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OF THE CROSS IN ZULULAND



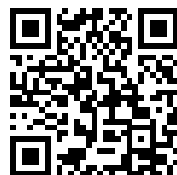
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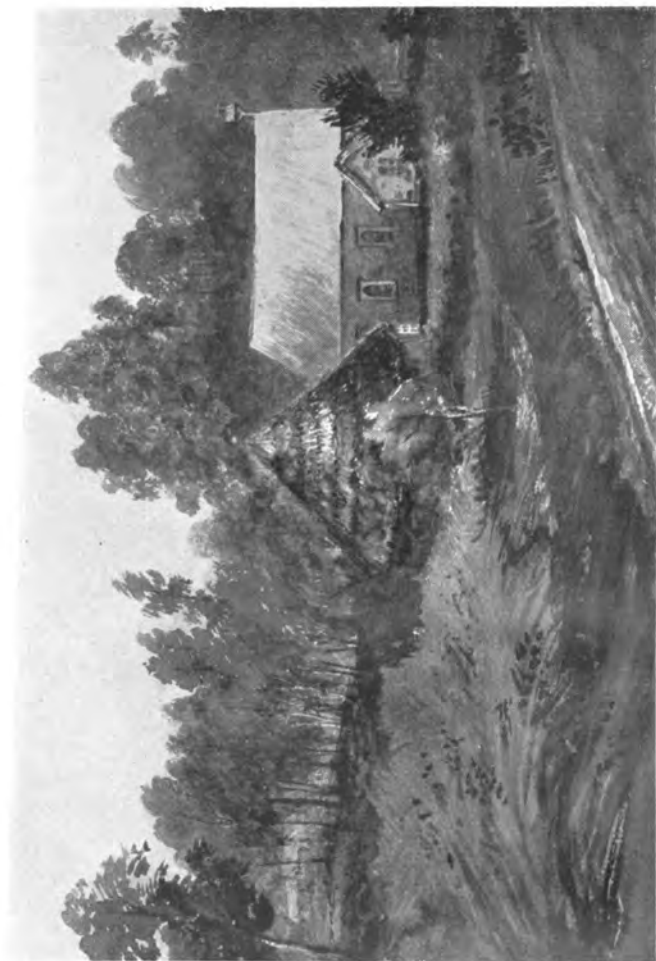




HOOVER INSTITUTION
on War, Revolution, and Peace

FOUNDED BY HERBERT HOOVER, 1919





CHURCH AT KWAMAGWAZA, 1893.

"It will not die."

(See page 53.)

Soldiers of the Cross *η* in Zululand

BY
E. AND H. W.

WITH PREFACE BY FRANCES AWDRY

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LONDON:
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PREFACE

FIFTY years have not yet passed since the first Mission Station of the Church of England was established in Zululand, but Church and State there have passed through so many changes, that we find the present generation puzzled as to its history; and it is to meet their difficulties that the present book has been prepared.

It is compiled by one who intimately knew that apostle of Zululand, the Rev. Robert Robertson, and much of the information in it has been gathered from him at first hand.

Other people went and came, but Mr. Robertson, the Umfundisi—the teacher—*par excellence*, stayed always. He gave to the land the whole of himself—all the best love of a great heart, and all the powers of a strong, rough-hewn personality, and he knew the Zulu as no one else has known him yet.

The story groups itself round the person of the pioneer, rather than round any local centre. In the history of most missions there is some one principal station, from which history radiates; but this is not the case here. In the course of its history, the Zululand Church several times changed its base. Kwamagwaza was the first centre, then Isandhlwana became the chief station: it appealed strongly to English feeling. Here stands the Church of St. Vincent, on the very spot under the Lion Rock where King Cetshwayo surprised and cut to pieces the English camp on that terrible St. Vincent's Day, rather more than

a quarter of a century ago. England's love for her slaughtered sons took a noble revenge in building and beautifying the Church, which was not only to preserve their memory, but to teach their slayers the lesson of the Cross. "In hoc Signo Vinces."

Here still is the Theological College, and here is the grave of Bishop Douglas McKenzie, close by those of the two lads—one white and the other black—whose loss so bowed him down. He had hoped much from the influence that the sight of how happy and merry these boys were, "because their heart was pure," would have on the heathen lads around, and that they should both be cut off before manhood made him a sadder man ever after.

But however hallowed by associations, it became clear that Isandhlwana was not suited to be the central station of the Diocese. Eshowe, being the seat of Government, was better, and Bishop Carter made it his headquarters; and further changes have now become necessary.

There may be some advantage in these movable centres, but they make it difficult for readers to understand the Church history of the country; and thus, as has been said, it seems best that it should be told from the point of view of its pioneer missionary, who was always the same man, at whichever of his many homes we may happen to find him. He is ever in the van, extending the frontier, planting the banner of the Cross over and over again, a little farther always into the heart of the Dark Country.

Zululand is a country the natural formation of which favours the growth of strong character. It reminds some people of Scotland, for it is a land of rugged, undulating hills, rather than of high mountains—a stony land which hides its population in many hollows, separated from one

another by hilly barriers, and watered by quickly-swelling mountain rivers. Its invigorating climate and the need for strong exertion keep its children vigorous and stalwart. Certainly, the Zulu is a very fine *animal*. There are qualities which a despotism such as Cetshwayo's serves to develop. Courage, discipline, self-control, and, in woman, *at least outward* decency of life; for in those days to lose her character meant to lose her *life* also. Now that the Zulu has learnt that life is of value, and "even a woman" ought not to be killed without trial, it cannot be said to have had altogether a good effect on the morals of the people. Those who have not yet learnt the law of love can only be ruled by that of fear, and Zululand is not a Christian country yet, and its public opinion knows little of the Ten Commandments, and still less of the Sermon on the Mount.

But it is to make a Christian (and not an animal, however splendid) out of the native, that the Zululand Mission is working, and it has at least made the people understand that murder is objectionable; and the heathen, as well as the Christian, has to some extent grasped this idea. This change, at least, can be outwardly perceived; and of the leaven that is working unseen we catch glimpses now and then; but we must not ask too curiously as to its extent: God only knows what He is doing in His Zulu children's hearts.

These pages set forth, as far as possible, the successive steps by which the truth of God and good-will towards men are being taught to the noble race which peoples the kraals of Zululand.

FRANCES AWDRY.

Winchester,
March, 1906.

TO THE READER

THE compiler of the following chapters has endeavoured to record the beginning of mission work in Zululand in each place where it has been commenced since 1860 up to 1895, and in the case of the Rev. R. Robertson the record is carried on up to his death in 1897.

The dates of the foundation of the mission stations are as follows:—

I.	Kwamagwaza	...	1860	During the reigns and in the territories of the Zulu heathen Kings, on land given by them, or bought by Bishop Wilkin-son.
II.	St. Paul's	...	1865	
III.	St. Andrew's	...	1874	
IV.	Endhlozane...	...	1873	
V.	The Komati	...	1874	
VI.	Isandhlwana	...	1879	After the end of the Zulu War.
VII.	St. Augustine's	...	1880	
VIII.	Usutu	...	1881	Under English Govern-ment.
IX.	Etalaneni	...	1885	
X.	Inhlwati	...	1891	
XI.	Ingwavuma	...	1895	

Only I., II., III., IV., V., IX., and X. can be described here even slightly: the very important work at VI. and VII. requires a full and separate account. For fuller details, see Chapter V. on Extent of Diocese.

The Bishop of Zululand has most kindly revised and corrected the whole of the following chapters.

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SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS IN ZULULAND

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY.

"Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome."—
Text chosen by Anne Mackenzie for the Zulu Mission Collecting Boxes.

IT is wonderful to look back a few years, and see how English rule has spread over South Africa. Some are still living who remember that in 1843—sixty years ago—Natal was first declared to be an independent English Colony, whilst beyond its boundaries lay almost unknown native territories. To the North, beyond the Tugela river, lay Zululand, Tongaland, and Swaziland: wide-spreading territories, of which, speaking generally, the low coast line is well watered and fertile, but hot and unhealthy for Europeans, and in some parts for natives also; and the higher inland regions are bare, rocky, and often mountainous. The climate in these higher districts is fresh and invigorating, well fitted for European occupation, and the soil repays cultivation, especially in the valleys. The long line of the Bombo mountains, rising abruptly from the low flat land on either side, runs northward, parallel to the coast, forming a

great highway from which the less healthy regions can be reached. The Central mountain region of Zululand is in parts 4,000 feet above the sea level (that is, the same height as the top of Snowdon), and to the West is a more level country, watered by very numerous rivers, and stretching out to the base of the precipitous line of the Drakenberg mountains, above whose steep rocky ridge lies the Transvaal. The whole is now under English rule. The inhabitants comprise many English and Dutch, especially in the Western parts, where are the growing towns of Utrecht, Vryheid, and others, besides many farms and stores; and even in Zululand proper there are some five hundred or six hundred Europeans in Eshowe and Melmoth and scattered over the country; but everywhere the mass of the people is of African race, whether belonging to Zulu or Basuto tribes, or to the Tongas or the Swazis in the North and East. These African tribes are all now subjects of King Edward, under the same Governors as the English Colonies of Natal and the Transvaal, and living in each district under a resident English Magistrate. Some amongst them are Christians, more or less well instructed, but very many are still heathen who do not know that there is a God at all. When we realize this, we see our duty towards them. They now live orderly, peaceful lives under English rulers; life and property are secure; and good order was generally maintained by their own chiefs even during the trying years of the Boer war of 1899 to 1902, great as was the desire of the Zulus to take part in the fighting, and to pay off old scores against their Boer neighbours. Fifty years ago, the people were not only heathen, but barbarous—a nation of disciplined but savage warriors, under the

despotic rule of an absolute king, whose authority extended over the life and property of every one of his subjects. Polygamy was universal, and every illness, misfortune, or accident was attributed to the power of witchcraft; the accusation of using witchcraft might bring destruction upon any man, especially upon anyone who was possessed of more cattle than his neighbours, and who was thus worth killing and plundering. It was, indeed, a land of darkness and cruelty. Great courage and steadfast faith were needed in those who took the first steps, who entered the land in which there was not as yet one Christian man or woman; and equal wisdom and firmness were necessary in the Bishop, whose work it was to direct and guide the efforts of the pioneers, and to mould and form the whole according to the orderly lines of a Christian Church. Who were the appointed messengers who prepared the way? Who the soldiers of our Lord who advanced the borders of His kingdom, and brought light and peace into the realms of darkness and wickedness?

In the history of our own country we welcome with keen interest every remaining record of "Augustine and his companions," and read every letter from or about them which has been preserved for us. We eagerly trace, even in the names of our towns and in earliest history, the footprints of our own Celtic and Saxon missionaries, and of the early Bishops of our Church; therefore, it seems right to try to preserve the letters contained in these pages, written by some of the actors in this initial chapter of the Church history of Zululand.

"Only remembered by what I have done." I have read some lines of which each verse ended with these words. The good man who wrote them expressed a wish that

there might be no life written, no tombstone erected to him; that *what he was* might dissolve and be forgotten, and only *what he had done* might endure. Probably this would be the only point of view from which the veteran missionary, the Rev. R. Robertson (whom we may call the St. Columba of Zululand) would wish to have his life remembered; yet his life and that of other pioneers and their leader should never be forgotten, for they are full of highest teaching, and call strongly on each of us to do our own appointed work, in the strength that God gives to his servants, and to maintain and extend what has been so valiantly begun.

A slight sketch must be given of events in Natal and Zululand, and of the war with Cetshwayo, as a preface to the letters which tell of mission life and work from 1880, when Bishop Douglas McKenzie arrived in Zululand, to Mr. Robertson's death in 1897.

The story begins with the foundation of the See of Natal. Bishop Gray, of Capetown, had strongly urged on the Church at home the duty of sending a Bishop to govern the Church in the new Colony, and also to teach the heathen natives. Bishop Colenso went out in 1853 to be the first Bishop of Natal.

A raw young Scotchman of powerful frame and great energy, both of body and mind, had offered himself to Bishop Gray for mission life and work. This was the Rev. R. Robertson. Bishop Gray sent him to see Bishop Colenso, who (anxious to take out no one half-hearted) put such an unattractive picture before the young man that Mr. Robertson stopped him with the plain question: "Does your Lordship wish me *not* to go?" He got a plain answer: "I *do* wish you to come, since you have counted the cost."

Mr. Robertson sailed with Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, and Bishop Colenso, who went to Natal for six weeks, and returned to England to "find men and means." Before he left Natal he settled the Rev. R. Robertson at Durban in February, 1854; and here begins the history of forty-three years' work, broken only by one year spent in England. He lived first amongst the Zulus in Natal, many of whom were refugees from Zululand from the tyranny of their king; then in Zululand, under the rule of the heathen kings Panda and Cetshwayo; and afterwards under British rule, but still amongst a nation of entirely uncivilized and heathen men and women.

Mr. Robertson was the first English Church missionary in Durban. He had unusual gifts, both for evangelisation and missionary organization; he soon mastered the language, and learnt the habits and the character of the Zulus. In 1855 he married Mrs. Woodrow, a delicate widow lady, who had come out from England for her health, and she proved a marvellous helpmate. They were soon settled on land given by the Natal Government for a mission station, ten miles south of Durban, on the Umlazi river.

When Bishop Colenso returned from England, he was accompanied by Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Charles Mackenzie and his sister Anne. A most intimate friendship sprang up between them and the Robertsons, so that the Mackenzies were often at the Umlazi, delighting in the work amongst the natives and in the daily services in Zulu. Subsequently, Miss Mackenzie wrote the life of her friend, Mrs. Robertson, giving most interesting particulars of life, first near Durban, and then at Kwamagwaza, in heathen Zululand, under Panda and Cetshwayo. These are fully recorded in the *Memorials of Henrietta Robertson*.

Whilst they lived near Durban, at the Umlazi, friends and civilization were close around them. Durban was then, as now, the only good port in Natal—a welcome refuge on that rock-bound threatening coast. There is a deep, beautiful bay, over three miles across, with an inner harbour. It is protected on the south by the long dark level promontory known as the Bluff, where the dark rocks are barely covered in places by the rough scrub and low-growing trees and bushes; from the end, the signal station by day, and the bright electric light by night, seem to watch over the town, which now covers the low ground, where houses, churches, docks, and warehouses, and the great tower of the Town Hall, tell of the busy life our countrymen have brought to this once lonely spot. Beyond the docks and the wide streets of the town, beyond the race-course and the low-lying ground, where the hill begins to rise on the northern side of the bay, a second long promontory shuts in the harbour. This is the Berea, and on it are numberless houses and gardens, with trees and flowers, such as English eyes have never seen at home. The view from the Berea overlooking the bay is very beautiful. The one great drawback is that a white line of surf is drawn across the blue waters almost from point to point: this marks the *bár*, the line of sand and stones constantly thrown up by the waters of the Indian Ocean as the strong current sweeps down along the eastern coast of Africa. Only ships of light burden can pass the bar, and navigation would become more difficult than it now is without the skill and perseverance with which Durban contends with the difficulty. Perpetual dredging and a grand pier built out from the end of the Bluff, and well-planned harbour works, do much to keep open, and even to improve, the entrance to this fine harbour.



DURBAN, FROM THE BEEEA.

In latitude 30° south, we are still far from the tropics, but many of the trees and flowers are tropical, especially along the low-lying coast-land. In the wide streets or, rather, roads, of Durban, are planted groups, first (next the sea shore) of mangoes, then of the glorious flamboyant trees, whose crimson clusters of pea-shaped flowers do indeed gleam amongst the leaves like torches, and then, on the higher ground, are the ever-graceful bamboos. The country around shews long stretches of undulating park-like land—very fertile, and now much occupied by tea plantations and by sugar canes, with fruit gardens of bananas and pine apples; arrowroot, too, is abundant, and very well prepared for use.

The houses are generally low, a staircase being very rare, and the low roofs and verandahs are often covered with purple passion-flowers (here called *grenadillas*), yellow and orange bignonias, and convolvulus or *ipomœa* of every tint, the most beautiful of all being the large pale blue, which is like the sky itself in its perfect azure. In the "Bush" on the slope of the Berea, *thunbergias*, *lantanas*, and strange-shaped gourds run wild beneath the Cape jasmine and orange trees and acacias; while in the gardens grow many imported palms and Australian willows; whilst high above, great Norfolk Island pines stand out sharply against the clear sky. On dry rocky spots on the hills, in fullest blaze of sunshine, grow cactuses, from a few inches high to trees, and the weird *euphorbias*, with their sun-bleached stems, looking like the ghosts of old-world trees.

The country at the Umlazi is beautiful, and the land fertile and fit for cultivation. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson felt they were gaining great influence amongst the Zulu refugees who sought safety with them; many were willing

to learn, and several were baptized by Mr. Robertson, so that it was a trial to them both when Bishop Colenso decided that they should give up the Umlazi work and move into Zululand. If they were to move, Mr. Robertson thought it would be best to cross the Tugela river near the coast, and, keeping within reach of Christian work and British rule, to form a new station where St. Andrew's has since been established; but the Bishop visited King Panda, received from him a promise of land, and decided that the mission should be removed to this new country. They went up to Kwamagwaza in August, 1860. Panda gave Mr. Robertson two thousand acres of land, on which he at once began to build. Many years afterwards, in Bishop Douglas McKenzie's time, Mr. Robertson transferred the whole property to the mission.

Few English ladies could have devoted themselves as Mrs. Robertson now did to the work which lay before her. Her letters to Miss Anne Mackenzie contain vivid pictures of the uncertainties of life, of the cruelties of the strong, of the helplessness of the weak, and of the noble courage with which Mr. Robertson opposed Panda and Cetshwayo, and, face to face with them, denounced their savage cruelty, and obtained leave from them to shelter one and another of their people. Once, arriving too late to save a man accused of witchcraft, Mr. Robertson stayed by him till death, so that he should not be buried alive. His two wives were ordered to bury him, and were then to be killed also, but Mr. Robertson took them home with him, though he could not get leave also to take the little child of one of them.

This and many similar scenes are vividly described; and Mrs. Robertson bravely shared all her husband's

labours, anxieties, and sorrows, meeting them all with steadfast faith and brave, unfailing hope. She was one with her husband in his work. This ideal life lasted till 1864; then in one of their many journeys the wagon was upset: heavy boxes fell on Mrs. Robertson, and she was killed on the spot. It was a well-nigh crushing blow, especially as Mr. Robertson held strongly that no Christian should go alone to attack the awful strongholds of heathenism, where the power of the Evil One is great indeed. In several of his letters he says:—"Our Lord knew human nature: He sent out His disciples two by two"; "It is not good for man to be alone."

Intense sympathy was felt for Mr. Robertson by friends in Zululand and in England. The natives, to whom she had been so good, came from all the kraals around to mourn for Mrs. Robertson and to condole; and Prince Cetshwayo, when he next saw her husband at Ondini said to him: "Ah! Umfundisi, we are sorry—the insika" (the centre pole which supports the roof of a hut) "the insika of your house has come down."

Miss Anne Mackenzie had by this time returned to England after the death of her brother Charles on the Shire, he having been chosen as the first Bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. When she found Mr. Robertson decided to continue his work at Kwamagwaza, she raised funds amongst English friends to send out Alfred Adams, a tried helper who had been with Bishop Charles Mackenzie to the end, and who was an excellent industrial teacher. Mr. Samuelson came to him, a Norwegian missionary, as was Mr. Carlsen; they were friends and fellow-workers, and were in favour with King Panda, who, in the following year, February, 1865, gave land to Mr. Samuelson on which to form a

mission station about twenty-four miles from Kwamagwaza, on the way to Durban. This is now called St. Paul's.

Many Zulu boys came to work for Mr. Robertson, and to learn from him, though he could no longer take the girls; and under Alfred Adams they began to make bricks for the School-church. In 1866, he writes:—"The Church is finished, and I am not a little proud of it. I managed to make an arch over the chancel, though I had never seen one made. It looks much better than a log roof, and is very substantial." A house for himself, with a chimney and a study, was finished in 1868. "A good study is a gift I promised myself when I landed in Africa fifteen years ago, and now I have got it." He spent on his work at Kwamagwaza the £200 a year which he received from the S.P.G.

Thus the solitary missionary worked on for five years, going from time to time to the King or to Prince Cetshwayo to get leave for one more of his subjects to become Christian, and he gave a refuge to many in greatest danger of their lives. One of his great friends and most attentive "hearers" was Umdwendwe, whom he had more than once saved from those who accused him of witchcraft, but at last, in 1865, his enemies prevailed. Word came that he was dead; over a hundred men surrounded his kraal in the night, he and several of his wives and children were killed, some escaped, others were kept prisoners, and, with the cattle, were taken to Prince Umahana's kraal. The girls, when old enough for marriage, would be exchanged for cattle. When Mr. Robertson reached Umdwendwe's kraal, the old white-haired mother and two dogs were the only living creatures in it, but a young wife, Ututose, was found not far off, with eight wounds. Mr. Robertson and Adams succeeded in getting these two safely to Kwamag-

waza, about two miles, and there constant care and nursing in time restored them to health.

Mr. Robertson spoke to the chiefs and people around in burning words as to the treachery and wicked cruelty of such acts, and none the less plainly to the King when, shortly after, Panda's illness caused him to be summoned to Kwanodwengu. He then obtained leave to keep the women at Kwamagwaza. He says: "The witch doctors described the future of Umdwendwe's family as 'a black hill, newly burnt, without one green patch to rest the eye on.' The Easter sun is shining brightly. Oh! that the Sun of Righteousness may soon shine into the hearts of the Zulu rulers, and give the people rest." God heard his servant's prayers, and Ututose, in time, listened and believed; in two years' time Mr. Robertson had the joy of baptizing her by the name of Elizabeth, and she has been ever since an earnest, stedfast Christian woman. She afterwards married James Martyn, one of the two native Deacons ordained by Bishop Wilkinson.

Mr. Robertson became more and more anxious that Cetshwayo should be prevailed on to listen to Christian teaching. He wrote in May, 1868: "I seem to hear a message saying, 'Go to Cetshwayo and urge him by every consideration, eternal and temporal, to become a Christian, and if he will not, endeavour to get him to encourage his people to become Christians.'" In July he reached Ondini, the Prince's great kraal; he writes: "I had two services at the wagon on Sunday; at neither of them was the Prince present, but I had a long talk with him afterwards. He began by rallying me on my powers 'of hiding myself in the midst of a country,' meaning it was long since he had seen me. I answered it was always a great pleasure to come and see him, but it made me very sorry when

no opportunity was given me of proclaiming the Gospel of Christ, which was the one object of my being in Zululand at all. He replied, 'Why, you have just held service.' I said, 'Yes, but I am never satisfied unless I see you there. We are sent to all—to kings and princes as well as to poor men, and it is especially necessary that you should know what we Missionaries mean, for be sure that Christianity is a thing which is "coming down upon you."' There is one word in Zulu to express this, and it contains the idea of *irresistibility*. I went back into the history of the tribe, and showed him there had been many other 'comings down,' and this would be like them all—irresistible. I reminded him of the time when there was no great nation here, and no great wars; every little valley and hill had its own independent chief. Then a seed was sown which was to end in shaking the land, from the Zambesi to the Cape. The life of the young Chief of the Umatwa was sought. He fled, travelling from tribe to tribe, till he came to the borders of civilization, and saw the modern system of managing armies. After many years he returned, riding on a horse, the first ever seen here. He was received by his tribe, and introduced amongst them the system he had learned. The Zulu nation was at that time small, occupying land about ten or twelve miles square. Their Chief married Umnandi, of the Umatwa tribe, and their son Utshaka (Chaka) went to live with his mother's tribe, and there learnt the new art. On arriving at manhood he returned to his own tribe, the Zulus, and formed an army on the new system, which conquered all enemies, and spread the Zulu power far and wide. I spoke of the multitudes slain, the murder of Utshaka, the destruction of Dingaan, the troubles of King Panda's reign, and I insisted on the fact that all

these changes had 'come down upon' them. The face of the white man was unknown, now there are hundreds of them; traders and their blankets were unknown; horses were unknown, now there are many; a black Christian did not exist, now there are hundreds of them. All these changes had 'come down,' and now Christianity would certainly triumph, because God had said so. I said strongly and repeatedly, 'I do not imagine this, I know it. As well try to stop the course of the sun as to resist the Gospel.' The Prince listened attentively; I did not press him to reply.

"The next time I saw him, I told him I wished the Christians to serve him as did his other subjects. I had no present difficulties, but I wished for an answer to those who made use of his name to frighten converts from becoming Christians. Also I told him something of the history of Madagascar, and I pressed him to come to some decision. For a moment I trembled as I awaited his reply, but the blessed words were present to my mind—'I prayed unto the God of Heaven.' He spoke: 'You know I am not the King, you must talk it over with the King; whatever he says shall be law.' I said, 'I thank you for that word, only I am surprised at it; it is well known the King in his old age is resting; the King is the head, you are the body, hands, and feet.' He only repeated the same answer, and I would not press him.

"On Saturday I had a very happy interview with the Prince, and I cannot say how grateful I am. I am now sure all will come right. To God alone be the praise; His is the Kingdom."

The next step was to go to the King with as little delay as possible; and all being well at Kwamagwaza, Mr. Robertson started for Panda's kraal, and reached it

on August 10th. He writes: "I have had an interview, and I went fully into all that had passed with the Prince, and tried to get a reply. He had been all attention up to this point, but here he was suddenly overcome with drowsiness and began to snore. I knew well what that meant, and wishing him a comfortable sleep, I took my leave."

"August 16th.—The King came out in his little carriage, and stationed himself five hundred yards behind the wagon. Then five of his councillors came to be instructed as to all that I required of the King, and I had to begin all again from the beginning. I followed them back to the King, and sat down among them. After much talking I spoke, repeating the changes that had taken place in spite of all, and Christianity was like these changes, it would increase; I did not imagine it, I knew it. At this he exclaimed: 'What, all Zululand become Christian?' I said my joy would be complete if he were a Christian and all his people; but it would not be in my time; Christianity is a plant that will endure for ages, but it is of slow growth. What I now desire is an arrangement that will prevent all troubles, both to him and to us Missionaries, his friends.

"After some talk with his councillors, he said: 'I agree'—a pause—"I agree that all be allowed to become Christians who wish it, only I never can think of all the Zulus becoming Christians.' I need hardly say how glad I was nor how I thanked him. Many of the people present were thankful, too. I sent for Mr. Wettergreen, a Norwegian Missionary, to tell him the good news, but he had heard it long before he reached my wagon.

"We must not think all our troubles are over. We shall have trouble from the parents and masters of those who

really wish to become Christians. Patience and forbearance, however, will overcome these difficulties."

In October Mr. Robertson went again to Ondini. He found that the King had not reported this matter to the Prince, so, according to Zulu custom, he had to send a man, with one of Mr. Robertson's, to learn the decision from the King's own lips, and on November 11th he writes: "The messenger has returned from the King. All is right, thank God. He has started again for Ondini. 'Let those become Christians who wish to do so' is the decision of the King, endorsed by Cetshwayo. I am more thankful than I can say. May God enable us to make good use of the opportunity which He has given."

In October, 1869, Mr. Robertson married again—an old friend, an Irish lady, who had been in South Africa for some years. She threw herself heartily into the life at Kwamagwaza, where she arrived on November 2nd, especially into the care of the girls and women; and for a time, life was again very happy.

CHAPTER II.

KWAMAGWAZA.

THE HOME AMONG THE TALL TREES.

"Not he who first beholds the aloe grow,
May think to gaze upon the perfect flower;
He tends, he hopes, but e'er the blossom blow,
There needs a century of sun and shower."

KWAMAGWAZA was the first centre of Christian life established by the English Church in heathen Zululand, though the Norwegians were already at work in the country; and it is well to remember those who have lived in it in succession. It was Mr. Robertson's home for twenty-four years, excepting from 1877 to 1879, during the Zulu war, when he was obliged to move his people into Natal for safety, and to settle them at Nonoti for two years. When Bishop Wilkinson came out in 1870, he also made Kwamagwaza his home; he continued what Mr. Robertson had begun, and built a beautiful little brick Church-school and house. These buildings were all destroyed during the Zulu war by order of Cetshwayo, given as soon as he learned that Colonel Pearson had fortified the Norwegian Mission Station at Eshowe, and was holding it successfully. On his return after the war was over, Mr. Robertson began to rebuild, and was there when Bishop McKenzie arrived on January 6th, 1881. Though the Bishop often visited Kwamagwaza, and



KWAMAGWAZA—I.

considered it to be valuable diocesan property, he left it to Mr. Robertson's management, and made his own headquarters at Isandhlwana.

During the civil wars between Cetshwayo and Usibepu, and also between Usibepu and Dinuzulu, Mr. Robertson was obliged to move his people away, and Kwamagwaza was a second time destroyed (1884-85); the people afterwards settled at Etalaneni, instead of returning there. The country was included in the Boer territory, and Bishop McKenzie successfully maintained his title to the land, and registered it in the Dutch Courts. It was occupied chiefly as a farm, on which many Christians lived, but the church was not rebuilt, and it was no longer the centre of active work. Dinuzulu's insurrection in 1888 caused alarm and trouble there and at Etalaneni, but only for a short time, and after his defeat and banishment to St. Helena all settled down quietly. There was a happy change still to come. At first, like some of our own Saxon abbeys, such as Whitby or Jarrow, Kwamagwaza was an outpost of Christ's kingdom in a heathen country—the source of teaching, the home in which the oppressed found safety and the sick were nursed and healed. The land was cultivated and irrigated, trees were planted, and peace and order were maintained. Then came many dangers and troubles, and a long period of waiting; now the desolated church has been rebuilt by Mrs. McKenzie, the bishop's widow, who gathered the maidens of the land around her, to teach and train in all Christian and womanly ways. She lived long amongst her adopted people, having with her some English ladies, Elizabeth (once Ututose, widow of the murdered Umdwendwe) and her husband, Martyn. The school she founded continues to be a blessing to the Zulu people.

Returning now to the early history of Kwamagwaza, the photographs here reproduced are better than any description of the place; they were taken shortly after the first Zulu war. No. 1 shows the high upland country stretching away in many ranges of rocky hills, like the Peak country in Derbyshire, not a tree to be seen, except in some sheltered valley, or where the tall umzane trees spread their whitened boughs.

Mr. Robertson was a born lover of trees, and No. 2 shows his handiwork; the long line on the top of the hill is of his planting. He knew what would grow, introducing many Australian kinds, such as the tall, straight-growing eucalyptus and the acacias, wattles, and willows, which liked the soil and the climate, and in very few years they began to supply, not only shelter in summer heat, but faggots of firewood (most welcome to people who, till then, collected dried cow-dung for fuel), and even timber for building.

These trees must have been planted as soon as he settled there, and in 1870 Bishop Wilkinson's church was built at the right-hand end, and the Bishop's house near the other end of the line. The trees are chiefly eucalyptus. Bleak as the country appears, there is much of beauty in the wide views of the ranges of hills; and distant glimpses of the sea can be had from some of the higher ground near; the valleys and ravines are fertile wherever water can be obtained, and often beautiful. When the grass is young and springing up after the usual burning, it is covered with a variety of flowers—large red convolvulus, persicaria, a pale pink flower with purple eye and dark purple buds and stalks, delicate flowering grasses, cinerarias, and large white daisies or marigolds, with crimson buds, and many more, a mosaic of colours on a



KWAMAGWAZA—II.

bright green ground. Later come many bulbs—white arums, lilies, and ixias, everlastings, white, pink, and yellow, and large orange amaryllis-like flowers, whose many spiked seed-stalks form a globular head, which is blown rolling away before the autumn winds. The tropical growth of the coast regions does not appear (though the district is nearer to the Equator than Durban), for this hill country is as high above the sea-level as the summit of Snowdon, nearly 4,000 feet. On a lower level there are wide forest lands or "bush," and in the valleys by the rivers, and in the plains, the climate is often intensely hot. There snakes abound, which are less common on the high ground, though always a danger; also leopards (commonly called tigers) and wild cats are found. Lions and buffaloes, which used to live here, have now disappeared, and so have elephants, which formerly were seen by early settlers even close to Durban; indeed, the "elephants' way," their trampled line of march to the coast, can still be traced. Zebras are now very rare, though then found in the valley of the Black Umfolosi, but the recollection of them is shown in the lines of dark skin plaited in and out in the shields, in imitation of the zebra stripes, as that skin was the favourite one for a warrior's shield. In the forest regions there are monkeys and large apes. Hawks, vultures, and eagles are seen at times, and the beautiful silver grey cranes are found in the reed-beds of some of the rivers. There are parrots, too, and guinea-fowl, and many doves, and little canaries and weaver birds, with their hanging nests, but on the whole there are few birds. There are also many hart-beests, commonly called "buck," of various kinds. The cattle, not apparently wild in any part of the country, are the most valued possessions of the inhabitants. Goats

and cows are owned by almost every family, and the sour milk is used by all; indeed, this, with porridge made of maize, and of amabele, a sort of millet which is also made into utshwala, a thick kind of beer, were until recently their chief food, meat being only to be had for feasts and great occasions. Their cattle formed the wealth of the Zulus, and the number possessed by their chiefs, and above all, by the king, was marvellous. The preceding accounts, taken from Bishop Wilkinson's letters, may no longer be correct, as the number of wild animals has been greatly reduced during the years of war and anarchy; also rinderpest, lung disease, and tick fever have devastated the herds of cattle, and greatly impoverished the country.

Mr. Robertson had long been urging the need of another clergyman, and Miss Anne Mackenzie, in England, worked hard for the same object. In 1866, she began to collect funds for the endowment of a bishopric, with the cordial sanction of the Bishop of Capetown, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, Dean Harvey Goodwin, Mr. Keble, Sir Lovelace Stamer, Mr. Cree, and other friends, who formed the Board of "Administrators of the Mackenzie Memorial Fund in England." They undertook to collect and send out the money to Zululand. The S.P.G. also helped largely from the beginning. The Administrators are now called the Bishop's Council in England. Miss Mackenzie and her friend, Miss Barber, also began, in 1866, to publish *The Net* as a means of making known details of many missions, and receiving and forwarding subscriptions and gifts to them all. Miss Barber was Editor until the end of 1895, for just thirty years.

In three years, Miss Mackenzie had secured an endowment of £300 a year, and made a plan for annual collections for the many needs of the mission. The Rev. T. E.

Wilkinson, an earnest worker for Zululand, was chosen, and on May 8th, 1870, was consecrated as Missionary Bishop for Zululand. He reached Kwamagwaza in December that same year. He went with Mr. Robertson in January, 1871, to see the great review of fifteen thousand warriors at King Panda's kraal. His letters give vivid pictures of scenes which have seldom, if ever, been witnessed by an English Bishop, and are full of interest.

Bishop Wilkinson wrote on January 14th, 1871 :—" Mr. Robertson and I left Kwamagwaza for a two days' journey to the north-east to the great kraal. This is King Panda's place, and this is the great annual gathering of all the Zulu warriors throughout the kingdom of Zululand. The King had sent a special invitation to me to be present, that I might see the 'strength of his country,' as he expressed it. The first day's journey across the mountains we accomplished on horseback, and then arrived at the head of the great valley which from time immemorial has been the home of the kings of Zululand. This valley is full of poisonous grass, into which it is impossible to take a horse. Here, therefore, we left our horses, and sent them back, performing the rest of the journey on foot. We passed through a beautiful country, as regards flowers and flowering shrubs. There had been rain, and the whole air was scented like an English conservatory. The yellow and pink mimosa trees were in full blossom; jessamines of all kinds, fuchsia trees, orchids hanging from the branches, gardenias, etc., etc. All the way as we came we passed groups of warriors trooping to the king's place, all dressed in their very best; spears, shields, plumes, tiger and leopard skins covering their bodies; wherever the eye ranged across the hills it met companies of those warriors, all converging to one focus—the king's place. Out of

bushes, from behind rocks, out of gorges and beds of the rivers they came, and went singing their war songs, and tramping, as only these people can tramp, formidable looking fellows enough, and formidable indeed if they choose to be your enemies. About 3 p.m. we reached the top of a hill overlooking the valley in which the king's place is situated. In the centre of this valley lies the king's kraal; all around for miles lie large military kraals or barracks, enormous circles of huts. (I measured one, which was 320 yards across.) These are upon ordinary occasions merely garrisoned with a hundred or so soldiers, but now crammed to overflowing; indeed, temporary huts of green branches are being everywhere constructed to accommodate the host, which is supposed to number fifteen thousand, and all these the very flower of the country—magnificent men, few under six feet in height, and very models of form.

"Upon our arrival we sent in messengers to report ourselves to his majesty. In a few minutes a great man came out to us, bristling with tigers' claws, and told us that the king had placed two huts at our disposal close to his own. Here we rested for a while, and then a messenger came to say the king wished to see us. We were marshalled with ceremony through a very closely-built stockade into a beautifully clean courtyard, in which were several beautifully-built, large round huts, built with the precision and regularity of finely-made baskets. Here we were kept waiting a short time, as he was engaged with someone upon business. At last the master of the ceremonies told us to come, and in we crept to the royal hut; and there, upon a pile of mats and covered with blankets, lay the attenuated form of old Panda, who in his younger days had deluged this poor country with blood. And now here

he lay, an infirm old man of between seventy and eighty years of age, and yet with an eye that scanned us like an eagle. He apologized for not shaking hands upon the plea of gout, and begged us to be seated. I gave him some rugs which I had brought out from England, with which he was greatly delighted, one especially; 'That,' he said, 'I shall wear to-morrow at the great review.' We stayed with him for about half-an-hour, and then took our leave and returned to our huts. Shortly he sent us a bullock to live upon during our week's stay here, and a magnificent basket (the baskets are so beautifully made that they hold liquid) of native beer, milk, Indian corn, etc.

" This morning the *crack* regiment, composed entirely of chiefs, and dressed far more magnificently than any of the rest, marched into camp. The Prince Cetshwayo, the heir to the Zulu throne, is in this regiment. When it arrived, the king, wearing my beautiful rug, was wheeled out of his enclosure in a carriage into one of the great circles I have spoken of, surrounded by military huts; round him sat his great ministers and courtiers, ourselves amongst them, and then the Regiment of Chiefs formed in a semi-circle, the Prince being in the centre, and went through all kinds of savage manœuvres. Altogether it is a strange sight, in a strange place. The continued roar and hum of voices throughout this vast camp of savages, which lasts late into the night, as they sit round their watchfires, singing their wild war songs and relating the old traditions of their land; and then to feel that we are in the very midst (this is the centre) of Zululand, far removed from civilized governments, in the midst of these thousands, who might make mincemeat of us at short notice if they so pleased, and who, if we had ventured here forty years or so ago, would doubtless have so done; now all are most

friendly to us, feeding us at their own expense, shewing us every attention and kindness; and all this owing to the influence of missionaries scarce twenty years settled amongst them. Slaughters, such as once stained the hands of the old king, are now spoken of as things of the past, dark days of wickedness and cruelty which all believe can never come again. How different from the day when the first missionaries of Zululand were driven from the land for telling of a faith which is now openly preached and already believed in, secretly by some, without fear by others. I went down to a stream to bathe this morning; as I looked towards the camp, which was just out of sight above the hill, I could tell its exact position by the flock of eagles and vultures which hovered high in the air above the abundance of meat which is consumed upon these occasions. We have now been here a week; this is the Second Sunday after Epiphany, and these people are shouting, singing their war songs and carrying on their review, knowing not one day from another. In all this large multitude there are but ourselves and the four Christian natives we brought with us as bearers, who are keeping the day as it ought to be kept. It makes one cast one's thoughts across the 7,000 miles which separate one from Church bells and quiet services, and happy Christian homes, so tenfold more dear because so entirely cut off from us. However it is more profitable to look forward to the time when this land shall be (as assuredly one day it will) full of Christian churches and people, living lives of industry and happiness."

Bishop Wilkinson remained five years in the country and in the neighbouring territory of the Transvaal, which at that time was considered to be part of the diocese of the Orange River, and he travelled with Mr. Robertson into

Swaziland, hoping to form mission stations, which would open the way towards the Zambesi and the Shire. At Kwamagwaza he ordained two native deacons, William Africander and James Martyn. The Bishop found great difficulties in the position of the mission with regard to the king, and thought that little progress could be expected in Zululand; his great purpose seems to have been to extend the work by buying land for future use. He ordained Mr. J. Jackson, and settled him at Empandhleni, also Mr. Samuelson, of St. Paul's, and Mr. Glover, whom he sent to the border of Swaziland, to a territory then called New Scotland, far to the north of Kwamagwaza; he bought a farm of six hundred acres there, and moved Mr. Jackson up to it; this station is now called Endhlozane.

In 1874 Bishop Wilkinson bought six thousand acres of land further north still, on the Komati, and there he sent Mr. Carlsen, a Norwegian missionary, whom he ordained deacon. (Ten years afterwards, Bishop McKenzie ordained him priest.) The funds for these purchases of land and for the Church and other buildings at Kwamagwaza, were supplied by the Administrators of the Mackenzie Memorial Fund in England.

In 1872, Mr. Robertson paid his one and only visit to England; he and Mrs. Robertson were just a year at home. During this time old King Panda died, and was succeeded by his son, Cetshwayo, who was crowned in state, and made promises to the English representative, Mr. Shepstone, of friendship and of good and merciful government; by which he did not afterwards consider himself to be bound.

After their visit to England, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson settled down again at Kwamagwaza, their return being welcomed with much joy by their people; but their

happiness did not last long. Mrs. Robertson's health failed, and after some months of illness, Mr. Robertson brought her to Durban for medical advice and care; but these could do little, and she died there in 1874. Kwamagwaza at this time consisted of the following buildings: the Church, school, and the Bishop's house, Mr. Robertson's house, five brick native houses, and ten huts; there were thirteen Christian families, and many unmarried Christians. Besides these, very many heathen Zulus were living around, in a measure under Mr. Robertson's protection and influence.

Bishop Wilkinson returned to England in 1875, and in the following January he resigned the bishopric. Mr. Robertson was thus left the head and leading man of the mission. Cetshwayo had given land near the Tugela, on which the station of St. Andrew's was established, and Mr. Robertson took great interest in it, especially in a school begun by Bishop Wilkinson, under Mr. Shildrick, from St. Augustine's College, in which industrial training was a principal object. Alfred Adams, who had a farm there, given him by Cetshwayo, always welcomed his old friend, and five Christian families lived near. There were twenty to twenty-five children in the school; many of them were half-castes. John Dunn lived near—the Englishman who had been much with Cetshwayo, and who had become a polygamist, and lived the life of a Zulu chief.

Very few letters seem to have been written for the next four years. This was a time of much sorrow and anxiety. In February, 1877, Miss Anne Mackenzie died at Havant. Though living a most quiet life, she was known and revered in far distant countries as the ever-ready sympathizing helper of all missionaries, and most especially

of all in Zululand; and she was Mr. Robertson's trusted friend. Her faithful friend and fellow-worker, Miss Barber, undertook the entire charge of editing *The Net*, in which she had shared from its first publication. She corresponded with all Zululand Missionaries, giving all the help possible, as well as unfailing sympathy, to the end of her life in March, 1901.

Thus sadly ends this period of the history—with many changes and disappointed hopes, and overshadowed by the anxieties of the coming war.

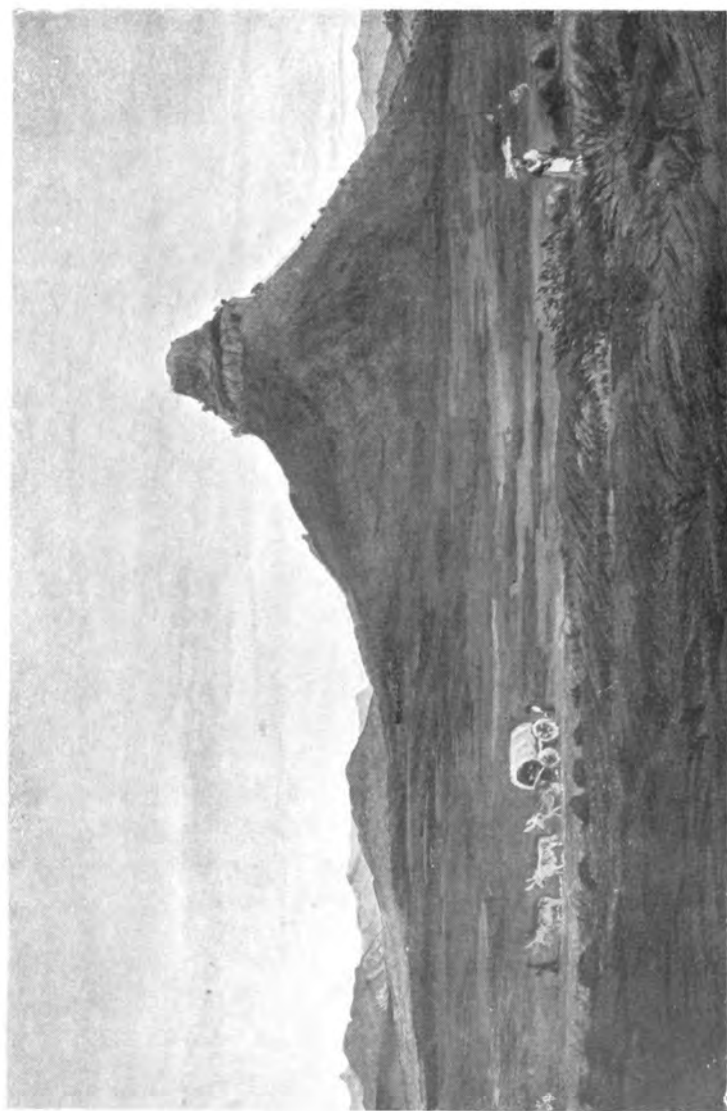
CHAPTER III.

THE ZULU WAR AND THE FIRST MIGRATION FROM KWAMAGWAZA.

"Heralds of Jesus, faint not nor fear,
Long is the night, but the dayspring is near."—
Rev. T. G. Smith.

IT is necessary here to mention briefly the events which led to the Zulu war, and to give a summary of its history.

Cetshwayo, as king, utterly disappointed the hopes that had been raised by the promises he made to Mr. Shepstone in 1872, namely (i.) that indiscriminate slaughter should cease in his land; (ii.) that no one should be put to death without trial; (iii.) that European missionaries should be unmolested. He showed at once that he meant to follow the example of Chaka, rather than of Panda. He vigorously revived Chaka's military system, allowing no Zulu to marry without his leave, nor till he had "washed his spear" in battle. The unmarried men formed distinct regiments; the unmarried women were kept apart, and given without any choice of their own to the older men, who had "washed their spears." It was not, therefore, surprising that after some years of peace the desire for war was universal throughout the nation. All were waiting and hoping for war with the Boers of the Transvaal. In September, 1876, a number of girls married young men, instead of the older men of another regiment, for whom



ISANDHLWANA—THE LION ROCK.

they were destined, and they and their friends, to the number of between two hundred and three hundred, were killed, and their bodies exposed as a warning to others. Sir A. Bulwer, then Governor of Natal, sent a strong remonstrance to the king on such a breach of his coronation promises. Cetshwayo replied: "You are Governor in Natal; I am Governor here." The number killed for witchcraft and similar causes increased. He did not kill missionaries, but he killed their converts, sometimes before their eyes. The Norwegian and German missionaries prepared to leave the country. Mr. Robertson was still allowed to see the king, and he spoke to him in the plainest terms of these evil deeds.

In March, 1877, two Christians were killed near Kwamagwaza, and he told the king "he was like a man trying to destroy a mighty rock, with his hands only: he might hurt himself, but not the rock." There were ten or twelve attacks on Christians at Norwegian and German stations, and three men at Kwamagwaza were "smelt out." Mr. Robertson went into Natal, and obtained a promise of land on which he might settle his people at Nonoti, near Kearsney, south of the Tugela. In July, 1877, he moved all his people and settled them there, under the two native deacons, William Africander and James Martyn. He returned to Kwamagwaza. He had sent word to the king, by Longcast, that the people were leaving, and the reply was: "Let them go; I am glad to be rid of them." Mr. Samuelson also crossed the border. Mr. Carlsen at the Komati was not disturbed, nor was Mr. Jackson at Endhlozane.

The South African Bishops not having found a successor to Bishop Wilkinson, decided, in 1878, to appoint Mr. Allington, Vicar-General for Zululand. He arrived at

Utrecht in the Transvaal; he visited the refugees at Nonoti in September, and again in the following year. It was greatly hoped that he would be the Bishop, but to the great sorrow of all who knew him, he died of fever at Wakkerstroom before the end of the year 1879.

The foregoing particulars shew the state of fearful oppression and cruelty which existed in Zululand, as well as the dangers to which all Christians were exposed; but to explain the cause of Cetshwayo's war with the English, it is needful to look back some little time.

The Boers of the Transvaal had had frequent wars with all the native tribes around them. Without entering into the causes of hostilities, the many disputes as to boundaries, cattle, and the like, it is enough to say that these wars were carried on with frightful barbarity and great treachery on both sides. They fought with Basutos, Griquas, Galekas, usually with success, but at times meeting formidable antagonists, such as Sebituane and Secocoeni. These frequent wars kept the whole of South Africa in a state of disquiet. The Zulus, especially on the east of the Transvaal, were longing to attack the Boers, in concert with Secocoeni on their west frontier. The two nations of savage warriors would undoubtedly have swept all before them. Panda kept the peace as long as he lived, but in 1875-76 the Boers were hard pressed by Secocoeni, and on the Zulu frontier Cetshwayo gathered his thirty thousand men. All was in hopeless confusion in Pretoria; no taxes could be collected; the Treasury contained just 12s. 6d. when the English Government interfered, to prevent the fearful destruction which threatened all European power in South Africa. Lord Carnarvon had long tried to form a confederation of all the European states in South Africa, but in vain. Now,

through Sir Theophilus Shepstone, he proposed the union of the British states and the Transvaal. The President, Burgers, had resigned in despair, but in 1877 he and many leading Boers accepted the proposal as a means of escaping destruction, and Sir Bartle Frere came out to the Cape to carry out this policy. Its immediate effect was that Pretoria and the Transvaal were saved; Cetshwayo withdrew his troops, and all around seemed peaceful. The next result was that the English Government, taking the place of the Boers, was involved in their frontier disputes, and that the large Zulu army was burning for war. There were few English troops in South Africa, but reinforcements were sent for, and towards the end of 1878 the army, under Lord Chelmsford, approached the Zulu frontier in three columns.

In 1879—(i.) Lord Chelmsford entered Zululand from Helpmakaar; part of his force was destroyed on January 22nd at Isandhlwana. He had advanced in search of the Zulu army, leaving his camp in charge of about eight hundred men—six companies of the 24th Infantry, a Natal Volunteer Regiment, and a few native Basuto troops. They were suddenly attacked by a Zulu impi of fifteen thousand men, who surrounded and seized the camp, in spite of the heroic resistance of the troops. Every man perished, except six, who escaped across the Buffalo river, and carried the terrible news into Natal. There was great danger of an invasion by this mass of successful and savage warriors, but the advance of the Zulus was stopped by Chard and Bromhead's splendid defence of the little Norwegian missionary station and hospital at Rorke's Drift, over the Buffalo river. Lord Chelmsford retired into Natal to re-organize and prepare for an advance.

(ii.) The column under Colonel Wood entered Zululand from Newcastle (to the north of Dundee), and after some rough fighting, won a complete victory at Kambula.

(iii.) To the south, Colonel Pearson invaded near the coast. The original plan had been that all three columns should unite in attacking Ulundi, the king's kraal. This Colonel Pearson could not attempt alone; but after a successful fight at Inyezane, he fortified himself in Eshowe, which was only a small Norwegian mission station, and held his own, though communication was not possible except by heliograph, then first used in war. By the end of March, Lord Chelmsford advanced to relieve him, and after a sharp encounter with the Zulus, was completely successful, and entered Eshowe.

The army then advanced, and after another battle, took and destroyed the royal kraal at Ulundi. Cetshwayo fled, and for some time concealed himself in the wild mountain and bush country; but he was taken prisoner at last, and sent to Cape Town, and from there to St. Helena. The Basuto chief, Hlubi, had fought on the side of the English in the fight at Isandhlwana and throughout the war, and when peace was made, he received a large location for himself and his tribe near Isandhlwana. He brought with him a catechist, afterwards the Rev. C. Johnson, who has ever since been the apostle and teacher of his country.

Meanwhile, Sir Garnet Wolseley had been sent out in supreme command, and he proceeded to divide the country into thirteen districts, each under a separate chief. This arrangement naturally did not last very long.

Mr. Robertson had gone with Colonel Pearson's column as chaplain, resigning his position and salary from the S.P.G. He went unwillingly, and because no other chaplain could be found; but he said "it was a queer way of

converting the Zulus, to go and fight them." He was in Eshowe all through the siege, and wrote of this time in the following letter:—

FROM THE REV. R. ROBERTSON.

"Kearsney,

"May 10th, 1879.

"A battle is all very well to read about at a distance ; it is another thing to be in one, to hear the bullets whistling past, to see the dead and wounded carried in, and to know that you may, in any moment, be in eternity. There may be those who feel utterly indifferent at such a moment, but I know that on the 22nd of January, at Inyezane, very many did feel the awfulness of the moment, and vowed that if God preserved them they would live more to Him than they had done. The sermon I preached afterwards seemed to go home to many a heart, and I was immediately asked by many to Celebrate, and more than forty Communicated. I dare say you often thought of us shut up in Eshowe. I was quite well, and happy also. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, was kind to me. I had plenty of work to do also. We had parade and service every Sunday, and so much was that appreciated that when Sunday happened to be wet, it was held on Monday instead. I had also a Bible meeting four times a week—on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons. These meetings were, as a rule, well attended, and were very interesting. I used also, about once a week, to deliver a lecture on Zulu history, which interested both officers and men much. You would have been astonished to find how little all of them knew of the people against whom they were fighting, or why they were fighting. It was surprising how many there

were in the little force with whom I was connected by some link or other in the past. One of the 99th officers I had helped at the Tugela fourteen years ago by pulling his wagon out of the river. He was not with it at the time, and had no opportunity of thanking me till we met at Eshowe. Lieutenant Blackstone, of the 3rd Buffs, I found, was a godchild of Bishop Mackenzie, and we were friends at once. One day I was talking to a 'bluejacket' named A——. He was expressing his admiration of the daring and courage of the Zulus, and I explained to him that it was the result of their military training, and I added that if you take a lout of fifteen, and put him for five or six years on board the *Active* (his ship), he will come out a very different being from what he was when he went in. Thinking, perhaps, that I thought he came from Portsmouth, he was careful to tell me that he came from the Isle of Wight. This led to his telling me that he knew Miss Sewell, and had married her maid; and off he ran, and brought his Bible, in which he had her photograph, and some violets and primroses gathered at Ashcliffe.

"My only trouble at Eshowe was about the sick. It was utterly impossible for me to attend to them as they ought to have been attended to. In fact, I believe my being so much with them made me ill, and I was obliged to take them by turns, instead of every day. I met with not a single one who did not value the ministrations of the Church. One, and only one, when I asked if I might pray with him, said he thought he was not ill enough for that. Poor fellow, he said it only because he did not understand. About one of my sick friends departed I will write on a separate slip of paper, in order that you may send it to his widow, who, I am sure, will value any details of the last days of her good husband. Amongst other

things I did at Eshowe, I preached a sermon on behalf of widows and orphans of those who fell, and got nearly £100.

"I ought to tell you that as we were on the way to Eshowe I found two old women who had been deserted. One was quite dead, but the other was alive, so I put her in my wagon, took her to Eshowe, and brought her back here with me. She is very old, being the half-sister of Dingiswayo, of famous memory. She lived underneath my wagon, and it was highly amusing to listen to the remarks made upon her: 'I wonder how old she is,' 'I should not like to be as old as that,' etc., etc.

"On leaving the Tugela, too, I begged to be allowed to take charge of two wounded prisoners, and the General gave them to me. They came from Kwamagwaza, and I have known them for the last nineteen years. I cannot tell you how glad they are to be here, and properly taken care of. I am glad to be back here, as many of the people were sick. I also gave the Victoria Mounted Volunteers at Thrupp a Sunday service. I found the two Deacons had kept everything straight during my absence.

"I hear that all the mission stations have been utterly destroyed. Kwamagwaza the king desired to be levelled with the ground. They tried one wall to the great risk of their limbs, and they were so frightened they left the others standing. All my books, everything, have been destroyed or carried off. I estimate my personal loss at £370, and that is much under the mark. The buildings, I told Sir Bartle Frere, I value at £1,500, but that will not re-erect them. When all is over, I am thinking of proposing to Mr. Allington to allow me to settle such of our people as desire it just across the Tugela from

here: that will be breaking fresh ground, and save the trouble of carting them all the way back to Kwamagwaza, which would be a great work, and a work of time, too. I mourn over the loss of my books, and an index I had made of the contents of many of them. I can now put my library in my pocket, and all my belongings into two trunks."

When the war was over, Mr. Robertson returned to his people at Nonoti, and was soon able to take them back to the ruins of Kwamagwaza.

After Mr. Robertson's return from Nonoti to Kwamagwaza, Miss Barber had suggested to him that he should leave Zululand and take other work. His reply shows the deep conviction that ever sustained him, that God had called him, and that he was doing this work for our Lord Himself. He may have been mistaken in many things, and have erred at times, but this was the prevailing motive which ruled his heart and life.

MR. ROBERTSON TO MISS BARBER, 1880.

"Kwamagwaza,

"May 30th.

"I am still near the old place, and here I intend to remain till I have some clearer intimation than I have that it is the will of God that I should *desert* my people. No other word is applicable. . . . You cannot, without personal acquaintance, understand our position, and the relation in which I stand as a father and a chief to these people, or realize all that my leaving them would involve. . . . You say that God will take care of them, and that were I to die, etc., etc. Yes, God will take care of them, but He works by means, and I neither see nor hear of any provision being made. In case of my death, the will

of Heaven would be clear. I could leave all in His hands without a murmur. But He is blessing my unworthy efforts as they have never been blessed before, and therefore as long as life lasts, however poor I may be, I am determined to do His work. I do not know the exact number of the people; they are increasing weekly, and whole families preparing to join me. I expect that before long I shall be able to take up the words 'The Lord added to the Church daily.'

"On Sundays I have three services, morning, noon, and night; on weekdays I have two, morning and night. Every night my hut, 18 feet in diameter, has between thirty and forty crowded into it, most of whom are being prepared for Baptism. I have never been so comforted in my people as since my return. The Christians have appointed a head man and council, so I am free of magistrate's work. It works, so far, admirably, adding to their self-respect and honourable desire to make the place a credit to them in every way. They have made a water-course, 2,000 yards long, and are now helping me to build a school, 30 feet square, with three small rooms for me attached. I hope before long to see a day school again; a poor school, seeing I have neither slate, books, nor seats. I shall do what I can, and the rest will come, please God. Food—we grow what the people live on; but clothing is wanted. Native dress, more or less indecent, is so felt by those who come to a place like this. Of course, it is not clothes that make a Christian, but they help. I have two patients in my hut—one consumptive, the other with a broken leg. My bedroom is still the wagon, to which I must go, that they may get rest with those who wait on them."

The following letter of October 18th shows the state of things at Kwamagwaza just before the arrival of Bishop McKenzie in the following January, 1881 :—

" Kwamagwaza,

" Zululand,

" October 18th, 1880.

" MY DEAR MISS E. WIGRAM,

" You tell me you are sending us a box. Never before were we in greater need of such help, and it would amuse you were I tell you of some of the shifts I have been put to. All the new-comers come with absolutely nothing, and with the exception of some who have relations among the Christians, look to me for everything. Five kraals from among the heathen have lately joined us, and as yet none of them have been able to clothe themselves. I am especially glad to hear that you have thought of the school. Although I have neither books, slates, nor anything else belonging to a school, I began teaching as soon as the building was finished. The schoolroom is about 30 feet square, inside measurement, and all round the walls I built (having nothing in the shape of timber), with brick, a seat. By the kindness of Sir George Scott Douglas, I was able to cover it with Portland cement, so it is capable of being washed. At the day school I have sixty-one names on the books, and an evening class for about half that number of adults. The programme both at day and night school is nearly the same. I begin with prayer and a hymn, followed by a Scripture lesson, after which I teach them English, in which some of them are making considerable progress, by *rote*. I had some illuminated texts and pictures, but none of them Scripture subjects, with which I have decorated the school,

and I shall be glad to add to these the one you have sent of the Crucifixion. It is an impossibility, though, to give the building a church-like appearance, for, having no other building, I am obliged to have all sorts of things in it which ought to be elsewhere. It is also used as a bedroom for my boys and a sick man. One thing gratified me very much lately. An old chief, living at the other side of the Umhlatuzi, sent me back the altar-cloth which one of his people had taken. It is injured but slightly. I have *asked* for nothing back, but they have given me a good many things."

"*November 4th.*—The box has arrived, and I again thank you for all your kindness. It contains nothing that will not be most useful, and I hope you will convey my heartfelt thanks to the ladies who have so kindly contributed to it. I am especially glad to get the picture, the copy-books, and slates. The picture will live in my room, except on Sundays, when we try to make the large room something like decent. I shall not use any of the clothing until Christmas. I have made one exception, though. I have given the sick man before mentioned two of the warm shirts, and being greatly in want of them, I mean to appropriate the remainder to myself. I am much interested in the sick man. Qum'ukufa is his name, and he was the son of a dear friend of mine (Umayigana), long dead. His father was one of the best Zulus I have known, and his whole family take after him. He was covered with wounds which he had received in battle. One day I pointed to one, and said: 'You had a very narrow escape that time.' His ready reply was: 'The Lord you tell us of had not said that I should die.' He was one of whom it might be truly said: 'He was not far from the kingdom of heaven.' May he not be there

now? The Judge of all the earth will do right, and I hope it. Two of his daughters and a niece are Christians, and I am now preparing another daughter (Umpansi) and a son (Ushaywayo) for Baptism. The sick one has not sought it yet. I showed him to one of 'the authentic fellows,' as Shakespeare calls them, but he shook his head, and said: 'It is very kind of you, but he will never get well.' I am thankful to say, at any rate, he is now much better. The bleeding has quite stopped for some months, and he has more flesh on his bones than he had when he came. He can also walk about, which he could not at first.

"*P.S.*—The supply of knitted socks sent in the box I am keeping for myself for two reasons [they were knitted especially for him], first, I was quite out of them; secondly, I discourage the Zulus wearing them—naked feet are best for Zululand. Both as to eating and dress, I strive to make the Christians decent, but not extravagant. Some time ago, a young woman arrived from Natal, saying that she was on her way to visit a relation in this country. She said, also, that she was in a difficulty about a guide, and asked if she might stay for the night. I gave her permission, and the next day thought she had gone. I found, however, that she had only gone to the house of Daniel. She came to school along with Daniel's children, and was a very apt learner. But oh! dear me, you ought to have seen her on Sunday—dressed in the very height of the fashion, like an English young lady. And oh! what airs and graces. A hat on the back of her head, with ribbons streaming all about; a white handkerchief swung about in one hand, while with the other she held up her dress high enough to show her neat boots

and striped stockings. Ugh! I was disgusted, and bundled her off sharp on the Monday morning."

No other Englishman had such a long and intimate knowledge of the Zulus, or so really understood their character, as Mr. Robertson, or had so much influence with that savage but great ruler, the tyrant Cetshwayo. Mr. Robertson really loved him, and in his youth hoped great things from his strong hand and shrewd intellect, and he said to the end of his days: "There was good even in Cetshwayo." Cetshwayo respected his fearlessness, and wished to keep him in the land, and often attended to his requests.

The fact of his unique knowledge of the Zulus, and his devotion to them, made some people (amongst whom was Miss Anne Mackenzie) anxious that Mr. Robertson should allow himself to be named as a possible appointment to the bishopric, but he refused. He would not be a Bishop himself, but warmly welcomed Bishop Wilkinson, as he afterwards welcomed, admired, and worked with Bishop Douglas McKenzie, 1880-1890, and Bishop Carter, 1891.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARRIVAL OF BISHOP MCKENZIE.

"Saints gazing on the darkness, haste the day
Of Christ's appearing! Weak the venture seems,
But God's sure word outweighs all earthly dreams."—

R. M. Benson.

WE have reached a landmark in the history of Zululand. From this point forward we find not only earnest workers winning individual converts, but we see the beginning of a united, well-organized Church. This is a great crisis in the Church history of every nation.

In our own case, there were doubtless many Christians, faithful soldiers and servants of our Lord, scattered throughout England from the time when Alban listened to the priest whose life he saved, and died himself, the first Christian martyr in our land; but much more was to come before the land could be called Christian. Very little is known of the history of the early British Church, of the first Bishops and their work, or of who was the evangelist who first brought the written Word of God to our untaught, uncivilized forefathers.

Very gradually the light spread amongst us from British and Celtic centres, as well as from the newer mission begun by St. Augustine and his followers amongst the heathen Saxon invaders. Though supported by the power and learning of Rome, and guided by the wisdom

and experience of the Greek Archbishop Theodore, yet more than three hundred years passed after the introduction of Christianity before this great Archbishop divided the land into parishes, each with its Church and pastor, established synods for the government of the Church, and made St. Augustine's Monastery a centre of learning and of education. When men speak of the slow growth of Christianity *now*, it is well to remember how very much slower was our own progress.

There was great need of a leader for the advancing host. Outposts, however wisely planted, however courageously held, must depend to a great degree upon their central stronghold. Soldiers look to their commander for direction, for supplies, for reinforcements. Such a leader for Zululand was found by the South African Bishops, when they chose Archdeacon Douglas McKenzie, of Bloemfontein, who was consecrated on St. Andrew's Day, 1880, in St. George's Cathedral, Capetown, by the Metropolitan, assisted by the Bishops of Grahamstown, Bloemfontein, Maritzburg, and Pretoria, as Missionary Bishop for Zululand and for the territories north and east thereof. He entered his diocese on January 1st, 1881. He was indeed the very leader who was so greatly needed. Before many years had passed, his own headquarters at Isandhlwana had become the central stronghold of the diocese. The church built there in memory of those who fell during the Zulu war became the model for all; its constant daily and Sunday services in Zulu, led English and African alike to unite in the worship of God; the printing press in his own house, often worked by his own hands, provided all Zulu congregations with Prayers, Psalms, Collects, and Hymns in their own language. Schools were formed for boys and girls, as well as for

future teachers, and though this most valuable work was often interrupted by the necessary journeys of a missionary Bishop, yet it was always renewed with untiring energy.

The Bishop's life ought to be written by someone who can duly set before us the example of his personal devotion and earnestness, as well as do justice to the great knowledge of antiquity and the truly marvellous wisdom shewn in the organization of his diocese. A few scattered mission stations, taught by men of most varying degrees of knowledge and of power, were welded into a united Church. Here it is only possible to note the additional strength and vigour, the enlarged sphere of thought and of work, and the element of permanence that came with him.

He everywhere discouraged the small mission station, in which the European teacher gathered a few families round him, to teach and guide, and keep safely apart from the perils and temptations of heathenism. Dr. Hook has compared these to the early Celtic monasteries—good in themselves, possibly, but possessed of no power to spread abroad the light they had received.

The Bishop strongly advocated the opposite plan—that each missionary should make his Church and house a centre for worship and for Christian teaching, with out-stations around, often some miles apart, among any kraals (*i.e.*, villages) that wished for a teacher and would help to support him. In each a native teacher was placed to instruct the people living in their own kraals, to help them to build a school, and to gather them together for worship; the English clergyman from the centre visiting each place frequently, and directing the whole. He had four such out-stations round Isandhlwana. He formed regular orders of teachers, school masters, evangelists, and catechists, who

were admitted to their office by himself as Bishop, and authorized to teach. The people were divided into distinct classes—the heathen, the hearers, the catechumens, who, after long instruction and probation, were baptized. Then came classes for Confirmation and for admission to the Holy Communion.

From the very first, Bishop McKenzie called his clergy to meet at regular intervals in Synod, and after uniting in prayer and Holy Communion, to confer on all important matters.

Very briefly the work of the Synods was as follows:—

The first Synod, at Isandhlwana, April, 1883.—Eleven clergy were present, and the Bishop brought before them the questions of Church services generally, the management of mission stations, polygamy, and marriage amongst Zulus. At that time there were eight stations and 520 baptized Zulus.

The second Synod, April, 1885.—The first and chief topic was the revision of the very imperfect translation of the Prayer Book into Zulu; also the best method of working the stations.

The third Synod, April, 1887.—Considered finance, polygamy (with special reference to the coming Lambeth Conference of 1888), a missionary conference for the provinces of South Africa, and revision of the Zulu translation of the Prayer Book.

The fourth Synod, May, 1889.—Twelve clergy present, also the Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria. They considered finance, translation, and various forms of prayer and benediction.

The resolutions passed by the Synods and the Bishop's pastoral letters, etc., were printed at the Mission Press at Isandhlwana.

The Bishop's visitation journeys to all parts of his diocese were frequent, and entailed great exertion, bodily and mental. When he went out (for he was in England when chosen to be Bishop) he said: "The work in Zululand is now in ruins, and must be built up again. In Zululand we have no white work, the land is held as a native reserve: in few parts of the world is there a mission so purely heathen." The ten years of his episcopate saw a great change: there are now many English and very many Boers included in the diocese, which has been made, politically, a part of Natal, and is under the same governor and the same law as that English colony. Still, it is well to recall the starting point.

To return now to Bishop McKenzie's arrival in his diocese. He came from Natal; from Verulam he rode through a bright green luxuriant country, till he reached the drift or ford over the boundary river, the Tugela. He crossed in a boat, the horses swimming, and three-quarters of an hour's ride brought him to St. Andrew's. Thence, after two days, he rode on to St. Paul's, across the Umhlatuze river, beyond which lies the high, rocky, and often mountainous country of the Entonjaneni district; then comes the White Umfolosi river, and north of that lies Ulundi and the wild desolate country which was Cetshwayo's stronghold. From St. Paul's his road lay to the west, over very steep hills and a treeless country to Kwamagwaza. He wrote thence on January 6th, 1881:—

"It seems very wonderful to have just finished an Epiphany service here, assisted by Mr. Robertson and William the Deacon. On Wednesday, the 5th, we came in sight of the tall trees, seen afar off, which gave the place its original name of Emtinemide, the place of tall

trees. The present name, Kwa Magwaza, is derived from that of a tribe, the Amagwaza, who lived there. Kwa is a preposition of place; thus Kwa Magwaza means among Magwaza's people."

The chief Magwaza was still living, though he had been turned out by King Panda, who afterwards gave the land to Mr. Robertson.

"We found Mr. Robertson in the large room he has built for church and school, and he welcomed us heartily. He lives a hard, rough life, but seems contented and hopeful. I was astonished (i.) at the large amount of land made over to him by the king; (ii.) by the amount of land under cultivation; (iii.) by the number of people (many of them Christians) who have settled upon his land, though they are thus under some restraint from village law, composed by Mr. Robertson, with their full consent.

"Enough of the Church (built by Bishop Wilkinson, destroyed by Cetshwayo) remains to show what a nice building it was. The Bishop's house is utterly overthrown, and all overgrown with grass and weeds. On the Feast of the Epiphany I Celebrated early in the large room, Robertson, Shildrick, and William the Deacon being the only Communicants, there not having been time for notice and preparation. Robertson put on the end of his long table the red altar-cloth, which had been taken from the church, and then brought back to him after the end of the war by one of the neighbouring chiefs. In the evening, a congregation of at least a hundred and fifty assembled, and I baptized three infants and one adult."

"On Friday we started early, and Robertson insisted on a temporary change of horses, took in my poor tired pony for a long rest, and lent me his big horse. It is the animal

Colonel Weatherby was riding when he was killed. It was a comfort to be on a horse which it is not cruelty to ride. My own was quite unequal to the roughness of Zululand hills, plus a heavy Bishop!"

Again, on June 17th, Bishop McKenzie notes:—

"I rode from St. Paul's to Kwamagwaza. The road is what we here call good. There is a decided ascent all the way, but it is not rocky, nor are there many steep places to climb. We arrived about three p.m., and found Mr. Robertson very busy building with great blocks of unbaked clay—a plan he has not tried before. He could only put one course on each day, and has to leave the wall to dry for a day, but on the whole it is quick work. Of course, we had a long talk in the evening. I find no man's conversation more pleasant or so hopeful; he knows so much about the land, and loves the people so sincerely."

In the following August the Bishop was once more at Kwamagwaza to look over the ruins there, and see what had better be rebuilt, but the rainy season was so near that it was not possible to do much that year. A priest, the Rev. G. Swinny, was expected, also a schoolmaster and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roach, were coming immediately, and must have a house. It was decided to put them into one with three rooms, built for William the Deacon, and let him stay for the present in his native hut. Mr. Robertson, hospitable as ever, made everybody welcome. The evening was spent in considering building plans, and the endless things the Bishop and Mr. Robertson always had to talk over. Dr. and Mrs. Oftebro were there (from a Norwegian mission centre), and the cordial way in which the Doctor spoke of Mr. Robertson and his work did the Bishop's heart good. Evidently, on arriving in

Zululand as a stranger, Bishop McKenzie felt he could learn very much he wanted to know from Mr. Robertson.

It is not possible to quote *all* the many little things he says, but they show by their tone how much he was struck by and admired Mr. Robertson's characteristic methods of ruling his large flock. In November he writes:—

“There is a steady increase of population, and the people are anxious to be taught and to have their children taught. Mr. Robertson has re-started the station on a wise system of self-government as regards all internal matters. The many questions and disputes that will arise from time to time are no longer brought to him to settle. He told the people they must make their own Induna, or head, and their own village laws, and must keep them, but he would not be their chief. They chose a Christian named Joseph for several years in succession, and he keeps the peace well. In the midst of many privations and very hard outdoor work Mr. Robertson has kept up regular services and a good deal of school in a way that makes me very thankful indeed. The example of his industry and superior methods have done the people as much good in one way as his teaching and preaching have in another. A considerable number have been baptized (adults as well as children), and a good many confirmed during the year. Now Mr. and Mrs. Roach have arrived to take over the school; and we are longing to have a priest to take the pastoral work and to leave Mr. Robertson more free to carry out his other plans for the station, and to visit more amongst the neighbouring kraals.

“Hospitality amongst ruins has its difficulties, but there being no house to receive us, we sleep, cook, and live in our wagon, drawn up within the mission grounds.

There were not less than seventy Communicants, perhaps more, on Sunday at the Celebration at 7.30. The Bishop preached in Zulu, Mr. Robertson giving a sort of commentary on the sermon, in case it was not plain enough for them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Roach are come, and have begun their work. He has a fine school of seventy in the morning and forty in the afternoon. The trees and shrubs planted around give the place quite a homelike, cosy look. Altogether, Kwamagwaza is full of memories of the past, and of great hope for the future. Mr. Robertson has planted quite a variety of trees—blue gums, willows, etc.—flowers, fruit, and vegetables. He gave us three splendid fowls and potatoes and bacon for our journey; and as we left on Monday morning, many were the hearty farewells we had."

In the following year, Mr. and Mrs. Swinney came to live at Kwamagwaza. A house was ready for them, consisting of one big room used for early services and many other purposes. The Night School was always held there; and so was the Day School, whenever Mr. Robertson had various sick persons in his own big room. Their room was sixteen feet by twenty-two feet, and if on Sunday all the Christians could not get in for service, a second was held outside under the trees. On one side of this big room was a sitting-room, and on the other a bed-room for Mr. and Mrs. Swinney.

This was a happy and hopeful time for Umfundisi (the teacher), as his people had named him. Now the longed-for brother-priest had come, the Rev. G. Swinney and his wife (Bishop McKenzie's sister), a lady with a large heart and experience and cultivation, as well as missionary devotion, able to mother the women and children. Mr. and

Mrs. Roach had the school, and were always ready to give help in cases of sickness and in many other ways. Kwamagwaza was recovering from the evils of the late war, and all looked well, bright and promising.

Changes were, however, at hand which could not have been anticipated, for all the former state of war and anarchy was renewed. Cetshwayo was sent back, and was in a measure re-instated. Civil war followed as a natural consequence; peace and order were at an end; and though the Church's work could not be stopped, it was greatly hindered.

CHAPTER V.

EXTENT OF THE DIOCESE, 1881 TO 1890.

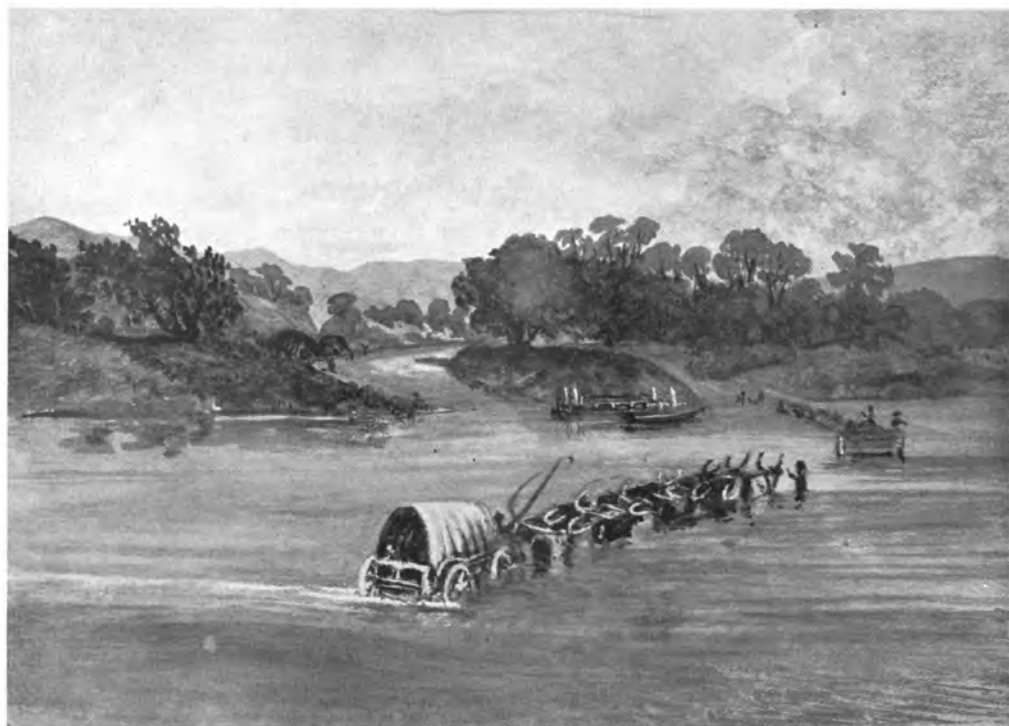
IN 1860, 1 STATION; IN 1890, 7 STATIONS.

“And the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.”

BEFORE entering on the period of the civil wars, and the troubles caused by them, it is well to name the nine stations which Bishop McKenzie found in existence when he arrived and those which were formed during his Episcopate:—

I.—KWAMAGWAZA, which was begun in 1860, has been already described. During the long period of war and discord, the labours of many years seemed to have perished, and the once hopeful Mission Stations lay desolate; now a blessed change has come, and Kwamagwaza is again a home of peace and good order, a centre of Christian instruction and of Christian worship.

The frontispiece of this volume shows the Church, rebuilt by the exertions of Mrs. McKenzie after her return to Zululand, with the hut of the Zulu Deacon close to it, and amongst the trees the house can just be seen in which is Mrs. McKenzie's school for Zulu girls and women. It has a remarkable history. The foundation stone of this Church was laid by Elizabeth, the wife of the native Deacon, J. Martyn, who was first known to us as Ututose, one of the wives of the murdered Umdwendwe; Mr. Robertson



CROSSING THE TUGELA INTO ZULULAND.

saved her from the cruelties of Panda and Cetshwayo, and after long teaching he baptized her. The Church was dedicated by Bishop Carter, when the Synod of the Zululand Clergy met at Kwamagwaza. There was a large gathering of people, both Christians and heathen, who well remembered how the former Churches had been overthrown and destroyed during successive wars. One of the Zulu Deacons was heard to say to a principal heathen headman of the neighbourhood, as he pointed to the Church, "Did you fancy you had destroyed it?" The heathen said, "Yes, we thought the Christian's house was dead, ground to dust, but it is up again. It will not die. It is too much for us. We are heathen!" A true word, here and elsewhere of the Christian's house, of the Kingdom of our Lord. It may be cast down, but "it will not die!"



II.—St. Paul's, begun 1865. The land was given by Cetshwayo to Mr. Samuelson. St. Paul's is thus the second station in point of time. It is very favourably placed in easy reach from Natal. It has never been anything but a very small station, and did not extend its influence, beyond the land occupied by Mr. Samuelson and the

natives who lived on it, who were well cared for and taught. It is fifty miles from the Tugela, and is on the military road, which at this point turns westward towards Kwamagwaza, along the high barren line of high land which forms the northern side of the Umhlatuze valley.

When Bishop McKenzie arrived in 1881 he rode from St. Andrew's to St. Paul's, and on to Kwamagwaza. The house and church originally built by Mr. Samuelson had been destroyed during the previous war with Cetshwayo; on its conclusion, Mr. Samuelson had returned from Natal with his family, and had rebuilt the house and the school-church. A good many of his people had come back with him, and four were waiting to be confirmed by the Bishop. Services and school have been maintained there ever since.

III.—St. Andrew's, begun 1874. The land was given by Cetshwayo to Bishop Wilkinson for old St. Andrew's. St. Andrew's is close to the Natal frontier and to the military road, by which all, whether peaceful travellers or a column of the British army, must enter Zululand from the south-east. The river Tugela is here the boundary, and there is a drift, *i.e.*, ford, across it, which is generally passable for horses and oxen with wagons. Mr. Robertson had from the first wished to make the earliest mission station in Zululand in this neighbourhood, but Bishop Colenso decided to accept King Panda's offer of land at Kwamagwaza, and to begin in the centre of the land, rather than on the frontier. It is a pleasant part of the country, and there were already a few English settled in it. Alfred Adams, the faithful friend of the mission, had a large farm here, given him by Cetshwayo, and in 1874 moved here from Kwamagwaza with five Christian Zulu families; and John Dunn held much land at

Emangete, and was anxious for a school for his exceedingly numerous half-caste children. There were also a large number of the Nunn family in the neighbourhood. It was decided to establish a school which should be largely "industrial," and should build wagons and do much carpenter's work. So Mr. Shildrick came out from St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, to take charge, and opened the school in 1875. The plan did not prosper; the country was very unsettled, as war seemed about to break out, and on the approach of Colonel Pearson's column in November, 1878, both Mr. Shildrick and Mr. Adams decided to leave St. Andrew's and cross into Natal.

During the Zulu war the deserted station suffered much from the troops, who were frequently passing through, and the house and school-church were destroyed.

At the close of the war, Sir Garnet Wolseley made John Dunn one of the thirteen chiefs or kinglets, amongst whom he divided Zululand. It was entirely in his power to exclude or to admit Christian teachers. He invited Mr. Shildrick to come back and to re-open the school; Alfred Adams, also, had returned to his farm, and he at once rebuilt the house, and also built a large room, ready for use as school and church. When Bishop McKenzie arrived in January, 1881, he was glad to find a house with several good rooms and a projecting roof, which formed a wide verandah, and to see how much Adams had done to repair damages and to bring the land into cultivation.

The country around soon rises into ranges of very beautiful hills, with deep sheltered valleys between them. Being on the low land near the coast, the climate is hot, and at Christmas time (mid-summer) the thermometer is sometimes at 106 in the shade of the verandah and 130 in the sun. On the hills the air is always fresh, and there

are wide views of hill and dale, extending in places to the Indian Ocean. In the valleys, by the Tugela and by various small tributary streams, good crops of maize grow freely, also pine-apples, bananas, and palms, as well as ferns and flowers that would be a joy in any English greenhouse.

The Bishop decided to make St. Andrew's his headquarters for a time, and in February he brought all his party from Durban in two wagons and on horseback. When they first looked upon the Tugela river they saw that it was very full, sweeping down grandly in a stream much too strong for horses or for oxen drawing wagons to swim. The pont, a sort of ferry barge (shown in the sketch) was, as often, unfit for work, and the only thing to be done was to cross in a boat and be met by another wagon on the opposite bank. Their own wagons were left on the Natal side to wait until the river should go down. St. Andrew's was their home for many months, until the Bishop decided to move to Isandhlwana, and build his house there. He left the Rev. J. T. Carmichael to take charge of St. Andrew's School and services, and also to visit and hold services for some white people along the coast to the North.

The country around was rather thickly peopled by a tribe called the Makshoba, altogether heathen and uncivilized, but not ill disposed towards the English. It soon appeared that they were gradually moving away from the neighbourhood of the drift and the military road, and it became a question whether the English teacher should not follow the people. In 1886, Mr. Farmer went to St. Andrew's with his wife, who was well known to the people. One of the three chiefs near them very earnestly invited them to come and live amongst his

people. The Bishop wrote:—"For the first time we have an opportunity of accepting an invitation from a chief to build a school and hold services among his people in a district which, for Zululand, is thickly populated." He decided to move, and to form "New St. Andrew's" on the little river Inembe, about twelve miles away. The chief, Utshana, gave twenty acres, and the British Government confirmed the title. The Inembe is a clear, bright



ST. ANDREW'S, 1890.

little stream, flowing down to the Tugela from the beautiful hills to the north; its winding course almost surrounds the station, and it gives an abundant supply of good water and plenty of fish for the catching. Unluckily, it also abounds in alligators, so that it is impossible to bathe in the clear pools. Dogs, goats, calves, and sometimes human beings are taken by these brutes, and they are so wary when out of the water that it is difficult to get a shot at them.

So old St. Andrew's was left, the school-chapel was

taken down, doors, woodwork, and iron roofing were removed, and in place of one long building, with the chapel at the end, a small dwelling-house was built on a site looking down on to the stream, and a larger and more commodious school-chapel was built, entirely separate. During the building time, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer and their two children lived in a round hut, twenty-four feet across, which on Sundays was crowded by as many raw heathen neighbours as could squeeze in, while the overflow grouped around the windows and door. By October, 1888, the little Church was roofed in, and when the Bishop landed, on his return from England after the Lambeth Conference, he came first to St. Andrew's for the formal opening service. The building is 45 feet by 30 feet; the sanctuary is 15 feet wide by 10 feet deep; there are two small vestries, and a porch to the west door; there are seven long narrow windows. When opened, there were no seats and very few fittings, but it was soon well filled.

Utshana's people came regularly on Sundays, and two of his sons were trusted to Mr. Farmer for teaching. Chief Uhidama and his people did not come much to Church, though very often for medicine and other help. Undabayake and his people came regularly every Sunday. He appeared as soon as the bell rang, and was followed by a long line of his people, so that the church was filled with a troop of raw heathen—unclothed, uncouth, and sometimes noisy, but always attentive. The Bishop spoke of it as the most heathen congregation he had ever known, and also of his great hope that, by God's blessing, "it would become a Christian congregation, composed of Christians, not guarded and kept apart from their country-people, but living in their own kraals, among their own tribes."

The school began with ten, and increased rapidly. Mr. Farmer visited the Christian families in the neighbourhood from time to time, and went once a month to Eshowe, which was now growing into the seat of government in Zululand; he held services there for the civilians, the English troops, and also for the native police, amongst whom were many Christians. There are now three outstations worked from St. Andrew's, each with its school-chapel—Indulindi, Mombeni, and Mandeni.

Twenty-five miles north of St. Andrew's stands Eshowe. This place was first known when it was made into a fort after the fight at Isandhlwana in 1879. It was an abandoned Norwegian mission station used by Colonel Pearson when he advanced into Zululand, after repulsing the Zulu army at Inyezane. He fortified the site of a school and three thatched cottages, and made it a strong fort, within which he, with fifty-three officers and his column of infantry, maintained themselves until relieved by Lord Chelmsford on April 2nd. They then took part in his successful attack on Cetshwayo's kraal at Ulundi. A garrison was established there, and it was the seat of Government and the home of the Resident Commissioner until 1897, when Zululand was annexed to Natal, and in 1902 the troops were removed. As it was the seat of Government, Bishop Carter thought it well to move there from Isandhlwana in 1893. There an English church—St. Michael's—has been built, and also one—St. Columba's—for the Zulus.

These three stations were begun under the rule and in the territories of the heathen kings of Zululand.

IV.—Enhlozane, begun 1873; land (six hundred acres) bought by Bishop Wilkinson. There has been some work on the borders of Swaziland and the Transvaal since it

was begun (January, 1873) by the Rev. J. Jackson. The Rev. R. Robertson had travelled through the northern part of the country, and his desire was to have mission centres in the west of Swaziland, near the king's kraal, and on the Bombo, whence Tongaland could be reached, and possibly on the island Inyaka.

A well-known settler in Natal, Alex. McKorkindale, was endeavouring to form a colony or settlement in a part of Swaziland which he called New Scotland, and he wrote to Mr. Robertson, offering him land and all possible help if he would come and take charge, and teach the natives living on his land. Mr. McKorkindale died before the plan could be acted on, but his widow and her nephew, Mr. Bolt, renewed the offer, and Bishop Wilkinson went with Mr. Robertson, in 1871, to see if it was practicable. This led to the removal of Mr. Jackson from St. Philip and St. James's, Empandhleni, and the beginning of what we now know as Enhlozane. As to the position of New Scotland, it was reached by coming up the Pongolo by boat to its junction with the Usutu, and thence following that river and through the Bombo range, and then following the Enhlozane river, to Bolt and Derby. This last is a house in which Mr. Jackson at first lived and rented three acres of land. The great kraal of the Swazi king is much further north, beyond what is now the Usutu station. In the early part of 1873, Bishop Wilkinson bought for the administrators of the Mackenzie Mission a farm in New Scotland of six hundred acres, with buildings, for £500. This is now Enhlozane.

Mr. Jackson remained here (except for a short time during the Zulu war) until 1881. In June of that year Bishop McKenzie went with Mr. Jackson to visit the young Swazi king at his kraal, and he then gave permission

to settle and build at his uncle's, on the Usutu river. Mr. Jackson moved up there at once. The house at Derby was sold, which partly provided the cost of building one at the Usutu.

Mr. Jackson settled a native catechist, Titus Zwane, on the Bombo mountain range, at a place where Bishop Wilkinson had bought land.

Mr. Hales remained in charge of Enhlozane, and built a good stone church there, which was dedicated in 1884.

In 1887, the Bishop moved Mr. and Mrs. Carlsen from the Komati, that he might take charge of Enhlozane in place of Mr. Hales. Many of their people followed them, and they gathered many Christians around them, as they had done at the Komati. Age and infirmity obliged Mr. Carlsen to resign in 1895, and he died two years later.

The Rev. W. Mercer then took charge of Enhlozane, and has continued there ever since. He and all his people left during the Boer war, and have now returned. Though houses and gardens, left ownerless, were plundered and destroyed, yet the Church and Mr. Carlsen's grave were left uninjured by Boers and Swazis alike.

V.—The Komati, begun 1874; land (six thousand acres) bought by Bishop Wilkinson, acting for the administrators of the Mackenzie Mission Fund, for £426. It is to the west of the Swazi country, eighty miles north of Enhlozane, in New Scotland. It is a very beautiful spot, and fertile; a ridge of ironstone rocks forms one side of the valley for four miles, with a stream of good water at the foot, and a gentle slope opposite, on which is the station. Another little stream dashes down the rocks, and where the two join they form a pretty cascade in a wooded gorge.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlsen were settled there at once by Bishop Wilkinson, and built the house. Many people

gathered round him, and he taught and cared for all who lived on the land and worked for him. Bishop McKenzie found him there, still only a deacon, and in 1887 ordained him priest, and moved him to Enhlozane. Most of his people came with him from the Komati, which has not since been occupied. It was for some years lent to the Bishop of Lebombo.

VI.—Isandhlwana, begun 1879.

VII.—St. Augustine's, begun 1880.

The histories of these two very important stations cannot be compressed into a few pages, but must always form a considerable part of the missionary history of Zululand. They are also closely connected with the life of Bishop McKenzie, and with the close of the war with Cetshwayo in 1879. Land was given by the Government for the site of the memorial church at Isandhlwana and for the station; while at St. Augustine's, the site and all the help in his power were given by the Basuto chief, Hlubi, whose desire it was that Mr. Johnson, the teacher of his people in Natal, should remain with them in their new territory.

Isandhlwana recalls the building of the Church of St. Vincent, Bishop McKenzie's first great work in his Diocese, the Synods, which he called together there, the great work of translating and then printing Prayer Book and Hymns in Zulu, and of the many schools which led up to the present College for training the future teachers and clergy of the Church in Zululand.

St. Augustine's is a truly wonderful example of what we now believe to be the best plan of work in a mission. One strong centre is maintained at St. Augustine's, and it is now surrounded by a network of thirty or more out-stations under native teachers. There is a staff of fifty-five catechists, teachers, and evangelists, two priests,

and a deacon, besides the English clergy. All are under the care and guidance of Archdeacon Johnson, and all gather together on great festivals within the noble Cathedral-like Church which he and they have built upon the veldt—the sign and proof of unity, and the centre of united worship. All this ought to be fully recorded.

VIII.—The Usutu, begun 1881; land given by the Swazi king to the Rev. F. Jackson in 1881. He moved from Enhlozane to Usutu, as has been already stated, and remained there until 1893. This is the only station actually in Swaziland. The king was willing that the Bishop should have a site on the Usutu river, which he thought especially suitable, and that he should build there. The young king's death by poison and the many dissensions and troubles in Swaziland, have prevented much progress until now. But the greatest difficulty has always been the want of funds necessary for the support of English Clergy, who could take up the work in Swaziland.

IX.—Etalaneni, begun 1885; land given by Government, on which the Rev. R. Robertson established the refugees from Kwamagwaza. See Chapter VIII.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CIVIL WAR BETWEEN USIBEPU AND CETSHWAYO.

"An arm of flesh must fail,
In such a strife as this,
He only can prevail,
Whose arm immortal is."—*T. Kelly.*

SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY, 1881 to 1885.

IT must be kept in mind that when Bishop McKenzie arrived in Zululand in January, 1881, the country was supposed to be at peace, ruled by thirteen native chiefs, as settled by Sir Garnet Wolseley. A wide strip of land, just north of Natal, was made into a Reserve for natives only, under English resident magistrates. Political influence in this country most imprudently sent Cetshwayo back to Zululand after three years, not as the absolute despot he had been, but as more or less dependent on the English Government. The evil influence of his brothers of the Royal House, who could not tolerate the thirteen chiefs Sir G. Wolseley had set up, led to his destruction. They induced him to raise a large force of his old soldiers and attack Usibepu, one of the thirteen kinglets, and the powerful head of a rival branch of the royal family. Before many months had passed, he and Cetshwayo were openly at war. Usibepu surrounded and burnt the king's kraal at Ulundi, and Cetshwayo was



CETSHWAYO RETURNING FROM ST. HELENA.

supposed to be among the slain ; but he escaped and took refuge with the British Resident in the " Reserve "—the only portion of Zululand in which, at the close of the war, English authority had been established. He died there very soon, probably poisoned by overdoses of medicine given him by the many native doctors called in to treat an illness caused by wounds, chagrin and native beer. The strife was not ended by his death, for the Usutu, *i.e.*, the king's party (amongst whom was Somkeli, his uncle), set up Dinuzulu, Cetshwayo's young son, to carry on the feud begun by the evil influence of his uncle Undabuko, against Usibepu. The two armies fought each other, and overran the country, killing and plundering everywhere. Usibepu kept his troops well in hand at first, and personally he always respected mission stations, and neither party attacked the Reserve. After a time the Usutu called in the Boers to help them, and succeeded in defeating Usibepu, but they paid dearly for this help. The Boers came in numbers, and settled in the country, finally claiming possession of all the more level and fertile country, which they annexed under the name of the " New Republic " and " Proviso B." Kwamagwaza is in the last-named territory.

Finding his people were in danger from both sides, Mr. Robertson obtained leave for them to move into Natal, to the Umsinduze. The people, Christian and heathen alike, gladly went with him. Kwamagwaza being left empty, was quickly plundered by the Usutu, and almost everything was destroyed, but the Bishop never gave up his claim to possess the land. Isandhlwana and St. Augustine's, being in the Reserve, were not molested. The English Government did not take any part in these civil wars and troubles. When it was possible to return to Zululand, Mr. Robertson decided not to go back to

Kwamagwaza, but to accept land from the English Government at Itala, in the Reserve, and to settle his people there.

Returning to the events of 1881: early in the year the Rev. G. Swinney went, as the Bishop's representative, to the Natal border, to be present on the occasion of King Cetshwayo's return to Zululand. The King probably hardly understood *why* he was restored to his country, and influenced by Undabuko and his other Royal brothers, he founded false (but not unnatural) hopes upon it. He returned in a haughty and somewhat touchy temper, was not pleased with the arrangements made for him, and was short and not very civil to the authorities. He was not specially uncivil to the missionaries, and had a little conversation with Mr. Samuelson at St. Paul's, where Mr. Swinney was staying. The King condescended to pay Mr. Samuelson a visit, to eat his biscuits and bananas, and drink his lemonade. He also sent one of his wives with orders to quarter herself at St. Paul's till he himself was ready to receive her. It was not actually unfriendly conduct towards mission workers, but it did not look much as if the king had come back a wiser man or easier to manage, and therefore it did not promise well for the peace of the country. On the Sunday that he was within reach, Mr. Swinney had parade service for the soldiers who were escorting King Cetshwayo, after which he went, by advice, to ask Cetshwayo if he would like the *native* service to be held at his quarters. His answer was: "*Personally*, he should like them to come and pray within hearing, but that the noise of the Zulus passing to and from his presence would militate against quiet prayer; and where prayer is, there ought to be peace," he added. So the service was held privately in the mission wagon.

By the middle of July, 1883, the clouds were gathering thickly. The Bishop spent some days at Kwamagwaza just at this time, and had the chance of talking things over with Harry Longcast, who had been interpreter to Cetshwayo during his exile at the Cape, so was likely to have ideas that were worth considering. Longcast was a remarkable man. He was adopted by Mr. Robertson at the Umlaza as a tiny child, whose father had deserted the mother and several children, and repaid his kindness by great devotion to him.

Bishop McKenzie writes :—

“Longcast and I reached the king's kraal at Ulundi on July 17th. It is very large, but has been badly rebuilt after its destruction in 1879, and the huts huddled together. I found Dr. Oftebro, from the Norwegian station, there, as the king (who has rheumatic gout) had called him in. When he had done with the doctor, affairs of state came on, and he sent us word he was talking of great matters, and could not see us. This did not surprise me, as in old times the king would often keep people waiting days for an audience, and I retired to the mission station, where Mr. Fynn, the resident, was also staying, and was glad to have a talk with him. He said he had next to no influence over the king, who cared less and less daily for the wishes of the English Government, and that, in fact, he felt his chief usefulness was to transmit information, and to protect such chiefs as did not like the king's rule, and yet who could not get away over the border into the Reserve (because if they attempted it their women, cattle, and mealies would at once be seized). Unfortunately, Cetshwayo's return was at a time when the crops were half ripe, so that people could not move, and there was no security, except the king's promise (which

proved to be worthless) that those who wanted to move into the Reserve should do so unmolested. I slept that night at Dr. Oftebro's, and found him convinced that mission work so near Ulundi as the Norwegian mission station is now impossible. The German missionary Schroeder had been murdered by night, and so had the British Resident's messenger to the Usutu chiefs.

"Next morning, the 18th, I went back to the royal kraal, and was told the king was soon coming out, and would see us in the open space. There was to be a review, and the regiments were gathering for it. Before long Cetshwayo appeared, walking lame. His leg was certainly swelled, as one could see, for he had on only a long overcoat and no other article of civilized clothing. A chair was brought for him and a bullock hide for me. Then he sent for me, and we shook hands. I seated myself on the hide by his chair, with Longcast a little further off. He was civil to me personally, but very bitter about white people in general, and clearly there was small hope of any useful talk. I began by what I meant for a pleasant speech, about being glad to see him under more happy circumstances than when we met at the Cape two and a half years ago. But Cetshwayo would not admit the circumstances were happier. He said more than once that 'the fighting in his land was all the fault of *my* people. He would stand it no longer; he now meant to fight, and had sent to tell the Government so.' He had always before declared that the invasion of Usibepu's country (though done by his brother Ndabuko and his counsellors) was not by his order. News had now come of another inroad suddenly made. One corner of Usibepu's land had been cleared out, women and children carried off, men killed, and huts burnt, yet this, too, is supposed to be no

responsibility of Cetshwayo's. Of the killing of the German missionary Schroeder, he spoke as being much troubled about it. The review was a fine wild sight; some four thousand were assembled. Dinuzulu, the king's son, was there. He struck me as a spoilt boy of fourteen, not nearly so manly as most Zulu boys of his age.

"We left Ulundi soon after, and returned to Kwamagwaza, where we found some fears had been entertained by the ladies as to our safety. These were needless, for Longcast knew the ways of the place well, and would have heard if fighting had been imminent. The army had not yet gone out, but the last preparations were being made, for the last bull was being killed that day for the medicine. This ceremony (which had already been gone through three times) seemed to be of a sacramental character. The flesh is prepared by the doctors, and then is passed round, that every man may have a bit as a preservative in fight."

"*Saturday, 21st.*—Mr. Robertson was with us when, about four this afternoon, one of the Christians came up in a most excited state, saying that three men with shields and assegais had passed his house, saying they were hurrying to escape from Ulundi, for Usibepu had come on them unexpectedly, and burnt the royal kraal with others near. This was startling news. Soon women who had been carrying food for their men-folk hurried by, then a string of boys who had been in attendance on their fathers, and then a mixed crowd, all agreeing in the story that the royal kraal had been attacked at eight in the morning, and that there had been hardly any fighting, for all had run away at once, that many chiefs were killed, but nobody knew anything about Cetshwayo. All agreed that the power of his party was utterly broken. Then

came the fear of pursuit and of Usibepu sweeping off all cattle, women, and children in Cetshwayo's country, as he has a right to do by Zulu war. Those of us who felt sure Usibepu would not attack a mission station yet felt that ruffian bands on either side might take advantage of the confusion to plunder and do deeds of violence unpunished. We commended ourselves that night even more earnestly than usual to the care of our Heavenly Father before going to bed. We had nothing to lose, except our lives, which were the safest in the place. We could do nothing to prepare for either resistance or flight, and were sure of warning if the army came. But I do not think anyone slept, and all the next day the cattle were kept close at home.

"Mrs. McKenzie was to have gone home to Isandhlwana on Monday, but under the circumstances I decided to take her, and Mr. and Mrs. Roach and their baby, and five native girls, on to St. Andrew's at once. So we did our packing up at once, and when the moon rose we got the wagon ready to start with the first light. The congregations were smaller than usual that day. In the morning, before Mr. Robertson's preaching, I spoke for a short time. I did not like to be silent at such a crisis, and tried to calm the hearts of our poor people with the thoughts suggested by 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.' In the afternoon I Confirmed the candidates who had been prepared, feeling very thankful that in the midst of such a crisis the Church could still take another steady step forward.

"Very early next morning, long before daylight, we heard Mr. Robertson's big bell, and felt sure it was meant for an alarm. Then came a note from Mr. Robertson:— '3.30 a.m. Fugitives bring word that part of Usibepu's

army slept at Entonjaneni and will be here at dawn. Will you stay, or will you have the men at once?' There were patches of firelight in the sky (one on the road we must travel), but when it proved to be only grass fires, not kraals burning, I determined to start. So a boy of Mr. Robertson's brought the oxen by the bright moonlight, and inspanned.

"The first sign of dawn was shewing as we stopped opposite Mr. Robertson's place. I went in and found the large church room packed with people, mostly women and children. Robertson's own horse was ready, for he meant to ride out and meet the army if spies reported it to be near. We said prayers in the dim light. I commended them to God, and gave them my blessing. I could have done nothing for them if I had stayed. Robertson was the only one who could have been of real use.

"Happily, it was a false alarm. We heard afterwards that Usibepu crossed the White Umfolosi, but only for a short distance. He had his men well in hand, and returned to the north side to follow some of the chiefs.

"We found the same panic at Mr. Samuelson's (St. Paul's) as at Kwamagwaza. All sorts of false and alarming rumours were flying about. Next day we went on to Eshowe, and Mrs. McKenzie and I rode up to the mission station to see Mr. Oftebro. They had had a message from Dr. Oftebro, who felt sure Cetshwayo was dead. I went down to Mr. Osborne, who also was sure the king was dead, and comforted me much by saying that he knew Usibepu well, and felt sure all mission stations would be safe from him, and that he did not even expect any raiding for women or cattle. Next day I rode on to St. Andrew's, as I was due for a Confirmation there, and did not wish to miss it on account of the panic."

With the Bishop were Mrs. McKenzie and Mr. and Mrs. Roach and their little girl; these last remained for a short time at St. Andrew's, with the Rev. T. Carmichael, and then returned to Kwamagwaza.

Turning now to Mr. Robertson's account of events, we find the following letter, written during that same anxious month of July, of which we have read the Bishop's account:—

"Kwamagwaza,

"July 5th, 1883.

"I cannot tell you how your boxes help us. It has pleased God of late to bless our work here far beyond my expectations, and in spite of the untoward state of the country, He still continues to bless it. I will tell you of two cases. One is a young wife, the mother of two children. Last year her heart was touched, and she ran away to this station, and actually obliged her husband to come after her. He is a good-hearted young fellow, and I hope some day he, too, may be a Christian. They were too poor to buy clothes, and so retained their native dress until the arrival of your box, when I at once, to their great joy, rigged them out, beginning with the wife.

"Another case happened only last week. A family of ten joined us, six being children fit for school. I had nothing that quite suited them, but Mrs. Roach, who is always kind and helpful, cut down some men's shirts for them.

"Poor Umsiti is another case. She is the widow of a dear old friend of mine, who was cruelly murdered during the war. Two of the family are already baptized Christians, but the kraal is still maintained about four miles off, and there Umsiti lives with three of her heathen sons. She and her youngest daughter—a girl of fifteen—

are preparing for Baptism, and would have had to go unclothed but for the kindness of those who filled the box. The girl lives here, as it is safer for her than in the heathen kraal, and she can be better taught.

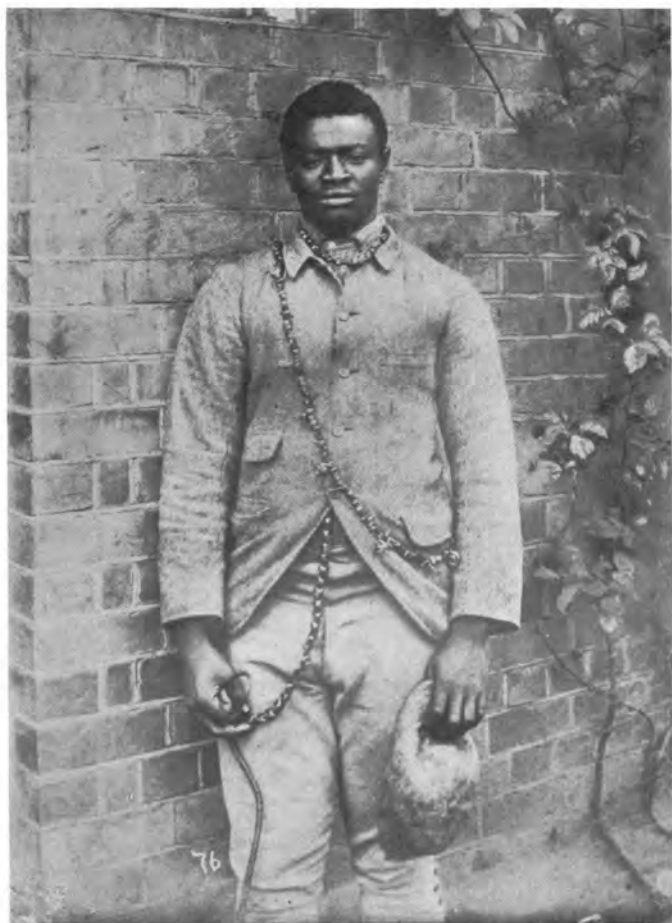
"I am expecting the Bishop in his wagon to-day, and I begged him, if he had any clothes in his stores that he did not need, to bring them with him. I have a special reason this year for wishing to be more generous than usual. We wanted a Church, but (as we had no prospect of getting one) I proposed to the people that we should double the size of the large room without asking money from anyone. They heartily agreed, and it is so nearly finished, that we are already using it, men, women, and little children having done what they could. It is thirty feet by sixty feet, and I hope will meet our needs, so I shall be specially glad if the Bishop brings something for all. We are much in need of maps for our school. Mr. Roach has more than a hundred pupils, and we are going to attack the Bishop with a long list of wants when he comes. For instance, we have not a single *seat* for either Church or school."

The letter was not finished till some weeks later, when he says:—

"Politically, things are wretched. Civil war has been raging ever since the king's return. Three bloody battles have been fought near us, and endless minor engagements. Well might we throw up our hands in despair if we did not remember that there is One Who ever rules all for good, and works His will in ways it is difficult for us mortals to understand."

This certainty that God rules all enabled him to continue his work in Church and school, and his care for his people individually, as we see in his letters.

A striking proof of his calm courage, and of the respect he had won, occurred about this time. Usibepu sent him a message "that he should bring his impi through Kwamagwaza that night, but would hurt no one." Mr. Robertson told no one, lest they should be afraid; "it is certain no man could help us, and that we are in God's hands." So he waited, and when night fell he stood in his garden, in the bright moonlight, alone, watching for the army coming from one of the many battles they had just fought. They came on in single file, armed, but in perfect silence, and as the long line marched by, each man, as he passed the fearless missionary, threw up his right arm straight above his head, this being the salute the Zulu soldier offers to his chief. When morning came, and others in the station knew what had happened, they looked on the long foot-track past their houses made by the silent "impi" with more dismay than the one man had felt at the sight of the warriors. The Zulus respected his fearlessness, and have long given him the honourable name of Uzimela, "One who can stand alone."



DINUZULU WEARING THE WARRIOR'S CHAIN, 1889.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CIVIL WAR BETWEEN USIBEPU AND DINUZULU.

SECOND MIGRATION FROM KWAMAGWAZA.

"Nor in these hours of griefs and fears,
And baffled hosts and broken spears,
Fail we to greet His coming time,
Pure, peaceful, brotherly, sublime,
With all earth's voices blent in praise,
Of Him who leads us all the days."—

Bishop of Derry.

CETSHWAYO'S defeat and death did not bring peace any nearer, for his party, the Usutu, and his young son, Dinuzulu, kept up war with Usibepu, even calling in the help of the Transvaal Boers, so that, after a time, it became necessary to seek safety under British rule, for there was no hope of it in Zululand, where this terrible state of civil war lasted on from month to month with varying fortunes. In October, Mr. Roach, writing from Kwamagwaza, says:—

"Last week, for the first time, we in this place heard the cry 'Impi!' (the army), and saw the people of the station running from their gardens to their homes. This was not our first alarm during the present month, for on last Wednesday morning a party from Usibepu's army, which is encamped a day's march from us, passed to 'eat up' some kraals of which the head man had been a leader in Cetshwayo's army. They were on them at

sunrise—killed five men, and took all the cattle; but though they passed close to some of *our* cattle, did not touch them. Our people were much alarmed, though needlessly, as Usibepu has throughout restrained his men from any injury to mission property or native Christians.

"On Saturday, however, we *were* in danger, not from Usibepu, but from an impi commanded by a former chief of this district, who was deposed at the restoration of Cetshwayo. Five hundred men were hovering round the station all day. Just before sunset, four men were sent to Mr. Robertson to demand cattle belonging to Zulus who had run away from the neighbourhood, hiding, as the impi supposed, their cattle at the mission station. Mr. Robertson said, *as far as he knew*, there were no such cattle, but they had better send the informers to point them out, and if they could prove their claim they should be given up. They returned to the induna with this message, and saying the impi would come in the morning, but before sunset it divided up into two bands, and completely surrounded the station. I doubt if any of us felt safe enough from a midnight visit to sleep soundly; however, we were not molested.

"Next day the impi moved towards the station, and halted a mile off, and as they seemed to be waiting for something, Mr. Robertson mounted his horse, and rode up to speak to them, with about half-a-dozen men following him. He went up to the induna in command, who immediately formed his men into a large circle, so as completely to surround him. Mr. Robertson then repeated his message of the night before—that he knew of no cattle secreted on the station. The induna said there *were* such, and then, pointing to his men, added: 'You see what I will do unless they are given up.' He seemed

to be trying to frighten Mr. Robertson, but if so he failed, and received a lecture for bringing an impi to attack one who had always been the friend of the Zulus and helped them so much. The induna tried to make a distinction between Mr. Robertson and the native Christians, where-upon (speaking loud enough to be heard by the impi) Mr. Robertson told him that he and his people were *one*: they were his children, and injury done to them he should consider done to himself. He then turned to leave, telling them to come if they chose, but to be careful what they did.

"They then changed their tone, asking him to wait, and it was arranged that authorities should come to the station with a few men, and point out the cattle, if they could. After an hour they arrived, and squatting under the trees near the building we use as church, consumed the whole day in wrangling with the people, Mr. Robertson constantly pointing to the setting sun, and asking when they would have done. No cattle were discovered, but they did not appear satisfied, and said they would return. We have since discovered that they hoped to alarm the Christians into running away in the night, in which case they would have closed in upon the station, taken the cattle, and destroyed the buildings. We can imagine the disappointment of the crafty cowards when they saw Kwamagwaza awake as usual on Sunday morning, and heard the bell ringing for service at sunrise.

"I ought to mention that whilst the leaders were in the station the four hundred men left behind began to quarrel and come to blows.

"Monday we were quiet, and saw nothing of them; Tuesday, a large party were seen returning from destroying kraals beyond us, towards the Reserve. They found no

people or cattle, but burnt the huts and opened the corn-pits, and deliberately burnt or spoilt the stores in them. Wednesday, one of the boys ran in to Mr. Robertson, saying: 'There is the impi!' 'All right,' said Mr. Robertson, 'let it come.' But the object was not to come to him, but to steal cattle. They ran through the herds, and were going off with some, but the men of the station were aroused, and about seventy of them followed them, Mr. Robertson going with them on horseback. They did not come up with the marauders, but recovered the cattle, which they left in order to get clear away.

"On Tuesday, the British Resident (to whom Mr. Robertson had sent word what was going on) despatched a message to the chief to leave the neighbourhood, and since then we have been very quiet, considering the state the whole country is in. Usibepu has brought *his* impi within two hours' ride of us, and on the 19th, Mr. Robertson, William the Deacon, Longcast, and myself paid him a visit. When we arrived, Usibepu was standing outside his hut, talking. 'Where is the chief?' Mr. Robertson asked, to which no answer was given; but a white man who was with Usibepu told him who Mr. Robertson was, and the chief then came forward to shake hands. Years ago they had known each other, but time had changed both. Usibepu said 'he had known Mr. Robertson before he was white.' He then asked us to go aside to a wagon, where he sat on boxes. For a time neither spoke, when at length Mr. Robertson said 'he had come to see him, and had one word to say to him.' He then spoke what might be called a short sermon on the text, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation,' and illustrated what he said by the double downfall of Cetshwayo, who had laughed

at the warnings he received from Mr. Robertson, and persisted in his evil courses. Usibepu listened quite attentively, from time to time making some remark of approval. He seemed an unassuming, pleasant man, not at all the savage I expected to see.

"Our numbers are increasing in consequence of the troubles; many fugitives are on the station, and wish to stay. They see the Christians are safe when all the country is harried, and it sets them thinking, of course. What the blessed result may be, God only knows. Our enlarged building, completed only two months ago, is no longer big enough, and we have no hope of building another yet. Attendance at school is rather low now, as it is mealie planting time. We have at last got some forms and three short desks, which are a great gain. You will be glad to hear Mrs. Roach has not been at all alarmed or made ill by all these troubles. She and our little Nessie are well."

There is a silence of nearly nine months, during which time the two parties continued raiding and burning in all directions, so that in May the people abandoned Kwamagwaza for the second time, and took refuge in Natal. The next letter we have is once more from Mr. Roach. It is dated St. Andrew's, Lower Tugela, July 20th, 1884:—

"You will have heard much from others of the blow which has fallen upon the mission, in the exodus from Kwamagwaza two months ago, but I will give you a short account of the start. Early in the morning of the 8th of May, Mr. Robertson had called the men together to consult on the course to be pursued, in consequence of the attack on the Christians of the Norwegian mission as they came out of church from their midday service on Sunday, and of threatening messages to Mr. Robertson

from Umnyamana and Undabuko (two Usutu chiefs). They were still discussing plans; a knock came at the door, and Longcast, who went to open it, received the alarming information that the impi had that morning come to the Norwegian station, about seven miles off, and killed all they could capture, except the missionary himself. Confusion and panic were the immediate result of this news, and in spite of Mr. Robertson's attempts to calm them, the men made for their homes at once, saying, 'Let us save our wives and children.' In a short time they were on their way with a few articles that they could readily carry (leaving behind wagons, carts, ploughs, and all their corn, just harvested), and driving their cattle before them.

"Mr. Robertson refused to go, and sent a message after them: 'Send back the oxen, that we may get away the wagons and carts.' This was on Thursday, May 8th. None had returned by Saturday, and he sent some young men to see after them. These were met by forty-seven armed men, returning with the oxen, with the intention of forcing Mr. Robertson to leave Kwamagwaza. They arrived in the evening, and hastily stowing a few things into the wagons, we started again at midnight, and arrived safely. Last week we heard that our own house and all our property in it had been destroyed by fire. A white man who passed through Kwamagwaza last week told me that he went into Mr. Robertson's buildings. The font in the church was lying on the ground in three pieces, the altar overturned and the cloth torn to rags, the forms lying in all directions, the windows all smashed. In Mr. Robertson's own room all was confusion—chairs broken, books strewn all over the floor with heaps of rubbish. I fear the school materials you so kindly sent

have perished in the general wreck. Peace is long in coming; it really seems as far off as ever. We have been saying for a great while, 'Things cannot continue in this state,' but still no improvement takes place—rather the opposite. Seeing that a crisis of danger to their lives was coming, I had taken my wife and little girl to Durban for a time; but the hope that we might be able soon to return was, of course, altered by the news of the desertion of the station, and the burning of our home. You will be glad to hear that Mrs. Roach had the work-basket and the thimble, needles, and cotton with her, so she saved them; but, of course, being away, she had nothing except what would be required for her travelling and visiting wants, and everything else is burnt."

Mr. and Mrs. Roach came down after this to Isandhlwana, and took charge of the school.

There is again a long interval in the letters from Mr. Robertson. Letters from other parts of the Diocese were not interrupted; we know from other sources that in the exodus from Kwamagwaza, in May, 1884, Mr. Robertson's life was probably saved (almost against his will) by Longcast's devotion. His brave spirit rebelled against the stampede of his people, which seemed to him unnecessary. His heart was sore and bitter at what he considered the mismanagement of everything by authority, and he determined to remain *alone* to protect the station, and because he felt as if he could not let himself be driven out a second time. Longcast and Fight came back to him to try and persuade him to come away, and were met by a resolute refusal. "Very well," said Longcast, "then *I* stay, too," and sat down. This was too much for Uzimela. He could not let *anyone else* run the risk, so he came away with him

before the impi appeared, and rejoining his people, he once more gathered a camp round himself, to await better days, in tents and temporary huts, safe (if uncomfortable) in the Reserve.

REV. R. ROBERTSON TO MISS E. W.

" Umsunduzi,

" The Reserve,

" Via Lower Tugela, Natal,

" March 5th, 1885.

" Thank you and all the kind ladies who have contributed to the boxes, which arrived last week. You can imagine that in the destitute condition of the poor people, camped and unsettled as we are here, the gifts are even more valuable than usual, and the kind thought and prayers more needed by us. But in spite of many troubles, the work continues to make progress. We have recently had a nice, though short, visit from the Bishop, who Confirmed eight people, and I have still a class of nineteen Catechumens. Most of the newcomers are without any clothes at first, and I am very glad if I can help them. Of course, after a time, they clothe themselves. Up to the end of last year it was a terrible struggle to get money enough to buy food, and now they are working for money to pay their taxes, which will be collected next month (April). The soldiers' coats you have sent are splendid for the herd-boys—much better than the red tunics I have got sometimes in Natal; and the blankets are always welcome. I have not always a spare blanket to give a visitor. It is difficult to keep any blankets when one sees poor people starving for want of them.

" My good old horse (a charger which had had its master shot on its back, and which I bought after the Zulu war)

has lately died, and it is difficult to get another capable of carrying 245 lbs. of missionary, besides saddle and bridle, etc. The Bishop kindly offered to get one for me, but I have refused: there is plenty of more importance to do with the money he would cost; and, besides, if I had one here, I could not take proper care of him. I thought my old friend would die here, and wanted to sell him some months ago, and get mealies instead, but Adams, Fight, etc., would not hear of it. We have a poor blind man here who has ground my meal for nearly twenty years. He is a happy, good man, and such a talker—he talks like a parson! I often have to stop him in his long yarns, and kind nature has compensated him with such sharp ears."

This man went with him to Etalaneni; he had been much with Cetshwayo and Panda.

"Isandhlwana,

"April 24th, 1885.

"'Wondrous are Thy works, O Lord: in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' I have headed my letter with this verse, because I enjoyed my ride from Fort Yolland here exceedingly. The route took me through the mighty forest district, which I had not visited for many years. I cannot tell you how beautiful it is—so different from the coast and from Kwamagwaza. We were on the way to this place to attend the Synod; this is the second one. Longcast, Fight, and fourteen men were with me. Longcast's horse broke down, so four of the men were obliged to turn back. We slept at the kraal of an old friend's son, and in the morning I saw one of our Christians, named Myra. She is trying to bear witness for Christ amongst her own people, but I found her without any clothes, and must try and help her.

"It has been a great pleasure (at the Synod) to meet brother missionaries and old friends—Jackson, Hales, Carlsen, Samuelson—and we have done some good work in the revision of the Prayer Book (of the translation into good Zulu), and not wasted too much time in ritual squabbling."

Mr. Robertson did not return to Kwamagwaza, but at once began to form a new home for his people in the Reserve.



ETALANENI CHURCH.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHRISTIAN VILLAGE—ETALANENI.

"Planted Paradise was not more firm
Than was, and is, thy floating Ark, whose stay
And anchor Thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise and tempests rage."—

George Herbert.

THE time had now come for a great change. The home at Kwamagwaza was gone: the result of twenty-five years' hard work seemed to have perished. Bishop McKenzie writes, August 5th, 1885:—

"Mr. Swinney has been to Kwamagwaza, and seen the ruins there. Roach's house and goods were all burnt; his own had been pulled out from the place where he had stored them, and were gone; Robertson's the same. The font overthrown and broken, the altar not visible. Neither Swinney's nor Robertson's houses were burnt, however. The place was full of people (Usutus, of course, Dinuzulu's people) living in the houses our people had forsaken. The Swinneys sail to-morrow for Zanzibar, having decided to join the Universities' Mission to Central Africa."

There were many difficulties in the return to Kwamagwaza, and land was offered in the Reserve on which a new settlement might be safely made. Mr. Robertson writes in April, 1885:—

"I am beginning the most important work of my life

—the settling my people in a new home. If I think of the difficulties, they are appalling; but it is the Lord's work, and I have faith in Him, and shall leave the matter entirely in His hands. I do not trouble myself about the future; I do my work from day to day, and trust God for the rest."

It was indeed a brave heart that could thus write and act. Brave as he was, the many months of homelessness in the wilds with his flock were a very terrible strain. He said little, but in the years to come there were traces that those months, when his people had not where to lay their heads, were a time of greatest suffering to him. Mr. and Mrs. Roach were mostly at Isandhlwana, where he taught the school and was preparing for Holy Orders, so that when he rejoined Mr. Robertson, he worked with him not only as a teacher, but as a brother clergyman. Mr. Robertson soon settled himself:—

"At the place where I hope to plant the station. It is a fine site, given by the British Government, on which to settle the people, about three miles in length, with a gentle slope, and I shall be able to divert a good stream of water down the centre for about two miles. Itala is a noble mountain; on the top it is nearly flat, and it has hitherto been kept as the special pasture ground for Cetshwayo's cattle; no other hoof might tread it. The little Itala, though much smaller, is a fine slope, also with good grass. We shall be between the two, and it is one of the finest districts in Zululand, the only drawback being the total absence of wood. Please God, I shall go on planting every year, as I did at Kwamagwaza. There I had both firewood and timber for building of my own planting.

"I send you an alligator's skin. Are they not ugly

brutes? One of its ancestors killed a fine ox of mine, nine years ago, in the same river. Here, I am happy to say, we have none, and I have not yet seen a single snake."

In 1885, Mr. Roach writes from Isandhlwana that he had paid a visit to Mr. Robertson.

"He was living in a good-sized round hut, made of reeds, and thatched with grass. It contained his table, bedstead, saddle, and bridle, sacks of mealies (his own food), and many other things. It was neither water-tight nor air-tight, and in cold rainy weather very uncomfortable. He may have made a better house by this, but I do not think he has, as he was about to make a stone building to be eventually a wagon shed, open at one end, but for the present to be used as a school and for holding services in bad weather. Now when many are present, and it is bad weather, they crowd into his hut, which I have attempted to describe. Many families had come, or were about to come, from the Umsinduzi, while some preferred to wait till next year before coming up. Cattle disease was very bad when I was there, and many had died. One of the best (and, I believe, one of the oldest) Christians, Joseph by name, had lately come up with a wagon and oxen to prepare a house for his wife and children, intending, when he had done so, to return and fetch them. I do hope that after all their trials and sufferings, a period of prosperity may be granted to these people."

"Isandhlwana,

"January 7th, 1886.

"I have paid another visit to Mr. Robertson. I found him still living in that very uncomfortable hut. However, I hope he will soon be better lodged, for he is building a house of stone. He was doing it with his own hands,

but I suppose now Mr. Wallis is helping him, so that it will be finished soon. One room he intends to use for Celebrations of the Holy Communion until there are other buildings. The Bishop has decided that I go to help Mr. Robertson again, so I shall probably leave this about the end of March, but Mrs. Roach and the children will stay on here till I have some sort of home to take them to.

"Mr. Robertson has suffered a good deal from rheumatism lately, but with all his troubles is bright and cheerful."

FROM MR. ROBERTSON TO MISS WIGRAM.

"Etalaneni,

"March 2nd, 1886.

"It is very good of you to think of sending me books. Almost any book would be valuable, for I have again lost practically *all* the books I had collected since the last time we were driven out of Kwamagwaza (in 1878). I should be specially grateful for a Shakespeare; I have lost him twice.

"Some years ago, some kind people sent me some patchwork quilts. These I have now given away to poor people who had lost their all, and if some kind children in England would make me some more, they would be most useful.

"Also, when you are sending men's clothes, I should esteem it a kindness to myself if you would remember a man, John, who is one of my right hands, and gets no wages but what I can afford to give him. But he measures six feet two inches in his bare feet, so he cannot wear any ordinary clothes.

"I am sorry to say that gardening has yet to be begun here. It was impossible for me to do all I should have

wished with the means at my command. Still, as I tell the Bishop, when I look back on the work of the last nine months, I am not ashamed. I have planted six acres of trees altogether, but no gardening proper has been begun, except planting some potatoes (English and sweet, both). No fencing has been done yet. As I say, it has been impossible for me to attempt everything. I grow trees all the year round in what I call flower-pots, but they are strange pots—lumps of clay and cow-dung, with a hole in the centre. I plant *the pot along with the tree*, and the roots grow through it. A boy can make about a hundred such pots in a day, some more, some fewer, and I have sent to Durban for a couple of watering pots, which are indispensable in gardening. I do not know what God may have in store for me in the future, but it has pleased Him greatly to bless my cattle, and if I could only get a sale for them I should need help from no one; but cattle are all but unsaleable at present, and, as far as I can see, likely to continue so. That being the case, I have discharged one workman and given notice to six more. Of course, without workmen I can do nothing. I cannot say how I bless Milton for saying:—

"Doth God expect day labour light denied?"

They also serve who only stand and wait."

That is what I am doing now for many things. My good old wagon has broken down, and I am going to wait quietly till I have the means to repair it. It is what is left of the wagon the holy Keble gave me in 1864, but it has needed so many repairs that very little remains of the original structure.

"I have begun another building, which will be a shed,

workshop, storehouse, and mill all in one. For this the materials have been cut at some little distance, but I must wait for them. God has blessed me also far beyond my expectations in my crops of maize and Kaffir corn. Thanks to His goodness, I have in the ground and out of it food enough and to spare, I hope, till the harvest of 1887.

"You will be glad to hear that I have got a good, substantial house built. It is quite a pleasure to hear the wind blow and the rain fall without caring about either. Three-fourths of the building is used as a school till the Bishop sees his way to building another. It is too much crowded, though, and we have no seats of any kind. I can write letters with more comfort now; no fear of the wind blowing away my paper (as it often did in the hut), but still I am often too tired to write.—R. R."

"I wanted Roach to bring his wife and family at once, but he has decided they shall stay at Isandhlwana till his house is finished. I fear he thinks it will be ready sooner than it possibly can be. I have promised, with the help of the people, to make him some bricks; that will soon be done, and I am going to lend him ten oxen and a sledge, but when it will be begun I do not know. He has as yet no brick moulds. You will be glad to hear that we are gradually making friends with the people around us. On Sundays we have a full service at sunrise, after which the Zulu deacon, William, and others go out to the kraals. Roach, when he comes, will do the same. I have Sunday School about mid-day, and what I call 'Family Prayers,' with a short lecture, at night. Every day we have Morning and Evening Prayers, and a class every night but Saturday.—R. R."

This was Mr. Robertson's constant course of instruction for his people, besides the school for the children daily.

From Mr. Roach:—

“*Etalaneni,*
“*April 12th, 1886.*”

“Mr. Robertson has been hard at work all day making bricks for my house. Last week I was getting stone for the foundations, with three boys helping me. To-day we began brick-making; there are twenty-five at work. This morning we went down after Morning Prayers, and began to clear a place to lay them out to dry. This, and cutting down grass, and digging a hole to get clay, occupied us till 11.0; so we did not really begin to mould bricks till 12 o'clock. From that time till 3.30 we worked at high pressure. We made eighteen hundred bricks, and laid them out to dry, and then came home to *breakfast!* (We had eaten ‘bits’ and mealies whilst at work, and had some drinks of milk.) To-morrow, we hope to make three thousand or four thousand. I want thirty thousand and another man, who is to help me, and be paid by having his bricks made with mine.”

Mr. Robertson writes, August, 1887:—

“We have a great deal of sickness just now, especially amongst the children, of whom some have died lately. I have been obliged to turn my sitting room (which, you know, is our church also) into a hospital; and there are eleven persons sleeping in it to-night. Their homes are so scattered that it would be impossible for either Mr. Roach, who is kindness itself, or for me, to attend to them there. Besides, in serious cases it is absolutely necessary that the medicines should be administered by ourselves. It would be wrong to trust many medicines

into the hands of a poor ignorant Zulu mother. Oh! how they bother one. They make one almost mad sometimes. I spoke very strongly to the whole congregation about it two Sundays ago. I have been fighting their ignorance and prejudices for the last thirty years.

"There is a great mortality among Zulu infants, and the cause is not far to seek. They never give the infant the breast till it is three or four days old, or even more, feeding it meanwhile with curdled cows' milk. In no case are they content without giving the poor thing this sour stuff. They think if a mother loses her first child, it is a reason why she should never suckle another, however many she may have. Some few have given up these foolish ideas, but we are always finding those who persist in them. I have even gone so far as to say that if any Christian mother does not feed her child properly from its birth, she must find some one else to bury it if it dies."

There was no thought of personal care or comfort, only of the call of duty.

"As soon as the walls and roof of Mr. Roach's house were finished, in September, he began school in it, though not a room was as yet finished. There are a hundred and nine children in the settlement, and seventy-nine are on the books. Mr. and Mrs. Roach and William Africander teach them in three rooms, so there is not much privacy for Mrs. Roach and her own children. She is obliged to bring them to school, as there is no one to mind them elsewhere, and the girls stay for sewing on three afternoons. Our sitting room is also a schoolroom and a girls' bedroom at night."

"*Sunday, September 26th.*—The same lamentations over again: 'No place of worship!' It is nearly ten years

since we have had a church worthy of the name—since August, 1877. I do hope and pray that the Bishop may be successful in raising funds in England. I do wish for a plain strong building, large enough to hold us all for a few years. No time to be lost. These open-air services have a bad effect on the people."

Mr. Robertson's wish was not granted; no help came from England, so as usual he began for himself, and laid the foundations of a stone church, the west end of which may be used, at first, as a school; the eastern part will be kept exclusively for service. All this shows very strongly how much Mr. Robertson felt as to the need of careful and reverent worship. The people were greatly interested in the building; stones were quarried, and timber was brought from the forest by them; except Mr. Roach, only one white man, a carpenter, had any share in the work, which was completed by the end of the year 1887, to the great joy of all the Christians, and was dedicated on January 4th.

So the work of the mission continued steadily during the following years. Amongst the people who had come from Kwamagwaza very many were Christians, needing, as such, much teaching and training, preparation for Confirmation and guidance in coming to the Holy Communion. Some amongst them were able to help as evangelists and teachers; so there was much to be done for the home circle of believers. The neighbouring tribes, living around the Itala mountains, were altogether heathen, and several of the chiefs were strongly opposed to Christianity. True, there was no longer danger of death if man or woman became a Christian, but there were very many difficulties, and an opposing chief had many ways of making his displeasure felt. Still, progress was steady,

though not rapid, and the building such a church was a great step in advance.

THE DEDICATION OF ETALANENI CHURCH.

January 4th, 1888.—In her account of the opening of the church, Mrs. Roach gives many details:—

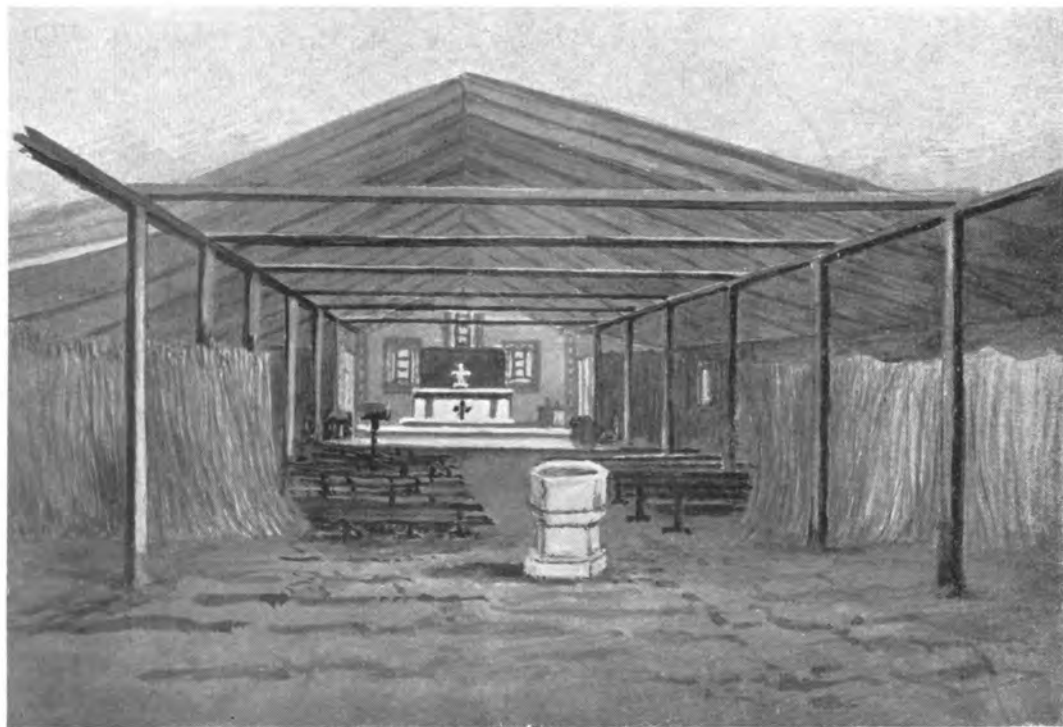
“There was an early Celebration, followed by breakfast, after which we had to prepare for the lunch in Mr. Robertson’s big room after mid-day service. Everything had to be sent down from here, so Mr. Wallis and I prepared everything, and sent it to Miss Samuelson and Mr. Jenkinson, who laid the table. We were obliged to have plenty of everything, as we did not know how many people would come. Besides these things, I had to get up the altar linen and surplices. (I got one of the Christian girls to wash it for me.) The altar linen was quite yellow. It had been lying packed away in one of Mr. Robertson’s boxes from the time we left Kwamagwaza till he turned it out, only the day before the opening. But we succeeded in making it look nice and white.”

It was a great rush, but the meeting of so many friends on such an occasion made that church opening a very happy and thankful day to Mr. Robertson and his helpers.

Bishop McKenzie writes of the day:—

“It was impossible for them to tell long beforehand *when* it would be ready. Summer weather is very uncertain for building, and workmen in these parts are more uncertain still, and it was impossible for them to put off the opening a day longer than the builders compelled them.

“I can hardly expect ever again to see so large a congregation of natives in Zululand. It was reckoned that between seven hundred and eight hundred found



ETALANENI CHURCH—INTERIOR.

sitting or standing room, of whom more than half were heathens. A great many of the great men of the neighbourhood were there, and the feast *on the floor* of Mr. Robertson's big room (which went on at the same time as the feast *on the table*), after the service, was more amusing and useful than it was pretty to look at. About ten of the big men and half-a-dozen or so of the leading Christians had been invited inside.

"The church is not architecturally grand, but it is so large (eighty feet by forty feet) that it looks really fine, with its range of small windows down each wall, its pillars of yellow wood from the bush, and its wooden ceiling throughout, so carried as to keep off the heat, which would otherwise be very great, with so large an iron roof, and also makes it a good building for sound. The floor is paved with flat stones, and pointed with cement.

"The altar looked very nice, and we had the pleasure of looking forward to seeing the beautiful things you are sending for it in use later on. A special festival service at mid-day could not here have included a Celebration of the Holy Communion, so I arranged that the first service of the day should be a plain early Celebration. A large number Communicated, but there were four of us present to administer it, and I allowed the use of a shortened form of the service. In Zulu in *any* form it takes decidedly longer than in English. I preached for a short time about the New Year, and the new building, and a fresh beginning of spiritual life. At the mid-day service, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Roach, and I all preached. I could not help calling to mind the beautiful church of Kwamagwaza, of which I had only seen the ruins, and expressing a hope that the glory of the latter house would be greater than the glory of the former in the much

greater number of converts and in the riper and more spiritual life of the older members of Christ. William preached in the afternoon—a very good sermon, I am told; but I cannot follow him yet, and sometimes I fear I never shall. When Mr. Robertson preaches, I can generally take in every word; but it may well be that this shows how far different from the speech and thought of the native is the preaching of the best of us. And what, then, about those who are newer to the work? I often tremble to think what I may have been understood to say myself! I wonder what a London congregation would think if they were handed over to the tender mercies of a foreigner's broken English? And yet that congregation would not need either teaching or stirring up to spiritual interest in the way our poor people do here.

Yours,

"DOUGLAS, *Bishop of Zululand.*"

Immediately after this, the Bishop came to England to take part in the great assembly of Bishops who met in the Lambeth Conference, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. While in England he heard, in June, of the outbreak of rebellion by Dinuzulu, which set the whole country in a ferment. The insurgent forces were all around, and Mr. Roach moved his wife and family for safety to St. Augustine's, whence he wrote:—

"All last week we were very anxious. On Friday came news of the fight of June 2nd, and the failure of the force to arrest Dinuzulu; on Wednesday and Thursday our Resident Magistrate had sent his wife and children into Natal, and all the country north of the Umhlatuze had risen. On Friday, we heard of the murder of some stock-keepers, and the Usutu in our neighbour-

hood had orders to rise at a given signal, and drive the loyal people across the boundary. On Sunday night, the people of Etalaneni were all in the church, fearing an attack from the Usutu impi. Mr. Robertson lent us his wagon, but he said he would move away no more, for he was tired of it; if they wanted to kill him they might! I shall try to get back to him the end of this week.

"Eight stores have been destroyed. Troops are being hurried up from Natal, and Hlubi, the chief of the Basuto



ETALANENI CHURCH, 1890.

in this district, has been called out with his mounted men. Major M'Lean has come up with about forty men. These, with the troops, Usibepu, and the Zulu police, will be able to overcome Dinuzulu. Bands of young men are going about raiding and murdering, and if Dinuzulu gains a victory, the consequences will be serious indeed.

"The people were much alarmed, and fortified the newly-built church, making a wall round it, where the men and boys kept guard at night, while the women and children, slept within the church. Thanks to these precautions, no attack was made, though armed men were

on the hill above, and shots were exchanged between the scouts."

The people did not leave their homes; therefore, when the rebellion was put down, and Dinuzulu made prisoner, in August, everything fell again into peaceful order, and the usual work of schools, enquirers, catechumens, and Confirmation classes were resumed. The following year, 1889, forty-nine adults were baptized.

Friends at home sometimes ask, What is a missionary's work? and the following letter from one of the clergy, the Rev. J. S. Morris, will give an answer. The letter was written in 1890:—

"The work of the day begins with the singing of Matins in church. Just as the sun shows itself on the horizon the bell for prayers is rung, and service commences. After service, all disperse to their several vocations—some to the gardens or general work, and others to the classes in Church. Every morning during the week, except Monday and Saturday, there are classes for those who are either under instruction before becoming Catechumens, or are Catechumens, or are preparing for Confirmation, or are Communicants. At the present time there are twenty-eight adults under primary instruction, ten of whom are visited and taught at their own kraals, because of the distance; the remainder are taught in church after Matins.

"In the Catechumen's class there are twenty-five, the majority of whom will soon be ready for Baptism. Then comes the large Confirmation class, which, as regards the age of candidates, is very mixed; the age of one is thirteen, and it includes the old couple who were baptized on Whit Sunday last—the husband, Utengiwe (bought), aged seventy, and his wife, Utoliwe (adopted), aged sixty-five.

"During the busy harvest-time the Communicants' class is held once a month only, but at other seasons once a fortnight. All the younger Communicants are very regular in their attendance. During the week any Communicant wishing to Communicate on the coming Sunday is expected to report himself or herself, as the case may be, to the priest; this rule is strictly adhered to. The morning classes are generally over by eight o'clock; some, in order to be present, have to leave their homes before daybreak. Others who attend these early classes are also in the day school. About 1 p.m. the school closes, and they start on their return home to get what to them is breakfast and dinner; they have had no food since the day before; this, however, does not seem to them to be a very great inconvenience, for a Zulu can fast a long time without showing any signs of hunger.

"Day school commences at 9 a.m. in summer and 9.30 a.m. in winter, when five of the senior girls who help to teach get an hour's instruction before the remainder of the scholars come in. At 10 or 10.30, as the case may be, all the children arrive, school is opened, and work begins. They are taught to read in Zulu and English, to write, and to work arithmetic.

"As far as their abilities go, they are very little, if at all, behind the average scholar in England. Of course, the subjects are to them quite strange and new; yet we have known cases where a boy or girl has learnt to read in a marvellously short time.

"As a rule, the girls are sharper than the boys; they learn to read more quickly, and can use their pens and pencils much better. Why this is so it is hard to tell, but it may possibly be accounted for by the fact that amongst the Zulu people the woman is the bread-finder

—she digs the garden, sows the seed, clears the weeds, and harvests the crops. She is nurse and cook at home, and farm-servant abroad. The children herd the cattle and flocks, and when the grain is ripening they scare the birds. But the husband wanders from kraal to kraal, from one friend to another, squats down, gossips, takes snuff, and drinks beer. This, of course, is more especially amongst the heathen; nothing is more pleasant to an old Zulu than to gossip and take snuff. But there is a marked difference when a Zulu becomes a Christian; he is clothed, and works at home; he ploughs in the spring, and sows the seed (the heathen women dig with hoes); he likes a square-built house, instead of the old round hut; he tries to buy a wagon, and, if possible, do some transport work; he knows the use and value of money, and is, in fact, quite a different man in many respects to his heathen brother.

“But to resume our account of the school-work. The girls are taught twice a week, by Mrs. Roach, to sew, and very good seamstresses some of them are. They make their own dresses, and generally like to adorn them with variety of needlework. The last half-hour in school is devoted to religious knowledge.

“The number on the books for the last quarter was fifty-nine boys and seventy-two girls, giving a total of a hundred and thirty-one; and the average attendance for the same quarter was eighty-five.

“There are children of three years old, and young people aged twenty in the school. Of course, the age depends upon whether they are children of Christian parents, who send them young, or on the age at which they first think of embracing Christianity.

“The afternoons which are not given to visiting distant kraals or any sick people around, are generally spent by

the missionary in work about the place. He must superintend the garden and general repairs of buildings, etc. The axiom still remains that a missionary must be ready to turn his hand to anything, from doctoring a patient or drawing a tooth, to handling a spade or making bricks.

"In the evening, all the work-boys on and around the station come to night-school. These boys during the day are either digging, ploughing, or herding cattle; and the evening is their one opportunity. They like night-school, and make sacrifices that many English lads would never think of making. They leave off working at sunset, and very often find their food not cooked at home; so they go to night-school, and wait for their food till they come out. Their last meal would have been breakfast about 11 a.m., and it is quite 9 p.m. before they leave the school. They begin to work after Matins, and work till the sun is high in the heavens; they then eat, and have a good long rest; but some, instead of resting, come into day school to put a little time in for reading. They understand the value of education, and appreciate it.

"Such is an ordinary week-day's routine at Etalaneni.

"Every Sunday morning the Holy Communion is celebrated at 7, except on the first Sunday in the month, when the Celebration takes place at mid-day. At 11 a.m. Matins is sung, and a sermon preached. In the afternoon, Evensong is sung, and the congregation catechized.

"The morning service at 11 is the most numerously attended, and averages two hundred and fifty Christians and eighty heathen. There is no choir, but the singing is taken up by the whole congregation, and all sing, or try to sing, their very best. They are not afraid of the sound of their own voices!

"Such is what may be called the home work at Etalaneni. - But the mission work does not end here ; the 'glad tidings' are being spread in different directions ; calls for help are coming from outside. The yearning for the Gospel is extending, and at the present moment the staff of the station is not able to meet the demands for help. I must mention (i.) the distant work at Inkandhla, eighteen miles south-east, where the Rev. W. Africander has opened an outpost ; this is quite new work, and in the very centre of heathen people. He has very large congregations every Sunday, and is able to visit in the different kraals during the week. (ii.) Ibbanango is the name of a large hill, sixteen miles north-west, off the road to Isandhlwana. The people for eight or nine miles on this side of it are Zulus, under a petty chief whose name is Usitshitshilu. His brother has asked that he and his people may be taught. (iii.) Amatsh'ensikazi is seven miles north-west from the home station, this is a small settlement of Christians from various places, chiefly from Natal, who have built houses there ; some have been working at Johannesburg, and have attended the services for natives held there by the English Church. As a result, we believe, of these influences, the people have been very favourably disposed towards Christianity, and have now definitely asked for regular Christian instruction for themselves, and also desire education for their children."

It is clear from all this that Etalaneni had become a very delightful place, a most promising industrial station, as well as with the most vigorous congregation and Christian community anywhere to be found in Zululand, with the most beautifully furnished church (unless St. Vincent's, Isandhlwana, be excepted), and a most flourishing school.

All this had been achieved with the utmost labour of mind and body, and the man to whom it was chiefly due was fifty-eight years old, and much more "used up" than most men are at that age, so that it would not have been at all surprising or blameworthy if he had now settled down and devoted all the rest of his days to developing the life of Etalaneni.

But Mr. Robertson was essentially a pioneer in his aspirations, and he began to feel too comfortable at Etalaneni, and to hunger and thirst after the "dark heathen" and unbroken ground.

In former years he had travelled in the north of Zululand, and knew many people who either belonged to that district or who had moved up there after the first Zulu war. It was his earnest desire to do something personally for those remoter regions. "Let us Christians," he said, "get away from Natal, be no longer a border-hugging sect, but push forward and extend the frontier of Christ's kingdom." He longed to reach again the spot where the great Pongolo river breaks through that mighty barrier, the Lebombo mountain range, and cleaves its way through rocks, on to the level plains, and to the sea.

In June, 1889, he laid his plans before the Synod of the Diocese at Isandhlwana, in writing.

June 25th.—Bishop McKenzie went at once to see him, and writes:—

"I have seen Mr. Robertson, and I find his idea is to go this year for a preaching trip, and to spy out the land with the view of starting permanent work next year, if means should be forthcoming. Apart from the difficulties and surprises involved in this scheme, it is a plan for which I cannot but be deeply thankful. It will take him into Usibepu's country, and he is the one man amongst us all who is capable of carrying it through."

Meanwhile, to continue the narrative, just a month before the Synod, on May 19th, 1889, the Bishops of Zululand and of St. John's, Kaffraria, had come together to Etalaneni, and found forty adults awaiting their Baptism. The act of baptizing so many took nearly an hour, besides the rest of the service. It was performed in the old font of many memories, which had been brought from Kwamagwaza, and pieced together with cement; and after the Baptisms, the newly-baptized and twenty-five others were Confirmed by the two Bishops, sitting on the sanctuary steps. "It was a blessed day," writes Mr. Robertson. "On such I always recall the days of old and the years that are past. How different from what used to be thirty years ago. How true it is that 'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.'"

Before the close of the year the Bishop made a long journey, with no companion but the deacon Martyn, across the Umkuzi river, into Tongaland. They crossed the Usutu river and across level and wet land, until they reached the Bombo range. The view of the Tonga country, between them and the coast, "was wonderful, lying flat beneath us like a great sea. This flat land is very unhealthy from fever, but the Bishop hopes it may be reached from a healthy station in the Bombo range." They reached the Tembe river, and thence started on a walk through quite new country. After some days and much delay, they reached the kraal of the Tonga queen; the young king, Mgwasi, lives in a great kraal close by. Many of the indunas met, and the Bishop was able to speak to them at some length, but was not allowed to see the king or the queen-mother. He ends:—"We have, thank God, knocked at the door, and we shall knock again, perhaps many times, before the door is opened. It is a strange

thought that I may have said my first and last word here." So they turned back to the Usutu river, and thence to Delagoa Bay, and home.

The New Year had hardly begun when Zululand had the heavy sorrow of losing Bishop Douglas McKenzie. He died of fever in January. He worked hard as ever till within a very short time of his death at Isandhlwana, but he was never well after this long, exhausting journey, and after a short period of increasing illness the end came. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

"The war goes on,
Altho' God's soldiers fall beside the way,
Some other will the heavenly armour don.
Night ends in day.

"Therefore, no loss,
He lives beside the Master whom he served,
And his example other hearts has nerved.
The Crown succeeds the Cross."—*T. F. B.*

CHAPTER IX.
THE VENTURE OF FAITH.
THE THREE JOURNEYS AND ANNESDALE.

“ March we forth in the strength of God,
With the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth
May shine throughout the world.”

THE Banner of the Cross was to be carried forward, on into the heathen land, for it was Mr. Robertson's hope to form some firm resting-place, some centre, whence further advances might be made into heathen Swaziland and Tongaland. These two kingdoms were still independent, though the Swazi king had given so many “concessions” to the Boers of the Transvaal that his territory and his powers were greatly reduced.

Zululand had been formally annexed by England in 1897, and English magistracies had been established throughout the country; but though put under the Governor of Natal, it was still treated as a distinct country, and no white man could settle or hold land in it, except by special permission. Mr. Robertson, therefore, obtained leave from the English magistrate, as well as from the native chiefs, before settling on any spot. Many of his people at Etalaneni wished to take part in his project. These Zulu Christians know far more fully than we do what the yoke of heathenism means. We

have grievous sins and shortcomings in us and around us, yet we live under God's law, we are members of His Church; with the heathen the ruling power is evil, and, beneath much that is excellent and noble, they have no strength sufficient to resist the Spirit of evil, who ever seeks to debase and injure the human race. They know his tyrannical rule, and when they learn by experience that it can be overthrown by the power of Christ, they rejoice in their own deliverance from bondage, and desire



to bring their fellow-countrymen into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Many at this time shewed the earnestness of their convictions, for they were ready to leave their homes and take part in this effort to deliver their countrymen, and to advance the frontier of the kingdom of Christ. When Umsimela was telling them of his plans the question was once raised: "Where is the money to come from?" and the ready answer came: "He will do it, as he did here, by the sweat of his brow," and so, he says, "I will, God helping me."

Careful preparation was needed, and three journeys had to be taken before a site could be secured in a convenient

and healthy situation. The first journey, in 1889, took about three months. Mr. Robertson travelled in his wagon (Mr. Keble's gift many years ago), and went first amongst Dinuzulu's people, north of the Black Umfolosi, to the new magistracy of Ndwandwe, and then turned east, along the valley to Prince Somkeli's kraal. In both places he had the promise of land on which to settle; he went north as far as the boundary of Tongaland, but did not cross the frontier, though he saw some of their leading men, and brought back a Tonga lad with him to Etalaneni. Whilst there the boy was present in church at the Baptism of an old Zulu warrior and his wife, and he watched with very great earnestness the rites by which the old man gave his allegiance to a new Lord, and became the soldier of Christ. This first exploring party returned to Etalaneni, having decided to begin by forming an "outpost" amongst Dinuzulu's people, north of the Black Umfolosi in the Isikwebezi valley.

The second journey, in 1890, was begun as soon as the harvest had been gathered in. Following their former route, they soon reached the valley of the Isikwebezi, and there the evangelist Joseph was settled on the land given. He soon built huts and brought his wife and children, his cows and all his possessions, and became the acknowledged Christian teacher of the place. There was no building for school or church, but Christian teaching was begun. Three months later, Mr. Robertson came back and stayed for three Sundays. Joseph had then a little colony of twenty-one souls; one more was soon added, for a woman from a neighbouring kraal was baptized. Joseph was a man much respected by his own people; he had been chosen by them, year after year, to be their Induna, their head man, at Kwamagwaza.

Mr. Robertson saw him whenever possible, and helped him in the difficult work which he had now undertaken, and he worked on very steadily and well until his death some twelve years later. Dinuzulu's mother was the great authority of the tribe, and many from her kraals came to Joseph for teaching, and joined in the Sunday services.

Mr. Robertson moved into the Ndwandwe magistracy, where he received a cordial welcome and all possible help from Mr. Gibson and others, and then down the long valley, on the north of which lies a mountainous country, a sort of off-shoot or spur, at right angles to the great Bombo range. At Dongatuli there is a way into these mountains, but it is a very steep and rugged way into quite unknown country, so he did not attempt it, but kept on in the valley to Somkeli's country, which is a well-peopled district, the most northern in Zululand. Mr. Robertson was bringing back the Tonga boy, Umpungutshe, who had been with him for a year, and hearing that his father was ill, he pressed on, until he reached the kraal, and found the man much better than he expected. Somkeli's people were ready to come and listen to him, and whenever he stopped near a kraal he held service for them. Starting in procession, one of his boys would go first, blowing a bugle. . . .

"At the gate of the kraal we strike up one of our hymns, and go singing up to the head of the kraal, where the chief's hut is. This brings the people together, and I begin by explaining what we have come for; then follow a few prayers for them, and the Lord's Prayer, another hymn, and the address. We cannot have such a service amongst the heathen as we do at Etalaneni; they could not join us in it, nor would it be right."

"*July 12th.*—Reached the north bank of the Hluhlwe

river, which falls into St. Lucia Bay. It is wonderful we found our way. For two hours the grass was as high as the oxen's backs, or higher. Soon an old friend, Uganda, heard of my passing, and followed me. He is staying to be present at our service to-morrow. He is the son of the man at whose kraal Miss Barter stayed when she went through this fever country to rescue her brother, as she has told us in her book, *Alone among the Zulus*. On Sunday, and again last night and this morning, we had a nice attentive congregation.

"Then in three days we trekked to the Umkuzi river, the boundary of Tongaland. Last year water was plentiful; this year the pools dried up, and fever broke out, so that the people left in a panic, and the country is desolate. It is a sad business to be a heathen. May the following fact arouse in the hearts of all who hear of it a strong desire to make the Cross of Christ speedily triumphant in this dark land. We passed some kraals deserted because their water had failed. In one of them was an old bed-ridden woman; her own son had left her to die, and she did die of hunger. We saw her body in one of the huts in passing. I was glad to see how greatly shocked my boys were at such un-Christian and unnatural conduct.

"There are many long stretches of marsh land and pools of water, and we outspanned at the north end of one—Lake Oyingwe—a beautiful sheet of water, not very wide, with trees on each side of it. Hippopotami were disporting themselves in it, much to the interest of my boys, who had never seen them before.

"Where there is water there are people, and here I have been fortunate in meeting the two principal chiefs, Ungeamona and Usibonda. I had a long talk with them

and their people about education, and hope they may let one or two boys come back with me.

"I have made a short stay at Emseleni, the furthest point we reached last year, that I may see and talk with as many people as possible, and may write some letters. The boys can collect various things—vegetable ivory nuts, of which they make snuff-boxes; ground nuts, which are good eating, with much oil in them; palm leaves; and mondi (a medicinal root), all of which are of value at Etalaneni. The people have not forgotten my visit last year, nor the words I said. Whenever we stop for the night near a kraal, we hold service for them, as I have already described. Hereafter, when I can settle evangelists in the kraals, as I hope, I shall not leave them without guidance as to what they are to teach—that is, the Creed and the Ten Commandments, with appropriate Scripture, illustrative of the same."

There being no Bishop in Zululand, the Bishop of Maritzburg was in charge of the diocese, and Mr. Robertson must have written to him about his plans, for he says: "I have had a very kind letter from him, for which I thank God. A little kindness goes a long way towards making this world a tolerable place to live in."

"*July 22nd-24th.*—We were really in Tongaland now, and trecked to the kraal of Ungwadhla, and stayed there. The people were most kind, and came to the service most readily; as soon as the bugle was blown they came running. I have had many talks with Ungwadhla and his son, Unyati, and like them very much.

"After service on the 24th we went two long trecks to Pel'indaba, a royal kraal and a district (the south border one) of Tongaland. One of the queens of the late king resides here usually, but at present she is on a visit to

the king. Besides this lady, there is the usual organization of headmen, under the chief man, Umantshengele."

"*Monday, July 28th, 1890.*—Since reaching Pel'indaba I have been too busy by day and too tired at night to do any writing; but to-day I have got up at 3 a.m. to write to you and to Roach, at Etalaneni.

"This is one of the best populated parts of South Africa that I have seen; the kraals are close together, and full of people. It is bush country, and as they had had no notice of our arrival, there was a panic at first, men, women, and children running off into the bush to hide. At last I got hold of a man, and explained that we were friends, and I wished to see them. The Induna arrived at night with a large following, just as I was thinking of going to bed. He was not in the best of humours, and asked me why I had come to his country, and why I had not sent on beforehand to report my coming? I had quite a long argument with him in the moonlight. I told him Englishmen went everywhere without asking anybody's leave, but I had not come to quarrel with anyone, and I went on to tell him who I was, and what I had come for (*i.e.*, to do them good because I loved them, etc.), and to tell him about God, about His kingdom on earth, of the work in Zululand, and the world beyond the grave. They listened attentively till I had done, when the Induna said they did not wish to be taught till their king was taught. Of course, to that I answered that nothing could be better than that the king and his whole people should be taught and become Christians, but if the king should refuse, the work would still go on as it had done in Zululand, etc., etc. And with regard to themselves, I said my very presence among them that night was a teaching they could not forget if they wished. They could never again be the

same men they were yesterday, and I summed up the chief of what I had said to them, adding the Ten Commandments, and asking after each: 'What fault do you find with that teaching?'

"The next day I had another interview with them, in which they pressed me to make them presents. I had none to give. I told them I was very poor, but though poor, had made many rich, as the Induna might learn by sending a couple of men with me to Etalaneni.

"They are a nice people, very different from the Zulus, and I have made friends of not a few of them, both men and women. They build round huts, with upright walls and a projecting roof, which is a great improvement on the Zulu hut. I saw nothing of the evils I had been led to expect. The women are quite as modest and retiring as they are in Zululand. They marry very young, and have more children than the Zulu women. Their dress leaves nothing to be desired, except soap, in this climate. They wear an under-garment of cotton, which reaches from the loins to below the knees, and a second from shoulder to knee. The men dress just as in Zululand. Their language is interesting, but I have not been able to do much there; all the men know Zulu, and many of the women. We have met many women who had never seen a wagon before, and one full-grown man.

"I told you that there are two white traders with me? We accidentally met at Ndwandwe, and when they heard where I was going they followed in my track. They are very kind and nice, and as both are good shots, they give me plenty of game.

"On the whole, I am pleased by my little glimpse of the Tonga people. I saw no drunkenness, but no doubt it is worse the nearer we get to Delagoa Bay. I should

have liked to go further into the country, but I have gone quite far enough for the present, and it is no good exploring for exploration's sake. I have made a valuable addition to my knowledge of the geography of the country, which will be of use in the future, if I live.

"From the Umkuzi drift there extends a long swamp, which ends at the Usutu, not far from Delagoa Bay. In the distant past it must have been a lake, but it is now grown up, and if drained would provide food for multitudes of people. All along it, water can be had for the digging, and consequently people live all along it; and along it will be the route of the future. It is only possible to cross it with a wagon at one place, and that is near Pel'indaba.

"The Tongas are an industrious people, who understand the value of money, and consequently go in crowds (even to the little boys) to work in Natal and at the different goldfields. They chiefly go to Durban or Maritzburg. Consequently, mission work amongst the Tongas can be begun in Natal. But that does not do away with the need to start a mission in the country; it only makes it more necessary.

"*Sunday, August 3rd.*—At Usilimela's kraals. Good services. I hope I have sown some seed. My boy, who had fever, is convalescent, thank God. I cannot say how thankful I am for my own good health and that of the boys. The country has anything but a good name. Did I tell you (*apropos* of my difficulties in getting boys) what a Zulu friend said to me as I was on the way back last year? He said: 'If you were to offer me your washing basin full of gold, I would not go where you have been.'

"*August 9th.*—To-night we are outspanned in Zululand again, near Nomatiya, the chief kraal of Prince Somkeli. He is one of the chiefs who were imprisoned at Eshowe

last year for taking part in Dinuzulu's insurrection, but got off by paying a fine—I think, of seven hundred head of cattle. His father's name was Umalanda. He is called Prince because his mother, Untikiye, was sister to King Panda, which makes Somkeli cousin to Cetshwayo.

"Sunday, August 10th.—The service to-day was most interesting, with a large and very attentive congregation. I had told the Prince that when he heard the bugle he must get his people ready, and accordingly at 10.30 a.m. I started from the wagon with the boys, one of them blowing. About a hundred yards from the gate we halted, and I said the Collect, 'Prevent us, O Lord'; then we went on again. At the gate I put on my surplice and stole, and we went to the head of the kraal, singing hymn 383, A. and M., 'We plough the fields and scatter.' Then followed a service suited for the occasion, and a sermon. In the afternoon I had a large party at the wagon, and was pleased to find they had taken in a good deal of what I had said, especially the Ten Commandments.

"August 11th.—Let thanks be given to God alone. Prince Somkeli has given me most willingly a site (the best, I believe, in his territory, for mission purposes), and has promised a second, should I want it. May God bless him and his people, and especially may He enable us to spread the light of the Gospel among them.

"We are now with our faces turned homewards, but it will be still some time before we get there, as I want to spend at least three Sundays with Joseph at the Isikwebezi, and give him all the help I can. I *must* go home to Etalaneni for four months; the boys and I must plough and plant, in order that we may live; but in January I hope again to be able to visit the Isikwebezi, to celebrate the Holy Communion, and help Joseph

generally. It is a long time for him to be left alone, but it cannot be helped. At the same time, I hope to plant two Christian families at M'Umtolo, the new site given by Prince Somkeli. At my age, time is precious. The boy who was sick has quite recovered. I am not afraid of Zulu fever if taken in time.

"We returned by the Ndwandwe Magistracy, where we had a most kind welcome, and then went to Joseph at the Isikwebezi for three weeks. All went on well there. The mother of Dinuzulu, who lives about five miles off, has once been to the service. It is much too far for anyone so stout as she is to come often, but she sends her people. My heart aches when I think of Joseph, so long unvisited, but it has not been possible for me to go. When, if ever, Somkeli's sites are occupied, I should like to see a travelling native schoolmaster amongst them, who can stay a month at a time at each place. To-morrow, several adults and three infants will be baptized here. So the work goes on increasing, thank God."

The grants of land made by Prince Somkeli were confirmed by the British Government.

III.—With the coming of the new year, 1891, the great move was to be made. The two exploring journeys shewed clearly that the new home could not be safely placed in the low marshy Tongaland, but must be on the mountains which could be reached from Dong'atuli, and there, in February, a site was obtained on Inhlwati which promised to be healthy, and is about midway between the Isikwebezi and Somkeli's country. This point being decided, Mr. Robertson returned to Etalaneni for the last time as his home.

The account of the next few months cannot be given

in any words but his own, which give a most vivid picture of this "venture of faith." He writes to Mr. Chignell:—

"White Umfolozi River,

"January 28th, 1891.

"We left Etalaneni on January 16th, and have only had two fine days since. The river is full, and we have been here eight days looking at it. It is a very dangerous



WHITE UMFOLOZI RIVER.

river; it was seventeen feet deep the other day. Our new Resident takes a great interest in the new venture, and gave me £5 towards it. My friend Adams has also promised me £5, making it a condition that I spend it on my personal wants. In fact, everyone who knows about it here takes an interest, especially the natives.

"I have been thinking that this expedition may perhaps be unique in the history of missions—an old missionary

starting with a small representative band of his spiritual children, one of them (Ulurungu) as old as himself, and upon both years are beginning to tell. They go forth to found an important mission centre in North Zululand, and entirely at their own charges. I was obliged to send away my own personal boys to work for themselves, and if these men had not come forward, and undertaken to work for Christ's sake, I must have stayed at Etalaneni. May God reward them. On my first journey I had only one wagon; on my second I had two; on this four. May God grant that the work may go forward and prosper in even a greater ratio.

"February 6th.—We got safely across the river on the 29th of January, by God's mercy. It was most anxious work. We had to swim the oxen and wagons part of the way. It was a terrible risk, and had I been alone with my own boys, I should have waited a month rather than venture; but all except two now with me are unpaid volunteers, and were likely to weary of the long delay, though not one of them said a word of complaint. On January 30th we outspanned at Ulundi, which was formerly Cetshwayo's head kraal, when he was finally defeated by Lord Chelmsford in July, 1879. Here, at midday, we held service with the detachment of the Zulu police quartered there, of whom one is a Christian, named Abraham. After service we inspanned and trekked to Qwabiti's kraal, where we spent the night. I was sorry not to see a woman whose heart I heard the Lord had touched, but being ill, she had been moved to another kraal, to be near a doctor.

"On January 31st we crossed the Black Umfolozi with some difficulty. The water was nearly up to my waist. When necessary, as in this case, we have to plunge in, clothes or no clothes.

"February 1st was Sunday, and we held service and celebrated the Holy Communion in the passage between the hills. Yesterday I sent on a boy to Isikwebezi, to call the people from there. I had meant to visit them at their new homes now, but the long wait by the river prevented this. Six of them were able to come, and it was pleasing to see them so well and happy. I hope to visit them on my return journey.

"On Monday, February 2nd, I met the Resident and the Acting Magistrates at the Ivuna Drift, and had a short chat with them. That night I reached Ndwandwe, where all are kind, and I had supplies of bread, butter, and potatoes given me for the journey.

"On February 4th I sent forward Fight, Ulurungu, and Jeremiah to explore Dong'atuli, and meet us in front. Their report is: 'A beautiful land, but water scarce.' We inspanned, and went up the steep hill Umtwadhlana. After we had got round the shoulder of the mountain it was very interesting to watch the faces of the people as the glorious scene burst on their astonished gaze. It is an undulating country, with clumps of trees dotted all over it, and beautiful green grass, and two grand mountains. Inhlwati and Amatshe'mhlope, which seem the guardians of the place. They are partly clothed with timber. Of course, we had seen these mountains before, but from fifteen or twenty miles off they look very forbidding, and no idea can be formed of them. I do not think many white men have visited this part, as it is on the edge of the unhealthy country.

"*February 7th.*—The people have been busy all day exploring the neighbourhood, and I have moved my camp to the place they consider most central.

"*Sunday, February 8th.*—As the day has been damp

and rainy, only a few men from the kraals attended the service, but these were very attentive.

"*Monday, February 9th.*—Wet again. But as I am satisfied with this spot, it is time for me to proceed to business. I have sent for the chief, who is a personal friend. His name is Untombiaz loboli, and I was friendly, also, with his father before him. He had come and paid his respects to me on the 4th, when we arrived, and I then gave him a sketch of what I wanted, telling him we would have a talk about it later on. This place is paradise indeed; 'Only man is vile' keeps running in my head. That the land is fruitful is plain from the crops of maize on it, and there is abundance of good stone for building purposes. There is all that man can need, and happy will be the missionary who will settle here. It is central both as regards Somkeli's and the Isikwebezi and the Tonga country.

"So the chief and a few of his men came to talk to me. My friends, I am afraid to go on, to speak of the chief and his people. 'Let another praise thee, and not thy own lips,' is sound advice. When a narrative contains no failure or disappointment, nothing but praise and thanksgiving, people are apt to be distrustful; but I must speak the truth, whether people believe or not. Well, the chief and his people have received me joyfully, have given me (as regards land) all I have asked for, and promised as much more as we need at any future time. I fear their goodwill arises from personal motives, and has little to do with my office as a minister of Christ.

"The late chief, Umfusi, was my friend in years gone by. During the troubles of the last ten years, some of the tribe sought shelter with me at Kwamagwaza, and a son of Umfusi and brother of the present chief went

with me to the Umsinduzi in 1884, and died there. Others, also, went who are still at Etalaneni, including Maminga, the chief headman of the tribe. This accounts for their kind reception of me.

"On Monday next I turn homewards, via Isikwebezi and Igwatsha, and hope to reach Etalaneni for Holy Week and Easter.

"Two of the young men with me, Paul and Colin Mackenzie (son of Usajabula, who was with me in Natal), are going to get married. Paul means to bring his bride here. Colin, probably, will take his to Isikwebezi, and some others want to join the colony there. I hope to take them there in April next, and then return to Etalaneni to prepare for the move to this place. But in April, the men who are with me now (giving their services for the love of God) will have to attend to their home affairs; so whether I am able to do anything, or must sit still and wait, will depend upon One greater than man."

Mr. Robertson returned to Etalaneni to make final arrangements for his move thence to Inhlwati, and while there he wrote to Miss E. W. :—

"Etalaneni,

"June 17th, 1891.

"This will be the last letter you will get from me from this place. My new address will be Ndwandwe P.O., Zululand. I shall only have a post once a month. I shall not be able to afford to send for it oftener; indeed, I shall ill afford even that. However, that is a small matter.

"I cannot tell you how much I have to be thankful for. In one way or another, I have got £56 17s. since the New Year; nor is that all. I told you that in January last the people turned out and harvested my mealies for me; they have now added to their kindness by finishing them, and

my neighbour, Mr. Field, is going to grind twelve sacks of meal for me *gratis*, besides doing some other jobs for me. Some of the people here, also, are going to help me with wagons. I am taking twelve families, and, of course, such a number require help. Nor is even *this* all. The men have agreed amongst themselves to come in relays and help me to put up the first buildings. I thank God, and take courage. My only fear is about my health. I find as old age creeps on that I cannot do all I used to do; but God's will be done. The work is His.

"For the last month I have been quite alone, Roach, Morris and Co. having gone a holiday-making to the sea. I expect them back soon, as the month they said they should be away has now expired. I hope they will come soon, for I have still much to do—the wagons to paint, etc. Of course, I lent them my wagons, so there are not a few jobs which cannot be done till they return.

"Every day something happens to cheer me and fill me with thankfulness. It so happens that when the Zululand Police Force was first raised, I supplied twenty-five men, to whom a good many others have since been added. Such being the case, whenever I am near any of their stations I hold services with them, and I have instructed them how to hold services among themselves. As a result, two of them have lately been brought to Christ. One (a married man) is going to live here; the other (who has just arrived as I write this) is going with me on the same terms as the other boys (that is, without being promised anything, but such as God may enable me to give them).

"Three busy days have passed, and this is Wednesday evening. On Monday, I killed a fat pig, on Tuesday a

bullock, and every day my room has been a sausage manufactory. I have, by mixing the bullock and pig together, made sausages enough to last me a couple of months at least. To-night I am going to have a *dinner party* with my boys.—R. R."

CHAPTER X.

THE VENTURE OF FAITH.

ANNESDALE, 1891, TO END OF 1895.

"God is by grace and benediction specially present in holy places, and in the solemn assemblies of His servants. If holy people meet in grots and dens, God fails not to come thither to them."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

ON July 15th, 1891, the final start from Etalaneni was made, and on the 24th Mr. Robertson reached the Ndwandwe magistracy, and on the 28th he and his people were at their Inhlwati home. He had eighty-four people with him, besides the young men and women who came to build and thatch the huts, and who would then return to Etalaneni. The people around, many of whom knew him of old, began at once to come to his services.

Mr. Robertson writes:—

"I consider that in forming a mission station, the first thing ought to be to erect an ample wagon shed. It serves many purposes—dwelling-house, church, school, and workshop; above all, it prevents waste by keeping the wagons and valuable property from wind and sun and rain.

"There are six kraals within a mile of us, and six more within two miles, and others further off again. Every day, except Sunday, I teach Nathaniel, to prepare him for taking outpost work from here in course of time. There is plenty of it.

"On our way here we halted for a Sunday at the pass of Umudja, that the Christians from Isikwebezi might meet us. All came who could. I am thankful to say all goes on well under Joseph. The Holy Communion is celebrated so much less often than it ought to be that I could not let the opportunity pass (ill as I was from the injury to my leg when I fell over the harrow), but I never heard of such another Celebration. The church was a spreading tree, under which I have held services before. The altar was made of boxes, and I was forced to Celebrate and preach sitting on a camp-stool; I really could not stand or move; so the Communicants had to pass me, one by one, to receive.

"After reaching our Inhlwati home, the work of building the huts went on quickly. Mine is twenty-four feet by twelve feet. The church hut is to be thirty feet by fifteen feet, and will have an open court at one end for the congregation, if it overflows, in very fine weather. As you may expect, without Roach to help me, my time is very full, and much broken up; but there is no end to God's mercies, and I am full of thankfulness to Him, and to the people into whose hearts He has put it to help me in so many ways.

"I am determined to build the permanent wagon shed, with a room for myself attached, which will be all I shall want for the rest of my life, and a proper room for my boys to sleep in, with table, etc., so close that I or some one may be able to spend the evenings with them. I have built such rooms twice at Kwamagwaza; they are essential. We *must* raise our people out of the horrible bee-hive huts, which are bad both for health and morals. How are we to do this if we leave the boys over whom God has given us an influence to grovel like swine in these degrading huts?

"I am delighted with a letter I have seen from our future Bishop, but shall be well contented to be left to the last when he makes his primary visitation. The fact is, I am not prepared for visitors yet. I have neither bed nor bedding, and a dozen other things are lacking besides. Still, I do not grumble. I wish all the world were as happy as I am to-day.

"Now the church building is finished, I shall begin school next week—without a single book!"

"October 1st, 1891.

"This is one of the healthy sites on the verge of the very unhealthy district of which I wrote. The ridge I am on is not the Bombo, but a mountain range running at a right angle to it, with a broad level valley (in which rises a remarkable volcanic mountain called Umleku) between the two chains. You have only to climb to the top of my mountain (Inhlwati) to see Bombo looming dark and trending away to the north-east. I thank God for enabling me to secure this site. We need no more in Zululand hereabouts. Outposts under native Christians (such as I have the authority of government to found any number of) will do the rest.

"As I write, I hear the tongues of ten women who are finishing the roof of the church hut going merrily. Women are the thatchers here. We have good huts, for which I thank God, but I shall thank Him again when the last of them is pulled down, and stone walls take their place. Huts keep us in constant danger from fire; they are for ever blazing somewhere. At Umsunduze we had eleven cases of this, and at Etalaneni three, in one of which two lives were lost. Being on this subject, I will tell you we have had two narrow escapes, even in the three months we have been here.

"The first was a grass fire—a whirlwind of fire. I never saw such a sight. It swept along, carrying everything before it, passing over places where the grass had been already burnt, until it was within nine yards of the wagon, in and under which was all I possess in the world. The men were horror-struck. All we could do was to cry out to God to help us, when (in perhaps a hundredth part of the time it takes to write this) it turned in the other direction, and we were safe.

"The other narrow escape was a match-box matter. A little girl of about ten was alone in a hut in charge of an infant of half a year old. The match-box caught the child's eye whilst the baby was asleep on the mat, and, playing with it, she set fire to the hut. Providentially, three men happened to be passing who saw the smoke, and put out the fire.

"Have I not reason to thank God for His mercy? All our huts are carefully placed so far apart that if one caught fire, it only would burn. And we shall not be in danger of a grass fire again: I am making broad paths everywhere, and cultivation will do the rest. The one I refer to happened before we had had time to prepare for emergencies.

"The women have finished the church now, and are on the roof of my house as I write, chattering still. We have had only one shower since it was built, when the rain came through in several places. They say they are now stopping that effectually. Certainly, if much talking will do it, no more rain will come through.

"God is very good to us. I am down-hearted sometimes. I was very low-spirited all November 4th, and on the very next day a whole party of ten (all heathens) joined us. A few days after, Unhlukwana, the head of

a large family, came, and said he wished to join us with all his people, 'To make my home his,' as he expressed it. His is a very interesting story. Many of his brothers, sisters, and other relations are Christians, who began to come into the fold shortly after the Anglo-Zulu war, but Unhlukwana, the head of the family, strongly resisted, and on one occasion, when his brother Upini became a Christian, tried to carry him off by force, I was able to resist this, and Unhlukwana cried like a child, at one time wanting to kill his brother, and at another himself. I only pacified him by advising Upini to go with him for the time. Upini went, but soon returned, and is now known as Elias. Now the heathen persecutor has himself given in. When he and his family arrive there will be more than seventeen children 'all face.'—R. R."

"February 8th, 1892.

"I forget the date of my last letter, but I know that since then the sun has travelled over a good bit of ground. The mountain Inhlwati lies due east of us, and there is a pass or depression between it and another mountain called Amatshe'mhlope. Well, the sun gradually climbed up the shoulder of Inhlwati, went along the almost level top of it, until it came to the head of a wooded ravine, where it stopped, and looked at us for a few days through the trees. It looked large and beautiful, and I do not think I missed seeing it a single morning when the cloud did not hide it from me. Now it is on its journey back towards Amatshe'mhlope—all this since I wrote last.

"Inhlwati is a kind friend to us; for about forty minutes in the morning he keeps off the sun from us. We can see the sunshine on the plain to the north-west

before we see the actual sun. Nor is this all. We often see, on getting up, that Inhlwati is wrapped in a cloud. That, again, keeps the sun from us for a longer or shorter time. Sometimes it is only half-an-hour, but at others the blessed shade lasts for two or three hours, as the cloud ascends with the sun.

“For more than a month the heat has been very great here. It is quite impossible for man or beast to labour during the mid-day hours, and we do not attempt it.



MOUNT INHLWATI FROM THE HOUSE DOOR.

“Our day is divided as follows:—We begin work with daylight; 9 a.m., first bugle; 9.15, prayers, after which comes cow milking; about 10.15, breakfast; rest till noon; 12 noon till 2, school (average attendance, twenty-one); rest to 3; 3 to 6, work, milk cows, supper, bed.

“It makes my heart sad to see the wagons still standing out in the sun and rain and wind; but I do not blame

myself, come what will. I have done what I could, and am not ashamed.

"I am sending you a map of the station. It is almost all enclosed with barbed wire, thanks to the kindness of a friend. I want about six hundredweights of it still. The people enclose their ground by heaping up earth where the lines go, and planting various trees and plants. The two cattle kraals will become valuable gardens some day for somebody. I am doing no garden work, only planting fruit and other trees. I have seventy banana plants growing well, and I have been promised two wagon loads of roots when I can fetch them. The banana is a most useful fruit, and will grow like a weed here. I shall not be content till all our people have them. Four of them have already got a few, and they will soon spread, even if I were never to get any more.

The open-air church will not be habitable for about four years. It is a hundred feet by eighty feet, trees planted all round, and two rows up the middle, and at the end there will be room to build a stone sanctuary, or small church, for wet weather. In this fine climate, shade is all that is wanted. In wet weather few will come.

"The posts to which the wire is nailed are all growing, and will be large trees some day. There are several kinds of trees which grow from cuttings in a wonderful manner. One of these will grow even if only laid on the ground.

"Since my arrival here I have had one great sorrow. Flora, one of our best wives and mothers, died suddenly on December 22nd.

"I am building the first of a range of three rooms. My time is short now, and I mean to do nothing for myself that will not be of use to someone after I am dead."

He was determined that this new home should have a name which would recall the memory of his old and honoured friend, Miss Anne Mackenzie, and we rang the changes on all possible varieties and combinations. At last, Annesdale was suggested, and he was pleased with it, and adopted it, though he remarks: "It can hardly be called a 'dale,' being rather a hill, beneath much higher hills, but that does not much matter."

On May 24th, 1892, he writes:—

"I have just returned from the Synod at Isandhlwana, where I made the acquaintance of our new Bishop, with great cause for thanksgiving. I thank God for the Bishop, and I thank Him also for the late Synod. I brought a little boy back with me from the Buffalo river. He is a half-caste; his father lives at Eshowe. I hold that such children have a first claim on us, but I never take them unless the parents repent and live as Christians ought to live. He is a winning little fellow of two. I was with Joseph on my way back from Synod, and saw a new convert, and I brought two men and a woman back to be prepared by me. They are very old friends. I am afraid to write about Joseph, lest people should say I exaggerate. He is a good man, and an excellent preacher.

"It is now night, and thunder is keeping up an almost continuous growling in the valley beneath us. All else is so quiet and still, and it is soothing to listen to it. 'The voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.'

"*August 16th.*—I am happy. The Bishop and Mr. Smythe have arrived; Mr. Butler, who is to stay with me, and Longcast. The Bishop will baptize three adults, and hold a Confirmation. On Friday we start for the coast and Tongaland.

"Did I tell you my boys' hut was burnt the day the

Bishop arrived, and all their clothes and blankets? so again I must thank you for the coming box and its contents. Such help was never more wanted. All the people, both here and at the Isikwebezi, are poor. Joseph (at Isikwebezi) and Nathaniel and Jeremiah here—our three evangelists—are all unpaid; and I wish them to remain so, unless by the offerings of their own people, because I have much more faith in people who are willing to do the Lord's work for His sake than for money. Nevertheless, I thank God that, through the kindness of those who send the boxes, I am able to help them in various ways.

"I told you that five families left this some months ago on account of the famine, and I myself have been thrice on the verge of it. The prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' comes home to one under these circumstances.

"You will be glad to hear that the boys are in their room. They are most thankful for it. I can hear one of them reading aloud as I write. On the other side of the wagon shed is to be my own room. It will soon be finished now, but I do not think I shall get into it till near Christmas. This is the wet season, and walls and floors do not dry quickly. More buildings will have to be put up here if the Bishop's plans are to be carried out. Butler sleeps in a hut, which must only be for as short a time as possible. Huts are bad altogether. As I told you, on the morning the Bishop arrived my boys' hut was burnt. All their blankets, everything, including my rifle, was destroyed, and the poor fellows had nothing but what they stood up in. It came very hard on us, for we had got everything ready for the journey—new coats, trousers mended, etc.

"Two young men were baptized by the Bishop here, and since there have been seven Baptisms from the Isikwebezi.

"*December 10th.*—This afternoon I showed your pictures to my boys. This is how my Sundays are spent:—7 a.m., Holy Communion, with short address; 11.30 to 12.30, Matins and sermon; 2 to 3, School; 5, Evening Prayer. Nathaniel and Butler (who is as yet only a looker-on) go to hold service in a kraal, and Jeremiah goes to another and does the same. Such is Sunday work at Annesdale, Inhlwati.

"Joseph still is working well at the Isikwebezi. Two of our boys, Cornelius and Fele, are gone there to spend Sunday and to return to-morrow. It does both Joseph and the people good to see visitors from here. Fele is my right hand in regard to work here, and I hope he will one day add to his work that of an evangelist.

"*December 13th.*—I must tell you I am rejoicing in my new room. I slept in it last night for the first time. I have made a note of the fact in my journal, adding the words 'How long?' The strongest, as we see every day, may soon be brought low. It is well if we can say, 'Thy will be done.'

"The sun now rises in the wooded depression of Inhlwati, of which I told you last year. How lovely everything is; how peaceful; how calm. It is just a perfect morning. The thermometer is 76 in my room, giving promise of a very hot day. Zululand has grander scenery than what we have here, but you may search the whole world for any spot more lovely, and not find it.—R. R."

The two new rooms, now completed, on either side of

the long wagon shed, were thirty-three feet long and ten feet wide. His own room was divided into two by means of a large cupboard, a book-case, and a curtain.

"At the foot of my bed hangs the Union Jack—a dear old tattered rag given to me long ago by Sir George Scott Douglas. On the wall opposite hangs the cross given me by another friend (E. W.), and the sacred emblem catches my eye on awaking, and reminds me that we are all one. The temperature is kept very even, for over the iron roof is a layer of earth, chopped grass, and sand, quite six inches thick. I have enjoyed excellent health since I got settled, but I am not quite happy. I am obliged to have so many things in it—boxes, flour, sugar, rice, etc."

No one can call this a luxurious abode, yet Mr. Robertson observes:—

"I have shared it with a sick boy twice, and have had travellers sleeping in it four times. Butler, who came up with the Bishop in 1892, and stayed on, at first I put into a hut; but he soon got sick of that, and now he sleeps in the wagon. He is fond of music, and is alternately whistling and caterwauling snatches of East London songs. You know how I like silence and solitude, but I have not the heart to stop him; he has so few amusements."

The next two years, 1893-4, were years of famine, first from the drought, followed by excessive rains, and then from the swarms of locusts. It was necessary to send away many of the boys to work in Natal for wages.

"It is a hard struggle when maize costs twenty-eight shillings the maund, instead of six shillings or eight shillings. I have planted many sweet potatoes, which locusts do not touch, but not so much maize as I wished, for I had to lend my oxen and plough to help these

poor people. I was pleased to find one of my boys ploughed a garden for a poor widow, out of his pity for her."

There is no doubt that help from home, such as was sent him in early days to Kwamagwaza, would have been most valuable, and would have made it possible to finish necessary buildings, and prepare the way for the Church and school he so greatly longed for, as well as have relieved the heavy burden of these years of famine. But many old friends had died, and few indeed were left who understood what he was doing, and were able and willing to help. The Bishop was ever ready and anxious to help him, but had not the means at his command. He promised £70 towards the Church, but that was not enough to allow of beginning to build; so on the plan of the station, sent home at this time, on one side the road we see (i.) Mr. Robertson's house and the boys', with the wagon shed used as a temporary church; (ii.) a similar building, with wagon shed, two guests' rooms, workshop, and mill, etc.; (iii.) site for the school, and, opposite this, house for Mr. Frere; while across the end is marked: "Site for the Church of the future, when I have, by God's mercy, joined the Church above!"

"When I look back on the last thirteen years, and think of all I have done at Kwamagwaza, M'sinduse, Etalaneni, and here, I can only say, 'This hath God done, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'

"I had Joseph over here from the Isikwebezi with a man and woman he has been preparing for Baptism. Poor Joseph was very badly clad; his clothes were patched all over, but he preached a most excellent sermon. I do not believe a better or more appropriate one could have been preached anywhere. You would have been touched if

you had been here. He begged me to help him with clothes, but I had not a rag I could give him. 'Food,' Joseph said, 'I can get out of the ground, but to earn money for clothes means giving up my work.' (After this, a suit for Joseph was sent each year, in the Mission box.) My boys, too, are very poorly clad, and you know they work for only what I can give them. They work for Christ's sake, and I hope some of them will become teachers to their brethren before long. I am often down-hearted; then I pray God to forgive me, and I struggle on again.

"Joseph's work is extending fast, and I have written to the Bishop, begging for someone to help him. I have no time to tell you all about it now, but it is very important."

"*September 29th.*—I am much interested in what you say in your letter of August 26th about Mr. and Mrs. Roach and the children. [Mr. Roach and his family were in England, he having taken a much-needed sick leave holiday.] Roach is one of the best of men, and withal an able man. He is a 'tried man and proved,' and it would be a great mistake to divert him to any other work than mission work among the Zulus. But, I say this for all of us clergy, there are great difficulties in bringing up and educating a family of children on a missionary's salary, and it is hard for a man to give his best powers to work amongst the heathen when harassed by fears that he is not doing all he might for the welfare of those dependent on and dear to him. This is one of the ways by which friends at home should help us Missionaries.

"You regret Mr. Butler's going because of its leaving me alone. This is very kind of you, but let me say most strongly that (though he interested and amused me) I did not desire to keep him, because he was not adapted

for the work, and I do not want *anyone* sent to live here before proper house room has been provided for them. The question of boarding is also a serious one. I am too old to begin again, and set up a boarding house. This is the most out-of-the-way and inaccessible station in Zululand, and it is almost impossible not sometimes to run out of things which new importations consider necessities. I find, too, that my habit of eating twice a day only does not suit anybody else, and my uncivilized cooks are despised. I am afraid I rather like to tease the effeminate mortals who cannot do the same. It is what the natives do, and I find it suits me exactly; but I admit that I eat a great deal more at once than you civilized people do.

“The Bishop has plans (for which may God grant him means) to plant a priest somewhere near Nongoma, who will be able to look after the very interesting work of Joseph at the Isikwebezi and the Ivuna. I have had a visit from two of the Isikwebezi men, who brought me a pig, and they told me how much pleased everyone was with the Bishop's visit; and I have had a letter from himself, saying how much pleased he himself was with it. He ends: ‘Now I have found my way there, I hope it will not be very long before I go again.’

- “One of our evangelists here is Jeremiah—a man of nearly fifty. He supports himself by the labour of his hands, and preaches the Gospel whenever opportunity offers. Lately he went with his wagon to Verulam, in Natal, to fetch up a load for Mr. Gibson, the Resident Magistrate, at Nongoma. You probably have heard that that part has lately been visited by terrible storms of wind and rain—such a rainfall as has not been known for many years. Consequently, the rivers have often been in

flood (and that for many days at a time); several natives have been drowned, and white people have had narrow escapes. Mr. Samuelson, for instance, was in great danger at the Umhlatuze. His wagon upset, he was hurt in several places, and had no end of trouble. At the White Umfolozi, two ladies (Mrs. and Miss Steenberg) were nearly drowned; and at the same drift, Mr. Hammer's wagon was upset, and much damage done to his scientific instruments.

"Well, when Jeremiah got to the Umhlatuze he found it impassable, and a number of wagons detained there in consequence. After waiting for I forget how long, the drivers decided to cross, and began to make preparation for so doing. One wagon got ready before the others, and was starting, when Jeremiah came forward, and begged them to wait a little, and first kneel down and pray to God to help them through the still dangerously full river. This the heathen driver answered with a jeer, saying he cared nothing for prayer, and away he went. He had hardly got into the river when everything went wrong with him. The leading oxen did not behave well, and the whole span got entangled, and were in danger of drowning; in fact, one ox was drowned. Of course, Jeremiah and all the others helped to get the oxen out, otherwise the calamity would have been much greater. Then Jeremiah knelt down, and with him all the other drivers—for there were many wagons—and committed themselves into God's hands. Then mounting his wagon and cracking his whip, Jeremiah shouted, 'Forward!' and crossed, as did all the rest, without a hitch. The poor unfortunate driver was silent after that, and jeered no more at prayer. So the work goes on. Who can tell what that one lesson may not end in?"

" March 21st, 1894.

"We still, as you know, have no real church here. The service is held mostly in my room, but partly in the wagon shed. As to house room, when strangers come they have to sleep on my floor; to the Bishop only do I give up my bed. Snakes are killed here almost every day. Yesterday two were killed, and a third seen in the old hut, which is inhabited by the schoolmistress and her niece. Before it was quite light she put out her hand for the soap, and touched a snake. Fortunately, it had just gorged itself, so did her no harm. I mention this just to show you how much we need better buildings. The thatch of Kaffir huts is a specially favourite resort of snakes.

"We had a happy Easter—as happy, I think, as would be possible for me under the circumstances. There is a closer connection than many think between stone walls and sterling true devotion. I confess that Sunday is often my most unhappy day; we are so heavily handicapped in our work by the makeshift and hardly seemly ways, that at present are all within our reach.

"You know the Collect for Easter Day? As I was using it in the early morning, a 'good desire' came into my mind. It was: 'You have asked man to help you to a church, and as yet have not got one penny; cry to God for one.' That cry I added to the address I had prepared, and my petition is that you and your friends will join us every Sunday morning in that cry.

"You will be glad to hear that two white teachers have taken to doing what they can for Christ; also the wife of the Resident Magistrate helps me. I am terribly busy, and by the time night comes am generally so done

up I am quite good for nothing. Also I have recently had two bad falls from catching my foot in something."

"*April 10th, 1894.*—The box came about three weeks ago. Thank you for leaving me so much discretion as to what I do with the contents. I have given the two picture-books to Mrs. M——. I told you that about two months ago she and Mr. Crosby and Walter Nunn began to do what they could, and, of course, applied to me to give them what help I could. I can only say, 'This hath God done,' and bless Him for it.

"Thank you very much for the £2, and for allowing me liberty in spending it. I have used it in paying the schoolmistress her little salary—£1 a month. I had to help her with boots and shoes when first she came, and since have let her take a little niece of eight years old for company, and that the child may be taught. You may think me rash in keeping a schoolmistress at all when she has thus to be paid by hook or by crook, but I have done it throughout in faith, and if I had not had her help I must have given up the school. The worst is she needs to be taught herself, and I have no time for it, beyond letting her read the daily Psalms and Lessons, as I do Dick. She is equal to teaching little ones, or, as I should rather say, the beginners of all ages; and she has one virtue very rare in women—she gives me no trouble by talking. She keeps silence, which is a great blessing. It so happens that those £2 are the first help I have had for her salary. The Bishop gave me £2, which I had hoped to have so used, but I lost it, and eight shillings more, as unfortunately two of my boys got into a scrape, and I had to pay twenty-four shillings for each of them to get them out of it. My trust and hope are in God.

"Our great want is still the proper building in which

to hold school and daily service. Poor Jackson has failed to raise anything so far, and I have sometimes been tempted, I own, to give up the school in despair. Nor is it only the school; it is the services, too, which are a pain and sorrow. You who are used to a nice church can really hardly guess or imagine how depressing it is to have nothing but a wagon shed to worship in.

"Easter morn, thank God, was beautiful, bright, and sunshiny. Bright sunshine always makes me glad; and just as I was about to begin the early service, the 'good desire' I spoke of came into my heart, and I added the cry to God to the address I had prepared, and we intend to continue crying to Him till we get our building. I always say a few words about it before the sermon, followed by a minute or so of silent prayer.

"To my surprise, the Rev. L. H. Frere has arrived, and is going to stay with me till Synod time. He came just at sundown this evening, and in time for the evening meal.

"This has been written in the midst of many distractions, and on looking it over I find that it shows not a few traces of them.

"Let me add, I have begun to clear the ground and mark out another building, which will, I hope, help us to be a little more decent and more devout, too. It is amiss to have no spare room for strangers; to-night my bed is the floor. And let me ask, if you live to send another box to Annesdale, I should consider it a personal favour to myself if you would put in something specially labelled for the schoolmistress. Anything would do; but kindness always does good."

FROM THE REV. R. ROBERTSON TO MR. CREE.

"June 19th, 1894.

"I have received £100 for building purposes as compensation for buildings left at Etalaneni. This was what enabled me to build my room and wagon shed and the boys' room. This, as you know, was built of stone, and roofed with corrugated iron. Besides this, I built a room eighteen feet square for women and children, stone walled,



THE DAIRY AND MOUNT AMATSHE'MHLOPE.

but thatched. I am also building a small dairy, which is not finished yet, and I hope, please God, to add a kitchen to it. At present the cooking is generally done in the open air, but in bad weather in a round hut, dangerous from fire, and bad in every way. These buildings and five pigsties are all substantial, and could not have been built for less. They all, except the dairy, were built in 1892, and will be efficient for generations after I am in my grave.

"It was in 1892 that the Bishop paid me his first visit. His second visit was in 1893, and I then engaged Ellen Nunn for schoolmistress. It is now necessary to provide more buildings. Hitherto church and school have been held partly in my room, partly in the open air, which is not merely disagreeable, but bad in the extreme. You owe more to the devotional surroundings supplied by your beautiful English church than perhaps you realize. But my prayer is not for the beautiful (that can wait), but for ordinary decency.

"It is not true faith in which there is not an element of venture; so after our 'good desire' took shape at Easter we began at once to clear the ground, and a fortnight after we began building. This stone work is rapidly approaching completion; about a week of fine weather will do that part, and iron for the roof is on its way. I expect the wagon with everything any day now. What the bill will come to I do not yet know. May God enable me to meet it when it does come." [This was the school-church; the real church was still a future hope and prayer.]

"The lapse of time deprives us missionaries of helpful friends. I have very few friends left, none at all whom I can ask for anything. All I ask of you is your prayers, and I leave the rest to Him Who answers prayer.

"When once I have got the needful buildings erected, I shall ask no more. I am too old to do any more breaking up of new fields; I must leave that to younger men. I am glad to know that this is certainly the best spot from which to attack the coast district so much dreaded by Europeans. I have three boys here now from that part, one of whom is a Catechumen, and two more have gone back to their homes. Natives must be chiefly

used, but under white superintendence. As to our climate, the thermometer ranges from 52 to 150 degrees.—R. R."

"August 5th, 1894.

"You write to me in sorrow, and I sympathize with you deeply in this great loss; but I know you are comforted. God has greatly blessed you, and your loss is your dear one's eternal gain. I can well believe that you think and talk of those gone before with joy and gladness. 'A few more years shall roll'—I have just been singing that with Dick and others. Do you know these lines? They were sent me from Australia:—

The graves grow thicker and life's ways more bare,
As years on years roll by,
Nay! Thou hast more green gardens in Thy care,
And more stars in Thy sky.

Behind hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories,
Are fading out of sight,
Before pains turned to peace, and dreams to certainties,
Are glowing in God's sight."

"I thank you for sending me another box. I am always in want of something. I am thankful to say I have learnt to do without many things most people regard as necessities; but it is hard to do without blankets. I will try and obey you, as to the destination of your presents, as far as I can; but I know very well that if you were in my place or Mr. Roach's you would do as we do, and give the things intended specially for our own use to those whose need seems to us greater. A dear friend, now departed, once sent me a double blanket, writing energetically that it was for myself only. I used it for some years, and having got rid of all my others, had it alone. But poor Nathaniel was taken dangerously ill. He and his wife had only one blanket

between them, and it was a necessity that he should sleep alone; so I gave him half mine. He wanted to return it, but I could not take it back. I bought a rug from a trader, and then Dick came, so I had to give him the other half of the double blanket, and so on. I am expecting the Bishop and Mr. Lawley, and Dr. Walters has begged to come with them. I had eight rugs some time ago, but only three are left; so you see how grateful I am for your kind supplies.

"You see I am writing on Sunday, but to-morrow and for many days to come I shall be more than usually busy. The wagon, bringing materials for the new building, is only a few miles off, and ought to arrive to-morrow. I do not know exactly when the Bishop will come, but I shall try hard to get a room finished for him. At any rate, he will find things a little more decent than they were when he was here last.

"Please God, the church-school will be finished. I used the new (the only *real*, I should say) altar to-day for the first time. I thank God for innumerable mercies. I now see most plainly that I was wanting in faith some months ago. You tell me of £5 from Miss G——. Money has seemed to flow since the morning of Easter Day. Dear Jackson, out of his poverty, sent me £10. I felt very unwilling to take it at first, and then the thought came: 'Can I refuse to receive what God has given?' Mr. Samuelson also sent me £5. Of course, I did not beg either of him or Jackson. Government also has made me a grant of £8 13s. 4d. for the school, which will go a long way towards paying the schoolmistress. I am glad to hear there is something coming in the box for her. She has less method than I could wish, but she is a good girl, and the children are making progress. She

has a poor old mother whom she helps, and has spent very little on herself since she came here. She is a good needlewoman, and has altered and fitted for her own wear two dresses which came in the last box.

"Last week, also, I had a note from Dr. Walters, telling of a grant of £100 from the S.P.G., to be divided between his work and mine. Again I say, 'Thank God.'

"You will be pleased to hear that I have two boys here from the coast—the result of my journeys up that way—and a third from the Bombo, who had been brought to Christ by Walter Nunn."

"*August 25th.*—Thanks! ever thanks! Your valuable parcel arrived this time before your letter. The shirts are most acceptable; (everything is, indeed, but the boys' shirts especially). One of my best boys is going to take a wife next week. I shall give him one, and a boy is going to be baptized who shall have another, and I have already given Dick one.

"Kindly thank the giver of the two pennies. I wish you had sent them in the parcel. I want very much to get a penny, a halfpenny, and one or two farthings. Nothing but silver is used here, and when I teach arithmetic in the school it is difficult to make the scholars understand that there are coins less valuable than three-penny pieces, because they have never seen one.

"You will rejoice at there being now a good priest (Dr. Walters) at Nongoma, about four hundred yards from Captain Pearse's house. I hope they will be good neighbours.

"You will like to hear what our altar consists of, now we have one. It is four posts driven into the ground, with a plank top. The altar cloth is a very old one, of most excellent material. It was given me about twenty-

five years ago, but never adapted for my use till now. Miss S—— sent me a little cross once, and the school-mistress sewed it on. I have all I want in the way of linen, and Dick has made a little super-altar on which we put flowers, the vases being old tins. I should be grateful if anyone would give me a pair of inexpensive vases; a cross, too, would be a help. Perhaps someone may have one that he wants to give away.*

The two following letters are interesting. Dick Kumalo has been often named; he was fourteen at this time:—

"Annesdale,

"November 5th, 1894.

"DEAR LADY,—Many thanks for the book you have given me. I like it very much. Now I begin to read that book. It is a nice book. I like it well. We have planted potatoes, tomatoes, beans, cabbages, monkey-nuts, radishes, maize, carrots, turnips, cucumbers, parsleys, thyme, lettuces, and peas. The locusts came one of these days, and all the men were pululate. Men, women, and boy, they are all saying, 'Heby, heby!' all over the field. They take the tin dishes, and beat them. It makes a big noise. I have shot the owl. We have seen two. I shot one, and I have shot three crows; they eat the eggs, maize, and little chickens. One day I found a rabbit, and another it is gone away. Another I see it dead, but they have a sore. I put it on the grass. I make a cabin for it, and it slept in the box. I go to-morrow. I don't see it; it's gone away. I am very sorry. I call my dog, and I want it. I don't find it. My dog's name

*NOTE.—A cross made from an English-grown cedar tree was sent in reply to this, also kneeling mats worked by two old friends.

is 'Prince.' Two of the rabbits died because the dog made them sore by biting them."

"*November 9th.*—I have nearly finished your book, but I shall read it many times. (It was Robinson Crusoe.)

"I am, your boy,

"DICK S. KUMALO."

The next is from the Schoolmistress:—

"*Annesdale,*

"*November 9th, 1894.*

"DEAR LADY,—Many thanks for the things you have given me, and the book of pictures. I like it very much. I will learn all the poetry by heart. It is a nice book. I like to look at it every day. I will show it to the children at school. We have thirty-seven scholars, and we hope to get more, and that by God's grace, but in this place the natives don't like to be Christians. One day a girl came here, and her father and mother came and took her, and they said they would not let her come to school, but when they arrived in their kraal they took off the clothes from her, and her mother said she would kill herself if her daughter wanted to be a Christian.

"I remain,

"Yours obediently,

"ELLEN K. NUNN."

The following letter from Mr. Frere gives a very clear, vivid picture of Annesdale and the life lived there:—

"Our reverend father of missionaries has asked me to write to you while I am on a visit to him. It has always been my wish to see Mr. Robertson himself. I have seen his work at Etalaneni and Kwamagwaza, and hear continually how he is spoken of by the natives around Isandhlwana.

"There is just the beginning of a work here. My visit has been very instructive as to how an experienced man commences. The site is admirably chosen, on high ground. There is a strip of wood east of the house, and a stream can be heard among the stones. The opposite slopes, up the Inhlwati mountain, look quite near; but a peep into the wood shows a steep descent, down almost a precipice, covered with tall trees of good timber, not much underwood, but clothed with grass and ferns, with creepers of various kinds from the ground to the tops of the trees. The "monkey rope" is very common, almost typical of the bush country of this part. The scenery is exquisite. The general outlook from the house is up the slopes of the Inhlwati mountain, which is studded here and there with trees like those near the house. This hill is an old volcano. To the north-west is another extension of hills; to the south, a peep between two hills, extending as far as the eye can reach. From the height we are at, we see hill after hill below till the horizon seems to fade away into mist. Often this valley has the sun shining bright when there are clouds here, thus giving a wonderful picture. The position of the house is sufficiently high to be out of the unhealthy damp of the valley, and yet not too high so as to be in the mist that often hangs at the top of a hill.

"The plan of the house is characteristic of one who knows the best, most economical, and quickest way of doing it. The space in the centre is for school and services until a church can be built. The wagon is sheltered in it at present, and this wagon makes the spare room for guests to sleep in, as I have the privilege of doing. I am now writing at a table contrived in the wagon, and the school is being held below. The frame

bedstead slung up in the wagon (the cartel) makes a very good bed, with curtains and a sail over the head. This is the wagon given to Mr. Robertson by Mr. Keble. Close by is a fertile patch of ground, the kitchen garden.

"There are about thirty-five children in school from Christian homes. The heathen will not send their children, though every Sunday many women and some men come to the service. Many people at home think we are received with open arms by the 'poor heathen,' but as a



MR. ROBERTSON'S HOUSE.

fact they say, 'Oh! who asked this white man to come here? We did not. Why should we help him?' There are exceptions, especially when one comes amongst them known for a circumference of a hundred miles as a man of their own, 'a real Zulu' (man), as some call the Rev. R. Robertson. A new man is nowhere; he does not exist. It grieves me that one of so much experience should work alone. To work under him would be invaluable to us younger men, but he tells the Bishop

he could only put us in the cattle kraal, unless the mission would provide a small house, so that the new-comer might be comfortable. He has not a place to put anyone in.

"The routine of the day is:—At sunrise, coffee; work out of doors whilst it is cool. Prayers at 9 a.m. By this time the cows have been brought into the cattle kraal; they are milked, and after milking time we have breakfast. The people in the villages are told to send their children to school 'after milking time,' and school goes on during the heat of the day. Then dinner. About half-past two work begins again, and goes on till sundown. Then supper, prayers, and lessons with the schoolmistress and Dick (the small boy), who has got on wonderfully under Mr. Robertson's teaching. In handy work he can do almost anything—making doors, window frames, native bedsteads, etc., etc. In learning, he can read almost any part of the Bible, and reads the Psalms daily quite fluently. He knows long pieces of poetry and several passages from Shakespeare. He is only fourteen, and has been just a year and a half with Mr. Robertson. Even in the last few months I can see a great advance in him. It just shows what *can* be done with boys in this country.

"There are two little boys, David (four years) and Robbie (five years), who always feed at the old man's table. They are amusing little creatures. David, the younger, always puts away Bible, Hymn Book, and Prayer Book for Mr. Robertson after prayers. The other morning we had prayers *outside* where we were working, as the floor of the room was just being made, and we could not go in. After prayers, another boy took the books, but David cried most piteously till he was given them to put away.

"The old man has a most gentle way of dealing with children, and seems really to like their noise. He feeds them well; they have everything, meat, etc. Natives generally have only porridge of mealie meal when they live with a white man, but Mr. Robertson says 'they shall feed well as long as he is alive; after that they will have plenty of opportunity to starve.' There are sixteen other boys, from ten to twenty, in the place, who work for him and are fed and clothed by him, besides twelve girls.

"The schoolmistress is a half-caste, a daughter of Herbert Nunn. She is fairly well educated, can read the English Bible and Psalms nicely, and manages the school well. Mr. Robertson says: 'Ellen is quiet.' If he had an English lady in her place, just out from home, she would always be coming to him, and saying: 'Please, will you make a boy do this?' or 'So-and-so will not do that,' till she had nearly worried the life out of him; whereas he has just to tell Ellen Nunn what he wants, and she does it. And in many ways out of school she plies her needle to keep things nice, which makes bachelor life much easier."

Mr. Robertson writes:—

"I have just received a letter from Adams, enclosing a cheque for £7. I like you to know how kind he is. He is a good man, and an improving man. I wish I could be more worthy of, and more grateful for all the kindness shewn to me.

"I am looking forward with pleasure and with prayer to the coming of the Bishop with Mr. Roach. There will be about twenty to be Confirmed and seven adults to be Baptized.

"Mr. Frere is gone with Crosby to the newly-annexed

territory, Sambana's land. I expect them back in about a week. Government officials and traders will go there readily enough. I trust the Church will not be behind-hand.

"I have no news to tell. W——, whom I spoke of in my last, is a new name to you, I fancy. I have known him about two years. He is in charge of a store near here, and has a Zulu wife. At first I saw but little of him. Then a baby was born, which I was asked to baptize, and I said, 'No, you are living as the heathen do. Make the woman your wedded wife, and I shall baptize your children with pleasure.' After a time, the mother and child were baptized on the same day, and soon after that they were properly married. The store did not pay, and he has come and is living on the station. He has now gone out a second time to buy maize for me, and if he does as well as he did the first time, that trouble is ended.

"Another story, just to fill up my paper. One Saturday, about four months ago, one of my young men came and said he wanted to go and see a friend about ten miles off, and that he wanted two others to go with him. They returned on the Sunday, and it was some days before the explanation of their expedition leaked out. In a heathen kraal near the Magistracy there is a Christian girl, whose brothers meant to marry her to an old heathen, such a dumpy, ugly old fellow as you never saw. Of course, the poor girl was in a terrible state, and it was to free her that the three young gallants went that Saturday. Her brothers cared not who she married, as long as the cattle were paid. Well, the three gave her *the choice of them!* She chose one named Finwayo, and every claim being settled, they were married some time

ago. Her name is Maria, and a nice, tidy little body she is.

"'In everything give thanks' is a favourite text of mine. 'In everything,' *i.e.*, in adverse circumstances, and when our prayers seem to be unanswered, *still* give thanks. Here is the gift you tell me of, £21; nor is that all. Williams is helping me to get maize, and Adams is supplying me with twenty-five sacks at eighteen shillings. For the wages of the schoolmistress I am provided by the Government grant, which just pays that item. The debt on last year's buildings is fully paid, and I have a small balance in hand to go on with. My boys are finishing Mr. Frere's house. After that I must build a small kitchen, which will not cost much, and then I shall be free to go on with the church-school buildings as I can. This is the result of my Easter searchings this year. I am not going into debt; to do so costs some money, of course; and the gifts of the faithful do not go so far as they otherwise would do. We are praying for strength to finish the work. To-night is one of our nights of prayer for that purpose. Men only attend at night."



TONGA HUT.

CHAPTER XI.

TONGALAND. INGWAVUMA.

"He must inherit all nations as His own,
That they may know
How much to Him they owe,"—

The Synagogue—1640.

THERE is a very strong attraction about Tongaland and the Tongas felt by all the most earnest of the mission workers. When there is still so much to do in Zululand, we may wonder why more distant work should be sought out, but so it is. Mr. Robertson had travelled amongst these people, and had seen St. Lucia Bay, shut in from the sea by the long line of coast hardly raised above the sea level, and dotted all along with a curious line of little round bush-like trees. He knew the great swamps and the tall palms, and he knew the great mountain line of the Lebombo, rising like a wall from the plain on either side to a height of two thousand feet; above all, he spoke with admiration of the deep clefts in the chain, through which the Usutu and the great Pongolo rivers forced their way through the rocky barrier, and then, by a winding and often by a changing course, passed on through absolutely level country to the sea, forming lakes and impassable marshes on their way. He greatly desired to reach the Tonga people; so did Bishop McKenzie; and Mr. Jackson, whose work was in the neighbouring Swaziland.

1881.—In his first long journey through his Diocese, Bishop McKenzie was at Enhlozana, and started thence with Mr. Jackson, along a track which the latter had made through the thick bush, to make their way across to Delagoa Bay. Soon they had to leave their cart and oxen, and go on up the Bombo mountain on foot—a most steep and stony climb. The year before Mr. Jackson had built some huts up there, and had established a Catechist there, named Titus Zwane. This spot is one where an Englishman could well live, and Tonga men and boys come to him for school. There are very many people on both sides the hills, and a large space of the country might be influenced thence.

1889.—All the wars and troubles of the following years prevented any other visit until the last year of the Bishop's life, when he started from Etalaneni, and then travelled by the camp at Entonjaneni through a very desolate country, the inhabitants having been destroyed during the wars of Cetshwayo and Usibepu. He travelled by quite a different road from that which he had taken formerly, keeping much nearer to the mountain line, though still upon its western side, thus crossing the Usutu and Pongolo rivers, to Emafutini's kraal, and then due east to the Tembe river. This was a journey of over a fortnight, through barren, rocky country, desolate beyond imagining—a wilderness indeed. He says:—

“I shall not again travel by this route; it is better to come from Enhlozana, only fifty miles from Emafutini, or by sea to Delagoa Bay, and thence to the great Tonga kraals. The Bishop was able to gather a little congregation of English settlers and traders on Sunday, July 14th, in this northern part of Swaziland, and says they had to start at three a.m. next morning, so as to get through

the flat country to Josana's by daylight, and not sleep in it for fear of the lions. There are lions also on the other side of the Bombo, and it is necessary to be careful. Soon after they crossed into the Tonga country, of which they had a wonderful view. It lay stretched out flat beneath them like a great sea, the sea itself not being visible, though only just beyond the horizon. There are very many more inhabitants here, and the land is good and fertile. The Zulu, Martyn, greatly admired the well-built Tonga huts with straight walls, roof not needing any posts for its support, and the little verandah in front of the door. At the Tembe river was a Portuguese customs officer and some police, and steamers come up the stream from Delagoa Bay."

Here were many kraals, and they stopped at one, Ematutwini's, the Induna's. In his absence they were received by the Inkozikazi of the kraal, "a little big lady in red clay, most uninterested and uninteresting"; but they were received with civility, and some of the men who had been to work in Durban knew the Bishop's name; another said he had heard the same words, at the diamond fields, from a Wesleyan teacher. In two days more they reached the old Queen's great kraal, in a very tumble-down condition, and then the young king's. He is a boy of sixteen, called Mgwanzazi. Here were more than the usual number of delays. The Bishop waited two days, and saw many of the indunas and chief men. They met under the trees outside his hut. They listened to him, and sent messengers to the king; but the final answer from him was: "Turn back; we do not want your words, and will not have anything to do with them." The Bishop spoke fully and earnestly to the assembled indunas, but had to turn back without seeing either the

king or the queen-mother. He says: "We have, thank God, knocked at the door, and we shall knock again, perhaps, many times before the door is opened."

There was one young man, Robert, a so-called brother of the king's, who was very sorry the Bishop had been so badly received. He had seen the Bishop in Maritzburg, he had been at school, and seemed to be a Christian at heart, and longed for further teaching. He walked with him as he started on his return journey, by which he passed again the great kraal and the Ematutwini kraal, and then went on to Delagoa Bay. The Bishop went by rail, for one day, to Komati, where all the English-speaking people near met him, and made quite a nice little congregation under the verandah. From Delagoa Bay he got by steamer to Durban, and so home.

1890.—The next person to visit the country was Mr. Robertson, before he settled at Inhlwati. He entered it by quite a different route from either of those described before. He came from the Ndwandwe Magistracy, and crossed the Umkuzi river into Tongaland and to Pel'indaba, as has been described in Chapter IX. The account he gives of the people who have no Europeans amongst them is far more favourable than that given by the Bishop of those within reach of Portuguese grog-shops. (See Chapter IX.)

1892.—Bishop Carter and the Rev. W. E. Smyth (now Bishop of Lebombo) came to Mr. Robertson's at Inhlwati, and he accompanied them on a visit to Tongaland. They followed nearly in his former route, but travelled much further north, reaching the same part that Bishop McKenzie had visited, in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay. They were received by the queen-mother, Mababane, at Pel'indaba, and after much consideration

and delay were allowed to travel with her to the king's kraal at Enganyamini, about thirty miles further. After many messages, the king's final reply was that he did not know anything about their teaching. They might return as they came or by Delagoa Bay, and he sent them an ox. They believe that the king came privately, and saw the English strangers, but he did not receive them, nor had they much opportunity of speaking to the people.

Bishop Carter wrote a very short account in *The Net*, and Mr. Smyth kept a very full diary of this journey. Mr. Robertson alludes to it, and gives many particulars of the people and their ways.

The return journey was through the land of rivers, lakes, and marshes already described. Two sites were fixed on as probably healthy enough for a mission station to be possible. The country is overgrown with long grass or with thick bush of acacia, palm, etc., and sometimes with fine trees, such as the yellow wood, which yields excellent timber, and here grows at only two hundred or three hundred feet above sea-level, instead of two thousand feet, its usual height. Scattered amongst the dark green woods are groups of "fever trees" growing in the most swampy places; very curious they are, tall, with spreading branches, but few leaves, the whole tree, even the bark, of a strange pale green. The flower is a yellow mimosa blossom, much like others in the "bush." The view, looking west, was sometimes very striking. The Bombo mountains formed the background, then a thick belt of bush, through which the courses of the rivers could be traced by the character of the foliage, principally fig trees, and the larger size of all the trees. They could see the Umkuzi running north-west to join the Usutu, and the opening in the Bombo, through which the Pongolo

flows, and a similar opening for the Umkuzi flowing towards St. Lucia Bay.

1895.—So far there had been no possibility of teaching in Tongaland, but in 1894 Mr. Frere joined Mr. Robertson at Inhlwati, and in the following year he paid a short visit to Sambanaland in July, and afterwards he accompanied Mr. Johnson in a long journey through the same country, and the way was opened for continuous teaching, though not in the king's neighbourhood. An English magistracy was by this time established on the Bombo at or near Ingwavuma, with a body of native police close by, so that there was a definite point on the mountain chain from which the missionary might work.

The journey was along the same route as the last, and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Frere were received by the queen-mother very much more cordially than before, and were passed on to the king's kraal. This proved to be a very large, well-fenced one, covering about a hundred and fifty acres, with the cattle kraal in the centre as usual, and the royal huts in a semi-circle on one side. The king's private apartments were also enclosed. The three gates of the kraal were guarded by sentries. Here they were met by a very royal looking woman, the king's own mother, who rather unwillingly allowed Mr. Johnson to talk with her in the hearing of a large assembly of warriors and of her own women, and to explain that he had come from far with a good message to see the king and to ask leave to preach the word of God to his people. For over two hours he was able to preach to the people and to answer many questions of the queen's, and when he asked if there would be any objection to his offering up prayer, she was pleased, and said, "Pray for us, too," and ordered all the assembled people to kneel as the two

white men did. She asked them to come again, and a message from the king said he would see them to-morrow.

On the morrow, only Mr. Johnson went to the king, thinking he was more likely to be received, and after waiting three hours while his majesty was busy with his witch doctors, he was very graciously received. The king shook hands with him, saying, "Saku bona, 'Mfundisi'" ("We see you, missionary"). Mr. Johnson spoke, and the king asked many questions about the great God, mission work, education, European ways, etc. He sent for a book (it was a very old Letts's diary), and asked Mr. Johnson to write in it, in English, and explain the meaning. He wrote: "King Mgwanaza has this day expressed a wish that missionaries of the Church of England should come and teach his people." When this was translated, the king said he would indeed be glad. "The name of Chief Hlubi is much respected, and when the king understood that I came from Hlubi's district, he said, 'Come here, and teach my people.' Before leaving, I proposed to offer prayer, and again all knelt with their faces to the ground. When we departed, the king sent us a fat bullock as a token of his favour."

Then they journeyed back through the forest and marsh lands. At one native kraal they found a young man who had been baptized at Barberton, and who tried to teach his people, having prayers with them on Sundays. It was good to see this solitary Christian keeping alive his own faith, and struggling to impart the knowledge of God. To one living in a Christian country it is not possible to realize one Christian standing alone in the midst of heathendom—truly a bright spark in a night of darkness. We knelt and prayed together, and left him with the hope that God would bless his simple endeavour.

After a few days they crossed the Pongolo with some difficulty, and were in Sambana's country, still amongst Tongas, but in territory that has now been annexed by the British Government, and where liquor is no longer imported. It is wonderful to see the improvement this has made, and they were gladly received by all.

The two missionaries went to the magistracy, sending their people and donkeys to Sambana's kraal. It was a ride of twenty-five miles, and a steep climb of two thousand feet to the top, and the change of climate was great. Mr. Johnson says: "The police camp is close to Sambana's kraal, and next day we rode over there. Mr. Frere had visited Sambana before, and we were favourably received by him. He is a stately old man, and listened to us as he sat under a tree surrounded by his people. After a long talk he turned to the head men, and asked them if they thought it would be good to have teachers. They replied, 'It is good.' Then we knelt down and had prayers. The chief offered a wooden house, built by a Boer, close to his kraal, to Mr. Frere for school-room and for services, if he would come up at once, and we gladly accepted it. Next day we got our animals and their packs safely down the mountain side, and journeyed back to Nongoma, Dr. Walters' station, whence I went home, and Mr. Frere returned to Inhlwati to Mr. Robertson.

"We have seen vast tracts of country, inhabited by a large heathen population willing to receive God's messengers. Can nothing be done for these poor people? Flying visits can have little effect, unless followed up by the establishment of permanent mission centres in the country."

The foregoing is taken from Mr. Johnson's very interesting journal, published in *Mission Field*, S.P.G.,

for 1896. He notes two sites as being fit for mission stations—Ngwadhla and Kwamazamdoda—not far from the king's kraal. Sambana's country is in Tongaland; Somkeli's is in Zululand; they are not far apart.

After this journey, in company with Mr. Johnson, Mr. Frere did not return to live at Annesdale, but devoted himself to the newly-annexed territories. It was a great sorrow to Mr. Robertson to part with him, when, as he said, "We were beginning to know one another." He had recently had a sharp, though short, illness, and though well again, was feeling aged. He says: "There are more ways than one of counting years. I am only sixty-five, but I have known men of eighty-five as strong and more active than I am. Some hard work and many sorrows have caused it." Old age was stealing on him, and letters became less frequent; but he still did his own work, though he could not write about it, and he extended a fatherly supervision to that of Mr. Frere, who wrote to him with full certainty of sympathy, and these letters were often forwarded to friends at home. There was a suggestion, in 1896, that Mr. Johnson should repeat his last year's visit, and take charge of the work near the king's kraal, and he writes to Mr. Robertson: "If it is God's will that I should be allowed to do this for the Master, He will show it. If so, I should, of course, come to you, and make my start, as I did last winter, with your blessing, and I should expect a lot of good advice from you. It is in higher hands. I can but humbly offer."

In speaking of this and of Mr. Frere, Mr. Robertson says: "I thank God for these letters. God truly is granting me my heart's desire. It is very wonderful. You know how I have longed and yearned over Tongaland.—R. R."

At the time of leaving, Mr. Frere writes: "I was much grieved to come away. I have learnt a great deal during the year I have been with him, and he has been so very kind to me. I had just finished the house at Annesdale, and now I am in a hut again. The last words he said to me were: 'Rub the word "failure" out of your vocabulary, and make up your mind to be successful,' and he gave me a motto I shall not forget: 'Multa andeo, multa spera' ('Expect much, hope for much')."

He took with him two of Mr. Robertson's boys, who proved very useful, also a donkey to ride or carry goods.

October, 1895.—The account of his first start is interesting. "On the first day's journey we reached a kraal at 5 p.m., and a woman there said we should find several huts further on, but we found none. At 6.30 we came to a stream, and there we prepared to sleep without supper, as the old Eshowe man, with the lightest weight, was far behind; but after we had found a nice place, and waited about half-an-hour, he came up, so we cooked and prepared to sleep. While the boys were eating their porridge they thought they saw a snake, so they got up with their sticks and a spear to look, and after going up gently to it, found it was only a dead tree of white wood that looked so snakey. Still, it was not time wasted, as it led us to a place where we got a good supply of logs of wood for the night.

"We were down in the hollow, and there was hardly any wind, as we took the lee side of a clump of trees, where the candle would burn quite steadily without a screen. We had supper off the fowl you provided us, and I slept sound, and had a good night. There was hardly any dew, but the waterproof sheet was of great use. I tied the donkey for the night to a tree close by.

In the morning he wanted to go towards the stream, so I let him, hoping he would only drink; but he crossed the stream, and started away at a trot. I ran round, and he went faster still. At last, in despair, after calling one of the boys to come quickly, and help me, I called to the donkey, 'Kop! kop!' in the way I call him when he has mealies, and he stopped and came straight to me.

"The second day we reached the place where F. Young's children are. At Young's I took a good number of things out of the loads, and put them into two sacks, which I made the donkey carry. Young says his donkeys carry about two hundred pounds weight. So I walked the rest of the way, except just the last bit up here through the bush. I found Sambana sitting outside, and had a talk with him, and I went and looked at the house which I hope to get into. At sundown he went to the Induna's kraal, and told them to get a hut ready for me. The boys were put into another house. We have only had a few roasted mealies to-night and this morning, but fortunately I have some rusks left. I am just going now to tell Foxen, of the Police, that I am here, and then to come back and have another talk with Sambana.

"There are some peach trees and grenadillas, a few round potatoes, pumpkins, one banana tree, and some mulberries. I am to have a hut about a hundred yards from Gibson's, instead of the tent. There is a clump of trees between me and Gibson and Evans, and I have two trees close to my hut. So I am living away by myself, but mess with them. This will be my headquarters for some time.

"I began teaching a few letters and numbers to some six boys, and the boys were excited to learn, so I hope

to have a school of boys from eight to fourteen; but, of course, only a few will stick to it.

"On Sundays, Sambana's people do not hoe. Mr. Foxen told Sambana that on Sunday the Government did not work and white people did not hoe. So I was surprised (not knowing this) to find the boys saying that 'the women did not hoe on Sundays.' I thought they were saying it to please me. But I find the women were not in the gardens either at seven or at eleven, as they had been other mornings, but still in the village. Sambana has not commanded in the matter; he was only told it was a custom of white people to keep Sunday. At about noon I had service, and there were, roughly speaking, twenty men, thirty women, and twenty boys and girls, besides numbers of babies and tiny children. There are some six big kraals near Sambana at the Engazini. When service was over, one of the men said, 'What right has he to give commands? He has nothing to do with governing us,' and he quoted the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Commandments. This, of course, led to a little discussion. He said my work was only to say prayers, but I held it was my duty to inform them of God's commandments, or they could not keep them, etc., etc.

"In the afternoon I went to see where Sambana's people are putting up the new Police Camp, and in the evening I rigged up a bed in my tent. I feel there is a grand opportunity here. There are a great number of kraals on the hills, and the people I have seen hitherto are civil, and seem glad to see me.

"*November 8th.*—Last Sunday I went over to the Court House, and held service at eleven a.m. We had a congregation of five Europeans. In the early morning I had held service with the police, amongst whom are

several Christians. Corporal Madada, from Eshowe, is preparing for Baptism. He seems a good fellow, and shewed me his copy of St. John's Gospel, which he can read well.

"Here and there I find traces of Christianity, learnt from men and boys who have been away to work at places where services have been held. But you can imagine that it will be uphill work when I tell you that our chief, Sambana, is a man who has seventy wives, and such a number of children that people sometimes do not know whether such and such a boy is a son of Sambana's or not.

"*February*, 1896.—Last week I was able to get to Mbigiza, a chief living twenty miles further north. He is a very energetic man, and is anxious to have a school at one of his kraals. He pointed out to me a fine tree—a fig tree—where he said it would be nice to build. He has a great number of boys at the kraal I went to. I held service and slept the night at his place. Of course, I cannot promise him a teacher, but I said I should like to come or send someone.

"Sambana is very much wrapped up in himself, and not much help at present; though perhaps one ought not to expect it.

"If one had a load of mealies or rice, what a school of young men might be started now. One little boy came to me, and said he wanted to work for me, so I set him to weed and do other little jobs till sundown, and then I gave him a few tobacco leaves to give to his father, and say I was sorry I could not give him work, but if he liked to come to be taught, I would teach him. We cannot take more boys on the place because of food. With great difficulty we have obtained a few sacks of

mealies. Although I sent this boy away, he turns up every day with several others.

"I am now on the way to see the site of an old mission I hear Bishop Wilkinson started, but which dropped in that time of difficulty. I got a copy of the terms, in which he bought a site for a mission station 'for £20 and some blankets.'

"Thank you for suggesting sending me the altar cloth, but I would rather not have it. I have no planks, and have at present to content myself with makeshift arrangements.

"*March 13th.*—At Ubombo I saw the Tonga king, Mkwanzana, who had come up to the Magistracy to meet Sir Marshall Clarke, and I had a talk with Isaac Mtembu, his interpreter. He said that a clergyman from the Bishop at Eshowe had visited the king last winter, and that Mkwanzana had promised to let him build a school in his country. He is looking for Mr. Johnson to return.

"I am very pleased to-day. Two of the Nongqai (native police) have commenced school, so I have from five to seven boys on the place who are trying to learn. A few little boys come now and again, but all children and young men are wanted in the fields just now. They are gathering amabele, in some cases snatching it from the locusts, who are just beginning again to attack the crops. They do not stop at the leaves of the amabele (or Kaffir corn); they make straight for the grain, and unless driven off make short work with the food.

"I am very anxious to know what will be the best place for me to settle in and build. The best spot here at the Sambana end of the Bombo is near the spring where the Dutch people put up a store. I do not know whether it will be possible to get that site. They have to move

shortly. I do not know of good water till you get to the Gwavuma river; so many of the springs dry up. As far as people go, the site where the Dutch store is would be a good place.

"I am coming to you, I hope, but do not expect to arrive before this letter reaches you. It takes just a fortnight from here to Annesdale.—L. H. F."

"This seems to me a healthy place, and so far I have found no bad effects from being here. It seems to be a bracing air on the hills; if one descends to the flat below, one notices the difference. I am told we are fourteen hundred feet above the Pongolo, which runs just below us—half-an-hour's descent and an hour's climb up, at least."

THE REV. L. H. FRERE TO MR. ROBERTSON.

"Sambanaland,

"Easter Eve, 1896.

"Sir Marshall Clarke asked me about the prospect of mission work up here when I met him at Ubombo, and said he would like me to write to him from time to time, as he is very much interested in the education of the natives. Mkwanaza, the Tonga king, had been sent for to meet Sir Marshall Clarke, and, as I told you, I had a talk with Isaac Mtembu, the Christian who writes and interprets for the king. I gave him two of the new mission reading books. The day after I left, the king was photographed by a photographer who happened to be there, and he insisted on having in his hand a book which they say he is very proud of, and would not give it up. So he was taken holding a spelling-book in his hand, instead of a spear or knob-kerry!"

In August, the Bishop paid a visit to Mr. Frere, and

went on to Ingwavuma Magistracy and also to chief Umbegisa's. He was very anxious to make a strong central station in this high land, and thought Ingwavuma would prove to be preferable to the more southern position in Sambana's country, but he did not finally decide on any site.

After this, Mr. Frere's health failed so completely that it was necessary for him to return home, for he had never really recovered from the effects of fever while with the U.M.C.A.

1897.—A special grant from the S.P.G. made it possible to establish a centre on the Bombo mountain range, under the care of Archdeacon Swaby, who left Eshowe to undertake this mission to Tongaland. Four of the Lichfield Evangelist Brotherhood were sent out to work under him in 1897. The site chosen for the new station at Ingwavuma is just north of the "poort" or ravine (the gate in the mountains) through which the Ingwavuma river runs, and the Magistracy and Post Office and doctor are south of the river, five hours' walk off. Three native huts had been built for the new-comers. Mr. Frere had been living very near to the Police Camp, twenty miles further south, in Sambana's land. In the *Net* for 1897 Archdeacon Swaby has described his meeting the four men at Durban, whence they sailed to Delagoa Bay, and after a few days proceeded by boat up the Maputa, the river formed by the junction of the Pongolo and Usutu. Four days brought them to the landing-place, and three more to the foot of the mountain; thence by a very steep and rough climb they reached the huts on the Friday before Whit Sunday.

The principal chief in their neighbourhood is Umbegisa, whose kraal is two and a half hours' walk from them. He

is anxious that his people should be taught, and wishes to have a school "not far away, but just in sight of my kraal." When Mr. Frere visited him, the chief wished that service should be held for himself and his people. Mr. Frere says: "A heathen service. I began by saying in a loud voice, that all may hear: 'Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered.' Then followed an address, telling about the great God we worship, then the Ten Commandments, the 'words' of this great God, and ending with some prayers. The chief and people were very attentive. There are very many people living in this neighbourhood."

In the previous year, 1895, the chiefs Umbegisa and Sambana had applied to the British Government to be taken under its protection, and this had been done by Mr. Saunders, Resident Magistrate of Eshowe, and the Ingwavuma Magistracy and Police Camp were then established; Mr. Saunders and Sir Marshall Clarke, the Resident Commissioner, gave their consent and approval to the Bishop's sending Mr. Frere to teach these people, and Archdeacon Swaby followed him.

The work which began so prosperously was interrupted, first by the illness of Archdeacon Swaby, and then by the Boer war, which stopped all possible communication with the north of the Diocese. The place is considered healthy, but the Archdeacon was very seriously ill before the end of the year, and was sent home to England as soon as he could possibly be moved. It was so unlikely that he could continue to work for Zululand that, early in 1898, he resigned—a great sorrow and loss to the mission.

The Lichfield Brothers dispersed—Hall to Annesdale, and afterwards to Kwamagwaza; Harp and Swinhoe to

Usutu and Enhlozane. They continued to work at Usutu throughout the war. It is grievous that the work amongst the Tongas in the neighbourhood of the king's kraal should be impossible at the time the king's consent had been obtained for its beginning.

Archdeacon Johnson visited the Bombo station at Ingwavuma in 1901, and repaired the huts. The Rev. W. L. Vyvyan then took up the work with great energy, but since he was chosen to be Bishop of Zululand he, also, has been unable to continue it. He did not live, while at Ingwavuma, in the huts built by Archdeacon Swaby and the Evangelist Brothers in 1897, which Archdeacon Johnson had repaired, but close to the Magistracy, south of the Ingwavuma Poort, this being the most central position. The Natal Government made a grant of ten acres on a hill fifteen minutes' walk from the Residency for this mission station, and here Mr. Vyvyan erected a long low building, with a verandah, to be used as church, school, and house. It is built of wattle and mud, and thatched. Huts for the boys were also built. Mr. Harp took up the work here, for a short time, in 1903, before leaving the Diocese. Canon Davies having resigned the Headship of the College at Isandhlwana, in 1905 undertook work at Ingwavuma, so that there is good hope of real progress on our part. The Wesleyans have several stations in Tongaland.

This account of work begun in Tongaland, which is also sometimes called Maputaland, may be fitly concluded by an account of the traditional history and faith of the people, as gathered by Archdeacon Johnson and the Rev. W. E. Smyth during their travels amongst the Tongas. Mr. Robertson and Mr. Frere's accounts of the ways of

life and general customs have been recorded in their letters, and need not now be repeated.

As a people, they are not without some religious belief, though it is vague and misty. The most visible part of their religion consists in their belief in the spirits and in witchcraft, which appears to be much the same as that of the Zulus. They say:—"In the days of old—no man can say how long ago—the tribes who now live in this whole country all came from the North, and drove before them as they came, the Bushmen and Hottentots and others, who took refuge in the South or hid amongst the wild mountains and in the caves. The new-comers took all the fertile country and the thick woods. Amongst them came two brothers: one was very brave and strong, a warrior; the other was more peaceful, caring much for his herds. They divided the lands, and the first one was the father of the Zulus, soldiers, who love to hunt and fight; the second was the father of the Tongas, more peaceful people, who settled on the low fertile lands between the mountains and the sea. They cultivate the ground much better than their neighbours can; they build better houses, with round upright walls, well-made conical roofs, and straight upright verandahs."

To make a roof they dig a deep hole of conical form and very regular shape; in it they make the roof, weaving and binding the wood into firm basket work. When finished, they lift it out of the hole, reverse it, and lift it on to the well-built round hut. No pole or prop is needed for its support. It is very carefully thatched.

They have the same custom as the Zulus of giving cattle for a bride—the Ukulobola—and, as was the custom with the Zulus, the number of cattle demanded by the bride's

father varies according to the position and importance of the families. No marriage is considered really valid until the cattle have been given and received. The Tongas have not many herds, as the Zulus have, but those who live in certain districts own many, and sell them when a man needs them for this purpose. The father must receive them from the bridegroom, and then if he lives where cattle do not thrive, he may sell them again.

Mr. Smyth gives the following list of the Tonga kings :—

	Selambawa.	
	Mpotshana.	
	Manyolo.	
	Maputu.	
	Muai.	
	Makasana.	
Hluma (never King).		Mfusi.
Nozingile (conquered rival		Ngwadhla.
and became King).		
Mgwanaza (the present King).		Nkosimuni.

The common name of the people is "Abakwa Maputa," the people of Maputa, which points to the fact that Maputa was a great king; but the name repeated over and over again is "Abakwa Makasana," and Makasana is always spoken of as the consolidator of the people.

FROM THE REV. R. ROBERTSON.

During his exploring journeys, before settling at Inhlwati, Mr. Robertson saw a good deal of the Tongas, and he frequently alludes to their peculiarities. He also went with Bishop Carter and Mr. Smyth on their long journey in 1892, and at that time he adds to their accounts the following notes :—

"Annesdale is on the north border of Zululand proper. Between the Tome range of hills (of which Inhlwati is part) and the Umseli River is the country of the Amakengane. This name means 'wild dogs,' and is a term of reproach given them by their neighbours on both sides, Tongas as well as Zulus. Both tribes claim them as their subjects, and between the two they have long been tolerably well trodden, with the result that they are cunning and less trustworthy than the Zulus. Their hard treatment in the past has been a preparation for the receiving of the Gospel, which alone can make a man free. They, as well as the Tongas, are industrious, hard-working people—much more so than the Zulus. A Zulu can sit and sleep all day, and be none the worse for it.

"The Tongas are a good people, and the Bishop and Mr Smyth admired them. They have a proud boast that 'no white man was ever killed in their country.'

"But there are two sorts of Tongas. In the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay they are (especially the women) as bad as they can well be. White men have caused it. South of the Usutu river, where we were, they are very different—men respectful and kind, women modest. They have a plan which might with advantage be adopted elsewhere. Every girl, when she comes to be of a suitable age, is expected to marry without delay. Consequently, there are no idle young women hanging about. The Tonga women dress much more nicely than the Zulus. They have long calico robes reaching from the shoulders almost to the feet. The men dress like the Zulus."

CHAPTER XII.

ANNESDALE. THE SUNSET HOUR.

"The genial friend, the ever kindly host,
Of keenly flashing wit and strenuous mien,
Yet evermore his heart is in his home,
And there he rules with strong and gracious sway;
And sad men catch the infection of his joy,
As cheery voiced he speeds them on their way."—
W. Walsham How.

As we have said, old age was stealing on Mr. Robertson, and his letters were less frequent as months passed on, though full as ever of interest in his people and his work. He had had a short, sharp illness in the previous year, and he was again laid up early in 1896; at least, in June he writes he is regaining strength, but had very great difficulty in cooking food so that he could eat it. He was exceedingly gratified by the kind invitations he received from friends. Adams begged him to come and end his days with him at Eshowe. Another old friend, a successful farmer now in Natal, wrote begging, as a favour to himself, that Mr. Robertson would come to him. He would like his five sons to know the man who had helped him long ago. "Cast your bread upon the waters." A son of Mr. Samuelson's also wrote to him most warmly, saying how he had helped the writer in the days of his youth. The Bishop of Lebombo urged him to come and settle himself at the Amsterdam farm at the Komati, which



THE COUNTRY NEAR ANNESDALE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

he was using as a sanatorium for his mission workers. This was the offer he was most inclined to think of, but he says:—

"We are all in God's hands, but I hope to be able to do some work still.

"It is the most disagreeable part of a missionary's work that he should always be whining for money. It is my own doing, too, for if I had been content to stay at Etalaneni I should have needed to whine for nothing long ago. Age is telling on me, and I sometimes long for the day when all my whining will cease."

It was a great loss that his schoolmistress, Ellen Nunn, left him to be married; "but I cannot be sorry for her own sake, or say, as some do, that she is a fool for doing it. No, the Zulus have a good old proverb: 'Love cannot be prevented.' It will have its way. Just so; let it be."

Her place was filled early in the year by Henrietta Luhlougane, whom he had known from a child. She had been brought up at Etalaneni, and had been one of Mr. Roach's pupil teachers in the school, and had lived long with Mrs. Roach, and afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Walters. There were now thirty-four children in school, which was under Government inspection, and earned a yearly grant.

"The new schoolmistress is doing well. She also goes every Sunday, after morning service, to teach in the kraals, and to help in the services held there. Her predecessor also does what she can in her own home, two miles away, and Nathaniel goes sometimes to some kraals about ten miles off, where the people are already Christians, and on other Sundays to some nearer home."

The Bishop came in July for a Confirmation.

Mr. Davies, of Isandhlwana College, was with him, and grieved as he was to part from the boy, Mr. Robertson decided to send Dick back with them to begin college life. "My prayer is that he may be kept from evil, and live to do good work among his heathen countrymen. I believe him to be pure in heart, and thoroughly good now. Pray for him. I shall miss him much. He is fourteen now. He can read and write in Zulu and in English, and two months ago he began Latin to help in the understanding of English."

Mr. Frere says: "In learning, Dick can read any part of the Bible quite fluently. He much enjoys your *Robinson Crusoe*. He knows long pieces of poetry and several passages of Shakespeare. He has been two years with Mr. Robertson. In arithmetic, he has got as far as repeating decimals. He knows how to build with stone, and has a talent for carpenter's work. He can ride and shoot, and if you want a tooth taken out, he can do it.

"Since writing this, Dick has come in. He has shot his seventh buck. Of late he has gone out on Sundays to some of the kraals as reader. My heart is very sore at parting from him. I pray God I may hear well of him from Isandhlwana."

"*July*.—The famine is sore in the land. Every morning I feed two women and eight children. It is the only food the poor wretches get. I have sent away most of my boys to work in order that I may have fewer to feed; but it is not easy to economize: people come on all sorts of pretences, only to get a mouthful of food. Six weeks ago, a man, his wife, and two children came to the house of one of our people, and positively refused to go away. Christian, the owner of the house, turned them out many times, but they only sat down outside, and came

in again when food was cooked. After a time the man left, saying he was going to look for food; he never came back. The woman and two children stayed till last week, when poor Christian's last pot of sweet potatoes was cooked, then they went away. I have since given poor Christian a quarter of a bag of mealies, but what is that? I have also given him and his wife two cows to milk, but, alas! the drought is great, and they give little milk. Mr. Spink arrived on the 11th. He does not know much Zulu yet.

"The locusts are as abundant as ever. No efforts avail against them in so sparsely-peopled a country as this. But for the kindness of friends here and in England, I do not know what I should have done last year. This year I have a large field of sweet potatoes, which are a great help to me, and I have a field of mealies which, by constant watching, driving, shouting, and beating, we have been able to save from the pests; but this is far short of what we shall want for the next eight months. Even now I feed nine children once a day, for I am filled with sorrow for my poor people.

"You would be surprised to see me now: my clothes hang about me like bags. It does not matter. Sickness and sorrow are blessings in disguise. They have brought me, I rejoice to feel, nearer to God. I am trying every day to be ready whensoever His call may come. My only sorrow will be to leave my little boys, Robbie and David. They are good boys, and making good progress in learning. They are not, of course, always good, and one day I had to chastise Robbie. Poor little man, how he cried! But then he turned him round, and hid his little face on my shoulder, and clung to me, till I comforted him."

"*August 30th.*—Speaking of failing strength, I have

much to be thankful for. I thank God for my illness. He is giving me time to deepen my repentance and prepare for His call whensoever it may come. I look forward to that day without fear. I know in Whom I have believed. He will not desert me, greatest of sinners though I be, in that day. From the Bishop downwards everyone is kind to me. I have kind offers of a home if I like to retire from work. I have no such wish as long as I can



THE REV. R. ROBERTSON WITH HIS BOYS.

Joseph. David. Robbie. Dick Kumalo.

do any work at all. My prayer is that I may die among the people here who love me so much; and I have a good hope that I may be spared for a few years longer to work for Christ.

"The best of Christmas greetings, and praying that God may long preserve you to work for Him.—Yours, R. R."

This was the last time Mr. Robertson sent Christmas good wishes to his friends. Before Christmas, 1897, came, the active spirit had left the worn-out body.

The following remarkable letter of retrospection was written at this time:—

"I can now say my *Nunc Dimittis*. I thank God for having put it into my heart seven years ago to come up this way. I believe I was moved to it by the Holy Spirit. What is the result? I leave out Dr. Walters, because, as a medical man, he would probably have been appointed to Nongoma whether I had been there before him or not. The result is:—

"(i.) At the Isikwebesi we have Joseph.

"(ii.) At Enkonjeni, (the Rev.) William Africander.

"(iii.) At Hlopekulu, George Heber.

"(iv.) At Emakowe, Mr. Crosby.

"(v.) At Bumbene, Walter Nunn.

"Now the Bishop has decided to form a strong central station in Sambanaland with the Archdeacon at the head of it. This will embrace the whole northern part of the Diocese. To God be all the praise and glory. With my latest breath I shall thank God for kind help received from you and the circle of faithful friends whom I remember before Him every day. I am better than I was, and believe God has still work for me to do; nevertheless, I shall be glad if you will give them my warmest love, and ask them to pray for me (and the work), as I do for them. I got up early to write this; now the day has begun, and I am wanted. Our work to-day is to thrash the few mealies I have left. Alas! they will be far from meeting our wants, and mealies are horribly dear, having to be imported. They are thirty-five shillings per bag at Nongoma, besides carriage from thence. My hope is the price may fall about the time these are finished.—R. R."

"Thank you very much for sending me the life of Bishop Harvey Goodwin.¹ I have not yet begun reading it. The fact is there was nothing in the box suitable for Mr. Spink, so I let him have the first reading of it, and he reads slowly.

"Hitherto boys have preponderated with me. Now it is just the other way. We were suffering so from famine that six months ago I sent away as many boys as I could possibly spare to work for money. But I could not send away the girls, so I have twelve of them to feed and clothe. My good friend Crosby has helped me much in this latter matter. They are not really 'girls' at all, but young women, one of them of enormous size. Henrietta is a great help to me; in fact, if I had not had her, it would not have been possible for me to have had any of these girls on the place. Females must be cared for, as well as men.

"It is wonderful to me, on looking back, to see how the Lord provides for His work. In 1895 I had not a single girl, nor had I a kitchen, nor any room for women to sleep in. A kitchen was an absolute necessity. Up to that date the cooking was done chiefly in the open air, in a dilapidated hut, the wagon shed, or the boys' room. It was a mess, of course. Well, I am thankful to say I was able to build a good kitchen in 1895; it is neither too large nor too small. Opening out of it I made a room twenty feet by twelve feet. When asked why I was building that, I answered, 'For the sake of symmetry.' I really meant to use it as a store-room, but it was not quite finished before two girls came to occupy it, and now there are twelve in it. 'A close pack!'

¹ Bishop of Carlisle, one of the oldest and truest of his friends.

I can hear you saying. So it is, but I have taken care to ventilate it thoroughly well.

"The famine has been very bad all over the country, but specially to the north of us. I have heard of thirteen deaths. How many more have died of whom no one has heard, and how many deaths have been indirectly caused by it, only God will ever know; but, at any rate, the suffering from hunger has been very great. How the people have been able to keep soul and body together it is difficult to imagine. In the coast districts it is past, thank God, for the present, and I may say here also the people are beginning to get some food out of their gardens. We pray publicly twice a day against the locusts, and many times besides. We can do something in the way of driving them away (as we did last year), but it is very little and a great expense. When the cry 'Locusts!' is heard, everything else is suspended. Lately, we have not been sorely troubled with them, but the young swarms are approaching in countless millions. One swarm is so near that I was able to go and see it the other day. I was astounded, and exclaimed, 'My sole trust is in God.' The ground was literally covered with them. May God help us. Some people say a distemper has broken out amongst them, and that we may expect them suddenly to disappear. It may be so. I hope it will be so; but those I saw were fearfully much alive!

"I told my boys they might go to Natal and work, or, if they chose to stay, they must go on famine rations. They all elected to stay. A sack of mealies was measured, and they are doled out by measure, so as to make a sack last a month. They get one meal of mealies—very few (there are twenty of them)—and one meal of sweet potatoes. How long or how short a time the sweet

potatoes will last I am afraid to think. After they are done, of course, the mealies will go with twice their present rapidity. Well, there are few evils in the world which cannot be turned to good if we try. I have planted more maize and sorghum and sweet potatoes than ever I did before, and I am trying my best to make others do the same (especially with the yams, which locusts do not touch). If I can weather out for about five or six months more I shall be all right. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'

"As a relief to this gloomy letter, let me tell you of my darling boy, David, who, on one side, has inherited the intellect of three generations. David is five years and nine months old. I only began to teach him six months ago, and he can already read his verse in the Psalms, morning and evening, taking turns with Mr. Spink and myself and the others. He really reads well. He is a good little boy, and as lovable as any English boy. He greatly delights to climb up my chair, and rest there with his arm round my neck. But no boys are so good but that they must sometimes be corrected. One day he was somewhat idle at his lessons, and I had to speak sharply to him. About an hour after I found him alone in the empty room, weeping silently. A few kind words from me sent him forth as merry as a lark. I shall not live to see it, but I have good hope that when David grows up he will be (what I have prayed for for thirty years or more) an apostle *to his own people*. May I hope that, as a result of this letter, you will take an interest in David when I am taken from him?"

The brave spirit and the loving care for others did not fail to the end, and in all his troubles there is never a word of complaint or even of wonder that more help was

not sent from home, though one feels now very sadly that very much more ought to have been done to help him, and to help those who are still labouring in the vineyard, bearing all the burden and heat of the day. We cannot work for God as they are doing, but we can ease their burdens, and ensure their having food and raiment sufficient for their needs, and we can help in the education of their own children as well as in their schools.

I earnestly hope that those who read these pages with interest, will act upon the knowledge they have gathered from them of what a life of self-denial and hard work is that of a missionary, and will take up their own share by giving willing, brotherly help.

The Bishop, ever kindly anxious for his comfort, had sent Mr. Spink, in July, 1896, to be of all the help he could, and he remained with Mr. Robertson to the end. He varied a good deal in health during the early part of 1897, but though suffering much from lumbago and other troubles, he was not laid up, but was able to keep on working more or less to the last, as he had hoped.

In July, Mr. Roach was with him—the trusted friend who had taken his place amongst his people at Etalaneni, and whose sympathy and help he had never ceased to regret, as many a little word in his letters shows us. The friends must have felt it might probably be their last parting. Mr. Roach says:—His love for the Zulus was strong to the last. He directed me to write down his last wishes, and amongst his instructions he directed his cattle should be divided amongst seven of the poorest people here, to be theirs for ten years, after which they would be the property of the Mission.

The Bishop came in September, and left him, he says, much about as usual; and there must have been a rally

of strength, for his last appeal for his people and their Church is dated September 16th, 1897. It is a letter which he sent to Mr. Parkins, that it might be printed and sent round to all friends. This was done, and many received it at the same time that they heard that its writer had passed into the unseen world of service and of worship :—

*"To my old friends (European and native) in
Zululand and Natal.*

"It is seven years since I began mission work at Inhlwati, now named Annesdale, in remembrance of the late Miss Anne Mackenzie, who may truly be said to have been the founder of the Zululand bishopric.

"The work has prospered beyond my expectation. To God alone be the praise. But in consequence of the great poverty of the Zulu Mission, we have hitherto been unable to provide the buildings necessary for the work. As a matter of course, we began by worshipping in the open air; then in a hut; and for the last three years in a building used also as a wagon shed and a workshop. A school for sixty children is held in this building.

"In God's providence, the time has now arrived for the erection of a building suitable for Divine worship, as well as a school for the young. Two Christian ladies, sisters, in England, have just given between them £100 towards the necessary building; another lady has given £5; and a neighbouring storekeeper, who takes great interest in the work, has promised £5. But it will be impossible to erect a building sufficiently large and of permanent materials (stone, etc.), for a sum less than £250. We shall, therefore, have to raise £140 more. Having taken counsel with the Bishop, we have decided, at any rate, to begin

the erection of the building, God willing, with the coming New Year, 1898.

"I therefore hope that old friends, whom I love much, will do what they can towards the fund necessary for the completion of the building, remembering that 'with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'

"Sums, however small, will be thankfully received by the Bishop of Zululand at Eshowe.

"From your old and now sick friend,

"R. ROBERTSON.

"*September 16th, 1897.*"

This was his last public act, full of love and "good desire"—his last effort to provide for the reverent worship of God. If in life he had been like Joshua, ever leading Christ's soldiers in their forward march, he was like him, too, in the strong, outspoken resolution: "For me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

His last letter was written on October 28th:—

"I am writing from a sick bed. I have wished to write to you before, but sorrow prevented me. Give my love to my invalids." [These were some chronic sufferers in a home for poor women, who often worked for him.] "Alas! I am now a sad invalid myself, and find it hard to bear. Strength may leave me, but work does not.—R. R."

The next letter is from a very old friend, H. W. Longcast, one of those he sometimes spoke of as "my sons," and who never failed him when help could be given. He came in July with his daughter, and it is a comfort to know that their love and care were with him to the last. He wrote on November 3rd to Mr. Cree, by Mr. Robertson's orders, telling of his illness and failing strength.

For the last week before his death he was freer from

pain, and more cheerful, and those with him were more hopeful; but he said on the previous Sunday that it was his last public worship, which proved true. On Sunday, November 7th, he did not leave his room, and was weaker the next day. On Tuesday it was plain that a change had taken place. After ten o'clock that night he never spoke, though he was conscious for some time, and he passed quietly away at midnight.

The funeral took place the next day, Wednesday, at sundown. By Mr. Robertson's own wish, he was laid to rest without a coffin, vested in cassock and surplice and stole, and over them were spread, also by his express wish, his plaid and the Union Jack. Then over all were thickly strewn wild flowers, plucked by the children. Mr. Roach concludes:—

"And so ended an earthly life of constant hardship, frequent privation, endless disappointment, and unique devotion to a noble ideal. May he rest in peace. I am grieved that I did not see him again. My last words with him were words of prayer—*his* favourite Collect (the eighth after Trinity) and *mine* (the sixth), and the Aaronic blessing, for which he thanked me. His life has been devoted to the Zulu people. During our talks, I asked him if (after suffering so much as he has done) he had it in his power again, whether he would choose the life of a missionary in Zululand? He answered very emphatically: 'Yes! and if one may help others in the future state, I hope it may be permitted me to help the Zulus—yes, even Cetshwayo, for he was not all bad.' The people here realize something of his love for them, and already, before I arrived, had collected £10 towards a stone for his grave. Many will contribute, so that the grave of one of such devoted life may not be unmarked. How

his place will be filled it is impossible to say. It *never* will be filled *to the Zulus*."

From "The Net," 1897.

"The following is an abridged account of the funeral, from the pen of H. W. Longcast, one of the English boys taken charge of by Mr. Robertson on his first going to Zululand in 1860:—

"He passed away at midnight on November 9th, 1897. The funeral took place on the 10th. Mr. Crosby came over from his store, sixteen miles off; he was the only white man not living on or about the station who was present, but he was a true friend of the departed. It was his own special wish to be buried without a coffin, and in his vestments. The burial-ground is about three hundred yards away from the buildings. The Rev. M. S. H. Spink met the body and procession, and after saying half the Burial Service and singing a hymn, the procession was formed for walking to the grave. After Mr. Spink, the twelve bearers followed with the body, covered by a cross of heather and another of lilies, and the Union Jack over the feet. The corpse was followed by the men and grown-up boys; next by the school children, two and two, headed by the schoolmistress, Henrietta; then the unmarried girls, with my daughter, Grace; then the whole body of women; and, lastly, Untamonemidwa, the Zulu chief under whom we live, with twenty of his head men. Flowers were carried by the women and girls. The service was reverently concluded at the grave, and a second hymn was sung, after which everybody passed round it, throwing in flowers, till the body was completely covered. So our old friend and father was left to his long rest. We shall never see his like again! Mr. Spink thanked the native

chief for his attendance; his answer was: "You have buried him like a king; and he was as much my father as he was yours. So why do you thank me? It was my duty."'"

The earthly story of Mr. Robertson's life is ended. It only remains to write down some of the expressions of feeling called forth by the news of his home-going.

Alfred Adams, the prosperous storekeeper at Eshowe, writes on November 10th:—

"Our dear friend, Mr. Robertson, died yesterday morning, and was buried at sundown. He has been the most successful missionary Zululand has ever seen. He taught his Kaffirs to love God and respect man. He came to this country to a turbulent and bloodthirsty people; he leaves them a law-abiding one. We have worked and helped each other for thirty-two years, in trouble and out of it.—A. A."

Once only during his forty-three years' ministry did he re-visit England. He and his second wife made a short stay here in 1873 (the year before she died). One who saw him then, and was his helper ever after, thus writes—what many will agree to who had not the privilege of ever knowing him face to face:—

"I only knew him in his missionary life. I only once *saw* him. He spent a few hours with me some twenty years ago. These things were fresher to me then, and I felt as if I had had a visit from St. Paul. May it be a link which will draw me, too, up higher."

We all know the story of a great man's grave, on which, by his own orders, are the words: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who *tried* to do his duty." God only knows which of us *succeed*, but we can all *try*, and surely it was given to Mr. Robertson to spur on many others to try *also*.

We thank God *for him*, as he thanked God for everything, whether good or (apparently) evil.

The Bishop writes: "Since he came out to Natal, in 1856, until now, with the exception of one visit to England, he has given his life to working for God and the Zulu people. His influence has been very great. The Commandant of the Police said to me on Sunday: 'Mr. Robertson's boys are the best in the country. We are always glad if we can get them in the police.' His influence was great, too, amongst the traders and Europeans in Zululand. One who knew him well said to me: 'No one, white or black, who came to him for help or food, was sent empty away, if such help was possible; and very strong were his endeavours to help them to live Christian lives.' Lonely as was his life, he ever kept up an interest in the lives of others, and in books, which were his friends; and his advice to young men was to do the same: 'Read, read, and however little you may have to spend, yet every year buy at least one book.'"

It was not possible at first to send a priest to Inhlwati, and for a short time the evangelist brothers were in charge, as Archdeacon Swaby's illness broke up the little colony at Ingwavuma. Very soon, however, the Rev. Herbert Allen was moved up thence from St. Andrew's. He felt it "a privilege to succeed the pioneer missionary of Zululand," and endeavoured, as far as possible, to carry out his plans, especially with respect to the Church.

We have read, March 21st, 1894, how a "good desire" came into the missionary's heart that Easter morning, and he cried to God for the Church, and how after that, Sunday after Sunday, he led his people to join in silent prayer for it. "Before the sermon I say a few words about it, followed by a minute or so of silent prayer."

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Now those prayers have been granted. The Church of St. John the Divine arose, built with the stone quarried so long before, and it stands now on the highest part of a long slope, the first object seen on the approach to Annesdale—the Church no longer “of the future,” but of the present, consecrated after he who planned and worked for it had, by God’s mercy, entered into the Church Triumphant; it stands, the very House of God and home of man. It was dedicated by Bishop Carter on August 10th, 1902, almost his concluding act in the Diocese before his election to the Bishopric of Pretoria. Thus the steadfast Missionary’s last earthly wish was accomplished. What more can be said?

“Certainly it is Heaven upon Earth to have a Man’s Minde
Move in Charitie,
Rest in Providence, and
Turn upon the Poles of Truth.”—*Bacon*.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, ANNESDALE.

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AN ELDER SISTER.

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Author of

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