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## A Trip Into Zululand

(The Rev. Fred R. Bunker, of Umvoto, in 'Missionary Herald.')

The province of Zululand lies north of Natal, from which it is separated by the Tugela River. Many Zulus from Natal have settled in Zululand, and as my station of Umvoto is the nearest to that province, the churches and schools of the district are made a part of my change. Let me tell you of a trip I have made to Impapala, one of the Zululand stations, twenty-two miles north-west of Eshowe. From the last point on the railway it is eighteen miles to Eshowe, which I made upon my wheel, including a climb of 1,000 feet. The town rested like an eagle on her nest, far up in the air. A young man at the hotel told me it was 'Like heaven, high up and hard to climb.'

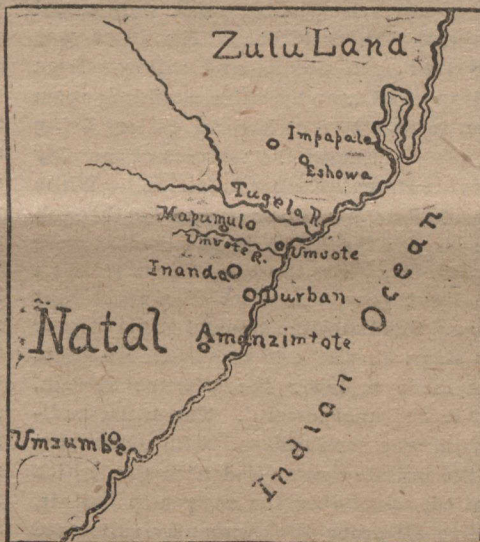
The next morning dawned gloriously, and I was off early across the plains, which used to be the pasture grounds of the myriad herds of the famous African kings. They are like a great inland sea of lawns and meadows, with banks of bluff, blue mountains. A whirl over the plain, a pull up the mountain, and I stop on a knoll and feast my eyes on as glorious a landscape as I ever saw. Little herds of twenty or fifty cattle now dot the plain where thousands used to roam. An old heathen man passing by is very genial in replying to questions and giving reminiscences of the days when from this very knoll Dabulamanzi watched the herds of the king. 'Yes, it is a beautiful country, our home; but is the white man going to eat it up?' The Zulus were looking with suspicious eyes on those little red and white flags which mark the course of the surveying parties in the land.

More climbing, a stiff pull in the sun, and then a rest at Entumeni mission station, 1,000 feet above Eshowe. Here Norway's sons and daughters have labored many years to give the gospel to the Zulus. Ten miles more to Impapala, and we go over broad, rolling acres, between the giant hills. There on the further slope of the valley are the long lines of wattle trees which mark the white man's residence in Natal. What white settlement can be here? Is that Fort Yolland, which is near Impapala? I call a little herder boy and ask where Impapala lies. He points to the trees. 'Do white people live in those houses?' 'No, the believers live there.' Can it be that the Christian kaffir—the conceited, the lazy, the vile, according to all popular reports—has developed into an enterprising farmer? Yes, that 'is' Impapala.

I am directed to the home of Mr. Plant Mcanyana, the preacher in charge of the station. A warm welcome meets me, for the preacher and the teacher are both old friends. My comfort is immediately the law of the household. My room is a sod hut, with a thatch roof and clay floor. The

bed is clean and comfortable, with white counterpane and embroidered pillows. A table with tasty spread, good chairs, a sewing machine, and pictures (mostly advertisements) on the walls make up the furniture in part. There are skins on the floors for rugs. Taste and neatness are evident everywhere. I suspect immediately that Daisy, Plant's daughter, has given up her room to me. A good hot supper soon comes steaming onto the table. I have been commiserated several times while on the way up that I must 'live with the kaffirs for a whole week.' But my bed is a hundred percent better than that for which I paid a half crown in 'the best hotel in Eshowe,' and my supper reminds me that Daisy was in the kitchen at Inanda, where visitors from four continents never complain of their fare.

After supper Plant takes me to see his garden and orchard. Here are orange, lemon, guava, mango, loquat, and peach



trees, and one very precious cherry tree from America. Six years he has been here, and he is justly proud of the fruits of his industry. His house is a tumble-down affair because he has no money to build another. Ten dollars a month and a large family do not fill the purse. He is cutting stones for the walls of a new house, in faith that the iron for the roof will come.

The day closes with family prayers, at which the whole household gathers. Here is a man born in the densest heathenism, gathering his family about the altar of the Most High God, and teaching his own household the pure gospel of God's Son. The institution of the Christian home is here in its purity, with its tremendous power for good.

Here about us are the homes and farms of the men who, leaving our mission stations in Natal and striking out for themselves, have established a Christian Zulu civilization far out in this surrounding heathenism. Sixteen years ago three men began to build here. They had been immersed in heathenism. There was a good chance to revert to heathenism, if they

wished. They had no church, no school, no preacher, no missionary to say them nay. But they brought with them a knowledge and love for the institutions of Christianity which had so recently been given to them by the American missionaries. The word of God, the Christian home, with its one wife and family altar, the assembly of believers on the Lord's Day, the Christian school—these were all transplanted with them to their new home.

The church bell rings and we start for the morning service. The church, recently built by the people themselves, is made of bricks, with iron roof, and will seat between two and three hundred people. The bricks were moulded and laid and the roof made by Zulu workmen. One of our Amanzimtote boys did the woodwork, and did it well. Such a monument to Christian growth among the Zulus does one's heart good. As we pass along, a kiln of bricks is pointed out which the school children have just made to build a schoolhouse and a teacher's house, near the church.

The seats are not yet made, and the people for the most part sit on the floor. But here you have as orderly an assembly of worshippers as you will find anywhere. Their dresses and manners are not Parisian, but they are Christian, which is better. I enjoyed preaching to them as much as I ever did to a cultured American audience, and I believe that the Spirit of God was there as manifestly as in any great cathedral, if not more so.

In a short time we are on the way to Emadidima. It is a sharp walk of five miles. The preacher and the teacher accompany me. Here, too, is the teacher of the Emadidima school, a little woman whose face is familiar to me as an Inanda girl. Lutayi, the deacon who preaches there, also joins us. He is one of the pioneers, a godly man. The little wattle and daub house, used for school and church, lies nestling close under the brow of a hill. One ragged chart and chalk-marks on the board shutters show to what straits the teacher is put for lack of school supplies. A little company, partly heathen, gathers, and the word of God is preached to them very simply from John i., 12. This nice-faced young man and Lutayi, the deacon, have supported the school here for two years with no help. Emadidima means 'staggering under a load too heavy to carry.' They are in that condition, and I promise them one-half the support of their teacher if they will keep on.

Monday, Zwelibanzi, the teacher at Impapala, and I go on horseback to Olandweni, fifteen miles down the Tugela. It is a hard but pleasant ride.

At Olandweni, some time ago, a native doctor (not a wizard) became interested in Christianity, and employed Daisy, Plant's daughter, to teach his children. She witnessed for Christ as well as taught. He clothed his family, permitted his wives to become Christians, and built a chapel of stone with his own hands. He was build-