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THE REV. MR. AND MRS. JOSIAH TYLER.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE ZULUS.

FROM THE 'CHRISTIAN HERALD.'

One Sunday morning in a church in Central Massachusetts a congregation was assembled for worship. It was in one of those disagreeable intervals in church life when the pulpit was vacant. The church was a prosperous and thriving one and the prayer was going up at the church meetings that God would send a man after his own heart to minister to them. No regular candidate for the pulpit was before the church and on this Sunday morning the congregation knew that the services would be conducted by a student from the Theological Institute at East Windsor Hill, Conn. There was the usual apathy which a congregation feels when the preacher is 'only a student;' but on this occasion the indifference vanished before the student had spoken many words. It gave place to keen interest; for the student was a scholarly man, tremendously in earnest and gifted with rare eloquence. The sermon moved the people as they had not been moved for a long time past and they hung breathlessly on the glowing words. In the interval between services the news of the eloquent young man spread through the town and the second service was crowded. There was no hesitation in that church. A meeting of the members was called and a resolution was voted unanimously to send an invitation to the preacher, Mr. Josiah Tyler, to become the pastor of the church. The invitation was a surprise to the young preacher and the result was a surprise to the church. Mr. Tyler was naturally gratified by the unexpected offer, but declared himself unable to accept it for the strange reason that he had decided to go to Africa to preach to the Zulus.

His choice was already made and the opportunity of ease and personal advancement did not attract him. The people, who would have had him devote his life to preaching to them, had heard the Gospel;

those men in far distant Africa had never heard the life-giving story of the Cross and he longed to tell it to them. Love for them and a profound conviction of the blessings it was capable of bringing to them filled his heart and excluded every other consideration. Something of the glory and grandeur of the way of life he had chosen came to the heart of the self-denying missionary in the summer of that same year. He was at the house of good old Dr. Philip in Capetown. The veteran missionary gave his young American brother cordial welcome. It cheered his heart to see a young and vigorous man come to take up the work that his aged frame could no longer perform. 'This is your room, Tyler,' said Dr. Philip opening the door of a modest guest-chamber; 'it may interest you to know that at various times it has been occupied by Vanderkemp, by Robert Moffat and by David Livingstone.' The names of the famous heroes fell on his ears like martial music. He was one of their order, engaged in the same enterprise, and serving the same Master. Even to come into such association with them as the four walls of the room involved, was like the conferring of a patent of nobility and gave him new inspiration. After a brief stay with the saintly Dr. Philip, he was again on board ship on the way to Durban, the seaport of Natal on the south-eastern coast of Africa. Here he was welcomed by Rev. Daniel Lindley, to whose appeal for help Mr. Tyler was the personal response. The next stage of the journey was to Amzimtote, where Dr. Adams was laboring. It was performed in the cumbrous bullock-waggon which was the ordinary mode of travel. In the great lumbering vehicle dragged over hill and dale by twelve oxen, with drivers who could speak nothing but Zulu, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler began to realize something of the life they were to lead for the next forty years. They found Dr. Adams rejoicing in a period of religious interest, after a

long time of arduous labor. Eleven years had he spent in patient, earnest toil before one soul was won from heathenism, but now the time of discouragement was past and many were coming to inquire after the white man's God. The young missionaries rejoiced with them and diligently studied their methods. Here, too, they began the study of the Zulu language, which was to grow so familiar to them, that at this day, Mr. Tyler often finds himself unconsciously making Zulu ejaculations and even thinking in Zulu. There was then no grammar or dictionary and all the instruction they had in the difficult tongue was therefore oral. The real knowledge of it they were to pick up on their field of labor. A singularly beautiful language, not unlike Italian in its abundant use of the vowels, Mr. Tyler considers it, after using it continuously for forty years. It is, he says, very regular and flexible, but poverty-stricken in words that convey moral ideas. Its chief peculiarity is its 'clicks,' which he thinks the Zulus acquired from intercourse with the Hottentots. The similarity in the sound of some words of very distinct meanings has often led to ludicrous blunders. Mr. Tyler tells the story of a missionary who was so eager to preach that he could not wait for a perfect knowledge of the language and began his sermon by asking, as he supposed, for the attention of his hearers. The proper Zulu word to use for the purpose was *Lalani*, but the preacher said *Lalani nonke*, which means 'Now all go to sleep.' A more serious blunder, if the direction had been obeyed, was made by a missionary's wife. She bade a young man who was helping at the mission house kill two ducks and she should have used the word *amadala*, but instead, she used the word *amadoda*. Her helper looked at her in amazement, for unconsciously she had bidden him go and kill, not two ducks, but two men. It is evident, therefore, that Zulu is not a tongue to be used carelessly.

Leaving Mrs. Tyler behind for a few weeks, Mr. Tyler again entered the bullock-waggon and proceeded a three days' journey northward to Esidumbini, a beautiful valley fifty miles north of Durban. At the

close of the third day, the end of the high table land was reached and from its edge a dense thicket like a jungle sloped to a river glistening far away in the distance. There elephants, lions, leopards, buffaloes and hyenas held undisputed sway. On the other side was a wide and fertile valley, dotted as far as eye could reach with the kraals of the Zulus. Pointing to it, Mr. Lindley, who accompanied the new missionary, said 'Brother Tyler, that valley is to be your home: let us take possession of it in the name of King Immanuel.' The two men knelt on the ground beside the waggon and prayed. Mr. Lindley besought for his young brother the two blessings of untiring patience and unwavering faith. Many years afterward, Mr. Tyler recalling that prayer, perceived how clearly his comrade understood the qualities which would be most needed in the work.

A site for the new mission house was chosen on the rising ground, the plan marked out and then Mr. Lindley having introduced the newcomer to the chief men of the valley, returned to his distant home in Durban, leaving Mr. Tyler to his own resources. His first business was to secure a shelter until his own home was built. He therefore applied at the nearest kraal and was permitted by its owner to occupy one of its huts. A Zulu kraal is a circle of huts arranged around a palisade, or thorn fence, inside which, cattle, cereals and stores are kept. A king's kraal sometimes has as many as two hundred huts for the accommodation of his soldiers. The private kraals generally consist of only as many huts as the owner has wives and children. The way the huts are made is to fix long tapering poles in the ground in a circle and bend the ends over toward the centre and tie them together with wild vines. Two or three poles are then laid underneath horizontally to support the roof, which is composed of long grass secured by long lithe twigs after the manner of a thatch. The hut then resembles a gigantic bee-hive. The doorway is only two feet high and about three feet wide, so it is necessary to enter on the hands and knees. The floor is made of a glutinous earth, pounded hard and rubbed smooth



A KRAAL IN ZULULAND.