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Touring in Zululand.

A TRIP TO ESHOWE AND BACK AGAIN.

(By Captain De Rot.)

[The following lively account of a trip in Zululand appeared some years ago in 'All the World,' a Salvation Army magazine. It gives a good idea of the difficulties of work in South Africa.]

On account of the horses which were to take us on our journey not turning up in time, we were delayed a week in starting, but one Monday beheld us fairly on the trek. Our party was composed of Staff-Captain Morgan, his A.D.C., and Captain Clark.

After travelling some thirty miles, we outspanned on Monday night near a little stream of water, and were preparing for our first night in the veldt, when Captain Clark suddenly remembered that a friend of the Army lived somewhere in the neighborhood; so he was despatched on a reconnoitring tour, and shortly afterwards returned with the delightful information that we were all invited by those friends to spend the night with them at their house. Our host, a Dutch farmer named Maritz, with his family, received us with great kindness, and were very diligent in their inquiries about holiness.

Refreshed and thankful we pursued our journey the next morning. The following night, after a fair day's trekking, we outspanned near an Englishman's residence. He, in addition to farming, kept an accommodation house. We were here reduced to the dire extremity of having no water, the farmer having fenced in all the water on his farm. However, one of his boys very kindly passed us a dozen buckets of water over the fence and our necessities were relieved.

After some little difficulty with our horses, which had managed to get loose, we tied them up for the night, and laid ourselves down beneath the cart, where we slept soundly till five in the morning, and shortly after sunrise were once again on the road.

Our next outspan was at the Umlazi river, where we had a good bath. Fish are plentiful in this river, but we had no time to catch them.

Arriving at the Umvoti river, we came to a large sugar factory, and decided, if possible, to have some sugar-cane to eat, and for this purpose I went to the factory. Meantime, Staff-Captain Morgan spoke to one of the Zulus who was working on the place, and said, 'I say, boy, give me some sugar,' whereupon the indignant sable son of the soil replied, 'I am not a boy! I am the man!' He then told the staff-captain that he managed the business, and that he would give us as much cane as we liked. There being many natives in this locality, we outspanned, and soon had a number of children assisting us to bring water, wood to make the fire, and assisting in looking after the horses, etc. While the meal was being prepared, we held a conversation with a few natives, whom we found to be well educated and attending the mission-station not far from where we were.

Proceeding still further on our journey, we encamped at night so near the coast that we were kept awake a long time by the ocean's roar, and having spanned out near some trees, I was full of fear lest a mamba (snake) should take a fancy to swallow me



A ZULU KRAAL.

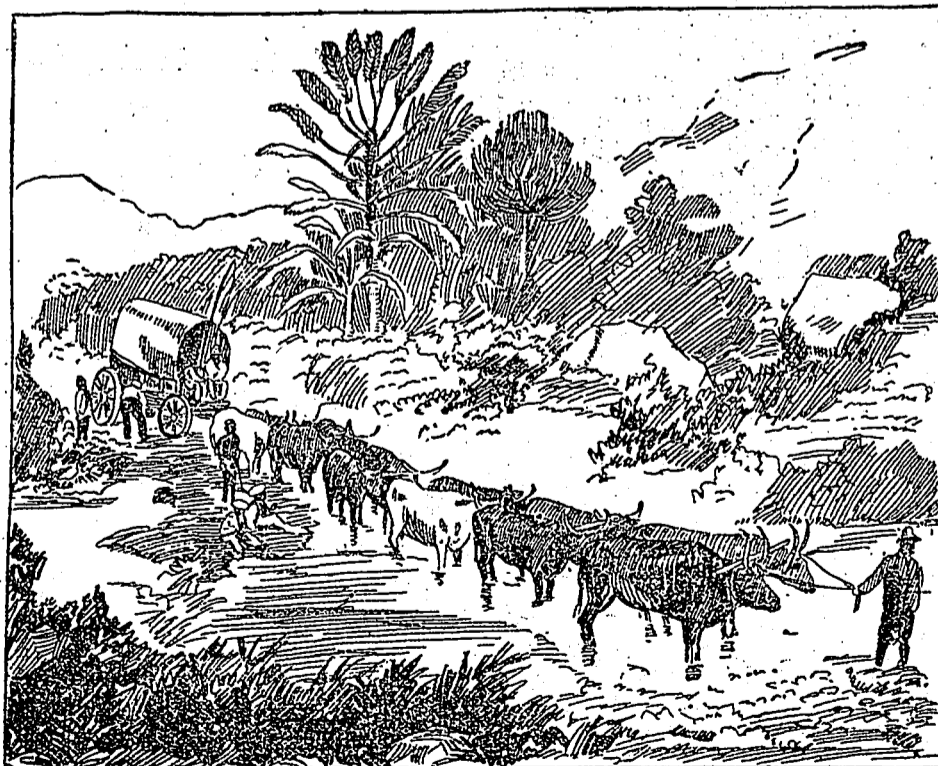
up; but at length (to me) the ocean became silent, fear fled away, and I sank into slumber and dreamed of my last days at my last corps.

After four days' travelling, we came near to Eshowe. This part of Zululand is indeed a favored country. Bananas and oranges grow wild here. Beautiful trickling streams of water and waving palm-trees abound, while all around in the distance rise piles of majestic and beautiful mountains. Shortly before entering Eshowe, we outspanned by a small river's side, and again experienced the natural kindness of the ebon natives, who helped in making our fire and preparing our victuals. After we had finished our simple repast we read God's Word and pray-

ed, the natives looking on with astonishment, not knowing what we were doing.

After prayers, Captain Clark asked some little native children if they knew God and anything about Jesus; but the dusky little ones replied they had never heard about these people, and set to eating the remnants of our repast, which was some meal-pap, dipping their sooty little fingers into the hot meal in the pot, and conveying it to their mouths with great dexterity and eagerness.

We did not outspan till very late, more than an hour after sundown, as Captain Clark, who had gone on ahead looking for water, had not returned. We halloed, screamed, and shouted, but received no response. We pursued our search, and at last came to



TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.