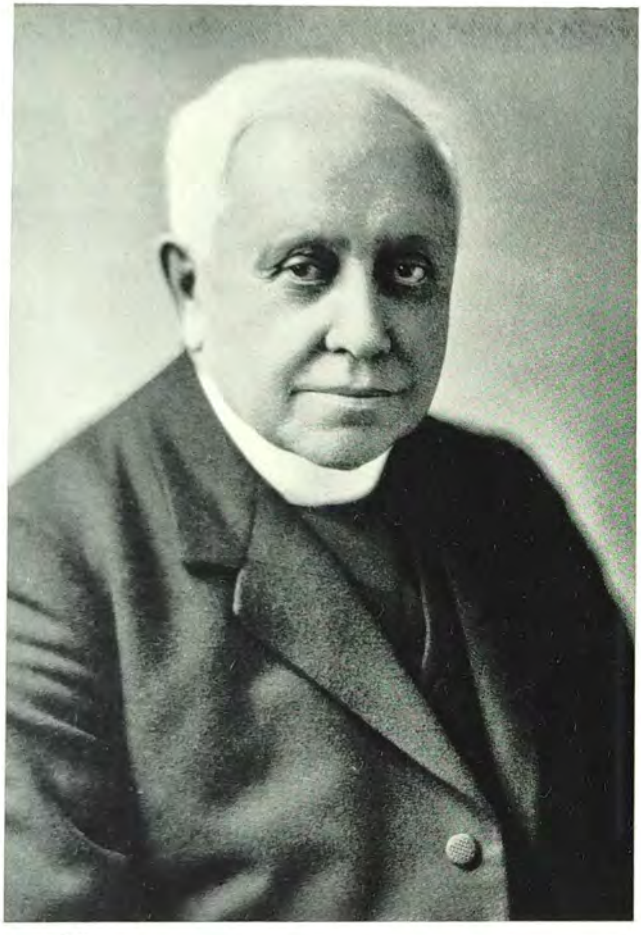
A PRINCE OF MISSIONARIES



Yours very Sincerely

Alexander Mackenzie

A PRINCE OF MISSIONARIES

THE REV. ALEXANDER HETHERWICK

C.B.E., D.D., M.A.

OF

BLANTYRE, CENTRAL AFRICA

BY

W. P. LIVINGSTONE

AUTHOR OF "MARY SLESSOR," "LAWS OF LIVINGSTONIA," "THE MASTER LIFE," ETC.

With 4 Illustrations and Map

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

DR. HETHERWICK spent forty-five years in the service of Blantyre Mission in lower Nyasaland. He was born for Africa as surely as Dr. Livingstone and his friend Dr. Laws were. In the early days he witnessed the final phases of barbarism. When he became head of the Mission Dr. Livingstone's dream of a civilised white colony on the Shiré Highlands was on the way to being realised. The European and the Native were in contact, the one enterprising and aggressive, the other only half-awake and bewildered by the new conditions, and the situation was bristling with problems. Dr. Hetherwick, seer and statesman and spiritual genius, was resolved that the coming order should be based on the principles of equal justice, rights and opportunity. He knew the European and he knew the Native and, sympathising with both, he believed their interests to be identical. The duty he undertook, a delicate and difficult one, was to reconcile the conflicting cultures and claims.

It is a fascinating story, and one not without value in these later days when race consciousness everywhere is creating movements for greater freedom or complete independence. Dr. Hetherwick's biography might well form a text-book on the development of the relations between Black and White. It is a subject often studied from the outside ; in his career we watch the actual process, one of the best

examples of the kind in the world. There are lessons in the narrative to which heed ought to be paid before we arrive at that era of racial conflict, the angry dawn of which is already reddening the African sky.

For this popular sketch of his life and work Dr. Hetherwick is not responsible. It has been written because he is so utterly free from self-assertion and personal ambition that he would never dream of attempting the task himself. Also, it is not a formal history of Blantyre Mission; otherwise it would have been necessary to mention the names and services of many others who have contributed in their own way, and often in a wonderful way, to the upbuilding of that great Christian enterprise.

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CHAPTER I

I. A Dream of Africa

Alexander Hetherwick was born on 12th April, 1860, the son of William Hetherwick, a farmer at Knoxhill, in the heart of the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire. The first glimpse we have of him is at a class in the parish school, when a reading lesson was being given on the epochal tramp of David Livingstone across tropical Africa. The other boys were thinking less of the interest of the subject than of wrestling through the exercise without discomfiture, but his own imagination was caught and held by the story of the explorer's perils and hardships. It made so strong an impression on his mind that from that day he followed the exploits of the traveller and read everything about him that he could lay hands upon.

Then came the report of the lonely passing among the swamps of Bangweolo, the thrilling tale of the conveyance of the body to the coast, and the account of the stately and moving burial scene in Westminster Abbey. The world-stir created, the talk of mission enterprises, the schemes for settlements on Lake Nyasa and the Shiré Highlands—these the lad read about in the Church magazines. His mind

became a picture gallery of Africa. A visit which Robert Laws paid to the parish schoolmaster before sailing with the Free Church expedition deepened his interest and brought him close to the Dark Continent.

After a period at Old Aberdeen Grammar School he entered King's College. He shared lodgings with James Adam, afterwards Senior Tutor of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and Gifford Lecturer in Aberdeen. Three of the other students, he discovered, were also interested in foreign missions—Wm. Skinner and George Pittendrigh, who became professors in Madras Christian College, and James H. Ogilvie, who, after serving in India as a Chaplain, filled with distinction the position of Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland. Hetherwick was popular among his class-fellows. He had already developed strong religious convictions which he was not afraid to express and defend, but along with good sense he possessed the saving grace of humour and loved a jest.

His pre-occupation with his studies did not lessen his interest in Africa. One afternoon he joined the University library. Noticing Livingstone's *Last Journals* on a shelf at the librarian's desk he borrowed the volumes and hurried to his rooms. He read them through there and then and his enthusiasm for Africa was crystallised into a definite resolution to devote his life to its service. During the Divinity course he held the post of assistant librarian in the King's College Library, and this gave him the opportunity of reading all the new books on Africa then issuing from the Press. His knowledge of the

country became both comprehensive and vivid. Africa was as real to him as Aberdeen.

He took his share in the Christian work of the University and was specially interested in the Missionary Society, of which he became President. The most important factor in his life perhaps was his connection with the West Church of St. Nicholas and his friendship with the minister, the Rev. Dr. Mitford Mitchell, who was warmly interested in young men and an ardent advocate of foreign missions. Young Hetherwick became to him like a son: on the one side there were loyalty and gratitude for spiritual inspiration, and on the other admiration for a bright and courageous spirit. As Sunday School teacher and then superintendent, as a district visitor, and as a leader of mission services, the future missionary acquired a knowledge of organisation and administration.

His college career was notable. He took a high place in Classics. In Mathematics he was the most distinguished student, graduating with first-class honours and gaining the Simpson Mathematical Prize. He won the Neil Arnot prize for experimental physics. A brilliant future seemed opening for him. Many of the leading mathematical scholars at Aberdeen went on to Cambridge, and he was pressed to follow their example. But nothing would alter his resolution. His friends remonstrated with him; they told him he was sacrificing an assured prospect of attainment and honour for the hard path of danger and obscurity in Africa. "Sacrifice?" he said; "it will be a sacrifice not to go!"

At this time the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland was concerned about the

development of Blantyre, their infant mission on the Shiré Highlands, called after the birthplace of Dr. Livingstone on the Clyde. Designed at first chiefly on industrial lines in the hope that it would grow into the great Christian colony and centre of civilisation of Livingstone's dream, it was now being strengthened on its ministerial side, and the Committee was looking for an ordained man with the qualities of a pioneer who would open up work in some new untouched area. Young Hetherwick offered himself. The Committee saw in him one ideally fitted for the task and gratefully accepted his services.

On 8th May, 1883, he knelt within the West Church, and by the Presbytery was ordained and dedicated to the work. Some words of his minister on the occasion he never forgot; they often helped and encouraged him in after years. "You must see," Dr. Mitchell said, "a possible Christian in every man around you and believe that there is, in the good news of a Father in heaven and of a loving Saviour and Brother who gave Himself for all men, a constraining power to tame the most wild, to purify the most lustful, to soften the most cruel, to make righteous the most degraded."

Those who remember him at this time describe him as a slim, pale youth, somewhat ascetic looking, with black hair and long sensitive fingers, his appearance generally suggesting that he was not strong. This impression was borne out by the fact that two societies declined to insure his life. The doctor who passed him for the foreign field told him he might manage to live and work in Africa provided he "took care and did not fatigue himself."

There was no uncertainty regarding his character. He was noted for his personal consecration, his practical idealism—the most formidable of all forces—his intellectual and business capacity, and his quiet, patient courage and persistence.

As to the outcome of his quixotic enterprise those who knew him best were sure that even in the wilds of Central Africa he would achieve a position of distinction.

II. Founder of Blantyre

He sailed from London on 17th May, 1883, in the S.S. *India*. Off the coast of Portugal, on a clear night, with the moon shining and the sea smooth, the steamer collided with a vessel laden with grain from the Black Sea and sank her. The crew were saved. A call at Lisbon was necessary for examination and repairs, and the delay lost the East Africa passengers their connection at Aden. Rather than face a month in that grim Arabian port Hetherwick dropped off at Ismailia and spent the time in Egypt, then recovering from the revolt of Arabi Pasha.

At Aden he found on the steamer a number of friendly folk bound for Central Africa. Professor Henry Drummond was there, on his way to inspect the stations of the African Lakes Company, which was looking after the transport of the Scottish settlements between the coast and Lake Nyasa—he called it the " deacon " of the missions. Another proved to be one of Hetherwick's class-fellows, Dr. Wm. Scott, who was accompanied by his wife; he and the Rev. J. A. Bain were reinforcements for the Livingstonia field.

In the company also, returning from furlough, was Henry Henderson, the founder of the Blantyre Mission. There was no better tutor for a young man proceeding to Africa. Educated at Edinburgh University, he had spent ten years in the Queensland bush, where his task was to select sites for sheep stations and ranches. "Do without," was his motto, and he travelled with the least possible quantity of luggage. Quiet and imperturbable in temperament, nothing ruffled him. Perhaps it was because his hold on the world was so slight. "Roughing it" he counted as a means of grace. When things went wrong and he was hard beset he would say, "Let me sit down to my bookies," and he would feed his soul on the Prayer Book, *The Christian Year* or *The Imitation of Christ.* His African name was "the Dragon Fly," because he was here, there and everywhere.

From him, then and afterwards, Hetherwick heard in detail the story of his search for a mission site. It was a romance of courage and faith. The Church of Scotland Committee had advertised for a volunteer to accompany the Free Church Expedition to Central Africa and select for them a position somewhere on Lake Nyasa. He offered his services. At the Lake he was unfavourably impressed with the conditions. "I must have a place where Europeans can live and work," he said. Parting from his Free Church friends, and taking as companion and interpreter a lad who had been one of the slaves released by Dr. Livingstone, he climbed the hills on the east of the River Shiré and came upon a cool and picturesque plateau. Compared with the Lake shore it was paradise.

Guided, as he believed, by the Divine hand, he chose a pleasant, well-wooded spot, and hastened to the Shiré to meet the mission contingent that was now due. Three months passed without a sign of it. The only book at his command was Cowper's Poems, and he learnt its contents off by heart. Proceeding to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi in the hope of meeting the party, he had to subsist on native food with a relish of one sardine per day. Eventually he came upon the missionaries at a trading station on the river and led them to the hills, which they reached, weary and footsore, and there under the wide branches of a fig tree pitched their tents and called the spot Blantyre.

"It was best for the two missions to separate," he said, "the one to move onwards and occupy the interior, the other to remain at the strategic threshold of the country so that each could help and support the other."

III. The Dream Realised

Two months after leaving London Hetherwick sighted a group of palm trees on the low African coast and was told that they denoted Quilimane, the Portuguese port of entry for the Zambesi and the interior. It was situated on the Kwa Kwa River, usually classed as the most northerly mouth of the Zambesi, but, in reality, unconnected with it save on exceptional occasions of flooding. Travellers proceeded by this waterway in canoe or boat to a point, some five or six miles inland, where it came within a few miles of the Zambesi. They covered the intervening tract on foot to a transit station of

the African Lakes Company called Mazuru, where a house had been built for their accommodation.

Hetherwick began to realise that he was in a timeless land, where business could always be done "tomorrow." Though the baggage of the party was trifling it was a week ere they got clear of the Customs. Then came an afternoon when all was ready: the boxes were on the bank of the river, and they waited for the signal to embark. But no crew appeared. Their captain said they would be in the grog-shops, and went off, grumbling, to round them up.

The sun set in a sky of crimson. Before them flowed the inky river lined with mangrove swamp; an expanse of black, malodorous mud stretched at their feet. The shadows deepened. Night fell black and starless, though a faint glow of colour lingered in the west. The memory of the scene remained with Hetherwick—he could always recall the strangeness of the experience; his feeling of wondering expectancy, the sense of the mystery of the land, the uncertainty of his future; all tinged, like the African night, with luminous promise.

The crew came at last, laughing and talking, seized the boxes, loaded up two boats and carried the passengers on board. The craft were flat-bottomed and manned by six paddlers and a steersman. The four single men of the party occupied one; the married couple the other. At the stern was a cabin of wood and grass about 7 feet long and 6 feet broad which served as a dining-room by day and a bedroom at night. African journeys can be pleasant in retrospect, and Professor Drummond gave a graphic description of the days spent on the

Kwa Kwa; they were, he said, one long picnic. Hetherwick's picture is truer to fact.

The four men spread their beds on the floor, hung mosquito netting from nails on the roof, and crept underneath. The space was so restricted that it was impossible for them to undress. Drummond, Bain and Hetherwick lay down lengthwise. Henderson, as an old campaigner, stretched himself across their feet under the open sky. No sooner had they reached the mangrove than they were attacked by dense clouds of mosquitoes. Hetherwick describes the scene:

"We cowered in our nets, afraid to move lest an unhappy toe or finger might be exposed. More and more stifling grew the atmosphere, hotter and hotter grew our bodies, while the perspiration flowed off us in streams. We lay in a shuddering heap. One in despair would stretch out a limb seeking a cool spot only to withdraw it again with a howl of pain. It had touched the net and had been greedily seized on by a score of gourmands outside. No net could resist such hordes. They found their way inside somehow. It was a night of torture."

Boats passed them, gliding down river, the rowers chanting, to the slow rhythm of their paddles, that strange relic of the old Roman Catholic hymn taught the Natives three centuries before:

I have no father
No Mother mine
Oh who will care for me—
Mary my Mother.*

Gradually the heat, the monotonous swish of the

* The melody is embodied in a children's hymn sung in the Blantyre Church.

paddles, the weariness, combined to lull them into uneasy sleep.

They were awakened by a sudden bump; the boats had been pulled in to the bank and were being fastened. In the grey morning light they looked at each other in silence. Says Hetherwick: "Our faces and hands were red and blotched and swollen. Some were worse than others, the lady in the other boat worst of all. Poor Drummond had added toothache and a gumboil to his other woes, and with his face tied up in a towel was a picture of despair. Bain had developed fever. Only Henderson, who had slept soundly, was unscathed. 'I am too tough for them,' he said."

They lived in this cramped way for six days, the only breaks occurring when they landed for meals. There was much to interest them, however, in the scenery and wild life. The banks were clothed with luxuriant vegetation—giant acacias and fig trees swathed in creepers, lovely blossoms and scented flowers—while brilliantly feathered birds uprose in dense flocks; snakes sunned themselves on the trees: gorgeous butterflies fluttered over their craft.

A six-mile tramp across the isthmus took them to Mazuru, where they saw the paddle steamer *Lady Nyasa* lying on the broad brown waters of the Zambesi. Hetherwick viewed the river with a thrill of exhilaration, for at last his dream was realised; he had reached the scenes associated with the name of his hero. Away up the river were visible the woods of Shupanga, where Mary Livingstone had died and was buried.

It was Sunday night, and on the verandah of the

house Drummond conducted evening worship. He read the 107th Psalm in his clear, mellow voice, which made music of the verses: "*Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.*" Hetherwick never afterwards read the Psalm or heard it read without that picture leaping before his mind's eye, the silent, swift movement of the river, and the dark outline of Shupanga, with the accompaniment of the brooding stillness and the cadence of the magnetic voice.

The *Lady Nyasa* sailed next morning. For the use of the passengers there was a space 12 feet by 16 feet above the cargo of calico and cases of beads and provisions which admitted little freedom and less comfort. But all was novel and no one grumbled. A visit to Mrs. Livingstone's grave interrupted the first part of the journey, and, thereafter, the monotony of the vast plains was broken only by a succession of strangely beautiful sun-rises and moon-rises and the stir caused by the appearance of crocodiles and hippos.

Leaving the Zambesi and entering the Shiré they came, after a bewildering series of windings, to Katunga's village, at the foot of the Murchison cataracts. Here Hetherwick made the acquaintance of Livingstone's Makololo, who ruled over the river country. They were dominated by but two emotions, hatred of the Portuguese and faith in the countrymen of Livingstone. Katunga's was the "port" for Blantyre, which lay twenty-eight miles amongst the hills. The only means of transport was a donkey and the company set off on foot. Night fell when they were still half-way up the narrow

track, and they slept huddled together in a native hut. Once they were awakened by loud cries and found that some prowling beast of prey, which Drummond says was a lion but Hetherwick declares was a leopard, had made a dash for the donkey and succeeded only in clawing a carrier's back.

They approached the station at sunset on 13th August, 1883. Passing Mandala, the headquarters of the African Lakes Company, where the two famous pioneers of trade and commerce, John and Fred Moir, held sway, they crossed the Mudi stream and marched along a fragrant avenue of blue gum trees into the Mission square, where they were greeted with a cheery hail from the manse.

CHAPTER II

I. "War! War!"

Next morning early the spare, clerical figure of Hetherwick was seen exploring the surroundings. He had read so much about them that they did not look strange. To the others he seemed as eager as any boy, and ready for whatever hard work awaited him. The staff at the moment consisted only of the Rev. D. Clement Scott, B.D., and Dr. Peden, the medical member. In the station were also Mr. John MacIlwain, of the African Lakes Company, erecting a new manse—he later joined the Mission and worked with Hetherwick for forty years—and David Buchanan, one of a noted band of brothers, likewise engaged in building operations.

On two sides of the rectangular ground, called the "square," which was decked out with flower-beds, were rows of wattle-and-daub buildings, mostly the houses of the staff. In line with the westward row stood the church, also of wattle-and-daub, and roofed with grass. In the tiny belfry on the gable hung a bell, which had been salved from a wrecked ship on the coast. Behind the church was the garden, arranged in the form of a number of graceful terraces. Here he saw the coffee plant grown from a seedling brought out from Edinburgh Botanic Garden in the year 1878, the parent of the millions which were to spread over the country

and provide for a time its main source of prosperity. A little apart were the school and dormitories, and the cattle kraal protected by a strong stockade.

He watched the new manse going up about two hundred yards north of the square, unconscious that for over forty years it would be his home, from the verandah of which he would see the life of Central Africa streaming past. It was at the side of the road which had become the highway to Lake Nyasa and the interior. The track began at Katunga's, on the lower Shiré, ascended the hills to Blantyre, and then descended to Matope on the upper Shiré, thus forming a wide semicircle round the impassable Murchison rapids.

He was captivated by the scenery and the climate. Blantyre lies on a beautiful plateau 3,427 feet above sea level. To the north-east towers the magnificent Zomba range, five thousand feet higher still. On the south-east the great bulk of Mt. Mlanje rises darkly into the sky. Deep in the western valley flows the Shiré. The cool, pure atmosphere, the sunshine—clear and mellow as a spring morning at home—the bracing air, delighted and exhilarated him. He could understand the elation of Dr. Livingstone in finding at last after years of exploration a suitable region for European settlement.

He quickly grasped the general situation. Although the Mission had overcome the initial difficulties of settlement and was firmly established and making progress, it had not yet emerged from the pioneer stage. Central Africa was still a wild, untamed land. On the Shiré highlands the political position had but slightly altered since Livingstone's day. Then, the Manganja tribe were being driven

out or enslaved by the Yaos, a powerful people from the east of Nyasa. It was in the chaos produced by this invasion that the Universities Mission had collapsed. Now the Yaos were, in their turn, being harassed by an enemy from across the Shiré—the Angoni, the southern portion of that disciplined horde of Zulu wanderers who had settled in the high mountains west of Lake Nyasa. Periodically they raided the Shiré district.

No organised power or central authority existed to combat this peril. The country was divided among a number of isolated, independent chiefs, all suspicious of one another when not actively hostile. The villages were built about the foothills in order that the people might escape to the fastnesses above at the first alarm of an attack. As soon as the crops were ripe the produce was carried up to granaries hidden amongst the hill-tops. The slave trade added to the general insecurity. Human life had no value. A man or woman was worth only a few yards of calico. Slaving parties of half-caste Arabs from the coast prowled round the villages, buying slaves from the chiefs, instigating murder and kidnapping, and engineering tribal war with the object of securing victims. Only on the lower Shiré, where the Makololo were in control, was there some semblance of paramount chieftainship.

In the midst of this turbulent confusion the Mission stood, a city of refuge and an influence for peace. Adventures, crises and hairbreadth escapes were so much the daily portion of the missionaries that Clement Scott whimsically declared it would be necessary to start a *Boy's Own Paper* to record them all.

That the conditions were unsettled, even on the Mission land, Hetherwick learnt that first afternoon. Messengers arrived hot-foot, crying, "*nkondo ! nkondo !*" "war ! war !" Murder had been done and reprisals were taking place only a quarter of a mile away. Scott and Peden instantly left for the scene. Curious to see something of what he had so often read about, Hetherwick accompanied them. On the way Scott told him that the Mission villagers were a perpetual source of anxiety, and that one of his principal tasks was to keep them in order. Some were freemen of the best type, but others belonged to slave tribes who had fled from their masters in the early days and been given shelter. These still secretly harboured runaways and brought the Mission under the displeasure of the chiefs. A lawless class, their hand was against every man. On the present occasion there had been a dispute at a beer drinking and one had been shot by a freeman. Seizing their spears and bows and arrows they were out in force and making for the village of a headman, the brother of the assailant, who in Native law was being held responsible for the deed.

They found the avengers with spears and shields deploying before the village, which was defended by the headman and his followers armed with flint-locks. The air resounded with war cries and the rattling of shields and a twanging of bow-strings. Racing down the slope Scott shouted "*mlandu ! mlandu !*" —a word signifying a palaver, or case, or talk. After some hesitation they stopped, and gradually he managed to gather them round an ant-hill, where he remonstrated with them on the folly of their action. When their passions had cooled he proposed a

mlandu on the morrow for the settlement of the quarrel, and they agreed.

"The danger is," said Scott, as they returned to the station, "that they will now go on drinking beer until they become war-mad and then they will fight it out."

That night, for the first, and last, time in his life Hetherwick slept with a loaded revolver under his pillow.

The *mlandu* was held on the manse verandah. Morning, noon and night for three days the debating went on. He was interested to note the result. Native law recognised no crime in the civilised sense, criminal offences of all kinds being dealt with as civil cases and expiated by fine. The headman paid over a gun, a keg of powder, and some pieces of calico by way of compensation, and the matter was closed.

II. Ulendo

Drummond learnt that some weeks would elapse before the *Ilala*, the famous little steamer of the Free Church Livingstonia Mission, would arrive at Matope to convey him and the others to Lake Nyasa; and to fill in the time he resolved to explore the country in the direction of Lake Shirwa. Hetherwick, keen to be initiated into the art of African travel, went with him. Henderson, who was always ready for the open road, took charge of the commissariat.

The *ulendo*, or tour, was a novel experience for the young missionary. The party followed native paths through the long grass or low undergrowth, disturbing herds of eland, antelope and other game,

and frequently coming across the spoor of elephants and lions, and hearing the bark of baboons on the hills. Many of the villages they encountered had never seen white men and were suspicious and wary. Friendly relations were established with them by exhibiting some of the personal articles carried. Compasses, watches and matches were all objects of mystery. What most aroused curiosity was an automatic pencil. Of this they never tired. Each time the lead disappeared they burst into uproarious laughter.

From the door of his tent Hetherwick would watch the carriers round their camp fires cooking *nsima* porridge and roasting bits of meat on pointed sticks ; or, lying sleepless on the floor of a hut, he would listen to the sounds of the tropical night, the shrilling of insects, the crackling of twigs, the yelp of prowling jackals, or the recurring cockcrow, perhaps the most characteristic note of Africa. At every village he was introduced to the *nkuku*, or native fowl, a small, skinny creature, which as an article of diet has played no little part in the opening up of the continent. It is the invariable gift to a white visitor.

They reached the wide plain fringing Lake Shirwa. A swamp in the rainy season, it was now burnt hard under the scorching sun. One day at noon they lunched beside the Phalombe River. Drummond was sitting in the shade of a large fig tree when his keen eye caught sight of what looked like a tiny piece of dry leaf that every now and then seemed to move amongst the other leaves. Calling Hetherwick's attention to it, he picked it up and discovered it was alive. The incident recurred to

Hetherwick on reading Drummond's *Tropical Africa*, and he called it the " foreword " to the Chapter on Mimicry.

On another occasion he was tramping with Drummond along a path behind a burly, broad-backed native carrier who, with a 56-lb. load balanced on his head and arms swinging by his side, was singing at the top of his voice. Drummond turned thoughtfully and said : " What would I not give to get inside that man's mind for just half an hour ! " But, as his companion came to realise, to " think black " is a wish that has never been granted to the white man.

Sunday was spent at a village on the borders of the lake where the chief was an old woman who had seen Dr. Livingstone. Hetherwick always remembered the night he spent there on account of the savage attack made on the party by millions of mosquitoes. There was no crossing of the lake. The people would not provide canoes. Nothing would prevail upon them to risk themselves among the fierce tribes on the other side. The party therefore skirted the shore and turned west again and reached the village of Malemya, an important Yao chief, situated on the Zomba range in a beautiful valley through which flowed the Domasi River. Malemya was a noted slaver. Several Swahili traders were lounging about and a large caravan of slaves and ivory was encamped in the plain below.

" Not a pleasing character," thought Hetherwick, who, nevertheless, resolved to cultivate his good graces since his territory lay in the direction of the proposed advance. Fortunately the chief was impressed with him. He confessed that he liked

" the young one " best—a good augury for the future.

III. Language

The party returned to Blantyre and Hetherwick bade farewell to Drummond and Bain, envying them the privilege of seeing the great Lake. Although it was so near it was not until seventeen years later that he was able to pay it a visit.

He now addressed himself to the question of language. Two tribal tongues were struggling for supremacy, one spoken by the Yaos to the north, and the other by the Manganja about Blantyre and the river. Yao had been favoured by the early missionaries, but Clement Scott was replacing it with Nyanja.

As the new station was to be somewhere in the north Hetherwick decided to acquire Yao. He possessed a linguistic gift and, like Livingstone, believed that the best way to learn a language was to isolate oneself among the people who speak it.

" Then go to John Buchanan," said Scott.

John Buchanan had come out with the original party in 1876, but had left the Mission to start as a pioneer planter. He was settled on the slopes of Mt. Zomba, and to him Hetherwick went. For two months he did nothing but study the intricacies of Yao, talk with the Natives, and take notes of their folk-lore. " There is no better method of acquiring a Bantu language," he wrote, " than working at these folk-lore tales. One secures the best knowledge of idiomatic forms of expression." Though

difficult on account of its complicated grammatical construction he came to the conclusion that Yao was the most beautiful of the Bantu tongues in Central Africa, and he regretted that Nyanja was pushing it aside.

For Buchanan he developed a sincere admiration. He was a type of the best British settler, shrewd, energetic and resourceful. As he had a perfect command of Yao, Hetherwick realised what a powerful aid it was to him in managing the Natives. It was a lesson he never forgot, and all his life he urged upon those who handled the people the value of a thorough knowledge of the language as a means of preventing misunderstanding and tragedy. Buchanan had proved the suitability of the coffee plant for the soil of the country, and had just reaped his first crop, and the result had been pronounced excellent by the missionaries at Blantyre. He was also busy experimenting with sugar manufacture, using home-made apparatus, a wooden water-wheel, wooden crushing rollers, and earthen pots made by Native women.

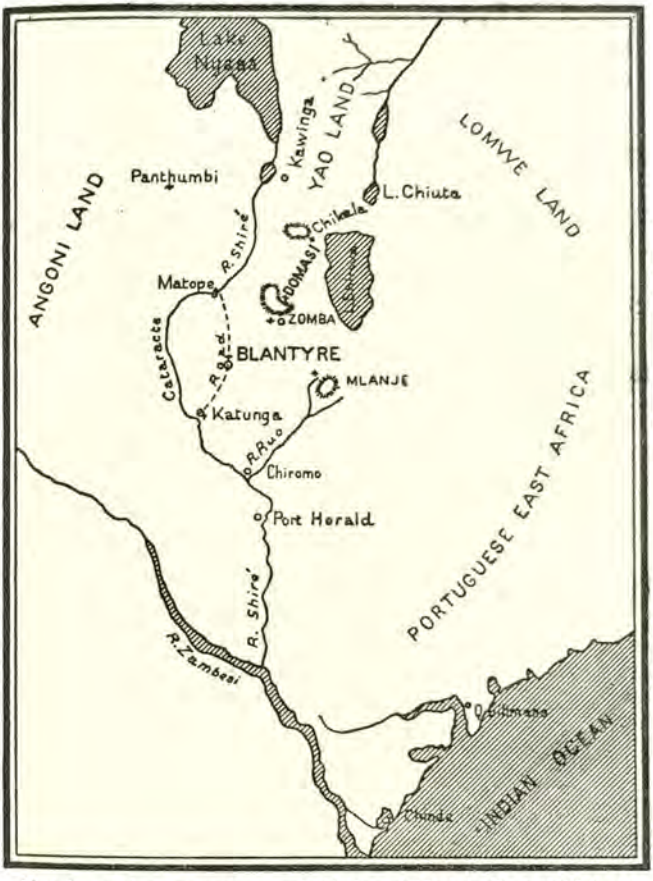
Returning to Blantyre, Hetherwick took part in the regular work of the station. For a time he was in charge of the school, and we have an illuminating hint in the remark of a colleague: "Mr. Hetherwick thinks the life of our Lord should be the foundation of all instruction." He welcomed this experience as giving him an insight into Native character. The pupils were mainly sons of the Makololo chiefs on the river, twenty in number, with a sprinkling of Yao boys and girls. The former were boarders, and it was his duty to visit them at night when they sat round their fires and talk to them. He found them respectful, obedient and

loyal: in fact, they gave less trouble than boys of the same age at home would have done. In regard to the others he could detect the difference between the sons of free wives and those of slave wives: the former were as a rule gentlemen in feeling and manner; the latter often displayed a lack of frankness and a sly and an untruthful spirit.

At the end of the year (1883) he went down with fever, but recovered in time to welcome Drummond on his way back, with Dr. Laws, from his reconnaisance to the north end of Lake Nyasa. Walking along the road to meet them he saw a bronzed, sturdy figure sitting on a boulder by the wayside. Dr. Laws, he presumed, and so greeted him. It was the Livingstonia pioneer of whom he had heard so much, going home after eight years of adventurous service. That was the beginning of a friendship between the two missionaries which grew with the years and was prized by both as a gift of God. Drummond, who was lagging behind, came up tired but smiling.

One night, in the interval of waiting for the steamer, Drummond amused the missionaries by an exhibition of thought-reading. He sought also to exercise his well-known mesmeric power on Dr. Laws. The Dr. was determined that he should not succeed. Drummond was as determined that he should. Hetherwick never forgot the curious scene. Drummond tried hard, but for once he had encountered a will-power stronger than his own. He failed. He took back to Scotland a glowing report of Blantyre. "A noble beginning," he said; "in no part of the world is there a safer and more solid foundation laid for a mission."

BLANTYRE MISSION SPHERE



Sketch map from an early copy of "Life and Work in Central Africa." The area in which the Mission works is roughly about 15,000 square miles, and extends from Port Herald on the Shiré River 240 miles north to Lake Chiuta. Blantyre is 340 miles from the coast. Mlanje is 47 miles south-east of Blantyre; Zomba is 45 miles north-east of Blantyre, and Domasi is 8 miles north of Zomba.

CHAPTER III

I. The New Station

That the Mission was still living on the edge of a volcano was made clear during the ensuing months. Some unfortunate happenings on the lower Shiré angered the Makololo. Passions ran high, and it was rumoured that a concerted attempt was to be made to drive all white men out of the country. On the Zambesi the Natives had risen in rebellion against the Portuguese and fighting was going on. Transport was interrupted. Blantyre became short of provisions and also of calico, which was the money of Africa. Paper "promises to pay" had to be resorted to, and it was significant of the trust which the Natives placed in the missionaries that these were accepted without question. The general work of the Mission suffered: schools had to be closed.

More disquieting were the reports drifting down from the western mountains that the Angoni were restless and meditating another raid for cattle and provisions. They were openly boasting that they were unafraid of the white men with their Sabbath and God-magic. Although a British Consul had been appointed to watch the slave traffic he possessed no authority over Native affairs generally.

Good sense and friendly counsel gradually eased the situation on the river, but the Angoni menace remained. Nevertheless Hetherwick went off with

Henderson to settle on a site for a new station. They covered a distance of 220 miles, largely through unknown regions. Hetherwick was impressed with the possibilities of Mt. Chikala to the north and set his heart on planting the Mission there, but the chief, Kawinga, who was entrenched upon it, on a rocky plateau 2,000 feet above the plain, an almost impregnable position, absolutely forbade Europeans to enter his territory. They came to Mt. Zomba and visited Malemya, who was in the midst of a noisy *pombe* (beer) carouse, half-intoxicated and voluble. Next day he invited them to attend a palaver which lasted five hours. They were impressed with the orderly method of debate and the fluent oratory: the proceedings were wonderfully like those of a civilised court.

This district also appealed to Hetherwick. Although it was only fifty-three miles from Blantyre it had its own special character. With the eyes of a strategist he fixed on a spot in a valley on the north-east of the mountain. Equally distant from all the chiefs it was on one of the great slave-highways and an Arab clearing depôt; here were made up the caravans for the coast. It was also within easy reach of a dense population in the Lake Shirwa region. From it a magnificent view was obtained towards the islanded lake. First came ten miles of undulating woodland, then four or five miles of grassy plain which overflowed in the wet months and was sun-baked and cracked in the hot, dry season. Beyond the lake were high mountains in the unknown east. To the north, twenty miles distant, rose Mt. Chikala, on the edge of a vast territory that was a stronghold of Islam.

He named the site Domasi, from a stream which issued from a pass in the hills and flowed to the lake.

In July, 1884, he cleared a space amongst the scrub and nettles and pitched his tent. Natives, armed with spears and guns, came from a neighbouring village to watch what the white man was doing. A wattle-and-daub house of three rooms was begun. Not a mile away a Yao chief was busily engaged in slave business. Every few days a caravan passed, the drivers with their whips looking with idle curiosity on the workers, unconscious of the threat to their trade that lay hidden in the apparently harmless preparations. A week after the settlement began an old woman was accused of witchcraft and was burned to death almost within sight of the tent door. There was not a soul in the district who did not approve of the act.

His chief helper was a Native whom he had brought from Blantyre, but who originally belonged to Quilimane. During the Franco-Prussian War he was employed in a French trading-house, and, being an ugly boy, with a tribal mark, was nicknamed Bismarck. Attaching himself to the second party proceeding to Blantyre he joined the Mission, and was the first convert. After a period at Lovedale, where he was baptised and given the name of Joseph, he returned to Blantyre about 1884. He came to fill an honoured place on the Native side of the Mission.

When the house was finished the missionary regarded it with pride. One of the end rooms looked down on Lake Shirwa : this was his bedroom and study. In one corner were bookshelves made of bamboos and reeds, in another a bed and dress-

ing-table also of reeds, and in another a truss of calico—his purse. The other bedroom was meant for boy boarders—when he got them. The middle room was a dining hall, furnished with a table, chair and cupboard.

Until a school was erected he collected a few timid children and began to teach them in his bedroom. It was not long ere he discovered that the raw Native carried live stock about him and the lessons were transferred to the back verandah. The alphabet sheet was pinned to the wall; a piece of bamboo or stalk of grass was used as a pointer, and there at intervals during the day could be heard the drone of the pupils repeating the letters. On hot afternoons it was with an effort that teacher and class could keep awake. Elementary work it seemed for a distinguished University graduate, but he always saw far beyond the drudgery of the moment. Foundations had to be laid, but they were laid to be built upon. The destiny of a race depended upon such simple service.

He was enthusiastic about the limitless opportunities before him. He wrote that he longed for fresh ground and wanted to penetrate further into Yao-land. "I am sent," he said, "not as a stationary, but as a missionary." As it turned out he was to do higher and more exacting work even than that of a founder of new stations.

II. Blood, Fire, Terror

A note from Clement Scott recalled him to Blantyre. The Angoni peril, hitherto vague and formless, had taken definite shape. Reports were coming down from the western hills of sinister movements.

The Yaos were nervous and on the border of panic. Scott had determined on the courageous course of visiting the Angoni chief, Chikusi, a fourteen days' journey, and Hetherwick was to fill his place until he returned.

Taking with him his wife, and Dr. Peden, Scott set off with seventy-five porters, crossed the Shiré, marched over the burning plains, and ascended the mountains, meeting contingents of armed warriors making for some common centre. He was received with the usual elaborate ceremonial of an African court. The old chief was friendly, reticent and non-committal. A good impression was made, but it was seen that " war " was inevitable, and the party hurriedly turned back and reached Blantyre in eight days.

Hetherwick left at once for Domasi and on the way was caught in the storm. Vast hordes of plumed warriors, with spears and shields and flint-lock guns, were swarming over the country, moving at a swinging trot and shouting their war cries. Villages were going up in flames. The Yaos were rushing shrieking hither and thither, seizing their household goods and dropping them again as they fled into the bush pursued by the invaders.

Hetherwick's carriers were terror-stricken, and it was all he could do to keep them together. He led them into the recesses of a bamboo thicket and bade them remain there for the night. Anxious about the fate of Domasi, he pushed on himself and found that his people had fled up the mountain. The Angoni had visited the station but had not touched a single article.

In the morning the carriers appeared with the

story that they had been seized and taken to the Angoni camp, but on stating that they belonged to the missionary had been kindly treated and sent back. "We have no quarrel with the missionaries," the warrior leaders said.

The news they brought, however, was disquieting. They had overheard the Angoni making plans for raiding the district around Blantyre. By a trusty messenger Hetherwick immediately dispatched word of their intention to Scott. From a low spur he watched the main body of the Angoni depart and could trace their line of march by a trail of fire fifteen miles in extent. The countryside around was a smoking ruin. At the foot of the hill he noticed a small company of Angoni still engaged in plundering a garden of sugar cane. Somewhere a drum was beating the war note. Suddenly from the long grass above came a volley of fire. The Yaos had returned and were using their old flintlocks. Dropping their bundles of cane, the Angoni seized their arms and made off, holding their shields behind them to protect their backs.

Scott warned the people in the vicinity of Blantyre and the men took to the hills, while the women and children, carrying household objects, fowls and provisions, sought refuge in the Mission to the number of over 1,000. Along came the impis, and the villages went up in flames. The station was like an island in a tempestuous sea of fire. It was completely defenceless. The little company sat in the manse praying and waiting. All they could do for their protection at night was to keep the lamp burning in the dining-room.

The tumult came so near the station that Scott

and Henderson resolved to go out and have audience with the Angoni chiefs and see what moral suasion could do. After a ten-miles tramp they walked boldly into the midst of a thousand arrogant warriors flushed with success. They pleaded with the leaders to cease ravaging the land and return to their homes.

And the miracle happened. The marauders stayed their hand, gathered their forces, and driving a host of captives before them, vanished.

It was their last foray; they never again crossed the Shiré.

III. Slave Victims

Hetherwick proceeded with the development of the station, building a kitchen, a small dormitory, and a rough shed for school and services. It was the day of small things, but it needed grit, determination and patience to accomplish them. The minds of the people were dormant: they had as yet no ambition, no desire to change their circumstances. Sunday audiences had to be hunted for: the headmen would send their people, but would not come themselves. The children had to be enticed to come to school. Boys were unconscious of the value of learning, and demanded payment for being taught. On this being refused they would not attend. When he gathered a few together there were unexpected interruptions. Once a whisper ran round the class, and one by one the lads disappeared through the open window and raced for home. The reason was long a mystery, until one pupil confessed to the missionary that they had seen an oven being erected in the kitchen and they

believed it could only be for one purpose—to burn them alive !

Itinerating was necessary in order to allay the suspicion of the people and create a spirit of friendliness and trust. Led along the twisting paths from village to village by local guides—those noted characters who have done their useful part in the opening up of unknown Africa—teaching, showing pictures, and talking by camp-fires, he gradually acquired an intimate knowledge of Native life and custom. He discovered that the chief things the people thought about were ivory, meat, calico, beer and witchcraft. Not one pure aim or unselfish purpose seemed to enter their lives. He would meet a Native on the path who would accost him, " Morning, father ! " " Morning, friend ! " " Where were you to-day, father ? " " I was in so-and-so's village." " Ah, you were drinking with him. Was the beer good ? " To the Native's mind there was no possible purpose one could have in visiting a distant village except to drink beer. He often returned saddened and depressed. Yet he never wavered from the belief that the gospel of Christ would re-create the African.

He also discovered how it was that hundreds of Natives disappeared annually from his district. From the main slave caravans small companies broke off, remained in a village, and ingratiated themselves with the headman. When they left they carried with them twenty to thirty victims, usually useless dependents or offenders or strangers who had been exchanged for calico and powder. Others, encountered on the by-paths, or in their gardens, were seized and placed in the slave-sticks.

No one had sufficient interest to protest against these outrages. Before the coast was reached the slaves were disposed of for rubber and wax, and the slavers remained undetected.

He could now speak Yao as fluently as English, but he continued his study of the tribal dialects—a task of fascinating interest. One possessed some curious sounds, something between a whistle and a sigh, which it was almost impossible to represent by any symbol. His own name proved a stumbling block to the Natives. The nearest they could get to the pronunciation of it was Che (Mr.) Selewichi, which was contracted to Chesewichi, and it was this he was always called.

He was well on with the translation of St. Mark into Yao, when a call came from Blantyre to relieve Clement Scott, upon whom the strain of recent events had told severely, and who was compelled to return to Scotland for rest and medical advice. The capable Bismarck was left in charge of Domasi.

IV. First-Fruits

He felt the responsibility of looking after Blantyre. The burden was heavier than he anticipated, but he faced it with courage. "There is nothing I would have shrunk from more than this duty," he wrote, "but now that it has come to me He who sent it will also give me the strength to discharge it." The three years spent at the station provided valuable experience in the duties of administration.

In the Mission diary we obtain glimpses of the wide range and variety of interests that claimed his attention, as well as of the social conditions which formed the dark background of all his activities.

Now he was burning lime, or supervising the construction of a road, now conducting an inquiry regarding stolen women; again stopping a fight between two drunk Natives, or engaged in a *mlandu* with angry villagers, or opposing a poison ordeal, or, again, dealing with the details of the Mission industrial output, or inspecting the cattle, sheep and goats, and the garden and farm produce, or entertaining guests from all quarters. On one occasion his visitors included Bishop Smythies, of the Universities Mission, who took the Sunday evening service and preached. In the congregation were a Church of England clergyman, a minister of the Church of Scotland, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church, an elder of the Free Kirk, and laymen of various sects. "I never felt our unity so much," said Hetherwick, "as when that evening we sang 'The Church's one foundation.' When will we sink all differences at home?"

The country was developing. This was shown by the fact that on Christmas Day, 1885, twenty Europeans sat down to dinner in the manse. A consulate had also been established, not, curiously, at Blantyre, already recognised as the commercial capital, but at Zomba. The story went that the site there was chosen because it seemed most suitable for a picturesque rock garden. It meant the separation of the future administrative headquarters from Blantyre, but Hetherwick was not sorry. Though it proved that he was wise in his choice of the Domasi site, it was as well, he thought, that the principal Mission station should not be too near the political centre.

Borne in upon him was a sense of the magnitude

and difficulty of the missionary enterprise—the vastness of Africa, the massive, inert forces, so subtle and inbred, that he had to overcome. From his study of the African he came to the conclusion that although there had been a measure of social evolution, the daily practical existence was all that had been described: it was essentially a savage life governed by irrational fears and inhibitions. The battle that had to be fought was one which required a large, well-equipped army—and they were attempting to win the victory with a handful of men. "We try to do the thing on the cheap," he wrote to Dr. Mitchell, of Aberdeen, with whom he maintained a correspondence at this time; "we work with the minimum of staff, so when a link breaks, the strain is all the greater on those who are left." The tragic snapping of links came with unhappy frequency.

He sent to Scotland the first of those appeals which were to become increasingly forcible and exigent as the years passed. "More life: fresh life" was needed to teach and supervise. The material was present, excellent in quality and of great promise, and it only required training. Further reflection had convinced him that although expansion was necessary, concentration was the secret of evangelising Africa. "It is a waste of power," he wrote, "to extend beyond our resources; rather few stations well manned than many undermanned." His hope lay in the Native. The teachers had the stuff in them to provide a Native ministry. "We must keep a Native Church in view," he said; "a Church that will be in line with Native life and thought and not an exotic fed on

artificial philosophy." Thus early had the idea developed which was to dominate all his thoughts and energies.

No response came, and he was disappointed by the lack of interest. "When," he exclaimed, "will the Church realise that missions are its work and not a mere by-work?" Out of his salary he offered £50 or £100 towards providing a European teacher for Domasi. "It is a magnificent offer," declared Headquarters in Edinburgh, "but it would be a shame for us to accept it." The sacrifice was not required; friends at home rallied to his aid and the teacher was sent.

He concentrated on the young boarders, seeing in them the beginning of the future Christian community. Their undisciplined hearts and wills were subjected to the steady pressure of daily routine. A bugle blew at 6 a.m., and all the boys and girls were expected to kneel in private prayer. School began at 8 and continued until 10.30. At 11 came breakfast. From noon to 1.30 school went on again. Then a short service was held in the church. The afternoon was taken up with preparation of lessons, recreation, and training in domestic duties. At sunset all were back in their dormitories, where they cooked their own supper and then sat round the fire and talked or sang in their own language.

In the matter of learning they did as well as British boys and girls. Their mental ability, he said, was "wonderful." But the spiritual qualities naturally appeared more slowly, and practice more slowly still. Some had to be expelled for immorality, "*the* sin of heathenism," he called it. "I am

getting almost superstitious about being pleased with a boy or girl or a plan," he wrote to Dr. Mitchell, "for I am sure to find that the next moment a fall or a failure comes." He was saddened and humiliated when the delinquent was a girl. Her parents would see no wrong in her action, and usually took their revenge on the Mission by inducing other boys and girls to desert. "People at home," he wrote, "talk about our hardships and trials, but these things are the hardest we have to bear. If one believed one's labour lost it would be almost unbearable. But if life is an education and not a mere probation then nothing can ever be lost." He pointed out, however, that these young people were freed from tribal restraints while they had not yet felt the restraints of Christian ideals. He dealt with the evil in his sensible way; he devised more occupation for them in the evenings: supplied them with indoor games, exercised closer supervision, and encouraged early marriage.

It was a marvel that any boy or girl struggled through the slough of sense unscathed, and climbed into a pure Christian life, yet he had the happiness of admitting, on Easter Sunday morning, 1887, three lads into the full communion of the Church—the first-fruits of the Mission. They had been baptised some years before, and he had taught and trained them. Failings they had, but, on the whole, they were earnest and devout and had striven hard to live aright. He saw in them the vanguard of a great ingathering.

There were indications that he was feeling the strain of the work. Like many sensitive souls when overwrought, he began to think that defeats

and failures were becoming his daily companions. He was oppressed by the conditions around him. "The sights and sounds of heathenism," he wrote, "are depressing in the extreme, for to look at evil and feel powerless to check it is torture. Were it not for the consciousness of God's presence I cannot see how one could be a missionary in a country like this." He was also cast down by the thought of the apathy of the Church at home. It was a constant subject in his letters to Dr. Mitchell. "Oh! for a living, spiritual Church behind us. Only one day of intercession for missions in a year! Ought not every Sunday to be such a day?" And again: "The Church of Scotland needs a baptism of fire to waken her out of her sloth in the mission cause. Deputation work I fear does but little good. What we need is something deeper than mere excitement. This subject always makes me miserably sad when I think of it." One day in pessimistic mood he was telling a houseboy of the scenes in the slums of a large city in Scotland: "A terrible land yours is," the lad said, "but God's Kingdom will come there too!"

The truth was that he was run down in health and needed his furlough. He confessed that it would be a happy day when Scott returned.

CHAPTER IV

I. Political Peril

As he was preparing for furlough his thoughts were much occupied by a darker menace than any of native origin. Africa had been revealed to the world as a land of extraordinary richness, and the European Powers had begun to realise its economic possibilities and to parcel it out amongst them. The Congo Free State had been formed. France was staking out an immense region across Upper Africa. Italy was searching for territory, Germany was pegging out claims in various directions. Portugal had tacitly assumed possession of the whole tropical region south of the Congo basin, including the Nyasa district.

Britain alone seemed to be unaffected by this wave of imperialistic ambition. It was reluctant to undertake new overseas responsibilities and was content to let other nations shoulder the burden. At the Conference of Berlin in 1884 all it stipulated for in the Zambesi area was freedom of commerce, a moderate tariff, and protection for its planters and missionaries. It was not until Lord Salisbury's ministry replaced that of Gladstone that Britain began to take a part in the colonising movement. Agreements were made with other Powers, but with Portugal a sharp conflict developed over her right to the territory discovered by Livingstone.

It was a shadowy claim, for, during a period of 300 years, Portugal had never occupied more than the seaboard and the lower stretches of the Zambesi. Her officials had never penetrated beyond the mouth of the Ruo and knew nothing of the Shiré Highlands, and of Lake Nyasa only from hearsay. The Berlin Conference had decreed that occupation by any Power must be effective. If there had been effective occupation of Central Africa it was exercised by the Arab slavers. Even the Natives on the Zambesi disputed the right of the Portuguese over the country and were constantly fighting them.

Stimulated by the action of the other Powers, Portugal realised that the time had come to make good her claim, especially to the Shiré Highlands, which, she recognised, was the key to the whole of Central Africa. She declared her sovereignty, established a high tariff on goods in transit, and imposed petty restrictions on traffic. The missionaries became anxious and represented the case to the Church authorities in Scotland. Henry Drummond did good service by his " political warning " chapter in *Tropical Africa*.

This was the position when Hetherwick left Blantyre in March, 1888. At the coast he heard that the Portuguese were organising an expedition, ostensibly for scientific exploration, but in reality for the annexation of Nyasa-land. The news filled him with alarm. On his arrival he reported the matter to the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, and the commercial interests concerned. At once a representative deputation proceeded to London and stated the case to the Foreign Office.

The Under-Secretary told them plainly that there was no use asking for a protectorate because they would not get it.

The deputation explained that they were not asking for a protectorate. They acknowledged that the Government could not be expected to follow and champion every missionary and trader who chose to enter an uncivilised country. They did not ask for protection against the Natives, nor did the traders ask for help against the Arab slavers—they were themselves gradually crushing the ghastly evil which Livingstone had exposed. But in view of the discovery of the country by Livingstone and of its Christian occupation and what had been achieved at such a cost of Scottish capital, labour and life, they did ask that it might become a British sphere of influence in order that the work which had begun might be conserved and developed without hindrance. Any extension of Portuguese rule would inevitably lead to fighting with the Natives and would bring about chaos and the ruin of the settlements.

Public interest in the question was aroused, and a widespread agitation developed which was supported by the Press. Hetherwick threw himself into the campaign with tireless energy and resource. He was the adviser of the Foreign Mission Committee, attended all the conferences, and spoke as an expert on the subject at the public meetings.

Lord Salisbury studied the situation and felt a growing sympathy with the Scots, but he was faced with a difficulty. Nyasa could only be approached through Portuguese territory, the Zambesi being a closed river on account of the bars at its mouths. A

geographical fact blocked the civilisation of the interior. He sent for Mr. Harry Johnston, who had just been appointed Consul at Mozambique, and instructed him to proceed to Lisbon and endeavour to make some arrangement by which the Portuguese could be kept out of the Shiré Highlands.

Johnston, who thought lightly of mission work, surrendered and came back with a treaty of an exactly opposite character. Lord Salisbury turned it down and summoned the Scottish interests to London. Hetherwick was there. The Foreign Minister had a large map spread before him on a table. On it a blue line had been drawn in a way which brought the Shiré Highlands and Central Zambesia within the Portuguese sphere. "That is what they want," he said, "and they have a strong public opinion behind them." The Scots shook their heads grimly and replied, "No, sir, that does not suit us at all." Johnston at last suggested that he might run up to Edinburgh and discuss the matter with all the bodies concerned. Lord Salisbury agreed.

In the offices of the Church Johnston met a large company of dour-looking men. With plausible tongue he endeavoured to persuade them to accept the Portuguese terms. They sat with faces like granite. That night Dr. Archibald Scott, of St. George's, Edinburgh, the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, wrote to Lord Balfour of Burleigh in London informing him definitely that they would have nothing to do with Johnston's treaty.

Next day Lord Balfour sat down beside the Prime Minister in the House of Lords. "My Lord," he

said, " my Scottish friends don't like the Portuguese terms." " Neither do I," was the reply. " I don't want your Scottish friends to accept them. I want the Portuguese to know that I, too, have a strong public opinion behind me and I am sending their Government a warning that they must not go too far." The hint was taken. The campaign in Scotland was intensified. Representative meetings were held in the principal towns, and a memorial signed by 11,000 ministers and elders was taken to London and presented to Lord Salisbury. " My Lord," said Dr. Scott, " this is the voice of Scotland."

Then the whole aspect of the question changed. A navigable channel into the Zambesi was discovered and at once the river became an international waterway. Through the Chinde mouth there was a clear passage right up to the foot of the Shiré Highlands. Lord Salisbury saw his way to act. Cecil Rhodes offered to finance any political advance. As the news from Nyasa was becoming increasingly ominous Mr. Johnston was dispatched post-haste to the scene with authority to receive the recognition by the Natives of their claim to the protection of the British Government.

II. The British Flag

Hetherwick left Scotland about the same time. Though engrossed with the crisis he had also undertaken the usual duties of a missionary on furlough. He had addressed the General Assembly, thrilling it with his description of Blantyre, and no fewer then 160 congregations and Sunday Schools. Believing that part of the solution of missionary support lay in developing the interests of the latter, he took

special pains to come into contact with the children of the Church. These were invited to "adopt" a Native boy or girl and provide for their education. The plan made a wide appeal and proved a valuable means of establishing that personal touch without which interest in the foreign field inevitably declines.

He sought to obtain funds for the erection of permanent buildings at Domasi. "They are not for *my* comfort," he told the Church; "I am content to go on living in a house of native material, but the good health and good work of the missionaries must be considered." The ladies of the Church amongst others came to his aid and the money was raised. Before leaving he also saw through the Press his translation of Matthew, Mark, John and Acts into Yao, and also a handbook of the Yao language.

"I am very happy at the prospect of returning to Africa," he told Dr. Mitchell. "I know I am where God means me to be and I am perfectly content. I am taking my favourite text with me: 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.' I feel so strong for the future." On the voyage out he landed at Lisbon and saw High Mass—"'ugh! if High Churchism is to land us in such ceremonialism no fear of my ever becoming High Church! I can worship in most places but not yonder!"

He came up with Johnston on the Zambesi and they travelled together on the Shiré. The Consul made a charming companion. At a point below the Ruo—later called Port Herald—they reached the camp of the Portuguese expedition. Johnston expected to be turned back, but was courteously welcomed by Major Serpa Pinto, the leader, upon whose

mind, however, he left no doubt as to what would be the consequences of a further forward movement. Pinto seemed glad of the excuse to give up a venture that had little prospect of success, and, leaving the command of his forces in the hands of a subordinate, returned to the coast.

On arriving at the Makololo country Johnston asked the chiefs, "Whom do you want to rule here?" "The British, of course," was the reply; "they are our fathers; the country belongs to them. Dr. Livingstone left us here to wait for them." "Well, take this flag and hoist it." In a few minutes the Union Jack flew from a pole in the village. It was the 9th of August, 1889.

Higher up the river the banks became black with armed men. Unaware of their intentions, Johnston was apprehensive. As he did not know Nyanja, Hetherwick offered to act as interpreter. Both landed. Johnston was accompanied by a tall, hefty European servant. They pushed their way through a jostling crowd and found the chief. For a time the situation was tense. Boxes were brought out to do the duty of chairs. That under the servant collapsed and the throng went into convulsions of laughter. Johnston imagined that the effect was intended and was incensed, but the missionary reassured him. "When Natives laugh," he said, "all is well." So it proved. The chief declared that he was friendly with the British and was preparing to fight the Portuguese.

The party continued to Blantyre, Johnston arriving there in a manner hardly consonant with the dignity of an Imperial emissary, flat on the back of a horse of which he had lost control. He quickly

altered his opinion of the Shiré Highlands. "No wonder," he wrote, "that there is such an attachment to it; it is a country which rouses one to enthusiasm."

The first request he made was for flags to give to the chiefs. Hetherwick describes the sequel: "The Mission ladies were called into the service, and yards on yards—hundreds of yards of calico—red, white and blue—were measured and cut and sewn into scores of emblems of British rule. Morning and evening, days and days, sewing-machines went and rattled round the table. Ladies' deft fingers folded, hemmed and stitched without halt, and the rattle of the machines on the table kept time to the music of Empire, 'God Save our Gracious Queen.' Nothing but flags—enough to decorate a city for a royal reception. But they quickly vanished. Consul Johnston took most of them to give away to the chiefs and headmen along the lake. Others were borne off by his loyal henchmen, Alfred Sharpe, John Nicoll and John Buchanan—away as far north as Tanganyika, and west to the Congo. They were hoisted in many a village market-place—or in front of many a chief's hut. Probably few knew the meaning of it all—none knew that it was all part of a great 'scramble for Africa'—but all knew that it was something from the white man's 'Queenie'—and in those pioneer days the white men were of the best, and the 'Queenie' could only be a good Queen who loved the black men and women, and would take care of them. Sewing-machines were then silent, the ladies' fingers were rested from their task. Their work was done—a bit of Empire making that should not be forgotten!"

With dramatic suddenness the political crisis closed. The officer left in command of the Portuguese forces advanced up the Shiré, hauled down the British flag, fought the Makololo, and prepared to occupy Blantyre. When the news reached England Lord Salisbury promptly dispatched an ultimatum to Lisbon and the expedition was recalled.

The land on which Dr. Livingstone had centred his hopes was saved for Christian civilisation.

CHAPTER V

I. Islam, Poison, Witchcraft

Rejoicing at the international settlement which gave the missions security of tenure, Hetherwick settled down at Domasi to build the permanent station and fight the evils that demoralised the life of the district.

Under his direction a well-planned series of buildings in harmony with the surroundings went up. For months the place was as lively as an ant-hill. Hundreds of thousands of bricks were being made, men were hauling in large trees and sawing them up, gangs of women were cutting bamboos and grass or hoeing and roadmaking, bridges were being constructed, orchards planted with orange and lemon trees, flower and vegetable gardens laid out. The people were becoming accustomed to regular work, to its discipline as well as to its rewards, and were also learning to appreciate the religious services and the ministrations of the missionary. What pleased Hetherwick particularly was to see small parties of the Angoni venturing into the district with sheep and goats to sell. The Yao watched them warily with a shiver of fear ; a hush fell upon the villages as they passed. By and by these visitors applied for work and mingled freely with those whom they formerly raided. They proved polite, honest and efficient.

For two years the missionary lived an isolated existence. He seldom saw white faces ; the appearance of a stranger was an event. But he was too busy to mind his loneliness. All about him in the interior civilised forces were engaging the forces of barbarism. Up in the Lake Nyasa region a dozen white men were at death-grips with the vast system of Arab slavery. " The Arab has thrown down the gauntlet," he wrote, " and he will die hard." In his own district he was the sole civil and moral authority. He strenuously opposed the slave trade at which the chiefs connived. The most notorious was Kawinga, on Mt. Chikala. Time and again Hetherwick essayed to meet him, but he would not face a white man. The reason was now forthcoming. Mr. Young, in his search for Livingstone, had visited his father and presented him with an empty jam tin—and his mother died. Kawinga believed that if he saw a European he also would die. But Hetherwick shrewdly suspected that Portuguese slavers kept fanning his fears. The chief's agents scoured the countryside, raiding villages and seizing solitary men and women in their gardens. Quite close to the Mission station mysterious disappearances continued to occur.

As a result of the contact of the people with the Arab slavers there was a considerable Mohammedan population in the district. Islam was an easy and attractive religion for the Natives. It made few demands. It ministered to their sensualism, as it left the practice of polygamy and other customs unaffected, and it gave them an improved status in the eyes of their fellows. In one of his journeys Hetherwick walked one night into a village which

possessed a regular street with square huts leading up to the chief's quarters. In a simple mosque people were intoning their lessons from the Koran. At cock-crow next morning he heard the muezzin call and saw the villagers carrying water with which they laved their feet on flat stones before entering the mosque. The huts were clean and neat, and each had its little garden of fruit trees. He noticed a long piece of string with bits of wood upon it. This was the calendar used during the fasting season of Ramadan, one of the bits of wood being detached as each day closed. He was told that if a man hurt himself in any way and blood flowed, he was absolved from fasting that day. "He will be a very moral man who resists taking advantage of that," was his smiling remark.

His conviction was that Christianity had nothing to fear from Islam. A chain of Christian schools and churches would be an effective barrier to its extension. The Natives, he found, preferred Christianity with all its restraints and discipline. The villages adjoining this Mohammedan centre begged for teachers; and headmen in other centres not infrequently gave up Islam and destroyed their praying boards and praying huts.

What the Natives called "war" kept Hetherwick continually on the move. Hostilities broke out on the least provocation, the causes being connected with slave stealing, witchcraft accusations, *pombe* drinking, or merely evil gossip, always a fertile source of trouble in African village life. Attacks and counter-attacks were often accompanied by acts of savagery. "Medicine" was made out of the bodies of the killed. But it was notice-

able that Native opinion round the Mission was becoming less tolerant of such resorts to force. Chiefs were asking the missionary to adjudicate their differences and the example was affecting their followers.

Witchcraft, with its accompaniment the *mwavi* ordeal, was perhaps the most potent disturber of the public peace. Practically every death was attributed to the malign influence of an enemy, and the suspect was compelled to drink the poisoned liquid in order to prove innocence or guilt. Almost all who did so died. Hetherwick investigated a large number of cases, and found that the accusation was the ordinary mode of getting rid of an obnoxious villager or noted evildoer or some personal enemy. Few evaded the test, since the alternative was a charge of cowardice and the application of that terrible African weapon the social boycott.

He roundly denounced the practice as murder. Though his influence was only moral it told. The Native conscience awoke. Sometimes he failed in his efforts to rescue the various victims; sometimes he succeeded. Occasionally he would get the punishment commuted to a fine. In one of these cases a girl was afterwards shadowed and speared to death on the road to the Mission.

II. A Chief's Death

With Malemya he managed to keep on friendly relations. "The chief," he said, "is the cleverest Native I have ever met, a wonderful combination of heathen cruelty and licentiousness, together with a more than average portion of sound common sense." He would never let Hetherwick photograph him;

he said he would die if his shadow were taken from him. When he did die the missionary divined trouble. The old chief had asked one of his wives to procure him some human flesh to eat in order that he might have more power over his subjects. She refused and fled, and in his passion he killed five girls. Over-exertion and over-indulgence in Portuguese rum hastened his end. The event was ascribed to witchcraft, and nothing that the missionary could say would convince the people to the contrary: they merely shrugged their naked shoulders indulgently at the white man's ignorance. A panic seized them. One band of villagers decamped, including a dozen of the best boarders and scholars. Lots were cast and an influential woman fell under suspicion. She was seized and imprisoned in a hut in the bush.

Meanwhile the chief was buried in a grave behind the house, his guns, ivory and calico being broken or torn up and placed beside him, and a pot sunk in the ground to receive the offerings to his spirit. "If anything would make a man a missionary," said Hetherwick, "it is the sight of a Native mourning and funeral."

"My brother," said the chief's brother at the grave, "you are gone and left me alone, but I will see that the person suffers who caused you to die."

The trial was staged and the *mwavi* poison was ready. "If," cried the old lady who was accused, "I am possessed of witchcraft, it was the son of a former chief who gave it to me." This man at once offered to drink the potion to prove his innocence. He died. The old lady then drank. She died. Both were pronounced guilty. A second

man was accused, but he vomited the poison, and survived, and was set ftee.

The instigator of these proceedings aimed to succeed his brother. But he intrigued so long that the people became impatient. Hetherwick thereupon called a meeting of the headmen at the Mission station and the choice fell on the son of the woman who had been poisoned, a lad of about twenty-one. Barbarous ceremonies followed in which the young people were obliged to participate. A number of the scholars who refused were caught and forcibly dragged to the scene. Some defended themselves with spears. Others fled to hiding. The teaching they had received had not been without effect.

To the clamour of gun and drum and the excited shouting of men and women in savage finery the successor was installed. As he sat drinking beer he was seized and shrouded in Native cloth. This denoted that the irresponsible youth was "dead." Next day he issued "alive" as the ruling chief.

Through the moral instrumentality of the Mission *mwavi* ordeals gradually became less frequent and more secret. Eventually, with the advent of governmental action and the Criminal Code, a custom that had met with universal approval became a capital crime reprobated by all decent Natives.

III. The Umyago Dance

Another social custom which imposed a great strain on the missionary was the *umyago* dance. Various kinds of dances were indulged in by the people. Some of them were harmless and the school children were permitted and even encouraged to engage in them on moonlight nights. But the

umyago dance was associated with the initiation of boys and girls into the marriageable state, and its effect was to subvert the foundations of personal morality and destroy the influence of school and Church. No boy or girl emerged the same from the hideous ceremony: they had lost whatever sense of purity and modesty they possessed. Hetherwick fought the evil with all the power at his command, but the dances were held in secret, and he only became aware of them when the scholars disappeared. After spending tumultuous weeks in the bush they were not ready to settle down again to discipline and routine.

Here, also, however, the leaven of Christain teaching was working. Now and again a girl showed unwillingness to join in the ceremonies and had to be forced to do so. Then came the turning point. One refused to leave school for the purpose, and resisted, and was abused by her mother and dragged violently away. Hetherwick interfered, rescued the girl, and sheltered her in the Manse. Other cases followed. Boys stoutly declined to obey the summons to the dance even when their chiefs came for them. The chiefs were aghast. Here was revolution! They went away dazed.

So, lives were being changed. At Easter, 1891, a little company of five lads and one young woman were baptised. They were dressed in white: the missionary was robed in cassock and white gown (for the sake of coolness), bands and hood. These young people had their faults, but they were all in earnest and free from humbug or hollow profession. The first to be baptised he regarded with special pride and affection. As the lad took the vows he

recalled how in the first days of the station when he was still living in the tent, a boy came up and talked to him frankly and intelligently. "Would you like to come and stay with me?" he had asked. The lad said he would, but would require to obtain leave from his chief. Time passed, and Hetherwick had almost forgotten him when one evening at sunset he was saluted with a cheerful shout, "I have come to stay." And despite great temptations and inducements held out to him, he remained in the Mission and here he was now, the first Domasi convert. "It is glorious work this," wrote Hetherwick, "to build up Church life on lines you know to be true. Here you have no past to deal with. You have only to think what is best for the people."

IV. A Typical Sunday

This was a different kind of life from that of a home minister—but how much more varied and interesting! He thought of a minister in a city or country parish in Scotland, his restricted area and conventional duties, his ordered Sundays; and contrasted them with his own limitless opportunities, the many varied social problems he was handling, the wide influence he was exerting; the revolution he was helping to bring about in the life and destiny of a race.

One Sunday evening he sat down and wrote Dr. Mitchell and told him how he had spent the day:

"My Sunday work is very unlike yours. I got up at ten minutes to six, and saw that the sun was some little distance above the horizon over Lake Shirwa. After calling the boys, I got breakfast over by ten minutes past seven. Then off to the chief's

village, a mile distant, to have my first service. Had a fairly good audience—service in a village means as yet only preaching, so I can speak of my audience.

"Back to the station by nine, and got the school transformed into church for the day. The bell rings half an hour before service, and then at the hour of service; so by half-past nine a fair congregation was gathered. There was a counter-attraction to-day in the shape of a trading caravan, which has halted near here, and which most of the people want to see. After service went to see a man who had been wounded in an attack on one of my caravans returning from Blantyre. Found him progressing very well, which is wonderful, since the bullet has pierced the temporal bone, and wedged itself into the middle ear, where it is still embedded.

"By noon I got back to the station, when it was time to get lunch ready. After lunch I got an hour and a half's quiet reading before starting on my village rounds. Set off at half-past two, and in a quarter of an hour reached my first village, where I have service on Sunday afternoons. Found a few people in the village meeting-place, and the rest soon gathered, so that we had a fair congregation. Then on to another village, but found my usual congregation was to-day absent. The caravan of coast traders was too much for them. The sun being yet high in the heavens, I set off to the traders' camp, where I found great crowds of people. Some of the strangers are coming to see me to-morrow and get medicine, one or two of their number being ill.

"Reached home at sunset. After dinner had evening service and catechetical class with the

station boys, and now at half-past eight I am writing you."

Shortly afterwards the first communion was celebrated, in the Native tongue, according to an Order of Service prepared by the missionary. Later in the year the first Christian marriages in the district—those of two boys and girls who had joined the Mission when it was founded—were celebrated in the church, which was crowded by Natives curious to see the white man's procedure. As he looked on these two couples Hetherwick was again thrilled with the conviction that Christ and His Church would transform Native life in Africa.

Keen on extension, he rejoiced at the founding of a station at Mlanje after ten years of effort. Situated in a notoriously wild and lawless district, it had a career of fiery unrest and claimed its martyrs. One of these, the Rev. Robert Cleland, made the first ascent of the mountain and discovered the top to be a beautiful and bracing plateau. It figured later in the history of the Mission as a health resort.

But Hetherwick thought they were not doing enough: "We have only three stations in Africa," he said, "we shall weaken our centres if we cease to press outward and forward." Occasionally he made extended tours with the object of opening up new ground and visited districts that were more or less unknown, including the slopes of the River Ruo, where the Natives fled at his approach. Here his quick eye picked out a possible route for the railway of which the settlers were beginning to dream. When, many years afterwards, the railway came, it was this line of approach to Blantyre that was adopted. On one of these occasions Scott wrote:

" Mr. Hetherwick has come in from Domasi to go to the river and spends a short time in Blantyre on the road. His presence is most helpful to the Mission, body, soul and spirit, so that we are in no hurry to let him away."

The extensions he advocated were in the Lomwe district of Portuguese East Africa, where the people were untouched by any civilising influence; in the valley of the Shiré; and in Angoniland. Long afterwards he used regretfully to say that if they had occupied Lomweland in the early days it would have become British—but these, he added, were the days of " no vision."

V. The Wonder Church

On his occasional visits to Blantyre he was lost in wonder and admiration at the church which Clement Scott was erecting at the heart of the Mission station. Scott was a mystical genius whose rich and often flamboyant preaching and writings both inspired and puzzled. He soared to heights where others, less imaginative, could not follow him. Hetherwick was practical, expressing himself clearly and impressively, but he had much in common with his colleague. Both were one in their vivid apprehension of spiritual realities and their eager longing to express their faith in outward form in the life about them.

" Scott," wrote Hetherwick, " was a man of large policy and far-reaching faith, the characteristics of the mind that achieves great things. His intellectual gifts were of no common order: he could adorn and re-create a new form from any subject that he touched—music, poetry, philosophy, theo-

logy, architecture." The most astonishing example of this power was Blantyre Church, a beautiful dream embodied in African clay, a miracle of individual achievement.

Scott possessed no knowledge whatever of architecture or the principles of building. He had only an inward vision of what he wished to produce: an edifice which would symbolise to the African mind the loveliness of the ideal Church of Jesus. He had no plans, only a general sketch which he showed to Hetherwick. The simple black workers he employed were ignorant even of trowel and lime; many of them were Angoni warriors who had just laid aside their war-spears and shields.

For three years he toiled at their sides, seldom off the building, training, encouraging, and inspiring them by his tireless example. The bricks were manufactured from the red ant-hills close to the station, and 10,000, of eighty-one different moulds, were turned out weekly. These raw materials grew under his hands into forms and design of artistic beauty—intricate beauty, says Hetherwick, which is known to few and to the ordinary visitor not at all.*

Strange rumours ran through the villages regarding the building. Some natives declared that it was to be the house of the head of the Mission, others that a great *mzungu* (white man) was coming up the river to occupy it. There was a general belief that human sacrifices would celebrate the opening: that Clement Scott would invite his friends into it and then hang them from the rafters. Trouble

* See "Blantyre Church, Nyasaland," by Dr. Hetherwick, with 24 photographs by Alex. Burnett. Church of Scotland Offices, Edinburgh, 1s.

Blantyre Church, Nyasaland.

might have arisen if there had been any accident, but no mishap occurred during the whole period of construction—which, in itself, was a miracle.

It was the first permanent church anywhere between the Transvaal and the Soudan. The opening ceremony took place on May 11th, 1891. Hetherwick was there assisting Scott (who dedicated the building) and conducting the evening service, when he preached from the text, "The house to be builded for the Lord must be exceeding magnifical, of fame and of glory throughout all countries." Others present were Scott's brother Dr. Affleck Scott, the Buchanan brothers, the two Moirs, and Joseph Thomson the explorer, as well as a great concourse of chiefs and headmen.

At first only a beautiful shell, it fell to Hetherwick later to complete the interior, to panel and colour and decorate it, and to provide the furnishings. His spirit was so akin to Scott's that all this secondary but important work was executed in perfect harmony with the mind of the master-builder. His own gift to it was an American organ, which Scott said "rolled out a volume of sound never before heard."

From the first the church always remained open. Cool and quiet, it was a sanctuary of peace, for prayer and meditation, for the Mission staff or the passing wayfarer.

Both Scott and his colleague had kept their counsel about the work. Plans of new buildings were supposed to be submitted to the Home Committee, but there had been no plans to submit. When photographs of the church met the amazed eyes of those in authority they demanded why they

had not been consulted. They confessed that if this had been done the church would never have been built. They were to grow very proud of a structure the fame of which went throughout the world.

Towards the end of the year Scott took his furlough and carried home with him another product of his genius, his *Dictionary of the Nyanja Language*, which Hetherwick declared to be an even greater achievement than the building of the church.

Again Hetherwick stepped into his place and entered on what proved one of the most trying years of his career.

CHAPTER VI

I. Keeping the Administration Right

The Shiré Highlands stirred with new life. A rudimentary system of government was being set up: there was coming and going of officials and military agents; expeditions were moving hither and thither; settlers were taking up land and planting coffee, on which all hopes at the moment centred. The missionaries realised that they were no longer the sole influences in contact with the Natives. Hetherwick welcomed the development with the large-minded disinterestedness which looked only to the good of the country and the people. His vision of Central Africa was "a kingdom in which European and African worked side by side, the welfare of the one being the welfare of the other: a generous democracy finding its highest and truest freedom in the service of the Great King."

He wrote again: "Why confine the term missionary only to those who professedly seek to influence the religious and spiritual side of African life? Every honest trader, planter, or transport-agent in this country—a man who has brought his home Christian life out here into the midst of heathenism—is a missionary of the best type. Every Government servant who makes righteousness and justice easy for the African is doing

missionary work of a very high order. Our enemies are often our best friends. We heard lately of a European who wished to open a school at his station from which religion was to be absolutely tabooed. He was to teach boys and girls to read and write, but not a word of religion was to be heard in his school. We wish him God-speed. Let him teach the young African idea how to read and write by all means. Then the young African will demand something to read and we will give him the Bible in his own tongue."

He was concerned, nevertheless, about the quality of the men who were proposing to settle in the country, and his counsel was that none should venture but those who had capital, experience, patience and sympathy with the Natives.

Three problems were coming to the front and giving him and his colleagues concern. The officials were entering the country as representatives of an Imperial Power to establish the laws and methods of civilisation. They knew little or nothing of the psychology of the African. Their business was to organise measures to secure life and property, the administration of justice, and the construction of roads and bridges and other public works. Like most of the settlers they believed that material civilisation—work and discipline—would raise the Native. They left out of account moral and spiritual influences ; they forgot that civilisation and evangelisation had to go hand in hand ; that Christianity is not a creed or code, but living.

At their head was Mr. Harry Johnston, a thoroughly competent officer, determined to do his job quickly and efficiently, but lacking spiritual

sympathy with the missionaries, as well as true understanding of the Natives. "In Africa," said Hetherwick, "we must learn first before we can teach or govern." The Commissioner inverted the process. From the Blantyre manse Hetherwick watched his activities with grave foreboding. He sympathised with him in his difficult task, for he realised that the cost of Government had to be met. The country must become self-supporting. Taxation, therefore, was inevitable. But he knew the Natives' vast ignorance of civilised requirements, their meagre resources, their capacity for cheerful labour, and how they resented anything like compulsion. He saw them bewildered by the revolutionary changes, inarticulate, defenceless; and though aware how unpopular his action might prove he stepped forward as their representative and interpreter.

For his purpose he used the local monthly organ of the Mission, *Life and Work in Central Africa*. It had been started in 1888 and printed on a small hand machine set up in the verandah of the manse. Both press and magazine were unique in that they were the first in Central Africa. For many years *Life and Work* held the sole place as a medium of public information. Providing news of mission work, it also recorded the general progress of the country, kept a watchful eye on all matters affecting the well-being of the Natives, and when necessary frankly criticised public policy. As it had an influential circulation abroad it acted as a wholesome check on European action.

In its pages Hetherwick discussed the principles that ought to guide the Administration. His

opinion was that Native taxation should be deferred for a few years until the development of the country indicated the motive and need for it. But as that apparently was not possible he maintained that the authority and influence of the chiefs should be recognised and that they ought to be consulted. "No Government," he wrote, "will be successful in Africa any more than anywhere else that does not carry the chiefs and people along with it." The amount of the tax should also be dependent on the resources of the country. Any undue burden imposed on the people would alienate them and break down the good feeling which the missionaries had established during the previous fifteen years. He advocated sympathy, patience and caution.

This sensible counsel went unheeded. He was amazed to hear of a proposal to impose a poll-tax of 12*s*. on adult Natives. This was soon dropped and a tax of 6*s*. per head adopted. Non-payment of cash or kind or labour was met by threats to burn down homes and villages, a penalty carried out by the police, who were recruited from the East Coast. The levy had to be paid by schoolboys over fourteen years of age, and rather than see the work of the Mission suffer Hetherwick paid it in the case of fifty-two of the scholars. He denounced it as "extortionate in amount and arbitrary in its imposition." "The African has a strong constitutional sense," he wrote, "and must be understood in order to be ruled as well as taught; witness how the African follows where there is strength and despises every form of weakness. But he will be both ruled and taught only by the man who understands him.

No one sees more readily than the African that bullying covers cowardice and weakness."

He made it clear that the effect of the tax would be to introduce the system of forced labour. No money circulated as yet in the country—church collections consisted largely of maize, flour, sorghum, ground nuts, beans and sugar cane. When a man was unable to hand over six baskets of maize of the value of 1*s*. a basket he would be compelled to work two months—and a scholar four months—to discharge his obligation.

The Europeans, who resented his intervention, took exception to this contention, but he was strongly supported by his colleagues, and was justified by the change which came over the attitude of the people. They became irritated, bitter and disillusioned, and threatened to move into Portuguese territory. They declared there had been a breach of faith: they had assisted the British and signed treaties in the belief that they would not be exploited. Hetherwick endorsed this. He had been present at Mt. Zomba when the treaty was arranged with Malemya. "Does this mean tribute?" the chief had asked, and the reply of the Acting-Consul was, "No—only friendship."

He protested at last to Johnston himself, and a sharp correspondence ensued, but without result. He then laid the facts before the Church of Scotland Foreign Mission Committee, asking them to communicate with the Foreign Office. "I wish you to remember," he wrote, "that we do not object to taxation *per se*; a system of taxation adopted by the free will and consent of the chiefs and people would have our warm approval, but we object to taxation

being forced on the people. There can be, with a just Government, no taxation without representation in some form or another, and it must not be imposed until the people—chiefs and subjects together—freely agree to it. We wish to have a categorical answer from the Foreign Office. Is Johnston to be allowed to levy taxes on the people of this country at this time and in such a way ? "

The Foreign Mission Committee consulted the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church authorities and a deputation from all three waited upon the Earl of Rosebery, Foreign Secretary. It obtained little satisfaction. " Johnston must have a free hand," he said. What the free hand meant was demonstrated by a cablegram which Hetherwick sent to Edinburgh : " Johnston's forces are raiding and looting, burning houses, forcing taxes. Injustice unbearable." A letter with details followed. " Is this your English Protectorate ? " he asked, " God help us. We are sowing a great crop of trouble and sorrow for the future."

He took care to inform the Natives that the Mission disapproved of the action of the Administration and condemned the practices going on. The officials, on the other hand, objected to the interference of the Mission, and by their actions showed their contempt for what they called the " nigger." The breach between the Mission and the Administration was complete. " God knows where we shall be finally landed," Hetherwick wrote, " only I know that God will never let all the labour and sacrifice of past years fall to the ground."

Once more the Scottish Churches represented the situation to the Foreign Office. " Things are

getting worse instead of better," they told him, " the Mission is endangered by the general hostility against the British ; the Natives are beginning to seek within Portuguese territory refuge from British power, the good name of our country is suffering." This had the desired effect. A despatch went out to Zomba. Many of the evils complained of ceased or were modified, and a hut tax of 3*s*.—equivalent to the month's wage of a labourer—was substituted for the 6*s*. poll-tax. It was cheerfully paid.

Hetherwick heard that there had been a tendency in certain quarters in Scotland to question his statements. " Tell Lord Balfour," he wrote, " that I never report hearsay or gossip, or anything but what I have ample legal evidence of. I never publish any charge against the Administration without consulting my colleagues. So our voice is united. I never wrote from 'irritation.' Had I done so I should never have laid my pen down ; for what passed in those early days of the Administration would have drawn strong words from Job himself. The change has been due in great measure to the way in which we were compelled to speak out in the magazine here. If these evils recur we shall be forced to speak out again equally strong." There spoke the undaunted heart, indifferent to praise or blame, eager only for justice and truth. His colleagues defended him and praised his guidance. " He has," wrote the Rev. H. E. Scott, " taken the utmost care to keep well within the limits of proof in all his statements."

II. Land and Labour

The other problems were those of land settlement and labour, both closely connected and each

destined to bulk ever more largely in the history of the country. Already a considerable part of the Shiré Highlands had been acquired by European settlers. They had negotiated with the chiefs and made what were tempting offers of guns and calico in exchange for land. The chiefs were utterly ignorant of all that was involved in the transaction. They made their mark on a scrap of paper and signed away their ownership. That this meant also the rights of their subjects was made apparent when the planters claimed the labour of the people, and, when this was refused, retaliated by destroying their maize gardens.

Hetherwick was friendly with the planters. Without their work and capital the country could not be developed, but he had to point out that there was another side to the question. Fundamentally, he said, the land belonged to the people, and he questioned the legal and moral power of the chiefs to sell any part of it without safeguarding the right of the tenant to plant and build without molestation. The contention of the planters that payment compensated for the enforced labour he called a fiction. British subjects, he declared, living on an owner's land, could not be compelled to work for him by means of threats or coercion or worse.

He recognised that if the country were to develop and become prosperous and be made a home for Europeans, there must be a sufficient labour supply. But he was convinced that the Native did not require to be bribed or forced to work under threat of punishment or eviction. Compulsion, he argued, defeated itself. It drove labour away. The Native would work regularly and cheerfully, but everything depended on the treatment he was accorded.

If the rights of those living on the land previous to purchase were recognised and the relation of owner and tenant were definitely defined, there would be no trouble.

The planters threatened to import labour. That, he told them, was nonsense. They had an ample supply in Central Africa. The Yao, Angoni and Atonga tribe could provide all that was required—a statement abundantly confirmed by the experience of later years. Further, he pointed out the weakness of their transport system. "Why not improve it?" he said. "Construct roads. It takes forty men to carry a ton of goods; two men and oxen would do the same work. Mechanical carriage will release you the labour you want."

Though the planters were annoyed with his intervention in public affairs, they could not but admit his sincerity and courage and his desire for the advancement of the country. He was an irritant, but irritation, though it might occasion heat, made for healthy liveliness.

The general situation gradually improved: "The Mission," wrote one of his colleagues, "has reaped the benefit of the vigorous protests made by Mr. Hetherwick. There are isolated acts of oppression and unequal dealing, but the policy is changed. The Mission is on friendly terms with all the interests in the country."

CHAPTER VII

I. "WHAT! CONTRACT THE WORK?"

ONE trouble the civil officers and missionaries had in common: both were hampered by lack of funds. Johnston had £10,000 from Rhodes, but Hetherwick was dependent on the uncertain interest and fluctuating support of a Church which too often forgot its foreign mission work. He had been pushing his forces outwards in an ever-expanding radius. In as many villages as could be reached services and classes were held on Sundays and week-days. These were taken by the senior scholars who were instructed in the subjects beforehand, and so were trained in practical evangelism.

All new work required money and the treasury was empty. From Scotland also came a communication stating that the funds there were low and the most rigid economy must be exercised. "Cut down expenditure," was the order. "What!" Hetherwick wrote back in energetic protest, "contract the work? That would be disastrous to Christ's cause in Africa. The battle is hard enough as it is, God knows! . . . This is not the time for curtailment or retrenchment in British Central Africa. The forces of the world, the flesh and the devil are pouring into the country and are settled around us. We seem fated to become the centre of a European civilisation and life that is irreligious, anti-Native,

anti-Mission, and anti-Christian. In such a community the Mission must be the conscience."

The reply was an instruction from the General Assembly itself to effect an all-round reduction in expenses. It was suggested that the industrial work might be curtailed. To this all the missionaries strongly objected. Both Clement Scott and Hetherwick took up the matter with the Committee, but it was the latter who buckled on his armour and assumed the offensive. His exceptional ability, his shrewdness, vigour and practical common sense had already made an impression at Headquarters, and he was being looked upon as a force to be reckoned with in the Central African field.

His attitude was based on the belief that all true work was a sacrament, and that all the life of the Native, body, soul and spirit, should be consecrated to God's service; but he presented the case from a point of view which the Committee could appreciate. He declared that the industrial work was as vital as the religious teaching and medical service: it was central and indispensable. "Break up our industries," he told the Committee, "and you destroy our chief means of influencing Native life: and when that is gone why keep up the semblance of the Mission at all?" The remedy was not to lessen the work or the staff, but to increase both. The cost of the Mission was due largely to the failure to develop economic self-dependence.

This conclusion was the result of his experience at Blantyre. The European staff there consisted only of three members and a lady worker, but there were in training thirteen teachers, twelve printers,

nine carpenters, eight builders, and two gardeners, while over 100 boys and girls were boarding. He had found difficulty in providing food for so large a community. The peasantry depended wholly on their little hoed patch of cultivation : it was their only barrier against starvation, and they could not afford to dispose of their surplus stores. Droughts were not uncommon. Angoni workers were also flocking into the district. Food was becoming increasingly scarce, and messengers had to be sent out long distances to forage for supplies. Then there were heavy freight charges and import dues on all kinds of material for use in the Mission. He was convinced that they could grow all their own produce and manufacture what goods they required, and so save the drain on their funds. But time was needed.

So keenly did he feel that the future of the Mission hung on this issue that he continued to fight the battle patiently, persistently, courageously. And eventually he won. " Frowned upon, looked askance at, criticised, at one time almost prohibited by very high authority, the industrial work," he wrote, " proved beyond all doubt its claim to be one of the most potent elements in the Christianising and civilising of Africa."

Gradually the various industries became self-supporting—the carpentry department with its joiners, sawyers and labourers turning out woodwork ; the printing department producing school-books and vernacular literature ; the plantation and garden supplying foodstuffs ; the dairy the milk ; the laundry the clean white clothing which the Natives wore.

II. Marriage

One would have supposed that his incessant labours would leave the missionary little time for the cultivation of the inner life. In reality, this was his chief interest. It was a vivid sense of the spiritual that made him jealous for the orderly and reverent conduct of worship. He studied the Native mind with the view of introducing into the services what would impress and educate them and strengthen their moral character, even though it varied from conventional European method. A slight instance was the gathering of the choir into the vestry for prayer before the service and the dismissal of them there afterwards in the same manner. He taught them that their work was a distinct service, a sacrifice of praise. This was long before the practice was generally adopted in Scotland.

He was so conscious of the benefit of being in close relation with the Kingdom of the Spirit that he wanted everyone to test its value. This made him an advocate of frequent Communions. Regular attendance at these was the best way of keeping fresh and vigorous one's spiritual keenness and strength. To Europeans and Native alike he appealed. He begged the Europeans to allow their servants and workers to come to the Sacrament and to come themselves with them : " The spiritual life of the European is increased by the presence of the Native, and the Native is encouraged and strengthened by the presence of employer or ruler. . . . We labour for a united Church in Africa and nowhere do we realise our unity more than round the table of our Lord." He feared a separation of

the two races, as in the case of South Africa and the United States. This, he felt, would be a tremendous blow to the cause of Christ. The happiness and prosperity of the European and the African demanded different conditions from these. The interests of both were identical, and both ought to live side by side. It was for this reason that he disliked intensely the idea of Native reservations, and wrote condemning it.

The subject of a Native ministry was never out of his mind. "We are building an African Church," he wrote; "the African portion of one Catholic and Apostolic Church." He was eager to see a beginning made. "It is a fatal mistake to keep the African on leading strings. We cannot too soon teach him to realise that he has a great part to play in the education and life of Christ's Church and Kingdom. The more he realises this, the greater will his progress be." But he was also convinced that the process could not be rushed: it would take a long time; and the guiding principles must be faith, patience and common sense. "A boom in missions," he observed on one occasion, "would be like a boom in commercial life, and result in the bankruptcy of faith." Before he returned to Domasi he was happy in knowing that Native Christian life was strong enough to bear the strain of responsible service. Seven men were called upon to enter upon a year's novitiate for the office of deacon.

His dread of a boom in missions was not without justification. The fame of Blantyre was like a magnet to the missionary spirit of Christendom; it was drawing other agencies into the region.

Hetherwick had his first encounter with a state of things which was later to cause both the Mission and the Government serious trouble. In 1892 a man named Joseph Booth appeared at Blantyre and informed Hetherwick that he had come to found a self-supporting industrial Mission. He attended the Native service and afterwards, at the church door, through an interpreter, addressed the congregation with the object of securing paid assistance. Obtaining land a short distance from Blantyre, he began a coffee plantation. Bribed by the offer of higher wages several of the trained Blantyre staff joined him, while a number of the scholars left and attended his school. These he baptised by immersion. Hetherwick remonstrated with him, and pointed out the wideness of the field outside the Mission sphere. Booth's answer was to apply for sites near the two other stations. Hetherwick could only protest against such proceedings and report them to the Home authorities. The Government would give him no support; it rather encouraged the settlement of other missions and played them off against each other, a short-sighted policy which it had good reason to regret.

His furlough became due, but he was not to journey alone. He announced his engagement to Mrs. Fenwick, who had shared in the perils and excitements of the early years and was now working amongst the women and girls in a voluntary capacity. She had received the thanks of the Foreign Mission Committee and been placed on the salaried staff in recognition of her valuable services. The marriage, which took place in Blantyre Church in June, 1893, was the occasion for a demonstration of the affection

in which both were held by the whole community. The Domasi children marched the fifty miles to be present. Instead of a marriage breakfast afternoon tea was given in the manse. The wedding cake was entirely African. Hetherwick once remarked that "the problem of the mission is the problem of the missionary and of the missionary's wife." Mrs. Hetherwick showed in the course of the years how the wife could solve the problem not only by her devotion in the work of training women and girls to build up their homes, but by the gracious atmosphere she created in the manse and a generous warm-hearted hospitality which has seldom been equalled in Africa.

Before they left in July they attended a general Mission Conference at Blantyre, the first of many others which were to exercise a profound influence on the Christian development of Central Africa. At Chinde they found the river lively with steamers, gunboats, stern-wheelers and steam launches, indicating how rapidly the interior was being opened up.

In Scotland he noted the first signs of a coming ecclesiastical *fama*. As a result of gossip and allegations in the newspapers he was handed by a church dignitary a series of questions of which the following were the principal:

"Is it true that there is in Blantyre Church,

1. An altar?
2. On the altar, candles?
3. Surpliced choristers?
4. Waiting upon these, blacks who kneel before the altar as they worship?

Mrs. Hetherwick.

5. Is there a portion for white worshippers and a portion for black worshippers ?
6. Do all the worshippers knee to the altar as they enter the church ? "

He sent the list out to Scott, who said " the accusations were as ludicrous as Boston's fourfold positions and the crick in the neck." Scott believed in a modified liturgy, a blend of the Anglican " high " ideas and Scottish simplicity. He wanted to restore what he termed the " lost rhythm " in service and in daily life, and he had introduced a prayer-book, not to hinder free prayer but to aid it.

Hetherwick never went so far as Scott in liturgical matters, but, unlike many persons at home, he understood him, and was patient with his peculiarities. His own point of view may be gathered from what he wrote at this time : " We must beware of woodenness in the development of African life. To attempt to force on Africa the details of Church life and organisation at home is, we believe, fatal to true growth. African life must be met in its own way and it will grow on its own lines. No one who understands the problem before him would dream for a moment of employing the same evangelistic methods in this country as at home. Neither can we expect that Native Church life will move in the grooves cut out for it elsewhere. The African has got his own gift of life and work to present to the Church Catholic."

CHAPTER VIII

I. Rebellion

Mr. and Mrs. Hetherwick returned to Blantyre in the latter part of 1894, relieving Mr. and Mrs. Clement Scott, who went to Domasi for change of scene and rest. Scott also desired quiet to do some translation work. " It is the first time," wrote Mrs. Scott, " that my husband and I have been alone together since we were married "—a significant commentary on the stress and strain of life at Blantyre.

The quiet did not last long.

Though the country generally had been pacified, a good deal of underground discontent and disaffection continued to exist. Some of the chiefs in the remoter districts had never accepted the new conditions, and Hetherwick had always the feeling that Kawinga, the notorious slaver on Chikala Hill, would one day challenge the power of the Administration. For some time he had been intriguing with other slaving chiefs and endeavouring to draw them into a compact for common action. An attack on Malemya, Domasi's friendly neighbour, warned the authorities what was coming, and they requested the ladies at the station to withdraw to Blantyre. As they preferred to remain, a fort was constructed between the manse and Chikala. It was not an hour too soon.

Kawinga and some 2,000 savage warriors sud-

denly threw themselves upon the Mission and the neighbouring plantations. Only the workers and a mere handful of troops were available, but they put up a brave defence, drove the insurgents back almost from the gate of the Mission, and saved the Protectorate from overwhelming disaster. When reinforcements arrived it was decided to push the offensive right up to Kawinga's village. Blantyre contributed its volunteers, one of whom was Dr. Affleck Scott, brother of Clement, who went in the capacity of surgeon. He had risen from a sick-bed and, with fever upon him, walked all night to Domasi.

The expedition disappeared from view in a cold driving rain, and two weeks of suspense ensued. At Blantyre, Hetherwick was obliged to play one or two unaccustomed parts, including that of *locum tenens* for Dr. Affleck Scott. He had to attend to some serious cases. A man was brought into hospital with his leg crushed by a crocodile. Another had a fractured thigh. A case of idiocy presented peculiar difficulties. He resolved humorously never again to meddle with the work without learning something of the various medicines and where they were located on the shelves.

The expedition had tremendous physical difficulties to overcome before reaching Kawinga's, but they succeeded, and stormed the village. The chief had provided his warriors with bullet-proof "medicine," and there was grim irony in the fact that many of the killed were shot through the forehead on which the medicine had been painted.

This signal defeat of the rebels proved a crushing

blow to the old barbarous spirit. Thereafter the country had peace.

But the Mission paid heavily for the security. Hetherwick relates the sequel: "It was a hard time for all at Domasi and Mrs. Scott's health gave way under the strain of it. Her husband brought her in to Blantyre only to find Dr. Affleck Scott dying. The last Sunday evening we shall never forget. The shadow hung over his brother and his wife, but he came forth from it to the evening service, and preached as we have never heard him preach before. He seemed to gather himself together for his highest and best. Two days later the doctor died, and leaving the last offices to other and trusted hands Clement hurried off to try and reach home with his wife—a last hope. It was not to be fulfilled, for she died at sea and was buried at Mozambique. He continued his voyage home shattered in health. He was never the same man again. The following year he came back to Blantyre, but it was only for a few months, and he was again invalided home. His work at Blantyre was done."

II. Blantyre under Fire

Clement Scott was not to pass from Blantyre, however, without encountering another storm, though it was Hetherwick who bore the brunt of it on this occasion. When the latter went home on furlough in 1896, accompanied by Mrs. Hetherwick, with their little boy Clement, he found to his dismay that the agitation against the heads of the Mission—Clement Scott and himself—had reached a climax. The list of charges made in the Press was a long one. Their rule was autocratic; the

Mission expedition was extravagant; there were "disagreements"; superstitious practices had been adopted, such as surplices, processions and turning to the East, repetition of the creed, and a "printed" order of worship, all of which made the services distasteful to the bulk of the Europeans. Other criticisms were of a minor character.

It became clear that an enquiry could not be avoided. Would Hetherwick object to one? He would welcome it, he said. The Foreign Mission Committee took action. Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., M.P., and six distinguished legal and ecclesiastical personages were appointed a Commission and sat for eight days hearing witnesses and receiving documentary evidence. Hetherwick appeared for himself and also took charge of the interests of his colleague.

In rebutting the charges he impressed the Commissioners with his keen intellect, his lucid treatment of any matter that came up, and his strong common sense. So far as the allegation of "High Churchism" was concerned he said it was devoid of truth. At Domasi the service was simple. Paraffin lamps were used for lighting. The choir's white gowns on Sunday at the Yao services were not "surplices" but the ordinary dress of the boys and teachers. The English service was the same as in Edinburgh. At Blantyre turning to the East had never been taught or imposed. Some of the choir at a Native villagers' meeting did so and he explained how the habit had arisen accidentally some years previously. In the Christian Native and the English services the Creed was not used. Everything that was done was done out of "a regard for reverent order and decency."

So annoyed and discouraged had he been by these petty attempts to prejudice and injure the Mission that he entertained serious thoughts of resigning. The mere hint of this alarmed the Blantyre Mission Council and brought them post-haste to his support. They expressed their strong sympathy with him under charges which were "mostly untrue, all garbled, and, in the conclusions drawn, utterly unjust," and appealed to him to retain his post. "They desire that he should know their devotion to him and their appreciation of his power in Mission work and management, of his wide experience, his tried courage, his wise policy, his soundness and orthodoxy and his high character, seen both in his own original work at Domasi, and in his carrying on of Blantyre work at various intervals in the absence of the Blantyre head; and they are ready to side with him in any serious issues in Church Courts or in public Church appeal."

When it appeared, the report of the Commissioners exploded the whole elaborate structure of misrepresentation and calumny. They confessed that they did not pretend to much personal knowledge of foreign mission work, and their impressions were those of "the average man of ordinary business ability." Generally they found the charges unjustifiable, most of them "very small matters," especially those relating to the alleged ritualistic practices, but they made some suggestions which served to placate the extremists. The Commissioners were careful to say, however, that considerable discretion should be left to the missionaries "who were loyal to the traditions and principles of the Church of Scotland":

"Forms of worship which suit the Scottish character and temperament may fail to attract or impress the African mind, or may not be adapted to African modes of thought, and, so long as any deviations from the forms used at home which the experience of the missionaries leads them to make in church services do not infringe any law of the Church, and do not foster any superstition, we think that it is unnecessary and indeed would be most unwise for the Committee to interfere. Even at home there is considerable latitude allowed to ministers in this respect, as may be seen if one compares the service in one of our city churches with the services in a parish church in the Hebrides."

The charge of excessive expenditure on the churches at Blantyre and Domasi was dismissed in this manner: "The money which has been laid out did not come out of the general funds of the Committee, but was specially subscribed for the purpose, and it was, moreover, in our opinion, money well spent. Blantyre promises to become in the near future a place of considerable importance, if not indeed the capital of a great province, and it is right and fitting that the Church of Scotland whose missionaries were its virtual founders and whose people have done so much for it, should be represented in it by a noble and stately edifice; but, independently of that, we concur in the view that the erection of two such handsome buildings for the worship of Almighty God is calculated to have a powerful effect upon the impressionable African mind."

In the course of their report, the Commission made some shrewd observations regarding the men

who went out to the field as teachers or artisans. These, they said, were tempted to assume a greater dignity than they would at home, to feel their subordination irksome, to assert themselves, and to magnify trifling circumstances into offences and insults. The moral they drew was that the most essential qualification for useful service in the mission field was common sense, and that no agent should be accepted who was deficient in this quality.

" We leave the inquiry," concluded the Commissioners, " with a profound conviction that the Church of Scotland has much reason to be proud of her African Mission, and that she owes, and the African race owes, a deep debt of gratitude to the missionaries for the great and beneficent work which, under enormous difficulties and heavy discouragements, they have carried on for the last twenty-two years in the Shiré Highlands—work which has already been attended with great results, and which is, we firmly believe, destined in the providence of God to produce much greater results in the future."

There is no doubt that in these days Hetherwick was so ardent, so single-minded, so anxious that the work should progress, that he was sometimes impatient with those of the staff who seemed shallow, and who devoted more of their time to outside interests than he thought wise. Not that he was in the least unsocial or narrow-minded, but, as he would tell them, there was always the Native at hand watching, judging, and often imitating. In this he was like Dr. Laws who was, in the same way, misunderstood.

CHAPTER IX

I. The Perfect Machine

Hetherwick had been so much in control at Blantyre that when he became head of the Mission in 1898 there was little occasion for overhauling the organisation. But with quiet, businesslike energy he devoted himself to making it as efficient as the limited resources would permit. No mission enterprise anywhere was run according to such carefully thought out guiding principles. Rules and regulations, however comprehensive and minute, could not, of course, provide for every contingency, and human nature had always to be allowed for, but as a rule the work went on without friction and without noise, and with the regularity of a perfect machine.

Some of the glamour of the enterprise had begun to fade into the cold grey of commonplace, and the daily round had replaced the thrill of adventure and peril. He was not sorry. "The missions," he said, "have set themselves to the teaching, preaching and work that will in the end show themselves to be the most powerful weapons whereby to beat down the strongholds of ignorance and superstition and sin. Spasmodic efforts, now in one place, now in another, do not produce lasting results if they produce any result at all. The steady settled grind of missions, the day in day out of routine which only

strong faith and courage can keep from being dull, these tell in the end. In true mission work we look for a slowly dawning light, not for a sudden flash. And the greatest progress of all is that which we do not see, for 'the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.'"

He disliked much of the mission literature of the day, the unreal reports supplying a constant stream of pleasing incidents to stimulate interest. Missionary enthusiasm aroused in this way he regarded as a form of excited feeling and a morbid craving for results. The magazine, *Life and Work in Central Africa*, which he edited, was always characterised by reports of plain fact, sincere writing, and common sense. No names were attached to the contributions. He held that the law of missionary work and certainly of missionary success was that the personal element must be sunk entirely in the common service and achievement. "The Cross," he wrote, "enters into every true missionary life—the crucifixion in self of prejudice, prepossession and prejudgment."

The religious note dominated all, for no one realised better than he did that to give the African a purely secular education was to give him a weapon to hurt himself. Every morning and evening the Christian workers and scholars met for praise and prayer and Bible reading. At midday the non-Christian workers gathered in the school for a short service, which consisted of a hymn, prayer, and an address, usually by one of the senior Native young men. A strangely interesting company it was, for many tribes were represented, Manganja, Yao, Angoni, Anguru, and Lomwe, all former enemies,

but now sitting side by side in amity. It was this scene, and not the wonders of civilisation about him, which most impressed a distant chief on his first visit to the Mission.

In the schools, now well equipped and under a code not inferior to that in Scotland, religious instruction was given by teachers thoroughly grounded in the essentials of the faith, many of them able men who had sometimes to take full responsibility and never failed in their trust. The Christian school was to Hetherwick the basis of all the work and the hope of the future. In it were imparted the aspiration, the discipline, and the morality which alone could regenerate and uplift African life. These were still more in evidence in the boarding school, which he greatly extended. Two hundred boys and girls were now under full control and instruction. After the free life of the village the restraint imposed was naturally irksome, and some of the scholars disappeared after the first month, but there were always others to take their place. They were taught that work was not the mark of slavery, but inherently noble : they were led from thinking exclusively about food and clothes to developing their latent capacities. The institution was an open window through which their dark minds were given a vision of a wide and interesting world.

On Sundays the Native Christians met early in the morning for prayer and instruction. Then came the great gathering of the day, a Native service for all and sundry, Christian and non-Christian. Sunday schools were held in the afternoon along with classes for catechumens. At the same time

the older lads with members of the Native staff went out in twos and threes to hold meetings and classes in the villages. Gradually these came under the influence of the Gospel. Here and there a man or a woman would be emboldened to make a stand. Others followed, then a headman would come and ask for a school. "You build a school," was the reply, "and we will send a teacher." This was done, and out of the school grew the church, and round the church gathered a Christian community.

Hetherwick always sympathised with the workers in the villages. "We *azungu*" (white men), he said, "will never realise what temptations our lonely evangelists and teachers are subjected to, living, as they do, under the surface of heathen life. We, living above it, see only the outside, but they are submerged in it, in its thoughts, associations, and its insinuations." He did all he could to support them and lighten their task by frequent visits and by kindly counsel and encouragement.

The medical work, though it does not come much within the range of this sketch, was a romance in itself. It had started in the doctor's bedroom, where a cupboard was filled with medicines. The consulting room was the verandah or the open air. No Native would have entered a hospital. When an operation was essential the patient was laid on the dining-room table. Then came a grass-and-mud hut which was dubbed "St. Bartholomew's." When this was eaten by ants a shed, airless and floorless, was used. Gradually the Natives became accustomed to indoor treatment and a properly equipped hospital was built, with dispensaries and

village itineraries. But always the doctor had to fight fierce superstition as well as disease.

All the industries developed and extended their range of service. The carpenter's shop turned out furniture and building material which had a ready sale among Natives and Europeans alike. The printing press was issuing books and stationery for the European community as well as English and Native magazines; the staff was Native; they had not received any instruction from a European printer, and yet some of their work was pronounced equal to that done by any office in Edinburgh. The laundry was now being patronised by the general population.

The gardens were one of the chief sights of Blantyre. "I always tell my guests to go and see them," said an official to Hetherwick. They were taking a leading part in experimental work, testing the suitability of the soil and climate for new productions, and supplying seeds and plants to every corner of the Protectorate and to places as far distant as British, German and Portuguese East Africa, Rhodesia and the Congo. Rubber, ginger, fibre and twenty-five different fruits, including apples, pears, peaches, figs and plums, had all been successfully grown. Of the berries the strawberry proved the most fruitful—an astonishing plant, for it can be found on the table in Central Africa almost all the year round. By the planting of scores of acres with lemon-gum, mahogany and pine trees, the gardens sought to counteract the wholesale destruction of the forests by Native and European alike.

All this activity ran parallel with the material advance of the country. Blantyre was now a well-

organised township, with a Mayor and Council, public buildings, street lamps—and rates. Zomba had greatly developed since the Consul had planted his home in the midst of its picturesque scenery. It was now the Administrative capital and required a church. This was opened in 1899, a daughter of Domasi, and Hetherwick preached the sermon. The overland telegraph arrived. Previously it had taken four or five weeks to obtain a reply from Scotland, now it was a matter of a few hours. Science and superstition met oddly in this new element in the country. Hetherwick saw a telegram which read: "Y's wife and child sick: tell X to offer a sacrifice." Then came the penny post when there was a drop from sixpence to a penny per half-ounce. "What with a daily Reuter," wrote Hetherwick, "and a weekly service of home mails, we are in the heart of the world."

Progress, however, had its drawbacks. Later he wrote: "We have now a daily local mail. It may be civilised, but it is a nuisance all the same!"

A much greater nuisance continued to be the *kalata*, a letter or chit sent by hand, an evil, he declared humorously, which was worse than the jigger. "No human language under the sun," he wrote, "can convey anything like an idea of the worry and annoyance to which it subjects life in Blantyre. It comes in the morning when you are still wet from your tub. It pursues you all the forenoon. It persists in appearing at your door during lunch. It wakens you out of your siesta. It meets you when you are rushing off to a meeting. At dinner, in the midst of your oldest and best chestnut, a figure appears on the verandah with a gun and

—a kalata. At midnight your watchman, drowsy from his first sleep, knocks you up to hand in at your bedroom door—a kalata."

II. Heathen *v.* Christian Marriage

With the development of a Christian community a number of special problems came up for consideration. One of the thorniest was that of marriage. Hetherwick devoted much thought to the subject, and he made his position clear in a long article in *Life and Work in Central Africa*. Some extracts from this will best show how he regarded the matter in 1899:

"So large a proportion of native thought, native custom and habit, and native social life is built upon the native conception of the marriage relationship, that to accept the Christian principle of marriage means a complete revolution in native social habits and family life. To educate the native mind into a right conception of marriage is therefore one of the most difficult tasks that missions have to face. Yet it must be done, for upon it depends the purity of the native Christian Church and the stability of the Christian life among its members. . . .

"The heathen idea of marriage is that of a simple contract which may be dissolved by mutual consent or even, in certain cases, by the arbitrary will of one of the parties of whom the other has no will or power of her own. Those therefore among civilised peoples who aim at constructing a marriage relationship on the basis of a mere contract without religious significance whatsoever, are only returning to that pristine condition of their race from which Christianity rescued them these many centuries ago. . . .

"Two circumstances are apparent. First, that the marriage tie is of the loosest possible nature, being liable to be sundered from the slightest cause; and, second, that the position of women, especially of slave women, is very inferior; and in few cases can she be said to be a free constructing party. . . .

"A state of polygamy is entirely incompatible with Christianity in any form. The unity of husband and wife forbids the

possibility of such relationship. Within the body of Christ such union can only be sundered by death. The whole foundations of Christian social and family life are laid on this great truth, and to tamper with it even in the slightest is to open a gateway to licence which would soon sap the foundation of morality and purity within the Christian Church. . . .

" In the face of St. Paul's words such mixed marriages are not Christian marriages, in the sense that they cannot be ' in the Lord ' while one of the parties is outside the pale of the Christian Church. The Church may accept such marriages but it cannot encourage them. It is the practice of most missions in Central Africa to recognise the marriage of a Church member with a heathen as valid, and in most cases they perform such marriages with some form of a religious ceremony. Where this is done it should be by a form of service distinct from that of a Christian marriage where both parties are members of the Church. Christian vows must be meaningless to a heathen who has not yet embraced Christianity. . . .

" In the case of converts who have contracted a marriage in heathenism, when the parties are baptised, such unions become valid as Christian marriages.

" As regards the admission of a polygamist to the catechumenate the practice of missions varies. History seems to make it plain that the catechumenate has always been considered a grade of advance towards Church membership. If this be so then a polygamist can find no place in the list of catechumens and as such should not be enrolled.

" On another question the practice and opinions of the Churches vary. While a polygamist is prohibited from receiving Christian privileges in all cases, some admit to baptism a wife of a polygamist while others demand at first she leave her husband. Both views have arguments in their support. . . .

" So far as our knowledge goes, it is the only case in which the various Scottish and English missions differ as to the practice they adopt. Unity in this, as on all other hundred subjects, is to be desired, for, as we have said already, in our various policies regarding this question of marriage we are dealing with the very heart of our Christianity."

Another social evil which gave him infinite trouble was beer-drinking. It wrought havoc

amongst the Natives and was the main cause of the quarrels, disturbances and murders that took place. It even affected the life of the schools. He had given warning that no beer was to be brewed on Mission land or given to scholars. Yet lads would return on Saturday night the worse for drink. It was evident that the stuff was being made in the vicinity of the station, and one night he determined to investigate. There had just arrived at the station a new agriculturist, Mr. Alexander Burnett, who was not only a brilliant gardener but a devoted missionary, to whom already he had become attached. He called for him and together they set out.

Making their way as best they could in the dense darkness along narrow winding paths, they noticed at last a flare above the bush as if from fire. The hum of many voices guided them to the spot. In an open space stood a number of large pots full of beer. A perfect orgy was in process. Spying the missionaries, the crowd fled into the long grass and banana groves. Without a moment's hesitation Dr. Hetherwick went up to the pots and smashed them to pieces. It was a practical lesson in temperance which had so salutary an effect that beer ceased to be made in a wide area around.

III. A Common Bible

Hetherwick was an enthusiastic linguist, sensitive to the niceties of the language, and vexed at its mutilation on the lips of careless people. He always urged officials and planters to make a serious study of the dialects, pointing out the influence it gave them in their dealings with the Natives, and how interesting a field of anthropological research it would

open up for them. "Many a dreary evening," he would say, "could a planter on a lonely plateau thus put in with profit. Why should such matters be abandoned to a missionary? As a rule this class has a theological bias. A fresh mind, untouched by this, may make valuable discoveries in a field where few raw missionaries have been at work." He even opened a class for the benefit of any European who wished to make a thorough acquaintance with the language.

One of his dreams was to see a common Nyanja Bible in use in the Protectorate; it would, he believed, do much to knit not only the Missions but the various tribes together. There were three versions of the New Testament, or parts of it, in circulation: one in the Blantyre field; one in the Livingstonia field; and the third in the Universities Mission field. His vision was of an authorised version of the entire Bible. In October, 1898, he made a strong plea for this in the Mission magazine. He realised the difficulties. There was the general conflict between the two types of thought. "Greek thought," he said, "flows in a wholly different groove from Nyanja thought. The Greek mind is trained to deal with abstract ideas and subjective conceptions in logical sequence. The African deals with the concrete; prefers action to passivity. Vividness, action, present perception, form the leading characteristics of the Nyanja speech. Hence the transference of thought from Greek into Nyanja must also necessitate the transportation of idiom and speech into the active and present." There were also differences and diversities in the use of many words; the impossibility of frequent meetings

of the translators; and, he added, with a touch of humour, "the opinion held by each translator that his own is the best and only good version." None of these obstacles was, in his opinion, insurmountable.

The idea found favour, and a meeting of representatives from the various Societies was held at Fort Johnston in May, 1900, when the Nyanja Bible Translation Board was formed and Hetherwick appointed Chairman. The members got down to work at once, a list of the principal words was agreed on, and portions of the New Testament assigned to each. Hetherwick returned to Blantyre with something of the feeling that the British translators of the authorised version of the Bible must have experienced when they began their great task in the seventeenth century.

IV. Africa for the Africans

The work of the station was considerably eased by an abundant flow of labour. The Yao made a good machila carrier, an excellent soldier, and a skilled artisan, but he would not condescend to common toil. This was now being done by the Angoni, who were flocking down from the hills in large numbers. The plantations absorbed thousands of them. They were even hoeing the gardens of the Yao whose villages and granaries they had but lately raided.

This abundance of labour became known in South Africa and envious eyes were turned to Central Africa as a possible source of supply of workers for the gold and diamond mines. Hetherwick had a presentiment that the country would become a recruiting ground for the Transvaal and Rhodesia

and wrote many articles of warning on the subject. He welcomed every project that made for the widening of British enterprise and the opening up of Africa, but such a step as denuding one country for the benefit of another he denounced as disastrous to the best interests of the people.

Time and again he returned to the subject, advising the Government to foresee and take steps against any attempt on the part of South Africa to interfere with local labour. South Africa had notoriously failed with its own Native problem, and if it raided Central Africa it would send the victims back demoralised, detribalised and unfit for honest work.

That his fears were well founded was shown by the appearance in an English magazine of an article from the facile pen of Sir Harry Johnston, who, characteristically, ranged himself on the side of the mine-owners and advocated the recruitment of labour from the " millions " of Central Africa. Hetherwick reiterated his own views from a new angle.

" Let us make the position clear," he wrote. " Central Africa in no way can be regarded as a dwelling place for the white races ; it is the home of the black man and of the black man alone. He alone can develop its resources under the guidance of the European. This is his place and sphere. Ours is to govern him and teach him till he sees that his lot lies in his own home and on its soil and not in the mines of Kimberley. He is an agriculturist. The soil is his country's wealth and he alone can draw out its resources. This is his duty, and if he forsakes it and goes to the mines he and his children and the country will be the sufferers."

By this time he had come to a definite opinion regarding the suitability of the country for white colonisation. He believed that Europeans could exist in it provided they conformed to stringent rules of living, but this, he argued, was different from colonisation. The longer they remained in the country the more susceptible they seemed to be to its climate. There was, therefore, no process of acclimatisation. His conviction was that four years was the utmost limit for a period of residence in the hill country of tropical Africa, and three years for the Lake and River region. After that, furlough was necessary.

It was an important conclusion and far-reaching in its racial implications. It justified his own general policy—that the African should be taught to make the most of himself and his country. This meant, in the best sense, Africa for the Africans. It was the task of the missions to see them through.

That Blantyre was doing its part was evident from the instruction it was giving them. Every pupil passed through a three years' course in the vernacular and Anglo-vernacular grades. If he left then he received a certificate of character and proficiency. If he wished to continue he was apprenticed for three years to a trade and at the same time carried on in the senior school as far as Standard VI. He thus received a six years' sound training, and obtained a certificate which was an official testimony of character and ability. Some of the boys were extraordinarily clever and made rapid progress. As many as eleven different tribes were represented in the classes, the Angoni heading the list.

These were the lads who obtained responsible posts in the country and filled them with credit. Against them complaints were very rarely made. There was always a certain number of undesirable pupils who either left before their time or were expelled. They would apply to planters and others, who carelessly took them into their service on the strength of their own statement that they were "mission boys." When they misbehaved, or stole, their employers shrugged their shoulders and blamed their mission training. Hetherwick always warned Europeans that they should never take lads without an official testimonial as to character and ability or without first communicating with him.

V. Life on the Highway

The extension of the work was never far from his mind, though it seemed odd to expand when there was so much missionary activity in the neighbourhood. No fewer than six other missions had now settled within twenty miles of Blantyre—"all huddled," as he said, "within one small corner of the Dark Continent." These were attracted, no doubt, by the favourable conditions. He was tolerant of any agencies which, with different methods, were based on belief in the African and in his power to raise himself aided by the Christian faith. "We are all working towards the same end," he would say. He never lost hope that they would all one day be united and form one Catholic union of the Church of Christ in Africa.

Nevertheless, he strongly objected to a great deal of the propaganda work carried on, the proselytising

of his own members and the baptising of Natives without a previous course of teaching and testing, a practice which perplexed and disturbed his catechumens. "Our policy," he said, "is the best: it has been proved by years of experience, and it leads to lasting results." He foresaw, too, a time when, with the development of education, the overlapping of the work would draw the attention of the Government —which eventually it did.

The extensions he promoted were far beyond Blantyre, in regions that were still virgin ground. He paid many prospecting visits and was specially interested in two districts. One was South Angoniland, the home of the Angoni, a high plateau to the west of the Shiré River about eighty miles from Blantyre. Thither he went to settle a teacher, Harry Kambwiri, who had done pioneer work there many years before. Harry was a Yao who had seen his father's village burned by the Angoni. They found the young Angoni in restless mood and roving about in bands. The station was fixed at Panthumbi. Hetherwick made a regular practice thereafter of visiting it and fostering the work which, under Harry's skilful care, grew rapidly in importance.

The other district lay in the opposite direction, in Lomweland in Portuguese East Africa, where inquiry surveys had already taken place. Here teachers were placed and a promising beginning made, but on the excuse that "conditions were too unsettled" the Portuguese authorities objected to the work and it had to be closed down. "A dark page this first record," wrote Hetherwick. "Let us hope that the next may be brighter, but . . ."

The unfinished sentence was eloquent of a doubt which was fully justified in the years to follow.

For these projects and for the increasing work of the Mission he asked for reinforcements. It was an annual appeal. The stations were always understaffed ; there were frequent breakdowns in health ; extra strain was continually being imposed on others. With envious eyes he watched the contingents of recruits which passed the manse for other missions—now seven for the Universities Mission, now thirteen for the White Fathers, again seven for the London Missionary Society, and a large party for the Dutch Reformed Mission. He whimsically likened himself to Sister Anne sitting on her watchtower repeating the endless refrain, " Nothing but the grass growing and the wind blowing." What he wished to experience was a " wild nor'-easter."

More folk than missionaries appeared on the highway in front of the manse. All the life of Central Africa flowed past its doors. Every article, from a keg of paint, or a case of tinned fruit, to machinery weighing many tons, was conveyed along this traffic-way. Everyone, Native and white man, used it, the Native continuing his immemorial custom of walking in single file. The foreigners were of many nationalities, but to the Native all were brothers and came " out of the sea."

Now would pass a solitary runner with a letter carried on the end of a piece of bamboo ; now a line of Angoni going to the river to work on transport each with a sack of flour as food ; now a gang conveying a long piece of iron—some part of a mission steamer—" forty boys beneath it running like the

feet of a centipede " was Hetherwick's picturesque description ; now a crowd conveying bags of coffee for the British market ; now a sick Native in an improvised hammock proceeding to hospital ; now a machila with a white man, some official for Lake Tanganyika or the far Congo, rushing along to the deep-throated song of the carriers :

" Hoa, hoa, hoa uzi mahoa,
Sokole Sokole ! hoa ! "

now a waggon drawn by a dozen oxen ; now a mule cart with a swift team ; now a rumbling and whistling traction engine, a forerunner of the new age of mechanical transport.

For soon there came the motor cycle replacing the safety ; Hetherwick realised at once that here was an agent which would revolutionise missionary methods and policy. Hitherto the distance from Blantyre to Zomba, 45 miles, had been covered in two days on foot, or in nine or ten hours by machila ; now it was done in two hours. Such a swift mode of locomotion startled and dazed the wild life. It was not unusual for the riders to run into lions or baboons and over snakes. But these in time adapted themselves to the new conditions and avoided the main line of traffic.

VI. Lake Nyasa at Last

Hetherwick continued to be a stimulating and driving force in the civil life of the highlands. Intensely practical, he was never tired of suggesting improvements and inciting the settlers to bestir themselves. They were waiting on a railway :

" But," he said, " the railway isn't here ! " Hand labour, no doubt, was needed for weeding and picking coffee and so on, but they could replace the *tenga-tenga*, or carriers, with mechanical traction which would lead to economy and less wastage of human material.

Coffee had been the mainstay of the country. Many millions of plants had been derived from the original patch in the Mission gardens which was still bearing good crops, but the industry was flagging and tea was taking its place. This development had also its origin in the gardens. A number of plants and seedlings had been left in 1884 by the Rev. Dr. W. A. Elmslie, of the Livingstonia Mission, as they did not promise to survive. Among them were some tea seedlings. They began to thrive, but little heed was paid to them. One day in 1891 a settler, who had been in Ceylon, carried away some of the seeds and planted them at Mlanje. It was only when coffee failed that what were regarded as ornamental shrubs became the basis of a new industry.

Now, Hetherwick advocated the growing of cotton. This was a common production when Dr. Livingstone visited the Shiré Highlands. Livingstone had hoped that these hills would become a great cotton-growing centre. But English calico had driven the Native-made cloth so completely out of existence that it was only by sending to Angoniland that weavers could be secured to show their art at the first Agricultural Show held at Blantyre in 1899. Cotton culture, however, was again a promising possibility.

The Exhibition demonstrated how the Native

population was advancing. The exhibits they showed were remarkable for variety and skill in craftsmanship. It was significant that many of the prizes, such as those for carpentry, printing, laundry work, essay-writing and so on, were gained by lads of the Mission. There might well have been a section for curios, which would have included spears, guns and shields, for such objects now belonged to the past.

In October, 1900, Hetherwick's long-cherished wish to see Lake Nyasa and the headquarters of the Livingstonia Mission was gratified. It was on the twelfth of that month twenty-five years before that the little *Ilala* steamed into the Lake with the pioneer party of missionaries. Taking advantage of the semi-jubilee celebration of the event, the second Missionary Conference was held at Kondowe, as the central station was then called, and he went up to attend it.

"At last!" he wrote, "the dream of years fulfilled. To have sailed on the water of the Lake and to have visited the busy centres of trade and civilisation on its shores is an experience never to be forgotten. The first feeling is one of awe at the immense expanse of water; it is difficult to realise that one is not on the ocean." His mind lingered over the drama of the first voyage of the *Ilala* on the Lake with Dr. Laws on board, and in reference to it he wrote: "Cæsar launching his vessels for the white chalk cliffs of Dover, St. Paul setting sail from Troas, St. Columba steering his coracle for the barren shores of savage Scotland, Columbus turning his three tiny vessels towards the unknown western world, all rise up in the mind as parallels. These

we can measure on the background of history . . . but over the future of Africa a veil is still hung."

Seven different societies were represented at the Conference—British, German, Swiss and South African. The President was Dr. Elmslie, who, in the absence of Dr. Laws, was acting head of the Livingstonia Mission at the time. Method and problems common to all were discussed in the friendliest spirit. The decisions led to a unity of policy and work such as could have been found in few spheres where so many varied interests were concerned. In the matter of education, there were some who would have had only vernacular teaching, but the majority, including Hetherwick, held more liberal views, stating that they had to strengthen the Native and fit him to meet the strain of the incoming civilisation. A common code was drafted which brought all the missions into line. Hetherwick was greatly pleased at the result of the Conference. In a closing address he brought the members to central matters, pointing out that the pre-eminent factor, the most potent influence in all their work, was personal touch, soul with soul, life with life.

In intervals of the proceedings he presided over a second meeting of the Bible Translation Board, which spent forty harmonious hours over St. Matthew's Gospel, a tentative edition of which he undertook to print. Different books of the Bible were assigned to the various members, his own portion being Genesis.

All that he saw on the mountain plateau of Kondowe made him appreciate the genius of Dr. Laws and his great plans for the future. He envied him the magnificent elbow room he had. "It is an

THE MISSIONARY IN HIS STUDY, BLANTYRE MANSE, 1900.

outstanding ridge amidst a sea of hills," he wrote; "an estate carried over mountains and forests and along the Lake shore. There is no dread here of crowding, or nervous fear of trespassing on your neighbour's briar patch!"

He returned to Blantyre to find the station half famished. It was the old story of a shortage of food due to the inflow of labour that had to be fed from local granaries. So severe was the famine that the junior boys' school was abandoned for a period of three months.

During his year's furlough, 1901–1902, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Aberdeen, and in addition to deputation work saw his new version of the Yao New Testament, his Yao Grammar, and his Nyanja Manual through the press. The semi-jubilee of the Mission was celebrated at Blantyre while he was at home.

CHAPTER X

I. Wild Life

Though Nature in Central Africa is beautiful and bountiful, it sometimes loses its balance, as it does in other regions. Another drought began to prevail throughout the country, the like of which even the oldest Native could not remember. So great was the damage to the crops that famine conditions again ensued. It had also the effect of lowering Lake Nyasa and the River Shiré so that steamers were unable to make headway in the lower river. Lake Shirwa shrank until it became simply a series of pools. At Blantyre wells had to be dug. The whole land was burnt, and as bare as a sheet of brass.

A shower of rain always revived vegetation in a wonderful way, but Dr. Hetherwick was not hopeful about the future. "We do not pin any faith in the cycle theory of a periodic rise and fall of the Lake," he wrote. "It is evident there is a gradual desiccation of all the great water system of Africa, and the fall of the level of the Lake would appear to be part of the process." His own belief was that this was due not to diminution of rainfall so much as to deforestation of the country and the decreasing capacity of the soil to absorb and retain moisture.

Foreseeing continual difficulties in regard to river transport, he advocated the bold scheme of

extending the railway—when it came—to the coast. He even discussed alternate routes, one to Quilimane, which was shorter and cheaper; the other crossing the Zambesi to Beira, which was longer and involved greater initial and working costs, but which he strongly favoured because it possessed the overwhelming advantage of linking up Central Africa directly with the Cape. He returned repeatedly to the subject as it was seen that the value of the Shiré as an asset in the development of the country was gradually disappearing. "Only one course seems open," he wrote; "continue the Blantyre–Port Herald railway to the coast and so render trade and commerce independent of the vagaries of the River and Lake."

Other evils followed in the wake of the drought, not the least being a scourge of locusts. On a day in October, the spring-time of the year, when the parched land was shrouded in the heat haze that lends a mystery to the landscape, there came a rushing sound as of an advancing storm. A shadow darkened Blantyre district, and in a trice millions of locusts were settling upon the gardens of the Mission. Scholars and boarders flew to the spot clanging dinner bells and tin vessels. Then the traction engine arrived and blew a shrill whistle, and the entire mass rose in a dense cloud and moved off. Circling round, it returned, but was again driven off and made for other feeding grounds. A plague of field-mice next attacked the gardens of the Natives and destroyed their crops.

Other and larger pests asserted themselves, for considerable wild life was still left in the country. In the Zomba region there were elephants and

hippos.; Mlanje was the home of monkeys, foxes and wild pigs; lions roamed everywhere—there was an epidemic of them at this time in the Blantyre district. One old man-eating male was shot by two planters after he had killed his fourth victim, a mailman. These mail runners often travelled by night. One, attacked by a troop of lions between Blantyre and Zomba, was obliged to throw off his load and climb a tree. He escaped, but the mail was torn to pieces. Still it was possible to live in the country, as Hetherwick did, without coming into direct contact with big game. Once a hippo wandered up to the station from the Shiré; and one night he lay listening to a fight between a lion and a hyæna on the verandah of the manse and found traces of it next morning, but the result of the tussle was unknown.

II. Wild Men

Wild animals of another type gave the people a night of terror reminiscent of the old raiding days and sent them flying to the Mission and the hills. During the passage of native troops on their way to Somaliland the police forcibly commandeered carriers to transport the baggage to the river, while the soldiers committed a number of outrages on village women. Public opinion was shocked, an enquiry was held, and the offenders were punished.

Dr. Hetherwick seized the opportunity to point the moral to the Government. It owed a duty to its subjects as well as to military requirements. The police, he maintained, ought to be properly educated and trained, so that they would look upon themselves

as the protectors and not the oppressors of the people.

He also took occasion to refer to the question of Native morality, which was often alluded to by ignorant persons with a shrug of the shoulders. Paying a tribute to the high tone prevailing among the women he wrote: "During my twenty years' experience I have never seen an immodest action on the part of any Native woman nor heard an immodest word. Could we say the same of any district in either England or Scotland or Ireland?" That unfaithfulness was condoned by Native thought or ethics he absolutely denied. Again he said: "How can anyone describe the Native moral code as low among a people where the crime of adultery is classed in the same category as that of murder and must be atoned for by the price of a life—where the 'hyæna' may be killed on the spot? Where temptations of polygamy are so strong it has always been a marvel to me to find things as they are."

It was a sore point with Dr. Hetherwick that more progress could not be made with the education of the women. At Blantyre he had the assistance of Miss Beck, who had a genius for the work. She was one of three Scottish sisters who maintained themselves by their industry and had agreed that two would remain at home and provide for the third in the mission field. But in the villages the girls constituted a problem. They could not be got to attend school even when no charge was made—the usual fee was sixpence, paid, as a rule, in kind. There were reasons for this. They held a lower place in social life than boys did. The older women were intensely conservative, and they had the racial dislike

of interfering with their children, whom they regarded as free and not slaves. Women were also the mainstay in the industrial economy of the village. They toiled in the gardens ; they pounded the grain ; cooked ; drew water ; searched for firewood ; cared for the children. All this in the most primitive environment. Their home was a mud hut with a fire in the centre round which they slept on grass mats. A few earthen pots and a calabash cup comprised their household equipment.

When a girl here and there rose from her surroundings and passed through the various school stages the problem was what to do with her if she did not marry. There were no openings for her in domestic service—Europeans employed houseboys —or in industry. An unattached girl was lawful prey for lawless men. The problem would naturally solve itself in time as it has done in other countries, where native girls have gradually adopted commercial and industrial careers in ever-increasing numbers, but, meantime, there the problem was.

III. Towards a Native Church

Dr. Hetherwick's supreme passion was the christianising of Central Africa through the African Church. A Native Church was the aim and end of all that he was planning and building, not a mere mission, depending on the Home Church, but one self-supporting, self-extending and, in the end, self-governing—a national Church ; "the body of Christ living and growing in the life of the African." No doubt for a long time an exotic ministry would be a necessity owing to the peculiar conditions and the weakness of the Native, but this ought to cease as

soon as possible. The true place of the European was that of superintendent—he did not hesitate to use the word Bishop—exercising the part of guide to the young Church in its early growth. But it was the Native alone who could understand and minister to the Native. A well-educated Native pastorate was therefore the crown of the work.

The diaconate and the kirk sessions had proved themselves capable of supervising the interests of the congregations under the guidance of the missionaries, and the time had come for another important step, the formation of a Presbytery. It was necessary that the sessions should cease to settle difficulties by themselves; they had to come together, to think in a broader way and adopt common principles regarding Native ideas and customs. In 1903 a Presbytery was formed with Dr. Hetherwick as Moderator. Blantyre appointed as its representative its oldest member—Joseph Bismarck.

Native candidates could now be ordained to the ministry. Good men were not lacking, and Dr. Hetherwick was eager to advance, but he knew how young in experience as well as strong in vitality the African mind was and how it needed testing to determine its grit and lasting quality. Wisely he decided not to force the pace. Meanwhile he had the satisfaction of admitting increasing numbers to the membership. At this Whitsuntide, for instance, he baptised twenty adults. The church was crowded as he had never seen it before. Hitherto the candidates had the Apostles' Creed put to them in the catechetical form of questions; now Dr. Hetherwick called upon them to repeat it for themselves.

Another move towards the realisation of a Presby-

terian Church of Central Africa was made when the Presbytery approached the sister Presbytery of Livingstonia with the proposal that they should combine and form a Synod. A prompt response came, and a creed, constitution and canons, copied from the polity of the Presbyterian Church in India, were agreed on.

Again in advance of the Home Church, Dr. Hetherwick organised the first of a series of conferences of all the Native elders at which were discussed various aspects of their office and the problems connected with them, as well as the responsibilities and duties of members. The subjects, indeed, covered the whole range of the moral and social life of the people, and the resolutions passed were submitted to the Presbytery.

The same questions were dealt with on a more ecumenical scale by the Missionary Conference of 1904, which was held at Blantyre and was attended by sixty missionaries from ten societies, the largest gathering of the kind yet held in Central Africa. Dr. Laws was in the Chair and the proceedings lasted a week. One important practical result was the reconstruction of the Education Code of 1900. Provision was made for every possible grade, from the primary school in the village hut to the central training institution, in all subjects, literary, commercial, technical, medical and theological, the ultimate aim being the creation of a Central Africa College and University. All the missions represented adopted the scheme.

These were men of wide vision. Long before Europe and America had awakened to the needs of Africa and started to send out Education Commis-

sions the missionaries themselves were thinking and planning and laying the foundations of a comprehensive educational system.

It was decided to approach the Government and suggest that the time had arrived when it ought to aid the missionaries in the task of educating the people. Three of the members, of whom Dr. Hetherwick was one, were deputed to wait on the Governor, Sir Alfred Sharpe. Sir Alfred was of a different type from Johnston. He and Dr. Hetherwick were on the friendliest terms and had the greatest respect for each other. A strong case was presented. The Natives paid something like £29,000 in hut taxes alone. A large part of the work in the administrative departments was accomplished by Africans trained in the missions. As many as 60,000 children and adults were being educated in their schools. The least the Government could do was to assist them with a grant-in-aid. They would guarantee the efficiency of the teachers and would provide for inspection and the submission of reports and returns.

The Governor gave them warm support and approved of the scheme they had drawn up. "I am going on leave," he said, "and I will back you up personally at the Colonial Office." He was as good as his word, and the result was a grant of £1,000, relatively a very small sum, but a promising beginning.

That the art of reading was spreading in the protectorate was shown when the Nyanja version of the New Testament appeared. Great difficulty had been experienced in bringing the work to a completion. The trouble and expense of travelling and the

long distances to be covered had made meetings of the Board impossible. Many delays occurred; on one occasion there was a postponement for a year. It was felt that the only way of obtaining an early result was to have one of the members devote himself entirely to the work. The Dutch Reformed Church fell in with the suggestion, and for the purpose set aside one of their most experienced Mvera missionaries, the Rev. W. H. Murray. Progress became more rapid. Now the New Testament, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland, was on sale. No copies were given away; all had to be bought by the people. In a remarkably short time the first edition of 10,000 was disposed of and one of 15,000 followed. This included the Psalms, which, Dr. Hetherwick said, "were an immense aid to worship in the daily service." The translation of the Old Testament was proceeded with under the same conditions.

The mother Church of Blantyre continued to prosper. The number of seats in the church had been increased to 600, and at the Native service the building was crowded. The European congregation numbered from thirty to forty. Hetherwick conducted both services as well as that in the Hospital. Forty-two village services were held by Native evangelists and church members, who reached more than 3,000 people every Sunday. Not content with this local work, the Native congregation opened a mission of its own, which was managed by the session, a beginning, Dr. Hetherwick hoped, of the evangelisation of Central Africa by Africans.

The schools were overflowing with pupils. Many

applications from would-be boarders had to be refused. One boy, who had travelled all the way from Fife, Northern Rhodesia, begged for admittance: "Ah bwana I want to learn school. Ah bwana I do not wish a seat, I will squat on the ground,"—he would do any menial work if only he was allowed to learn. Girls were now coming in fairly good numbers, and there were two on the staff as pupil teachers, whilst others were engaged in the laundry and sewing work. From the villages came a continuous demand for schools and teachers.

All the industrial departments were in full swing. Dr. Hetherwick himself superintended the printing establishment, with a Native foreman who was competent and reliable. The Hospital was one of the busiest spots in the Mission. The daily average of patients was forty-six—they came from a dozen different tribes—and the number of out-patients now reached 5,000 per annum.

The marriage relation continued to be a stumbling block to weak-kneed converts. Polygamy was still the rule among the more influential Natives, some of whom had a score or two of wives, and their example reacted upon the Christians. In 1903 twenty-one members of the Blantyre congregation fell back into polygamy. Europeans were inclined to look tolerantly upon such lapses. "It is the custom of the black man," they said. Hetherwick was adamant. "No easy or loose attitude is consistent with a vital Christian life," he said, "and the acceptance of such social conditions would wreck our work. No doubt the temptations are strong but the power of the Christian faith is stronger."

His policy was based on an appreciation of the

fundamental principles of African life and thought. The African needed a religion of discipline to bring him out of the thrall of impurity. Discipline, he believed, would create a Christian conscience and lead to a Christian realisation of the beauty of true family life. This was proved by the fact that in the majority of such cases the offenders ultimately repented and purged themselves of their fault.

For the same reason he was not averse to Native marriages being accompanied by ceremony. His purpose was to exalt the sacredness of marriage in the Native mind, and wedding ceremonial in the midst of heathenism was invested with an almost sacramental significance. It was a distinct gain when, in 1903, a Marriage Ordinance was passed which stamped the Christian rite as a legal contract; for the first time the place of the Christian Church was recognised in the life of both European and Native.

The outlying stations continued to claim his interest. The two outposts at Chiradzulo and Panthumbi were formed into congregations, the first of the daughter churches of Blantyre. These were followed by others. At Panthumbi, in 1904, Dr. Hetherwick baptised thirty-one adults, the first company of 160 whom Harry Kambwiri had been instructing. He found them carefully and intelligently trained. So large was the congregation on the Sunday that the service had to be held in the open-air. A number of members who had taken part in the 1884 raid at Blantyre and Zomba confessed to him that "the new days were better than the old." The collection consisted of flour, fowls, eggs, beans and other articles.

On these occasions Dr. Hetherwick never ceased to be impressed with the contrast between the circumstances of the people and the dwellers in the slums at home. "Here," he said, "there are fresh air, warmth and food procurable without any extraordinary exertion. Nature here comes to the help of man. Given peace and freedom from debasing superstitions you should not find a more contented people. If civilisation," he added, "would but leave them alone!"

But this is what civilisation would not do.

IV. The Cross of Gold

The supply of cheap labour in South Africa had failed and the mine-owners were demanding liberty to recruit Natives in Central Africa. The Imperial Government were giving way. Dr. Hetherwick was indignant. "That awful maw of the South!" he exclaimed. "Not since the days of the Portuguese advance have we faced a danger so threatening." With the same energy and spirit which he showed then he threw himself into the controversy with the object not only of guiding and strengthening local sentiment but of enlightening the Church and public opinion in Scotland. A series of articles appeared in the Mission magazine in which he denied the right of one country to rob another of its labour and the moral stamina of its people; that it was building palaces in Park Lane on the toil and destruction of humble Africans. Very clearly he pointed out the results of such a policy, the serious injury it would inflict on the commercial and agricultural industries, and the moral and social unsettlement and loss it would cause in the life of the Native.

"Suppose," he wrote, "a Native has been recruited for the mines and works for a year. He will come back with £12 or £18 in his pocket—which means wealth to him—and will settle down in his own village life. He has plenty to satisfy all his wants for months, perhaps for years, and can afford to lie idle for that time. His inclinations will lead him to disdain all forms of work in his own country at less wage than that which he received in the South. He will rather sit idle, loafing in his village, his steady, industrious habits gone; and should he want money again he will go south. This is no imaginary picture."

The moral consequences would be even worse. "No Native," he declared, "should be separated from his wife and family. In the Native more harm has arisen from this than any cause of moral lapse within the Church. The breaking up of the family life, even for the space of a year, will work grievous harm. The Native is not yet strong enough to be taken into an atmosphere such as surrounds the operations of the gold and diamond fields. Physically we do not think he is fit for the work of the mines in a climate of greater extremes of heat and cold than his own. Morally we are certain he is not able to cope with the surroundings of the mine compound."

All such protests were in vain. A labour agent from the Rand appeared to investigate the possibilities. Local commercial and agriculturist interests were opposed to recruitment. But powerful interests were working in the background. The Government became favourable. Its position was that it would pay the country to export its surplus

labour, which would return with gold to spend. Dr. Hetherwick met the argument with facts and figures to show that the local labour market could not secure sufficient men for its own purpose. Practically the whole community was with him. A public meeting emphatically condemned the policy as fatal to the future progress of the Protectorate. But the glitter of gold and diamonds prevailed. The Government sanctioned an experiment, allowing 1,000 Natives from the river district to be transported to the Transvaal.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Hetherwick, "these will be well cared for! But what about the next thousand—and the next—and the next?"

Within a few months, amongst the 936 sent down there were eighty deaths; several hundreds were in hospital, and 147 were returned to their homes. Dr. Hetherwick expected a death-roll, but not so swift a massacre. "If," he said, "gold must be dug from the bowels of the earth for the Transvaal capitalist at such a cost, then in God's name let it remain where it is!"

The publicity given to the subject naturally aroused the curiosity and interest of the younger Natives. They learnt that there was good money waiting for them in the South; the spirit of adventure seized them, and of their own accord they began to drift down to the mines. "They have no realisation of the moral danger or risk to health," Dr. Hetherwick declared; "they need to be saved from themselves, and it is the duty of the Government which assumed their protection to see that they are protected from the consequences of their own lack of foresight or sense of danger."

Within a year another 5,000 from higher altitudes, chiefly Angoni and Atonga, were recruited. Later only voluntary labour was allowed to pass out of the country under proper control and care. Hetherwick thought this was better than the previous system, though it was not a healthy sign that labour should have to find employment outside the borders of the Protectorate. He believed rather in the encouragement and development of local resources and in making the Native contented with his lot on the land.

He never left the question alone in his anxiety that matters should be settled justly, favourably to the European, and equitably to the Native. He was still preaching the doctrine that the best interests of both were inextricably bound together. Security of tenure for the Native community or tribal holding and greater facilities for the Native to acquire individual holdings—these were the rights which he claimed no good government or landowner would refuse. The Native was a home bird, essentially an agriculturalist, and he would settle down to a natural life, and ignore the attractions of the goldfields and higher wages if only he had the necessary inducement to do so.

The Government made an attempt to settle the problem by passing an ordinance making provision for a measure of fixity of tenure, but nothing came of it ; probably the Native thought it was an anomaly that he should buy back land that was originally his own.

For four years Dr. Hetherwick had been working at high pressure. Once a year the members of the staff were expected to take a fortnight's holiday on

Mlanje mountain. It was not often, however, that Dr. Hetherwick himself could be induced to leave his post. When he did he thoroughly enjoyed the change. Mr. Burnett, who sometimes accompanied him, writes :

" Up among the solitudes, away from the incessant toil and cares of the Mission he rejoiced in the peace and beauty. How he enjoyed the long walks over the rolling country, the cool and invigorating air, the restful evening hours round the log fire. He was splendid company and a born raconteur. He saw and enjoyed the humorous side of things. On one occasion Mrs. Burnett and I went up first to the rest-house. Dr. Hetherwick followed three days later. Mrs. Burnett found great difficulty in getting the chimney to draw. Always when she lit the fire the house became filled with smoke. Finally she gave it up. When Dr. Hetherwick arrived she told him of her failure. Without saying a word he walked outside and looked up at the chimney and then became convulsed with laughter. ' No wonder you can't get the fire to go,' he exclaimed ; ' there's an inverted box on the chimney-pot ! ' "

A more complete change than Mount Mlanje gave became at last imperative. Yet he was reluctant to quit the station. " Furloughs," he wrote to Dr. Laws, " are a necessary evil. Still, there are things I want to push through at home, and I do not grudge the time if I get these done. There is nothing like seeing people face to face and dealing with them personally." When he left in 1906 the staff expressed their feelings in a note in the magazine : " It has been the good fortune of the Church of Scotland to have here one so scholarly, so prac-

tical, so capable an organiser and administrator, so whole-heartedly a missionary. When the history of the makers of this new portion of His Majesty's Dominions comes to be written a very high place in it will be occupied by Dr. Hetherwick."

One of his first duties when he returned was to dedicate in Blantyre Church a pipe organ which replaced the instrument he had presented eighteen years before and which had been in daily use since. It was erected by Mr. L. F. Armitage, a skilful member of the staff and something of a musician. The music of the services was now in harmony with the beauty of the building, and helped to suggest more than ever that cathedral-like character which deceived the uninformed visitor. Dr. Hetherwick was one day coming out of the church when he was accosted by a strange traveller.

"This," said the latter, "is the Livingstone Cathedral, I think?"

"No," replied Dr. Hetherwick, "it is Blantyre Church."

"But," was the surprised rejoinder, "is this not the spot where Livingstone was born?"

"Oh, no. He was born in Blantyre, in Scotland."

"I see. I thought this was a cathedral, and that it marked his birth-place."

Another duty was to preside at the ordination of Mr. James Reid, who for sixteen years had been a member of the staff and had done fine work in many directions. In his address he referred to the heavy and solemn task which the ministry of the gospel imposed on them in Central Africa: "We stand in the front of the battle. Before us are

ranged the forces of heathenism ; beside us are too often those of an un-Christian civilisation. The powers of evil are rampant. Here the Kingdom is built with great spiritual strain and loss. It is no easy task to keep one's heart clean and one's aims pure. The ministry in the field has its own temptations, subtle, keen and hard to meet. There is only one Hand that can lead you through them."

CHAPTER XI

I. The Railway at Last

Dr. Hetherwick regarded the progress towards self-government in the political sphere as natural and inevitable as it was in the ecclesiastical sphere, and he rejoiced when, in 1907, a Legislative Council was granted to the Protectorate composed of official and unofficial members—all the more so that it was his old friend, Sir Alfred Sharpe, whose rank had been raised from that of Commissioner to Governor. The name of the country was altered from British Central Africa to Nyasaland, much to the regret of Dr. Hetherwick, who thought that "Livingstonia" would have been a more appropriate designation in view of its historical origin.

It was the first time that the missionary and commercial interests were represented in the councils of the Government; hitherto they had been working independently for the welfare of the country; now they were to fulfil what had always been Dr. Hetherwick's ideal and to unite in common action. In view of his position, character and services he was appointed the senior unofficial member. He accepted the office, not from any desire for personal distinction, but that he might be better able to speak for the Natives and co-operate with the Government in seeking the welfare of both races. He was

now, for a period of five years, the "Hon. Alexander Hetherwick."

The event synchronised with the completion of his twenty-first year in Africa, which the staff signalised by presenting him with a cheque and an address that spoke of the vast change in the country during the period and the services he had rendered in promoting its development. In the Blantyre Mission alone the number of Christians had risen to over 2,300. The staff had increased from three to twenty-six. Every type of agency, evangelistic, educational, medical and industrial, was at work in fully equipped buildings. Gratefully the signatories recalled the part he had played in securing Nyasaland for the Empire and eulogised his administrative ability, his gifts as a linguist and translator, and his practical sagacity in the councils of the Mission.

Then came the railway which Dr. Hetherwick had so long looked forward to as essential for all the interests of the country. The first train ran from Port Herald to Blantyre, bringing with it the Governor and Lady Sharpe, returning from leave. As the colony was entering on a new phase of productive industry, cotton, tea, and tobacco being promising crops, Dr. Hetherwick continued to advocate further extensions. That to Beira was indispensable. The line should also be prolonged to Lake Nyasa, in order to provide the necessary transport facilities for the planters in that region. He feared that the Germans in the North would construct a line from the coast to the Lake and draw the trade into their own hands. It was for this reason that he looked with misgiving on the con-

tinuous flow of voluntary labour to the South; it would all be required to develop the industries of the country.

There was still the fear that the Government would reverse its policy in regard to recruitment; on more than one occasion an endeavour was made from the South to reopen the question, but the commercial and other interests stood firm, and the unofficial members were able to insert a clause in a Bill then passing through the House by which the matter was finally closed. But nothing could stop the tide of individual emigration. The Blantyre communion roll showed that a considerable percentage of the membership was in South Africa or elsewhere. Still, as Dr. Hetherwick pointed out, there was a vast difference between voluntary emigration and Government-aided export.

He returned to the cognate subject of the land. In *Life and Work in Nyasaland* in 1909 he wrote a very clear and exhaustive statement, describing the conditions prevailing in the country before the advent of the white man and the subsequent developments; the introduction of the idea of the private ownership of land; and the signing away of large tracts by chiefs, a transaction later validated by the Government, the rest being held by the Government as trustees for the Native. Government gave the Native the right to settle on Crown land, but he had no fixity of tenure. He could also settle on private land, but in this case also he had no fixity of tenure. Without this, Hetherwick held that the Natives would never become bound to the soil and would not change their wasteful methods of cultivation. What they could achieve, under right con-

ditions, was shown by the fact that in one district they had grown over 100 tons of cotton.

II. The Seer

He was so keenly interested in these public questions that he often put the question to himself, "What is the future to be? How will Africa develop? What will be the conditions in fifty—a hundred—years?" It was a fascinating subject for speculation, and in his conclusions he often showed that he had the seer's vision.

On the relation of the two races he held a clear position. If they were to hold aloof and their interests became antagonistic and were to clash, Central Africa would have a "black peril" of its own. "Colour for colour," "class against class" would reap a bitter harvest. If the Natives were treated justly they would respond in the most wonderful way; if oppressed and denied their rights they would fight. "The African always responds to a strong leader. There is a hypnotism about leadership that brings out the best as well as the worst in a man—a part of that instinctive respect for a perfect humanity which found its realisation in the Incarnation. The African will always follow and obey where he can respect. A thousand askari about a boma will not reduce a district to obedience nor draw in the hut taxes. That the African will be terrorised into respect is the dream of a fool."

Again: "In Africa every departure from the road of honesty and truth and fair dealing has had an awful nemesis; and every lapse into selfishness and self-seeking among the races in this land has been visited with a judgment that can leave no

doubt but that the Hand of the Lord is here ready to watch over those who are not able to take care of themselves."

The only basis for peace and concord and security in the future was Christianity—the ethics of the gospel. " It may seem a selfish argument, but it is sound."

Equally sound, as events were to prove, was his argument for a united East Africa. " We don't want to be joined to the Cape," he wrote, " the whole conditions of Central Africa are different from those of the colonies south of the Zambesi. . . . The law and regulations that will meet the needs of the mixed population on the south of the Zambesi waterway will not fit the almost wholly Native population of Central and tropical Africa. . . . We are more akin to British East Africa and Uganda than we are to the Cape Colonies. If we are to be amalgamated with anything let us be joined to these sister protectorates making a great British Central Africa Empire, embracing British East Africa, Uganda, Nyasaland and Zambesia. . . . But we are not Empire makers and this is only a dream—which some day may grow into a reality as other dreams have done."

CHAPTER XII

I. Dr. Livingstone's Daughter

In accordance with the movement towards centralising the educational work of the country it was determined to concentrate the teaching and training departments of the Mission at Blantyre. For this purpose a large building was erected, mainly by means of legacies, one of which was left by Henry Henderson, after whom it was called. In the range of subjects taught and in the complete training it gave it took on the character of a college.

At the laying of the memorial stone Dr. Hetherwick was able to secure the presence of Mrs. Livingstone Bruce, elder daughter of Dr. Livingstone. She was born in Bechuanaland, but she confessed that Nyasaland appealed to her more than any other region because of its associations with her father, and because her mother had been laid to rest on the banks of the Zambesi. At the ceremony little six-year-old May Hetherwick presented her with a trowel made out of a spear-head—a symbol, said Dr. Hetherwick, of the change which Livingstone had wrought in Central Africa: he had turned the spear into a trowel.

On behalf of the Native Church two elders presented an address to Mrs. Bruce: these were sons of men who had known Dr. Livingstone under strangely contrasted conditions, one having led the

Yao against Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie in the fight at Zomba; the other having been Livingstone's personal servant. In their picturesque language the elders described Livingstone's life as the real foundation-stone of the country. "His work is beyond the power of speech. Now the lions are eating with the lambs. . . . Our happiness and praise are unspeakable. Our father saw your father, and now we, their children, see you, his child."

Then two old members of a slave gang whom Livingstone and Mackenzie liberated in 1861 came up to Mrs. Bruce and were warmly shaken by the hand.

Fifty years of Central African history unrolled before the mental vision of Dr. Hetherwick as he watched the proceedings. In Mrs. Bruce he seemed to see the Christian pioneer explorer; in the elders the old fights and raids; in the freed slaves the wrongs and miseries of a helpless race; in the Town Council's representatives the forces of civilisation; in the boys and girls and teachers of the school the Gospel and the Kingdom of Christ. From old Africa and the present his thoughts turned to the future, and he visualised a new Africa, for of one thing he was sure—that they had seen only a small part of what God meant to do for the continent.

II. The First Native Ministers

He continued to guide the infant Church, counselling and encouraging the members and fostering the spirit of self-support that they might have their own Native ministry. From that purpose he had never wavered. As soon as a suitable Native who had proved himself worthy had received a suitable

training he should be ordained. Not all his colleagues saw eye to eye with him : some would have preferred a long probation, but though he recognised the possibility of failure it was better, he thought, to accept the risk—as Jesus did with His disciples.

The goal was now within sight. Harry Kambwiri of Panthumbi, and another evangelist, Stephen Kundecha of Domasi, had been going through a theological course. For two sessions they had been taught by Dr. Hetherwick, but the burden of his many other duties was so heavy that he was glad to hand over the task to a young colleague who had arrived, the Rev. R. H. Napier. From the first night he spent in the manse Dr. Hetherwick found him a man after his own heart. The training of the two candidates gave them a thorough grasp of the principles of the Christian faith ; they learnt something of anti-Christian thought and how to counter it ; they made a careful study of Islam. " In Biblical and theological knowledge," wrote Dr. Hetherwick, " they are being sent into their future life work better equipped than many a minister at home, while their knowledge of human life and of the working of the minds of those to whom they were now called to minister are such as no European missionary can ever hope to attain to."

Both were thoughtful, earnest men, and their characters were above reproach. Satisfying the Presbytery in every respect they were ordained, Harry at Blantyre and Stephen at Zomba. Dr. Hetherwick was greatly moved as he presided at the service in Blantyre Church. For the occasion he had translated the hymn, " Lord, speak to me that I may speak," and this was sung with deep feeling.

Harry knelt, and Dr. Hetherwick as Moderator, and the other missionaries laid the hands of ordination upon his head. After prayer and an address by the Rev. J. H. Smith, Dr. Hetherwick placed the gown upon Harry; he was given the right hand of fellowship and took his seat beside the European members of the Presbytery, the first Native minister in the Mission. Involuntarily Dr. Hetherwick thought of the time when foreign missionaries went to Britain, and, after a period of teaching, set apart converts to spread the gospel. As Britain had been transformed by the preaching of the Word so, looking into the future, he saw Africa redeemed through the missionary work of its own people.

It was not long ere a session was formed at Panthumbi. This was the first to take charge of the affairs of a congregation in any of the district churches.

Dr. Hetherwick's furlough was due, but before leaving he went to Mvera, the head station of the Dutch Reformed Church in Angoniland, to attend another Missionary Conference. The attendance was larger than ever and he was elected President. The subjects discussed on this occasion were Bible translation, Mohammedanism, marriage and divorce, women's work and the education code.

The opportunity was taken by the representatives of the Livingstonia and Blantyre Presbyteries to meet and bring to a close the negotiations for a union which had now gone on for six years. A basis of union was approved for submission to the General Assembly: "A day of great thankfulness," wrote Dr. Hetherwick, "may it be the herald of that wider union which the Churches at home are looking for."

As a corporate union of Nyasaland missions seemed as yet impossible he proposed instead a federation as an arrangement which might in the meantime prove useful. The idea was approved and a Consultative Board was formed, of which he was appointed Chairman. Such a body was welcomed by the Government as a means of simplifying their relations with the missions.

A novel feature of this Conference was a "reminiscence" evening when stories of earlier days in Central Africa were told by the actors in the events. The old kettle of the *Ilala*, in which tea was made by the pioneers on the Lake, came out on the occasion.

The gathering was held almost simultaneously with the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, to which a greeting was dispatched by cable. Dr. Hetherwick was curious to know what effect the Edinburgh meeting had left on the missionary life of the Church. For eight months during his furlough he travelled up and down Scotland and at the end he confessed he was chilled. The Conference had deepened the interest of those already devoted to missions, but it had not touched the mass of the members. Neither, he discovered to his sorrow, had the ministers and elders been affected; they were apathetic on the whole subject.

He was also impressed by some striking changes in the religious habits of the people—the small attendances at the Sunday evening services, the absence of children in the pews, the disparity between the sexes—in one congregation which he addressed there were 250 women and only thirty-seven men. Still, there was much fine work being done of which the outside world knew nothing;

while he could find no words to praise the hospitality and kindness he received in the manses.

He returned to Africa alone, Mrs. Hetherwick remaining in Scotland to make a home for their two children, Clement and May, who had gone to school. But he went with his old courage. "Back to the front line!" he said; "Modern tactics is all for the concealment of the attack and the colours are kept at the base. *We* war on the old methods and hold the flag to the breeze for the enemy to see."

CHAPTER XIII

I. General Progress

"The country," wrote Dr. Hetherwick in 1910, "has entered on what seems a period of real and lasting prosperity. There is only the land question unsettled. We are as far back on that as we were twenty years ago as far as legislation is concerned. The place and permanency of the Native on the land has not yet been settled. It is time that the subject was dealt with and the position of the Native defined with some degree of finality. Two things are necessary. There has to be security of tenure for the Native community or tribal holding; and there must be greater facilities for the Native to acquire individual holdings. . . . Still the people seem happy and contented. When one thinks of the awful horrors of the Congo Free State just across the boundary and contrasts them with the peaceful lot of the Natives of Nyasaland, we can only give God the greater thanks that Livingstone's footsteps were first led to this land and that his countrymen followed to carry on his work in a way that had he seen a vision of it in his last moments would have caused his heart to leap for joy even in the midst of his loneliness."

Agricultural industry was thriving. New plantations were being opened up. The Natives in increasing numbers were growing and selling cotton.

Rubber was fetching a good price. One planter held the world's record for the amount of tobacco grown on a single acre. Tea was flourishing. "All we want," said Dr. Hetherwick, "is a railway to Beira." "Impossible," he was told. But he held tenaciously to the idea. "It must come," he declared, and pointed to the figures of the Census which had just been taken.

These showed that there were 766 Europeans in Nyasaland and that the population within a four-mile radius of Blantyre township was already over 13,000. The Natives were rapidly growing in intelligence. Out of a total of 920,000 as many as 43,000 were professing Christians, while in the Mission schools of the country 97,560 pupils were receiving elementary instruction, and 2,000 advanced and technical education. It was becoming essential to possess a quick connection with the coast; it would, he maintained, make as much difference to industrial transport as the motor cycle had to road travelling.

The Mission work was making steady progress. Electric light throughout the station made for economy, safety and efficiency. Every department shared in the general advance. "Figures," Dr. Hetherwick said, "are no true measure of growth. Mission work is the spiritual influence of one life upon the lives around it and no man can judge of that." But figures are useful to indicate at least outward development.

Each of the central stations had round it a cluster of well-organised churches. Blantyre had thirteen; Mlanje eleven; Zomba three and Domasi two. All these had their attendant schools. There were

4,580 proved Christians on the communion rolls of the Mission, although severer measures for maintaining the purity of the Church had been imposed than would have been adopted in Scotland—drunkenness, making beer for sale, and the presence of a member at a public beer drinking were matters for discipline. Of the 4,580, Blantyre accounted for 2,000. The Sunday morning service had to be divided into two sections, one for those within the Mission grounds and the other for people from the villages. The catechumenate showed a membership of 3,176, despite the precautions by which admission was hedged. What Dr. Hetherwick feared most of all was nominal Christianity, and at this time new and stricter regulations were enforced. For catechumens completing their two years' course of instruction a special "sacrament class" was instituted at which attendance was compulsory for three months.

The resources of the Mission were taxed to their utmost to satisfy the demand for education. Many clever lads were in training, but most of these unfortunately had their eyes bent on the golden cities of the South and were ultimately lost to the Mission. Among the pupils at the Institute at this time was a silversmith from the Zambesi. He made his tools of scrap-iron, and then from a shilling produced artistic effects in silver work, such as brooches, rings and pins. This craft was a relic of the Jesuit Mission of centuries before and a testimony to the efficient industrial work which was taught then. So keen were the village lads for learning that private teaching became a feature of evening life. Young men at work all day bought

books from the Mission store and paid an educated villager to give them lessons.

Even women were smitten with the desire for learning. Their old attitude, "it's all right for boys, but girls only need to know how to cook" was changing. It was not uncommon to see a woman who was married, with a baby on her back, being taught side by side with little girls. Girls, hitherto unattracted by hospital service, were now applying to undertake it and were being trained. Experienced Christian women were realising their duty towards their less fortunate sisters and were engaging in evangelistic work in the villages.

So well had the work of the two ordained pastors commended itself to the Natives that other district churches asked for ministers whom they would support themselves—indeed, one congregation wished the minister to be entirely under the control of the session. "It is a spirit of independence," said Dr. Hetherwick, "which, if wisely guided, may produce fruits of much value in the development of the African Church." He took advantage of it to introduce a Central Fund for the support of the Native ministry, which proved successful. The figures for Blantyre showed that the contributing power of the members was 4*s.* 5*d.* per head for those trained in the Mission, and 2*s.* per head for villagers.

For a people on the lowest level of economic living the spirit of liberality generally was remarkable. At a conference of the Blantyre elders it was agreed that it was the duty of the Christian Church to help the poor and all who had no helper. "I do not know," said Dr. Hetherwick, "any event in the

life of the Church which has given me such cause for thankfulness as this resolution of the Christians coming to recognise their duty to the 'little ones' of the Kingdom and of the heathen outside who have none to help them save those who come to them in the name of Christ." Even boys who went to the South and to the Congo sent their contributions to the funds. The Rev. Dr. Maclean, who visited the Mission at this time as a deputy from the Foreign Mission Committee and gave a brilliant account of it in his book, *Africa in Transformation*, mentions an interesting incident: "In the church at Blantyre," he says, "I heard Dr. Hetherwick read a letter from one of his boys who is working in the South. The boy heard of the new mission to be started in Portuguese territory and he sent a contribution of £10 saved from his wages. That letter was the grandest human document I have read in Africa."

Dr. Maclean was greatly impressed with what he saw of the head of the Mission. "Dr. Hetherwick," he wrote, "has a knowledge of the languages, customs and traditions of Nyasaland which no other can equal. That the Shiré Highlands are now being rapidly brought under the power of Christianity is mainly owing to his zeal, wisdom and devotion."

II. "Long-way-land"

The way opened up at last for work in Portuguese East Africa. A revolution in Portugal had brought about a change of colonial policy, and missionaries were now to be allowed into the country as a civilising and educative agency on condition that Portu-

guese was used in the schools. In the opinion of Dr. Hetherwick this was a reasonable requirement. From Lomweland a deputation of Natives came urging him to start a mission, and he sent on the request to Scotland. The difficulty there was the chronic one of lack of funds, but the happy idea was hit upon of appealing to the boys and girls of the Church. Over 1,000 Sunday Schools gave no contribution to foreign missions. In the hope of creating a more general interest the children were asked to adopt and support Lomweland as their own mission. This they did, and the sphere became known as "The Children's Mission." "This is a big uplift," said Dr. Hetherwick when the cable came from the Home Committee authorising him to proceed with the arrangements.

In due time he paid a visit to Lomweland, and found that a Scottish Sunday School girl had unconsciously hit on a happy geographical term when she called it "Long-way-land." It was a land of far distances. He was on the road ten days before he reached the new station of Mihecani, where Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Dr. and Mrs. Macfarlane were busy acquiring both Portuguese and the native dialect and establishing the work. "What specially touched me," Dr. Hetherwick said, "was the thought that in all that vast country there was only our solitary Christian mission and not a single attempt anywhere to develop trade, commerce or agriculture among the people—a great country lying waste. How could one help comparing its condition with that of our own Nyasaland?"

What such outposts were capable of achieving was shown in the case of Panthumbi, whither Dr.

Hetherwick now went to dedicate a large brick church which had been built by the Natives themselves under the supervision of their minister. The building overflowed with a well-dressed, reverent congregation. Again, Dr. Hetherwick could only marvel at the change that had been wrought : the people, when he first saw them, were in a state of primitive wildness, going about armed, and clothed in bark cloth or goat-skins.

III. The Little Busy Bell

There is no better picture of Blantyre in 1914 than that given in the daily time-table. Here we see the ceaseless activity, the ordered routine, that marked the life of the station. The work was controlled by bugle and bell, two autocrats that rang out their commands with clock-like punctuality and had to be obeyed. A volume might be written on the influence which the bugle and the bell have exercised on the character of the African. In a land of inconsequence they have taught the value of method and regular habit, without which steady progress would have been impossible. How great a force they were in the station let the time-table tell :

Week-day

Dawn	Bugle : Cleaning of Dormitories, etc. Workers' Roll Call, etc.
6—6.30 a.m.	Bell : Work. Apprentice Classes.
7.30 a.m.	Bell : Lower School Object Lessons, Drill, etc.
8 a.m.	Church Bell : Morning Prayers in Church. Hospital Service.
8.30 a.m.	Bell : Lower School.

10.30 a.m.	Bell: School reassembles after ten-minute interval.
12 noon.	Bugle: Cease Work. Bell: School Food.
12.30 p.m.	Bell: Apprentice Classes.
1.30 p.m.	Bugle: Workers' Midday Service and Address.
2 p.m.	Bell: Work. Upper School.
5 p.m.	Bugle: Cease Work. Bell: School Food.
6.15—6.45 p.m.	Church Bell: Evening Prayers in Church.
9 p.m.	Bell: Roll Call in Dormitories.

SUNDAY

7 a.m.	Bugle: Warning Bugle for Villagers. Bell: Dressing Bell for Scholars.
7.30 a.m.	Church Bell: Service for Residents on Mission. Hearers' and Catechumen's Classes for Villagers.
8.45 a.m.	Church Bell: Villagers' Service.
12 noon.	Bell: School Food.
2 p.m.	Church Bell: Lower School Bible Classes. Mothers' Meeting. Hospital Classes.
4 p.m.	Church Bell: Upper School Bible Class. Hospital Service.
4.30 p.m.	English Service.
5 p.m.	Bell: School Food.
6.15—6.45 p.m.	Church Bell: Evening Service.
8.30 p.m.	Bell: Roll Call in Dormitories.

CHAPTER XIV

I. World War and a Local Rising

It was into this atmosphere of quiet, intensive development that one morning, unexpectedly as lightning out of a clear sky, came a telegram announcing that a European war had broken out. Dr. Hetherwick was filled with anxiety and foreboding. At first there was nothing for it but to obey the injunction of the Foreign Mission Committee and keep the work going. Nyasaland was a defenceless portion of the Empire, and perhaps Natives realised it, for the air became full of rumour and menace. They began to feel as if they were back again to the old days. Many took to the woods; others slept, as they said, "with one eye open." Dr. Hetherwick did his best to reassure them and carefully explained the real nature of the issues.

Hostilities began with German East African forces at the north end of Lake Nyasa, and Blantyre became the chief base and a scene of great military activity and movement. The Mission became affected. Missionaries went off on various duties; office-bearers, teachers, skilled workers, were called to active service at the front or were drafted into Government offices; even the older scholars were conscripted in connection with the *tenga-tenga* or porter work. The hospital became a military unit.

To the younger missionaries the experience took on the character of an adventure, but to men like Dr. Hetherwick and Dr. Laws, who had spent their lives in bringing their missions to the highest state of efficiency and promise, the situation was a tragedy. With all their old indomitable courage they devoted themselves to the task of maintaining what life was left in their care.

To Dr. Hetherwick, at the outset, came a severe trial which threatened grave consequences to the Mission. It was a case where the missionary was wise before the event and the Government were wise after it. Had the land question been settled and had Joseph Booth been dealt with when he set up an irresponsible mission there would have been no such disorder as threw Blantyre into a panic in the early days of 1915.

One of Booth's clever Native disciples, John Chirembwe, had been taken to the United States and educated at a Negro College. He returned with new notions regarding the relations of the European and the African. Unhappily he chose a mission site within the Blantyre sphere and close to the Bruce Estates, which covered some 300 miles of country. On these estates no Christian church or school was allowed. It was stated officially later that the manager treated the Natives harshly; that those on the land were compelled to work, no money rent being accepted, and that the conditions generally were illegal and oppressive. Chirembwe was constantly in conflict with the manager and his hostility had become acute.

Taking advantage of the authorities being preoccupied with war affairs he organised an attack on

the estates. The manager and two assistants were murdered, and two ladies and some children were carried off. At Blantyre a watchman was killed, and at one of the Roman Catholic stations a priest was wounded. Members of the Volunteer Reserve speedily suppressed the revolt and killed the ringleader while he was escaping and captured most of his followers. The affair was purely local, and the result in the first place of injustice and brooding passion, and then of grotesque ambition.

Curious and characteristic features marked the event. The ladies who were seized were treated kindly and set free and sent back. Native women nursed the children. There were cases where Native servants saved their masters and mistresses at their own cost. No article was stolen from the house where the Europeans were murdered. One planter who fled left his keys and wife's jewels in the care of the Christian houseboy, and found them safe when he returned. Native loyalty, in short, was as strikingly exhibited on the occasion as it has been in similar risings in other countries. The psychological effect on the European generally was also much the same. A wave of racial hostility passed over the community. From the Governor downwards came condemnation of the missions and their work. Wild charges were made against the educated Native.

Dr. Hetherwick's fighting spirit was roused. He moved in the Chamber of Commerce for a Commission of Enquiry, and Dr. Laws made the same demand in the Legislative Council. The Commission was appointed, but from its composition Dr. Hetherwick knew well what its attitude would be, and he applied to appear on behalf of the Church of Scot-

land and examine witnesses. His request was refused. The irony of the situation was that none of the members of the Commission could speak the language and that the interpreter upon whom they had to rely was a Native elder of Blantyre Church. For weeks he performed the duty, declining to take a rest. The lives of men hung on his correct translation of what was said, but not a single complaint was made regarding his interpretation.

It fell out as Dr. Hetherwick anticipated. The Government members were hostile to the missions, with the exception of the Anglican and Romanist, and went out of their way to discuss matters irrelevant to the enquiry. The only member who, in Dr. Hetherwick's opinion, showed fairness and impartiality, was the Chairman, Judge Lyall-Grant. When the Rev. W. H. Murray was summoned to appear as a witness he said to Dr. Hetherwick, " I hate all this controversy with the Government." " Hate it ? " was Dr. Hetherwick's spirited reply, " I love it. I know far more about this business than they do and I shall speak out and tell them what I think whether they like it or not."

He did. He entered the witness box with a high and eager heart. For four and a half hours he was under examination and cross-examination. During that time not one friendly question was put to him. The whole trend of the queries was to discover whether there were any weaknesses in the work and policy, and even in the government of the Church.

His friends listened with keen enjoyment to his statements ; they had never seen him in such valiant mood or handle matters with such consummate ease and skill. He poured out facts and figures and gave

the Commission such an impressive vision of policies and ordered methods of work that they ceased to be critical and censorious.

He struck home when he spoke of how little the Government was doing for the education of the Native. They were leaving the task, he said, to the responsible missions. Of the £11,000 these spent annually, less than one-tenth came from the Government—only 2*d.* per head—whereas Cape Colony expended 15*s.* 9*d.* per pupil, Natal 14*s.*, Basutoland 13*s.* 5*d.*, Southern Nigeria 10*s.*, and the Gold Coast 6*s.* 3*d.*

The most piquant incident came at the end. A Government member stated that Europeans were complaining that the Natives were becoming more disrespectful: that they did not, as they used to do, take off their hats to Europeans when they passed them.

First admitting that this might be a proper thing to do, Dr. Hetherwick turned the point by suggesting that the Government might use its influence to get Europeans to acknowledge such a token of respect. Natives on their part were complaining that Europeans were beginning to take no notice of the courtesy they paid.

"Sir," he said, his voice rising in indignation, "the smallest drummer-boy in the Army, if he meets Lord Kitchener in the street and salutes him, may depend upon recognition of the act by the Field Marshal. So here, when the Native salutes a European, let the latter at least give some acknowledgment of the courtesy. Then," with added heat, "it will be known that instead of there being only one gentleman, two gentlemen have met."

With that the cross-examination of Dr. Hetherwick closed.

When the Report appeared its terms justified Dr. Hetherwick's fears. With some of the recommendations he heartily agreed, especially with the suggestion that the Government should increase its interest in education and establish an Education Department, and the proposal that the position of the Native on European estates should be regulated; but others he thought reactionary. Distinct partiality was shown for Anglican and Roman Catholic methods—a partiality opposed to the British spirit and tradition as well as contrary to the provisions of the Berlin Act, 1885. Delimitation of the mission spheres was mentioned. "Too late," said Dr. Hetherwick. The Federated Missions had agreed to this, but the Anglicans and the Romanists declined to recognise any restriction.

Dr. Hetherwick was ready to enter the lists and stir up public opinion at home as he had done in the old Portuguese battle of 1888–89. He placed all the facts before the Church of Scotland authorities, who at once made representations to the Colonial Office. In the end the assurance was received that the Nyasaland Government was "absolutely satisfied" with the work and teaching of the Scottish Mission and the matter dropped.

The whole incident was an unhappy revelation of the innate antagonism of a certain class of European to the Native and the contempt felt for the work going on for his moral elevation. It was also an unhappy revelation of the inability of the Native to measure the true proportion and strength of circumstances. "One," said Dr. Hetherwick, "can only

feel pity for those ignorant people who, in their eagerness for revenge for their wrongs, were led into actions that cost them their lives." He believed that had an old type of official who knew the Natives better been at the head of affairs the *émeute* would never have occurred.

II. Beer

Demands were made on the resources of the station for war supplies of many kinds. The agricultural and industrial departments toiled hard to produce foodstuffs and other stores for the forces, thus releasing the river boats for the duty of carrying troops, ammunition and motor vehicles. They supplied, in all, no fewer than 9,000 tons of material. The extra work told heavily on Dr. Hetherwick, but his practical mind and methodical habit came to his aid. The two Native ministers proved a tower of strength: they had full charge of the district churches which Dr. Hetherwick, with his multifarious duties, was unable to visit.

He rested himself in the spiritual care of the Mission. Even amidst all the turmoil and excitement there was steady progress. Three well-tried and experienced elders finished their theological training and were ordained to the ministry, making a staff of five Native pastors. These were entirely supported by the Native Church. Women's work was at last beginning to be a satisfactory department of the Mission: the first woman nurse completed her course of training.

The Native beer question was taken up by the Mission and new regulations were made by the Government. While old customs were untouched

the sale of beer came under control, with the result that there were fewer orgies and fewer traps by the wayside for travellers. The Native Church advanced on its former decision: it now came to the conclusion that all the ministers, elders and deacons, should be abstainers. "We must practise what we preach," said the ministers and elders. "Only then can we have the moral right to deal with the ordinary Church member." Among the heathen total abstinence came to be regarded as the mark of a Christian. "Are you a Christian?" asked a Judge of the High Court of a witness. "No," was the reply, "I drink beer."

The translation of the Old Testament proceeded slowly. Dr. Hetherwick finished the book of Jeremiah and revised Isaiah, in addition to Genesis completed eight years before. "A poor tale of fishes," he remarked. Mr. Murray was closely associated with him in the work and stayed for long periods in the manse. "Dr. Hetherwick's knowledge," he writes, "and his courtesy made it a happy partnership. If he was critical—and he was—he was also able to appreciate the viewpoint of the other. It was interesting but wearying work, though often enlivened by animated discussion between our Native assistants." When at last the task was finished the manuscript was dispatched to the National Bible Society of Scotland, who had undertaken the work of printing it, in conjunction with the British and Foreign Bible Society, but, owing to trade difficulties, it was decided to delay publication until after the war.

The year 1917 was spent by Dr. Hetherwick in Scotland. While there it was significant that there

came from the Rev. James Reid, who filled his place at Blantyre, as strong an appeal for reinforcements as he himself had ever made. "If the Church fails to grasp the opportunities in front of her," he wrote, "the blame will not lie with those in the field. So—send staff and means, but principally staff."

III. Back to Normal Conditions

The campaign dragged on in East Africa. Driven out of their own territory the enemy crossed the Rovuma into Portuguese East Africa and Lomwe station had to be evacuated by the Europeans. In this connection the greatest sorrow of the war came to Dr. Hetherwick, Mr. Napier, who was acting as intelligence officer, being killed in a patrol encounter. For this devoted missionary and brilliant linguist he had a deep affection. "Why," he asked wonderingly, "was one so gifted cut off so soon?" As a tribute to his memory he later edited a volume of his letters.*

Owing to the shortness of staff Dr. Hetherwick was compelled to undertake the practical supervision of various departments; now the schools; now the carpenter's shop; now the office, and, as always, the printing establishment. It was not surprising that he passed out of this sorry and tragic time with profound relief. The news that the war was over came to a chastened community. The church bell was rung at intervals, but there was no "mafeking," for influenza was sweeping through the country. All markets, churches and schools were closed in order to minimise the chances of contact. The

* "Robert Hellier Napier in Nyasaland," Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1925.

whole staff in the Mission hospital was down with one exception. In the Mission cemetery fourteen Europeans were buried; at Zomba forty succumbed.

After so great a dislocation of Native life and the moral upheaval and excitement which accompanied it, a period of slackness and deadness was inevitable, but gradually conditions returned to something like the normal. For a time a feeling of uncertainty prevailed in the Native mind regarding their position. "The future of the country," wrote Dr. Hetherwick, "hangs on what the Government will do or not do within the next few years. Let the Native be persuaded that it is his friend, and all will be well."

A further depletion of the staff took place as the result of the Church of Scotland assuming responsibility for a slice of missionary territory in what had been German East Africa. This sphere, called Iringa, was too distant from Blantyre to be under its immediate control.

In some respects the country was greatly changed. Public works that would have come slowly in peace time had, under pressure of military exigencies, been accomplished as if by magic. New roads and bridges had been constructed; houses had been built. Motor vehicles had poured into the country. Their purpose served, large numbers of cars were left derelict, and were sold for a trifle, much to the advantage of the missionaries and their work. Dr. Hetherwick was now able to move about with the greatest ease and comfort.

The extension of the railway from Port Herald to the Zambesi was completed in 1915, but had a continuous railway to the Cape been in existence

during the war a world of toil and tribulation and tragedy would have been saved, for the conditions of transport and loss of life among the *tenga-tenga* had been sadly reminiscent of the slave caravan days. Dr. Hetherwick must have smiled grimly to himself as he thought of how a world war had backed his arguments for a railway link with the outer world. It was not long ere the construction of the line between Beira and the Zambesi was begun. When it was finished Blantyre was brought within twenty-three days of London.

The Zambesi remained unbridged; that great task was reserved for later years, after Dr. Hetherwick had retired from the field. With the connecting portions it was to prove the longest railway bridge in the world.

IV. Hospitality

Though Mrs. Hetherwick was in Scotland, the same gracious hospitality continued to be showered upon visitors. So many passed through the manse that it might have been an hotel. The laundry staff would announce with pride that forty table-napkins had been used in one week. There was an open door for missionaries going into the interior or returning to the coast. They came and went, alighting on their journey like swallows resting on their flight, and often spending weeks at a time on account of the vagaries of the Lake steamer.

Dr. Hetherwick was an ideal host, watchful, unobtrusively attentive, entertaining. All the domestic arrangements were supervised by himself, no easy task when so many unexpected guests had to be catered for. But his houseboys were well

trained and carried out his orders quietly and efficiently. Habits of regularity and punctuality were part of his nature, and the house ran as smoothly as every other side of the Mission. Meal hours were fixed, and if one was not in time there was no waiting ; all the duties of the day were according to schedule, and the work had to go on.

The same courtesy and consideration was extended to every guest, whether he was a distinguished Bishop or some unknown wanderer. If a little child happened to be among the guests he knew exactly, without being told, what its needs were, and how to make it comfortable and happy.

What impressed every visitor was the atmosphere of quiet and peace which prevailed in the manse. It was a reflection of Dr. Hetherwick's own character, for though active and progressive, with eyes and mind always forward, he was singularly calm, and his poise was seldom disturbed.

CHAPTER XV

The Author's Snapshots

The writer, with Dr. Elmslie, the north Angoni-land pioneer and author of *Among the Wild Ngoni*, were on their way to the interior. Long before Blantyre was reached a letter came from Dr. Hetherwick, warmly inviting them to put up at the manse while waiting for the Lake steamer. And when, one evening at dusk, the train arrived at Blantyre Station he was there, a sturdy energetic figure, with bronzed features and kind welcoming smile. A bath and a meal at the manse and then, through the scented atmosphere to the church, the graceful outline of which even the night could not conceal. The interior, softly glowing with electric light, gave an impression of something exotic and yet strangely familiar. Dr. Hetherwick conducted the little service. One fancied a touch of the mystical in him which seemed in harmony with the spirit of the building. He gave thanks for the mercies vouchsafed to the travellers and for their safe arrival, and chose for the hymn, "Now thank we all our God," which was quietly sung by the dark-skinned company. . . .

That night in the verandah we sat looking out upon the immense arc of tropical heaven sparkling with star-lights. Cicadæ chirped and tree frogs piped, but otherwise it was still. Yet life was there

though unseen. A slight rustle or a shadowy movement would bring a word or two in Nyanja from Dr. Hetherwick. A gentle reply would come, like music, out of the dark. "This is the land of the silent footfall," he remarked. . . .

In the morning, before dawn, a black figure slipped silently into the room, put down beside the bed a little tray with a cup of Nyasaland tea and bread and butter, and as noiselessly departed. From somewhere near came the sound like the clicking of a typewriter. In the distance a bugle blew. It was 5.30.

By and by one rose and looked out and saw the white sunlight break through the trees. . . .

A bell clanged. Six o'clock. Natives began to pass along the avenue; a tall erect man in a loin cloth; one in blue jacket and shorts; one with a blue cloth folded like a Roman toga round him; one in khaki shorts and terai hat; an Indian in long white robe. Then a woman hugging her cloth round her, for the air was chill: two men bearing water, Chinese fashion, in kerosene tins; a lad carrying two hens; and so on—the local world going about its work for the day.

And there was Dr. Hetherwick stepping briskly out on his way to inspect the departments. . . .

One wandered about the manse. There was a special interest in staying in the house which was the oldest inhabited building between the Zambesi and the Nile. No ceiling; only the rough thatch and bamboo rafters. The study was a small one with a casement window-door opening on the verandah. It was lined with bookshelves. A few pictures relieved the spaces, "St. Jerome," Michelangelo's

" Jeremiah," the " Ordination of Elders," " Christ on the Cross," portraits of Dante, Tennyson, Kingsley and Newman; some Aberdeen views, including the Colleges. Filing cabinets, a tidy writing table, and a typewriter, provided the business note.

Out in the verandah—a noble stretch 110 feet long, constructed by Dr. Hetherwick—one watched the pageant of the morning. The air was sweet, benign, warm, and practically still—the Shiré Highlands are too far inland to be affected by the ocean winds. In front was an expanse of greensward, soft and rich as the result of half a century's mowing. At each side was a cypress on which grey lizards were basking. Dr. Hetherwick had watched the growth of these trees from the stage of saplings; now they were more than 30 feet high. Beyond was a belt of fir, conifer, pine, all brought originally from other countries. They had shut out the view of the hills, but Dr. Hetherwick did not mind; he loved trees and could not bear to see one cut down. In the shadow of the avenue ran the old highway from the river to the Lake, now a more private road, but still alive with traffic of every kind.

Not far off was the old fig tree, a withered remnant of its former self, beside which a seedling had been planted to grow up and keep green the memory of the one that gave shade and shelter to the Blantyre pioneers. It was a text to Dr. Hetherwick. He would describe the old tree of heathenism and then its gradual decay and the growth of the vigorous new shoot of the Christian faith. . . .

Dr. Hetherwick appeared slowly walking up the avenue with Mr. Burnett. They parted outside

the manse. At 7.30 a bell rang for breakfast and one made acquaintance with porridge from oats grown on the Mission land, and milk from the Mission cows, along with pawpaws, bananas, mangoes and plums from the gardens. . . .

A bell again. We walked down to the church for morning prayers. The building was filled with the workers, boarders, students, apprentices, and others, sitting on chairs on each side of the aisle. The service lasted twenty minutes—an introductory collect, psalm, prayers, lesson, hymn, benediction—in the Native tongue. At the door all lingered for a moment or two greeting one another and gossiping; then the workers separated to their departments and the scholars marched into the Institute. . . .

Dr. Hetherwick went into his study to attend to business matters, which accumulated as fast as they were disposed of, and then took his guests a preliminary hasty tour of the station. We had a glimpse of the Institute with its hundreds of bright young Africans growing in knowledge, in ideal, and in capacity for service; the hospital with its two Native bacteriologists at their microscope—"and doing the work as well as I could myself," remarked Dr. Macfarlane—the farm steading with its two hundred head of cattle and its pigs and poultry; the sweet-smelling carpenter's shop with orders from all over Eastern and Central Africa that would keep it going for six months; the accountant's office, where Walter Scott, the Native head clerk, was making up financial statistics for the Home Committee; the gardens, the grain stores, the laundry, the tailor's shop—an open

brick archway—the industrial work for girls and women, the saw mill, and other features. How all this great and many-sided enterprise was carried on with so small a European staff was a mystery. . . .

As we walked back Dr. Hetherwick glanced upwards with a questioning look: "The weather has been dry for weeks," he said, "and I fear a drought—unless that is rain." Ere we reached the manse a passing shower fell. "Ah," he exclaimed, taking off his helmet, "this is fine: this is life!"

Talking of the climate and health, he mentioned with natural satisfaction that he had never had an hour's sickness for twenty-four years. "I have never been an hour off duty." . . .

A brief rest in the cool of the verandah and we entered for lunch. Dr. Hetherwick noticed a cupboard door open. He walked across and shut it. "You cannot," he remarked, "get an African to shut a door." One was reminded of Dr. Laws stooping down to put a mat straight. During the meal Dr. Hetherwick became reminiscent, recalling the men who had sat round the table, explorers, adventurers, hunters, administrators, soldiers, bishops, not a few of whom had become famous, and relating stories of each. The bishops, he said, had counted it a privilege to preach in the church—but that was before the trouble at Kikuyu.

He spoke with quiet enthusiasm of the Natives. "The limit of their acquirement is the limit of our knowledge to teach; you can take them as far as you can. In some things they are ahead of the Europeans. . . . I have often been in a tight corner but my Natives never failed me."

With mingled pride and humility and gratitude he

referred to what the Mission had accomplished. "When I look back over the years I can only marvel at what I have been privileged to see and how vastly it transcends the utmost bounds of my vision in the early days. . . ."

In the afternoon Dr. Hetherwick was busy again in his study and Mr. Burnett called to initiate us further into the wonders of the gardens. On the way he pointed out in a shady spot, off the avenue, the original coffee tree which had supplied the whole of the country with the plant. The oldest tea plant, which had performed a similar function for the sister industry, was seen in the centre of the gardens.

The area covered, in terraces and irregular ground, and amounting to about 14 acres, apart from 150 acres in eucalyptus trees, was packed with as many attractive objects as any botanical gardens in the world—all kinds of fruit trees, flowering shrubs, climbing plants, plants for hedges, verandahs and rock gardens, economic plants, herbs, and vegetables—these last produced from three to five successive crops during the year. "Altogether," said Mr. Burnett, "we have between three and four thousand different plants, and those boys you see working there know the names and peculiarities of most of them."

He showed his bedding plants, his collection of flower and vegetable seeds and his experimental sheds and explained the arrangements for packing and dispatching.

An amazing enterprise both in its extent and variety and interest, and in the perfection of its management. . . .

Mr. Burnett was as ready to talk of Dr. Hether-

wick as of his plants : " I have been associated with him for twenty-five years," he said. " They say he has mellowed, but I have never had an angry word with him ; he has been invariably courteous, sympathetic and helpful to all of us. Very approachable, we can go to him in any time of difficulty and be sure of receiving advice and encouragement and support. I have always admired him for his qualities of statesmanship, his devotion to duty, and his incessant toil —I have known him doing two and sometimes three men's work. I have sometimes had occasion to be up at three o'clock in the morning and have seen his light in his study. It is when other men sleep that he does most of his correspondence and translation work. At the first stroke of the bell at 6 a.m. he is out, paying his visits to the departments. He comes last to the gardens and I always walk back with him to the manse. It is a kind of ritual which we never omit.

" I think," he continued, " Dr. Hetherwick's greatest passion is to see young churches springing up all over southern Nyasaland. He knows every evangelist and teacher intimately ; he knows their difficulties and temptations in their isolated outposts, and none is more welcome when he visits them. He is their champion and friend ; one whom they can absolutely trust and confide in. They call him '*Mzungu Wamkuru*,' the Great White Man, whom they love and revere. I accompany him on many of his tours and it is a joy to see the reception the people give him and how they listen to his addresses. . . ."

Evening drew on, cool and golden : long shadows stole across the grass and a commingling of sounds

only added to the peacefulness of the atmosphere, cawing of white-collared crows, bleating of goats, voices of children at play. It was the hour when European women in the town took their outing, and rickshaws sped lightly past. In front of thatched huts Natives were sitting reading and writing. The older boys were engaged in a game of ball, throwing it up, and jumping to catch it in mid-air, clapping their hands the while in unison.

Then the swift darkness, and evening prayers in the Church. . . .

Next morning was Sunday. The cook and servants slept in. Dr. Hetherwick smiled tolerantly. "It has been raining steadily all night," he said, "'a night of sleep,' as the Natives say. On such a night they sleep soundly because they know that their crops are safe."

The bell seemed to go continually that day. All the station population was in Sunday dress, the girls in blue blouse and skirt tucked in at the breast with a red sash, a picturesque costume. Dr. Hetherwick said they would have nothing to do with European clothes. "I am thankful for it; their own dress is very graceful." Fashion of another type appeared at the villagers' service. Rain was pouring in torrents and numbers of women came in dripping, some with children on their backs, their bare skins glistening with the wet. . . .

Ten days were spent in the manse and one came to know Dr. Hetherwick well and to admire his character—the calm, clear quality of his mind, his Imperial outlook, his cool judgment which saw all sides of a question, his sympathetic understanding of every perplexing difficulty brought to him, his

trained self-reliance, his patient, persistent, practical energy. His was a life that was rooted in deep spiritual principle, one that scorned expediency and had the courage to be straight and true. He stood not on shifting sand, but on a foundation of eternal rock.

We left the station on its high plateau thinking of Iona and St. Columba. Like Columba Dr. Hetherwick united spiritual consecration with statesmanlike sagacity and vision; like Iona the station was not only a centre of gospel teaching in the midst of heathenism but an industrial and agricultural settlement, where the day's labour was regulated by the tinkling of a bell.

CHAPTER XVI

I. The Convener Views the Field

An official ambassador from the Home Church arrived next in the person of Dr. Ogilvie, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, who had been a fellow-student of Dr. Hetherwick at Aberdeen University. Dr. Laws was staying in the manse at the time, and the three old friends enjoyed much good fellowship.

Dr. Hetherwick had arranged that the Convener should travel first to the other stations. With all these Dr. Ogilvie was impressed, but he was filled with wonder at the magnitude of Blantyre, and at the Church, its "central glory." He had the opportunity of seeing the administrative side of the Mission in action, and was specially interested in the meeting of the Council, the proceedings of which were "guided by the silvery-haired but ever-youthful Chairman with a fine combination of tact, courtesy and wisdom;" and also in the Presbytery, which comprised nine ministers and eleven elders, of whom five ministers and nine elders were African. It was a novel experience for him to listen to discussions on questions far removed from subjects dealt with at home. Matters of social practice, he found, were left largely to the judgment of the Native members. One aspect of polygamy came up. Should children of a good Christian mother

whose husband had gone back to polygamy be baptised? It was decided that they should: that the mother should take the vows.

When the Native ministers gave in their reports of life and work in their parishes, Dr. Ogilvie was arrested by a story told in the most matter-of-fact way. The minister said that in a village church he had found the spiritual atmosphere unsatisfactory and suspected an element of secret sin. "I will come no more to give you communion," he told the congregation, "until you confess what is wrong and cut out the evil thing." They bore the situation for nine months, but no longer. They repented and confessed and the congregational life resumed its normal tone.

The Convener was filled with profound admiration for the work which the missionaries were accomplishing with such slight resources. It was obvious to him that the Mission was understaffed, and that the Council was justified in its demand for at least three ordained ministers, two doctors and one qualified teacher. But when he returned to Scotland he was faced with similar requests from other fields. No fewer than twenty-three men missionaries were urgently needed, and they were not available.

The financial outlook at the time was also grave. Though the regular income of the Foreign Mission Committee was being maintained, there was no increase to meet the phenomenal conditions of the post-war years—the loss on exchange, the rise in the cost of living, the increase in salaries, and the extra charges for passages and equipment. The Home Committee was as concerned about the situation as

the Field Councils, but the Church was not responding to its appeals. Dr. Ogilvie made it plain what the African Mission was achieving for civilisation, and in the General Assembly he spoke with pride of the position which Dr. Hetherwick held—" by universal consent it is unrivalled in the missionary world of Africa."

It became a question whether the Church should withdraw from one or other of its mission fields. The General Assembly chose the nobler alternative. It determined to educate the Church and to rely upon its help and go forward in the spirit of courage and faith. This was also the policy advocated by Dr. Hetherwick. He realised that the severest hurt which the war gave to the missionary cause was at the Home Base, but he considered that there were great untapped resources in the Church of Scotland. It needed only a living interest to draw these out. " This interest," he said, " can only be roused in one way, by personal contact of every member with the needs of the Church's work. They have to be taught to make personal sacrifices for her work and faith. That stage of spiritual development the Church has not yet reached. When the lesson has been learned there is no limit to the range of her powers, so manifold are the reserves she can bring into the field."

II. Problems

In 1922 Dr. Hetherwick was again appointed a member of the Legislative Council for a term of three years, and became much occupied with social and educational questions. Furlough barely interrupted his activity. He would not allow the Mission

to rest on its achievements. Standing still was not an attitude he ever adopted. "A mission," he would say, "that ceases to expand will soon cease to live. We need advances to stimulate us and give fresh interest to our work."

A new station was proposed in the Chiuta district, an outpost of Domasi. This was to stem the progress of Mohammedanism which was becoming a menace to the Christian occupation of the country. There were some 57,000 Moslems in the Protectorate, of whom 7,000 lived in the Zomba district alone. A visit from Dr. Zwemer, an authority on the subject, left Dr. Hetherwick with the impression that the faith was more than the social cult he had believed it to be. He was still convinced, however, that a church, a network of schools and a vernacular Bible would form a front line impenetrable to any Moslem attack.

Another source of disquietude was the spread of Ethiopianism, a crude form of religious nationalism with some politicial leaven in it, the result of education, race contact and race consciousness. The Government looked after the political element; on the religious side the peril of the movement was that it introduced lower standards and looser discipline among its followers. Dr. Hetherwick believed in the ideal of self-government, but sought to safeguard the path to it by long and thorough training and the concession of power only as a capacity to use it aright developed, differing in this respect from the Roman Catholics, who did not give positions of responsibility to Natives and so suffered less from injurious propaganda.

Dr. Hetherwick's hope for unity in the Blantyre

religious life had not been realised. Theoretically the European and the Native congregations were one, with a single session, but in practice they formed two self-contained bodies and held separate communions. The European congregation had been slowly increasing, and Dr. Hetherwick now threw out the suggestion that it should have its own chaplain, thus releasing the Blantyre minister from a voluntary duty which he had cheerfully performed for forty years. He continued to press the matter on the Home Church, and ultimately, after a manse had been built, the plan was carried out.

So far as the general work was concerned there was no resting. Five more Natives were under instruction for the ministry. The attendances at the schools reached their pre-war figure. All the industrial departments were hives of activity. In 1921 he introduced the Freewill Offering Scheme into the Native congregation, and the contributions practically doubled in spite of a scarcity of food in the country following one of the periodical droughts. Brick churches continued to go up in many of the districts.

" It is all steady routine work," he said, " but the great battles of Christianity against heathenism are won not by the brilliant charge or the sacrifice that gains the Victoria Cross, but by the dull everyday work : commissariat, transport, railway track laying, steamer traffic, and so on."

CHAPTER XVII

I. Trusteeship

The next few years constituted a period of peculiar interest to Dr. Hetherwick. He saw the principles which had so long been as clear as truth to himself becoming widely accepted and even adopted by the chief colonising Powers. A notable change came over their relation to backward races. The League of Nations intimated that the well-being and development of the people in the mandated territories must form a sacred trust of civilisation and the pronouncement affected the outlook and policy of every government ruling Native populations.

Britain began consciously to apply the principle in all her possessions. In the Kenya White Paper of 1923 the duty of trusteeship for the people under her care was definitely laid down. The appointment of an Advisory Committee on Native Education deepened the sense of satisfaction which Dr. Hetherwick felt. He was thrilled with the first memorandum of the Committee. It stressed the need for close co-operation between the Governments and the missions carrying on education, and formulated the general lines which should govern the work.

The paragraphs might have been written by himself so closely did they echo his words. The general aim of education was to render the indi-

vidual more efficient in life, to create true ideals of citizenship and service, and to promote the advance of the community as a whole through the improvement and development of industry. This, it was maintained, could only be achieved by the creation of character, and character could only be attained through religious teaching and moral instruction: "Both in schools and training colleges these should be accorded an equal standing with secular subjects. Devotion to some spiritual ideal is the deepest source of inspiration in the discharge of public duty. Such influences should permeate the whole life of the school."

Dr. Hetherwick felt that the future of Africa was safe if these principles were carried out in practice.

A Commission on behalf of the Colonial Office paid a rapid visit to East Africa in 1924 and spent four days in Nyasaland. They endorsed the general principle of trusteeship and stated that it could no longer be regarded as the duty only of agents of the Imperial Government and the missionaries. "Without the work of the missions," the Report added, "East Africa could not have advanced in the way it has advanced. Their efforts as pioneers in economic development and the task of civilising the African deserve unstinted recognition. . . . But Britain will not be judged at the bar of history by the work of these two alone: the trusteeship lies really upon the shoulders of every man and woman of the European race in Africa: Africa can only progress economically and socially on the basis of full and complete co-operation between all races."

What interested Dr. Hetherwick in their Report

was the strong emphasis laid upon the points he had been long urging upon the authorities. He had always felt that there could be little or no further economic progress without better means of reaching the home and Continental markets, and this was the burden of the Report. "To our mind," it said, "the financing of transport facilities is not only one of the finest possible investments for British trade, but is a moral responsibility resting upon the Mother Country." It recommended railway extensions within the Protectorate and the urgent need of the bridge over the Zambesi.

II. New Policies

These new ideas reacted on the policies of African Governments. They began to take more thought for the interests of the Natives. Nyasaland felt, as it had done once before, the stirring of fresh life. The outlook for the Mission widened. The Government called in the aid of the Federation of Missions, which now represented over 100,000 Christian Natives, and was responsible for three-fourths of their education. What Dr. Hetherwick considered a natural development was decided on, the creation of an Education Department to co-operate with the missions and supervise the work. The missionaries pressed for an increased grant-in-aid. They were still receiving what Dr. Hetherwick called the "paltry sum" of £1,000, and they asked for at least £5,000. Small as such an amount was, it would provide a more adequate salary for the certificated teachers, some of whom received less than a raw labourer on the plantations.

A further stimulus to education was imparted by

the African Education Commission under the auspices of the Phelps-Stokes Fund of America. In the midst of his other public duties Dr. Hetherwick made the preliminary arrangements for the brief visit of the Commissioners to Nyasaland. The volume describing their tour and views gave unqualified praise to Blantyre Mission : its plan of organisation and supervision more nearly realised their own ideal than any other they saw in East Africa : "Blantyre," they said, "is one of the notable educational institutions in Africa . . . the long service of Dr. Hetherwick and the capable colleagues who have participated in the work have exerted a notable influence, not only on the Natives, but on every phase of Colonial development. Government and economic organisations recognise the substantial contribution of the Mission to the welfare of the Colony." The educative influence of the gardens and the Mission environment in general was the subject of remark. So was the hospital, which they described as the cleanest, quietest and most homely of all the institutions of a like nature which they had seen in their travels.

They made a number of recommendations regarding instruction in hygiene, mothercraft and agriculture. Dr. Hetherwick welcomed these, although he felt that they had not had the time to apprehend the peculiar conditions of the Blantyre field, where the Native situation was complicated by the presence of the European element. He had a keen appreciation for everything that made for practical progress. It was only lack of resources that prevented advancement along such lines. The Mission Council introduced some of the subjects

into the regular course, but even then the difficulty was to provide the teaching staff. Here was a problem upon which the Commission could throw no light. It could throw out ideas and draw up attractive schemes of instruction, but the power to put these into operation, lay not with the missionaries, harassed and overworked and struggling to carry out the ordinary curriculum, but with the Church at home.

On the whole Dr. Hetherwick was thankful for the visit. It had impressed the Government with a sense of what the Mission had done for education and what it owed, on its own part, to the Natives in this direction. He believed that within a short time a new era might dawn for the education of the African.

III. "A Noble Copestone"

In the autumn of 1924 Dr. Hetherwick attended the fourth Conference of the Federated Missions at Livingstonia. The Rev., now Dr., W. H. Murray presided, and many important decisions on moral and social questions were taken. The aims set forth in the Report of the Phelps-Stokes Commission were unanimously endorsed, and Dr. Hetherwick was appointed one of the Committee to press them on the Government.

Dr. Murray thus refers to the estimation in which he was held by his brother missionaries: "His ability, his determination, his fearlessness made him the trusted champion of mission interests. He belonged to us all and not merely to the Blantyre Mission. If he was feared by Government officials we knew the reason why—he knew too much of

Nyasaland's history. In any case, they could not but respect him."

It was announced at the Conference that the union version of the Bible had now been placed in circulation and that its sale had been phenomenal. The first edition of 15,000 copies had been exhausted almost at once, and a further edition was in the press. Dr. Hetherwick thought of that first meeting at Fort Johnston in 1900 and of all the labour that had gone into the undertaking. It had been the work of five Europeans—mainly Dr. Murray and himself—and twelve Native assistants. Not only had the people now access to the complete scriptures, but the work was producing a standard form of the language. It was destined to mould the common thought and speech and writing of Central Africa.

The shortening of distances in the Protectorate had turned men's minds to the advantages of union, and great enthusiasm was shown by the contingent of Native delegates for the idea of one Church in Central Africa developing along its own lines. Some of the Europeans smiled at their idealism. Dr. Hetherwick, who combined the buoyancy of youth with ripe experience, sympathised with them. They received encouragement from an event which occurred during the sitting of the Conference. The two presbyteries of Blantyre and Livingstonia met, and at last constituted the Synod of the Church of Central Africa, Presbyterian. Dr. Hetherwick, who presided and constituted the Synod, proposed Dr. Laws as the first Moderator. Never was the doxology sung with greater fervour by European and Native ministers and elders alike. It was with

a joyful heart that Dr. Hetherwick wrote and dispatched a telegram to Scotland:

"The Presbyteries of Livingstonia and Blantyre have gladly united to form the Synod of the Church of Central Africa, Presbyterian. Livingstonia 17th September."

He would have liked to have dropped the word "Presbyterian," but that, he believed, would come in time. When Dr. Ogilvie received the message, he declared that it "marked the end of a great chapter in the story of the Nyasaland Mission of the Scottish Churches and the beginning of a new period in the life of the Church of Central Africa." These two arch-presbyters, Dr. Laws and Dr. Hetherwick, had, he added, crowned their work with a noble copestone.

The members of the Synod numbered seventy-three, twelve of whom were ordained Natives, some with over fourteen years' service in the ministry. The membership of the enlarged Church was over 10,000, embracing nine different tribes who had formerly been at deadly enmity with each other. The area which it covered extended over a vast territory. A Native from Mwenzo near the shores of Lake Tanganyika, or from Chitambo where Dr. Livingstone died, could now experience the thrill of worshipping with fellow members in the beautiful church at Blantyre. A Blantyre boy could feel at home anywhere in Central Africa where there was a Presbyterian Church.

The Synod was later joined by two Presbyteries of the Dutch Reformed Church: "There is the prospect now," wrote Dr. Hetherwick, "of the great missions holding the Reformed Faith in

Central Africa being able to stand before the heathen about them as One Church, *Laus Deo !* "

IV. The Land Again

The Government attacked the knotty problem of the land and the Native. A Commission, of which Dr. Hetherwick was appointed a member, investigated the subject. The conclusions reached were practically those he had been impressing on the country for many years. Provision was made for individual Native holdings as the best means of encouraging more economical forms of agriculture. Fixity of tenure was urged. The position of Native tenants on European estates was defined. The institution of Native reserves was condemned. Dr. Hetherwick was delighted with the result. " If," he wrote, " the recommendations of the Commission are given effect to by legislation they will secure to the Native his right to the soil of his own country for all time to come."

" If "—it was another shrewd qualification, for the Report, after being duly considered, disappeared into the archives of the Government.

CHAPTER XVIII

I. A Royal Honour

Dr. Hetherwick was essentially modest and retiring; it was his intense concern for the welfare and progress of the Kingdom that drew him into all sorts of public situations. No one was more surprised than he when, unexpectedly in 1925, he was the recipient from the King of the insignia of the Order of Commander of the British Empire. The investiture was carried through by the Governor, Sir Charles Bowring, K.C.M.G., in the presence of the heads of the administrative departments. He explained that the Order was conferred for distinguished work done in the interests of the Empire. That His Majesty had taken notice of Dr. Hetherwick's services and recognised them in such manner was a matter for very sincere gratification to all who knew him.

"I am sure," he added, "that this honour is appreciated by your colleagues and fellow-workers and by the thousands of your Native followers, for it is not merely a personal honour but it is also a recognition of the valuable work carried out under your direction for the welfare and uplifting of the Native races in this part of Africa. On behalf of the other holders of the Order in Nyasaland I extend to you a very sincere welcome to our ranks. We are proud of the appointment of

one with so honourable and distinguished a record."

The following year marked the jubilee of the Mission, an occasion celebrated by the entire community. From far and near came Europeans and Natives. Dr. Laws was there from Livingstonia, Dr. Murray from Mvera, Archdeacon Wilson from the Universities Mission, and representatives from other missions over a wide area. The Acting Governor was present with his departmental chiefs. Figures notable in the business and agricultural life of the Protectorate came to show their interest in the event.

The proceedings extended over an entire day. They began at eight o'clock on a morning surpassingly beautiful even for the Shiré Highlands, a service being held at the fig tree where the pioneers camped in October, 1875. Here Dr. Laws offered the prayer of thanksgiving. A procession was formed, headed by Dr. Hetherwick and Dr. Laws, and, while the Hundredth Psalm was sung, walked to the church. To a great congregation the Rev. W. B. Stevenson, Convenor of the Foreign Mission Committee and special Commissioner from the Home Church, preached the sermon. He assured Dr. Hetherwick of the high regard in which he was held in the homeland as a missionary statesman and the pride that was felt in his work. At the close Joseph Bismarck, the first convert, handed a wreath to Dr. Hetherwick, who placed it beneath the tablet commemorating Henry Henderson. Reforming, the procession moved towards the Clock Tower—recently built as a memorial to all those who had died in the service of the Mission—at

the foot of which Dr. Hetherwick laid another wreath.

The public meeting followed. Dr. Hetherwick gave the address and struck the note he had so often emphasised—that the varied interests of the Protectorate were assisting in their different ways the progress of civilisation and the advance of religion. After the planting of commemoration trees a reception, with tea, was held in the gardens, which made a picturesque setting for the company.

And then, after the stir and excitement ceased, in the quiet of the evening, the Mission staff gathered in the church for the little act of worship which always hallowed and ended the day.

II. Psychology of Worship

Coincident with these celebrations the fifth Missionary Conference of the Federated Missions held its sessions at Blantyre under the presidency of the Rev. A. G. MacAlpine, of the Livingstonia Mission. It found itself in new and closer relations with the Government. A Department of Education had been set up and the Director was present and detailed his scheme for a uniform educational policy for the Protectorate. As Dr. Hetherwick remarked, it was based on the system of codes already in force in both village schools and training colleges. He was not enamoured of the financial proposals of the Government; the grant-in-aid appeared to be very small compared with what the Missions spent on education.

Greater emphasis was laid by the Conference on the development of women's work, and for the first time a paper on the subject was read by a Native woman, an augury of hope for the future.

Dr. Hetherwick's contribution to the Conference was one of singular interest. He described how Christian worship ought to be related to African mentality.

The Natives were reverent and silent before the spirit-world. " In our Church services we have no periods of silence, some one must always be speaking, and the voice comes often between the soul of the worshipper and his God."

The African religion was largely communal: " Have we sufficiently emphasised that there is a blessing in common prayer that we can find nowhere else ? We have forgotten this and hence our empty churches."

The African always associated offering with his worship : it was a vital part of it. Dr. Hetherwick drew a picture of the Scottish plate at the door " with two grim deacons or elders beside it."

The African loved to give voice to his feeling in word and song. " In many of our churches except in our hymns the congregation has no voice at all. We need something to lift us out of the burden of the long prayer which in too many cases—judging by the tone of the man who is praying—is no prayer at all. Neither in voice nor in feeling is there any realisation at all of the presence of God—or any sense of communion with God. Words are poured out as water from an inexhaustible fountain—but that there is any realisation of God's presence it is impossible to discover."

Dr. Hetherwick said he would like to see all the present hymn-books banished from the churches. Summing up, he made the following practical suggestions :

1. That each service of worship be begun by an act of silence in which the people are called to realise the presence of God.
2. That the congregation take a larger vocal share in the worship, that the people may find their voices.
3. That in prayer this may be best realised by brief petitions followed with responses said or sung by the worshippers. That each petition be followed by a brief period of silence.
4. That use be made of the form of "Bidding Prayer" in which the congregation is called on to pray in the silence of their own devotions.
5. That stress be laid on music as the vocal expression of the congregation's Praise.
6. That the Psalms be chanted—if possible to Native-composed chants.

III. Dictionary-making

Dr. Hetherwick's chief task in his study at this time was the revision of Clement Scott's *Dictionary of the Nyanja Language*, which he was never tired of praising. No one was better qualified for the work, and it was done with a loving and almost reverent touch, and with scrupulous care and accuracy. He has given a picture of himself as lexicographer:

"Within his tiny study he sits, a solitary white man, at a rough table on which lie piles of small slips of paper to which he refers again and again. Round him are squatted half a dozen natives in garments of varied hue and odour with whom he is talking, asking them questions in turn, now referring to his slips, now to the human figures before him, sometimes getting an answer, sometimes meeting with silence, for the head of the questioned one has sunk lower and lower till chin rests on chest—the owner overpowered by the noontide heat. . .

" The piles grow as the years pass, till the day comes when he makes all the contents of his slips into a Book."

But that day was not yet.

One of his last visits outside the station was to Mvera. Dr. Murray describes it as a very happy time. " In addressing the members of our staff that evening he referred to his experiences during his long term of service, and added bits of valuable advice. Among other things he said something that struck me as eminently wise. It was this: ' when any native comes to you for advice and help in trouble do patiently give him time to state his whole case in spite of all his circumlocution : if you do, it greatly fosters his confidence in you ; it greatly helps him to accept the advice you then give him.' "

IV. Impressions

A novel development was the appointment of a woman medical missionary to the hospital. Dr. Elizabeth McCurrach did not enter upon her duties without misgiving, for she was the first woman doctor to attend to the Natives, but she never experienced the slightest difficulty, and completely won the confidence of both men and women patients. To her we are indebted for a final picture of Dr. Hetherwick :

" The manse," she writes, " was home to me for three years, and I never expect again to get so much kindness shown to me in life. His rare thoughtfulness provided for all emergencies.

" His band of loyal workers gave him a place of great honour in their hearts. No department liked a day when he was away from the station : black

and white alike looked for his coming with pleasure. He was very kind to young missionaries and sympathetic with their ideas, always ready to discuss new plans. Young in mind himself he was willing that youth should have its chance.

" The amount of work he managed to get through was amazing—morning after morning at four o'clock when Nature was quietest, the light from the study window appeared like a beacon in the darkness. Apart from any translation or revision or dictionary work he devoted these early hours to his Latin and Greek Testament and his books of devotion. However hard the day before had been, however dispirited and weary he might be, that time of prayer and communion was never missed. In it lay the secret of his wonderful freshness of mind and his faith, and his ability to deal with the things of the spirit. Only at the end of his last term, when he was weary with the strain of a heavy term and his health was threatened, was he persuaded to take longer rest.

" His bedroom window looked out towards the Church ; it was the first thing that he saw in the morning and the last at night. He loved it with a surpassing love and liked to tell visitors of the manner of its construction and show them its beauties from every possible angle. The view of it he was fondest of was that from the manse verandah at sunset or moonshine, when the white dome stood out in sparkling splendour.

" The Church stood open from sunrise to sunset, and nothing pleased him more than to see people going in throughout the day. It was always to him a symbol. The open door of the Church ! Open to

white and black alike—it gave him a vision of what he so ardently longed to see, the one fold and the one Shepherd."

V. Warning

In the natural course of events Dr. Hetherwick's final resting time had arrived. He was as keen and eager and interested in events as ever, but signs were not wanting that the strain was beginning to tell, and he dreaded that there might come a day when he would outlive his usefulness. Other and younger missionaries were retiring. So was Dr. Laws, who, wifeless and alone, ill and suffering, came down from Livingstonia on his last journey. Ascending the manse steps, he said with a sigh of content: "This is home." By and by he became fit to travel and passed on.

Then John MacIlwain, a colleague for forty years, died. Dr. Hetherwick was deeply affected. "To no one in the Mission has his going made such a blank as to me." Tenderly he wrote of him: "His love for children was strong; the little ones knew him and crowded to him—children and animals. Cats! His house was a cats' home—brood after brood of kittens were reared by him. A pussy lay beside him on his death-bed, and his hand seemed to find comfort in its presence. If there are animals in heaven that need human care 'Ngoloweka' will have found 'abundant entrance.'"

Dr. Hetherwick himself was not fond of having animals in the manse, but Dr. McCurrach tells of the delightful way in which his objection was overcome. One day a stray cat entered and took up its abode and could not be got to leave. He accepted

its presence with a bad grace, but gradually became interested in it and its ways. When two kittens appeared on the scene he had not the heart to destroy them, and all became established inmates of the household. Their meals were carefully provided for. Regularly with the ringing of the first gong they assembled, waited outside the dining-room, and, when the second gong sounded, trooped in. During holidays they were left in the care of the boys. These found that the cats would not enter for their meals until both gongs had gone as usual —a tribute to the method and training of the manse !

These closing months were filled with brooding concern for the future of the Mission. The Government was alive to its duties and busily promoting measures for the social betterment of the population, but it was neutral in its relations to the higher life, and Dr. Hetherwick feared the secularisation of its service. This was opposed to all his convictions and experience, and he realised the necessity for the Mission upholding the principle that only through the teaching of the Christian religion could the character and personality of the people be developed and safeguarded, and the stimulus be received which would enable them to rise in the scale of evolution.

In face of the new situation and its possibilities he addressed what were grave and challenging words to the Home Church :

" The atmosphere of so-called ' civilised ' commerce will soon be breathed by the progressive African, the leader among his fellows. How is it to affect him ? That depends entirely on the missions. Will they give him the moral strength

that will enable him to enter and breathe amid the deadly miasma of modern commerce without hurt to his moral nature? . . . The Christian mission is the only safety for the soul of the African. What if it fail? Failure will mean a Godless Africa let loose on the world. A Christian Africa will bring a blessing, but a Godless Africa can only be a menace to Christendom. There are infinite possibilities for good in the African race, but there are also infinite possibilities of evil, were the passions of the race let loose without restraint. Therefore all the more necessity for the Church to keep the lead it has had up to now.

"Is our Mission ready? Judging from the past ten years I have no hesitation in saying No. We have no staff sufficient for our present needs, not to speak of advancement. The Church has stopped the supply. Before we can in any way back up the Government plans we must have a staff one-third again as large as our present staff, both men and women."

VI. Farewell

In the Church, in January, 1928, he attended his last meeting of Presbytery. There were present four European ministers, five Native ministers, and twenty-six elders, each of the latter representing the kirk session of a congregation situated anywhere up to 130 miles distant. Dr. Hetherwick was chiefly a spectator; his eyes were wandering over the beautiful interior. lingering here and there on some memorial brass or stained glass window, his thoughts busy with old events or scenes.

He was recalled to the present by the voice of the

Clerk reading out the statistics for the year. Usually these were but dry figures. How often he had said that the success of a mission was not to be measured by mere figures. "The temptation is always present to count heads—but it is of the Evil one. 'Where two or three are gathered together there am I,' *Ubi Christus, ibi Ecclesia.*" But to-day the figures were to him full of life and meaning and promise.

"The totals for the year," read the Clerk, are: "baptised Christians, 23,122; catechumens, 9,000; communicants, 14,666; baptisms, 3,943; number of schools, 322; number of scholars, 18,679; patients treated in hospital, 1,313; out-patients, 14,947; midwifery cases, 79."

Dr. Hetherwick thought of the scene in the old wattle-and-daub Church when the first three converts were received into the Church: "*Laus Deo!*" he inwardly exclaimed.

The Clerk went on: "The total Christian liberality is £1,190. For the support of the Native ministry the sum raised is £332 . . . for the Bible Society of Scotland £28."

Again the association of ideas took Dr. Hetherwick back to the first meeting of the Translation Board in 1900, when it was resolved to give the Bible to the people in their own tongue. And now 30,000 copies of the Bible had been sold. "*Laus Deo!*" he said to himself again.

He thought of all the other work, direct and indirect, accomplished by the Mission, particularly of the apprentice lads who had passed through his hands during the last twenty years. Of those who had been traced—61 occupying responsible Govern-

ment posts : 32 engaged successfully in agriculture, 28 hospital assistants, 22 carpenters, 17 teachers in the Mission. " *Laus Deo !* "

He sat, half-listening to the business, half-dreaming of the past, until the meeting closed and all moved out into the pleasant sunshine.

In March all Blantyre bade him farewell. There was a public meeting in the Queen Victoria Hall, over which the Governor, Sir Charles Bowring, presided. Chief of the tributes paid to him was one contained in a telegram from the Secretary of State for the Colonies :

" I shall be glad if you will convey to Dr. Hetherwick on his departure from Nyasaland, after forty-five years' missionary work, an expression of my warm appreciation of the long and proved services which he has rendered to the Native peoples of the Protectorate."

The Governor spoke of his tenacity of purpose, his strict sense of right and wrong, and his power of organisation. Lady Bowring presented him with an illuminated address and a cheque. Characteristically Dr. Hetherwick passed on the honour to the pioneers and his fellow-workers.

The *Nyasaland Times*, on behalf of the general community, gave him generous praise. It referred to his " wonderful record of service," and added that he and Dr. Laws would go down in history as the founders of Christianity on a sound basis in the country.

CHAPTER XIX

I. A Startling Speech

Two months later he was sitting in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It was Foreign Mission Day. The Earl of Stair, Lord High Commissioner, and Lady Stair, were in the Throne Gallery; the body of the Hall was packed with members; the public galleries were crowded.

Dr. Norman Maclean was entrancing the House with a speech touched with that magical colour which he imparts to all he says and writes. He referred to their Blantyre missionary with his record of forty-five years of apostolic labours—what labours they were and what achievements accomplished with such scanty staff and treasure! He did not think there was ever in the history of Christianity a Mission which had carried on so great and noble a work with so small a revenue. The wonderful thing about Dr. Hetherwick was the way in which he made every shilling do the uttermost. Deftly he worked on the feelings of his audience, stirring their imagination by his vivid pictures of a savage people transformed into a great and growing Christian community.

Dr. Hetherwick listened with mingled emotions. He was moved as much by the irony of the situation as by the tribute of praise. He recalled the forty-five years of never-ending toil and sacrifice; the

rigid economising he had to practise; his heart-breaking inability to meet the growth of a people eager to be educated; the fruitless appeals for more helpers and money to extend the influence of the Gospel: and the lack of interest and response on the part of the Church at home. All the pent-up feeling and brooding of the past clamoured for expression. His courage had often stood him in good stead, and it did not fail him now. He braced himself for a painful task.

When Dr. Maclean introduced him the whole Assembly rose spontaneously and greeted him with enthusiastic applause. He stood waiting until the magnificent ovation had spent itself. Then the Assembly settled down to enjoy a story of victorious achievement. But, says a chronicler of the proceedings, "the impact of Dr. Hetherwick's opening words was terrific: the Assembly was stabbed broad awake."

He spoke quietly, without bitterness, but in a tone of sadness and regret. "My first word," he said, "is one of sorrow for myself and I hope of shame for you. I am not sorry to leave Blantyre. Why? I have come to the stage when I can see no further into the future of the Mission. Again why? Because you have let me down. The Church at home has failed me and my fellow-missionaries. You sent us out to carry on the Mission, but you have not given us the men and women to help us to do it. When I left Blantyre I had to hand over the work it has taken me forty-five years to do to a minister who had been only three weeks in the country. For forty-five years I have been trying to build up a great educational Christian institution in

Nyasaland—I had to hand it over to a man with only two years' African experience. And this in the face of the most critical situation the Mission has had to meet in all its history. We are in danger of losing our paramount place. Had you sent us the staff I have been pleading for during the last fifteen years this would not have happened. But you have failed. I hope it is not too late."

The grave clear voice was tense with emotion. "Relentlessly," says the chronicler, "the indictment went on while a pained and conscience-stricken Assembly listened in silence."

He spoke of the Roman Catholic menace. The Roman Church had never lacked means. They were making a desperate fight for the control of Nyasaland and were boasting that in ten years they would be the only mission left. They would make their boast good unless the Church did better for its Mission.

"These are hard words, but the truth must be told. Once again I hope you are not too late."

He then described something of what had been achieved. "There has been no failure in Africa."

"Would I care to live over again these forty-five years? No! They have been too hard. But I should like to live another forty-five to see how the Church in Nyasaland developed." His tone grew wistful: "I should like to see the great Native Church highly organised and with its own foreign mission"—he paused a moment and added with the ghost of a smile, "and *perhaps a mission to Scotland itself.*"

The impression made was profound. It was as if the veil of complacency and indifference had been

thrust aside and there had been revealed to their shamed eyes the forgotten figure of Jesus upon the Cross.

When the Assembly recovered itself the Moderator, turning to him, said his name would live for ever in Nyasaland. "You have spoken fearlessly and honestly to us: we have 1,600 pulpits open to you. Enter them and speak as you have spoken to-day."

II. In Quiet Waters

Having delivered his soul, Dr. Hetherwick retired to Aberdeen, but not to rest. Once more settled in happy home-life, he gave himself to service in many good causes. He rejoined his old Church, and after a life-time of absence became once more the Superintendent of the Sunday School, teaching the grandchildren of his former scholars.

In his little study looking across to a row of white granite houses he was always busy with his picturesque pen. He contributed numerous articles to magazines. He wrote a History of Blantyre Mission. But his principal task was the completion of the revised *Dictionary of the Nyanja Language*. It was a monumental work, embodying the garnered knowledge of a life-time. References were made to the chief Native customs and beliefs, and the use of many of the more important terms was illustrated by examples given in the words of the Natives themselves. In the preface he acknowledged the help which Clement Scott and he had received from "Che Ndombo, headman, Christian, linguist and leper." The Governments of Nyasaland and

Northern Rhodesia contributed towards the cost of producing the book. It was published by the Religious Tract Society in 1930, a handsome volume of 612 pages.

He was appointed Croall Lecturer, and delivered in 1930–31 a series of addresses, such as he alone could give, on "The Impact of the Gospel on a Central African People."

The Church did not forget him as it so often does its veteran missionaries when they retire from service in the foreign field. He was made Joint-Convener of the Africa Sub-Committee of the Foreign Mission Committee. None was more faithful in attending the meetings. It meant leaving Aberdeen at six o'clock in the morning. When someone condoled with him on so early a start he said it was not early enough for him!

After the union of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church he and Dr. Laws always sat together in a corner of the Committee room, a strangely arresting pair: Dr. Laws with rugged, weathered features, white beard and hair, and eyes in which humour gleamed like autumn sunshine; Dr. Hetherwick with round, darkly-tanned face crowned with white and a smile as spontaneous and naive as a boy's. They took small part in the discussions on matters of detail that went on throughout the long day. How could they, these men of wide interests, who had done the work of governments, had conducted great civilising enterprises, had led whole peoples from darkness to light? Often they seemed to find refuge within themselves. Their expression would take on a remote look as if they were elsewhere in spirit, thousands of miles

away, back amongst their tropical mountains and lakes, listening to bell and drum-beat and soft footfall, feeling again the spell of the clear kind days and the beauty and mystery of the African night.

Dr. Laws had received the highest honour which it was in the power of the United Free Church to bestow: he had been Moderator of its General Assembly. Dr. Hetherwick's friends wished that his career also could have been rounded off in the same manner: that he could have occupied the Moderator's chair in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. As a matter of fact, he was twice approached and asked to accept the office—in 1912 and 1924—and on both occasions respectfully declined to entertain the idea. He could not find it in his heart to interrupt the work he was doing in his beloved Africa: it had, he felt, the first claim upon his time and service. He was not ungrateful, but he was well content with the honour of going on with the task which the Church had committed to his charge. The work was its own reward.

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