a lame Zulu girl, who was educated at the Inanda Seminary, was the language critic for the reading book.

XI

HOBEANA

IF one were standing on the veranda of the mission-house, at Umvoti, and looking far away across the river to the hills beyond, he would see a small, bright spot gleaming out in the midst of the vivid green of the foliage. It is the roof of one of the out-station school-houses.

As I recall to-day that little memorial building (erected in memory of Mrs. Lloyd Lindley, by her friends in America), with its many associations, there is one face and figure which stands out from the dusky crowd.

Years ago, as I was visiting that school, I saw a bright-faced, bright-eyed, intelligent-looking old man, about seventy years of age, whom we might call a splendid old-fashioned, heathen Zulu. His name was Hobeana. I was surprised to see him there. As soon as I had an opportunity, I said. "Why, Hobeana, how do you happen to be here?" "Oh," he replied, "I am coming to church." This was such an unusual thing for one of his age and position, from that tribe, to do, I wondered what his motives were, and asked, "Why are you coming to church?" Said he, "I want to find out what Christianity is. I have had a dream." "A dream! What did you dream?" "I dreamed that I must come

down here and find out what Christianity is. I did not wish to do anything slyly, so I called all the chief people together and said, 'I am going down there where the service is held to find out about Christianity!'" "What did they say?" "Oh, they consented, so I have come." "Well, what have you found out?" "Not much yet, but I am going to learn more. I come to every service, rain or shine, and I am coming right along."

He kept his word, and did come to every service, the native preacher taking pains to help and instruct him. Seeing him some time later, I said, "Have you found out yet what Christianity is, Hobeana?" "No, but I am going to," he replied. Then followed a long conversation. He talked about his dream, some of the innumerable superstitions of his people, and a little of what he had learned in church. He mixed it all up together, and I wondered if there could be any place in his mind for the real light; but I believe God was speaking to him, although the light was like a leaf in the air, seeming to have no place to rest.

Some weeks later I saw him again, and he had on his first garment. He was sitting on a bench, his elbows were akimbo, and he did not quite know what to do with his hands and feet. Often when the natives first go into a civilized house, they do not understand about the furniture and other things that they see, and do not dare trust themselves to the chairs for fear they will fall; so when they begin to sit on a bench they are not quite sure about the foundations. As soon as Hobeana saw me, he said,

“ You see I am going to be a Christian, Inkosazana.”
“ In what way are you going to be a Christian?”
“ Why, don't you see I am dressing now; I am going to have clothes. I am like other people who wish to be Christians.” “ Oh, no, Hobeana, it is well to wear civilized garments, if you wish to do so, but clothes do not make you a Christian. God will hear you when you pray to Him, and will help you in your native costume just as well as He will if you have this garment on. You want some clothing for the heart. I cannot now make you understand all this, but God can help you to understand down here,” and I placed my hand on my heart as I spoke, but Hobeana's face was sad—he could not understand me.

A few months passed by and he had on a second garment, was sitting straight and dignified on the bench. His elbows were down by his body. He said, “ Inkosazana, now you see I am going to be a Christian.” “ How are you going to be a Christian?” I asked, as before. “ Why, don't you see I am dressed?” “ Oh, but, Hobeana, still you need a garment for the heart, away down here,” again touching my heart.

Hobeana put his hand to his mouth, in native fashion, slowly and silently shaking his head. He could not understand; he was perplexed and distressed, to find that these things made him a no better Christian. He must have clothing for his heart; what was this clothing, and how was he to get it?

His next step was to have his ring cut from his

head. A Zulu, when old enough to become a soldier, has a ring, made of some glutinous substance, fastened around the top of his head. He thinks a great deal of this ring. To him it is like a diploma to a young man when he comes out of college. He wears it all his life. It was this ring that he had cut off. I said, "Why have you cut the ring from your head. You thought so much of it, and it looked nicely." "Oh," said he, "I am going to be a Christian." Again I had to tell him, "Even this will not help you to be a Christian. If you wish to have it cut off, that is all well enough; if you want to wear a hat you can wear it better without this ring. But many people who do not wear a ring on their heads, are not Christians, and have not the Spirit of God in their hearts." Greatly perplexed he said, "Truly, I am going to be a Christian." "Oh, yes," I said, "I hope you are." Again Hobeana spoke of his dream and the glad news he had heard at the services, for by this time he had learned many Bible truths.

It may have been two years later that he came to church dressed in a fine suit of broadcloth clothes. They were very nice. His linen and all parts of the suit were quite perfect. I said, "Why, Hobeana, where did you get this splendid suit of clothes and the linen?" "Oh, my daughter went down to the station and learned to wash and iron; she takes care of my clothes, brushes them, folds them, and puts them in a box. I shall only wear them when I go to church, and to see you. Other people, who are Christians, wear nicer clothes on Sunday than

any other day." Then he straightened up and said, "Now, Inkosazana, I am a Christian."

Friends, don't you see the same human nature in Africa as in America? People put on their best clothes, go to church, sit comfortably back in their seat, find the right place in the hymn-book, and say, like Hobeana, "I am a Christian." Sometimes this very thing is like an armour, harder to penetrate than real heathenism. We did not want Hobeana to have this armour, and painful as it was, again had to tell him that all these things did not make him a Christian. Oh, how distressed he appeared, although we spoke other and more encouraging words to him.

"But," said he, "I look just like other people who go to church, don't you see?" and he smoothed down the broadcloth. More and more we felt convinced that the real truth was dawning in his heart, and one day he said to me, "Inkosazana, we have had prayers at our kraal." "I am pleased to hear that," I replied. "Your sons and grandsons, what do they say? Will they come into your hut when you have prayers?" The feeling of filial respect is very strong among the Zulus. Hobeana seemed astonished that I should ask if his grown-up sons were respectful. "Oh," said he, "they come in unless they can make an excuse to stay away; they sit still and listen, but yet do not wish to be Christians. I repeat something I have heard in church, and have learned the Lord's prayer; besides, Inkosazana, I have learned, too, some words of my own to say to the Lord."

So, month by month, Hobeana improved and was taught more Bible truths, always coming to every service, till at last we felt he had the clothing for his heart, that was so necessary. He applied for church membership, but there were difficulties to overcome. In the first place, he had three wives. I shall never forget the day when he came to talk this matter over with us. We knew it was coming. I said to him, "Hobeana, I have advised you about many things, but now I have no advice to give you; only God can help you. These wives are the mothers of your children; you took them in heathenism. It is your duty to provide for them, and, if separated, to be separated in a Christian way. God can guide you, and we must be very earnest in asking Him to help you to do what is best."

By this time Hobeana had learned to take the truths of the Bible as direct messages from God to himself. He often said, "They are like a letter from God to me." He took them to his heart, believed them, and prayed, expecting God would hear and answer. And He did.

Strange as it may seem, the answer came through heathen customs. Reference has already been made to the Zulu custom, that when a man is first engaged he gives a certain number of cattle to the father of his betrothed. They are not married young; engagements often continue for several years, and the rest of the cattle are given at the final marriage ceremony. All this time, the girl is at her father's kraal. We had supposed that Hobeana had really taken his youngest wife to his kraal, that the final

ceremony had been performed; but we found that she was still living with her father. Without wishing to help him to be a Christian, in fact we think it was because he was a Christian, she was determined that the engagement should be broken. It is a very unusual thing to break a Zulu marriage engagement, and almost impossible for a heathen woman to separate from her husband, or be married again; but the girl urged her heathen father, till at last he consented to return the cattle to Hobeana. The engagement was broken, and he was separated from his young wife; but there were still two remaining. Another Zulu custom is, that when a woman has a grown-up son, who is married and wishes his mother to come and live with him, heathen law allows her to do this, but not to marry again. One of Hobeana's wives had a grown-up son, and while opposed to his father becoming a Christian, yet he very much wished to have his mother come and live with him. She did so, and thus all was pleasantly arranged. Hobeana was very happy in the thought that it had been arranged without any unpleasantness, and he was free to live with his first and best loved wife. Again he applied for church membership, but there was still another difficulty.

Some people in America may think the action of the mission, of which I am about to speak, was very narrow, but if they knew the difficulties we had to contend with, because of strong drink, they would modify their opinion, I am sure. All that is vile, and much that hinders the Christian work, goes on at their beer drinks, which are sometimes attended

by three or four hundred people. Aside from such gatherings, the beer itself injures the natives, making them stupid and indolent at their homes.

Our mission had done what it could, for years, to influence the Christian and station people to give it up. But the Zulus are born lawyers, and can plead their cases well, using strong arguments in favour of their beer. They would say, "It is our food, we have not the variety that white people have; besides, our beer does not intoxicate like the white man's rum and brandy." Many of our best Christian people were determined not to be convinced that they should give it up.

The mission called a meeting, which continued several days, to talk over this question. All of the native pastors, the chief native Christians and missionaries came together. In many respects it was a most trying ordeal. But after much patience, prayer, and talk for and against the beer, as well as against taking cattle for daughters, the people were induced to take a vote that in future whoever came into the church should give up those customs. At all our stations there were many who opposed those rules. For over a year we did not have the Communion in a church of our mission. It was like a great wave of trouble, annoyance, and anxiety; but it passed, and there came a wave of blessing such as we had never before known. I frequently felt that we could only stand and see what the Lord would do.

We had, unconsciously almost, grown to think that there could not be a revival in our Zulu churches.

But it came, beginning first at Umvoti, and swept through our whole mission field, as told in another chapter. For this God-given blessing we owed much to the temperance movement, and to the stand taken by our mission, not only in regard to beer, but also in regard to other heathen customs, which were creeping into the churches. A steady growth of spiritual life continued in all departments of the work. Five years afterward, one of our older ladies wrote, "This last year has been the most blessed of our mission."

Those church rules were made before Hobeana applied for membership; he was an old man when he first desired to become a Christian. He had never been a drunkard, nor did he often care to go to large beer parties, but he felt he could not give up that food, as he called it. I remember one of our preparatory lectures, when he stood in all his native dignity, and pleaded his case. He said, "I am old, my teeth are gone, I have not a variety of food. I walk a long way to church; I have never been intoxicated, I do not wish to go to beer drinks. I have given up my heathen customs; I have given up my ring; I have given up my wives, but how can I give up this little cup of beer that I need?" (Iplikile encane engaka.)

Our hearts had grown very tender towards Hobeana, but the rule was a good and necessary one, which was to become a great blessing to our churches. We saw no way but that he must suffer for the good of others.

The missionary asked him to reconsider and wait

until the next Communion. When the next Communion came, he had seen many who seemed to have made this a test question, and brought forward new arguments. We believed that he was a Christian, we felt that he had sacrificed much, but that he really could not see how he was to glorify God by giving up his beer. "No," said he, "I will never give up my beer."

The missionary's heart yearned over him, and he said to the members of the church, "It may be we are asking too much. We know Hobeana is a Christian, yet seems unable to understand the necessity of this sacrifice. If we make an exception and allow him to come into the church, we here will all understand it and perhaps other church members may also. We will vote upon it, and, if you as a church decide that he can come in, I shall say nothing more against it." They voted to admit him, and the next Sunday he came to his first Communion.

Two or three weeks after that, while standing on the veranda, I saw Hobeana coming across the river, resplendent in his broadcloth suit. As he came near he took hold of the side of his coat, and said, "Inkosazana." "Well, what is it, Hobeana?" "I want that little blue ribbon put right here in my buttonhole." "But what do you want of the blue ribbon? You say you cannot give up your native beer." "Oh," said he, "Inkosazana, to think that I am a child of God, that I have come to the table of the Lord, and can't give up a little thing for Christ's sake, can't give it up for Him, who has done so much for me! I said that my teeth were gone, and

that I could not get on without my beer; but I'm old, and I cannot get on without my sleep. I do not sleep nights when I remember that I have not given it up. Can't give up a thing that I love, when He has done so much for me! Now I have tried to do without it. For two or three days I have not touched a bit of beer." Then, straightening his body, he said, "I've walked all the seven miles down here and I am not hungry, I am not over tired. It was just an excuse. If I haven't teeth, there are other things that I can eat. Don't you see how well I am, and yet I have not had a bit of beer for several days. I can do without it. Now get the ribbon quick. I want it in this buttonhole, so that all the world may know that Hobeana loves to do this thing for Christ's sake."

That was a year before I came to America, for my only furlough. I often saw him, and would sometimes say, "Well, Hobeana, what about the beer? When you get home tired and smell it and see great pots of it, don't you wish you could have some?" "Oh, no!" said he, "I go and I look at it and I smell it and I say; 'Hobeana, now don't you wish you had some? It is nice; it would taste nicely, smells nicely,' and I say, 'No, if it is nice, I am glad I can give up nice things—a thing that I love—for Him who has done so much for me.' No, no, Inkosazana, a thing that I love—for His sake—I can do."

Some years after, when I was no longer living at Umvoti, but at another station, in writing to a friend, I said: "I have been for over a week at

my old home, Umvoti. I decided quite suddenly to go, on hearing how much the schools there are needing supervision. I would have liked to stay a month, but could not do so. It was a drive across country, over a bad road, of twenty-five or thirty miles, in my little American buggy, with one horse. I had with me a native boy, about ten years of age. I found the schools in great need of help. I went to one each day, and in the afternoon held a meeting in the school-house, there, for the people. It was delightful to be with them again; old and young, men, women, and children came. 'Now, you have come at last,' they said, 'we shall again live.'

"I wish you could have seen Hobeana. He has grown much older, but is as bright and interesting as ever. If I sat down, he wished to sit close by me. If I moved to speak to another, he moved, so that, as he said, he might hear every word. He cannot give up the thought but that I may yet come back to Umvoti to live. I think it was one of the happiest, most thankful moments of my life when he told me of his continual joy in the Lord. 'Oh!' said he, 'I am an old man; my strength is going; I have not much longer to live on the earth. I am happy here because Jesus makes me glad; but I shall be more happy if I may soon go where I can see Him.' 'Have you ever been sorry or troubled because you gave up beer and other things for Christ's sake?' I asked. 'No, no, never,' he replied. 'I do not remember the beer; I do not want it. I have just been glad all the time to have given up anything I have for Him.'"

I did not see Hobeana again. A year or two after that he grew more feeble in health and died, but to the last he appeared to maintain his love for God and faith in Jesus Christ. A native Christian, in writing to me, said, "Hobeana is, as usual, growing more and more to know and love and trust the Lord."

Well has some one said: "The Dark Continent is transfigured to many eyes by the treasure it produces; they see the gold of the Transvaal and the diamonds of the Cape. How, then, must Africa look to the Lord of Hosts, as He makes up His jewels?"

XII

HUGUENOT COLLEGE — OTHER NOTED EVENTS AND PEOPLE

IN the early seventies, when Rev. Andrew Murray, of the Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Colony, a distinguished minister, evangelist, and author, was taking his leave for a vacation, a friend loaned him a book to read. It was the life of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College. As he read it he became greatly interested, and said, "That is just such a school as we need here in South Africa, for our English and Dutch girls." He talked it over with a few of his friends, like-minded with himself. There were not many ways of getting money for such an undertaking. However, after much prayer and consultation together, he wrote to Mt. Holyoke, telling the circumstances and asking if they could send a graduate from that institution to come and start a school on the Holyoke plan, at Wellington, a few hours by train from Cape Town.

The letter, on reaching its destination, received due consideration. There also was careful thought and prayer for guidance, after which it was decided that it would not be best for a lady to go alone. Then Dr. Andrew Murray and his writings were not so well known as they became a few years

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later, neither was South Africa. Therefore, it was arranged to ask two to go.

In the Zulu mission, a thousand miles farther on, they knew there were friends. The wives of some of the missionaries were daughters of Holyoke.

At length two ladies were found who were willing to respond to this call: Miss Abbie Ferguson and Miss Annie Bliss. Both were consecrated, capable graduates, who had already been teaching for a few years. On their reaching the Cape Colony they found the accommodation for the opening of the school much better than they had anticipated.

A strange thing was happening, a marked answer to prayer for this school, which was being started in faith and dependence on God. A peculiar community of Europeans had been established at Wellington, a few years before, by a man whose fanaticism, greed, ambition, and lack of principle were notorious. He had quite a following at first. Some good, though mistaken, people had been induced to give him all that they had, and discovered when too late, the great unworthiness and immorality of their leader.

Land had been bought, a large community-house built, and the cult established there, while still the people in Wellington and the surrounding country scarcely realized who and what their neighbours were. Some of the time the leader was going about the country spending money freely for his own comfort, and introducing himself as a Christian philanthropist, at the head of a Christian institution. He came to Natal and spent a night at our station. We had

little confidence in him, or respect for what he said, and wondered who and what he could be. Strange and dreadful things began to be known of the life in that community-house. The people in that part of the country were aroused, and the leader of the sect was obliged to make a hurried departure. Some of the inmates had become insane; many little graves were afterward found in the garden. The community was completely broken up, and the property sold at a low price.

The committee, headed by Dr. Murray, bought it for the projected seminary. With some changes, repairs, and furnishings, it was opened, after the ladies reached there, as the Huguenot Seminary for Girls.

Started as it was in faith, the religious influence, from the first, has been very marked and its growth rapid. Soon other teachers were called from America, also some from European countries. Now it has, for a number of years, been a college with fine buildings, and a staff of thirty or thirty-five instructors, from America and other countries. Those first two teachers are still living; Miss Ferguson, after being the principal for many years, retired, but resides there, while Miss Bliss is now president of the college. Branch schools were started in other places, some with teachers from America, but more often, in later years, with those who have graduated from Wellington. Indirectly as well as directly, the school has done much for missions. I once heard Dr. Murray say that the American ladies had accomplished more in influencing ministers and people

to be interested in work for the coloured people, than all other efforts at the Cape.

A missionary society was formed in the Dutch church, and has for a long time been conducting work for the natives in different regions south of the Zambezi River, through the faithfulness of a small group of broad-minded Christians. The Dutch settlers manifested little sympathy for, or interest in, the work. Their hostility towards the natives, for more than a century before the last Boer and English war, as well as at that time, is well known.

But among the Boers captured by the English and exiled to prison camps in India, great revivals broke out, through the influence of English and American missionaries, working in that country. There were revivals, too, in prison camps at other places. Many were converted and several hundred Boer converts volunteered for mission work, on being released and returned to their native land. They did much to influence and build up the mission interest in their home churches. The churches responded, and now many of those Boer fighters have become soldiers of the Cross, and are doing good work in various places for the King of Kings.

When I had been for some years in Natal, I went, one vacation, for a little needed rest and change, to Cape Colony, to visit the friends and schools at Stellenbosch and Wellington; the principal of the former place then being our own Miss H. J. Gilson, in recent years of the mission in Rhodesia. The voyage was rough and trying. The night after reaching Stellenbosch, I became seri-

ously ill, and was not able to leave my room for a few weeks. Most tenderly those dear friends cared for me. I can never forget or cease to be grateful to them for their kindness and love at that time. The Christian fellowship, the change for me of being with them, the privilege of spending a week in Dr. Murray's home, of hearing him preach and talk, and of seeing the schools, were all a great encouragement and blessing.

While in Cape Town for a few days, a distinguished-looking, elderly gentleman, who spoke excellent English, called to see me. He said, in substance: "I am a Moravian missionary, from Namaqualand, and in Cape Town to look after some printing. Hearing that a missionary of the American board was here, from Natal, I felt I must call. We, as a mission, owe much to yours. We came to Namaqualand, a few years after they began work in Natal. The natives, where we were, had never before heard of God, were very superstitious, and determined we should not stay. They became most bitter against us.

"The king and chiefs would not allow any of the people to be taught. Sometimes they would work for us and bring food to sell. We studied their language, as best we could, and reduced it to writing, all the time taking every opportunity to explain the true light, which Jesus, the Son of the great God, had brought to the world, and how, for that reason, we had come to their land to tell them about it. Some listened, but were afraid to let it be known. At length the king became so super-

stitious and bitter against us, he ordered his men to inspan the oxen to our wagons and take us out of the country. They put our belongings into the wagon and we followed, in no way protesting or arguing with them. It would have been useless. We trusted in the Lord and prayed. They drove on until the oxen could go no farther, then they outspanned and left us, but did not return.

“ We were still in Namaqualand, and there remained. That very place is now our oldest station. Some of the people would gladly have been friendly, and were, but fear kept them back. For ten years we worked on in that discouraging way, getting quite a knowledge of the language, but, as it often seemed to us, not getting much hold on the people. Our committee at home had written advising us to give up the field. Strange as it may seem to an outsider, we were reluctant to do so. We had become greatly interested in those wild people.

“ Two of us determined to take a trip across the country and see what encouragement other missions were having. We had heard of the American mission, in Natal, and hoped to reach it. It was a great undertaking, on horseback, through that wild country, of more than eight hundred miles. We visited all the mission stations that we could, and found little encouragement. Not only the opposition from chiefs, but wars between the Boers and the natives, and wars between the natives themselves, hindered better influences among the people.

“ At length we reached Natal and Mopumolo, one of the American board stations. This station, like

our own, had been established about ten years. The missionary, Rev. Andrew Abraham, said he had not yet formed a church, and only a few of the people about him had become Christians. Quite a number were being taught in a day school and also in an evening school. We asked him if he did not get discouraged with no larger results. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'I have not thought of being discouraged.'" (As this was the same station to which I was sent to study the language, years afterward, and the same missionary who taught me, I can fancy his saying that with a smile on his face.)

"After supper," continued the Moravian missionary, "he asked us to go with him for a little walk about the place. He showed us a few civilized houses that some of his people had built for themselves. Then, besides the mission-house, there was a small brick building, where school was held on week days, and services on Sunday and at other times. He took us to see a very fine field of growing corn, and said, 'Do you not think we are likely to have a good crop? Yet no ears are to be seen. We had to work hard to get out the roots and stones and make the soil ready for the seed. It is not two feet high now, but God sending the rain and sunshine, we trust there will be a good harvest. It will still need care to protect it from weeds, birds, monkeys, and other wild animals. So it is with mission work. There is great need of patience and much toil to prepare the hearts of the people for the seed of God's truth, and then the need of watching and care. Oh, no, why should we be discouraged

in mission work? The day is coming, I trust, when these hills and valleys will be populated with Zulus who are true believers, trusting in the living God, instead of their own superstitions.'

"We returned to the house, and that night talked and prayed till a late hour, for guidance and courage to continue in the work for the natives of South Africa. We reconsecrated our hearts to the Master's service, and there decided that we should not give up the mission to the Namaquas. New courage and trust in the mighty God came to us; we did not care to continue our journey in search of encouragement by visiting other mission stations. However, we called at a few, as we went homeward by a more southern route. On reaching our station, our associates seemed also to have received a new vision of God, and were very ready to unite with us in prayer for more faith, strength, and guidance. The people, too, suddenly seemed to awaken and open their hearts for the light to come in. Persecution and opposition from the chief were greatly lessened; many threw aside their fears, confessing their determination to become Christians.

"Our committee at home, as I have already stated, having written advising our withdrawal from the field, we wrote them of our fresh courage and wish to remain in Namaqualand, which they permitted us to do. And now, I am here in Cape Town, to look after the printing of the entire Bible in the Namaqua language. We have ten thousand members in our churches and some excellent schools at our stations."

It is years since the above was told me. I do not see their mission reports or magazines, which are printed in another language. They were so far from us we had little chance to see or hear of their work, but I have no doubt that the Christian influence of that faithful band of missionaries has continued in all parts of Namaqualand. We know that in these later years they have had many persecutions and bitter trials from the wars, and the invasion of white settlers. The country was taken over by the German government, and many hard and exacting laws were made to control the people and collect taxes. We cannot know what changes the great European war may bring to that and other parts of the country which have been taken by South Africa for England since the beginning of the present war.

From Cape Town, on my return to Natal, the steamer was crowded with officers and men of the English army, going there, as the British had made war on the last of the Zulu kings, Cetewayo, and his people. Later, they met with a great disaster at Isandhlwana, where a regiment was surrounded by the Zulus and killed. They also were besieged for some time by them at Eshowe in Zululand. At last the Zulus were repulsed and their capital taken.

At that time there was a large hospital for English soldiers, about five miles from Umvoti. I often went over there to take fruit and eggs for the sick. Many died from typhoid and dysentery.

Prince Louis Napoleon (son of Emperor Napoleon

III, and his wife, the Empress Eugenie), was connected with the British army. One day, when out with a small party reconnoitering, they were surprised, and he was killed by a party of Zulus. They supposed he was an English officer, and would not have killed him had they known who he was. His remains were taken to the Catholic Church in Durban, and from there to the steamer, which conveyed them to England and to his greatly afflicted, widowed mother. A tablet has been erected at the spot where he was killed, and is cared for by Zulus. After the war, his mother, the ex-Empress Eugenie, visited Natal, and the place where he died, also Durban, and the church where his body had been.

Cetewayo, the Zulu king, was captured, and his country taken over by the English government. After two or three years he was released, but died in 1884.

On the coast south of Natal, in the Cape Colony, is a great tract of land called Kaffraria, where a number of large tribes of natives are settled. They have been very warlike, and within the past century have caused the English government much trouble. Mission work has been carried on there by Scotch and English missionaries; fine schools have been established, one at Lovedale, which is the largest in South Africa, for the natives.

A tribe called Fingoes, of Zulu origin, has become practically civilized. I quote from a report given by an English officer: "Most of the people are well-dressed in European clothes. They cultivate the ground extensively, using plows, and raising

large quantities of grain for sale. Fine flocks of sheep and cattle graze on their pastures, they get quite a large income from their wool, and have oxen and wagons; nearly every man owns a horse and saddle. Their agricultural shows would be a credit to any division of the colony. They have made roads and built a number of churches and school-houses, although they are not all Christians. Some of the young men have learned trades. The tribe has voluntarily raised three thousand pounds towards establishing an industrial school."

Another large tribe in that part of the country, the Amaxoze, clung to old heathen superstitions. In spite of all that could be done to prevent it, by the English magistrate, a Christian man, other English officers and the missionaries, the tribe brought upon itself the greatest tragedy that has ever been known south of the equator, which nearly destroyed it. This happened about fourteen years before my going to Africa. Mr. Brownley, who was for many years the English magistrate there, visited our station at Umvoti, some years later, and told us the story of that dreadful time.

A native girl, the daughter of one of the councilors to the chief of the tribe, went one morning to get water at a stream near her home, and, on returning, told her father that strange men were at the stream. The father went there and also saw them. He claimed one of them to be his brother, who had died years before, and that they told him they all came from across the sea and brought a great secret to the tribe, which he and his daughter would be the

medium through which they would convey it to the people.

The call went out, the chief was pleased, and multitudes flocked to the place, while the girl, standing in the river, said she heard voices under her feet. Her father interpreted those voices. He said the spirits demanded they kill their cattle and destroy their grain; then when this had been done, in all parts of the country where the tribe lived, on a certain day the sky would fall and crush the white people and the Fingo tribe; as the sun rose myriads of cattle, finer and larger than those killed, would come up out of the ground and cover the pastures far and wide. Great fields of grain would spring up in an instant, ready to eat, and the ancient heroes of the race would be restored to life; trouble and sickness would be no more.

The people were completely carried away with this unreasonable, unaccountable and fanatical tale. The killing of cattle and the destruction of grain began, and went steadily on for months. Some refused to kill all their cattle, or destroy all their grain, hiding them in the mountains. They would be searched out, and compelled to obey the order. One, a noted councillor of the chief, did all that he could to stop this mad frenzy, and, not being able to do so, killed himself. Some of the smaller, adjoining tribes joined in the delirium; others refused to do so; many were threatened with death. It is estimated that two hundred thousand cattle were killed.

At length the day dawned that had been so long and ardently looked for. The night before had been one

of joy to the people, although they were nearly starving. They waited and watched for the sunrise. It came, bright and clear, flooding the country with light, as the hearts of the famished people sank within them. But still they waited, hoping that at midday the great resurrection would appear. Then until sunset they continued to wait, when they awoke to their dreadful position.

The horrors that succeeded can be only partly told. Men who were then heathen and now are Christians, say they do not like to think or speak of it; the whole scene comes home to them like a hideous nightmare, or as if one were in a delirium. Whole families lay down and died together. Fifteen or twenty skeletons were frequently found under one tree.

With no railroad, the difficulties of getting food into the country were great. The English government did all it could to help the people in their distress; but more than sixty thousand of that tribe died of starvation and disease. Many died by the wayside, trying to get out of the country and find food. The skeletons of others were found where people died looking down into the great pits which they had made to receive the expected grain, no doubt still hoping it would come.

The girl who started this wild fanaticism escaped, but her father perished. She never returned to that part of the country or to her tribe. She lived for a number of years, but preserved an unbroken silence concerning the deeds in which she had played so prominent a part. Her name was Nomqause.

XIII

INCORRECT IMPRESSIONS

PEOPLE who are not in close touch with the foreign mission field, whether living in those lands, or in our homeland, too often seem to have false impressions of what is being done, and appear to be incredulous as to the sincerity of those who have come out from heathenism and professed Christianity. Not infrequently those wrong impressions lead to unjust criticisms in regard to what is actually and widely accomplished.

It is found that such reports usually start with people who have very little interest in any philanthropic work and who take less interest in finding out the truth in regard to the uplift of others. There is so much that crowds into my mind of what I have known of those incorrect impressions of mission work, that I venture to add to these pages a few thoughts on the subject, with the hope that I may, so far as possible, correct some of those erroneous ideas.

To show how a false story may live and grow, with little or no foundation, I will choose the following from many that could be told.

On board the steamer, from England to Natal, when I first went to Africa, I heard some strange tales of mission work, and the uselessness of such

efforts for that land. A sugar planter, returning to his estate in Natal, one day at table, told how one of the oldest of our missionaries there, after having spent many years trying to help the natives, had said he was not sure that one Zulu had become a Christian. The story-teller took pains to explain what a fine cultured and very much respected man this missionary was, and what a shame he thought it for such a person to sacrifice his life and the lives of his family for no better object. Apparently he did not tell this to be rude, but to strengthen his contention that mission work for the Zulus was not worth the effort made to civilize and Christianize them.

I was perplexed to understand how that story could be true, although the narrator passed for a gentleman on board ship. He said he had never been to a mission station, and did not often go to church. After that I heard him boast how he gave what he made in gambling, on a voyage, to the little English church near his estate. I will not stop to tell the history of this man, as I afterward heard it, or of his subsequent career before he died.

After reaching Natal and becoming acquainted with that missionary, I ventured one day to tell him of what I had heard on board ship. He got up and walked the floor for a few moments, and said, "Then that groundless falsehood is still being circulated! I have denied and explained how false it is, again and again, in public as well as in private. It started in this way: An English officer of the civil service stopped at my station one day about noon, I asked him to stay for dinner and to get his

horse fed. As he talked, one could soon see that he had no real sympathy with mission work, in fact knew very little about it; but was ready to express his opinion on this subject, as well as on others. He wondered how I could be interested in the development of the Zulus and willing to devote my life to such an object. As he got on his horse to ride away, he said, 'You know I would like to ask you if, on your station, there is one Zulu whom you believe to be a real Christian?' In reply I pointed to a Zulu man a little distance away, and asked, 'Do you see that man? Well, if any one is a Christian, he is.'

"Apparently the guest did not comprehend the reply, or he may not have wished to tell the truth. However, he rode away and told far and near, that the missionary had himself told him he was not sure, after all those years, if one native on the station was a Christian! At the time, 'Scobongo,' the native referred to, with a number of others, had been a member of the church for several years and was an earnest Christian."

He lived many years after I went to Natal, and I knew him quite well. I never heard but that he was a good man. When he died, he had been a member of the church for over fifty years. Yet again and again I heard this story, or of its being told to others. Explain or deny it, still it would be told to new arrivals, as a fact.

When aged and feeble, the missionary returned to his native land. Before he left Natal, a large farewell meeting was held for him by English friends, in Durban. Just at the close of the meet-

ing, an old acquaintance said to him, " We, who have known you so well and also known the great work you have done for white colonists, as well as for the Zulus, want to ask you to explain once more, for others, who have not heard you as we did years ago, that false and unfounded slander in regard to what you said of native conversions, which is still circulated so incorrectly. Without doubt the reason for its being so persistently repeated is because of the prejudice against missions, in some minds, and if you will pardon me for saying so, the very high regard in which you have always been held in the colony, has helped to make the story popular."

I was present, and, for the second time, heard it plainly and simply denied, as a false and groundless statement. Not a year later, while at dinner in a hotel in Durban, I heard it most glibly told by a person who was a stranger to me, as I was to nearly all present. Newcomers appeared to be taking it in. How useless to try to say anything! I have no doubt but that it is still frequently told in South Africa. Newspapers in Natal occasionally print encouraging and appreciative accounts of mission work in the country; but, too often, there are published views which are narrow, one-sided, and incorrect.

A statement was published in a Durban paper, to the effect that the great majority of educated native men, turned out to be criminals. On investigation it was found that in one jail there were forty-seven natives confined; of these only one could read or write. In one of the larger towns there were a hundred and sixty-eight natives and only ten of these

could either read or write. "In looking over the Statistical Year Book," said the investigator, "I was startled at the number of white criminals in proportion to the population of the colony, as compared with the coloured. During that year one white out of every six hundred and fifty, was convicted of felony, while only one out of one thousand and thirty-nine, of the coloured population, was so convicted."

In Durban the employers of forty-six young Zulu men, who had been in the training school of the mission at Amanzimtote, were interviewed. Out of forty-six there was unqualified approval of forty-three. They were employed by lawyers, in telephone offices, for electric work, in post offices, in shipping and other large firms, city markets, grocery stores, carpenter, shoe, and harness shops. In a number of cases they had been employed in the same places for from five to fifteen years.

"I will make only a few quotations. Large firm: 'Have had five boys for twelve years, no complaint.' Post office: 'Not a word of complaint.' Large firm: 'One hundred times better than uneducated natives. No drinking, no swearing, or quarrelling with anybody. Always ready for work.'

"Of those who have attended the mission training school and seminary for native boys, at Amanzimtote for over fifty years, the history of eight hundred is known. Of this number, only eleven have been convicted of any crime, which is less than one and a half per cent. Of these figures need we be ashamed? And yet we do not by any means con-

sider those working in the towns our best product. There are teachers, pastors, evangelists, and many others, who are looked upon with pride and satisfaction, by missionaries, as well as by Christian people and honest critics."

No one, I am sure, is more quick to see the faults of station natives, or feels more keenly their fall into temptation and sin, than does the missionary. How then, can he fail to regard and quickly recognize exaggerated and untruthful statements of facts, in regard to the carrying out of Jesus' last command.

The bad influence of the wars in South Africa, of the mines and of drink, with the civilization in all parts of the country selfishly crowding its claims upon the natives, who, in small proportion, as yet, have had a chance to receive a *true* knowledge of right principles or Christian teaching, adds greatly to the evils of their heathenism.

Can one wonder that the difficulties the missions have to meet on every side, are great? Or that there is an increasing number of natives, who, as I have said in a previous chapter, dress in a civilized way and have learned many vices of civilization to add to their heathenism and carry back to their homes, without any ideas of real Christianity?

Such persons are too often called "Christians" by people who do not care to know otherwise. Yet that class of natives is far more difficult to reach and influence than the raw heathen.

As a writer has said, "The teaching of the Bible does not degrade, spoil, or demoralize. It uplifts,

improves, purifies. The real sources of antipathy towards missions are to be found in the appalling ungodliness, class prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness of the dominant powers."

But human nature is much the same the world over, and natives from mission stations, like other people, will sometimes make bad use of their ability to read and write. Yet the proportion is small, as has been proven by statistics gathered from the most reliable sources obtainable in Natal, such as the Government Statistical Year Book, the superintendent of police, in Durban, magistrates, jail superintendents, and others.

In a letter from the superintendent of police, to one of our missionaries, who made the investigation, he said: "My remarks about writing are borne out daily in our court. Orders for liquor, passes to be out after nine, and letters both in English and Zulu, are constantly found upon natives, written by natives.

"It is the usual result of education amongst the lower classes of both whites and blacks. The good seed of Christianity will fall upon some bad ground, no matter how careful the sower may be. It takes the best husbandman many years of toil and care to make new ground fit to bear good seed only; we must expect weeds. I am a believer in Christianity for all men, and I look upon our natives as the finest race of blacks in the world. My eighty native constables are the backbone of my force. My own servants for many years have been, and now are, the children of a mission native. They can read and

write almost as well as my own. So you must not imagine that I do not appreciate missionary work." The investigator makes the following comment in regard to natives who can write: "These orders and passes are probably written by very few natives. The reports published from time to time, seem to indicate that such is the fact. The number of letters does not indicate the number that can write. It is a matter of constant observation at a mission station, that many heathen people, who can neither read nor write a word themselves, still receive and send letters through the help of friends who can."

I once heard a beautiful story of a person who went to see a wonderful and noted picture. It was in a room made for it. The guide went far into the room, and stood waiting for the visitor to follow him, but he remained at the threshold and said, "I see no beauty in the canvas which is here on the wall." The guide said, "Come in, oh! come into the light where you can see the beauty of it." He did so, and it was all transformed from an ugly canvas to the most exquisite painting that he had ever seen.

I sometimes feel that not only selfish and irreligious people dislike and criticize foreign mission work, but those also who believe in God and the Christ. Surely they must be standing at the threshold and have not followed the Guide far enough into the light of the teaching of the Master to see the beauty that may be found in the character of those whose appearance is unlike their own.

When in England it was my privilege to visit the

Lake country. One day we stood on a lonely hilltop, about a mile from Derwentwater, where is one of those wonderful old Druidical circles made of great boulders, still standing in some degree as it used to be when, perhaps, our ancestors worshipped there, dancing round their human sacrifices in their war paint. They then had fewer cooking utensils, fewer implements of agriculture, than the heathen Zulu of to-day has in his kraal home.

In the first century there was "plenty to do at home," in wicked Jerusalem, yet Paul, the educated Pharisee, he who had sat at the feet of the great teacher, Gamaliel, was sent with Barnabas to the Gentiles. With them went also "chosen men." Because the early church gave up such choice helpers for mission work, we have the Gospel to lead us into the clearer light, where we can see the beauty of the risen Lord. Many an intelligent Roman, perhaps, in the early days, asserted over and over again that it would be better to leave the Britons in their original barbarism.

When we, the descendants of Britons, put ourselves out of the way to express our lack of interest in missions and catch at a criticism which we can pass on to others, it is well to remember that we come of a race that was not quick to accept Christianity; that relapsed many times into heathenism, and years went by before the nation accepted the truth. Think of the wonderful development of Christianity through the influence of missions, during the past fifty years, and of the unselfish zeal and earnestness shown by converts made in many foreign lands.

Then, too, their martyrdom ever shows to the world how Christians under most barbarous and cruel circumstances can go down into the valley and shadow of death trustingly and bravely meeting it rather than deny their Lord.

How can a Christian woman say she is not interested in missions? Not interested in missions! How strange! Can she be a Christian and not willing to give to others that which has done so much for her? Does she read history? Can she afford not to be interested in missions, in this twentieth century?

It is true, contact with sin is never inviting. Christ-like service for the low and degraded is not sentimentality. It means love for God, prayer, toil, patience, and obedience. But Christ died for us when we were yet sinners. Through the ages to the present time, sinful human nature in dominant persons and nations, does not willingly permit others less favoured to rise.

One hears the oft-repeated tale from many lands, as well as in South Africa, that the Christianized natives are made no better by being taught. This is so foolishly false and so easily proven untrue, one wonders what regard a person who makes such statements, has for justice and truth.

The Gospel sieve the world over is doing its work among both white and coloured peoples, the educated and the uneducated. Some accept the truth, and their whole lines of thought and purpose are changed, as they live new and better lives; others reject Christ and His teachings and become more and more hardened in selfishness and sin.

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Is it fair to point only to the chaff, in any country, and say, "Behold the Christian?"

In travelling, as well as at other times, one is sure to meet a class of people who may have visited other lands beside their own, and who are eager for listeners, to whom they can tell their stock stories, among which are sure to be some on the failures of mission work and the uselessness of societies sending missionaries to unchristianized countries. They are like the man who said there were no tigers in India, because he had not seen one, or gone where they were. Such people pick up their information from travellers, like themselves, who know little of tigers or missionaries, and do not care to go out of their way to find out. What would those same people be able to tell of Christian work in London, New York, or any other large city? Yet they could tell you some big stories about the evils of such cities and of what they think the churches are not doing.

If they happen to hear them, how quickly they can forget to tell of the Christians in the Fiji Islands, Korea, Japan, India, Turkey; of Uganda, since Mr. Stanley's visit there, and about the Christians in many other parts of Africa, or the following from rulers in other lands:

The King of Siam has said publicly: "American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my people than any other foreign influence."

The prime minister of Japan has stated that "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries, exerted in right

directions when Japan was first studying the outer world."

The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal says: "In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined. They have been the salt of the country and the saviours of the empire."

A late British Ambassador to Turkey affirmed: "The one bright spot in the darkness that has covered Asiatic Turkey has been the heroism and common sense of the American missionaries."

A Persian Minister to America said: "I have always considered the presence of your missionaries in Persia a providential blessing."

After the Boxer movement in China, our Ambassador there, E. H. Conger, wrote to the American missionaries who had been besieged with his Embassy: "I beg in this hour of our deliverance, to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of the diplomatic corps, the sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you and the native Christians under your charge have rendered toward our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning and the uncomplaining execution of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible."

A gentleman who travelled round the world with ex-Vice-President Fairchild, said to a member of the "Men and Religion Movement" in America: "One mission station can do more good than a

fleet of warships." The listener quoted this remark at a dinner in Princeton, N. J. A United States Admiral was present. "Yes," said the Admiral, after quietly thinking a moment, "that is true."

We who have been in the mission work know how it opens up to us in ways that the world does not. In spite of its trials, discouragements, and hardships, it grows upon us as a great need that is worth working for. That is why we love it and why our hearts are filled with regret when it is necessary for us to give it up. Frequently, some of the most noble and cultured men and women of our land, go out as missionaries and become so imbued with the work and its needs, that after many years of service, they return to their native country only when obliged to do so.

Such and many other facts well-known in our day and age to the average reader, ought to make even the thoughtless critic stop to realize how weak his patronizing and inaccurate words must sound to an intelligent and fair-minded person, who comprehends the greatness of what missions are doing for the world.

Hamilton W. Mabie, D.D., has very truly said: "Our interest in missions is the mark of our Christian character; our knowledge of missions is the measure of our Christian attainment; our participation in missions is the measure of our Christian efficiency."

And George A. Gordon adds this impressive word: "What are Foreign Missions? The flying shuttle that weaves and weaves and weaves the

seamless robe of the Lord Christ, till it is ample enough to cover those at home and those abroad; till it is great enough to overshadow our entire humanity with the sense of the Infinite Compassion and the Eternal Love.”

XIV

JUBILEE MEETING AND VISIT TO AMERICA

THERE is no malaria in Natal, unless it is brought there by some one who has contracted it before he comes, but there are other fevers and diseases that are very severe, sometimes coming without any known cause, and occasionally an epidemic, such as typhoid, meningitis, grippe, and dysentery.

Although the weather is very hot nine months in the year, yet Natal is by no means considered an unhealthy country in which to live. In the pleasant winter months there are days of hot winds from the north, which are very trying. Some people claim they cannot help being cross when such winds are coming, the air is so fatiguing. There is a dead stillness, not a leaf moves or a bird sings, as the red sun rises in a cloudless sky. The doors and windows of houses are closed to keep in what cool morning air there may be, and keep out the hot air. After a few hours, if you open a door or window, the heat strikes your face as it would if you were near a hot oven. I have seen fine, large beds of balsams drop to the ground as if hot water had been thrown on them. Other shrubs are wilted and spoiled, but there are few crops at that season to be injured. Usually,

before noon, a strong scorching wind begins to blow, which may become cooler toward night, or bring rain. A person who kept count, said there were thirty such days one year. I think that generally there are not more than twenty in a year.

The winters are frequently a succession of cool, pleasant days, with little rain, when the grass and trees lose their pretty green hue for lack of moisture, but not many of the leaves drop off. There is plenty of rain at other seasons. About October things begin to look fresh and green again, and continue so till May. January and February were the most hot and trying months of the year, to me. That, with the moss on the south side of the trees and the change of stars in the sky, are some of the things, which, for a long time, one does not get accustomed to. But the stars were beautiful, and the Southern Cross, a joy to be seen, shining in its radiant glory.

After having been in Africa for fifteen years, I was quite suddenly, in May, stricken down with the worst form of typhoid fever. There was then a good English doctor five miles from us. The missionary's wife was not young or strong; but an English woman could come for a time, and she, the missionary and a native girl, took excellent care of me. One of the single ladies of our mission came more than a hundred miles, and greatly helped in caring for me, two of the most trying weeks. All was very lovingly and kindly done. Dear mission associates, how I love to remember them! Not any of us were perfect, and we could not always see alike, yet there was a charity, a family feeling for each other, not

unlike Christian brothers and sisters of a home, scattered in their work, yet interested in what each is doing, with care and a feeling of responsibility one for the other. After three weeks the fever turned, and for days I lay almost lifeless; then, with the continued blessing of God and the kind care of friends, I began to gain strength.

That was the Jubilee Year of the mission, which was to be celebrated in December at Amenzimtoti Station, where also a new building was to be dedicated for the boys' seminary, and named "Jubilee Hall." Long before I was ill I had been urged by the mission to take charge of the cuisine department for the occasion. The ladies of the mission kindly offered to aid me, if I would undertake it. I finally consented to do so, knowing that they would, as far as possible, relieve me of many of the details.

Not only was our own mission to be entertained, with their families, for a week, but English ministers and old friends in the colony were to be invited for a day or two at a time, through the meeting, so that the daily average of persons to plan for would be fifty or sixty. One day was to be set apart as the public day of the series, with the opening of the new building by the Governor of Natal, and then its dedication, after which lunch was to be served, when perhaps seventy-five would be present, including the Governor, other officers, and friends, with the missionaries, their wives, and the single ladies. No one could be found, after my illness, to undertake what I had expected to do. A special meeting was called by the mission in September. I had gained

in strength a good deal, and hoped to gain much more before December, so, not being able to go to the meeting, I sent word that as no one had been found to take my place, they could go on with their plans, as I trusted I should be well enough to be present and do my part. It came as a surprise and relief to them, and many kind words of appreciation were sent me.

The Jubilee was celebrated December 20-27, 1885, with fitting services, addresses, reminiscences, and meetings, some by ourselves, and others also with the natives.

On the day of the visit of Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor of Natal, all assembled in front of the new seminary building, which had cost nearly two thousand nine hundred pounds, when His Excellency turned the key in the lock of the door, opened it wide and declared the Jubilee Hall formally opened.

Then, in the library of the building, there was a short dedicatory service and an address to the Governor by the chairman of the mission, Rev. D. Rood, to which His Excellency replied in a most appreciative manner. After that about seventy persons repaired to the large, airy, and beautifully decorated dining-room (the future recitation room), a native choir singing with fine effect, "Awake the Jubilee." The tables were served by Christian young men, students from the school, whose aptitude and manners won the admiration of all who observed them, through the whole Jubilee season. The choir sang a number of times before the luncheon was over, and at its close gave a much appreciated concert.

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Many practical housewives will ask how we could arrange for such a meeting, a part of the people staying all the time, besides having the lunch for so many.

To start with, there was a large new building. Two of the single ladies and two daughters of the mission went there, with me, a week before the meeting, to get the house in order, with natives to help. There were new bedsteads, mattresses, and blankets. Each lady of the mission, when she came, brought what linen and silver she could. The two or three families at the station loaned furniture for reception rooms, etc. We hired dishes from a store in Durban.

More than a month before the meeting, I wrote each lady asking her if she would make a dessert for a certain day of the Jubilee and something, that I named, for the lunch on reception day. I asked the daughters of the missionaries, headed by Miss Tyler, now the wife of Rev. James Gray, of Grahamtown, South Africa, to take entire charge of the dining-room. Other ladies were asked to see that the work was done in the halls, reception rooms, and bedrooms. Then long before I left home, I made out a tentative bill of fare for each meal, as a basis to plan from, with changes as necessary. One of the missionaries took charge of getting the meat and bread from Durban; most of the vegetables, milk, eggs, and fowls we could get at the station. I had good native helpers for all departments. The night before the luncheon, two of my lady helpers and I did not get to bed until after midnight; but we had lots of fun and good times writing the place cards, arranging

“who should go in with whom,” and the order in which each person should sit at table.

At the close of the Jubilee meeting, it seemed to be the unanimous feeling of those present, that the ten days had been passed very pleasantly and profitably. It did not make me ill, I enjoyed it all, and was very thankful to be able to do what I could, and felt most grateful to those who had so kindly and lovingly aided me in making it possible.

Not having visited America since coming to South Africa, in 1870, I decided, in 1886, to ask our mission in Natal and the board in Boston, to allow me to do so that year. I was not tired of the work and felt reluctant to leave it; but I was very tired in it and greatly needed a change and rest.

Mrs. Abbie Wilder came to Umvoti, to aid in looking after my department there. Mr. and Mrs. Rood also decided, the following year, to go to America, and other changes were then made, by the mission, for that station.

I went to Cape Town, and joined Miss Bliss, of the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, who also was going to America, at that time. Three grown children of the Rev. Andrew Murray were to accompany us to England, there to continue their education for a year. As we were starting in the train from Wellington, to take the steamer at Cape Town, I remember Mr. Murray came and sat by me, as he said, “that we might have a little visit.” My stay at the seminary had given small chance for friends to call, or see me, before we sailed. At this writing he is aged and feeble. For the many who have known Mr. Mur-

ray, through his writings, but have never seen him, I would like to say here, that his manner was genial, yet dignified, and gentlemanly, quickly seeing the fitness of things, natural and easy in all his ways, noticing and doing little things for the comfort of others; always rising if a lady came into the room, and not sitting down until a seat was found for her. He never talked cant or intruded his words upon others, yet I do not think one could ever be ten minutes in his presence without the feeling that God was uppermost in his thought. Much of his talk, during the forty miles' ride into Cape Town, was of the fulness of redemption through Jesus Christ, in this life as well as for the life to come, and of the rest and peace one may have here, by simply and earnestly trusting in that salvation. His good-bye on the steamer was a beautiful prayer, in one of our cabins, where our little party were assembled.

On our reaching London we went to Keswick, to attend the convention which is held there each year, as Dr. Murray had arranged for us to do. Rev. Dr. Cummings, of Scotland, heard of my being there, and looked me up, because of what his son had told him of Umvoti. The son, when a theological student, went as travelling companion to South Africa with the venerable Dr. Somerville, whose visit to us I have before mentioned. Dr. Cummings was a dear old Scotch minister, and one of the committee at the convention. He did much to make our stay pleasant at Keswick. One morning he took me to a minister's breakfast. It was indeed a privilege to see such distinguished people and hear them talk.

This I also felt very often in the meetings of the convention. Only the most noted Christian leaders speak from that platform; the very cream of England's religious world is said to attend those conventions. I can never feel thankful enough for the opportunity of attending one of those wonderful gatherings, which are now so well-known throughout the Christian world. I also greatly appreciated seeing the beautiful Lake country, in that part of England.

From Keswick our party visited France and Switzerland. Through the kindness of Dr. Murray, writing to his friends in the latter country, I was invited, with a part of our party, to the private home of a dear elderly lady and her two daughters, who belonged to one of the old, noble families of Switzerland. The pleasure of being in such a home was greatly enjoyed. One could understand the people and country so much better than if only staying at hotels. With the advice of those friends, a plan for our trip was made out which was a great advantage and help to us.

From Switzerland, Miss Bliss and I went on through Germany into Holland. In Amsterdam, we spent a delightful week with a friend of Miss Bliss, who had taught at the Huguenot Seminary, in South Africa. We reached America in September. A niece from Long Island met me in New York. After spending a few days with her and in Boston, I went to my old home near where my father was born, at Corbettsville, N. Y., although we were just over the border in Susquehanna County, Penn. My only

brother, and my sister Frances, were living there. My father and mother had both died while I was away, and two sisters, younger than myself, had married. Children had grown into man and womanhood and many friends had died. The changes were great, and some of them very sad to me. Tired and nerve-racked, it was difficult to throw off the depression and loneliness that I felt, which wore upon me until I could no longer keep up, and finally broke down completely.

I went to Clifton Springs, and was there for five months. That wonderful place, where Christian kindness and tender care do so much, not only for tired and ill missionaries, but for ministers and many others. I cannot speak too gratefully of what that institution did for me then, as well as in later years. I feel sure that no single influence, or organization in America, has done so much for foreign missions, as that sanitarium has, by Christian influence, medical treatment and care for missionaries, who, while in this country, need just what they get there.

After regaining some degree of health, I left Clifton, and as soon as I was able, could not resist the temptation to speak. The need of that great land of Africa, including the special need of our own mission, for reinforcements, was so great. I spoke from Boston to Chicago, in many churches and meetings.

XV

RETURN TO NATAL AND CHANGES

BEFORE leaving America to return to South Africa, the Board in Boston had allowed me to look for some young lady, who, I thought, might be suitable for work like mine, to go with me.

I was fortunate in finding, at Oberlin College, Miss Mary McCornack, who seemed to be just the one that I needed. After due consideration, she consented to go, was appointed by the board, and accompanied me when I returned. For many years she has proved herself a most useful and efficient missionary in that land.

My sister Frances and a niece were with us in New York, as, at 6:30 A. M., we went on board the *Aurania*, Miss McCornack, Miss Pixley, and myself. Through the mist in my eyes, as well as in the air, I watched friends on the wharf, as our ship glided past Bedloe's Island and out of the harbour.

Prof. B—— and a young student from Oberlin were on board. Miss McCornack knew them, and they at once became a part of our party, a very pleasant part, too. Their society and kindness added much to the pleasure and comfort of our voyage.

We reached Queenstown Saturday, and Liverpool the next morning. Although it was Sunday,

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we had to go through the custom-house. When that disagreeable task was over, a train was waiting to take us to London. It seemed best to go on, so we came from there, that afternoon, a ride of four and a half hours, reaching the city in time to go to church. The country was very beautiful at that season of the year, and the twilights long. One could plainly distinguish a person across the street, at nine o'clock in the evening.

The following day we went to Westminster Abbey. Through the influence of Prof. B——, we saw the Jerusalem Chamber, where the committee met when translating the King James version of the English Bible. The table which was then used is still there, and was also used for the last revision. The bishops of the Church of England meet here once or twice a year, when the important business of the church is done. There is a great deal of historical interest connected with this room, which I had not before seen, although I had previously visited the Abbey a number of times, when in London. There were two tables, the small one given by Queen Elizabeth. Henry Fourth died in front of the fire-place. All the crown jewels, with the crown, are put in this room, the night before a king or queen is crowned.

We attended a full choral service in the Abbey; at 3 P. M. the Dean of Westminster preached, it being Whit-Sunday. The music was very fine. I again saw the chair in which the kings and queens are crowned. Just under the seat, framed in, is that famous stone which looks like a common, large sandstone.



MRS. MARY M'CORMICK THOMPSON

After a few very enjoyable days in London, Prof. B—— and his companion left for the Continent, and we took the *Grantully Castle* at Dartmouth, for South Africa. By rail, for some miles on the way down, the scenery was very fine. We passed through Torquay, that noted English watering place, and saw some of the pleasant parts of it, also some fine estates not far from there.

When we reached the ship we found everything nicely settled in our cabins, as our luggage had been put on board at London. Outside rooms, with good portholes, were given us.

We stopped at Lisbon, and spent a day there. Mrs. Fessenden (a friend from Chicago, who joined us in London and went to Natal to spend a year with her English sister, whose home was there), and I, went on shore. We heard scarcely a word of English spoken; visited the market, that covers about an acre of land, heard the noted chiming bells, and visited a large, old church, then drove all through the wonderful, ancient fortifications, in and out, in and out, smelled the dreadful smells of the open ditches and the badly-kept streets. We also went to the Zoological Gardens and the King's Palace, seeing many interesting things.

A great many of the women we met wore handkerchiefs on their heads, and their complexion was very dark. The cobble-stone pavements were tiresome to drive over, and we were glad to get back to the ship. We called at beautiful Madeira Island. The people from the shore swarmed about us, with

their delicious fruit and the many pretty things they had to sell. It was very interesting to watch the boys dive. They would jump from the ship for a coin, thrown into the sea, and come up with it in their mouth. Sometimes they would dive under the ship and catch a coin thrown on the other side.

I was sorry not to call at St. Helena, as the first time I went out I greatly enjoyed a visit there. How well I remember as we were taken from our ship to the shore, in a small boat, that we stepped from it onto the old stone steps over which Napoleon went, with the great, gloomy, mountain-like rocks, looming up near and about him. The whole place now, I am told, has an added desolate appearance, as the many ships that used to call there for supplies, go by way of the Suez Canal.

We called at Teneriffe, but it was in the night. Just at daybreak we had a fading glimpse of the wonderful Teneriffe mountain peak, over 12,000 feet high. At that island some very large turtles were taken on board, weighing from two to three hundred pounds each. Turned on their backs near an air-hole, they were a sight to see. Turtle steak is dark, but very good. I did not care for the soup, it having too strong a flavour. I remember once, at sea, seeing a very large turtle sailing along with a bird on its back.

The weather in the tropics was extremely trying. Sometimes there was a dead calm, the sea being smooth as glass. Most of the ladies, and all the children, were sick, the heat was so terrible. Some fine musicians were on board and gave concerts.

South Africa is quite a resort for such people. A service was held every Sunday. A number of the passengers were Jews, going to the diamond fields.

For two days before reaching Cape Town, we had dreadful weather. No one could sleep on the ship. It rolled fearfully. On reaching there, we lay at anchor, and could not land until the next morning, when we came into dock.

Miss Campbell, an old friend from America, who taught at the Huguenot Seminary, came to meet us and took me home with her. Another lady took the rest of our party. We remained for two days, then went on the same ship to Natal. All the way up the coast, we had bad weather. The ship rolled so it sometimes seemed as if it must tip over. I never saw higher waves. I think there are few places where waves are higher than, at times, on that coast.

We called at Mossil Bay, taking off cargo, including rum, which, I am sorry to say, was sent from America. The young ladies went on shore to visit an ostrich farm, but as I had seen a number of them, I preferred to stay on the ship and rest.

We made quite a stop at Port Elizabeth, which is an important port and town. It had then about 30,000 white inhabitants.

At last, after a week of tossing about, we came into less troubled waters, and in sight of the lovely hills of Natal. We ran close along the shore for many miles, and anchored in the afternoon outside the bay. The ball was up on the lighthouse; this meant that no boat could come out to us, over the

bar, until the sea was more calm. There we lay for twenty-four hours, with a heavy swell, which makes one very seasick. The next day the tug came out with one of the missionaries on board, who took us in charge, baggage and all. When we came to the bar, the waves were kind, lifting us gently over, away from the seasickness, the musty smells, the gold and diamond seekers, and some very pleasant friends, into beautiful Port Natal. Bad as this landing was, I once before had a worse one, when taken from the ship in what might be called a good-sized covered clothes basket, with a small door in the side. It swung up and out many feet into the air, and over the water, before landing me on the tug. Only one could be taken each time. Now a very fine break-water has been built, and large ships are able to go over the bar and into one of the safest and most picturesque of harbours. A noted traveller said it was the most beautiful that he had ever seen.

We found, on reaching Natal, that not only had three of the older gentlemen of the mission died, but two or three others were very much out of health, and, as I had known before, reinforcements were greatly needed. While in America, I had made every effort I could to get new recruits. There was some delay in their going out, yet I am thankful to say two gentlemen and their wives did go in response to that appeal.

To our astonishment, soon after we landed, my associate and I began to hear talk of our being asked to take charge of a station forty miles by wagon and twenty or more by bridle path, from Umvoti, my

old station, and a longer distance, at that time, from any other missionary of our board. It was Esidumbini, one of the older stations in the mission. For twenty years no white missionary had been located there. It was run down, and had been badly demoralized by the influence of an unworthy native helper. The place was much higher, and in a more healthy locality than Umvoti, situated, as it is, in a broad, beautiful valley of the highlands, and thickly populated by parts of four tribes. There are between five and six thousand acres of land, also a glebe of five hundred acres, in this mission reserve, where were living over two thousand Zulu people; besides, in every direction adjoining, were thousands of the natives.

The mission-house, the church, and school-house, are all built on the glebe. At a distance of seven miles, in two directions from the station, there was an English family. One had a store for natives; the other a large stock farm, and a small store of the same kind as the other. The post office was at one of those places, and the nearest physician, twenty-five miles away.

I felt that I could not give up my work at Umvoti to go to that place, which would, I knew, be a hard field, even for a man and his wife. Besides, there was a station fifteen miles beyond, by wagon, with school and church, that would need to be looked after from Esidumbini, as well as an out-station, between those two places. My heart rebelled against this arrangement. It did not seem right that we

should be asked to go there, nor could I feel it was what God would like us to do.

A meeting of the mission was called, when the matter was discussed and strongly urged by two or three. Not any of the unmarried ladies favoured this change.

There is a rule of the board, that all missionaries shall be governed and appointed to stations, by a majority vote of the mission. However, it is not often unreasonably pressed contrary to the wish of a member. The mission in this case, delayed to vote and refused to do so, unless my associate and I voted. A day or two passed; from time to time other business was taken up. My almost constant prayer had been, "Oh, Lord, carry us not up hence if Thy presence go not with us. Make us willing to see as Thou seest." The third day wore on; the sun was setting; a vote on this subject had not yet been taken. Finally I said: "We can take no responsibility of our being sent to Esidumbini. That is yours. Should we go there, whatever mistakes or failures are made by us, remember you are responsible for putting such a field in our care. We trust that God will help us wherever we are sent, and, considering all the circumstances, have decided to vote with the majority of the mission." I remember one gentleman would not stay in while the vote was taken.

So we were sent to Esidumbini! My associate was without the Zulu language, or much knowledge of the work, but she made rapid progress in both,

and within a year or two, was getting on finely and becoming a great comfort and blessing to us all.

It was promised that some gentlemen of the mission should come every few months to help us. Also, that as soon as reinforcements came from America, a man and his wife should be stationed there. The needs were so great in other parts of the field, it was often months before any one could come to help, and there was no missionary and his wife sent to live at that station as long as I remained in Natal.

The mission-house at Esidumbini needed repairing. In the meantime, we were sent to Umsunduze station, to look after things there until our house was ready for us. A native preacher had been sent to that station a short time before. He and the church were not getting along well together, and needed a missionary's help. It was a bad and trying state of affairs. The preacher was not fit for the place, and eventually had to be dismissed by the mission.

We were a number of miles from any white family. After a few weeks one of the missionaries came to help us for two or three days, and, as he also had to go to Esidumbini, proposed that we go with him, to see the place and how the house was getting on. We were pleased to do so. It is a long journey round by the wagon road, but across country, over a hilly, rough, unworked track, it is not more than fifteen or twenty miles. We decided to go the short way. As yet we had no horses and my wagonette had not arrived; the only one we could get was old, and drawn by ten oxen. Taking what food we required for three or four days, we started early one

pleasant morning, three of us, besides a native driver and leader. About two miles from the station we came to a hill which we had to go down; it was at least two hundred feet high, and so steep all the oxen but two were taken off, and the wheels chained. Four or five men from the station came along and helped get the wagon down the hill, by ropes tied to it, which they held on to, after winding them once around a tree. It took more than half an hour, but all came down safely. We got in and rode for a mile or two, when we came to a kind of mud hole, in a swampy place we could not walk across. Down we came from a steep bank, everything pitching forward, then up the opposite bank, when everything shoved back, and we had to hold on to them, lest they fall out.

We went through places where thorns and brambles caught the wagon, making the old top look older than before; then up a long, rocky hill, which had been dug a little. The ground was red, there were no trees, while the bank off the side was so steep one did not like to look to the bottom. In Mr. Grout's book on South Africa, there is the picture of a wagon and oxen travelling over this hill. Once, when he was riding on horseback down that same hill, he was chased by a large, dreadful hoop snake, from which he barely escaped. As we reached the top of the last-mentioned hill, we were on a beautiful highland, which was nearly level. We could see far, far away, for many miles. Nearly two hours we travelled on this highland, then outspanned for dinner and rest, ourselves and the oxen needing both.

Resuming our journey, we went up another long hill, when we came to scenery very unlike anything that I ever saw in America. For miles we went on ridges of hills; sometimes there was little more than room enough for a wagon, the hills sloping off each way, down, down, so far that the cattle and goats looked almost like toys, in the valleys below. It seemed as if God just left those ridges for the road. We came safely through, and soon into a good government road. Going on a few miles, we reached Esidumbini, before sundown. A little furniture had always been kept in the mission-house, and with what we brought in the wagon, there was enough to make us comfortable for our short visit. It was nearly two months before the house was ready to really live in.

We enjoyed our visit. After our return to Umsunduze many of the people from Umvoti came to see us, and we went there for a short visit. A kind friend, the industrial teacher at Amanzimtote, was sent by the mission to repair the house at Esidumbini. When we went there he remained and helped us get settled. The Mt. Vernon church in Boston, Massachusetts, assumed my support all the time I was in Africa. I can never forget or cease to feel grateful for the very direct personal interest shown to me and to my work by a number of the people of that church. Their letters, their prayers, their close friendship, their hearty welcome when I came home, the pleasant, restful visits I had with them in their homes, enjoying the services at their churches, the symphony concerts and the many

things there are in that city to enjoy, all helped to build me up physically and spiritually for future mission work. When I left to return to Natal, they gave me for my use, and insisted that I should take with me more comfortable furniture than I had when away before. This reached Esidumbini by the time the house was in readiness for it. The first evening after it was in order, we had a little dedicatory service in the parlour. It seemed home-like, and we began to feel we were not going to be depressed and lonely, for God would be with us. It may appear strange, but I do not remember that we were often lonely. We had too much to do. We made the home as pretty and comfortable as we could. The grounds, also, in a few months, were clean, with nicely weeded lawns, carefully pruned, shady orange trees, and a flower garden with roses and some other flowers, every month in the year. I enjoyed working there early in the morning.

The people received us gladly, and seemed very thankful to have a white missionary with them again, although we were only women. That I knew about their ways, language, and affairs, was a great satisfaction to them. I had been there a number of times before, and knew many of them quite well. The field was truly very needy and interesting. Within a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Pixley, of our mission, came and spent ten days or more with us. In meetings with the people, we carefully went over the names of every church member, asking a report from each. Sad to say, we found that nearly every one had slipped away, more or less, from the right path,



ESIDUMBINI MISSION HOUSE

and the church was really in a very unsatisfactory condition, having been too long like "sheep without a shepherd." A number confessed their sins and were very penitent, but it was some time before it seemed best to have the communion service there.

The school, too, was greatly run down, and the out-stations nearby had been for some time closed. A friend of the mission, Rev. Fernie, the pastor of a Congregational Church, for English people, near Durban, was pleased to visit us, after a few weeks, and hold services for the people, speaking through an interpreter.

A Christian young man, a Zulu from Umvoti, whom I had brought up and educated, came, with his wife and child, to live in a little house near ours, and teach in the day school. He also assisted about the meetings on Sunday, and was a great help in the work. He has since then studied in the theological school at Amanizintote, been ordained and installed as pastor over a native church in Johannesburg. When at Esidumbini, he understood English, and was a very good interpreter. He interpreted for Mr. Fernie, and others, who could not speak Zulu, but when visiting us they were glad to assist in the work by taking services.

It was a great encouragement to us as well as to the people, to have Mr. Fernie's help. He and his wife were old friends of mine, who had come out to Natal about the time I first reached there. He was finely educated, spiritually minded, and much interested in mission work, knowing how to adapt his thoughts to the Zulu mind, although unable to speak

their language. He enjoyed the work and the change of being on the station.

There was a sunrise and an afternoon meeting, and many came to each from long distances. In the afternoon we had the meetings under the shady orange trees, with the people sitting on the grass. Usually there were no meetings in the evening at our stations.

From the first, the Spirit of God seemed to be with us. Many who could read and who had professed Christianity but had fallen away, confessed their sins and expressed an earnest desire to make a new start, while numbers of the heathen, also, expressed their determination to become Christians. From that time, God very plainly blessed His truth in the hearts of the people, at the station, and about us. This revival continued from year to year, in greater or less pronounced ways.

At each of our stations it is thought best, as I have before said, for all who join the church to be well instructed, first in Bible truths, and, if possible, learn to read the Testament. Also have time to prove their fitness for membership and willingness to help others to hear the truth. As far as I could, I always taught these classes. It took at least a week, with meetings every day, to get ready for the communion. There was a roll call, when each member was supposed to report how he had been living, and what he had tried to do for the Master. Then, as time went on, there were many to be examined for church membership, only a part of whom would be considered eligible.

There were children's meetings, prayer, and other services, school to look after, sick people who came for medicine, people who came to talk, and others to have disputes settled.

Many of the four tribes on the reserve were heathen. They were frequently getting into quarrels with each other about land that they wished to cultivate, as well as about other things. Many such disputes were brought to me, often by a chief and a number of his men, who, each in turn, would go into the details of the circumstances. One had to listen carefully, sometimes for two or three hours, to get at the facts so as to decide what would be best; all of which was very fatiguing, particularly if the day was hot. I remember a trying and long-drawn out quarrel that was caused simply by a man of one tribe burning some rubbish from his garden, when the fire ran through the dry grass over the graves that belonged to another tribe. Superstition made that a great affair.

One day a man came, very excited, to tell me that his neighbour was ploughing over the line on his land. I called the other man. He said, "The oxen, in turning, made the plough just slip a little to the other side." I got on my horse and went to see. Both men were greatly excited. I found the "slip" was about an acre of land, which he had ploughed, that did not belong to him. Other quarrels, smaller and larger, frequently took my time and strength; but in trying to assist them, it all helped us to gain an influence over them, to learn a better way than that which they had before known. They would get very

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excited sometimes, but generally cool down if I suggested that they take their case to the English magistrate, twenty miles away, where all really important cases were tried, and where I insisted they should go, if I could not get them to compromise and stop their contention.

Marriages, baptisms, communion, and some land disputes, were always held back until a missionary could come. Those expected visits, when delayed, as they were a few times, without our getting a message, were sometimes very trying, particularly for the communion, after weary days of meetings with the people, some from a distance, assembled for the preparatory lecture and communion, with no ordained missionary to do the part that we could not do.

I remember a party once coming forty miles to be married. There was no ordained missionary there. But the Rev. Fernie, from Durban, happened to come to spend the night, and then go on next day to attend the dedication of a church. He was very tired, had ridden fifty miles, and, not understanding Zulu, I knew he would not like to marry them, as there was no interpreter. However, when a little rested, and at supper, I told him the circumstances. At first he was sure he could not do it, but finally was induced to, if I would read the Scripture lesson and interpret the prayer. "But," I said, "you must ask, 'Do you take,' etc., and then you must pronounce them man and wife!" Many times I went over those few sentences with him in Zulu and wrote them out. Then the bride and groom came in neatly dressed; she in white stockings, as her feet were so swollen

from walking she could not get on her shoes. (I think Mr. Fernie did not notice that.) I got on with my part; had to put the bride's hand into that of the bridegroom. They could not understand a word of what Mr. Fernie tried to say in Zulu, so it was necessary for me to go over all and at last pronounce them man and wife! It was hard to keep down the risibles. I cannot think of it now without a smile.

I quote from a letter to a friend: "Last Sunday we had over four hundred at the services. We have a day school of seventy children, which is growing larger each week. Every Sunday now we are obliged to have overflow meetings in the school-house. There is no native pastor. Two Christian men help about the preaching on Sunday.

"Sunday morning we have a sunrise prayer meeting; at eleven o'clock a Sunday School, that nearly fills the church; at twelve is the regular preaching service. After that we go to the house for a rest of twenty minutes and a little lunch, with a cup of tea. Then I have a Bible class for men and women, all who wish to stay. This is a very interesting part of my work. We have the same lesson the following Sabbath, in Sunday School, so the Bible class is a kind of teacher's class. We are obliged to have the services near together in this way, as many of the people come long distances. They are not accustomed to have a meal in the middle of the day. Their greatest meal is in the evening.

"On Tuesday afternoons I have an inquirers' meeting. Wednesday afternoons we have a women's prayer meeting. Last week I talked to them about

the gifts of God and what He had done for them, urging them to do more for Him, and make an effort to help raise money to support a native pastor. Saturday afternoons I have a class for those who help about the preaching. Miss McCornack has a class in Sunday School, looks after the station-school, and takes some classes in it. Just now we both teach all the forenoon, and have a good helper in our native schoolmaster.

“ Our house is small, but comfortable. It is one-story high, the roof of corrugated iron. There is a veranda in front and on part of one side. We have three rooms in front, parlour, dining-room, and bedroom, and two side bedrooms, and the kitchen, pantry, and girls’ room, back of the other rooms. The dining-room is the room of the house. In it we eat, have sewing classes, evening schools, morning and evening prayers, with those who are in our family. Here also, and on the veranda, if the weather is not too hot, we see Christian and heathen people, have inquirers’ classes for women, see those who come for medicine, and those who come to get their disputes settled. Once a large, puff adder, a very poisonous snake, came in and got to sleep under a chair, where I sat, as we had family prayers that morning. After prayers, a girl, when sweeping the room, saw it, and the natives killed it.

“ You can have no idea of the variety of things there are to do and look after. We are far from any market, but have nice, home-made bread, plenty of eggs and fowls, with milk from our own cows. Sometimes the people give us beef, or we get mutton now

and then, when the weather is not too hot, from the market twenty-five miles away. We become very tired of fowls, although we have many ways of cooking them, and canned meats, as Prof. Drummond said when in Africa, 'All come to taste alike.'

"We are greatly troubled about water. It is brought from a quarter of a mile away and is not fit to use, until boiled. It looks like weak tea and a shiny scum rises on it, before it is boiled. The roof of our house being corrugated iron, if we had proper guttering for it, and tanks, we should have all the good water we require. We hope this will be done soon."

The church rose to a higher standard of right living and usefulness. As fast as we could do so, we started out-stations, with day schools, and services on Sunday, the Christian people helping with the services one afternoon of a week day, as well as on Sunday. There were a few who had been taught at the station-school, whom we hired to teach at the out-stations.

With one of the missionaries to help us, we went over the membership roll at Noodsberg, the station fifteen miles away, as conditions there were even worse than at Esidumbini, also being caused by lack of needed supervision, that the mission had been unable to give. The church, school, and station affairs were reorganized. It, too, took a new start. Before every communion, we had to go there for a few days, and at some other times, besides. After a while, with a little help, they built a stone church, roofed with galvanized iron, where both school and

services could be held. So many children came to this school we were obliged to have two teachers for it, who had been trained in the girls' school at Inanda.

A little stone mission cottage was built, in which we could stay while there, and we went in the wagonette, that had been made near my home in America, and sent out to me. We could carry all that we required for food and clothes while away, and sleep most comfortably in it, if we wished. It was drawn by six, more often by eight, oxen, and was a great comfort and help in the work. In fact I do not see how we could have lived at Esidumbini without it.

The Noodsberg out-station was on a large highland; higher and much cooler than any of our stations, with a grand view of the Indian Ocean, twenty-five or more miles away. I enjoyed the people, the work, and the more bracing air. I was glad to go there when I could do so.

XVI

THE NATIVE CHIEFS AND MEETING TO CALL A PASTOR

QUOTED from a letter to children: "I think I promised to tell you about two chiefs who sometimes come to see us. The name of one is Deliwayo. He is over six feet tall, but not kingly-looking, or as much like a Zulu as he is like a West Coast African. He visits us quite frequently, and a few weeks ago came to church, bringing with him fifty of his men. He and one of his brothers were dressed in civilized clothes; the others in native costumes.

"That day we had over seven hundred people at the service, as an institute for native pastors was being held at our station. The church was not large enough to hold them, so we had the meeting under the orange trees in front of the house.

"Besides the institute classes, there were two big services each day. Two of our missionaries and Mr. Russell, from Maritzberg, were with us; also Miss Murray and Miss Palmer were visiting us from Huguenot Seminary, Cape Colony. So our little house was quite full with our five guests. Some had to sleep in the cottage near, which we made comfortable for them. The people were very kind in giving food, both chiefs sending us meat.

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“ Mr. Russell preached at the sunrise service, also in the afternoon, Gardner, the native teacher, interpreting for him. One of the missionaries took a photograph of a large meeting under the orange trees. When it is finished, I will send you a copy.

“ A number of the children of the school, as well as many of the adults, said at the meetings that they would like to become Christians. Since then we have had an inquirer's class, for children, every Tuesday, and two classes for older people. There are over eighty children in the day school. On Sundays Miss McCornack has them in the school-room, when the large service is being held, as there is not room for them in the church. Last Sunday she said the room was packed.

“ A part are station children, the others are from the kraals. The kraal children have not yet learned to sew, nor have their mothers, so you see how much it helps us to get boxes from America in which are garments cut and basted for the children to work on in the sewing class. A great many would not have garments to wear to school and church, if we did not help them. We insist on having the children work or pay something before taking the garment home, using what little we get for buying other material or books.

“ We try to teach them to give, as well as receive. They learn the same Bible stories and verses in Zulu that children learn in America, and look so happy and are so glad to come to school, I am sure you would enjoy seeing them. The Lord Jesus came into

the world to save 'Whosoever,' the Zulu children, with the many besides of other nations.

"Now I must tell you about the other chief. His name is 'Swayimane.' He is also tall, but not too tall, is fine-looking, has a well-shaped head, a pleasant face, and bright, expressive eyes. He is very intelligent and gentlemanly, as far as nature and Zulu customs can teach him. He has been a number of times to see us, and attended church. A son of his, ten or twelve years of age, has come to live with us and go to school. The chief has told all his people that when they kill a beast they must give us some of the meat. A number of times he himself has sent us very nice beef. This is a great help, as we are so far from a meat market. We have a gun, and if we could go out shooting, like the boys, could have plenty of birds and venison.

"Swayimane lives about twelve miles from here. He very much wished to have me visit his kraal. It is around over dreadful hill and precipices, and I have been afraid that such a journey would be too hard for me, but have been anxious to go.

"Mr. Russell, who has charge of the Industrial Department of the Boys' Board School at Amanzimtote, came up here to spend his last vacation, of nearly two weeks, and helped us what he could.

"He said he would go with me to visit the chief, if I felt able for such a trip. We sent word that we were coming. Very early, one nice, cool morning, we started on horseback, Gardner, the school teacher, and Plant, a lay helper, accompanying us, I do not think I ever before went over such a bad

road as this was. It was more difficult than anything I experienced in Switzerland. Many times we had to get off our horses; they could not hold their footing, and it was not safe to ride up and down such steep places. Again and again I slipped and ran and caught hold of bushes, to keep from falling, nearly ruining my last pair of American shoes.

“ Natives led our horses. The chief's brother and two or three others were sent to escort us. At last, after passing round the spur of an abrupt mountain, we came in sight of ' Swayimane's ' kraal, about two miles away in the valley below us. We sat down and ate some oranges we had brought.

“ After a little rest we went on. The kraal was a very large one. On reaching it, we were conducted to a nice large hut in the upper part of the enclosure. A mat was put down for me to kneel on, as I stooped to go in the door. I could scarcely see when I first got in; but there stood the chief. He took my hand in both his and told me in Zulu how very glad he was to see me. Then he spoke to Mr. Russell and gave us seats on the men's side of the house, after nice mats had first been spread there. He sat down in the middle of the room, and then said, ' Saka bona, Inkosazana.'

“ I took off my hat and gloves and the chief ordered a little mat to be spread on which to put them. Native food was brought us. It is always too rich for me and I can eat very little of it, but I tried to eat this. We had a small lunch with us, which we asked the chief to excuse our eating, and

he very politely did so, asking several times if there were anything he could get for me.

“After resting we asked him to call the people together for a service. About fifty or more came. Mr. Russell, the native helper, and I, each addressed them. The audience was very attentive. I spoke to them about having a school. They seemed pleased, and said they would build a school-house. It being so far away, I could not look after it properly at present, I told them, having so much to do at the station, therefore it might be best to place a school about half way.

“‘But,’ I said, ‘you can send a few of your boys and girls to live with us that they may be better taught; then when they have learned they can come back to their homes to teach others.’

“While in the hut, after the meeting, we heard a little noise outside. Then appeared in the door, a fine, cream-coloured goat. It was pushed right in, while ‘Swayimane’ said, in his politest manner, ‘Elako, Inkosazana’ (it is yours, Inkosazana.) Pleased and surprised as I was, I could not help seeing that the pretty goat was very much frightened at being passed over to a new owner; so after my best thanks it was taken out. A few days later, the chief sent it to me. I have given it to Miss McCornack, as she could not go to see the chief. We think a great deal of it.

“We started for home about 3 P. M. It was still cool, and we could ride more coming home than going. I rode up one dreadful hill, more than a mile long. Sometimes we had to lie right down on

our horses' backs to get under the branches of the trees. Once I barely escaped being dragged from my horse by a projecting branch. As it was, my face received quite a scratch.

“When nearly four miles from home, it became dark and cloudy. The days are very short at this season. It was so dark we did not know the way, and feared we should need to stay in a kraal all night; but found a man there who knew the right path very well.

“We walked behind, the guide and natives going ahead and leading our horses, as it did not seem safe to ride. I was dreadfully afraid of snakes. We came into a valley, and a stream of water running over a rocky bed. Then we rode, following up the stream, our guide still going ahead to tell us of holes and bad places.

“We went on for a mile or more in this way, when obliged to again get off to search for a safe place to cross. We left the stream and went up and down hill.

“At last, about eight o'clock, we came in sight of the lights of our little Esidumbini home. Here we found Miss Murray, Miss Palmer, and Miss McCornack, anxiously waiting for us. The bright tea-table, the pleasant room, and friends, were a welcome sight. What help a cheery, comfortable home gives to a missionary!

“I was too tired to answer their many questions, but Mr. Russell made up for that, telling them all he could. It is very good of him to come and help us some of his vacations. He is an earnest, Chris-

tian, a Scotchman, and has a wife and two children at Amanzimtoti. It took me two or three days to get rested from our trip, but it did not make me ill, so you see I am much stronger than when I left America.

“ Since our visit, when he had the meeting here, ‘ Swayimane ’ came with many of his people, to the services, staying two or three days in a nearby kraal, that he might attend them. He seems much interested. I shall hope to tell you more sometime, about his little son, who has come to live with us.”

In less than two years I began to feel that we must have an ordained native pastor at Esidumbini, who would be supported by the people. But to find the right man, get the people to call him and promise to raise the salary, was no easy undertaking.

The quite influential, contrary member was there, as he is sometimes found in churches of a more civilized country. He had a following, too, principally of those who were not members of the church. They were ready to help him in opposing almost anything it attempted to do.

With the advice of the mission, we had decided that Mr. Sivetye, one of the best educated and finest graduates from the Theological School of our mission, was the most suitable man for Esidumbini, if we could get him. He had become well-known to the people, while at the various schools of the mission, but his home was more than a hundred and fifty miles away, in the southern part of Natal. Everywhere he was much respected and liked. But our contrary member said, “ No, he is not the man to

choose." But there was no other suitable person that he or we knew of. They could give no good reason for not wishing to call Mr. Sivetye. I think they just had the spirit of opposition, and did not like to promise to help raise his salary. Besides, they did not really care for the higher growth of the church.

At all of our larger stations, there are those to be found, who, while liking to live at the station and have their children taught, yet themselves have a leaning toward heathenism, and oppose good influences, often causing the church and missionaries much trouble with their half-civilized ways. We never failed to have such, and all the trouble they could make, at Esidumbini.

Meeting after meeting was held to see if we could not get them to yield and sign the call, as Mr. Sivetye would not come unless it was unanimous. I think my courage reached its limit when there was a large meeting of the church, and others also came. It began at 9 A. M. I said something like the following, when I opened the meeting: "We cannot go on like this; it must be decided soon, or we shall lose the chance to get a good man for our pastor. Now, you who oppose, tell us plainly what is in your hearts and what you truly know, as a good reason, why we should not have a native pastor, and why not Mr. Sivetye. Then you who know him, and you who know of him and see the great need we have for a pastor, speak the things that are in your hearts. Let us pray often in our thoughts, to God to-day, as well as together, that He will help us to come to a right

understanding of what we should do and then to do it. You know that the mission, as well as I, think that he is by far the best man we can call, and we will be most fortunate if we can get him. Some of you have yet to learn how you can and should give more for the Lord's work. I know you can raise the salary of a native pastor, and will be better men and women for doing so. This station ought to grow and become one of the largest in the mission; and it will, if you Christian men and women rise up and do your part."

Noon came and passed. I would not let a break come to the meeting by going to lunch. A girl brought me a cup of coffee. Most of them signed the paper; at times all seemed ready to sign; words of opposition grew less; but the contrary man and his followers delayed and delayed, seeming to feel quite important that they could cause so much trouble. It was after four in the afternoon, when I felt I could stand no more, so closed the meeting; but you will hear in another chapter how in a peculiar way the people were united in sending a unanimous call to Mr. Sivetye to become their pastor.

XVII

PINDILE

I NOTICED a bright-looking, young heathen girl, who came quite regularly to church. I knew that she was engaged to be married, as her hair was plastered up in a topknot with red clay, and she wore a skirt made of skin, such as a betrothed Zulu girl wears.

She was quite slight, with a very good form and an interesting face. Her hands and feet were small, and she was really one of the finest-looking Zulu girls I had ever seen. I spoke to her, when I had a chance, and she often came to see me. As I talked with her about becoming a Christian, she would hang her head and say, "Yes, I would very much like to be one; but my friends refuse." She learned some verses of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer.

The first verse that I always taught them was from John 3:16. "Utixo wa li tanda izwe kangaka wa nika indodana yake i zelwa i yodwa, ukuba bonke aba kolwa iyo ba nga bube, ba be noku pila o pakade."

When in her home, before they retired at night, she wanted to say the Lord's prayer. Her father was willing, but her mother would not allow her to do so.

At last she told me the greatest of her difficulties. She was engaged to a young man who was not a

Christian, and he did not wish her to become one. The dowry, of seven head of cattle, had been given, and were with her father's herd. Their horns were long and their bodies fat. What could she do?

The young man's home was not far away, but he worked in Durban. We could not ask her to give him up, yet we could teach her God's word and pray that He would guide her. After a few months she came and urged me to write a letter for her, to her intended, as she wished to tell him again her great desire to become a Christian. He could get a friend in Durban to read the letter for him. She told us just what to write, and the letter was sent. Soon a reply came back. In it was this sentence: "Choose! Choose me, and I will marry you. Choose the religion of Jesus Christ and I will give you up; then the cattle shall be returned by your father to us." Sadly she went home, while we often continued to pray for her.

I do not think that from the first she had cared deeply for him. Her friends had wished the match, and she had drifted into their plans.

She usually came to church and was earnest in seeking to hear and learn all she could of the truth. Her home was about three miles from the station. A few months after the letter-writing, I found her, just at sundown, in our kitchen. I said, "Oh, Pindile, you ought not to be here so late. It will be dark before you get home." Her blanket was over her head, she looked up into my face, with a bright, happy smile, then threw it back and said, "Ngi ketile" (I have chosen) "Inkosazana."

The clay was all washed out of her hair, and with the thorough bath which she had given her face and body, her appearance was greatly changed. She had come to stay, if we would keep her. We found a dress and some other garments that she could put on. Her face was radiant, and from that time she never seemed to regret the step which she had taken.

But I dreaded the next morning, when her father and friends would come, and, with stormy, bitter words try to make her return home, as they usually do in such cases. The father came, and to my surprise and relief, not with bitter words. In a kind, courteous, manly way, he said it would be very trying for him if the engagement were broken off and the cattle given up. The whole affair would greatly anger the young man's friends. "But," said he, "I will not force my daughter as some heathen people do, to marry a man whom she does not wish to marry, nor will I hinder her from becoming a Christian." This was so unusual, we could hardly believe what we heard, thanking God for it all. The man proved true to what he had said, and was always our friend. I have a very pretty war shield that he gave me when I came to America. Not many days after that morning, he came to tell me how the young man's friends had arrived the day before, and driven away the cattle, which had been the dowry gift for his daughter.

Pindile continued to seem happy. She soon learned to sew, and, after a while, to read the Testament. I allowed her to work in the house more quickly than I ever did any other raw Zulu girl.

From the first she was tidy and painstaking, wanted to learn to cook and to take care of the dining-room. She had a nice way of her own in arranging flowers, keeping fresh ones on the table and in other parts of the house.

An uncle of hers, who had died some years before, painted animals, trees, and bits of landscape, on pieces of gourds and bark, in quite a remarkable way for a heathen man who had, very likely, never seen a picture. I have some of them now.

Pindile was so slight and refined, an English lady, who was visiting us, called her "the little lady." Other friends caught the name, and, seeing her, continued to call her so. It did no harm, as she could not understand English. She was too old when she began to learn to make a good scholar in books, and did not try to study any but those in her own language. She loved to read the Testament and have it explained to her.

The Zulus have a curious superstition about milking a cow. A woman never milks, and a man will not unless the calf is let out and goes to the cow, for a few moments, before he begins. They say she will not give down her milk properly, unless she sees the calf. We were very dependent on the milk which our own cows gave. The calf of our best cow died, and I knew there would be trouble about the milking; so I had them skin the calf. We made a little frame with four legs and put it in the skin with grass for stuffing. When it was sewed up it looked quite like a calf. English friends called it a Yankee invention. However, it was brought out and stood

by the cow at every milking. She would appear pleased and nose it over, after which there was no more trouble. For many months the cow was milked with that prelude.

Most of the cattle in South Africa have very long, broad horns. We had a cow whose horns were more than four feet from tip to tip. One morning the boys were having trouble to get her new calf away from her and into the stable. I was afraid they would be hurt, so went out the kitchen door, which was five or six rods from the stable, and called to them to be careful. I walked a little way to a large log of wood, on the other side of which Pindile was washing clothes. Then a strange thing happened, for which we could never account. I had on nothing bright; my dress was a navy blue. The cow, hearing me call to the boys, turned her head, shook it, left the boys and her calf and came madly toward me! My mind was perfectly clear, but I could not move. I thought many things in that half-moment. I hoped, her horns being so broad and I so near the log, that they might hit it, and her nose strike me. They did so, and as I fell, she kicked and trampled my body. I remember putting my arm over my head to save that. It was many years before I ceased to see her feet over me in my dreams, or when my eyes were closed.

The boys rushed with their sticks to beat her off, but before they could reach me, Pindile, the slight girl, had run around the log, and, as the cow, pawing, released her horns from it and tossed her head for another chance at me, the girl rushed in between her

horns and held each for half a moment, startling her, until the boys could beat the wild beast away. I was quite conscious as they carried me into the house, my head not being hurt. They had to beat the cow back from following us, almost to the kitchen door. The arm that I had held over my head, and all that side was badly bruised, and some ribs broken. The other side of my body that struck the ground, was paralyzed, and continued so for a few days.

We could not know how badly I was hurt, internally, until the doctor reached us. As soon as possible, a native was sent the twenty-five miles to the nearest one. He reached us a little after noon, the next day, which was Sunday. In the meantime I remembered what I would give a native, if hurt, and I took that. I lay very weak and in much pain, scarcely able to talk or have the least noise or jar in my room, or even the bed touched. The people wanted to see me, but I felt too ill to have them come into my room. They were unable to understand not being allowed to do so and begged just to see my face and know that I was truly alive. Mr. Goodenough, one of our missionaries, happened to be with us, and was a great comfort and help.

The bell rang for church; I knew that many of them were about and in the yard. Miss McCornack was, for a few minutes, in another part of the house, when Hannah, one of the Bible women, quietly slipped into my room. She raised her hand and said, "Don't speak, Inkosazana, I must come in, I must speak to the Lord, here with you." She knelt down and began to pray, softly. Miss McCornack came in.

We have always regretted that we could not have taken down that remarkable prayer of faith, word for word.

She reminded the Lord of their needs; of the state they were in as a church and people when we came there; of their gratitude to Him for making us willing to come; of the improvement in the church and on the station, and of His promises. Then she summed it all up, saying, in substance, "Seeing, dear Lord, how things are with us at this stage, knowing, as you must, how great is our need, now that we are beginning to live, also that there is no one else to come to our help, you surely will let Inkosazana stay with us a few years longer. I am sure, Lord, that you love us, and will let her stay for our sakes; even if she wants to go to heaven, you can give her life and health to stay a little longer." When she had finished, I motioned her to me, and, as I took her hand, I told her that her prayer had brought faith and courage to me and I felt that it would be answered. When she had gone I said to my dear associate, "We do not know how badly I may be hurt, but I am sure that prayer will be answered."

When the doctor came at last, he found, as we had thought, that there were no bones broken, aside from some of the ribs, although the shock to my nervous system was very great. I have, in fact, never recovered from it, but a month or two after was able to take up some of the work again. The following year, however, I was seriously ill, and once again before I left Natal, as the result of that accident.

After it happened, as soon as I was a little better, one bright morning, a delegation of the Christian men came and urged that they might come in to see me. With many expressions of sympathy, they said they had come to tell me their eyes were now open, making them ready to vote unanimously to call Mr. Sivetye to be their pastor. All were there, even the contrary deacon. This was indeed good news and helped me to bear the pain I was suffering, because it had brought the church to call and agree to support a pastor.

Pindile never seemed quite to understand how great and noble her act had been in risking her own life to save mine. Whenever we tried to talk with her about it and express our gratitude, she would say: "What else could I do? I did not have time to think that the cow might kill me, I only thought how I could save Inkosazana from being killed. I saved her and I was not hurt, only frightened, because I feared the cow would toss her."

When friends in America sent her presents with expressions of gratitude, she would say: "It is kind of them to send me loving words and these nice things; I am pleased; I thank them; but I cannot understand why they think it was so much for me to do. I could not help it; I am very glad I could do it; God gave me the strength."

She lived with us for a number of years. Then a new missionary and his wife greatly needed some one upon whom they could rely, to help in the house. Living with them, Pindile could have lessons with the wives of the preachers, who were studying in

the Theological School at Amanzintote, so we reluctantly let her go to them. They thought much of her, and she was a great help in their home. Sometimes she came back to see us and visit her parents. After a few years she was married to a young man, who was there in school for a time, and they went to live at a station farther away.

One of her brothers became a Christian, and is well educated. Her mother, who would not allow her to pray the Lord's prayer in the home, also accepted Jesus. I remember how she used to walk the three miles, morning after morning, once a week, to come to the sunrise inquirers' class I had for the women. She was too old to learn to read, but eagerly learned many gospel truths and remembered them. She came very regularly to church and to prayer meeting, and was finally admitted to the church as a member. The father came to church, but was not a member, when I left.

I will tell more about Hannah, who prayed that wonderful prayer, in another chapter.

XVIII

THE NATIVE PASTOR

THERE was no house in which the native pastor and his wife could live, after reaching Esidumbini. We called a large meeting of the people, the Christian men and women, the heathen chiefs, with men of their tribes, and laid the case before them, asking that they give money, or work, to aid in building a suitable residence for him.

Some of the Christian people were urged to give at least a pound apiece in money, and also the heathen chiefs the same. Others were asked to give half as much as that, or, according to their means. Even the children in the schools were expected to do something. Considerable was raised or promised that day; within a few months we had over forty pounds, and the house was commenced.

Then began a most wearing undertaking, which I very much dreaded. There was no one to look after the building but myself, and no native builders to take charge of the work. We could not afford to hire a white man. In the mission were native carpenters, who had been trained in the Industrial School of the mission, but they were in great demand, and at that time we could not get one, as only a few had yet been trained.

Some of the material, such as doors, windows, and

roof timbers, had to be brought from Durban, fifty miles away. Then the draggling jobs of work, here a little and there a little, as we could get it done, wore on one's patience until it was in threads. We had to watch that every spot on the posts was well-covered with tar, to keep out the white ants. A place no larger than a common nail hole left untarred, as I have known in a number of instances, might lead to the post, beam, or door casing being made only a shell, before we knew the ants were at work. In our houses we put tar on the wood next the wall, and paint the doors and casings which appear in the room, as that also is some protection from the ants.

We would go over to the house, sometimes, to find a good and needed timber sawed as it should not have been, or a weak timber put where it must be replaced by a stronger one. The walls were of reeds and plaster; the roof of thatch. The frame was strong and substantially made, partly of timber that we bought, and partly of that procured in the bush on the Reserve.

At last it was finished, but not before the pastor came. Until it was ready, we gave up for their use, the primary school-room and our storeroom, which were under the same roof near our house. The railway had been brought to within twenty-five miles of Esidumbini. We united with the people in furnishing oxen sufficient for a wagon, that one of the men loaned, to bring the pastor and his family from the railway to Esidumbini. I do not think I have mentioned that the name, Esidumbini, means "In the caladiums;" a large variety of this plant grows



THE NATIVE PASTOR'S CHILDREN

abundantly there, and the tubers are greatly enjoyed for food.

The pastor, his wife, and three nice children, arrived a little after dark. As I write, I find myself wiping tears of joy from my eyes as I remember how pleased and grateful we were to see them, realizing that at last they had arrived to stay, and to help us in the work. We had a nice supper for them, and, after prayers, showed them to the little cottage, made ready for their use, until their house was completed. A few days after we had what we chose to call a kind of "Installation" for the pastor, although he was not yet ordained. I trust that under the circumstances, we may be excused for our use of that word, and not thought of as unorthodox. No one of our missionaries could come to our aid. We hoped that Mr. Goodenough would be there, but in the morning we got a letter from him saying that he was very sorry, but it would be impossible for him to leave home.

There was not a native man in the church who could be of much help in conducting such a service, making it pleasant to all, and give a cordial welcome to the new pastor; I had to do it myself. I asked the oldest member to sit up on the platform with me. His eyes were too dim to read, but he was a good old man. He had on his Sunday clothes, and did his very best to rise to the occasion. We asked the new pastor to sit up there with us. A very large congregation of people came together, from far and near. To add to the embarrassing position I was in, four Swedish missionaries, two ladies and two gentlemen,

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came just before the service. I could not ask them to help, as they did not know enough Zulu, and only a little English.

However, I trusted that help would be given us. After a prayer, we read the Charity Chapter, in First Corinthians, and sang; then I introduced our new pastor to the people, and gave them a little charge in regard to their relations and duty to him. The old man followed with a few nice words of welcome, and others, both men and women in the congregation, continued with grateful and pleasing words. I called on three old heathen chief men to speak. They were pleased to respond, and did so with intelligent, hearty expressions of friendly welcome.

A number of prayers were offered between the speeches. The young people and children sang nicely, five or six times.

The pastor made a touching and earnest speech. After the meeting, the church members all came to our house to lunch with the pastor and his wife. The people were very much pleased, and appeared so nicely, it gave us encouragement and hope for the future of the work. At the close, we sang a hymn, and the pastor offered prayer.

I must now tell you a little of Pastor Sivetye, and his history. He was neat in his person and dress, had a good form and a very intelligent face, was reserved, and did not talk unless he had something worth saying. His manners were natural and refined, while he seemed to see quickly the fitness of things, when with cultured people, as well as when with those who were not. He treated the unedu-

cated heathen with much kindness and consideration. They all seemed to like him, while the Christian Zulus throughout the mission, with the missionaries and many English people in the colony, had high regard for him. He had always been honest, upright, and just, studiously embracing every opportunity he could of gaining knowledge. For one who could only attend the schools in Natal, he had a fairly good education, spoke English, and gained a remarkable familiarity of the Bible, was not conceited, but an earnest, practical, Christian man, and a good preacher.

I first saw him when he was a boy, and had since seen him a few times, but knew more about him from what I had been told by others in the mission. He was born of heathen parents, and his full name was Mvakwendhlu Sivetye. His father was a chief man of their tribe. A grown daughter of one of our missionaries, who knew him and his family well, told me that though his mother was a heathen when she first knew her, yet she was refined in her manners, intelligent, kindly, and, as the impulsive girl said, "She seemed like a real lady to me. I was always glad to see and talk with her. She never told anything before me, or spoke a word that a child should not hear."

When Mr. Sivetye was a boy, he had on his shoulder what is commonly called a "Natal Sore." Such sores are very difficult to heal, and the natives, in many parts of the country, sometimes have them. At his home all the incantations and arts of the medicine doctors, with their drugs, only made the

painful sore worse. At last his friends brought him thirty miles or more, to one of our missionaries, who was very successful in treating such cases. It took months, and sometimes years, to cure a difficulty of that kind and get the disease out of the blood.

The boy enjoyed staying at the station, and soon became interested in going to school and church. It was not long before he learned to read in his own language. When he became well and strong, his friends said he must return home. He did not wish to go; they urged and at last compelled him, dragging him away and tearing off the clothes that he had so much enjoyed wearing.

Although his home was at such a distance from the station, yet, after a while, he ran away and came back, as he said, "To learn more." Again they came after him, beat and dragged him away as they had before. When they got him home, that time, they tied him in a hut to a post, which was near the place where the fire is built. It was a very hot day; they kept the fire going all the time, while he was tied there, and told him they would do something worse than that if he ran away again, but he did, after a few months, and for quite a while they delayed to come for him. Every day he lived in fear of their coming, yet went to school and learned as much as he could, always hoping that some day he might do as he wished and openly become a Christian.

He was getting to be quite a big boy when again his family got hold of him, tore off his clothes, treating him so badly he became discouraged and said there was no use of trying to learn, or be anything

but a heathen. So he went to their dances, beer drinks, and other doings, in his native dress. He lived in that way till he was about eighteen years of age. All the time, as he told me, he had a "uvalo" in his heart, a feeling that he was fighting against God and truth. Many nights he was unable to sleep for sorrow when thinking of these things. At last he could endure it no longer, and went back to the station. This time his friends let him remain. After he had learned all that he could there, he went for four years to the training school at Amanzimtote, from which he graduated. Then he returned to his home and taught a school at an English mission station, not many miles away. In the school was a girl, who afterward became his wife. He earned money by teaching; they were married and with her he went back to Amanzimtote, and for four more years attended the Theological School of the mission; his wife also being taught in a department for the wives of students.

After his graduation from that school, several churches would have been glad to get him, but, as before stated, he accepted our call. Having a family to support may have had some influence in his deciding to come to us, as we were the only church where they felt, at that time, they could promise his full salary. Our church, giving as it had agreed, friends in America, at Dorchester, Mass., added to that enough for a more comfortable support than he had expected to receive when he came.

Now, since 1894, all ordained native pastors have been supported by the churches over which they are

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installed. In 1911, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the mission, the total contributed by the natives for church, school, evangelistic, missionary, and all other purposes, was about \$12,100 for that year.

Within a year after Mr. Sivetye came to us, my associate, Miss Mary McCornack, whose loss to me and to Esidumbini was deeply felt by all, was married to Dr. W. L. Thompson, in the church, by Rev. H. D. Goodenough, of our mission. A few of our American friends were present, as well as many natives. The church and house were decorated with palms and flowers. After the ceremony, lunch was served in our pleasant dining-room.

Within a few days the annual meeting of the mission was held at Amanzimtote. From there Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, with the other three missionaries and their wives, left for Beira, up the East coast of Africa, where, on leaving the steamer, they proceeded inland to Mt. Silinda, in Rhodesia; the whole journey being about a thousand miles from Natal. The last half, after they left the steamer, was most fatiguing and trying. When they reached Mt. Silinda they had no houses, but native huts, in which they lived for two or three years. Now, great progress has been made in that mission; good brick houses have been built, fruit trees and gardens planted; day, boarding, and industrial schools established, a church with evangelists of character and consecration, who are making large personal sacrifices to help carry the gospel into the surrounding and distant country.

My associate having left, I procured an English lady to come and assist me. She was not very strong

or able to take much responsibility, although kind and willing to do what she could.

More and more Mr. Sivetye, the native pastor, became a help and comfort in the work. In July, 1895, he was ordained. Missionaries, native pastors, and delegates from other stations were present. It was an impressive service. The examination of the candidate took some time; he replied to the questions in a remarkably clear and interesting manner. Some of the missionaries said they had never heard a more intelligent, spiritual, and practical statement of faith given at an ordination. Just at the time of the laying on of hands and the offering of the prayer, a little patter of rain could be heard on the roof, which was the only rain that day.

After a time I was able to secure another English lady, Miss Jessie Crocker, who took the place of the first one that I had. She was more helpful, taking almost entire charge of the station-school and the native teachers in it, but did not wish to take other responsibilities. She liked teaching, understood Zulu, and was enjoyed in our home.

The station-school, church, and the out-stations at Noodsburg still had to be supervised by those in charge at Esidumbini. Mr. Sivetye, after he was ordained, assisted at church meetings, administered the communion, and officiated at marriages there, as he did at Esidumbini. They now have an ordained pastor at that station. No white missionary could have been more kind or considerate than he was and continued to be, as the years went by.

He had good, decided, and practical plans of his

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own for work, yet always liked to come and talk them over before mentioning them to the people. He used great caution, as well as kindness and wisdom, when admitting persons to the church. If necessary to discipline a member for slyly taking cattle for his daughters, or beer drinking, and practicing other heathen customs, he understood the people and their ways, and could find out the truth better than a missionary was able to do. Then he would gently and firmly insist on the church rules being obeyed, although at times great opposition might be shown by some, who very likely had a tendency in thought, if not in deed, in the same direction as the one under discipline. Oh, unless you are a missionary, you can never know how much there is to do, and think about, at a mission station, besides holding a Bible in your hand, preaching to and teaching such a people as the Zulus!

The native annual meeting of the mission was held at Esidumbini a year after Mr. Sivetye was ordained. It is a great event which is largely attended, and usually held at some other station directly after our annual meeting closed. Native pastors meet with the missionaries for a day or two of our meeting, and some of the missionaries attend the native meeting. The Christian people and others at the station entertained guests. The pastor took as many as he could, and we, at the mission house, provided husk beds in the school-room and meals, for most of the older preachers. Besides, we gladly entertained half a dozen or more of our missionaries, who could come to the meeting. We had plenty of

native girls whom we had trained to make bread, cook and do other work, to help us.

Although a long way from market, it was the cool winter weather, so we had a fat cow killed, and with plenty of sweet potatoes, beans, rice, bread, oranges, and bananas, we did not lack for food, and got on with our part all right, as I think the natives did with theirs.

It was a very fine sight to see the church filled each day of the meeting with well-dressed, bright, intelligent native pastors, and the delegates from their churches, as well as many others. Such meetings are conducted in an orderly and systematic manner, both for devotion and business. A sunrise prayer and conference meeting, each morning, I have sometimes felt surpassed any meeting of that kind I have ever attended, in other lands, for quiet, practical words, and spiritual uplift in prayer.

The first evening, at the opening of the conference, Pastor Sivetye was to give the address of welcome. I was too busy, as I thought, to go, but the missionaries and native pastors kept urging me until I finally went. To my great surprise I found that one of the older pastors, whom I had known for many years, after reading from II John, most beautifully addressed me. One of the missionaries took down the address in shorthand, and when copied, gave it to me. I was too touched to say a word, but Mr. Pixley kindly helped me by replying.

Rev. David Russell, the evangelist of whom I have before spoken, came for Sunday and a part of the meeting. While with us, he took the sunrise and

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afternoon meetings. Each afternoon large numbers assembled under the orange trees for the service. This was a great help to the native pastors and other visitors, as well as to our station and the heathen people, for many miles around.

A goodly number, as we trust, renewed their faith and gained a stronger hold on God's promises for help and blessing, while others accepted Christ for the first time, and began new and better lives.

XIX

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

HANNAH, whom I have before mentioned as coming into my room and praying after I was hurt by the wild cow, was so continually a comfort and help, all the time we were at Esidumbini, I must tell you a little more about her.

She was born, married, and the mother of children, nearly all grown, while still living in heathenism. Her husband was a polygamist and a chief man in his tribe. When he was about sixty and she over forty years of age, they began to talk to each other in their kraal home, of what they were hearing from others of the truths taught at the mission station, a few miles away.

Becoming troubled about the salvation of their souls, they together decided to go and find out what they could, of the new way. On hearing the story of redemption through Jesus Christ, and other Bible truths, they were deeply touched and convicted of sin. After due consideration they forsook their old life, with its heathen ways, determined to begin a new one, though not all of their children were willing to accept Christianity, at that time, with them. The man, Untombo, made arrangements for his other wives and their children, so that they could have homes and become Christians, if they wished. Some

of the wives had married sons, with whom they went to live.

Untombo and Hannah built a civilized house at Esidumbini, which became their home. They were most earnest in seeking to be taught of God and of his words in the Bible, never seeming to swerve from that desire, or from trying to live up to the light that they received.

They were much respected and listened to by the heathen people, as well as the Christians. After they had lived at the station for ten or twelve years, Untombo died, a most happy and triumphant death. Hannah had grown to be like a mother in Israel to those who knew her. She had great faith in prayer, and frequently visited the troubled, the sick, and dying, talking and praying with them. The intelligent and beautiful simplicity and directness of her prayers, with her earnest faith, did not often fail to help and comfort others.

She was very happy in Mr. Sivetye coming to us. At his ordination and the meetings I have mentioned, her face was beaming. It was a great joy to her to meet pastors and Christians from other stations, also to see Esidumbini blessed and many coming to Christ. She became quite lame, and did not like to sit on a form at church; so she would bring a mat to sit on, spread it down in a corner, where, with two or three of her grandchildren, she remained through the service. The children's father worked at Durban. Some bonnets were given him to bring home. They were small and made for grown people, but the children wore them. The little boy wore

one upside down. They were white straw with velvet trimming. It was sometimes hard to keep back a smile; they were a picture worth seeing. I have always regretted we did not have one taken of the group, just as they sat there.

The children would get a little restless, then out of Hannah's pocket would come an orange, banana, a cake, or piece of bread, to be divided. When their hands were wiped, out would come some good-sized Christmas cards, which were used as fans. Soon the children's eyes, beginning to close, they would lie quietly down on the mat and go to sleep.

For a number of years Hannah was one of our Bible women. She understood and could tell much of Bible truth, yet coming to the station so late in life, had not been able to learn to read and could not sing; so I decided to send with her some one who could read and help about the singing. This pleased her very much, as we were able to get a young girl in whom she was interested. Her name was "Tom-begite." She was about sixteen years of age. Four years before, when the Rev. David Russell had held special meeting at Esidumbini, I saw her for the first time. She rose in a large meeting under the orange trees, and said she would like to be a Christian, then sat down. Her only garment was a boy's shirt, that came nearly to her knees. Her face was most interesting; she had a high forehead, well-shaped head, and bright, beautiful eyes. When talking with her, after the services, we were all much impressed with her earnest manner and what she said. She continued to come regularly to the meet-

ings and to church. I soon learned much of her story and her true desire to become a Christian.

Her father and mother both died when she was only a few years of age, leaving her to the care of a heathen uncle. Knowing nothing about Christianity, and being often lonely and sad, feeling the need of something, but not knowing what; hearing others talk of praying to the spirits of their ancestors, she, when about ten years of age, also began to pray, in her loneliness, for comfort and help. It was the feeble reaching out of a child in the darkness for light, for God; but she found no comfort and grew more lonely, also more earnest to know the mystery of her being, and of the world about her; then hearing in a vague way, of Christianity, wondered if that would help her. She knew no one who could tell her much about it, but learning that we were at the station, determined that if she could get a chance to go there, would do so. Her visit happened to be at the time when we were holding those extra meetings, with Mr. Russell to help us.

She heard the preaching, heard answers to her questions, heard the wonderful story of Christ's love, of His salvation for sinners, of His being a friend and helper, and a prayer-answering God. Her face became changed with an expression of happy calm and earnestness that never afterward seemed to leave it, as long as she lived, which was only a few years. Her manner was gentle, dignified, and reserved, unselfishly doing anything that she could, to help others. She quickly learned to read, write, and sing, was admitted to the church sooner than was usually done,

because of her intelligent, earnest piety. Friends allowed her to come and live with an uncle, who was near enough to the station for her to attend church and school. After a time she came to live with us. Before that she had weeded in gardens, earning money with which to buy clothes, learning to make them in school, and always looked neatly dressed.

In the mornings, after the work was done, she and the other children in our home would go to school. In the afternoon she went with Hannah to help in the meetings at the kraals, and was very happy doing direct work for the heathen people with her. She died of pneumonia, a trustful and really joyful death. It was at a time when I, too, was very ill and could not see her or do anything for her. I had a very sudden and severe attack of neuralgia of the heart; she was taken to her uncle's and died there before I recovered. Three or four of the children who were then living with us, were also very ill. Their friends came and took them home. Two of them died within a few days. We think their illness was caused by drinking impure water, which we learned about afterward. My native driver and his wife, who were Christians and living near us, had also both died a few months before: she very suddenly at her confinement, he of consumption.

When taken ill, aside from the natives, Miss Crocker and I were alone. She was very brave, doing most kindly and lovingly what she could. The pastor, Mr. Sivetye, and his wife, were a great help and comfort, night and day. A little girl about eleven

years of age, who had come to us a year before from a heathen home, would not go to bed that first night, though urged to do so. "No," said she, "I can fan Inkosazana, and I know she breathes better when I do this." Others insisted on taking her place, but in a few minutes back she would come, and, after carefully wiping the beads of perspiration from my forehead, would stand using her fan and handkerchief almost continuously, again and again telling us she was not tired, and could not stay away. Her name was Umnecane (which means little.)

When the doctor reached us, he was unable to do much to help, as he said he did not have with him the medicine needed. But the earnest prayers of the pastor and others, brought to us all a sense of the nearness of the Great Physician, and heaven did not seem far away. Many times Hannah would quietly slip into my room and say a few comforting words or offer a prayer, in her gentle tone of voice.

I did not sleep, so said those who watched over me, nor did I lie down, from Tuesday until Saturday, when our own American Dr. Bridgeman, from seventy-five miles away, came and injected morphine into my arm. Dear Mrs. Edwards, from Inanda, thirty-five miles distant, came the next day. The doctor got a trained nurse from Durban to care for me for a few weeks.

Since my return to America, Hannah has gone to her reward, being greatly missed and mourned by many. Mr. Sivetye wrote me in regard to her last illness and death: "As I have written you of Han-

nah's illness, you will not now be greatly surprised to hear that she has left us. Yes, Hannah is gone, Inkosazana. She died the third of September, in the afternoon, and we buried her the following day, toward evening.

"The last weeks of her illness she was in much pain and almost helpless. Her children were very kind and did all that they could for her. She suffered much, but with great quietness and peace. Her face looked beautifully. Before the last days, while she had strength, she spoke many loving words to those about her and said, 'If the Lord calls me I am ready to go to Him. I do not fear; may the will of the Lord be done.' Toward the last she could not talk much, but it was plain to see she was happy in her heart and, like a lamb, was quiet.

"She was a witness to the people for Jesus, which was blessed to us all. Our sadness is turned into joy when we remember the words of the Lord, 'They rest from their labours and their works do follow them.' She is at peace, and has entered into the joy of the Lord.

"At the funeral we took her body into the church. A great many people came and the children of the school. I conducted the service there, the Rev. Mr. Taylor assisting at the grave. And so it is, Inkosazana, Hannah has left us, which is our loss but her gain."

For a number of years I had a sunrise meeting Tuesday morning, for heathen women. Frequently there were in it, those who had been influenced directly or indirectly by Hannah. How well I re-

member those mornings, and the interest I felt for the women as I heard of their struggles and heart yearning for light and truth.

One, an elderly woman who had first expressed a desire to become a Christian a few months before and dressed in a civilized way only a few weeks, said, at a meeting, in a forced, trembling voice: "I have carried a burden for years, I must tell it this morning. I do want a clean heart. I want to be free from this dreadful sin that I committed when a girl. I stole three pumpkins from our missionary, Mr. Tyler, and my heart has never been at rest since. I stole them after a meeting when I had heard him pray and speak words about God. It made my sin so much worse because I went out and stole the pumpkins after I had heard those words. I confess it now for the first time (it must have been thirty years), and I pray God and you all to forgive me. I have a grown-up son, married. I am an old woman, but I want a clean heart. I want to learn about God and the salvation of Jesus."

Another woman said her husband had two wives. The second wife was very jealous, told stories about her, and so influenced the husband that he left her many times destitute and alone, in an old hut not fit to live in, where she was afraid to stay with only her three little children. She had no friends to whom she could go and wanted to be a Christian, having wished this for more than two years. Poor thing, life was very hard for her! Her mind being so filled with darkness and heathen customs which hid the light. She had not yet learned to look up,

away from herself and troubles, to her friend and Saviour.

Quite an old woman said she had lived all her life for the world and Satan. She was tired of it, "very tired," she said, as she struck her head with its heathen "top knot" polished up with red clay. "I want to give up sin and live a new life, leaving all the old ways." She had on her heathen dress, but was getting civilized garments made for underwear. I gave her one of my old dresses, which she tried on, and it was quite a good fit. I like to remember her, top knot and all. Her face was a study. Light, joy, thankfulness, and such a look as one never sees in the faces of the native women who have not learned something of the love of God, through Jesus Christ.

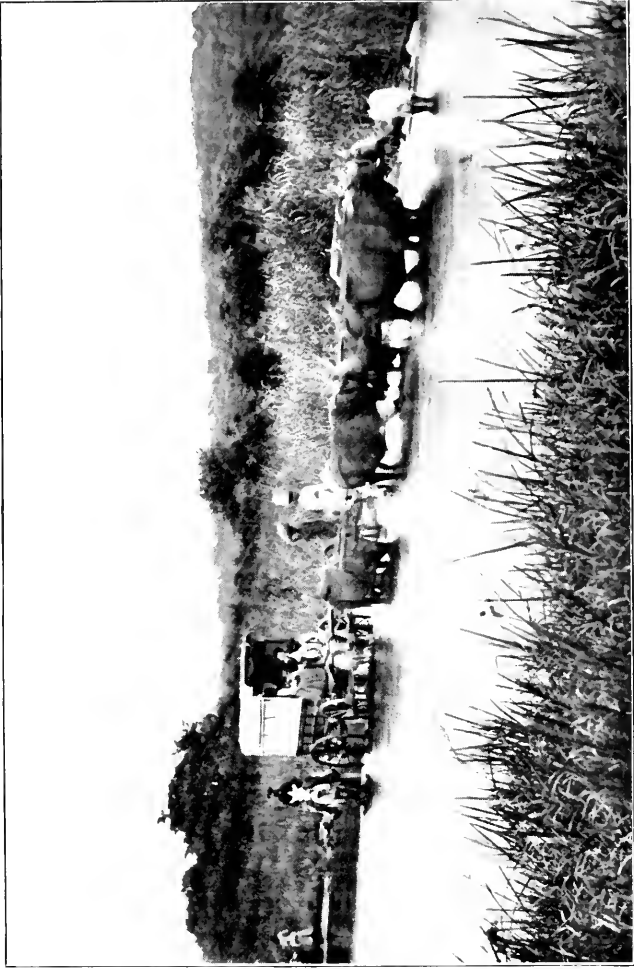
Another woman said she was greatly troubled, as her husband kept making her go to heathen doctors and take their vile medicine, because she had no children. She wanted to be a Christian, but it was hard for her to keep in the right path, with no friends to help. Earnestly I urged her to trust the Great Friend for strength.

A middle-aged woman, whose name means "wagon," said that great peace had come into her heart. For some time she had tried to live a Christian life, but beer had been a great temptation and snare to her and very hard to give up. At the native annual meeting, held at another station, she had received new light and blessing, with strength to overcome. Now it was not hard to give up beer. She did not care for it, and was very happy.

This woman's history is a most interesting one.

She was married and lived in Zululand, the one wife of her husband. They had three children. Her husband seemed to be very kind to her and the children. One day he was murdered near his own kraal by his brothers, who were jealous of their father's fondness for him. The murderers were brought to justice. The English magistrate was most kind to her, but she told him and her father, that she could not stay in Zululand, so they let her come to a sister of her husband, in Natal, though trying to keep her children; but she brought them with her, hoping the sister would be kind, but she was not and tried to make her marry again so that they could get the cattle paid for her. One day the sister-in-law was away from home, and she took that chance to run away, with her children. She had once heard a visitor tell a little about Christianity and Esidumbini, but did not know in which direction the station lay.

She went onto a hill and looked to see if there was any path. Being greatly troubled, in bewilderment and despair, she threw herself on the ground and prayed, "Oh, Lord, show me the way; I do not know you very well, but oh, will you not help me, and show me the way to Esidumbini?" She said she got up comforted and with the feeling that God was going to help her. It was her first prayer. She walked about a little and soon found a path. She believed it was the right one, and it proved to be so. It was over twenty miles, but she reached our station safely and found the people she had known. They were very kind to her and brought her to me. She began to come to church, and soon to my inquirers'



CROSSING A RIVER

class. Her three nice little children came to school. I gave her some land for a garden, and her friends helped her to build a small house, where she lived with her children. They all dressed. The mother did what she could to get clothes, and we helped her a little. Her friends (?) did not come to trouble her again. She became a member of the church. I will finish this chapter, mostly of direct work for the heathen, by adding an account of a kraal meeting, and visit of friends.

A new missionary and her husband, while spending a few weeks with us, wrote a friend in America some first impressions of mission life and a kraal meeting, from which I now quote a part:

“By rail and post cart we came within twenty miles of Esidumbini, where Miss H's wagonette met us. She had it made in America and sent out to her. It is all fitted up for travel in this country, and drawn by eight oxen.

“She had sent as driver, a Christian man, who spoke English nicely. He was a teacher, and not the one she usually had to go with the wagon. This made it very pleasant for us. A little woolly-headed youngster was along to lead the oxen. We travelled until dark, when stopping near a small stream, we spent the night. The wagon contained everything necessary for eating and sleeping. The driver and boy slept under it, rolled up in their blankets.

“In the morning a nice, warm breakfast gave us a good send-off for the day. The little boy could not speak English, so I aired my Zulu, much to his amusement. We passed one white man's estate, met

a number of natives, and saw some of their kraal homes.

“It was up hill most of the way. The scenery was beautiful, quite different from any I had seen in America. On the brow of a big and very steep hill, down which wound our road, we could see the mission-houses and church, over an hour before we reached them.

“We were warmly welcomed to Esidumbini by Miss H. and Miss M., and are spending a very pleasant time with them. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler began this station and lived here for many years, but for twenty years no white missionary had been stationed there until these ladies came.

“We were very much interested in attending our first kraal meeting. Miss H. sent word, one morning, to a kraal three miles away, that we would hold a meeting there in the afternoon. We had an early dinner and started as soon after that as we could. Most of the way was along a pretty little stream, with green hills and trees on either side. We passed several kraals. Arriving at our destination, we saw children taking a bath in the river, preparatory to coming to the meeting. Most of the kraals are built on the side of a hill; I presume you have seen pictures of them.

“For the first time I got down on my knees and crawled into a hut. We were given seats of honour on the right side of the door, Miss H., Miss M. and Mr. B. leaning against the side of the hut, while I, on a bag of corn, leaned against a post.

“I had time to look around. The floor was hard

and clean, with a round indentation in the middle for the fire. It was a few inches in depth and about two feet in diameter. The fire had been put out on our account. It was much cooler inside the hut than out. Beyond where we sat were two immense pots for beer. This is the season of beer drinks. Miss H. said beforehand that we might find ourselves in the midst of one. But, fortunately, most of the men were away. A few dishes, made of gourds, also baskets and mats hung here and there in the room, besides some shields, canes, and assegais.

“On the other side of the hut lay an invalid girl, with a light blanket over her. As I looked at her, I forgot her surroundings in the attractiveness of her face, though she was an ignorant, heathen girl, who could not read or write, and had only once before been told of Jesus, in a way that made the truth plain to her. In spite of her dark skin, her face was very interesting, especially her large, expressive eyes, with their gentle, appealing look, as she talked, telling us how pleased she was that we had come. Near her sat another girl, very unlike her in looks and appearance. A small girl was shelling corn, while the mother put down mats and made ready for those who were coming to the meeting.

“A number of children were about, most of them without a single article of clothing, unless it were a little bead fringe. Some of them came in with babies on their backs almost as large as themselves. They seemed kind to each other. One black-faced youngster, not more than four years old, sat on the rim of the fireplace, not as a child but as a man

sits, wherever he may be. There he perched, holding out his hands to the dead coals. His attitude and solemn face caused a ripple of merriment throughout the hut, but not a shadow of a smile disturbed the patriarchal serenity of his countenance. Only one native man was present. Seeing a little urchin stark naked, he called him to him and benevolently tied around him his handkerchief. There are few Zulu men who have not for years carried a handkerchief. Women and girls came in, in various stages of dress. Five women had on civilized clothes. Not one in the neighbourhood had worn them when the ladies began to have meetings in that vicinity, less than a year ago.

“After talking with those present, until the babies were quiet and put to sleep on their mothers’ backs, or in their arms, the meeting began and continued for over an hour and a half, with various interruptions. The closest attention was paid, and their earnest faces as they looked at Miss H. must have been an inspiration to her.

“The sick girl scarcely took her eyes from the speaker’s face, drinking in her words as if they were life-giving, as indeed they were. When leaving we gave her the oranges we had brought for our lunch, and she immediately divided them with the children. They have hearts and souls just as precious as ours. Kind hearts, too, when we know how to find them.

“At first the natives all looked alike to me, but now I am beginning to see individual looks and traits, just as much as among white people. The mothers are loving and kind to their little children, but do

not know how to give them proper care. They will feed a child, only a few days old, stewed pumpkin or a curd made of sour milk. For superstitious reasons, they will not allow it to nurse the mother's breast till nearly a week old. I wish you could see some of the young men. Perhaps you have read that the Zulus are noted for their fine physique. Aside from ornaments, their only dress is a thick fringe, a foot or more long, made of twisted, furry skin, showing off to advantage their well-rounded shining bodies. Their every movement is graceful, especially as they run. The manner in which they hold a spear or throw an assegai is perfect.

"Now our pleasant visit at Esidumbini is drawing to a close. Preparations must be made for going to the annual meeting, to be held this year at Amanzimtoti, seventy-five miles away. There are many things for the ladies here to arrange for and look after before leaving. I will mention one item, as it was so new to me. All the furniture had to be moved away from the walls to prevent the white ants from eating anything that could be eaten by them.

"We started bright and early Monday morning in the wagonette, which had been gotten ready and nearly packed Saturday. Miss H.'s patience was somewhat tried because the driver went off the night before to a beer drink and goat feast, not returning until morning, and then looking very unfit for his duties. He is a good driver when not sleepy, and we hope that some day he may become a Christian and give up heathen parties. He dresses and has learned to read. Annoying as it was to have him so

stupid, we could not help laughing at his ambling along and the good-natured way in which he received the sarcasms and jokes of a bright, fun-loving boy, Maheana by name, the son of a chief, who had brought him to Miss H. to be educated. He went with us to lead the oxen.

“ We passed the day without any serious accident, though we experienced several narrow escapes because of the driver; but Miss H. was all the time looking after him. We went twenty miles that first day, outspanning for breakfast and for the oxen to feed, again outspanning for two or three hours in the middle of the day, while we ate our dinner and rested under the shade of a large tree near the wagon.

“ At sundown we reached a house where two of us could sleep for the night, the other two sleeping in the wagon, which is most comfortable. After supper we waited for the moon to come up and for the oxen to feed, as long as they could, before being tied to near-by trees. Sitting in the wagon it was interesting to watch the dusky faces around the fire, as they ate their evening meal, with quiet chatter and laughter, in which we sometimes joined.”

ESIDUMBINI ROCKS AND OTHER STORIES

ON the Reserve, two or three miles from the mission-house, was a pretty green hill, sloping down from the government road to a deep ravine and a little stream of water. About halfway down the grassy hill, bursting out from its smooth side, is a wonderful formation of rocks. No other rocks, or even large stones, are in sight. There they stand alone against the bright background of the hill, one gracefully towering forty or fifty feet high; another is over five rods in length to the point where it extends into the hill. It lies horizontally supported by rock pillars. Underneath a part of it is a table rock and an area where five hundred people or more could easily be sheltered. Other large rocks and boulders are connected with the group. Together it is considered one of the most peculiar and interesting places in Natal. It is far-famed and eagerly visited by those who can do so. A few trees below and about give added shade and beauty.

It is difficult to get a photograph of a place situated, as this is, on the side of a hill. However, a number of views have been taken, but unless one can see them from different points he gets only a vague idea of this peculiar spot. The natives are quite superstitious in regard to it. Grown people,

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born and living within a mile, told me that they had never been there. This feeling was greatly overcome by our having picnics at the rocks, once a year.

When the first fruits of the season are eaten, the Zulus call it "Ilibo." We arranged to have at that time a picnic for the school children, but the grown people, also wishing to go, we made it general, for young and old, Christian and heathen.

All were expected to furnish something for the dinner, not cake, but their own native food, including chickens or other meat. We took chickens, a few hundred ginger cookies, and coffee for the crowd. The people grow a reedy sugar cane which is quite sweet and much liked by them. It makes a good substitute for candy, and is called "Imfe."

At the time of this festival we always planned to have some of our mission or English friends with us. Usually one or two of the ladies from Inanda came, when they could, at vacation time. The school children would march, singing as they went, carrying food on their heads in baskets or dishes, others carrying bundles of the long "Imfe." Then we followed with the wagonette and oxen, while the people came along as they liked, the women also carrying food.

I remember once at such a time, when the children were marching and singing so happily, two heathen men dashed out from a clump of bushes and caught a little girl, a relative of theirs, who had come to the station to be taught. They did not wish her to learn, and had taken this chance to get her, dragging her away and tearing off her dress as she screamed and cried to escape from them. When



ESIDUMBINI ROCKS

we reached the clump of bushes the men and child were gone over a distant hill and out of sight. There was nothing we could do to help, but pray God to give her another chance to learn. Her home was miles away.

On reaching the place for the picnic we would sit down in the shade of the big rock, with the large table rock at our backs. Then the children and people came, bringing the food and setting it down in front of us, standing the "Imfe" against the rock, making a pretty background.

Some of the larger boys went to the streams for pails of water; the larger girls gathered wood to build a fire, and the women made the coffee. When all was ready, they sat down in shady places under the trees or rocks, while the teachers and older pupils gave each person a piece of a banana leaf for a plate, and, after the blessing, passed the food. It was a happy time for all and a good chance for the people to meet in a happy, social way.

After the dinner we had little speeches and prayers of thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, then games. The joy of the children was greatest when they could get up on the table rock, with the larger one over them, which was like a sounding board, and there sing as loud as they could. The racket was dreadful; again and again I had to send the teachers to get them down and take them to play some game on the grass.

There was a beautiful little grotto higher up in the rocks, shaded by trees where, after dinner and speeches, we got away from some of the noise and

had a nice lunch, tea, and rest. We did not go home until late in the afternoon. It was a day long looked forward to by many, and greatly enjoyed and remembered by them.

Boys and girls frequently came to us, sometimes from homes fifteen or twenty miles away from the station, begging to stay and learn. The nearest boarding school for native girls was at Inanda, forty miles distant. We had made bricks and built a little two-roomed house with a fireplace for the boys, while the girls had an outside kitchen and fireplace, where they cooked their food, their bedroom being in the back part of our house. We did not have room for the many who came, and often needed to send them back to their heathen homes but we usually had from ten to fifteen with us. They went to the day school, worked nights and mornings in the house, about the grounds, or in the garden. We raised corn, sweet potatoes, and beans, which helped in providing food for them. Evenings they had lessons and sewing.

One day a little girl, about ten years of age, with a timid, frightened manner, slipped into the kitchen and sat down on a bench near the door. Her clothing was an old blanket over her shoulders; she looked very sad, delicate, and forlorn, having walked nearly twenty miles to get to us. Her father was not living, her mother had told her she might come to us, but an uncle was unkind to them and would be very angry with her for running away. She begged us to let her stay and learn. I told her there was no room, as the house was now too full, but

she could stay a few days and get rested. The next day her mother came to see me. After a long talk she put the child's hand in mine and begged me to keep her. I said, "I will see."

Within a few days the uncle found out where she was, and came to get her. The child was dreadfully frightened and hid under a bamboo bed, not more than a foot high, in the girls' room. He had a very ugly-looking face, and stamped back and forth in front of the house talking loudly and wildly. He said the girl's father was dead and she belonged to him, body and soul, if she had a soul; that when she was married he could get cattle for her; would rather she died than become a Christian and he fail to get what he expected. If he could find her, he said, he would drag her home and she would not get away again. We did not feel frightened, but very sorry. There was little use trying to talk with him. He did not dare come into the house nor would I make the girl go out to see him, but told him she could go with him if she wished, yet I would not compel her to do so. He stayed about, nearly all day, and then went home, but came back again and again. The boys and girls were always watching for him. At daybreak they would find him hiding behind the lemon hedge, the cattle kraal, or some other place, from which he could rush out and seize the child, if he saw her. This went on for a few weeks, when I told him he could see and talk with her in our dining room, and if she would consent to go home with him, I would not prevent her doing so. I gave him a chair near the door, then

made the little girl come in and sit the other side of the room, while I sat between them. He talked strongly to her. She was too frightened to say much more than that she wished to stay; he went away without her.

I had noticed he had a very nice and rare native snuffbox. I knew the cost of one I had before seen; the next time he came I decided to try a native custom for making peace. I said, "You have a very nice snuffbox, I wonder where you got it? I have been trying for a long time to get one for my curio collection of native things." I held out my hand and said, "Please give yours to me. Yes, I ask you for it." He was greatly surprised and startled, putting his hand to his mouth and shaking his head, he said, "I love it greatly, we mammo, we mammo." "Yes," I said, "I know, but I ask you to give it to me." With his hand extended to mine, he did so, and in a subdued voice said, "I am surpassed, I am surpassed; the child may stay." He never made any more trouble or tried again to get her. The next time he came I did not refer to the snuffbox or to his allowing the child to stay, but said I would like to make him a present, and gave him five English shillings, which was more than the snuffbox could have cost him. He seemed pleased, and thanked me.

The child's name was Nomazolo, which means dew. She lived with us a long time, was always slight and not strong, a most grateful, devoted, and loving little girl. I grew very fond of her, and she seemed happy when able to do anything for me or be in my room. Strange as it may seem, children

like those, from heathen homes, who lived with us, did not steal; nothing was locked up and nothing stolen. A Zulu child is taught to think of stealing as a very great disgrace, unworthy of a Zulu. But, sad to say, as they grow up and go to work in the towns and at the mines, they sometimes learn to steal and many other vices.

Sunday evenings in our home, we had a little meeting for those who were with us. They repeated Bible verses and sang, then we told them Bible stories. Before the close each could say a few words or pray, if he wished. Nomazolo, having learned to read, one Sunday evening prayed the following prayer. My associate took it down in Zulu and translated it into English. The child was then not more than eleven years of age and had been away from her heathen home about a year. I have left out a few words of repetition. Aside from those it is a translation of her own expressions as she prayed: "Lord, Thou who art good, we kneel before Thee to-night and ask Thee to teach us. I thank Thee because Thou art willing a child should come, giving myself to Thee. I have not much that I can say; I ask Thee to teach me how to pray. We thank Thee for Thy word which we have heard this day and ask Thee to help us remember it, and to be true Christians and not afraid. Lord, Thou who art good, I do thank Thee for all Thy goodness to me. I beseech Thee to bless the people at home and teach them to love Thee, believe in Thee and not think we have gone crazy because we believe in Thee. But oh, dear Lord, let Thy

word sown in their hearts spring up and bear fruit. I thank Thee and ask Thee to have us in Thy keeping this night and wake us in the morning, if it be Thy will. Help us in school, dear Lord, to get our lessons and to listen to our teachers when they tell us Thy word, and never be provoked, remembering that Thy Son was not offended, but bore our sins that we, dear Lord, might be saved. I have not many words I can say to Thee, for I am only a little child, but I pray to Thee, Lord, who art good, through the One who bore our sins, whose name is Jesus Christ. Amen."

Through it all there was extreme shyness, an earnest, quiet, childlike tone of voice and spirit of joy. I left her in the care of my associate, when I returned to America, having made arrangements for her to go to Inanda Seminary, when a little older. She was not yet strong, and the following year was ill a great deal, so she could not go to school very much. There were changes at Esidumbini; it is now a long time since I have heard of Nomazolo. I think she may not be living, but trust the dear Lord did not forget her.

The Zulus may not always show gratitude in the same way that more civilized nations ought to show, but even when heathen, I have frequently known them to do many acts of grateful kindness, as interesting as the following. One morning a sick child, a little boy five or six years of age, was brought to our door by heathen parents. He was so very ill with bronchitis that he seemed to be dying. We were told how witch doctors had been consulted, a

goat and a cow sacrificed, but still the child was no better. I almost refused to try to do anything for him, as they had delayed so long I did not think anything would avail. But they pleaded very earnestly, and, feeling sorry for them as well as the child, I finally said they could bring him in if they would do just as I directed and every one but the mother and father go home.

They were very ready to do all I wished. For hours I sat near him, using the simple remedies that I knew for that disease. To our great joy he at last began to breathe better, and finally quite recovered. After a few weeks his happy and grateful parents took him home.

For a long time I had been trying to get some war shields to send to America, but had found it almost impossible to secure such as I wished. The father learned of this. One day, weeks afterward, I saw him coming with four or five of his tribe. Each had a beautiful shield in his hand. All came dancing and shaking their shields as they do when they go to their chief with some important message. As they came near they handed them to me, asking me to accept them. The father made a brief speech of thanks, because of what we had done in saving the life of his child. He and many of his tribe have since become Christians. The government has now made him the chief man to look after the secular affairs of the station.

While living at Esidumbini, two strange and dreadful calamities came into the country and extended over all South Africa. One was rinderpest, which

destroyed thousands and thousands of cattle, as well as some kinds of the wild animals. It was fine grazing land at our station; hundreds of cattle were owned both by the Christians and heathen people, on the Reserve. All of them died; so did my cows and the oxen for my wagon, save two. An English neighbour, seven miles away, had taken my cattle to his ranch, to inoculate them with serum, as had been prescribed by the noted specialist, Dr. Koch, who had been called from Germany to South Africa by the government, to see if anything could be done to check the terrible plague. It would suddenly appear in a herd that had not been within miles of any other. The air or insects seemed to carry the infection. The natives were so dependent on their cattle for milk and meat, the loss to them was very great, as well as to the white colonists.

The other great calamity was locusts, in 1895. Never before had they been in the country since the arrival of our missionaries. I had not even learned the Zulu name for them, when a native came to tell me that a few had been seen not far away; but it was not long before we knew only too well, the name and its meaning. They appeared to us to come from the east. Two or three miles from the station towards the sea, was a high ridge. We always first saw them coming, on the horizon, just over that ridge. Where they started from no one could tell; suddenly they would appear, swarms and swarms of them, darkening the sky. The swarms varied in size. The largest one I saw was over three hours in passing, like a great thick, black

moving cloud; then gradually it grew lighter. When they came we made every possible effort to keep them from lighting. We built fires near the gardens of material that would make plenty of smoke, used everything we could get hold of that would make a noise, such as horns, tin dishes, and the voices of the school children. They would crack very long whips, near the orange trees, and usually kept them from lighting on those. Sweet potato tops and the leaves of a few trees, they would not eat; but corn, most vegetables, and leaves that they liked, they would completely devour when they lighted for a few hours. It was very difficult to make them rise, if they once stopped. They destroyed a nice field of about five acres of corn for us, one year. It being a very hot day, we did not get a start on them before they settled.

The government paid the people for collecting the eggs, which were usually laid at each place where they lighted. Tons of them were gathered and destroyed the first year they came, but it did very little good. Larger and larger swarms continued to appear for two or three years, then grew smaller. I do not know if a swarm occasionally appears there now or not. We usually saved our orange trees and the garden and corn. The very large swarm that I mentioned did not come down near us, but plenty of others did.

XXI

NOHAULA AND UMASUKU

“**C**AST thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days.”

We started a Sunday service under a tree about four miles from the station, and soon after began a day school for the children. It was not many months before we induced the people to help build a school-house where services and school could be held.

Living near was a heathen man, Nohaula by name, about sixty years of age, who appeared greatly interested and ready to do anything that he could to help and encourage the work. He did not dress in a civilized way, yet there was something unusual in his quiet manner and the eager expression of his face. I knew nothing of his history.

From the first the services on Sunday and the day school were well attended, as was a mid-week service. It may have been a year after we started work at that place, when Nohaula began to wear civilized clothes. He then told me, to my great surprise, that he could read. I found he read the Testament well and knew a good deal of its truths.

Never before had he hinted to me of that knowledge. He said when he was large enough to herd cattle he came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.

While there he learned to read and to understand a great deal about Christianity. He saw that it was good, and thought he, too, would like to be a Christian. He returned to his home at an age when the society of other young people lured him to their dances and beer drinks. All his environments were heathen. When still a young man his father died, and he was left head of the kraal, inheriting the cattle and property. The tribe did not wish him to be a Christian, and he, having plenty of cattle, they almost compelled him to take more than one wife. He tried to shake off the influence of what he had been taught at the station and forget it all by plunging into heathen ways, dances, and beer drinks, but he could not do so. Again and again it would come to him like a message that he was unable to get away from, and many times kept him awake at night. As years went by, the meshes of heathenism wound about him, making it more and more difficult to extricate himself. Never, said he, during all those long years of heathenism, had he doubted the truth of that which Mr. and Mrs. Tyler had taught him. As he grew to be an old man, in the silence of his heart there was a constant yearning to live a Christian life and have his children taught. The "uvalo," which, as I think I have before explained, means more than the word conscience does in English, would not be silenced. When we began to have services near his home a ray of hope and gladness returned to him. He rejoiced to again hear the truth and to have his people taught. He commenced to read the Testament and to pray God to help and

forgive him. At that time he had two wives. They also went to the services and their children, who were not grown up, to the school. The wives and children began to dress in a civilized way. One of them came to me and said, "We all want to be Christians and we want Nohaula to join the church, which he cannot do with two wives, nor can we, as the wives of one husband. So we have talked it over, and because I wish to be a Christian, I shall be happy to go with my children and live by ourselves. Nohaula will build us a house and give us land for gardens and some cows, so that we may have milk. You see, Inkosazana, that will free us all. We can then be Christians and join the church."

This was done and for two or three years they were instructed in the inquirers' class, looked after, and helped in other ways. In the meantime, quite a serious epidemic broke out among the people there, which was caused by impure water from a spring where the cattle drank in the dry season. A number of persons died, including a daughter of Nohaula and a brother. The daughter was a very promising girl, nearly grown, who was getting on nicely in school, and we hoped had become a Christian. I feared that the epidemic would rouse the superstition of the people, hinder the work, and discourage Nohaula and those who were beginning to live in the light. Oh, if we had faith to trust God more often, when the way seems clouded and the path not plain, how much worry and unhappiness we would save ourselves!

Nohaula sent almost daily to us for medicine and advice, but urged that I must not come to them, as he feared I, too, might take the disease. He himself became very ill, but was conscious all the time and sent word that he was trusting God and thankful that he knew they were not forgotten by Him. As soon as he was able to walk, while still appearing very weak and feeble, he came to see me. He spoke of the native pastor's visits, of their gratitude for what he and others had done for them, also of God's presence and mercy in all their trials. He told us of his daughter's death. How she seemed to feel the dreadfulness of sin in the sight of God, yet that Jesus was able to save all who trusted in Him. She said, "Dear Lord Jesus, I am not afraid to die. Let me, I pray Thee, die now while all these people are about, so they may see that I do truly trust Thee and long to be with Thee." Again she said to the people, "Weep not for me; weep for yourselves that you do not repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, Lord, help them to believe." They raised her up; she looked steadfastly toward Heaven and said, "Lord Jesus come for me now that I may be a witness for Thee." As she looked away and did not again speak, they laid her down, but she had gone from the pain-racked body, gone from the wailing heathen friends, gone from the humble home, to the home of many mansions.

The father said that no joy had ever come to him so great as when he thought that his child had died believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and now saw

Him face to face in heaven. He finished by saying, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Nohaula was gentle in manner, intelligent, with a bright, peaceful face. The Bible became more and more dear to him. He got some glasses and they aided him very much in reading. He was so earnest and practical it was helpful to hear him talk or pray. Before he and the wife he was living with united with the church we asked them to stand up before the congregation, and there promise to accept each other as man and wife, in a Christian way, agreeing that as long as they were living they would conform to that rule. This they were very much pleased to do. It was a pleasant little ceremony, closing with a prayer. Years before they had been married, according to the heathen customs, with a license from the English government, and could not get another to be re-married.

I do not think that any one often lives a more blameless life than Nohaula did, after he became a Christian. He had many severe trials of sickness and death in his family, with losses of property. Finally a serious rebellion of some of the people was brought about against the government, by a chief who was joined by a few other chiefs. Nohaula was never accused, in any way, of being connected with it; was old and feeble. The government had given him a white flag. The English soldiers were passing near. He went to his door and waved the flag. One of them shot at him, badly wounding his

ear. He fell on the grass and they did not shoot at him again.

I will quote a few extracts from a letter he sent me here in America. "Inkosazana, I am well in my body although I am not with much strength, but in the way of the Lord I am truly happy all the time. I love to dwell in His strength and do anything that I can for Him while I live. I try to tell the people of God and His love for them, but my strength is small and not sufficient for what I long to do. How greatly I blame myself that I threw away time given me when I was young and strong, and then turned my back on the Lord Jesus Christ, who afterward brought me in mercy to Himself. Now I gladly give all that I am and have to the Lord and beg Him to forgive and strengthen me to work for Him. We are still alive, but there is much trouble in our country. We are sustained by the word of the Lord. I was saved from the soldiers. My ear was hit by a bullet while I was standing near my door with the white flag in my hand. An English soldier shot at me. I am too old to run much and fell in the grass. They did not shoot at me again. Oh, Inkosazana, pray for our country and our chiefs. Do not forget us though you are far away. If you could only come back to us! We need you and remember you always."

Once when the Rev. Mr. Fernie was preaching at a large sunrise meeting in our church, I noticed in the audience a middle-aged intelligent Zulu man, whom I had not before seen. He appeared to be much interested in what was being said. The

preacher used as an illustration the most prized of Zulu war weapon, an assagai. He spoke of the pains a man took to keep it always bright and quite free from spot or tarnish, never failing, so long as he was able, to give it proper care, and at his death his eldest son received it to keep and care for as his father had taught him. Said the speaker, "While so much attention is given a lifeless object, why does a person not care for his soul, which is of such great value and can live forever, is his very self, that thinks and knows and understands? A man's soul is given to him by the great God, to care for and keep untarnished, yet he will allow it to become spotted and corrupted by evil thoughts and ways that he does not try to remove. He remembers to keep his assagai bright, and forgets his soul.

"Life here may be short, but this is not the end; there is another land, the land of peace and joy, the home of God, where all may live whose souls have been made pure by following and trusting the great Guide and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He came from heaven to earth to show the way so that all who will may find it. This book, His book, tells us about it. Come, come, and learn of Him to care for your souls." When the meeting closed I hastened down the aisle to see and speak with the stranger who had seemed so interested. He said he was very glad to hear the sermon and would come again. He spoke of his soul and wished the tarnish could be removed, as he was tired of sin and heathenism.

He came to church once, after that, then a long time passed before I saw him again. I did not re-

member his name, or know just the place where his kraal was, although I knew the direction and that it was four or five miles away. One day I had been to a kraal meeting a few miles from us, when returning in my wagonette we saw several heathen women come out of a wooded kloof near the road. They had heavy, long bundles of small sticks of firewood, bound together, which they carried on their heads. We were going up a hill and they hastened to overtake us. We stopped to talk with them. One, as she came panting up with her load, said, "Why do you not have a meeting at our kraal? We see you going to many places, but you do not come to us. My husband is very ill, he greatly wishes to see you; will you not come?" She showed me where they lived. I said, "The hill is so steep and long to get up to your place I could not go with my wagonette, and it is too hard for me to walk there while the weather is hot; but when it is cooler I will ride to the foot of the hill and then walk to see you, your husband, and others at your home." It was not long before there was a cool day when Miss McCornack and I could go to see them. I did not know that I had ever seen the sick man, although his wife said he had been to church before he was ill and had seen me.

When we reached the kraal, they took us to a large, well-built, neatly-kept hut; the sick man was on a mat with nice blankets over him. He looked very ill and emaciated, but I recognized him as the man who seemed so interested when Mr. Fernie used the illustration about the care of an assagai.

Although looking very ill, he was perfectly conscious and his intelligent face was almost radiant as he welcomed us and began to ask that we tell him more about Jesus. He said, "A long time ago I heard about Him, when Mr. Tyler lived at Esidumbini, I knew that what I heard must be true, but I drifted back into heathen ways and let the spots of sin grow larger and larger on my soul, but I did not forget what I learned at the station and many times have been troubled when I remembered how far I was living from God and His light. Then I heard that wonderful sermon about the assagai and the 'uvalo' of my heart became great with sorrow and the desire to find the Saviour. My disease increased so that I could not go to church; my strength grew less and less until I am as you see me. I hoped you would come here, when I heard you went to other kraals, but you did not. Now you have come, oh tell me of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, coming into the world. Please read from His book and pray to Him for me, that the tarnish of my soul may be taken away."

His active, eager mind made it not difficult to explain the truth and read to him. He seemed to comprehend and grasp every word. When I expressed the fear that he was tired, he insisted he was not and would not be if I talked till the sun went down. That day stands out in my memory with the brightest ones of my African life. His grown-up married sons took care of him and seemed to anticipate every wish of their father. They, with the heathen wives of the sick man, eagerly listened as

we talked and heard him say he was sorry to have turned away from God and lived a useless heathen life; how he greatly desired that his wives and children should become Christians, and a school-house be built in that neighbourhood, so the children could be taught, and services held on Sunday. His name was Umasuku.

I went to see him two or three times. He had Bright's disease and lingered for several weeks, often in great pain, which we could do little to relieve. Mr. Fernie was able to pay us a short visit and go to see him. The native pastor, too, went a number of times. The sick man greatly appreciated such visits. His earnest faith in the Saviour, who could remove the tarnish from his soul and give him peace, joy, and forgiveness, was very real to him as the bread of life which alone could satisfy his hunger. He often urged his family and friends to become Christians and build a school-house. He bore his pain patiently to the last and died a peaceful, trustful death.

His sons came to ask me how the funeral should be conducted; they did not wish to have any heathen rites, and begged me to say just how I would like to have it arranged. It took place next day, not far from his former home. A coffin had been procured from some distance; when it was lowered into the well-dug grave they put in a few things, according to their ancient custom, as I had before told them to do if they wished. I noticed one old heathen wife quietly moaning off by herself because they would not let her put in a garment that he had worn. I

told her to bring it and we saw that she put it in. A very large number of people, mostly heathen, gathered at the grave, where the native pastor, Mr. Sivetye, conducted the services and preached an excellent sermon. Some of the Christian people were present and sang two or three hymns. It was a bright, pleasant day, and I can still remember the extensive view from that hill top, with the many heathen kraals to be seen, where little was known of the Gospel which had given such comfort and hope to the man whose body we were laying to rest. We prayed that the light which had come to him might shine in the hearts of many who stood about that grave. The family and friends appeared to appreciate the Christian funeral, and expressed much gratitude to us for all we had done to help them.

The school-house was built in that neighbourhood, services were held, and the children taught. Some of the family became Christians before I returned to America, and I trust others of them also have found the Light that does not fail.

XXII

THE LEADER OF THE CHOIR

WHEN I was living at Umvoti, a somewhat civilized man came to see me, bringing his little son, then about seven years of age. The father did not look well, and the child seemed delicate, but had a very nice, interesting face. I knew them and the mother, who was a Christian, and at that time ill with consumption. The father said that he, the mother, and the boy had together talked it over and all wished me to take him to live at the Mission Home, so that he could be cared for, taught, and learn what was right. Then taking his hand, he put it into mine and begged me to keep him. For a long time I had been interested in the child, and so said he might stay.

Their home was not far away and he could often go to see his mother. She did not live long after that, but when I saw her expressed much gratitude that I had taken her little son and would care for him. She was a quiet, gentle woman, and had tried to live a Christian life, although sickness, poverty, and other things had been a heavy burden for her.

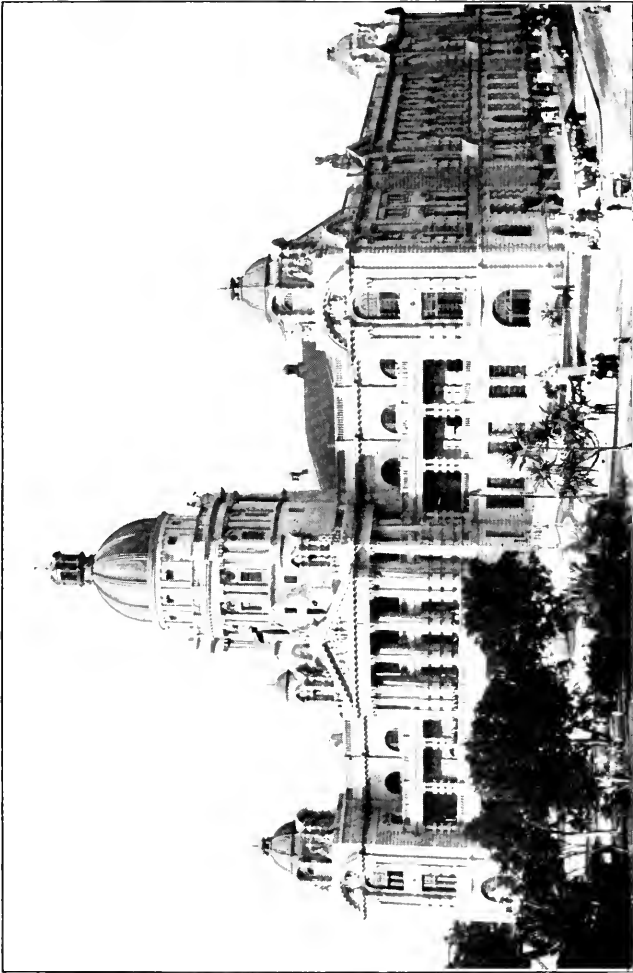
One of my Bible women, Tetise, was a distant relative of hers, and had been a comfort and guide to her. The father also died, not more than a year or two after the mother's death, so the little boy,

whose name was "Ngazana," had no one to care for him but myself.

In school he was quick to learn, yet was strangely quiet and talked very little. His eyes were bright, but at times he seemed to have a dreamy, far-away look, which I could not understand, although I felt quite sure that he was contented and happy. I asked friends, who had known him from a child, why he was so quiet, talked so little, and did not care to play with the other children. They said, "He is not strong, and it is just his way." I never remember hearing him sing with others, or alone, until he was quite a large boy. I was at the sea beach for a few days and took him with me, to help the girl in the kitchen. He was very much pleased to go, and ready to do all that was required of him.

When the work was done, he would go to the beach and lie on the sand, watching the waves and sky. I now think it was the music of the sea, which, at such times, often made the dreamy, far-away look come into his eyes. One day I said to him, "Ngazana, what are you thinking about when you lie here half dreaming, alone?" He sat up, smiled, as a bright, happy look came into his face, and said, "Oh, Inkosazana, nothing, just nothing, I cannot tell. I do not know. I do not know how to tell." Again and again I would ask him something like that, and he would give much the same answer. I knew he was intelligent and getting on fast in his books, but he puzzled me greatly.

He had a gentle, kind disposition. When about twelve years of age, he talked more and seemed



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stronger, but was not yet very robust. He began to develop a sweet voice for singing. Soon he could read music, and his voice steadily improved. When about fifteen, he had made such progress at the Station Day School, I decided to send him to the Boys' Training School of our Mission, at Amanzimtoti. There, he soon won the love of the teachers and pupils. He became more sociable, and made rapid progress in music, as well as in other studies.

After a few years he taught, and earned money to continue his studies, then finally went to the Scotch Mission School at Lovedale, which is about five hundred miles from Natal. He made good use of all those opportunities.

When he returned home, our mission employed him to teach in the Boys' Training School. Some time before, he had united with the church, and his Christian influence over the boys was good and helpful. Besides, he was an excellent teacher in that school, which is one of the best in South Africa, for the Zulus. His voice and taste in music continued to develop, with the culture which he received, so it was very apparent to us all that he had more than an ordinary gift in music, as well as the gift of teaching it to others.

In 1911, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Board's Mission to South Africa, was celebrated in Natal. It was a great event, not only for missionaries and natives, but many English friends and officials helped to carry out the programme. Large meetings were held at Inanda and other mission stations, when thousands of Christian natives assem-

bled and took part in the various exercises, with missionaries of other societies, as well as our own.

An exhibition was held in Durban, the seaport town of Natal, where the work of uncivilized natives was shown, which came from many parts of South Africa; much of it being rare, finely done, and very interesting to see. At the same time, there was an exhibition of the industrial and educational work of the Christian natives, and copies of the many books published in Zulu and other South African languages, by various societies and our own, all of which astonished those who, before then, had known very little of what is being done at mission schools and stations, of carpentry, cabinet and shoemaking, tailoring, dressmaking, fancy work, laundry, housework, agriculture, gardening, tree planting, building, as well as preaching and teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. A school with its teacher, was also one of the exhibits. The exhibition was kept open the third day, at the urgent request of many Europeans in the city.

The greatest event of the anniversary was the public meeting in the town hall, when the Governor-General of South Africa, Lord Gladstone, the son of the former Premier of England, came up from Cape Town, a thousand miles, to Natal, and was chairman of that meeting. He was supported on the platform by Senators, Members of Parliament, officers of the municipality, ministers, and missionaries, while the great choir of three hundred and fifty native young men and women made a solid bank of black faces in the orchestra at the back of the platform. The

girls were dressed in white, with a little pink or blue at waist and neck, and the boys wore black suits. The leader of that great orchestra was Mr. Ngazana Lutule, the quiet little Zulu boy, who, years before, loved to lie half dreaming on the seashore, listening to the waves. He had trained this choir, going from station to station, long distances from each other, and never having it together in Durban only two or three days before the meeting.

The town hall is a large, beautiful building, which cost £350,000 or \$1,750,000. Before the hour set for the meeting the doors of the auditorium had to be closed, as every seat of the three thousand was occupied, mostly by white people, while hundreds were standing. (I quote from newspapers, letters, reports, etc.) The meeting opened with the singing of "Crown Him," to the tune of "Diadem," and from the first the choir captivated the vast audience. Responsive to every movement of the baton, they sang with magnificent time, power, and expression. The perfect control of the conductor over them was really wonderful.

Before any speeches, a committee of native ministers, in the name of sixty thousand Christian natives, presented to His Excellency, the Governor-General, a splendidly illuminated address, expressing their loyalty to the King of England, and their appreciation of what had been done for them by the government and by the missionaries; after which the choir gave the Zulu salute, "Bayete."

The Governor-General, the Bishop of Natal, Dr. Patton, from the Board in Boston, and the Rev.

John Dube, a Zulu pastor (who spoke in excellent English), all gave fine addresses. The speeches were interspersed with selections from the choir, most beautifully rendered. The enthusiasm of the audience had grown, as one selection after another was sung, and, although many were unable to get seats and had stood through the evening, yet scarcely one could be induced to leave, until the last number was given. Just before the close and "God Save the King," they sang two selections so finely, "Trust Ye in the Mighty God," and, "Who Are These in White Array?" that there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. Lord Gladstone, before leaving the platform, shook hands with the director, expressing most hearty thanks and appreciation of what the choir had accomplished under his direction.

XXIII

RETURN TO AMERICA

ABOUT the time that we had such serious illness at Esidumbini, Miss Laura Mellen was on her way to join our mission. When reaching Natal she was appointed to Esidumbini. Her parents having been missionaries of the American Board to the Zulus, in former years, she was born in South Africa, but had been away from the country, in America, more than twenty years, and needed to study the language. However, she kindly consented to go with Miss Crocker to Esidumbini and there study and help in the work as she could. It was a great comfort that these ladies were willing to do that, as it was necessary for me to be away from the station for some time. When I did return, although improved in health, my strength and nerves were unable to bear the strain of work and care as before. I remained about two years longer, and then, deeply regretting to do so, felt compelled to give up the work and return to America.

Dr. and Mrs. Thompson were going home for their first furlough. They came down to Natal, and we went together, by way of the East Coast. At that time there was a fine line of German steamers, as well as one or two other lines, on that coast. For

a number of years after I went to Africa, there were no regular steamers going that way.

We took a German ship and were four weeks from Natal to Port Said, as we stopped a number of times at interesting, and to me, new places, to take on cargo. We were three days at Zanzibar, taking on tons of cloves, ivory, rubber, and other exports.

As our ship neared that strange old Mohammedan city of 200,000 people, which is built on an island, it looked like a fairy-land in the bright sunlight, which, reflecting on the water, made brilliant tints from the seaweed and corals in the bay.

Miles of the streets are very narrow, not wide enough for a carriage; the houses are close together and high, so that glimpses of the sky can only be seen far above you. It is interesting to visit the shops; they are so small you do not often go in, but stand outside at the window, the sill serving as a counter.

One must have a guide in going about, or soon be lost in the labyrinth of narrow streets. At the wharf were a number of men and boys, ready for a job. They could not speak much English, or other language than Arabic; but they all had foreign names, such as King Edward, Kaiser, George Washington, and many others. We took George Washington.

There is a very fine and well-equipped English hospital, with an English mission church near, that are built on the ground where the old slave market used to be, when slaves were sold and shipped to America. The hospital is high, and so built that there is an open space of four or five feet between the outer wall

and the roof, which makes a cooler and more sightly place for some of the living rooms. A number of offices and European buildings were built in that way, as also the Sultan's palace. One would think the roofs might easily be blown off, but we were told they were not; although only a short time before, the roof of the Sultan's palace had been partly blown off by English guns, because he would not keep the agreement made with that government.

He was an exile in German East Africa, and, when our ship was at anchor at Dar-es-Salaam, he came off to it to attend a "hop" given one evening on the deck. There he sat, beautifully robed in his flowing garments, decked with costly jewels, never smiling and scarcely moving or speaking all the evening.

In a corner where two of the less narrow streets met and the houses were not quite so near and lofty, was a little Mohammedan school of fifteen or twenty children, with their white-robed teacher, all right in that corner of the street. He had a long stick which he used a good deal in his zeal to show off his pupils to us. They all seemed to be reading aloud at the same time, and if one stopped, the stick reminded him to go on. A few had small books, parts of the Koran, which they were reading, others had cards, while quite a number held in their hands the flat shoulder blade of an ox or cow, on which their lesson was printed. On such tablets, tradition says, Mohammed first wrote parts of the Koran.

From Natal, until we reached the Red Sea, no heavier covering than a cotton sheet was required

for the bed. We were twelve hours going through the Suez Canal. The charge for toll on our large steamer was much greater than we had supposed was ever paid for any ship passing through, even if much larger than ours.

We found we could leave our luggage at Port Said and stop over a steamer, without extra expense from the voyage on to Naples. We did so, and went to Palestine. It was only a few hours' journey by steamer to Joppa; from there we proceeded by rail to Jerusalem. The weather was very chilly and the stone houses cold, with little means of warming them. There was a slight fall of snow, it being the month of February. I felt the sudden change of weather greatly, and was obliged to stay in bed some days, when the others were sightseeing. But there were warmer days, and when better, I went with our party to see much that is there to see and enjoy.

We journeyed up the coast by steamer, stopping off at Haifa to visit Galilee; then returned and took another steamer to Beirout, where we greatly enjoyed meeting the American missionaries, seeing something of the work of the Presbyterian Board there and that wonderful Beirout College, which was opened in 1866 as a Christian interdenominational institution and has seven departments. The instruction and administration corps numbers eighty people, of whom forty are American professors. Its two thousand graduates occupy positions of influence as civil and military physicians and pharmacists, physicians of military and general hospitals, judges, teach-

ers, preachers, educators, authors and merchants. By rail we went to Damascus. On the way, in the higher altitude, we found quite deep snow. I think I never felt the cold more than I did at Jerusalem and Damascus. Not that the temperature was so extremely low, but there was a strange chill in the air, which one felt to his very bones, in the unheated houses. We returned to Beirout and took a steamer to Port Said, where we met our ship, which took us on to Naples.

After spending ten days there and at Rome, where Dr. Thompson took most of his time to see and consult with Dr. Grassi, who has done so much to find out the relation of mosquitoes to malaria, we took a steamer direct from Naples to New York, crossing our former line of travel on the West coast and so completing the circuit of Africa.

When I left Natal, Miss Mellen had made good progress in the Zulu language and gained a knowledge of the work. She and Miss Crocker continued at Esidumbini the rest of the year, when they went to another part of the field. Since then three missionaries and their wives have, at different times, been stationed there for longer or shorter periods.

Mr. Sivetye remained at the station for a number of years, then accepted a call to another station of our mission. About two years after that he died of pneumonia. To the last he remained a loyal and faithful servant in the Master's vineyard, a wise counsellor, a true friend, and a peacemaker, whenever it was possible for him to be so and maintain that which was just and right. His death was deeply

mourned in the mission and by many who knew him.

After I came to America, as long as he was able to write, he sent me frequent and very interesting letters, telling much that he knew I would be glad to hear in regard to the people and work. The ladies at Inanda and others of our missionaries, have been most kind in writing to me, yet they cannot keep track of the people at Umvoti and Esidumbini to tell me of them as he used to. I miss his letters very much. When dying his last words were, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

There have been a great many changes in the mission, with trying hindrances from various sources, yet there is a steady growth in adherents, evangelistic work, and education.

From the first, as soon as a station was started by the mission, a day school was commenced. All such schools are now taught by natives. A boys' training school was begun at Amanzimtoti, in 1853, with Rev. D. Rood in charge. That school has developed into a fine commodious and practical institution that is doing untold good in the country under the supervision of Rev. A. E. LeRoy.

The Girls' Boarding School opened in 1869, at Inanda, by Mrs. Mary K. Edwards, who, as before stated, was the first lady to be sent to any field by the Women's Board of our society. Inanda Seminary is now the largest and highest graded school for Zulu girls in South Africa. Many of those girls have become teachers, pastors' wives, and efficient helpers in many parts of the country. Until 1916 the school has had but two principals, Mrs. Edwards,



MISS FIDELIA PHELPS

who is still living at Inanda, eighty-seven years of age, and Miss Fidelia Phelps, who has been in the school for over thirty years, and its efficient principal for more than twenty. Miss Martha E. Price for nearly forty years has been an able and devoted assistant in the school; others also have taught and greatly aided in the work there.

Miss Evelyn Clark is the present principal. Mrs. Edwards, while feeble in body, is still active in mind, with continued interest in the work. She has visited America but once since she first went to Africa. After withdrawing from the principalship of the school, she has, while taking some classes, devoted much of her time to the agricultural department and tree planting. Under her supervision the girls of the school have planted many acres of wattle trees, which now supply the needed firewood for the institution; while orange, banana, and various fruit trees, with the fields of corn, potatoes, beans, and other vegetables, aid much in the support of the seminary. At Umzumbe there has been a smaller boarding school for girls, since 1873; now under the supervision of Rev. and Mrs. G. B. Cowles. Industries are taught at all the boarding schools, for both boys and girls, in connection with other studies.

The Theological Department of the school at Amanzimtoti was kept there for many years; but has now been removed to Impolweni, a station of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, where our mission unite with that society in this department of work and they with ours in the Boys' Seminary at Amanzimtoti.

At the latter place our mission also has a growing

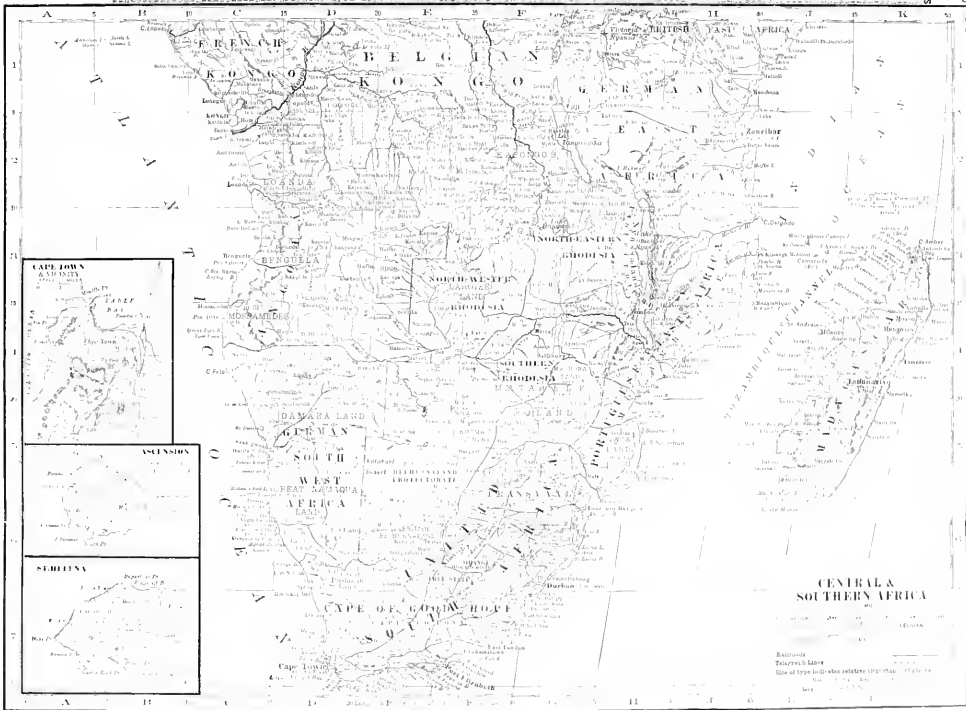
Normal School which is sending out well-trained native young men and women with certificates from the government as teachers for the various Zulu schools. The English government give grants to aid in supporting the boarding schools and graded day schools. All are under the supervision of a specially appointed government inspector, who is a member of our own mission. In connection with extensive work for the natives, by our Society in Durban, the seaport town of Natal, there is also under the able supervision of J. B. McCord, M. D., a medical department and hospital which has a broad and most beneficial influence, not only there, but throughout the entire mission.

From a letter of recent date, written by one of the Zulu mission, I quote a few extracts:

“Our American Board missions are strategically located and doing a splendid work. Their great school system is reaching out to its thousands. The Normal Training School cannot supply enough teachers for the demand. The same is true of the Theological School. There is a great need for native ordained pastors. This need is partially traceable to the lack of adequate missionary supervision. The work is too large for the missionaries on the field. The call has been so great they have spread themselves over a greater territory than they can overlook, unless the mission is reinforced. At present they are compelled to leave unlooked after and undone that which would greatly add to the growth and spiritual strength of the work.”

Fields opened up by our mission in Durban,





**CENTRAL &
SOUTHERN AFRICA**

Scale: 1:1,000,000
Railroads
Telegraph Lines
Size of type in this table relates to importance of place.
1:100,000
1:500,000
1:1,000,000
1:2,000,000
1:5,000,000

Johannesburg, Pretoria, Zululand, Rhodesia, Beira, and other places, have now grown into substantial and far-reaching centres of mission work.

Dr. F. B. Bridgeman, in charge of the Johannesburg field, and who has been called to America this year to aid in the campaign of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, says:

“ The story of the Transvaal gold fields reads like fiction. Only thirty years ago a typical Boer in Johannesburg, discovered that the rocky ledges which crop up here and there in those rolling uplands contained gold. At that time thousands of acres could be purchased for the value of seven or eight yoke of oxen. To-day this land is sold by the foot, as in New York or Chicago. Where roamed herds of antelope, there has arisen a modern city. In the background, stretching thirty miles east and thirty miles west, there are the mines, marked by belching smokestacks and the pyramidal mounds of ‘ tailings ’ (waste rock) glistening in the sunlight. The effect of the war has been to stimulate the gold industry. The mines are now yielding \$15,000,000 each month for the replenishment of Britain's war chest. Forty per cent. of the world's gold comes from this region. Greater Johannesburg, popularly called ‘ The Rand, ’ with its nearly half-million inhabitants, is one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the empire. The Golden City is not only the financial, industrial, and political hub of South Africa, but also its storm centre.

“ While the world's greatest gold field has been developed by the white man's brains, capital, and

energy, yet these mines would have been a hopeless proposition except for the bone and sinew of the black man. Cheap labour was an absolute necessity if gold was to be extracted on a paying basis. Hence it is that nearly 300,000 Africans have been drawn to the great industrial centre of Johannesburg. These natives come from every point of the compass—from a thousand miles south, another thousand miles north right up to Lake Nyassa, eastward as far as the Indian Ocean, and westward as far as the Atlantic. These labourers work for a term of from six to twelve months, so that in the course of a year about half a million blacks come under the spell of Johannesburg. Sooner or later they all return to the distant village or kraal located in unknown wilds. But let this be pondered, namely, that no native who visits Johannesburg ever goes back to his home the same man that he was. Those months in the strange surroundings of city and mines have proved an education. The question is, What lessons has he been learning and who are the teachers?

“Johannesburg presents a unique and fascinating opportunity for the rapid, widespread extension of the Kingdom in Africa. The manhood of thirty tribes was not brought to the gold fields for its confusion and further debauchery. If the Church accepts the magnificent challenge, Babel will be turned into Pentecost; these tens of thousands will each year scatter to their distant kraals, not emissaries of foul habit and loathsome disease, but heralds of life and light. That this hope is no idle fancy is abundantly

proved by what missions have already accomplished at this strategic centre."

I will now briefly mention the work of other societies in South Africa :

The Rev. John Dube was born at Inanda Mission Station, his father being the first native pastor there. The son was educated in the mission and America. Returning to his native land, Natal, he started the Ohlanga Industrial School. It has prospered under his supervision and now has over a hundred girls and boys to be trained in industries and other studies. He has raised money to erect commodious buildings for the institution, which is also aided by a government grant, and is showing himself an efficient and worthy product of mission work.

The Presbyterian Church of Scotland has done and is still doing an extensive and practical work in many parts of South Africa. Their stations and evangelistic work in Eastern Cape Colony include Lovedale, a large and noted boarding school of five or six hundred pupils, native young men and girls from various tribes. A native unsectarian college has been opened this present year, 1916, not far from that institution and in sight of the handsome monument recently erected in memory of the late Dr. James Stewart, who did so much for the natives, and who is so widely remembered for his great work as an educator and missionary in many parts of the land.

The college stands on a beautiful elevation of land where once was an old fort. There many battles

in bygone days have been fought between the white and the coloured people.

The English government gives a grant in aid of the college, while Europeans, as well as natives, have made large contributions. The natives from a division of Cape Colony called the Transkei alone gave \$50,000 the day it was opened by General Botha, the Prime Minister of United South Africa, who, at a great gathering at that place, spoke in most appreciative terms of the need of such an institution and of what had been done for the uplift of the natives.

Many years the above-mentioned Scotch Society has also done good work in Natal, as well as in its very large and interesting mission field at Lake Nyassa, which has extensive industrial and evangelistic opportunity for usefulness.

Distant tribes have been reached from there, among them the Ngoni, more than two hundred miles from the Lake. It is a large tribe of Zulu origin, and a very interesting people; but scarcely heard of forty years ago. It is about thirty-five years since the missionaries first went to them from Nyassa. A powerful and cruel chief then ruled the Ngoni. He would not allow any of his people to be taught, or influenced by the missionaries. Had he known of their doing so, death would have been the penalty.

The missionaries did not go away. Secretly, late at night, three men came and begged to be told of the white man's God. Night after night they continued to come and learned to read the New Testament. After about three years, the tyrannical chief

was deposed and more kindly rulers took his place. Then the people flocked to the missionaries to be taught. Now thousands of those wild Ngoni have become Christians. Several years ago there were seven thousand children in the schools, and on Sunday over three hundred Christians now go out to the heathen about them, to teach and preach the good news of salvation. Those helpers receive no monetary compensation whatever.

The English Wesleyans have for a century had mission-stations with many adherents in South Africa. That society and the Church of England, in later years, frequently send missionaries to supervise work for both white people and natives. When they have done so the divided strength has not always helped the better development and extension of their mission fields. To understand the native and become a successful missionary, one still needs to understand their language.

The Norwegian missionaries are a fine class of earnest, Christian people, and have done excellent work in Zululand and Natal, as has the Berlin Mission. The German, the Cape General, with societies before mentioned, and other smaller societies, have in various ways and places helped in the great work for the uplift and Christianization of the Zulus.

Since 1799, the London Missionary Society has done much earnest mission work for various tribes of South Africa. Dr. Robert Moffat and his wife, Mary, of that board, did a great work in Bechuana-land. Their station was like a beacon-light in the darkness, when our first missionaries arrived in the

country. Those who went inland found a haven of rest there for the ladies, while the gentlemen, going many miles farther on, built temporary houses in which the party could live, for a time. The influence of Dr. Moffat and his son-in-law, Dr. David Livingstone, seems boundless, when one thinks of what they have done for Africa.

In Rhodesia, where Cecil Rhodes lies buried, the former noted cruel chief of that land, Lobengulu, has died. He, his father, and grandfather before him, opposed Christianity and would not receive missionaries. Cetewayo also, as before stated, has passed on. He was the last of a noted line of Zulu warrior chiefs, who cruelly oppressed their people and greatly hindered civilization and Christianity in the land. So it is with many others, who, like them, were rulers in the last century. They can no longer massacre whole families if one of their number becomes a Christian, nor can the Boers, in many places, now beat to death, if they choose, their heathen neighbours and servants, whose land and cattle they have taken, while allowing them no hearing, against a white man, in a so-called court of justice.

In many parts of the country good and helpful laws have been made, by which the natives are governed, and Christianity has reached a few of the dark places of the great land of Africa, that is so large Christians of others nations do not realize it to be five thousand miles long, and four thousand four hundred broad, and that much, very much, remains to be done.

In the more civilized parts, there are yet many

hard and discouraging circumstances that a native has to meet, which are unjust and demoralizing. The greatest of these is being deprived of much of his land and at the same time heavily taxed, while his sons and daughters are tempted and too often corrupted by drink and bad influences. Besides all the harm which American rum has done in the past century in many parts of Africa, with the increasing quantity that is being poured into the country it is doing much more now to demoralize the natives and injure the good work done by the American and other missionaries. Yet in many ways, as has been shown, within the last century, God is remembering the African people in a very marked manner. He has heard their cry from the Congo to the uttermost tribes of the land, where not only the hands of their own chiefs, but also those of other nations, have been heavy upon them.

Within the past few years Mohammedanism has steadily been reaching out into every corner of Africa, but natives influenced by Christianity will not, I feel sure, become to any extent followers of Mohammed.

Looking back over less than half a century, it is difficult to realize many of the changes that have come to South Africa, within that time. Not only the great diamond mines of Kimberley and other places, with the gold mines of Johannesburg, have been discovered, but over ten thousand miles of railroad built, south of the equator, with the Cape to Cairo road well on its way.

A United States of South Africa has been formed;

large and modern cities built and the older ones improved, while the white population has now increased to one million.

All parts of the land are open to receive civilization and the Christian religion. One does not need to pray for open doors; as some one has said, "they are off the hinges." We cannot know what changes the great European war may make in Africa, but we wait, trusting in the living God for that great continent and its people, as we pray that the terrible turmoil, now overshadowing the world, may not blind the eyes of Christians, in any land, from seeing and remembering how large the need and how important the present opportunity is for the enlightenment of the Dark Continent.

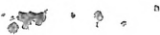
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