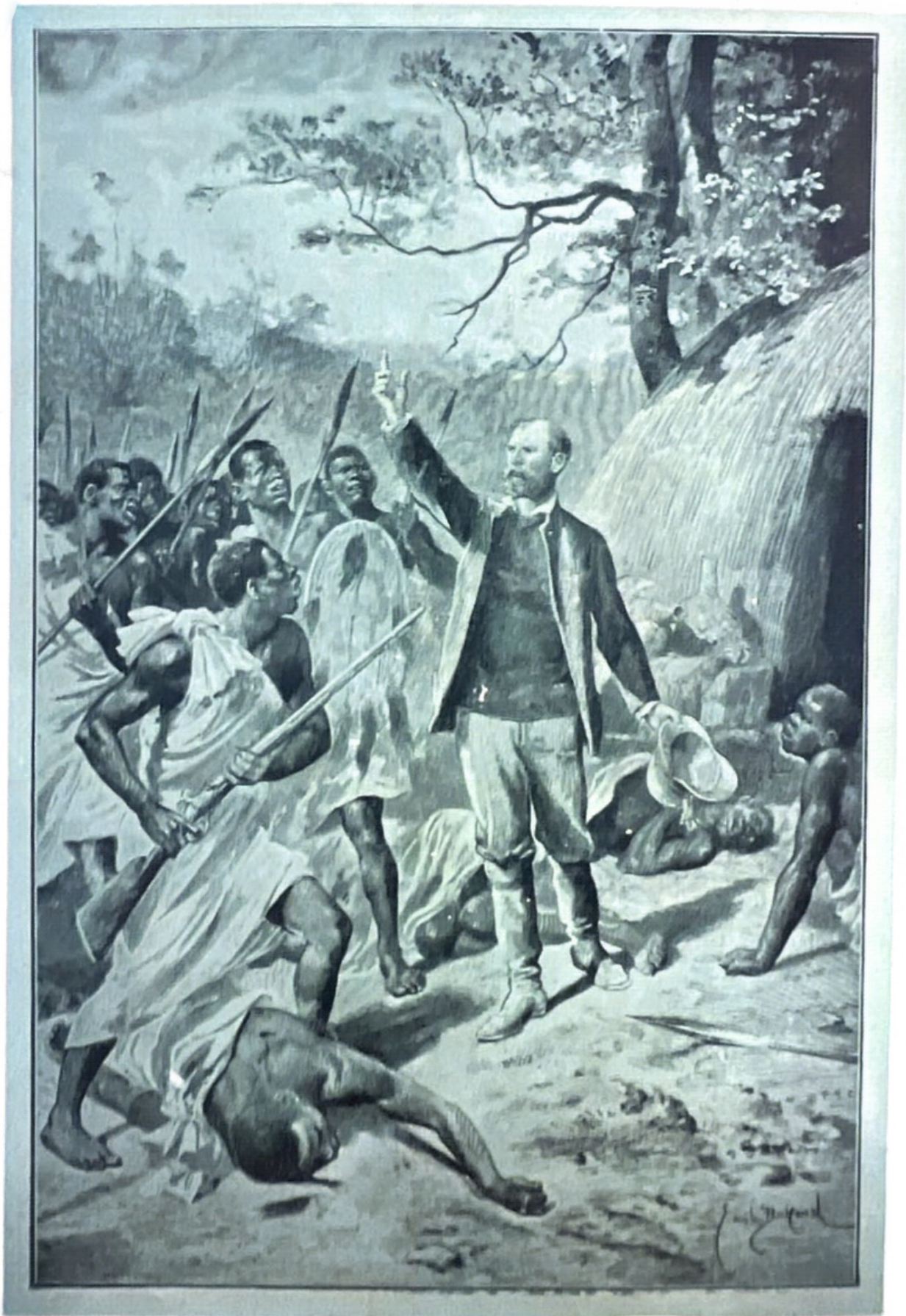


VALIANT IN FIGHT



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THE LIFE STORIES OF MIGHTY MEN
OF FAITH WHO MOVED THE WORLD
BY THEIR LABOURS OF LOVE



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BISHOP HANNINGTON

JAMES HANNINGTON

A HERO AND A MARTYR

CHAPTER I

A Happy Childhood

"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."

"Oh, dearest mother, we have had such a splendid trip," cried the bright, happy-faced boy as he bounded into the room, where the dearest of mothers sat in momentary expectation of her boy's return.

"I am so pleased, James," she replied, tenderly kissing the upturned face of her son.

"I have often thought of you, often prayed for you, often been anxious about you when the wind has howled around the coast."

"Ah, but mother dear, you need not have

been anxious about us. Sam is becoming an excellent sailor, and the slow old 'tub' behaved splendidly, although I must confess we sometimes had a good deal of trouble with her when the strong cross-currents swept up the channel. Oh, but I love a storm at sea," he cried, enthusiastically.

The mother looked anxiously into the fearless face of her lad and felt troubled. This love of daring, this mischievous recklessness, would, she felt certain, lead to disastrous consequences if he were not very careful.

"We started at beautiful Brighton, dearest mother; then steered around the Isle of Wight, then right on to the Land's End. The birds which flocked around the cliffs of Cornwall were so grand, mother. I tried to catch a few of them, but they were too active for me."

"James," replied his mother, with quiet earnestness, "God meant those birds to enjoy their liberty, just as you enjoy yours."

"Yes, mother, I know; but I love flowers,

and birds, and insects, and I want to collect specimens. Some day I may present some to the British Museum, and my name may appear amongst the great naturalists of the country."

There was a long silence. The boy was cherishing with all a boy's irresistible impetuosity desires which he felt would be pleasing to the mother he loved so much.

"Mother, I want to go to sea," he cried at last, as though unable to keep his secret any longer within his own impatient breast.

"Ah, my dear James, God forbid!" she replied quietly, but with an intensity of feeling which brought tears into her kindly eyes. "God forbid, my son! I have prayed much for guidance for your future life, and I hope He has a different destiny in store for you."

There was another painful silence, broken at last by the question, "James, do you love me?"

The only answer the wholehearted boy made

was to rise quickly from his seat and throw his arms around his mother's neck. For a moment he hung there, and time after time kissed her. It was an incident of a moment only, but the remembrance of it lingered in his memory until that pathetic hour when, on an African plain, close to the borders of the gorgeous Nyanza, he laid down his life like a hero and a martyr.

This boy was James Hannington, whose heroic story lights up many a page of the dark history of Africa. He was born on the 3rd of September, 1847, at Hurstpierpoint—a pretty village in the south of Sussex. Almost everything seemed to unite to make his childhood a happy one. His father, Mr. Charles Smith Hannington, was a Brighton merchant. Success followed his close application to business. He became a wealthy man, and wealth gave him a wide opportunity for the enlargement of his generous soul. He was blessed with a numerous family, and though

he did not live to rejoice in the great work which has made James' memory a priceless legacy to the world, he did live to see most of his children rise up and call him blessed.

One son died at sea. James wanted to follow the same dangerous career. A love of the sea was inbred in him. It needed all his parents' prayers and exhortations to woo him from his boyish infatuation. At the time of James' birth, the family occupied the luxuriant mansion of St. George's, Hurstpierpoint. It stood in its own grounds. Flowers bloomed everywhere, and the birds sang from every tree-top. James spent his happy childhood in this beautiful spot, and a free, unrestrained childhood it was. One of his greatest delights was to wander through the fields in search of birds and insects and flowers, and to sail his miniature boat on the two tiny ponds which stood close to the house.

James' father owned a small private yacht in which he often took his family on pleasure

tours around the Southern coast. These trips were a source of great delight to the boy. He was irrepressible; always getting into mischief; always reckless of danger. He was at once the joy and the torment of his mother, to whom he was drawn by strong ties of affection, which grew all the stronger as the years rolled by. Innumerable stories, illustrating James' mischievous temperament, have been preserved. At seven years of age he fearlessly climbed to the top of the masts of the yacht, and was, on one particular occasion, found suspended from one of the highest arms in a very perilous position. Reproofs and admonitions were unavailing; serious "lectures" on the dangers he incurred by these juvenile pranks had not the least effect. His daring was in his nature, and it remained there until an intense, God-given earnestness made him apply his natural intrepidity in a way which produced glorious and abiding results.

When he was eleven years of age he and his

elder brother, Samuel, then nearly seventeen years of age, were allowed by their father to undertake a yachting cruise in the English Channel. It was this happy voyage that filled James' mind with the idea of becoming a sailor. His father and mother had a long and anxious struggle with him before they could conquer this inclination. To a boy of his ardent, fearless temperament, a life on the sea, no doubt, possessed many charms. Eventually he yielded to his parents' wishes. The world has need to thank God that he did so. He would most assuredly have made a brave and skilful seaman. Though he failed most ingloriously in the vocation chosen for him by his father, he was led by devious paths to the accomplishment of a great and glorious work for God and humanity.

CHAPTER II

Harnessed to Business

"O life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play."

JAMES HANNINGTON'S boyhood ran out in a happy, heedless fashion. Unlike most boys who have afterwards engraved their names deep upon universal history, he cared nothing for books. The great book of nature was the only one he manifested any enthusiasm for. In his boyhood and youthhood he had not the least ambition to become a distinguished scholar. In fact, he had very little ambition of any kind. Night followed the morning, the end of the years followed the beginning, but they brought very little of serious consequence to the child who had been nursed in the lap of luxury

James Hannington's boyhood was neither interesting nor inspiring. Perhaps its only redeeming feature was his engrossing love for his mother. In all things she was his guide, counsellor, and comforter. He would eagerly carry to her choicest specimens which he had picked up in his many rambles through the sweet meadows and along the breezy seashore. The lad was full of childish glee, ever romping, ever laughing, ever in mischief. This characteristic he carried with him almost to his death, although those who were privileged to come within the almost magic sphere of his personal influence after his return from Africa, remarked with pain how much of his playfulness had been destroyed, or at least subdued, by those terrible journeys to and from Lake Nyanza.

In his boyhood James and one of his brothers had a private tutor, with whom, in the summer of 1860, they enjoyed a pleasant tour through the most interesting portions of Wales. Soon

afterwards, however, this gentleman accepted a curacy, consequently James and Joseph were despatched to a private school at Brighton—eight miles from his home.

During the two years and a half he remained there, the future missionary derived very little advantage. So bold and excitable was he in almost all things that his companions, ever anxious to establish for a new boy an unenviable cognomen, called him “mad Jim,” in memory of his many mischievous transgressions.

In spite of his temperament, he possessed a great, warm, sympathetic heart, that yearned for a greater degree of affection than he generally received. Occasionally, in later life, he indulged in some bitter reflections upon this school. Several times he was caned with disagreeable severity, and on more than one occasion he made up his mind to run away.

And yet he was a great favourite with his school-fellows. They admired his cool, intrepid spirit. He was born to be a leader both

amongst boys and men. There was a frankness, a boldness, a generosity, a kindliness that endeared him to both scholars and masters. The headmaster (though he punished him severely for his wilfulness) endeavoured to lead him into a better path. James knew nothing then of the religious fervour which afterwards made his life so inspiring. This force entered into his life long afterwards—after he attained to manhood.

When he was fifteen years of age his father took him from school and placed him in his large business house in Brighton. It soon became evident, painfully evident to his parents, that his heart was not in his work. This was not altogether due to idleness, for in the pursuits which lay near his warm heart he was tremendously diligent. In spite of all his weakness, he was a dutiful son. For the sake of his parents he did all he could to conquer the intricacies of trade, but his young soul revolted against its depressing influences.

He was more or less connected with this business until he attained his majority. But most of his time was spent in travelling hither and thither, chiefly on the Continent. This was his great delight, and in God's good time this boyish recreation became an influence which tended to qualify him for the work—the imperishable work—with which his name will be for ever identified.

These oft-recurring trips can only be very briefly glanced at. Just after leaving school he was sent, in the company of his late schoolmaster, Mr. W. H. Gutteridge, for a trip to Paris. The sights he saw appealed forcibly to his vivid imagination. Six months later he had another Continental trip with Mr. Gutteridge.

After one or two brief yachting cruises, James, in March, 1864, joined the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers, and in October he and his parents had a yachting trip to the Island of Alderney.

About his eighteenth birthday a seriousness concerning religious questions manifested itself. He seemed to be wellnigh the Kingdom of God, but the time for his entrance was not yet. It is worthy of note that he closed his diary for 1864 with the following original verse:

“My heart, Lord, may I ever raise
To Thee in humble thanks and praise
For keeping me throughout this year,
Lord, guard and guide me while I’m here;
And when to die my time is come,
Oh! take me to Thy heavenly home.”

But after events and later entries in the diary which he faithfully kept almost throughout his life conclusively prove that his heart had not yet been touched with the live coal from the altar. How earnestly he sought for the truth in those days no one will ever know altogether. Only glimpses of his struggles can be got from his writings. Certain it is that Roman Catholicism threw a transient spell over him in the following year, but a sermon by Cardinal Manning completely altered his

views. "I shortly afterwards gave up all idea of departing from our Protestant faith," is the almost pathetic entry in his diary. Suggestion of these tendencies was made to his parents, who, at that time were prominent members of the Independent body of Nonconformists. Mr. Hannington was at that time generously maintaining out of his private purse a chapel which he erected on his estate, and in which for a long while Nonconformist services were regularly held under the ministry of an Independent pastor.

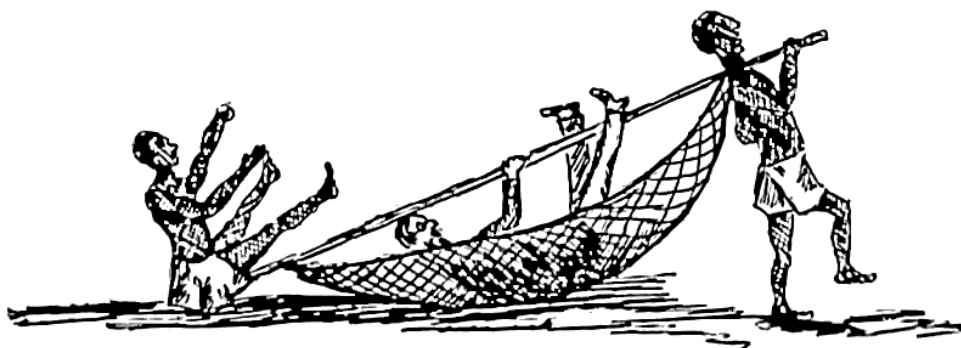
At the Volunteer Review before the Prince and Princess of Wales on Easter Monday, James Hannington was appointed major of his battalion. On that occasion he nearly met with a violent death through the restiveness of his horse. But he was in God's hands; He had a work for him to accomplish, though his early inclinations seemed to be leading him in an altogether different direction. In May, 1866, he went on a yachting cruise in the



Fall forwards and catch my porter

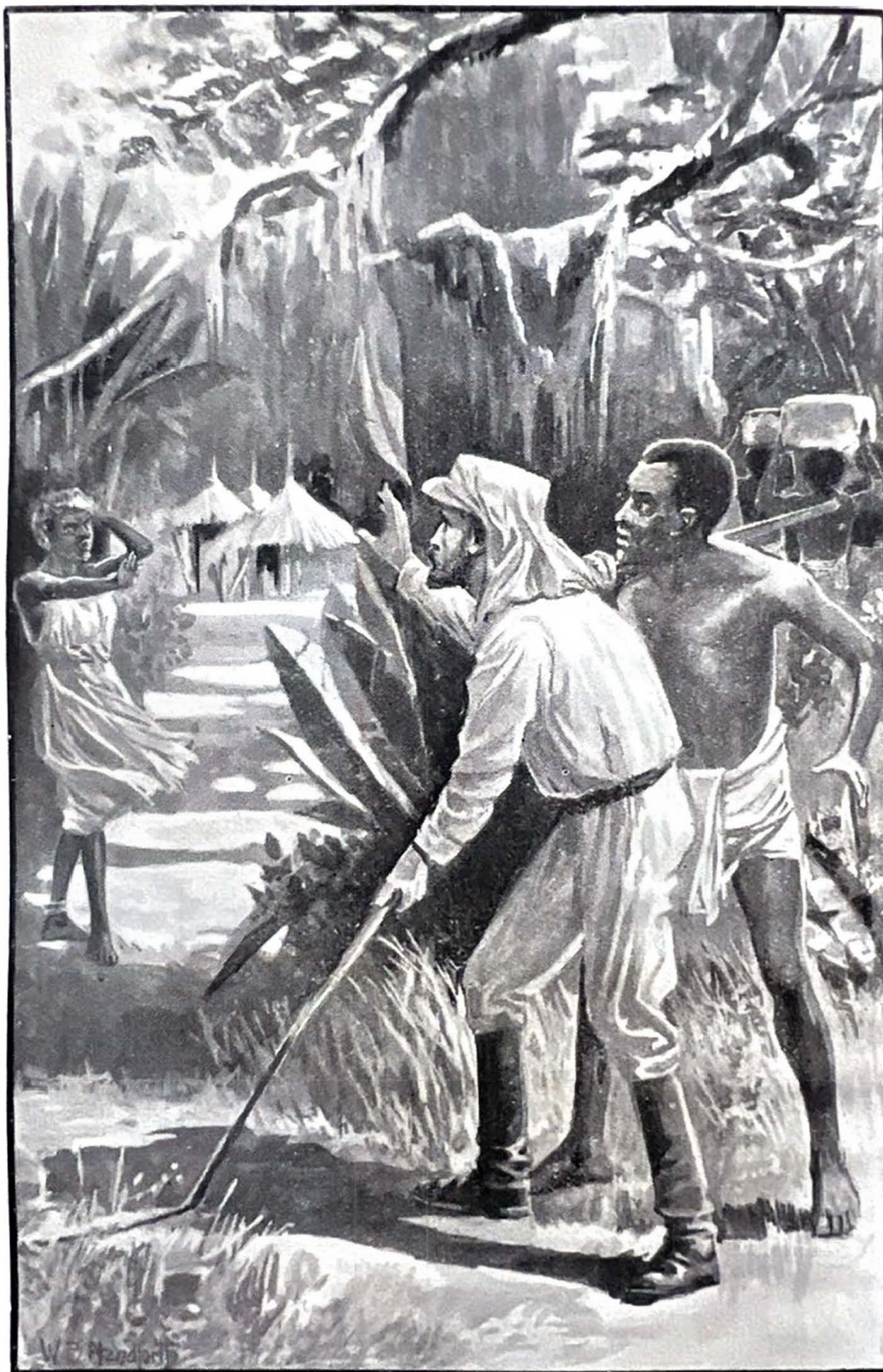


Through black mud



Fall backwards

TRAVEL BY HAMMOCK
BISHOP HANNINGTON'S HUMOROUS SKETCHES OF A TRYING ORDEAL



BEWITCHED BY THE BISHOP

A NATIVE WOMAN'S TERROR OF THE BISHOP'S HARMLESS,
NECESSARY STICK

Mediterranean with his parents. On returning to England he gave himself up to a life of ease and pleasure. He moved in the highest society. In his own fashion he was ever busy. He had not any positive wickedness in his generous temperament, but he did not feel the least incentive to live a higher or a nobler life. He loved to wander over the meadows, gun in hand, in search of partridge or pheasant. On one occasion he was temporarily blinded by the explosion of a cartridge; on another, the thumb of his left hand was shot away whilst playing with gunpowder. But these incidents never for a moment interfered with his natural intrepidity.

After a short trip to Paris, he and his brothers had a yachting cruise in the Baltic, during which they visited several of the most interesting sights on the Continent.

This trip closes James Hannington's career as a man of the world. The divine inspiration did not really enter into his heart until a

8

considerable period after this, but henceforth he was a searcher after divine truth. God led him after His own way, and though some of his wanderings may seem inexplicable to mortal vision, he kept his face steadfastly towards light and God.

CHAPTER III

The Turning Point

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on.

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now,
Lead Thou me on."

"OH, my brethren, the power of the Lord has often been revealed to us in this place. To many of our souls it has been the very gate of Heaven. How many of us have found salvation Thou alone, O God, canst tell. The old order is changing. Let the new, O Father, be equally powerful in the bringing of many to the Saviour."

It was a pathetic service. The servant of God, growing old, looked with sorrow upon the last place of his earthly ministry. That was his farewell to the place he loved so much;

the spot from which he had so faithfully, so earnestly preached to the assembled people the unsearchable riches of Christ. Before another Sunday dawned the new *règime* was in force. The Prayer Book succeeded the extempore prayer which came with all its simple ruggedness from the pastor's heart. Oh, how he prayed! he prayed as only a man can pray when his soul is filled.

Mr. Hart had for a long time held the pastorate of Mr. Hannington's chapel at Hurstpierpoint. But a great change came. Mr. Hannington had leanings towards the Church of England, and took steps to have the chapel licensed by a Bishop of the diocese. It is not necessary to analyse the reasons which led up to this change. Suffice it to say that it was brought about with that gentle tact and kindly thought which always characterise the conduct of a true child of God.

Old Mr. Hart and his wife were amply provided for until the end of their pilgrimage

by Mr. Hannington. Mr. Hart preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, 26th October, 1867. James Hannington was a member of that congregation.

A new power was quietly working within the young man's heart. Ere long it was to manifest itself in beauty and strength. A good deal, but not all, of his capriciousness was left in the background. He was beginning to see something of the real dignity of living a life of self-sacrifice—a life of devotion to the cause of Christ.

James was brought into very close contact with the gentleman who became curate-in-charge of the church at Hurstpierpoint. The idea of devoting himself to the Church grew upon him. The new arrangement commenced on the 14th December, 1867. For three or four months serious questions were uppermost in his mind. He saw the hollowness of the life he lived. He stretched out in the hope of grasping at something nobler—something

that might lift him above doubt and despondency, and might make him of real use to those around him.

God's finger was leading him, slowly, perhaps, but very surely. On the 5th July, for the first time, he partook of the Lord's Supper. Before partaking in this solemn service he had deep and, in many respects, painful heart searching. He analysed his thoughts and desires with almost merciless severity. He was flagrantly honest before men, and he desired to be so before God. Even after he had partaken of the Communion he was far from being satisfied. The Devil still wrestled with him. The combat was long and severe, how long, how severe, no one will ever be able to fully determine. For a long time he was harassed with doubt, and often on the point of giving up in despair. Even whilst this battle was going on he took some part in the work of the Church. He developed a characteristic which was a marked

feature of his too brief ministry. He took a very warm interest in the young men of the parish in their aspirations, their toils, and their amusements. He was fervent in prayer, and on his knees wrestled with God for full victory over the doubts that perplexed him.

The autumn of 1868 saw James Hannington enter upon his university career at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. It was not a brilliant career. He never had a keen relish for the orthodox studies which form a clergyman's mental equipment. There was, too, in his fellow-collegians an infection which did not tend to advance him either in his intellectual or spiritual life. He was far from being an industrious student, although in a few "pet" subjects he earned much more than an ordinary degree of efficiency—such subjects as botany (which had been a favourite since childhood), chemistry, natural history, science, and medicine, the latter of which was exceedingly useful to him during his peaceful days as a

village curate, and later on, during his history-making months, in Africa.

For the usual study of classics he cared nothing. His university period was all too prolonged. At times there was a serious danger of relapsing into the old dull indifference; at other times he was tempted to turn back; at other times his energy and ambition were concentrated on sport. So unsatisfactory were those days at the university that, after a residence of about twelve months, the principal suggested that he should secure a private tutor, and retire into the quiet country where he could complete his studies away from the allurements which are so closely associated with life in a large and more or less fashionable college.

This suggestion was adopted, and soon afterwards James Hannington, the man whose faith was afterwards strong enough to face the terrors of the Dark Continent, went down to Martinhoe, a quaint village in Devonshire,

where he placed himself under the direction of the rector, the Rev. C. Scriven. His geniality, his whole-heartedness, his fearlessness, soon made a vivid and favourable impression upon the simple, honest community. There he indulged his liking for the study of medicine, and frequently exercised his skill with beneficial effect. Moreover, he found constant delight and recreation on the hills and seashore.

Once or twice he returned to Oxford for his examinations. Misfortune dogged his steps. An unusual degree of nervous anxiety prevented him from securing success. At last he suggested to Mr. Scriven (with whom he was a great favourite), that he should act as his curate, without stipend, and in the meantime he could study for his degree. The Bishop, however, refused to consent to this course.

It was during his residence at Martinhoe that his mother, whom he often alluded to as "the gentlest mother, the sweetest, dearest

mother that ever lived," passed away after a long illness, which was borne with truly Christian resignation. She died on the 26th of February, 1872. Her death was a terrible blow to James. It brought a solemnising influence into his life. Her beautiful life, her trustful death, were like a beacon light to her son. He was oftener found upon his knees, endeavouring to draw nearer to the God who had sustained his mother through her grievous affliction.

On the 12th of June, 1873, he took his B.A. degree. On 1st March, 1874, he was ordained by the Bishop; on the succeeding Sunday he preached his first sermon. It was in his father's church at Hurstpierpoint. He was not satisfied with his efforts. He described the sermon as "feeble—in fact not quite sound," and tore up the manuscript. Then he went to Trentishoe to commence his duties as curate of Martinhoe and Trentishoe. He was not yet safe out of the slough of despond. He was still

harrassed by doubt, but God was leading him into a brighter light and a fuller freedom. It was at this point that a correspondence, commenced by a dear friend of his college days over a year before, was blessed to his soul. With prayer and supplication on his lips and in his heart he burst into the full liberty of the children of God. Then followed a full and complete surrender, a perfect dedication to the service of God.

CHAPTER IV

A Village Pastor

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

"I WILL never *read* another sermon as long as I live. God has given me a message to deliver to the people, and prayerfully I will trust Him to give me words to clothe the message with. But it will be hard work," he added, after a momentary reflection. "'To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness' is the precious promise, and if I live near to God He will not fail me."

The young man sat in his study gravely contemplating a change which exerted a wonderful influence over his own soul, and over the souls of many with whom he came into close contact. James Hannington had risen above perplexing doubts into the clearness of

God's promises. Hitherto he had always read his sermons. He often felt that they had fallen cold upon the people. Now he would speak out boldly. He cared little for the higher refinement of language. The salvation of immortal souls was of greater consequence than poesy. He would take up the torch and wave it in such a way that dying men and women must see the light and must be inspired by it. Only once is it recorded that he failed in his extempore preaching, and the failure sent him to his knees to pray for greater strength, greater confidence in the future.

James Hannington's life in beautiful Devonshire was a useful and happy one. There was a healthy contagion about his life and character. He was equally happy in conducting cottage services, or in reading or praying by the bedside of a stricken one. His knowledge of medicine was very valuable to him in his work in those villages where doctors were not too

numerous. He was full of earnestness in the Master's service. Then women and children soon learned to love the generous, bright, happy young man who was willing to spend and be spent in his work.

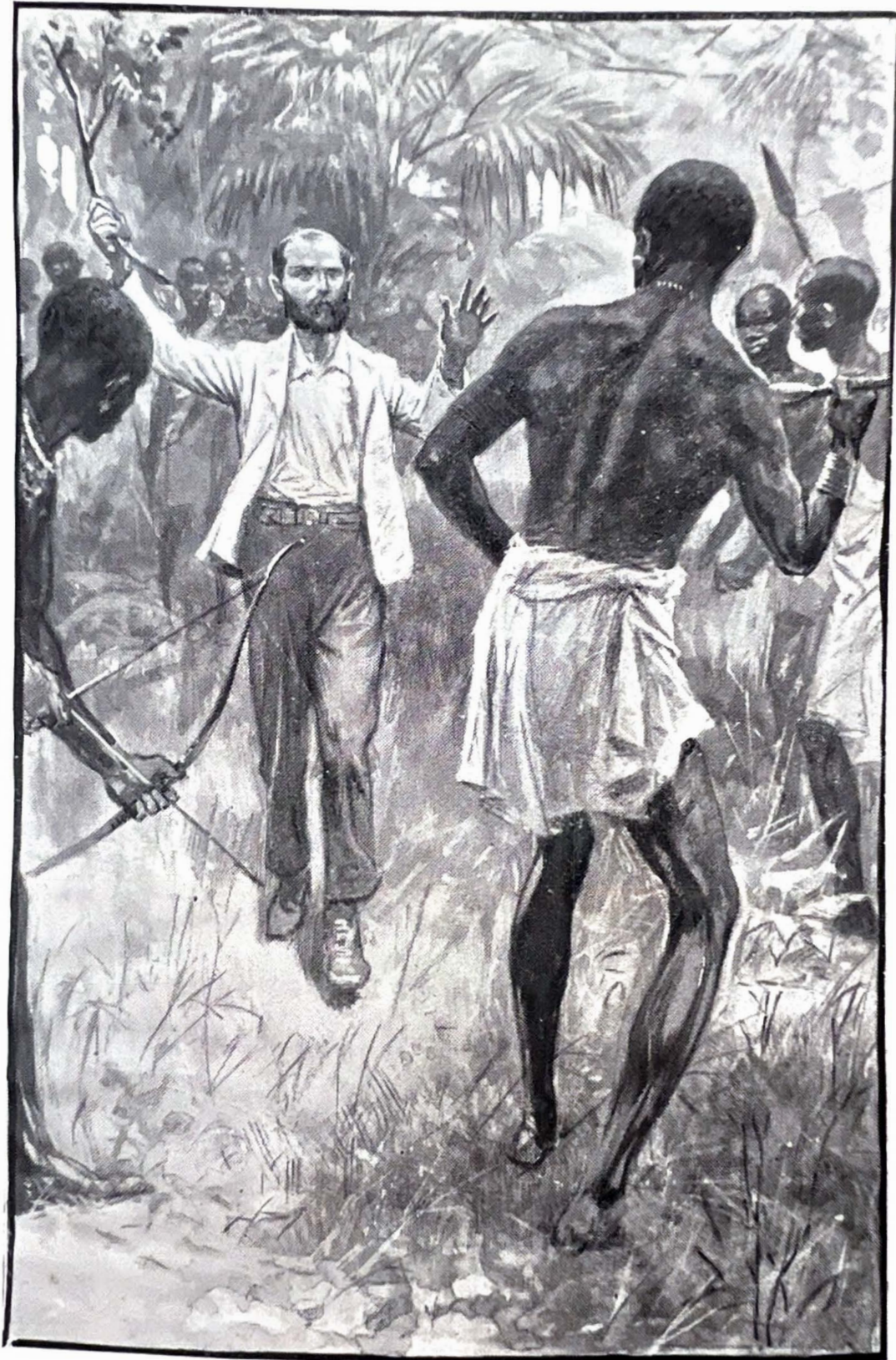
At the age of twenty-seven Mr. Hannington, senior, desired his son to return home as curate-in-charge of St. George's, Hurstpierpoint. The proposal was prayerfully considered. His work in Devonshire was beginning to produce the best fruits. He had great hopes for the future. "Dear Lord, mercifully reveal Thy will in this matter. Be Thou ever my Guardian and Guide," he wrote at the time on a slip of paper on which he had detailed a sort of mental balance. He felt that there was great scope for good work for the Lord in his native village, and he therefore accepted his father's suggestion.

It may here be mentioned that James Hannington possessed from private sources ample means. He therefore refused to accept

any stipend. It is very probable that he never accepted a penny during the whole of his ministry. Not only did he refuse stipends, but his purse was ever open at the call of necessity. He very often gave large sums in a quiet unostentatious manner. The sick and the afflicted were in scores of cases the recipients of his goodness. When the missionary spirit entered into his heart he gave one-fifth of his entire income to the furtherance of the object of one society alone. During the last year or two of his life in England he deprived himself of many a luxury and not a few necessities in order to possess means for a larger beneficence. God had touched his heart thoroughly, and an integral part of his Christian principle was to deny himself so that he could minister more fully to the necessities of God's people.

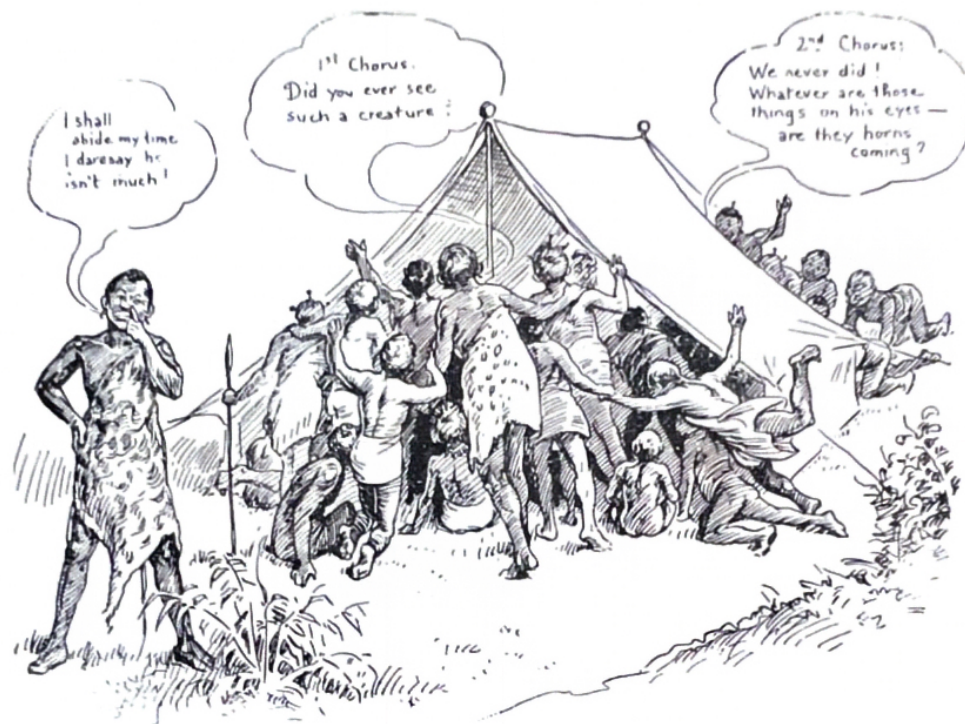
Previous to going to Hurstpierpoint he decided to spend a short time in a large parish, so that he could increase his experience of

ministerial work. He therefore went to Dalery Abbey, an outskirt of the busy town of Derby, where evangelical work was then being performed by the Rev. J. Dawson and his wife. Whilst at Derby he moved amongst the people in a cordial manner, which quickly gained their affection. He took an active part in one or two special missions, and did not shrink from a revival. These periods of special blessing were a source of much pleasure and inspiration to the young man who had completely dedicated himself to the service of God. There was now no hesitation about his extempore preaching. His divinely-inspired message was delivered in bold, earnest, convincing language. He often smiled at his occasional violation of the rules of graceful composition, but the message was God's, not his own, and he cared very little indeed for its precise wording. He spoke from his fervent heart, and seldom indeed did his message fail to reach the hearts of his diversified congregations.



A CRITICAL MOMENT

HANNINGTON RAN FORWARD ALONE AND UNARMED TO MEET
THE WARRIORS



A TRYING TIME WITH INQUISITIVE NATIVES

(From Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Bishop Hannington)

An illustration of his adaptability is found in his connection with the Station Breakfast Mission at Derby. This Mission has been wonderfully blessed by God. Its history deserves to be written in letters of gold as an inspiring encouragement to others. Only a very brief reference to it can now be given. One of the employees at Derby station persisted in reading his Bible during meal times. His companions scoffed and jeered at him. Eventually he went into a corner of the room and continued his earnest perusal of the Sacred Word. Presently a solitary companion joined him. The cruel persecution continued until a small, humble shed was placed at their disposal by the officials. There they continued to read their Bibles in peace. Their number gradually increased, until over a hundred men were to be found every breakfast time listening to an address on higher things. James Hannington went one morning to listen. The gentleman appointed to deliver the address, however,

could not attend, and the future missionary was requested to take his place. Though quite unprepared for such an emergency he spoke with great power, and made a serious impression upon many of these hard-worked railwaymen to whom the country owes so much.

In November, 1875, Hannington received his M.A. degree, and on the 7th of the same month he commenced his ministry at Hurstpierpoint. This period of his life must be recounted very briefly. He was something more than a country pastor. He was in very deed the father of his flock. To every one in the village he was endeared, especially to the old men and women and children. In spite of his robust mirthfulness, he was as gentle as a woman.

For seven years he laboured in this quiet sphere of influence. The world knew nothing of him ; he knew very little of the world. It is an old truism that the world knows very little

of its greatest men. During the latter portion of that period he travelled throughout many counties, holding special missions which were greatly blessed both to his own soul and to others.

How much he sacrificed for the sake of his parishioners will never be known. During his residence at Hurstpierpoint he sold his horse so that he could convert the capacious stable and coach-house into a mission and recreation room, and a very large proportion of his income was spent upon the poor and needy.

It is interesting to trace the gradual growth of his missionary instinct. In the early days of his ministry he knew nothing about the claims of the great heathen world. He did not feel the least responsibility in the matter. But God led him on to the accomplishment of His purposes. His soul became fired with the subject; and when he was thoroughly awakened he did all he could to show those

around him their privileges and responsibilities.

On the 10th of February, 1877, James Hannington was married to Miss Hankin-Turvin, daughter of Captain James Hankin-Turvin. This lady, along with her mother, had been in the habit of attending the Hurst-pierpoint church. She was in every way worthy to be the wife of such a man. No higher praise can possibly be bestowed upon her.

Mr. Hannington, senior, died on the 7th June, 1881, leaving the church to his son.

Hannington's home ministry practically ended with the year 1881. It is true he returned home after his first disastrous journey to the Nyanza, but it was only for a brief period of rest preparatory to going out again to the great, the dark continent, which had temporarily baffled him. He left behind him a quiet but a noble record. By prayer he had

prepared himself for his great life's work, and when the supreme time came he bore himself in a manner worthy of a saint and a martyr.

CHAPTER V

His Hand on the Plough

“I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.”

It has been often said that “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.” The saying is admirably applicable to Hannington. The story of the tragic death of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. T. O’Neill (two brave members of the Uganda mission of April, 1876), quickened Hannington’s desire to become a missionary into newness of life. For three or four years the thought of offering himself had been growing within him. He hesitated to do so because he felt his own unworthiness. During that period he attended several foreign missionary meetings, and preached sermons in support of the same cause. He came gradually to the conviction that God was calling him to

the accomplishment of work amongst the heathen.

Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill met their death some time about the end of 1877. The pathetic story arrived in England early in the following year. In February, 1882, Hannington mentioned his desire to Mr. Cyril Gordon, and a day or two afterwards he received a letter from Mr. Wigram, the Hon. Secretary of the C.M.S., offering him a commission abroad. Hannington regarded this as a direct answer to his repeated prayers. Several interviews followed between him and various leaders of the Society. The Medical Board passed him with the statement, "You are fit to go anywhere." He was overjoyed, and on the 23rd of February, 1882, he definitely offered himself for the Nyanza Mission for a period of not more than five years, on the condition that the Society would supply his place at Hurstpierpoint. Not only did he offer himself without stipend, but he offered

£50 towards his outfit and £100 per annum towards his travelling expenses.

At that time he had a wife and three children, whom he tenderly loved. It was on their account that he limited his offer of service to five years. What a struggle he had to drag himself away from them, and from his work at Hurstpierpoint! Every one loved him. Many of them tried to dissuade him from going to Africa. No, he had placed his hand on the plough and he would not turn back. He felt convinced that God's hand was beckoning him onward, and he did not hesitate for a moment. The parting from his congregation, and from his wife and children, was full of pathetic incidents that lived in his memory until the end.

Hannington recognised and prayerfully accepted the great responsibilities connected with the position he had taken up. In one of the last sermons he delivered in England he said: "I should not dare to stand up before

you if I believed that I were going out to find work for myself. I firmly believe that I have been sent forth by God. From the beginning I have placed the matter in the hands of God. I dare not weigh my own motives or fathom my own heart, but I ask God to guide me by His Holy Spirit. I pray that if God will not go with me He will not let me go." This was the trustful spirit in which he accepted the call. He left luxury, happiness, everything that the world calls dear, for the sake of fulfilling what he firmly believed was his God-given duty. He was not the man to shrink or turn back when he had once made up his mind, or when his heart had told him that he ought to do a certain work.

At the time Hannington was accepted, Mackay and O'Flaherty were alone at Rubaga. They had sown the precious seed in patience, and hopefully they were anticipating blessed results. The Missionary Society at home determined to reinforce these heroes. Han-

nington was placed in charge of the reinforcing party, which consisted of the Revs. R. P. Ashe, J. Blackburn, Cyril Gordon, W. J. Edmonds, and an artisan, Mr. C. Wise. A service to bid God-speed to the missionaries was held on the 16th May, 1882, at St. James' Hall, Paddington, and on the following day they embarked on the steamship "Quetta." Amongst their fellow-passengers were ten missionaries of the London Society, who were journeying to Lake Tanganyika.

After an uneventful voyage they sighted Zanzibar on the 19th June. Here they had a busy time preparing for the long journey which has baffled and repulsed so many brave and noble men, who cheerfully gave up their lives in their efforts to carry the Gospel to the heathen. That journey was full of a melancholy interest. They were soon brought face to face with dangers which often threatened the total destruction of the whole company. On one occasion their camp narrowly escaped

destruction by fire. As early as the 17th July fever broke out and laid nearly all aside. Hannington was the worst sufferer. He was hardly ever free from the deadly symptoms. But he bore his sufferings with heroic fortitude. He struggled on, ever cheerful, ever doing his utmost to assist his afflicted brothers, and to encourage them in their terrible privations.

On the 21st they reached the Mission Station at Mamboia. At Mpwapwa Hannington again narrowly escaped an awful death, but God was his Guard, his Shield.

The party suffered much in passing through the dense forest which lies on the road to Khambe. On the 6th August the indefatigable leader was again in the dreadful throes of fever. Bravely they struggled on through a parched land which was infested with wild beasts of almost every description, and Uyui was reached on 4th September. For ten days Hannington lay in almost momentary expectation of death. So ill was he that he was left

behind in charge of Mr. Gordon, and the others marched on.

Owing to difficulties with some of the tribes the caravan afterwards returned to Uyui. Hannington was so much better that he determined to push on with his companions towards Nyanza, but was still so weak that he had to be carried in a hammock for a long distance. But on he went. He reached the borders of the great lake at last; but fever and dysentery had worked their cruel will upon him. To use his own dismal phrase, "he was done." His body was racked with agony. His companions insisted upon his return to the coast. Tenaciously he struggled against the proposition; but the conviction gradually dawned upon him that though he had beheld the promised land he could not enter in. The moment of his turning was full of pathos. His brave heart was almost broken with disappointment. Though he consented to return, he never expected to reach the coast,

never expected to see England and the dear ones again. But God's providence watched over him. The return journey was almost as terrible as the outward journey.

The others pushed on, and one of them, Mr. Ashe, laboured with Mackay for several years in Uganda. Hannington's successful return journey was a miracle of grace. He reached Saadaui on the 8th May, 1883, and on the 12th left Zanzibar for England.

Though in turning back he only accepted the inevitable, he never fully forgave himself. "Forgive the one that turned back," was the plaintive appeal he wrote soon after he reached home. But there was something more than disappointment in his heart. There was a prayerful resolve never to rest until he had redeemed himself—until he had carried the Gospel right into Uganda—until he had again shaken hands with the brave men who had, fearless of their own safety, struggled on to the goal.

CHAPTER VI

Again in Africa

"Truths that wake
To perish never."

FOR about eighteen months Hannington remained in England. Gradually his robust constitution overcame the terrible drain made upon it by fever and dysentery. With returning strength his intense longing to go back to Africa came again. He was ever energetic in advocating the claims of the African missions in several home circles, and within the short space of three months he several times went up to the headquarters of the Society begging to be allowed to return either to Africa or elsewhere. At first the Medical Board decided that he should *never* return to Africa. The news was a cruel disappointment to him. He had set his heart on the possibility of recovering strength enough to enable him to conquer where he had once been repulsed. His recovery was

so rapid that the Medical Board gradually altered their opinion. On 5th December they declared that he was fit to go anywhere—except Africa and Ceylon—at the reception of which tidings he broke into a loud and oft-repeated “Hallelujah!”

Of course he was disappointed at being excluded from Africa, but, with all his intense impetuosity he had patience to wait for the fulfilment of the designs of the Lord. Up and down the country he went, pleading the cause of missions. He never seemed to tire. His heart was fully in the work. From his warm heart he spoke, and men listened with that respect which is always shown towards those who have sacrificed and suffered for a noble cause. In the press and on the platform he did much to rouse the sympathy of the people on behalf of his brave brothers, who, in face of terrible persecution, were calmly, heroically holding the fort at Uganda.

Then came to him a great and welcome

surprise. Sir Joseph Fayrer, the famous authority on climates, was consulted with regard to Hannington's health. After careful deliberation he gave his opinion that he might return to Africa with a good prospect of many years' labour. Thereupon the Society offered him the Bishopric of East Equatorial Africa. The position was an extremely responsible one. Hannington was delighted at the prospect of returning to Africa, and accepted the proposal, though he would have much preferred a humbler post.

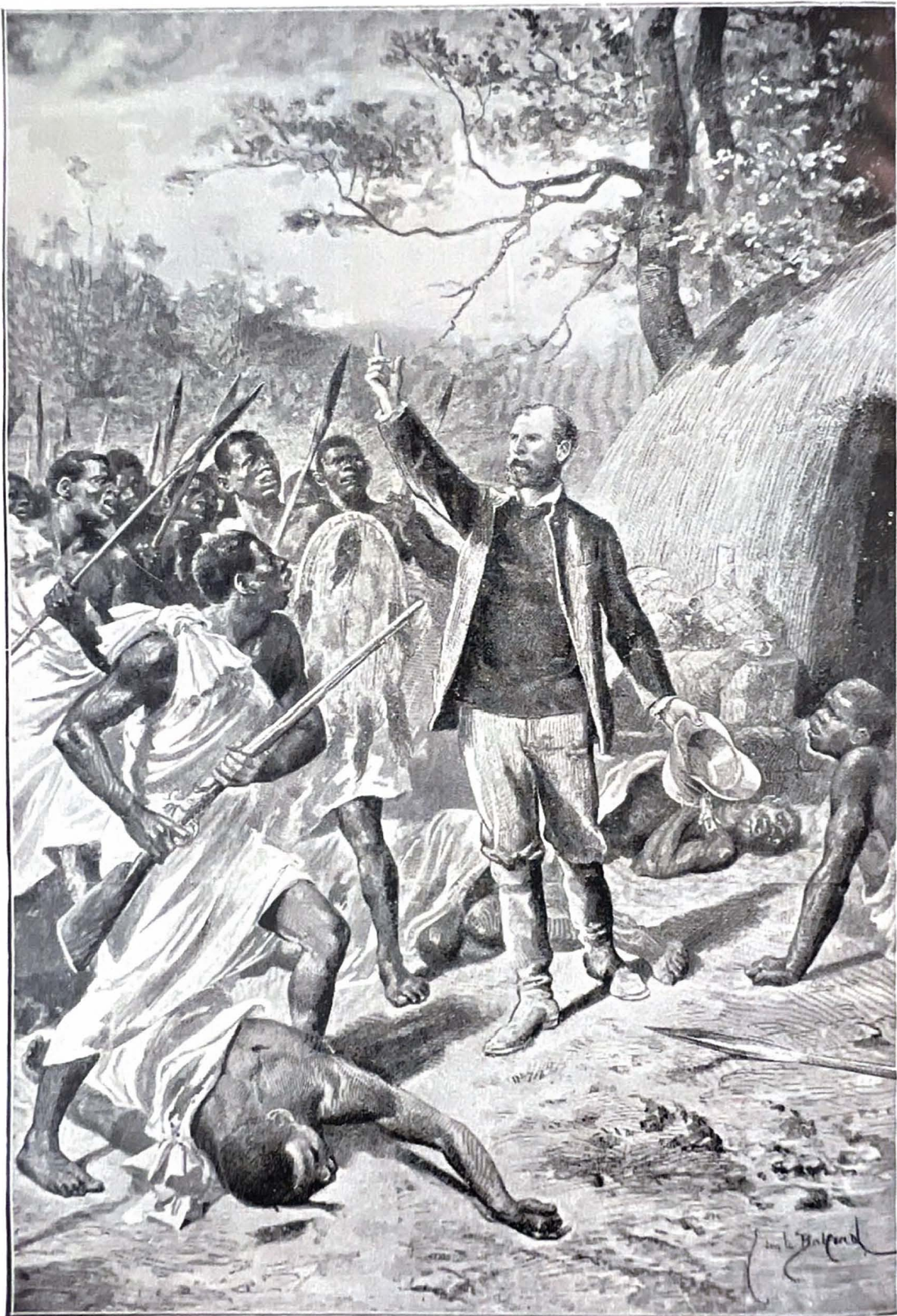
It was afterwards arranged that Mrs. Hannington should follow her husband to Mombasa, where they intended to reside, but circumstances afterwards over-ruled these plans.

The Archbishop commissioned Hannington to journey to Africa via the Holy Land, and on 5th November, 1884, he sailed in the "Nepaul." He visited Beirut and other places, and preached the Gospel both to natives and Europeans, afterwards paying brief visits to



THE BISHOP'S BETRAYAL

"SUDDENLY ABOUT TWENTY RUFFIANS SET UPON US. WHEN I SHOUTED FOR HELP, THEY FORCED ME UP AND HURRIED ME AWAY"



THE MARTYRDOM OF BISHOP HANNINGTON

Damascus and other scenes so dear to the heart of an earnest and thoughtful Bible reader. Palestine was left behind on New Year's Day, 1885, and after a pleasant voyage he reached Mombasa on the 24th January. The great Continent was once more before him. Its terrible climate had defeated him once. Oh! how he prayed for success this time—for power to be a real helper to the thousands who are suffering under the twin curses of slavery and heathenism.

He had a great deal to do before he set himself to accomplish his great task—to establish a straight line of mission stations from Mombasa to Lake Nyanza. He visited Zanzibar and several other places near the coast. His presence was a stimulus to many who had been working in the Lord's vineyard under very depressing and discouraging circumstances. He worked with wonderful energy. His health remained remarkably good, and he was enabled to travel almost uninterruptedly for the purpose

D

of superintending the various mission stations, and getting all possible information before once more plunging into the terrible interior.

He was almost feverishly anxious to commence his journey, and yet he was equally anxious to adopt every precaution. His zeal for the salvation of Africa was more intense than ever. Great truths had been awakened within his heart, and it was impossible for him to return to indifference.

By and by the idea developed in his thoughtful mind to cross Africa by a new route—from Mombasa, through Taita Kavironde, Kwa Sunda, thus entering Uganda by the north of the Nyanza. He consulted all the great authorities upon the advisability of carrying out this plan. Every one agreed that it was about six weeks shorter; that it was vastly more healthy and agreeable. The only danger to be feared was the warlike Masai tribe. Hannington, however, was convinced that this difficulty was not an insuperable one. He

felt that a warlike tribe was much less dangerous than the feverish swamps, and almost impenetrable forests which had proved so disastrous on his last march into the interior.

In a rapid march to Chagga he picked up information which practically decided him to take the new northern route. As far as can be ascertained only one European had previously travelled over this road. This was Mr. Thomson, the intrepid explorer, whose book, "Through Masai Land," was eagerly read by the noble-hearted missionary.

On his return from Chagga, the Bishop found a large amount of work awaiting him both at Frere Town and Zanzibar.

One of the many interesting acts he performed was his setting apart the first two natives of East Africa: William Jones and Michael Samler. To the former was reserved the duty of accompanying Hannington on his last journey, to which such a pathetic interest is attached. It was not his privilege to follow

him to the end, or, in all probability, he would have shared the same martyrdom. A few days before his death, and when on the borders of Uganda, Hannington divided his forces. Leaving Mr. Jones at Kwa Sundi, he picked out fifty men and pushed on. Those two faithful brothers in the sacred cause never met again. To Mr. Jones fell the lot of chronicling the incidents of the last few days of the good Bishop's life, and the painful, yet heroic, story is largely supplemented by Hannington's diary, which was recovered in an almost miraculous manner.

CHAPTER VII

The Martyr's Crown

THURSDAY, the 23rd July, 1885, was an exceedingly busy day at Rabai. At last, after hard pressure and delay, the caravan was ready to start on its long journey into a land that was almost absolutely unknown. There were two hundred of them in all. Hannington had the greatest difficulty to secure the necessary complement of carriers, as the Masai had inspired all the natives with the utmost terror. Many of them enlisted in the hope of drawing advance pay, and being able to desert before many miles had been covered. A constant watch had to be kept over them until they had advanced far enough to convince the would-be truants that a united advance would be less dangerous than a straggling retreat. As soon as the natives were convinced of this, things went a good deal smoother. But until then the leader had an anxious.

almost sleepless time. His influence over the most abandoned of the company was almost magical. Even such admire nothing more than a strong, fearless man, who could face savage beasts, and even more savage men, without manifesting the least sign of consternation.

Hannington was the very life and soul of that company. He took more than a fair share of work upon his own shoulders, and both by example and precept did all he could to keep up the spirits of those who looked up to him as their guide and their tower of strength. They had to contend against many privations. They often ran woefully short of food, and Hannington frequently had recourse to his gun for the purpose of replenishing their stores.

The party reached Kikumbulin early in August. A pathetic interest is given to this place by reason of the fact that from thence he wrote his last letter to his wife, and also

to his friends and co-workers at Frere Town. The former was dated "August 11th." It is evident from a direct reference therein that he had very little hope of this communication ever reaching the noble lady who had possessed sufficient courage to give him up to the Lord. But when he met a man who stated that in a short time he intended to make the journey to the coast he could not deny himself the pleasure of writing a very few lines to the loved ones at home. We may thank God that he was moved to write these letters. They tell of the trustful spirit in which he lived—the trustful spirit that supported him during that last journey, and also during its awful consummation. "The burden of my song must be praise; and the teaching of every lesson has been trust, so comfort your heart during my absence," he wrote to his dear wife. What a precious message from the heart of this dark continent! "I am quite aware that this is the easy part of the journey," he continued,

“and that far greater difficulties from *hongo*-demanding (tribute-demanding) natives are ahead; *but if this is God's time for opening up this road, we shall open it up.*”

This was the sublime faith in God which has made Hannington's name such a priceless legacy to the world. He would have gone anywhere, or done anything, if by so doing he could have done the will of God.

Then came a long anxious waiting; whilst his friends were anticipating for the details, he had joined the noble army of martyrs, whose deeds sing constant praises unto the God of their salvation. The only details available for the narration of the story to its solemn close is the tiny diary in which Hannington made daily jottings; and also, as before stated, the diary of Mr. Jones. There is an almost entrancing history connected with this small diary. He carried it with him until the conclusion of his self-sacrificing labours. When the last scene closed it fell into the hands

of one of his murderers, and afterwards it was purchased by a native lad who had found God as the result of the teaching of Mackay and his companions at Rubaga. From him it found its way to England, in company with Mr. Jones' pencillings. From these two sources the narrative can be carried up to an hour or two of Hannington's tragic death.

On one occasion when they were surrounded by hostile foes and difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, Mr. Jones blew his whistle and called the caravan men together for worship. Hannington gave them an earnest Gospel address, at the conclusion of which these tired, harassed travellers sang together with great heartiness:

“For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.
“Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.”

And as they sang, each one of that calm, brave company knew full well that at almost any moment they might reach that heavenly home of which they so often sang. Some of them, in fact most of them, were destined to pitch their earthly tents for but a few days longer. Such glimpses as these, revealing as they do so many actions of that pioneer column during the last days of their difficult march, are invaluable. They reveal the spirit which inspired them.

With the Masai tribe the company had very great difficulty. On several occasions large armed bands pressed around the small handful and threatened to destroy them unless their audacious demands for *hongo* were instantly complied with. It needed all Hannington's firm courage, as well as his powers of conciliation, to adjust the various complications. Time after time the natives refused to supply them with food, and frequently they were on the verge of starvation.

In Hannington's diary there is a unique illustration of the fatigue which followed his intense exertion in Masai land. On going to bed one night, after a hard day, he took a bite at a biscuit and fell asleep with it in his mouth and the remainder in his hand.

Kwa Sunda was reached early in October. After a short rest Hannington decided to leave Jones in charge of the caravan and push forward with fifty picked men. He had sketched out his plan for a long period to come. He intended to cross the Lake from Lussala to Uganda; if any members of the mission desired to return to the coast they could do so by the route he opened up, but he would return by the old route, so that he could visit the churches and mission stations which had been founded along that route. "Man proposes but God disposes." This was one of the many hopes that were living in his active brain when he received his call to higher service. There was an element working against him, which he

knew nothing of. He never suspected resistance from the King of Uganda, under whose, more or less, insecure protection Mackay and his brethren had been working for a considerable time. The means of communication were slow and inadequate. Hannington knew nothing of the ferment which was being created by the slave owners, and the believers in the old faith; they had gained the weak king's ear, and into it they dropped insidiously their distilled poison.

The Germans had for a considerable period been notoriously active on the north-east coast. Little by little those who had gained the ear of the king succeeded in convincing him that they were advancing slowly upon his country for the purpose of annexing it. When the advance of a white man from the north-east was reported to him he became alarmed, and ordered out an armed and ruffianly force to capture and detain him.

Mackay was aware of Hannington's advance.

Time after time he endeavoured to reason the matter fully with Mwanga. At last he heard that an armed force had been despatched to the north-east. Mackay had every reason to be suspicious of the object of this expedition, but before he could render any assistance the grim tragedy had been completed. Hannington's great soul had been released from its house of clay.

There must always remain a degree of uncertainty over Hannington's death. The various versions which reached home are conflicting. What we know is, that after his eyes had once feasted upon the bosom of the great lake which has become the centre of missionary enterprise, he was, on Wednesday, 21st October, attacked with considerable violence by a large body of armed men. Whilst being subjected to brutal treatment, whilst momentarily expecting to be violently put to death, he sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," with perfect composure. For eight

days he was detained and guarded in a miserable tent. There he suffered much annoyance and many privations. He was greatly comforted and strengthened by his reading of the 28th and other Psalms. What inspiration he received from constantly dwelling upon "The Lord is my Strength and my Shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped. Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise Him."

On the last day of his torture he read the 30th Psalm. He died in the confident strength given him by "I will extol Thee, Lord; for Thou hast lifted me up; and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. O Lord, my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me."

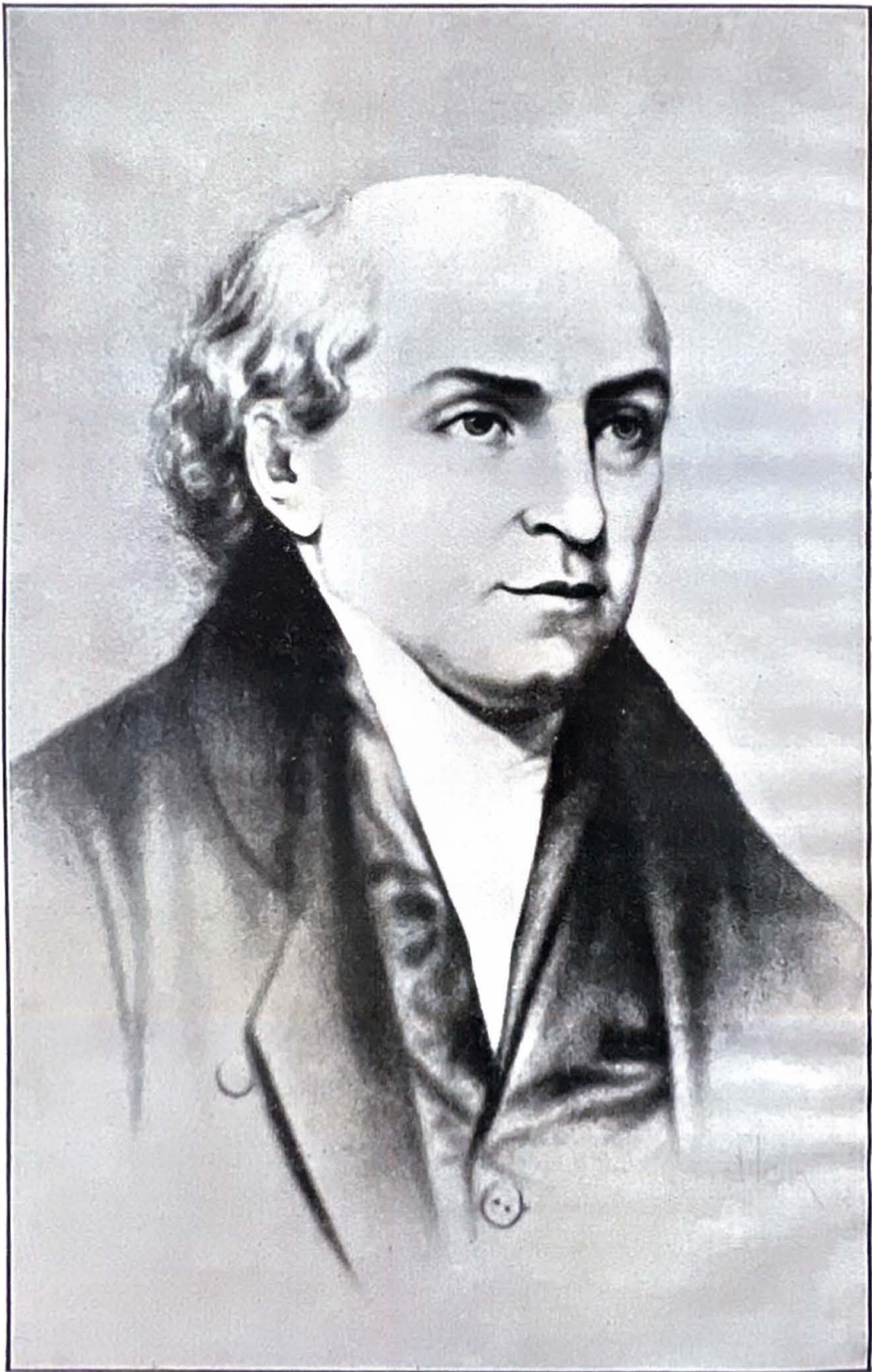
At that time fever was fast developing within him; his strength was rapidly declining under the weight of sickness and anxiety; and yet he could rejoice in the promises of his Father.

Then he was led out from his tent. His guards told him word had been received from the king that he should be allowed to proceed on his journey. His heart naturally rejoiced. But after a fatiguing journey he was brought face to face with his comrades. They were stripped and bound together. In an awful moment the hero was disillusioned. But his unflinching faith made him supreme. With the lofty dignity of a Christian who had lived for his God, and was prepared to die for Him, he spoke a few words—a very few. “Tell the king that I die for Uganda,” he said; “I have bought this road with my life.”

Even his executioners, hardened although they were by revels in human blood, shrank from him and hesitated. In that last moment Hannington knelt down, and in a few words commended his soul to God. Scarcely had he ended his petition before a gun was fired, and spears were plunged into the bodies of the captives. Two men, specially appointed,

plunged their weapons into the heart of the devoted James Hannington.

There in the hands of his God, in whom he trusted, and surrounded by a frantic throng, for whom his great heart yearned with pity, we may well leave him. The ordinary terms of eulogium, as applied to Hannington's life and death, are mere commonplaces. The good he did lives after him. The blessings he wrought have gloriously expanded, and are expanding to-day.



WILLIAM CAREY

The Life Story of WILLIAM CAREY

CHAPTER I

"I Can Plod;" or, The Boy who Finished What He Began

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."

"HURRAH! Hurrah! Done at last. Mary! Mary! I have succeeded!" shouted a boy, rushing into the room where his mother sat busy with her lace pillow.

"Mary has nearly finished her spinning," said Mrs. Carey. "She can go now. But what gives you so much pleasure, William? Have you found a new beetle?"

"No, mother; but do you remember the nest in the great chestnut? How I watched the building of it! Three times I went up the tree after it, and each time I fell to the ground. It was a fall from that tree that made me so ill."

"You naughty boy! Three weeks you have been laid up owing to that fall. You have not been climbing the tree again? You can hardly stand yet."

"I couldn't help it, mother. Night and day I thought of that nest. It wasn't so much that I wanted some of the eggs, but it hurt me to be defeated. If I had waited for forty years it would have been just the same. I went directly I could walk and climbed the tree, and here is the nest."

"That was like your father's son," answered Mrs. Carey; "but you ought not to have taken *all* the eggs in the nest and the nest too. When he was only a poor weaver he was always at his book. No wonder that, when you were six years of age, he obtained his present situation. It is something to be schoolmaster and parish clerk too, and it is all owing to his perseverance."

"I can't help it, mother," said William, arranging the eggs upon the spotless deal table. "When I begin a thing I feel that I must go through with it at any cost. I hope I shall do as well at making shoes."

"True, boy," answered his mother. "We would rather that you had stayed at home here in Paulerspury; but that skin disease you have had since you were seven years of age will not allow you to work in the fields."

"It is a pity, mother, for I should so like to have learned farming," answered William. "But I cannot endure the pain that the sunlight causes me. Still, Hackleton is only nine miles away, mother; I shall often come over to see you."

"Yes, do; for it will be a long time before I shall become accustomed to your being away from home, and I like to keep the chickies near me. Five ye were once, but my Lizzie now is in Heaven."

"I am getting on for fourteen now," answered William, "and I ought to be doing my part to earn a little. Come, Mary, let us go and put these eggs into their place."

Mary, who was a few years younger than her favourite brother, was nothing loth, and the two were soon busily engaged looking over the treasures in the little room that William called his own. Upon one side a row of long boxes contained beetles, butterflies, and eggs; each specimen was labelled with its name in Carey's boyish writing. Upon the other side of the room another pile of boxes contained specimens, dried and arranged by William himself, of the botanical treasures of the locality. In

one corner birds' nests were arranged, in the opposite angle a few well-used books were piled in order. Not a thing was out of its place ; it was like the youthful master—a picture of neatness.

“Mind, Mary, that you don't drop any of the straw upon the floor. You must not be careless like Ann. The other day I brought her in here to look at my new beetle, and she dropped three or four threads over the floor. Try, Mary, and make Thomas careful about that very thing, for a little disorder matters a great deal. It shows that whoever made it is careless ; and carelessness is almost as bad as laziness.”

“Shall we see to your pets ?” asked Mary. “While you were ill I took great care of them. When you are away at Hackleton I will look after them.”

“Do, Mary, do,” answered William. “Be careful not to neglect the birds. If we are careless of God's dumb creatures we shall soon be cruel to human beings. But, come, let us go down to the garden ; I wish you to see one plant that will require very careful watching.”

Closing the door carefully, after looking to see that nothing was displaced, William hurried from the house, followed by his sister. The

schoolmaster's house stood end to end with the school-room; behind the line of buildings there was a large orchard. At the far corner a little plot of land was marked off by a stone border. This was William's own garden. Every inch of it was carefully cultivated; it was, like his room, as scrupulously neat as a garden could be.

"Mind, that must not be watered too much, Mary; but those are thirsty things, and will take a good deal of water. You are quite sure, Mary, that you can do what I want? I mean that you will not find it too much for you?"

"If I begin it, I will do it, William," replied Mary. "Now and then I forget, I know, but I never mean to do so. Oh, no! I will do what you want."

"Now then, I will show you how to preserve a specimen. Take a leaf of this, there is plenty of this kind. Come, let us go into the school-room; it will be empty now."

The school-room was a plain room, its white-washed walls and black oaken rafters according with the rude seats upon which the pupils rested. These were benches which consisted of trees sawn down the middle, rude legs being inserted into the round side. But the young botanists

thought nothing of the uncomfortable seats; indeed, they had never seen better.

They sat down together, and Mary received her lesson.

"Are you sure that you understand?" asked William, after repeating his instructions three or four times.

"Yes, oh yes, I see," replied Mary.

"Better make sure," said William. "Now, let me say it over again."

When he had done so, the boy seemed as lost. "Mary," he said, "I'm afraid that I shall not be able to search the hedges now. But, don't you forget that we ought not to pass a single thicket without looking carefully into it; you can never tell what treasures it may hide. Keep all that you may find until I have seen it. Who can tell what great discovery you may make if you only look?"

"Fancy, William! if you were only a labourer here. You would get five shillings a week all to yourself," said Mary. "What a lot of books you could buy if you had all that money!"

"That is not to be just now, Mary," replied her brother. "No, not yet; but perhaps I shall get as much money some day."

CHAPTER II

The Last First; the Pupil who was wiser than His Teachers

“WILLIAM CAREY! William Carey! I have surely heard the name before,” said Dr. Ryland, a minister in Northampton, as a young man of twenty-three entered his study nearly ten years after the incidents which are recorded in the previous chapter. “Sit down, my friend,” he said to his visitor. “Sit down, and tell me your business briefly.”

“I should like to be baptised.”

“Why have you such a desire? Let me hear who you are, and how God met with your soul.”

“My father was parish clerk at Paulerspury, and a godly man, who well loved all Christian people. At the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to the shoemaking in Hackleton. There I found a commentary belonging to my master containing Greek words. These I copied out, and when I visited my parents I got Thomas Jones, a weaver in our village, to translate them for me. So I picked up a little Greek. While at Hackleton I had frequent religious

discussions with a fellow apprentice, who was, however, more than my match in argument. Upon one occasion I was sent out to collect the Christmas boxes given by the customers to the apprentices. One man offered me the choice of a shilling or a sixpence; I made choice of the shilling, but found afterwards, to my sorrow, that it was a brass coin. To my shame I say it, but I endeavoured to pass off this counterfeit as my master's money. I prayed to God most earnestly that my deception might not be found out, but I was detected, and made to feel the disgrace of my sin."

"That was wrong of you," said Dr. Ryland. "Crooked ways are never safe, nor are they eventually successful."

"So I found out," replied the other. "In the second year of my apprenticeship my master died, and though it was not legally incumbent upon them to do so, my parents paid a sum of money to his widow for my freedom."

"That was kind and honourable of them," observed Ryland. "Be worthy of such upright parents."

"I will strive to do so," replied Carey. "I then went into the service of Mr. Old, at

Hackleton, but at a lower rate of wages, because I had not yet fully acquired my trade. But after a while I became so good a workman, that my master used to exhibit a pair of boots of my making as a model for future apprentices. He kept them beneath a glass case."

"That was a testimony to your ability, very gratifying to you; laudably so," remarked Dr. Ryland.

"I married my master's sister-in-law, Dorothy Placket, two years ago," continued Carey. "Yes, it was on the 10th of June, 1781. The same year I joined a little church which was then formed at Hackleton. My fellow apprentice had many times conversed with me upon the subject of religion; and by God's grace I had come to see myself a sinner, and as such had come for pardon to Jesus Christ. I cannot tell of great raptures, or dreadful terrors," continued Carey. "I have never experienced agonies of remorse; but I found myself a sinner, and I was enabled to trust in Jesus for salvation."

"I pay little heed to excited emotions, Carey," answered Ryland. "I don't ask how much you feel, or how little. I say, do you

own yourself as a helpless sinner? Do you resolve, by God's help, to abandon sin? Do you accept Jesus as your present, all-sufficient Saviour? Will you resign yourself into His hands?"

"To all these questions I can humbly answer, Yes," continued Carey. "To go on with my story, soon after my marriage my master died. My wife, moved with pity for her sister, who was destitute, induced me to take over the business. But I found it terribly hard work. Some orders, especially one large order, given to my master, were withdrawn when they heard of his death, and other losses followed immediately. I had to part with most of my stock; and I say it without murmuring, I often wanted even the necessaries of life. Then my child died, and I was sick with the ague."

"Poor fellow! your friends were not able to aid you much, I fear?" asked Ryland.

"My brother Thomas denied himself even requisites, and pressed upon me a sum of money that he had saved with such protestations of affection, that I could not refuse his loving gift. This helped me for a time."

"It was a noble deed," said Ryland, "but

brothers ought to aid each other. If brothers do not bear each other's troubles, who will do so?"

"I can truly say that every member of my family would cheerfully endure privation to assist the others. I know that I would," answered Carey.

"I believe you! I believe you!" exclaimed Ryland. "Yes, Carey, I shall be delighted to baptise you. Let me see, the 5th of October, 1783, is the new moon; that will do. Regard it as settled."

The baptism took place at the time and place agreed upon. Ryland preached from Matthew 19. 30, "But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

"I had no idea," he afterwards remarked, "as to the youth's grandeur. To me he was only a shoemaker's apprentice. I little dreamed how literally my text was being fulfilled.

So it was that the poor young man baptised that morning was to prove one of the most remarkable servants of Christ of his day, perhaps of all time. Ah, me! how little we understand about our fellows! and how faulty our estimate of their abilities and value often must be!

CHAPTER III

More than a Bishop ; Expect Great Things from God ; Attempt Great things for God

“When Christlike faith is keen to seek,
When Christlike love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man.”

“I HOPE that you are not a sheep stealer?” asked Mr. Robinson, a clergyman of Leicester, four years after Carey’s baptism. “I bid you a hearty welcome to Leicester, Mr. Carey. I heard that you had become minister of the Baptist Church meeting in Harvey Lane, Leicester. But I hope that you are not a sheep stealer.”

“Mr. Robinson,” replied Carey, “you do good in your way, and I in mine, each of us according to our lights. But let me say this, I would rather be the instrument in God’s hands of converting a crossing-sweeper than of stealing one of your richest people.”

“Spoken like a man, and a Christian too,” replied the other. “Now then, brother Carey, let us know all about yourself. I will tell you

my history another day. Tell me, how long have you been a minister?"

"It is now 1789," replied Carey. "I was called to the pastorate on 10th of August, 1785. On the 1st October, 1786, the Church formed a solemn covenant, and I became fully their minister. They were but a poor people, and could but spare me £10 per year. For more than a month at a time neither I nor my family tasted animal food; but though I wanted bread many a time, I do not know that ever I repined. I am fond of gardening, and the employment is both healthy and profitable."

"But had you no outside help?"

"From a friend in London I received £5 per year, and I got also a little from a school that I kept. In all I suppose I might have received nearly £36 per year from all sources."

"But the school should have paid you more?"

"I do not know that I have the faculty of imparting knowledge; besides, I could not put on the airs of a schoolmaster. Instead of my ruling the boys, they ruled me. Then, directly after I opened the school a former schoolmaster came back to Moulton, and he soon took away all my pupils."

"What did you do then?"

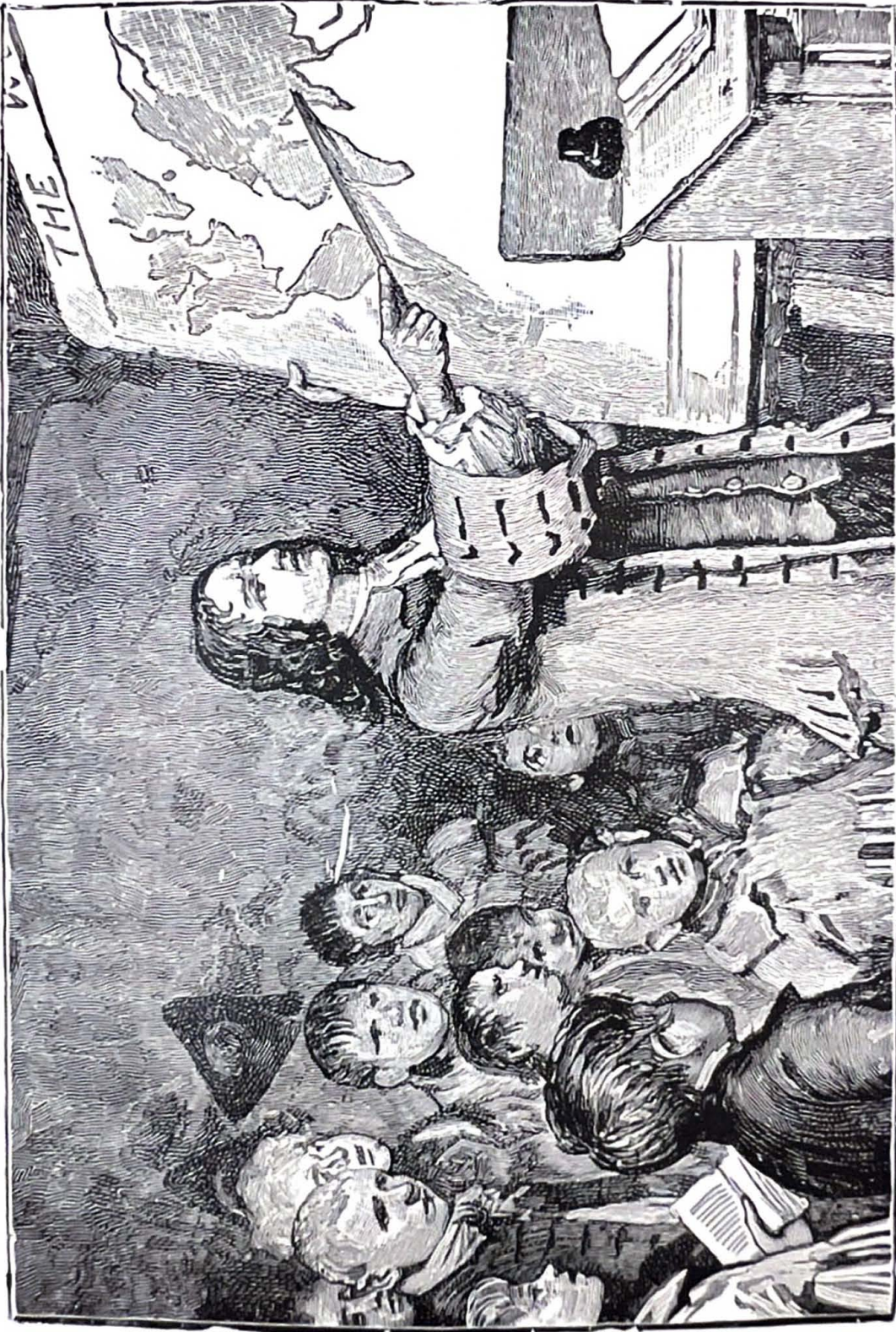
"Went back to my shoemaking," replied Carey. "Once a fortnight I walked the nine miles into Northampton with my load of shoes, bringing back the materials for another fortnight's work. Yet I enjoyed some advantages not to be despised while at Moulton. I made myself acquainted with Dutch, besides perfecting my Greek and Hebrew."

"Had you any ministerial friends who could aid you?"

"Yes; Robert Hall and Dr. Ryland were both very kind to me. But they had no sympathy with some of my ideas. I remember upon one occasion that I mentioned to Dr. Ryland my thoughts about sending the Gospel to the heathen——"

"Sending the Gospel to the heathen, Carey! Are you mad, my dear friend?" exclaimed Mr. Robinson.

"No indeed. Has not the Gospel, from the very first, prospered only when it has been aggressive? Are the heathen degraded? So much the more reason why we should send them the glad tidings of salvation."



WILLIAM CAREY SHOWING HIS MAP OF THE WORLD

"But think how much there is to be done at home."

"True; but will the home work be better done because the foreign work is neglected? Is it likely that the performance of one duty will lead to the doing of another? Besides, consider, were not our forefathers heathens, and are not Englishmen what they are by the blessed influences of the Gospel!"

"Perhaps so; but, Carey, it is madness for you to dream about such a thing."

"So Dr. Ryland thought," replied Carey. "When upon one occasion I propounded the question as to our duty with regard to the heathen he was very angry. He sprang to his feet and said, 'Mr. Carey, when God intends to convert the heathen He will do it without asking your aid or leave, or without asking mine.' But I cannot give up my idea."

"Dreams! dreams! Mr. Carey. Dreams!" said Mr. Robinson, shaking his head.

"Mr. Robinson, I have made myself a map of the world, in which I have inserted the populations of the world, and it is dreadful to think how small a space is under the influence of the Gospel. I have a leathern globe also

that I made for use in my school; this I have coloured to show the same truth."

"Whatever has put such strange notions into your head, Mr. Carey?"

"Through reading about Captain Cook's voyages I was first interested in the condition of the heathen nations. From reading about their customs, I began to consider how fearful was their blindness and how dark were their prospects for eternity. I cannot but believe that God desires them to be saved."

"But, friend Carey, no one else has ever entertained such notions. If what you say be correct, why have not others felt as you do?"

"Jonathan Edwards wrote a little work which has a bearing upon this subject. It made a great impression upon our Northampton ministers, and led them to resolve that once a month they would meet together, upon the first Monday night in the month, to pray for the conversion of the world. Then you have read Brainerd's life?"

"Who has not? A wonderful man; all compounded of zeal and affection. A very seraph in the service of God."

"Reading his memoir, in some degree,

strengthened my desire to become a missionary, but I cannot tell whence I obtained the idea. It has grown so gradually, and been so long time a tenant of my mind, that it seems a part of myself. I confess, Mr. Robinson, that I cannot see how the thing is to be done, but I firmly believe that in God's own good time the means will be found. I mean to be ready when the way is opened."

"Well, well; we shall see! We shall see! But a truce to these day dreams. Let us talk about something practical. How are you likely to succeed at Harvey Lane?"

"The people are very few and dispirited; an Antinomian spirit, too, has sprung up among them. I fear, until the listless, worldly temper is quite gone but little good will be accomplished."

"How do you propose to deal with such a condition of things?"

"We have agreed to dissolve the society; only those will be admitted into the new fellowship who will consent to be governed by the laws of the Gospel. It is a sharp remedy, but, I think, absolutely necessary."

"Well, God prosper you, brother. I don't

at all agree with your fancies about the heathen, but I hope you will do a good work in Leicester."

"How do you think I have planned the work each day? I have been accustomed to work upon a plan," said Carey. "To spend one's time for the glory of God is the great theme of the Gospel, but it is very difficult to do so in actual life. On Monday I study languages, taking care always to translate something; on Tuesday I study science, history, and composition; on Wednesday I shall preach or lecture, and I think of expounding the book of Revelation; on Thursday I hope to visit among my flock; on Friday and Saturday I hope to be engaged in preparing for the preaching of the Sabbath."

"A full week, and well laid out," replied Robinson. "Do you know Mr. Arnold?"

"No. I am sorry to say that I do not."

"Then I will introduce you to him at once. He will help you, I am sure, by the loan of books. Come here to-morrow, Mr. Carey, and you shall meet him."

So a year or two passed. Carey at first eked out his scanty income by toiling at his trade of

bootmaking. With a flower in his window, he might have been seen, in his leather apron, working hard during the morning. Afterwards he opened a school, but again with no very great success. He had to return to his labours at the lapstone; but during his scanty leisure he was always either studying or preaching.

During this period he kept the idea of missions to the heathen before his mind. He put his observations and opinions down into a little book, towards the cost of printing which one of his friends offered him £10.

In the year 1791 at a members' meeting at Clipstone two sermons were preached, perhaps in some measure inspired by Carey's advocacy of mission work.

Sutcliff preached upon being "very jealous for the Lord of Hosts;" and Carey's friend, Fuller, preached upon the pernicious influence of delay.

"Shall we separate without doing something?" asked Carey, in an agony, when the service was over. "You have shown us our duty. Oh, Fuller, help us to do it. God will open the way!"

"We ought to do *something*," replied Fuller, "and I think that we should do it now."

"Yes," said Sutcliff; "but beware of overhaste. Let us make haste slowly."

"I agree with Mr. Sutcliff," said a bystander. "Don't rush into unknown perils."

"But I beg that you do not delay. Let us do at once what we can," pleaded Carey.

"What shall we do?" asked Sutcliff.

"Let Carey publish his pamphlet, and we will think it over," said Fuller. "At our next meeting we shall perhaps be prepared to act."

This was done, and on the 31st of May, 1792, Carey preached before the Association, which then met at Nottingham. His text was Isaiah 54. 2, 3: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited."

"In these words, brethren," he said, "the Church is spoken of as a widow, dwelling in a tiny cottage by herself. The command to enlarge the place of her tent implied that her family would be increased. To account for this return of joy and happiness the prophet

declares, 'Thy Maker is thy Husband, who shall one day be the God of the whole earth.' These words, my brethren, convey to us a gracious intimation of duty. They bid us also to attempt a duty long time neglected. Two great principles are involved in the text, which we will now enlarge upon. First, EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD. Second, ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD."

The preacher's heart was aflame. The long brooding and praying now found a vent. He preached with such pathetic force that the whole assembly lifted up their voices and wept.

"I verily felt myself to be guilty, and wondered that God could have so long forbore to punish such criminal neglect," said one who was present.

One after the other the weeping throng were dispersing; nothing seemed likely to result from the emotion.

Carey seized Fuller frantically. "Oh, Fuller, for the love of Christ, do not let us separate without doing something," he said.

Fuller hesitated a moment.

Carey grew more earnest. "This may be the last time. Talk! talk! talk! Wait! wait! wait!

We have waited far too long already. Let us go forward."

The assembly paused as they heard his words, and Fuller turning to the throng said, "I propose that a plan be prepared against the next meeting. It will be held 2nd October, 1792. Then we can at once inaugurate the new society."

The proposal met with universal approval, and Carey returned home rejoicing that at last a beginning was to be made.

CHAPTER IV

“I Give All;” or, I Go in His Strength

“One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness.”

ON the 2nd October, 1792, therefore, twelve men met one evening in the house of Mrs. Wallis, at Kettering. In that back parlour a resolution was agreed to that must have astonished all who thought upon its importance. The twelve men then present constituted themselves into a Missionary Society, for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the natives of India. A committee of five was appointed. These five were: William Carey, John Sutcliff, John Ryland, Andrew Fuller, secretary, and Reynold Hogg, treasurer. At the meeting a collection was made; the first for that purpose since the days of the apostles. £13 2s. 6d. was then contributed, to which £70 was afterwards added from friends in Birmingham.

Carey invited the attention of the Society to a Mr. Thomas who, having lived as a surgeon in India, now desired to return thither as a missionary to the Hindus.

On the 9th of January, 1793, a meeting of the committee was held at Kettering. It was then resolved to unite with Thomas, who should be sent, with some companion, at the expense of the Society.

"I hope you realise the importance of the work we have undertaken," said Andrew Fuller. "When I think of the swarming millions of India, I am astonished at the vastness of the work committed to us, and at the wonderful fruitfulness that will result when India is won for Christ."

"It *will* be won for Christ, brother," said Carey, "and perhaps more speedily than you imagine."

"There is a deep gold mine in India," said Fuller. "A wondrous mine! as deep, it seems to me, as the centre of the earth. When will it be seen to be Immanuel's, to whom by right it belongs? A dark, dark shaft! Who will venture down to obtain the gold for Christ! Who will explore the mine?"

"I will venture," said Carey instantly. "Weak as I am, I will go in His strength. But, Fuller, Ryland, and Sutcliff, if I go down the mine, I hope that you will hold the ropes."

"Yes, that will I do, with all my heart," said Fuller. "Trust me to hold with all my strength."

"That will I also do," said Ryland. "As God shall give me strength, I will never lose hold of the rope."

"Neither will I," affirmed Sutcliff. "Carey, we will hold the rope if you will venture down."

"Yes," said Fuller, "we will give you each our hands upon it in the sight of God. As long as we shall live we covenant with you to sustain this enterprise with all our ability."

"I will go then," said Carey. "I seek not mine own ends. To be devoted as a sacrifice, for holy uses, is my purpose. I give all I have, or may have, to this purpose. In the Name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen."

As the company still stood in solemn silence, Thomas unexpectedly entered the room. Carey went to him, and fell upon his neck.

"Brother Thomas! welcome a thousand times!" he said. "By God's grace, I will go with you in this work."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Thomas. "My dear comrade, I rejoice over you." And the two men wept together.

But the congregation at Leicester over which Carey was minister was at first reluctant to relinquish their pastor. At length, by the united entreaties of Carey, Fuller, and Sutcliff, they yielded; and, with tears of deep feeling, the assembly stood up and raised their right hands to Heaven as they agreed to the resolution, which was proposed by a venerable man, whose voice trembled as he read: "That since our beloved pastor, William Carey, hath been moved by the Holy Ghost to a sincere love to the heathen, and seeing that he hath resolved to leave home and all things to preach among them the unsearchable riches of Christ, we agree to surrender him to this work. We deeply feel his loss, and pray our God to make him abundantly useful to the thousands of India among whom his lot will be cast."

With tears streaming down his cheeks, Carey stood up and replied: "Beloved friends, it rends my heart to part from you. It is like tearing myself away from a beloved family. But I dare not stay; I am thrust forth of God. Pray for me that I may be privileged to succeed in this work that I have undertaken."

On the 20th of March the farewell services

were held in Leicester. Andrew Fuller addressed the departing missionaries from the Saviour's royal words, "Peace unto you; as My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

The stern face lit up with seraphic tenderness and burned with ardent affection as he said: "Peace! Yes, peace! in a world at strife. As if He had said, All is well with regard to the past, and all shall be well with regard to the future. Oh, the unutterable peace that flows like a river for all who love God. In the strength of this peace, go, my brethren, to the work of Christ. Go, my brethren; crowns of glory await you and us. You far over the sea, and we in England will each do the work of God in the preaching of the Gospel. Each, I trust, will hear the Saviour say to us at the great day of the Lord, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared from before the foundation of the world. These, My brethren, were hungry, and ye fed them; these were athirst, and ye gave them drink; they were in prison and ye visited them. Enter, O beloved, into the joy of the Lord!' Amen and amen!"

Mrs. Carey was at first very averse to her

husband's going to India. "If you will go, William," she said, "you must go alone. I will never consent to such a journey. I cannot cross the seas. Why not let unmarried men go?"

"Then I will only take my eldest boy Felix with me," replied her husband. "It will break my heart to see my family scattered; but I dare not refuse to go where God bids me."

Accordingly he started alone, but a few days after he returned to his home.

"What! have you given up your foolish ideas?" asked Dorothy.

"No; but after we were on board ship some one sent an anonymous letter to the captain, telling him that there were persons on his ship who had no authority to enter India. The writer threatened that if these persons were allowed to go on, that a complaint would be made to the East India Company, who govern India. So we were landed; but, alas! only part of our passage money has been returned."

"Now I hope that you will stop at home, and not go wandering away from your family upon such foolish fancies. Convert the heathen indeed! What business is it of yours? What good will it do you, I should like to know?"

"Indeed I cannot relinquish my purpose," said William. "Thomas and I are going on in a Danish ship. Here is Thomas himself; he hopes to persuade you to go with us."

"A likely story indeed! I am not fond of such foolish enterprises."

"But, my dear Mrs. Carey, your husband *will* go," said Thomas. "The journey is not a very long one. Only five months' sea-voyage. Do consider how it will rend your husband's heart if you stay behind."

"But why should he go? There was my brother, as good a man as ever trod upon shoe leather, but he never had such fancies in his head. There are lots of people who get along very comfortably together, and never vex themselves about such wild fancies. No; I won't go. William knows that I won't."

"Do, I entreat of you, consider that, if you will go, you will keep your family together. If you stay at home, what would you feel if your husband died in India? Think of him, perhaps, sick among strangers."

"I don't want him to go among strangers. Let us go back to Northampton."

"But, Mrs. Carey"—

"Don't Mrs. Carey me! I won't go; no, that I won't! So there, now!"

"Then, Mrs. Carey, you will repent of your resolution as long as you live."

"If I thought that"—

"Depend upon it, you will."

"Well, can my sister go with us?"

"Willingly!" said William Carey.

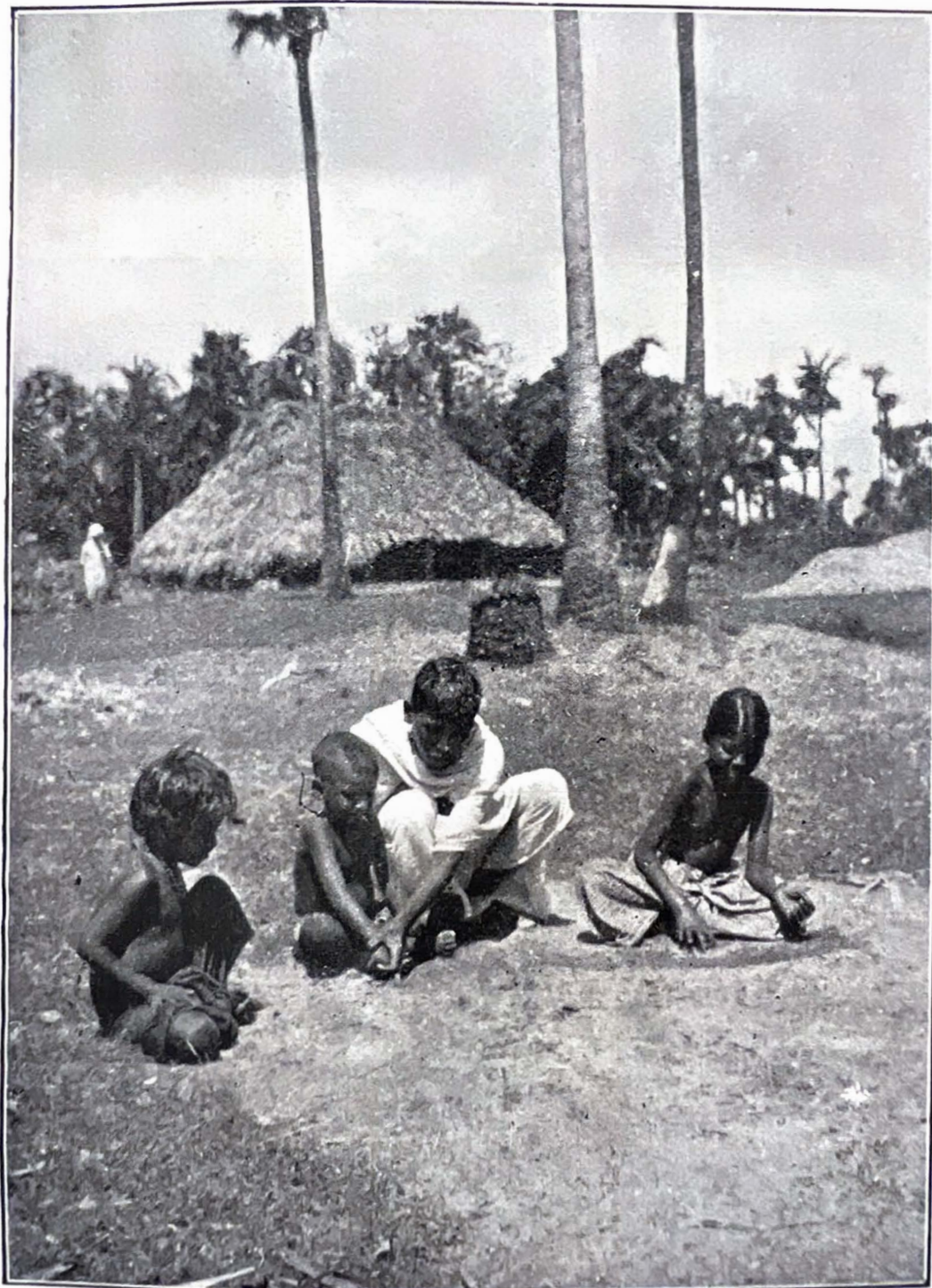
"Then I'll go. Not that I like it; understand me to say that plainly. But I shouldn't like to repent; no, I shouldn't."

"Thank God," said Carey. "Come, let us see about starting."

He sold all his goods, and they left home. Upon their arrival in London, Carey called upon the venerable John Newton.

"What am I to do, Mr. Newton," he inquired, "if the East India Company refuse to permit me to enter India?"

"If God intends you to go there, a thousand East India Companies could not prevent you doing so. But if you cannot get the door open, you will know who has barred it. Ah, Mrs. Carey," he said, during Carey's absence from the room, "what a wonderful man your husband is! *I look up to such a man with reverence.*



INDIAN CHILDREN LEARNING TO WRITE IN THE SAND

He is more to me than bishop or archbishop. HE IS AN APOSTLE! May the Lord make all who undertake missions like-minded with Mr. Carey."

On the 13th June, 1793, the missionaries left Dover. The vessel in which they sailed was called the "Kron Princessa Maria," and flew the Danish flag.

During the voyage, which did not terminate until 7th November (when the ship reached Calcutta), Carey busied himself, under Thomas' tuition, in acquiring the Bengali tongue.

"Ah, Thomas, we have but made a beginning. he said. "Why not Africa, as well as India? South America and the islands near are not so very far distant but that they might be reached by missionaries. China, too, in time might, I think, be attempted. Oh, what a field is open before us, and how few labourers there are willing to go!"

"Alas! that is so," replied Thomas; "and how unfit we are for the enterprise!"

"If we only prepare the way for other labourers, we shall not work quite in vain," said Carey. "It takes more than one lifetime to secure success. But let us not be dismayed.

We must succeed; we cannot fail. When I look at myself I anticipate nothing but failure; but when I think upon Christ and His promise I feel that defeat is utterly impossible."

So, in the strength of God, two men went into India to win that vast continent for Jesus Christ. Judged merely by ordinary standards, their enterprise was worse than foolish; judged by the light of Christ's sacrifice and precepts, it was what might have been expected from the disciples of Him, who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHAPTER V

Consecrated Cobblers ; or, We Shall Want You

“If you have a kind word, say it—
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest ;
If you owe a kindness, pay it—
Life’s soon hurried to the West.
Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfil thy vow ;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—DO IT NOW.”

ON the 10th of January, 1800, five men met in the great hall of a large house in the centre of Serampur, India. Serampur was a Danish settlement upon the right bank of the Hooghly, which flowed thence to Calcutta, a city some fifteen miles distant.

Carey, after a brief prayer, said to his friends :
“Now, brethren, we had better come to a clear understanding about our work. I arrived at Calcutta on the 9th of November, 1793, with Thomas. He hoped to secure employment as a surgeon. For some time I endured greater privations than at any period of my life. Hearing that land could be obtained rent free for three years near the Sundarbans, a marshy

tract on the Ganges, about 7000 square miles in extent, I started with my interpreter for Dehetta, on the margin of the Sundarbans. This interpreter, Ram Bosoo, was at one time a professing Christian, but had gone back. Yet it is interesting to notice that the first Gospel hymn in Bengali was written by him. Here is a verse of it:

‘Oh, who beside can men recover?
Oh, who else restore to light?
Who but Christ, the heavenly lover,
Save from everlasting night?
Who beside Him
Save from sin’s eternal night?’

The ground at Dehetta was marshy, and floated upon the pasty swamp which went down some 120 feet below the surface; yet we made an attempt to erect a house and to till the soil. But in June, 1794, I was appointed to manage a small indigo factory at Mudnabatty. Thomas obtained a similar situation, both of us being in the employment of Mr. Udney. Mr. Udney gave me a small printing press, which cost about £40. Our salary of 200 rupees per month enabled me to dispense with the allowance made by the Missionary Society. My duties fully occupied me for three months in the year only;

during the other nine months I was free to visit among the natives and to preach as I desired. I thank God that this way was opened for me. I know now all the methods of agriculture common among the people, and have become acquainted with their habits and customs. Six years I stayed there, and then brother Fountain came to assist me."

"What fruit had you for all your toil, brother Carey?"

"I have been like a husbandman who watches anxiously for the upspringing of the seed that he has sown. Sometimes I think that I see a promise of growth, and I rejoice indeed; at other times it seems as if the seed were lost, and all my labour quite in vain. But surrounded as I have been with difficulties, I never seriously entertained a wish to abandon the enterprise; no, never."

"We thought to have come to you at Mudnabatty, brother Carey," said one of the company.

"I must say that we hoped to have seen you directly we touched Indian soil."

"Mr. Udney has had heavy, very heavy losses lately," replied Carey. "His brother failed; the French captured a cargo of his; then

the floods destroyed some of his stock, and he has been compelled to surrender the factory. I myself had taken indigo works at Biddepore, and there I hoped that we could all live together. But the Government will not permit missionaries to stay in India. Here in Serampur you are under the protection of the Danish Government. Here we had better make our headquarters. This house will only cost 8000 rupees to purchase, and it will make a good centre for our work. The printing press is already set up in one of the rooms, brother Ward. ”

“I am glad to hear it,” said Mr. Ward. “When you went through England, just before you came to India, do you remember meeting me at Derby? You said to me, Mr. Carey, and *I never forgot your words, ‘By and by we shall want you.’* Here I am ready for work. ”

“I now remember the incident well,” replied Carey, “but I had forgotten it. Had you any thought of mission work previous to that time? ”

“My father was a carpenter and builder, who died while I was a child. I was born in Derby, 20th October, 1769. I served an apprenticeship to the printing, and had scarcely finished my apprenticeship and obtained my freedom when I

was put in charge of a Derby newspaper. It seemed to me then that my life was to be devoted to literature; indeed the path to fame and wealth seemed opened to me. But in 1796 I was baptised in Hull, and I resolved to devote myself to the work of the Christian ministry. While I was studying under the tuition of Dr. Fawcett, a gentleman came to our college in the interests of the Missionary Society, and then all at once I remembered your words. So here I am!"

"I am not a printer," said another, Joshua Marshman by name. "I was born 20th April, 1768, at Westbury Leigh, in Wilts. My father had been a sailor, and was present at the capture of Quebec. He was a weaver and a deacon of the little Baptist chapel in our village. The only schooling that I ever received was in the little village school. Here I learned to read, for writing and arithmetic were not taught by our schoolmaster. I borrowed books from every one who would lend to me, and before I was twelve years of age I had read over a hundred volumes. At the age of fifteen I went to London to serve in a bookseller's shop. But it was weary work trudging through the dark, dirty streets carrying loads of books that I

never was allowed to look at. One day, as I was carrying three large volumes of books, into which I could do no more than peep, to the Duke of Grafton, I felt wretched and depressed, and just as I came to Westminster Abbey, I laid down the parcel and sat upon it. It seemed so fearful that I was to have no higher destiny than to bear burdens like an ass; and I wept bitterly over my lot. But while I was in this unhappy mood I looked up and caught sight of the Abbey buildings, and straightway plucked up heart. I thought of all the heroes who were buried in the venerable pile, and it gave me courage to persevere. They were once weak and dispirited, but in the end they overcame. I put the load upon my shoulders and trudged along with a light heart. Only five months did I stay in London, then I returned to Westbury. For ten years I stayed at home; and in 1791 I got married. Three years after this event I became master of a school in Bristol, connected with Broadmead Chapel. For five years I carried on the school, studying myself all the time in Bristol College. It was reading about your work, Mr. Carey, made me desire to share it. Here I am at last."

Thus the three men who were to become associated together at Serampur met; two others were with them then, but they, shortly after this meeting, were removed by death.

"Three hundred and sixty pounds is all that the Society can spare for us," said Carey.

"Mr. Thomas is engaged in manufacturing sugar, so he has not to be thought of. To make that money support six men, five women, and eight children, will involve some care and management."

"What do you suggest then, Mr. Carey?" asked Ward.

"I propose that we have one common fund, into which all our earnings shall be placed, each of us retaining a small sum as pocket money. Then each of us shall take turns in providing for the household, and also in conducting Divine worship. For myself, I ask that the two acres of garden behind the house may be given over to me as a botanic garden."

"Agreed to willingly," said all.

"Then, to prevent misunderstanding, let it be understood that we are not here for our own purposes. *Let us never think that our time or gifts or strength are our own; not even our clothes*

should we esteem as our own. Let us sanctify all to the glory of God."

This resolution was agreed to, and afterwards put into writing. Three times a year it was read over at every station, and its spirit ever ruled at Serampur.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshman opened two boarding schools, which proved a success. They produced a revenue of £360 per year to the mission fund. A school for native youths was then set on foot, some forty of them at once attending its classes.

These men, sneered at in England as "*consecrated cobblers*," were now fully committed to one of the most exhaustive self-denying labours in which Christian men have ever been engaged. And with little apparent success; for much work has to be preparatory, and is therefore not seen. Yet it is not lost, though its benefits are not at once clear.

CHAPTER VI

“Nailed to Christ ;” or, Keep the Cows Out of the Garden.

“Great source of love, Thy grace impart ;
Let love divine inflame my heart ;
That I may love supremely Thee,
Who has such great love shown to me.”

ON 24th December, 1801, Krishnu, the first convert, was publicly baptised in the River Ganges. Carey’s eldest son, Felix, at the same time was baptised also, though only fifteen years of age. “The chain of caste is broken for ever,” exclaimed Carey to Ward. “At last the success has begun.”

In the same year—1801—the New Testament was published in Bengali. A public meeting was held to celebrate this remarkable achievement. From that time the success of the mission wonderfully increased. The first Lord’s day in the following year the first convert of the writer caste was baptised, and during the same year the first native Christian wedding in India took place.

“OUR HEARTS ARE NAILED TO CHRIST,” said one of the converts, as the infant church celebrated the dying of the Lord. Nailed to Christ they certainly were, and to each other in holy love.

“Joy! joy! The Government have forbidden children to be thrown into the Ganges,”

said William Carey. "Would that they would also forbid women being burned upon the funereal pyres of their deceased husbands!"

In 1804 Carey was appointed teacher of Bengali in the college that was provided for the instruction of the East India Company's servants. At first he received £600 per year for his services; after a while he was appointed Professor of Bengali, Sanscrit, and Mahratta, at a stipend of £1,500 per year. This he put into the common fund, reserving only £40 per year to pay for his clothes and necessary expenses. The boarding schools conducted by the Marshmans now realised £1,000 per year; out of this they reserved £34 alone for their own use, the balance being devoted to the purposes of the mission—instances of self-sacrifice unsurpassed in all ages. The like disinterestedness was exhibited by Ward. Meanwhile, Carey pursued his labours.

"How do we spend our time?" answered Ward one day. "I will tell you, my dear sir: About six o'clock in the morning we rise. Carey goes to his garden, and Marshman to his school. I go to my printing office. At eight o'clock the bell rings for family worship in the

great hall; then we have breakfast. Then Carey translates or corrects proofs of translations; Marshman goes to his school, and I to the printing office. At twelve we take a little refreshment, then bathe or shave or read a little until three o'clock, when we have dinner. Then we talk over a text for a little time, or discuss any religious question upon which it is needful that we should act together. Then we read Bengali, and do what business turns up. We are generally well occupied until tea-time, which is at seven o'clock. Then we have preaching, or conversation with inquirers who come to us to ask questions, or desire us to arrange quarrels.”

“A pretty full day truly! Not many Europeans could show so full a day in India. But what a splendid fellow your Carey is!” continued the visitor, who was a military officer.

“Yes, that he is,” replied Ward, warmly. “Mainly owing to his earnest efforts and wonderful talents, ten versions of the Scriptures have been published; indeed, nothing seems to escape his mind. He has just invented a method by which paper is rendered proof against the white ants. Do you know, I have seen the first sheets of a book destroyed while the last pages were in

the press, that is, of course, native paper."

"And can you prevent that?"

"Yes, oh yes. Have you seen our steam-engine, the first as yet in India?"

"No; I have heard about it. It is a wonderful invention this of steam!"

"So the natives think. But Carey's chief pleasure is in botany. It is perfectly wonderful the knowledge that he has picked up at odd times about the birds and flowers of India. He devotes to such pursuits the time that other men give to sleep or pleasure. He has introduced the potato and cabbage among the people."

"I shuddered for him when, in delivering his public speech before the Governor General, he dared to avow himself a missionary," said the soldier. "It was indeed a bold step, and I feared that he would lose his position. In the first speech ever made in Sanscrit by a European, he congratulated the Governor General that he had opened to the natives of India *a door which can never be closed*. The Governor was not in the least offended at his boldness."

"He will not pluck a flower; he is so fond of them," said Ward. "He has trained his gardeners so that they know the botanical name of

every specimen. He was sick, some time since, and very much depressed. ‘What is the matter, brother Carey?’ said I. ‘Oh, nothing!’ said he; ‘that is, it is not important.’ ‘Are you worrying about the college?’ ‘No.’ ‘Are you troubled about your family?’ ‘No.’ ‘What is vexing you? Do tell me, Carey?’ After a moment of silence, he said, ‘I was thinking that after I die you won’t trouble what becomes of the garden, and brother Marshman will let the cows get in.’ I promised him that the cows should not be allowed to spoil his garden, and he seemed comforted.”

“What a dreadful thing, Mr. Ward, it is that the Government permits women to be burned to death. The other day I was passing through a village, and there was a huge pile erected, upon which lay a dead body, attired in rich clothes. Presently a woman came out of a house, also dressed in her best. She staggered as she walked along, but a priest upheld her. She mounted the pile, and took her husband’s head upon her knee. Then two priests took two long sticks and held them upon her to prevent her rising. They set a light to the pile, and the men around began beating drums to prevent the poor creature’s cries from being heard.

Yet I heard them, and distinctly saw her trying to get off the burning wood. Oh, that woman's cries have been ringing in my ears ever since!"

"There was some intention of dealing with it—Suttee, as they call it—but the then Governor was called home, and it will not, I fear, be abolished just yet."

"Pray God it may be speedily."

"But what brings you here?" asked Mr. Ward.

"I rejoice to have met you so often, Mr. Havelock; but tell me truly why do you come?"

"Well, if the truth must be confessed," said the officer, "I am in love with Dr. Marshman's daughter."

"Good. She is as gracious as she is fair. I hope your suit prospers," replied Mr. Ward.

"Yes," laughed the future hero of the mutiny.

"Oh, yes. I spoke to the doctor this morning, and he is quite agreeable. I spoke to the lady yesterday."

"Then we shall have a wedding in our mission family soon," said Mr. Ward. "Well, you might have gone to a worse place for a wife, and could not well have gone to a better. I love the maiden like my own daughter. May you be happy, Mr. Havelock."



AN INDIAN FAKIR OR HOLY MAN

CHAPTER VII

The English Daisy; or, The Cheerful Old Man

“Who in India’s bowers has stood
But thought on England’s good green wood,
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain)
To gaze upon her oaks again?”

ONE morning Dr. Carey came running into the house—“Marshman! Ward! make haste,” he cried. “Come with me.”

“What is the matter, William?” inquired Marshman. “Have you found a treasure?”

“Ay, a treasure indeed! Such a treasure as I never dared hope to see in this land,” exclaimed Carey. “Come quickly. Mind, brother Marshman, that you do not step upon the flower beds. Brother Ward, you have broken off that shrub. Be careful of the flowers there. Now here it is,” and stepping back, William Carey showed the company a real English daisy. “There,” he exclaimed, cheerily, “What do you think of that? A *real* English daisy growing in India.”

“Indeed it is,” said Marshman, stooping

over the flower. "Don't be afraid, brother Carey; I will not touch it. How did it come here?"

"Why, some time ago I received, as you know, a parcel of seeds from England," said Carey. "I carefully took them out of the paper, and then I shook the bag over this spot, in case any seeds should be in the corner of the bag. This must have been in the bag. What a treasure! Doesn't it make you think of dear old England?"

The emotions of the company have been well expressed by James Montgomery, who wrote:

The Daisy in India.

"Thrice welcome, little English flower
My mother country's white and red;
In rose or lily till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread;
Transplanted from thine island bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange is a spirit from the dead
Thine embryo springs to earth.

"Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offsprings tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year.
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth, unfriended and unknown;
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

“Thrice welcome, little English flower;
To me the pledge of hope unseen,
When sorrow would my soul o’erpower,
For joys that were or might have been.
I’ll call to mind how fresh and green
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to Heaven, with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.”

A day or two after the incident recorded above, Carey came back from Calcutta, weeping like a child. The Government had been hostile for a long time and now a sentence in one of the mission tracts had given the opportunity they had eagerly sought to harm the mission.

“I did not see the sentence,” said Ward. “I thought we could trust that man to translate the tract without putting any of his own opinions in.”

“What shall we do? The Government mean to put an end to our mission work,” said Carey.

“They cannot,” rejoined Marshman. “It is of God, and they cannot overthrow it. But this is no ordinary difficulty.”

By the good offices of the Danish Governor the difficulty was at last arranged. In England, however, the enemies of missions now began an attack upon the missionaries.

Sydney Smith forgot himself so much that, professing to be a minister of the religion whose Lord and Master was a carpenter at Nazareth, he sneered at Carey and his colleagues. Amidst the storm of abuse and persecution that followed Carey stood firm. Not one of the three at Serampur was dismayed. Day after day the three laid their case before God, and day after day the chant of the Serampur missionaries, as the natives called it, arose upon the air.

“Come, let us have our hymn, Marshman,” said Carey, “it will lift us out of their power;” and the three devoted men accordingly lifted their voices, and sang:

“O Lord our God arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o’er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

“Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease,
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

“Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o’er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

“All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to Heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.”

And God did arise! Although the friends of missions did not obtain all that they desired, they were permitted a legal settlement in India. So much was permitted, and that, evidently, in answer to prayer. But now a new trouble came upon the heroic three. Early one morning Marshman went over to Calcutta to see Carey.

“Come, Marshman, you seem to be depressed; what is wrong? The cows have not got into my garden, I hope?”

“No, no; the garden is safe,” replied Marshman.

“What is wrong then? The ants have not got at the paper, I hope?”

“Worse, far worse! O Carey! worse trouble than we have ever had!”

“What is wrong; tell me?”

“Last evening at six o’clock brother Ward went into the printing office. He saw that it was on fire. Every effort was made to extinguish the blaze, but the flames swept from room to room, and about midnight the roof fell in.

Then the tongues of fire leaped up to the sky! For hours the huge column of fire burned steadily. The labours of twelve long years are all lost in a few hours! Think, twelve hundred reams of paper all burned; the sets of types for printing in fourteen Eastern languages; all the Scriptures that we had collected for distribution, and all the valuable manuscripts! How can we replace our loss? Alas! alas! all gone, brother Carey; all gone!”

Carey sat silent for some time. The blow had stunned him; he sat looking vacantly at his friend. At length he repeated mechanically, “All gone; all gone! Nothing saved! All gone!”

“Come, let us go to Serampur,” observed Marshman. “Shall we start at once?”

“Yes, let us start,” said Carey. “All gone; all gone!”

The two friends returned to their former habitation. The tidings had spread rapidly through the little Danish town, and a large crowd stood watching at a respectful distance. Ward greeted his two friends, and the three stood together, too sorrowful to speak about their grief.

"Nothing left of all our work but smoking ruins," said Carey. "Alas, the strokes of God's hand are sometimes very heavy! Woe is me!"

"Yet even this may be turned to good account, brother Carey," said Ward. "Are not even adverse events given by God's permission?"

"It may humble us," said Carey. "How quickly all our glory passes away? Oh, for grace to remember how helpless we are without God! 'Without Me ye can do nothing,' He says, and we know that it is true."

"This providence, it is true, has a voice to us," said Ward; "but what shall we do to repair the damage? I have sent everywhere, and there are no types to be had anywhere, though I have sought far and near."

"God will open the way; let us go to prayer over the matter," said Carey hopefully. "I have found that prayer will often remove obstacles that defy all other human skill. Pray God it may be so in our case."

After a season of prayer the friends searched the ruins once more

"Praise God," cried Ward, "some of the punches and type moulds are uninjured! Yes, yes; thank God."

"Let the warehouse be cleared out," said Carey. "That will do for type casting."

Day and night relays of workmen were employed, and within a month two languages were printing, and at the end of six weeks the types for four other languages were ready.

The calamity was indeed overruled for good, as all afflictive provinces in the Church and personal Christian life are. Within three months the churches of England contributed sufficient funds to repair the loss.

"The fire has given your undertaking a celebrity which nothing else, it seems, could; but a celebrity which makes me tremble," wrote Fuller. "The public, after deriding us, are now praising us. Pray God that as our missionaries have stood their ground in evil report, so they may not be moved by flattery. I dread the quicksand as much as the tempest. The pirate is as much to be feared as the rock. Oh, that having done all, they may stand!"

The prayer was abundantly answered. Neither popularity nor abuse harmed the missionaries, who were kept in success, as they had been in adversity, humble and trustful in God.

CHAPTER VIII

“Say Nothing about Dr. Carey ;” “Speak About Dr. Carey’s Saviour”

“My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore ;
My soul stands at the door,
O Lord, receive it.”

“WHAT news from England?” asked Marshman, as he watched Carey, who was reading a letter which had arrived by the mail just in.

“Bad! Bad! Fuller is dead! We are poorer, then, by a noble man. They are dropping off one by one,” replied Carey. “There are not many men left now that knew us at first.”

The death of Fuller led to many misunderstandings. Fuller knew and appreciated the nobility of the three heroes at Serampur, but his successors were officious, hasty, and men who loved to manage things. At length their injustice induced the three missionaries to separate from the Society and to resolve to carry on their work alone.

Undaunted by the calumnies which were freely circulated about them, they, among other enterprises, commenced erecting a college for the training of the youth of India. Eventu-

ally the building cost above £20,000; of this sum, three-fourths were contributed by the missionaries themselves.

Ward visited England, but under the influence of misrepresentations very little money help was given here to the enterprise.

"Let us appeal to India," said Carey. "Here they know us; and there is no secretary or committee to slander us here."

A man wrote to Carey from America inquiring about the alleged waste of money. "I am trustee for funds intended for your work," he said; "but, if what I hear is true, I shall not be justified in sending the money to you."

"I might have had large possessions," replied Carey, "ay, and kept them lawfully too. I laboured hard for all that I have, but I have not kept for myself or family what was justly mine. *I have given my all*, except what I ate, drank, and wore, to the cause of missions. Dr. Marshman has done the same, and so did Mr. Ward. I am so poor that I can scarcely lay by a sum monthly to relieve one or two indigent relatives in England. Dr. Marshman is as poor as I am. Where is the pomp that is complained of?"

Yet such calumnies continued to be reported, for even Christian people love to slay the prophets, and, after death, to whiten their sepulchres.

Dr. Carey, having for some years been left a widower, married again. For thirteen years he lived a new life with the gentle, cultured wife. When her health failed he bore her daily downstairs in his arms, her gentleness, sweetness, and talents charming all who saw her. But the King gave commandment, and the angels carried her home. With bitter sorrow they laid her body in the earth until the resurrection of the just. Ward was the first of the three friends to go after Mrs. Carey. He was in vigorous health, and no one entertained any apprehensions of his departure. He was suddenly seized with cholera, and his friends were called to his bedside.

“Twenty-three years we have laboured in perfect harmony,” said he to Carey and Marshman. “Yet it will not be long before we shall meet again, dear brethren, and that where sin or death can never come.” On the 5th of March, 1823, he passed away; he was the first to receive the Saviour’s “Well done!”

Six years afterwards a message came post haste to Serampur. After reading his letter Carey called to Marshman:

"At last, Marshman! at last it has come!"

"What has come?"

"The order abolishing Suttee, or the burning of widows with their husbands' dead bodies. How long we have laboured to put down this infamous practice! Here is the Government order, and it must be translated and put in force."

"But it will take you all Sunday," said Marshman.

"It must be published at once," said Carey.

"Some one else must preach for me. If I delay one day, the lives of many poor women will be lost. This is acting the Gospel, and I think a legitimate use of the Sabbath."

All through the sacred hours Carey toiled, and before night fell the Government order was rendered into Bengali and speedily sent out through Bengal.

But Carey was growing old. An accident laid him aside for some time. He recovered from the sickness; but though he was still active, it was evident to his friends that Carey's

long life of self-sacrifice was nearly completed. He had nearly fulfilled his course; but as long as strength permitted he sat at his desk.

“I am an unprofitable servant,” he would often say. “I fear that I shall be a fearful burden. Yet I have done my best. God forgive me, that I have not done more.”

“How are you in spiritual things, father?” asked one of his sons.

“I bless God that though I have not rapturous feelings, I am confident in the promises of God. I would place my hands in God’s hand, and desire to be led by Him where and how He shall please.”

“You have no doubts or fears?” asked his son.

“None whatever. Sinners are invited to come to Jesus Christ. I came to Jesus, and I know He has saved me. I do feel the enjoyment arising from faith in His gracious declarations.”

“I rejoice to hear you say so,” replied Jonathan. “Should you die, have you any especial work that you desire us to attend to?”

“Nothing; but let my funeral be as plain as may be. Let these words be put on my tombstone:

‘WILLIAM CAREY, born 17th August, 1761,
and died ——.

‘A WRETCHED, POOR, AND HELPLESS WORM,
‘ON THY KIND ARMS I FALL.’ ”

“Your wish shall be complied with,” said Jonathan. “You are, I hope, perfectly happy?”

“Yes, indeed, yes. It is everything to me now that the Gospel is true! Blessed be God, I can trust Him as my Saviour. Here lie I, William Carey, a poor guilty sinner. Deserts! I deserve nothing but eternal damnation. But Christ died for me. Blessed be His Name, my sins are all forgiven for His Name’s sake! He died for me, and I live because He died!”

“Here is Mr. Duff come to see you,” interposed his son, and that tall and noble Scotchman knelt by the bedside of his friend. For a short time they talked together about mission work.

“Ah, Mr. Duff, you are buckling on the armour. I am now almost out of the fray,” said Carey. “But pray for me now! Pray!”

The friends around the dying bed knelt down, and Duff prayed for the departing saint, for the Church of God, and for the work as yet undone.

Mr. Duff said farewell, and was turning to the door when Carey called him. “Did you call me?” he asked.

“Yes; yes. Mr. Duff,” said Carey solemnly, “you have been speaking a great deal about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey. I beg of you, that when I am gone nothing may be said about Dr. Carey. Don’t talk about Dr. Carey. Speak, *I beg you, about Dr. Carey’s Saviour.*”

“I will, by God’s grace,” replied Duff, solemnly; as he wrung the dying man’s hand.

Carey lay faint and hardly conscious for some time after Duff had left. Then his aged colleague, Marshman, came to see him.

“Good news!” he said. “Good news! Dr. Carey; the mission cause is reviving again. It seems as if a fresh interest is awakened in England. It is like the former days.”

The dying man revived again; he lifted his trembling hands and breathed faintly fervent expressions of joy.

“Thank God! thank God! He will not break His word! The mission cause shall yet prosper!”

Marshman knelt by the bedside, and with tears of fervent feeling, prayed for Carey.

When he had finished, Jonathan asked his father, "Do you know who has just been praying with you?"

"Yes, I do," said William Carey, pressing Marshman's hand.

So they parted. The next morning as the sun rose upon India, 9th June, 1834, William Carey passed to his reward.

They buried him the following morning in the mission cemetery.

Marshman survived him three years. After inquiring if he could do anything more for the mission, he passed away repeating, "The precious Saviour! The precious Saviour! He never leaves nor forsakes!"

The mission cause has created many heroes. It demands, and will abundantly reward such devotion as was exhibited in the *three giants of Serampur*.

Go thou and do likewise in thy place, and according to thine opportunities, and thou shalt not be without a reward.



J. HUDSON TAYLOR

J. Hudson Taylor

A Little Man who did Great Things for God

CHAPTER I

Learning to Trust God

"The lamps are alight on the altar of God,
The Good Shepherd walks with His staff and His rod,
In lands where in darkness the people have trod.
O brother, keep the lamps burning!—*C. Ellison.*

NO life of Hudson Taylor would be complete which failed to furnish some little information about his forebears. His great-grandfather, James Taylor, was following the trade of a stone-mason when he came under the power of the gracious dealings of God's Holy Spirit. On his wedding day he was threshing wheat for the bride loaf, a Yorkshire custom of that time, when like a flash there came to his mind the text: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and while his bride waited for him he, after a season of deep exercise, settled the great question by yielding himself to Christ as Master and Lord. His young wife, thoughtless and gay, was at first offended at his abandonment of worldly pleasures, but the sincerity of his affection for her, and the simplicity and saintliness of his life before her, won her for the Lord, and ere long she entered into His service with the same zeal and devotion as her husband.

An accident which took place some years after his marriage and incapacitated the stonemason from following his regular employment, was the cause of the family removing to Barnsley, a notoriously wicked mining town. His earnings there averaged 13/6 per week, of which sum 1/6 was set aside for the poor and for the work of the Lord.

Their kitchen was thrown open for an informal gathering of their neighbours, and at these gatherings James explained the way of life to those who attended. As the blessing of God was manifested, the wrath of man was also shown in envy and hate, James having the apostolic proof of his ministry in persecution. Stones, mud, and even a frying pan were used to punish the faithful minister of Christ. Acts of personal violence were neither repaid nor resented, and as the Christ-like spirit of the young couple was known, the people were attracted to the meeting, with the result that after a visit from John Wesley, then a veteran of 80 years, a Methodist Society was formed.

The children of this worthy couple grew up to be a joy and comfort to them. Their son John became a maker of reeds for the hand looms, with which the linen weaving was then carried on, and achieved considerable success. Like his father, he married young, and found in his wife a devoted helper in every good work, With the blessing of God upon their labours, the influence of the Gospel extended among old and young. Their son, the second James Taylor, was the father of our hero. He had

ambitions towards becoming a doctor, but circumstances prevented this, and he took up the study of chemistry. His studies completed, he set up in business as a chemist in one of the best positions in Barnsley. Led early to the Saviour, he had given himself to the study of the Word of God, and when only 19 years of age was busy preaching the Gospel as opportunity offered in the neglected villages of his native county. To Barnsley he brought his young wife, Amelia Hudson, the eldest daughter of Benjamin Hudson, a Methodist minister. She was a woman of great winsomness, and with a natural charm of character; but what natural attractiveness she possessed was enriched and strengthened by the Spirit of Christ. Her youthful days were marked by loving service and consideration for others, and she was early called upon to sacrifice her own inclinations and desires in order to share the burdens which a minister's large family entailed. Her sweet personality attracted James Taylor; friendship ripened into affection, and after seven years of service and sacrifice, the couple were yoked together in the bonds of holy matrimony on April 5, 1831.

The chemist had ideas beyond the compounding of drugs, and his heart went out toward the heathen at his doors. Active evangelistic effort among them was blessed of God, with the inevitable result that his sympathies were enlarged, and he began to be concerned about the heathen in the regions beyond. Faith gives vision, and one who is in touch

with Jesus Christ has a pity like that of his Lord. His devotion and activities were kept at concert pitch by his sweet and cultured wife, who ruled him by persuasion, and who amid the humble duties of the household, shed a radiance that revealed the presence of the Lord Jesus in her heart.

To this godly couple a child was born on May 21, 1832, and was named James Hudson Taylor. He was gladly and definitely consecrated to the Lord for His service, a consecration which was followed by prayerful instruction and discipline. He was a sensitive and thoughtful boy, but was unusually delicate, and great care and tact were necessary in the early days of his life, in order to avoid spoiling him by over indulgence. His earliest recollections centred round his grandfather, and the chapel on Pinfold Hill. Almost from infancy he was taken there, and his grandfather's caress at the end of the long service was the evidence that he had been specially good. Taught to confide in their parents, Hudson Taylor and his brother and sister, not only brought them their sorrows, but at times also confessed their failures. The atmosphere of the home was affectionate, but self-denial, obedience, thrift in the employment of time and pence were strongly insisted upon, and in such surroundings virtue took definite shape and gathered strength by the habits cultivated.

We are told that Hudson was once overlooked when dinner was being served. He waited patiently, and then quietly asked for the salt

that he might "be ready when mother remembered" her boy. Another time he gently asked "if apple pie were good for little boys?" and of course unable to answer his own shrewd question received his share. Very early in life he felt the influence of the Holy Spirit, perhaps more powerful because he was delicate.

Though very strict with his children, James Taylor was a kind and thoughtful parent, who took great pains with his boy. Too delicate to attend school, Hudson's education was undertaken by his parents, who saw to it that the great truths of the Gospel were instilled into his young mind as well as the three "R's." Their house was open to the Lord's people, many of whom shared its hospitality, much to the delight of the children. Mrs. Taylor's fondness for reading furnished her with many interesting tales for her youthful hearers, and mother's books, among them "The Pilgrim's Progress," made life pleasant for the young people.

At the age of eleven Hudson was sent to a day school at Barnsley, but his attendance was intermittent, and the state of his health brought his school period to an end in a little less than two years. Passing from the secluded atmosphere of his home to rub shoulders with boys of his own age was a test which showed that home influence and careful training were not enough to prevent this boy from desiring to follow the bent of the world. Feelings and fears were released at this time which continued throughout the eighteen months which

followed, during which he continued his studies at home and assisted in the chemist's shop.

When he was fifteen years of age he secured a position as a junior clerk in a Bank. There he learned the value of exactitude in finance and lessons in business carefulness which were to serve him in future years. Unfortunately, however, he came under influences which were far from helpful to his spiritual life, and while he maintained the outward forms of religion, his heart was set on the world. His desires for gaiety and pleasure could not be realised, and he became dissatisfied and even sceptical about spiritual things. His eyesight, however, failed, and he was forced to return home.

His eyesight quickly recovered, but the evil influences of his associates at the Bank continued long after he had severed his connection with them. A period of unrest and unhappiness followed, during which he caused his parents not a little concern. This was brought to an end in a remarkable way. His mother and his sister were praying specially that he might be led to a full and definite surrender to Christ, and to them he ever afterwards attributed his conversion. Left alone one afternoon, he picked up a tract, saying to himself, "There will be a story at the beginning, and a sermon at the end. I'll read the first and leave the rest." Soon he became engrossed in the tract, which dealt with the finished work of Christ. Asking himself what was finished, the young man replied: "A full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin. Then if the work was

finished, what is there left for me to do but to fall down on my knees and accept this Saviour and this salvation." While this was going on in the old warehouse, his saintly mother, on a visit to friends seventy or eighty miles away, was wrestling with God for the salvation of her son, and that afternoon had the assurance given her that her prayers were answered.

A deep spiritual experience followed. He definitely yielded himself to the Lord, and from that time gave himself up to the work of winning souls. After a further period of spiritual conflict, in which he proved the power of Christ to give victory over indwelling sin, the call came clear and definite to him, and he learned that the place and sphere of his service was in China. Nothing doubting, he sought to acquire some knowledge of the Chinese language. He also began to collect money for those who were already in the field, and further exercised his gifts by seeking to win some of the heathen that lived and suffered near him. Study, too, was not neglected, for he realised that laziness and ignorance are no qualifications for the Saviour's service, but his thrusting his way through books was also accompanied by deep and continual fellowship with God while alone. All this time he assisted in his father's business dispensing medicines and treating minor complaints.

From home he went to Hull as assistant to a relative, Dr. Hartley. There he acquired more medical knowledge, and also learned more perfectly the blessedness of a life of faith.

In order to innure himself to the hardships inseparable from itinerancy, he hired a room in a cottage on the Drainside. There amidst the poor he lived on the meanest fare, not that he might save money, but so that he might give it to the needy and to missions. A brief visit to the Crystal Palace brought him into contact with some of the saints of London. There he met with a missionary who told him: "You will never do for China. They call me red-haired devil, and would run from you in terror. You could never get them to listen." "And yet," mused Hudson, "it is God who called me, and He knew all the time about the colour of my hair and eyes."

The sacred ministry of disappointment was not omitted from his education; a love that had mastered his heart was refused, and the denial and refusal, although painful to bear, compelled a deeper trust in God and in His Word. Self-denial he knew. One day he gave 2/6 to a starving family, but the Lord discharged the debt by sending money through a saint who withheld his name. A further test was when his salary being long overdue and the money required for rent, Dr. Hartley discovered the fact with regret, saying that he had just paid all his money into the Bank. But at ten o'clock at night a wealthy client called to pay his bill, and instead of a cheque, offered notes. Thus the rent was paid, and Hudson was much encouraged to fully trust the Banker who was also His Heavenly Father.

After this experience, in order to secure

better medical training, Hudson came up to London. Lodging with an uncle near Soho Square, he walked right across London to the London Hospital, in Whitechapel Road. He boarded himself, and on his way home from the Hospital purchased a twopenny loaf. The baker cut this, one half being the evening supply, and the remainder, with water, was Hudson's breakfast.

No wonder, thus poorly fed and walking so far, that he became weak. Moreover, while dissecting, he pricked a finger, and was at once pronounced dying. But he survived, for his life-work was as yet unaccomplished. Yet while in peril he walked from Soho to the City and obtained some needed money with which he went back home.

A brief stay at Barnsley soon restored him, for high purpose and the grace of God gave strength to the body. Then once more Hudson came to London, this time, however, as an assistant to a doctor near Finsbury Circus.

He was soon a favourite with the children of his employer, and took them out when they were not able to drive with the doctor. During this period a patient bitterly opposed to the Gospel, being relieved by Hudson's loving care, listened to his pleadings and came to the Saviour whom he so long had despised. Thus while accumulating medical knowledge, Hudson became skilled in dealing with anxious and unconcerned souls.

CHAPTER II

Obedience to Christ's Call

"I thought for myself, I lived for myself,
For myself, and none beside—
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died!"

HUDSON TAYLOR now found himself confronted by a difficulty, and a difficulty that could not be ignored. He was being assisted to obtain a medical degree, yet he did not feel justified in sparing the time absolutely necessary to fully qualify as a doctor. The longing to save was clamant and dominant, and at any cost he felt that he must seek the service appointed to him. He at once decided, and on 19th September, 1853, set sail in the "Dumfries." He was accompanied on board by those whose love prompted them to pray, he himself being the most cheerful of the company. His mother remained on board until the last moment, and then from the wharf watched him depart. As the ship slipped away a cry of anguish burst from her lips, and, says Hudson, "I never knew until then what 'God so loved the world' meant."

The voyage thus commenced was stormy and full of perils, for the powers of evil were opposing the young missionary. More than once the "Dumfries" was almost cast away; but at last, on 1st March, 1854, it anchored a wreck at Shanghai. Hudson found a welcome in the London Missionary Society's quarters,

and fully appreciated the kindness of the learned, devoted men there, who received him as a brother, although their ideas differed much from his as to methods of service.

For six months he remained a guest, and then the arrival of Dr. Parker, a married man with three children, compelled him to move. A native house was secured, in which the whole party found shelter. Compelled to abandon it by the lawless state of the district, where fighting was going on, a small house in the L.M.S. compound was then placed at his disposal by the kindness of the Master he served.

Supplies from home were not forthcoming, for the friends in London did not realise the conditions then prevailing in China, nor even the needs of those who had gone into the field.

Hudson, active and in desperate earnest, although with a gentle energy, went with Dr. Edkin by water on an evangelistic tour. From city to city they passed giving away books, healing the sick, and preaching the Gospel. The success of this journey led to another mission into the vast districts thick with human beings and dark with misery, woe, and sin. Peril was never absent, but, said Hudson, "I knew that I was where duty had placed me, unworthy as I am of such a position, and felt that though solitary I was not alone."

Another tour with Dr. Parker deepened his desire to have a hospital where the healing of the body might accompany the healing of the disease of sin; but at least a thousand pounds were required to secure this hospital. To

encourage His servants, the Lord put it into the heart of Mr. Berger to send £10 for the support of a child whom the missionaries were anxious to adopt and educate for Jesus Christ. The value of a child had not yet become apparent to the Chinese mind, but those who had learned the pity of Jesus felt the yearning compassion that moved Him to live and die for the salvation of sinners.

Realising that the vast multitudes that clustered in the cities of China were the race to which they were sent, the magnitude of the task to evangelise them humbled these missionaries, but because they were weak they caught hold of the might of the Holy Spirit. In the estuary of the great River Yang-tse there lay an island, only thirty miles away from Shanghai, the home of more than a million people, who amidst peach orchards and acres of wheat had never received from Protestant missionaries the Bread of Life.

To these untaught hordes went Mr. Taylor and Mr. Burden, a C.M.S. missionary of great zeal. They gave away books, healed the sick, and preached—Mr. Taylor using a huge bronze incense vase as a pulpit.

They purposed following the line of the coast, but their boatmen, craving for opium in the night-time changed the course. This, however, resulted in the visit to another island now united to the mainland. There they evangelised with much success, and so they advanced until they reached Tungchow, a city with an evil name. Warned of the fierce character of

the populace, they penetrated the city gradually from the suburbs, gladdened when they heard a Chinaman tell his people that God loved them, that they were sinners, and that Jesus died to save them.

Assailed as black devils, they still went on, when they were seized by a tall drunken soldier. Others followed this evil example, and the two men were hustled at a fearful pace along the uneven road. Mr. Taylor, carrying a heavy bag, was exhausted, but he was maltreated and manacles were called for. A lesser Mandarin refused help, but the Superior to whom they were sent allowed them to distribute their books, and then sent them back to their boat.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, anxious to distribute the Scriptures in China, sent him forth with copies of the Word of God, and Hudson hoped to reach Nanking, the headquarters of the Tai-ping rebellion. The tour extended to twenty-four days, and 58 cities, towns, and large villages were visited and supplied with the sacred Scriptures. Of these, 51 had never before been visited by messengers of the Cross.

Then came to him an experience of Divine visitation and comfort that he found it impossible to relate. But he tells us that during one day while walking from place to place, tired and bathed in perspiration, he was much refreshed in spirit by the thought that the Lord Jesus doubtless had often felt as did His servant while walking the hills of Palestine.

Accompanied by Dr. Parker, a new colleague from England, he and his friend Mr. Burden commenced their seventh journey, but they were hampered by the fact that the Home Society did not approve of their plans for securing head-quarters.

Acting upon the conscious Divine leading, they sought and eventually settled at Ningpo, where some eleven foreigners were witnessing for Jesus, and where a school was established, in which two ladies named Dyer were engaged as teachers. There it was resolved to found a hospital which should prove a Bethesda to the sin-sick and sorrowing.

"How little can we tell all we are delivered from by our limitations in the wider service to which the Lord is leading us in ways beyond our ken," said Hudson, and his words proved true of this settlement.

Mr. Taylor at Ningpo rented rooms, and resolved henceforth to wear native dress and live upon Chinese food. In this he was separating himself from the other missionaries, who did not think this the wisest course to take. So wearing a pigtail and attired like those he sought to save, Hudson Taylor cut himself off from the mission band who did not agree with him on this matter. Feeling this slight censure, he says: "I am not alone. I have such a sensible presence of God with me as I never before experienced, and such drawings to prayer and watchfulness as are very blessed and necessary." Because the desire to be completely the Lord's servant, even in food and



YOUNG CHINA!



TWO TYPICAL TINY TOTS

raiment, brought with it intense pleasure and secret springs of power.

Mr. Taylor also secured a footing in Tsing-ming, where more than a million souls were within his range of service. He made his head-quarters in a city of between 20 to 30,000 inhabitants, and these souls he felt to be his charge. Said he: "I sometimes feel a sense of responsibility that is quite oppressive—the only light-bearer among so many. But it is wrong. It is Jesus who is to shine in me. I am not left to my own resources."

Leaving an evangelist in charge of this important station, Mr. Taylor returned to Shanghai in order to secure clothing suitable for winter wear, as well as medical supplies. While thus engaged in securing the necessary supplies for Tsing-ming, two Chinese doctors and four druggists, finding their trade affected, bribed the Mandarin to expel the Christian teachers. For six weeks the Devil raged, then the Consul interfered and compelled Hudson to abandon the mission, although the Consul did not interfere with the Roman Catholics. Thus the work that had opened so auspiciously at Tsing-ming was closed, and it soon appeared as if the British Authorities were intent in closing the interior provinces to the Gospel.

Hudson was not daunted, he consulted his English friends as to the wisdom of renouncing Consular protection before penetrating into the inland provinces. While thus uncertain as to the future, Mr. Taylor commenced his tenth tour of evangelisation, travelling with the

sainted Williams Burns and two evangelists. They carried in two boats literature and medicine, and the presence of the Lord was manifest to them as well as to those to whom they preached. Selecting a large town, they penetrated it gradually from the suburbs, preaching, giving away tracts, visiting temples, schools, and teashops, and everywhere wisely seeking to show Jesus in the tenderness of His love and the power of His saving grace. Mr. Burns was soon compelled to follow Mr. Taylor's example and adopt Chinese dress, and with the like success.

Said one man to another, after hearing the sweet story that never tires, "Do you believe in this doctrine of Jesus?" "Believe! I certainly believe," was the reply that gladdened the heart of the listening Hudson.

Thus encouraged, they went on to Blocktoun, a filthy den of robbers, smugglers, and the like lawless people. Commencing at the suburbs, they wrought their way into the city, and in a tea-shop bore witness to Jesus the mighty to save. But the smugglers attacked the boats, and then sent one of their number to demand ten dollars in cash and a pound of opium. If these demands were refused the boats were to be destroyed. The missionaries, unaware of this attack, were guided back to the tea-shop where they had been welcomed. Then they missed the messenger sent to warn them, and meanwhile the boats slipped out of danger. The brigands ordered tea, which the missionaries were to pay for, and while they waited the

night grew intensely dark. The missionaries, finding no inquirers at the tea-shop, started to return, and met the captain, who was watching for them, and soon all the party were afloat and moved away unobserved. Then the rain fell in torrents, which checked the ardour of their enemies, and so they escaped from the hands of those who sought their goods and their lives. They came back to Shanghai, and there met a Christian captain, with whom they proceeded to Swatow, an important port in Southern China, the nest of opium merchants and stealers of men. They were offered a free passage, and duly reached a place where Satan reigned with undisputed sway. Securing a room over an incense shop, they thus began a work upon which the Presbyterians afterwards entered with wonderful results. The two pioneers had to climb through a trap door to the wretched room for which they paid an amount which the friendly captain said would not keep him for a month in cigars.

One advantage Mr. Burns possessed, he could speak the local dialect, and his companion at once sought to acquire the tongue of the lawless crowd amongst whom they had raised the standard of the Cross. The room was furnished at a cost of 1/1, for it held two bamboo stools and a bamboo easy chair.

The character of their neighbours will appear from the way in which they treated a wealthy man whom they had captured. Refusing to pay the exorbitant sum asked for his release, the man was subjected to cruel tortures, his

ankle-bones crushed by a club, after which he paid what they demanded.

When the heat came on the Britons suffered much from the close atmosphere. Yet Mr. Taylor sat at work, a towel at hand to wipe away the perspiration that streamed from face and hands. One who saw Hudson, tells us how he would at night come back to his little room beneath the tiles, footsore and weary, his face covered with blisters from the heat of the sun, fling himself down to rest, utterly exhausted, only to rise again after a brief sleep to resume his toil. He adds of Mr. Taylor that his influence was like that of a fragrant flower, diffusing the sweetness of true Christianity...

The heat of summer and the uncomfortable room over the incense shop caused the flower to droop, and Hudson began to search for other quarters. He went too and fro, and was enabled to rent a cottage at a little town, but when possession was asked, the landlord refused to admit the foreigner. "Go back," he screamed. "Go back at once. My neighbours will not allow me to let you have the house." A brief prayer enabled Mr. Taylor to accept the refusal calmly, and he went on with his preaching and distributing Gospels. The climate was unsuitable, the citizens were evil, and his servant asked anxiously: "What will you do? Where shall we go when darkness comes on? We cannot stay out all night?" "The Lord will provide," was the calm answer, as Hudson in the streets and tea-shops gave away copies of the Word of Life. His happiness struck the

Chinese, and one asked him, "Where are you going to sleep?" "I cannot tell you. But my Heavenly Father knows. He is everywhere present, and never forgets the needs of His people." "But are you not anxious lest you should get into trouble?" was the natural question. "No, I am not anxious," was the smiling answer, "My heart is in perfect peace; the Lord will provide."

He did, for Hudson was invited to sleep over a barber's shop, and provided with a supper of rice and water gruel. To this humble abode many inquirers came, one man bringing some flowers. Hudson spoke to them all, directing their thoughts to the Giver of all good.

Mr. Taylor was able to render skilled medical aid to the Mandarin at Swatow, which was now the head-quarters of the missionaries, and as a result, the Mandarin urged them to commence medical work there. The condition of Mr. Taylor's health made a change advisable, and though it meant leaving Mr. Burns alone, it was decided he should go to Shanghai for medical supplies. Rooms had been secured, and on Mr. Taylor's return the work could be commenced. A free passage to Shanghai being offered him by an English captain, Hudson took farewell of Mr. Burns, never to meet him again. Mr. Burns shortly afterwards was taken prisoner, and sent under escort to Canton. On reaching Shanghai, Mr. Taylor found that the stores of the London Mission had been destroyed by fire, and his medical outfit had perished in the conflagration.

At least six months must elapse before fresh stores could be brought from England, and he had left Mr. Burns at Swatow to await his return. Hudson therefore determined to go to Ningpo and beg supplies from Dr. Parker to enable him to commence work without delay. He set out, but did not reach Ningpo. Walking ahead, his coolies decamped with his goods and left him penniless. It was with much difficulty that Hudson returned to Shanghai. His servant had sold the goods, valued at about £40, and some thought that he ought to be prosecuted for the robbery. Hudson refused to do this, and pleaded in a letter with the thief to forsake sin and serve Christ. In course of time, by the providence of God, this letter found its way to England, and came into the hands of George Müller. He was delighted with the Christlike forgiveness of Hudson, sent him money sufficient to cover the cost of a new outfit, and ever afterwards became a supporter of the mission.

The mission staff at Shanghai, in spite of their own losses, had offered to make good the deficit but as they could not afford it, the offer with grateful appreciation was declined.

The generous Mr. Berger at this juncture sent a cheque, so this evil only brought out the goodness of the Lord and His people.

Hudson went to Ningpo, where Dr. Parker had secured a foothold. There it fell out that he met with his future wife, a self-supporting missionary assisting in a mission school for girls. The news of Mr. Burns' arrest, and the

check at Swatow, led Hudson to remain at Ningpo, and he secured a small two storied building where he lodged and also conducted a boys' school and dispensary.

He frequently met Miss Dyer, an active missionary, and the two saintly workers fell in love, but, alas, only to find trouble. The head of the school did not like Hudson Taylor, would not attempt to understand him, and did her utmost to keep the lovers apart. For a while she succeeded, and while thus suffering the pangs of wounded affection, Hudson resigned from the Chinese Evangelization Society that had sent him out. This step left him free to go as God might guide him. This, however, did not lessen his difficulties, but soon he was encouraged by a little success in soul-winning. Mr. Nyi, passing the mission house, heard John 3. 15 and 16 read, and, said he, "In Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, I have found no rest. But I do find rest in what we have heard to-night. Henceforward I am a believer in Jesus." He added sadly, "My father sought the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it. Oh, why did you not come sooner?" Mr. Taylor nursed a man who died of smallpox, and of course had to discard the garments he had worn in the sick room. He had given away most of his money, so could not afford to buy new clothes, but just in the hour of need a box containing all the raiment he had left at Swatow came to hand, and thus faith was both strengthened and justified.

In due time all the obstacles were removed,

and Hudson Taylor and Maria Dyer were married. She shared her husband's faith, for, said she: "I was left an orphan in a far-off land. God has been my Father all these years; and do you think I shall be afraid to trust Him now?"

Alas, the honeymoon was followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, which laid them both low. As soon as strength came back they were at work in Bridge Street, Ningpo, and were gladdened by some marks of the Lord's working with them. A basket-maker named Fang Neng Kuli, was struck by the picture of the Prodigal Son. He learned to read and resolved to keep the Sabbath holy. His master was content to pay him for six days, but not for the Sabbath. This meant a loss of two pence in pay and the expenditure of two or threepence for the rest-day's food. But this loss meant a real sacrifice, but it was cheerfully made, and Neng Kuli was wonderfully successful in saving souls. Then his master refused to employ him unless he gave up the Lord's day, and to compel surrender the employer induced other basket-makers to decline his services. Neng Kuli spent his time now in distributing tracts and in tea-shops speaking of Jesus to those who gathered there. There he met a farmer who came from a distant village, supporting himself on the journey by cutting for cattle the grass by the roadside, and thus he heard the Jesus doctrine he had come so far to hear. He embraced it at once, was taught to read, and so he fed from the wonderful provision in the

Bible stored for all who will take it as a gift. Said he to Mr. Taylor, this Wang, the grass-cutter: "I think much of Heaven and Jesus. The weather is so hot. You see, I have to cut grass in the burning sun, and sometimes I hardly know how to keep on. And then I think of Jesus—Jesus and Heaven—and my mind becomes peaceful, my body so much rested, that I can do twice as much as before. Oh, it is wonderful the difference it makes when you just think of Jesus."

Another Wang, a house-painter, was busy in a mansion up a ladder, decorating the guest hall, when a basket-maker (no less than Neng Kuli) was shown in to receive orders from the ladies. The painter went on with his work, but his curiosity was aroused. The ladies were annoyed that the workman refused an order to make baskets for holding incense, and listened to a brief statement of the evangel. After they had tottered away, the painter came down the ladder and asked that he, too, might once more hear the story of redeeming love. He heard, believed, and in future years was a devoted helper of Mr. Taylor, and of course a soul-winner, too.

All was not pleasing, for counterbalancing trials came with the blessing. Mrs. Taylor was sick, indeed dying; but the Lord healed her without the use of means, for she had yet much work to do for Him in China. Then there was danger, and a window at the back held a rope down which she must slide to a boat lying moored if the mob attacked the mission pre-

mises, as they frequently threatened to do. So the peril came and passed, but in spite of difficulties and discouragements, husband and wife continued their obscure service, well content to fill a little space so that Christ be magnified.

Then Dr. Parker's wife was translated, and he resolved to take his helpless children back to England. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Taylor took up his work, and having no funds to spare, they taught the staff the lesson of living by faith, a mode of life that they had found so happy and successful. The hospital was soon restaffed, only those who were definitely on the Lord's side were now employed, and the blessing increased as the staff learned to put God first, and trust Him in things small as well as in the so-called greater matters of business life.

Widening opportunities presented themselves, but with the possibilities of greater service there came almost complete collapse of health. Leaving the hospital well provided for by "*Jehovah-Jireh*," Mr. and Mrs. Taylor took ship for England, bringing with them Wang, the painter, who felt that they were not strong enough to travel without his aid, and thus passed their first spell of active missionary life in China.

Not much had been accomplished that could be tabulated, but thousands had heard or read the tale of undying love that story which will never fail to secure a heart in which to abide and out of which to operate for good.

CHAPTER III

Alone on the Seashore

"We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more."—*Whittier*.

MR. AND MRS. TAYLOR reached England after six and a half years' service in China, a period full of perils and arduous labours, but not without happiness and some success. They came back because of Mr. Taylor's illness, but not to be idle, for with them health depended upon constant effort for God. They therefore purposed as a rest task to prepare a more correct translation of the New Testament and a hymn book for the Chinese Christians, and as a kind of afterthought Mr. Taylor resolved to resume his medical studies and take his degree. They took up residence at 1 Beaumont Street, Whitechapel, near the London Hospital, Wang acting as helper, cook, servant, and evangelist. Four years were spent in a variety of toils; these named and others, all exhaustive, yet sweetened and lightened by the wonderful favours of the Lord. All the while events were taking place which were forcing him to come to the great decision which led to the founding of the China Inland Mission.

Missionaries were diminishing instead of increasing in China. A million souls a month

were dying in that land without God. Christians were apathetic, and he seemed to have done all that one man could. Faith triumphed over his natural inclinations, and weakness, as after a period of great exercise during which he suffered in mind and body, the decision to ask for workers for Inland China was made. The crisis came on Sunday, June 25, 1865, when on the sands at Brighton (whither he had gone in quest of health), in an agony about the unsaved millions of China, he said: "At Thy bidding as Thy servant I go 'forward,'" resolving to make an appeal for evangelists for China, and leaving with the Lord the burden of their support. The editor of the *Baptist Magazine* asked for an article on China, to excite interest in the new mission. When he had published one article, Mr. Lewis urged that these articles should be published as a book, which was done, and as "China's Spiritual Needs and Claims," the book had an extensive circulation and many labourers were by it brought into the field.

Then while at Bayswater Mr. Taylor strayed into Welbeck Street, where the little company of open brethren welcomed him. Among them was the Dowager Lady Radstock, with whom her married daughter was staying. That daughter was Lady Beauchamp, and her husband invited Mr. Taylor to their Norfolk home at Langley Park. So impressed were they that they gave up the insurance money due for their extensive conservatories, and found that while other glass houses in the vicinity suffered,

those that had been committed to the Lord quite escaped injury.

Meanwhile recruits had applied for service in the mission, and these were principally from the class that have experience of the toil of life, rather than from those who have been trained in the schools.

Some of these pioneers proved men of startling merit, among them Mr. Stevenson, who eventually rose to be a chief man among his brethren, who admired his grace even more than his conspicuous gifts. James Meadows was another of these brave souls. A Barnsley man, his friend who valued his help in open-air meetings said: "James, I have a job for you, will you undertake it?" "What is it, sir?" "Go to China. Will you go?" "I will," replied the young mechanic. "I will, if God is calling me. But I must have time to pray about it." He fasted, and in the dinner hour definitely sought direction from the Lord. "Go, and the Lord be with thee," was the response, and he went.

Rudland was another, and a saintly man he indeed was, as we knew him to be in after years. Rudland was at first a working blacksmith in a Cambridgeshire village where rumour told him of Mr. Taylor's appeal at Perth. Rudland had been converted in a farmhouse kitchen near his workshop, but his friends knew nothing of the new mission. His employer, unwilling to spare a good workman, showed him a Chinese book, asking: "This is the language they talk over there. Do you think you could ever learn

it?" "Has anybody else learned it?" asked Rudland. "A few." "Then why not I?" He went, and when in China found that he could not acquire this terrible tangle of symbols. Headaches ensued, but Mr. Taylor eventually solved the difficulty. "I wonder if you could spare time to help me a little?" he asked. "Gladly would I, but what is there I can do?" "Well, I am troubled about the printing press. The Chinese workmen seem to get through so little when left to themselves, and I really have no time to look after them. You managed so well in putting the press together, do you not think you could superintend it for me now? If you will just go in and begin at the beginning the men will be pleased to show you how to set up type, etc., and the fact of your being there will keep them to their work." Rudland consented, picked up the language as he worked, eventually becoming a wonderfully successful worker. He opened 37 out-stations, and in connection with them and his centre baptised over 3000 converts. When he died in 1912 there were 1500 communicants. He translated the whole New Testament and part of the Old Testament into the local dialect, and printed off edition after edition on the mission press, for which he was responsible.

Duncan was another recruit who found the Chinese tongue difficult. He sat beside the man at the washtub, seeking his conversion, the while acquiring words and phrases that he could not learn from a book, and brought the washer-man into full salvation.

The while these helpers were being attracted, held, and trained, there was no fund for their support save that Bank upon which faith draws by pleading and accepting the promises. One day Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had but 2/5½ in hand, and of this sum 2/ was readily given by them for the Lord's work.

Another time Mr. Taylor returned from a visit to his parents and found that the rent money he had left was short by 20/. He waited on God for help, knowing well the character of the rent collector tremblingly awaiting his call. The day passed and the man had not been seen. When he called next day the sovereign was ready to complete the rent, the Lord had not forgotten the need of His people and their work, and was not before the time nor yet behind.

In the kindness of God, Hudson Taylor met Grattan Guinness, then an evangelist of singular success. He went with him to Ireland and was invited to address a class of young men, among them Thomas Barnardo, the friend of the waifs; and M'Carthy, Charles and Edward Fishe, who became pioneers of the C.I.M. in untrodden lands.

When Barnardo saw the slender stranger, being himself small of stature, he took comfort, saying: "Good, there's a chance for me." Evidently what is a defect may be a comfort to some one else. Subsequently Mr. Guinness moved to Bow Road, where he opened a Training Institute, which, while working in East London, sent more than a thousand evangelists into the Home and Foreign Field; at

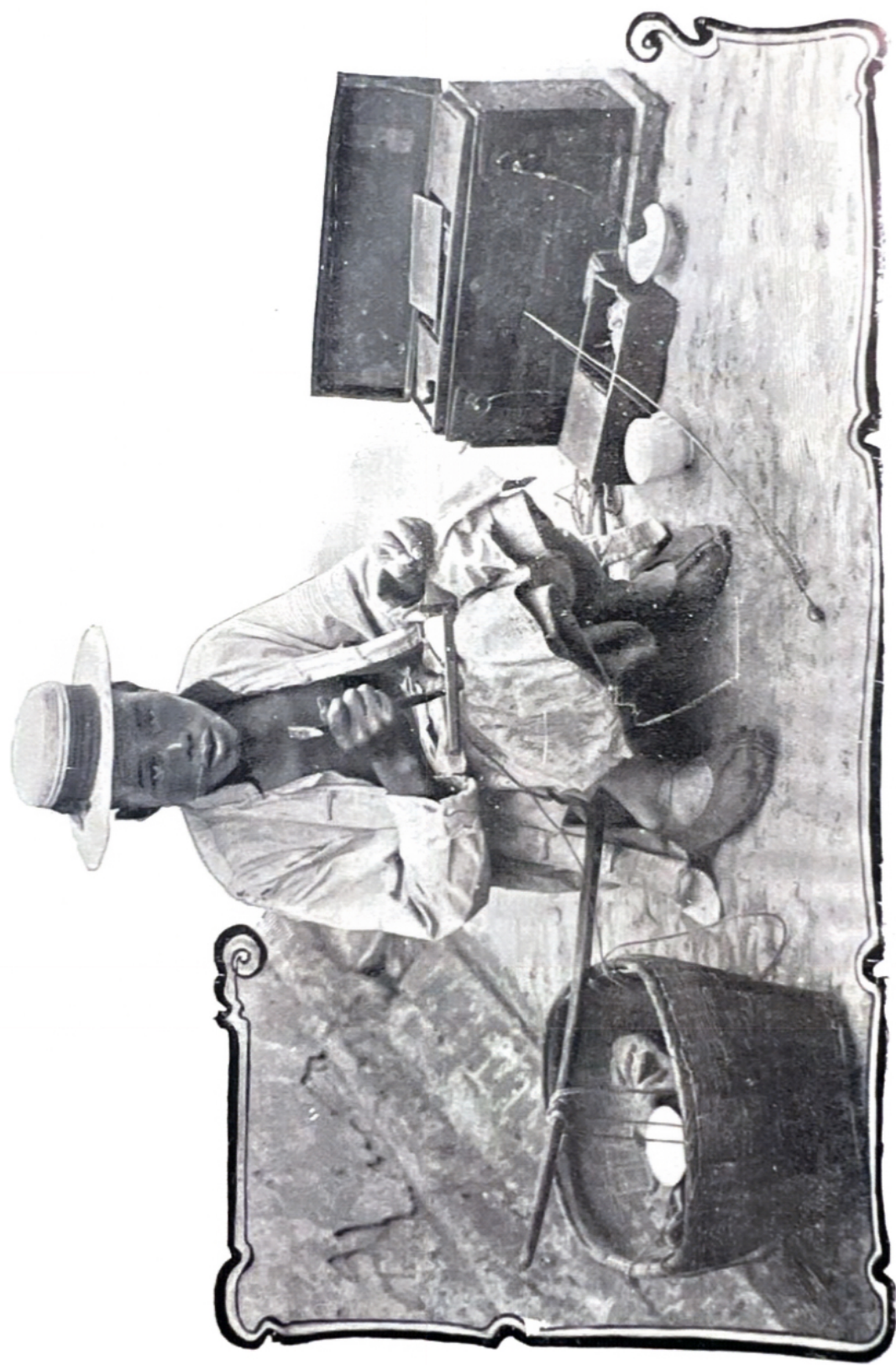
least a hundred of these went to China under Mr. Taylor's auspices

Mr. Muller had long been interested in the mission, and now he and Mr. Taylor met for the first time, and henceforward they were co-workers in the great task for which every believer is responsible—the carrying the Gospel to every creature under the broad blue sky.

The mission party now prepared to go forth consisted of eighteen adults and four children, and it was considered that the cabin space of a three-master would be needed to accommodate the travellers, and besides the help each could give the others while aboard, money would be saved. Prayer was made, and in due time Mr. Taylor went down to speak at a meeting at Totteridge, over which Colonel Puget, brother of the Dowager Lady Radstock, was to preside. All went well, the Lord gave utterance, and seeing how interested the audience was, the chairman desired a collection should be taken. Mr. Taylor declined. His host said: "You have made a great mistake. The people were really interested. We might have had a good collection." However, the following morning Colonel Puget said: "Lying awake in the night, as I thought of the stream of souls in China, a thousand every hour going out into the dark, I could only cry, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' I think I have His answer." Then he handed a cheque for £500 to Mr. Taylor, saying: "If there had been a collection I should have given a five pound note. This cheque is the result of part of the night spent in prayer."



A CHINESE BABY WITH GIRL NURSE



A CHINESE PORCELAIN MENDER

At once Mr. Taylor secured the whole accommodation of the "Lammermuir," a three-master of 760 tons. Said Mr. Taylor when some one wondered what would happen in China after the voyage, and how these eighteen folk were to be fed in a strange land: "I am taking my children with me, and I notice that it is not difficult for me to remember that the little ones need breakfast in the morning, dinner at midday, and something before they go to bed at night. Indeed I could not forget it. And I find it impossible to suppose that our Heavenly Father is less tender or mindful than I."

The "Lammermuir" left England, 26th May, 1866, and reached Shanghai on the following September. On the voyage great unity prevailed at first, and the crew were won to attending to the Gospel, more than twenty professing conversion; but after a while petty jealousies and misunderstandings cooled the fervour and stopped the work of the Spirit. This put right, the enemy changed his tactics, wild storms shattered the ship so that for more than two weeks she was all but a wreck. But she gained the harbour, and her cargo of missionaries were at their desired haven. On parting with the "Lammermuir," the sum of £30 was subscribed by the sailors as a help to the missionaries with whom they had travelled so far.

The party had household goods, printing and lithographic presses, medical apparatus, drugs, and literature. To accommodate this party appeared impossible, but a gentleman con-

trolling the Printing Press of the Presbyterian Mission had a large disused building which he generously offered to Mr. Taylor. Labour was required to put this into a fit state for habitation, and then the clothing used on the voyage had to be washed and made again fit for wearing. Then they adopted Chinese dress, not with the approval of all the missionaries or even of their own party, 'some of whom rather stumbled at the change.

Four weeks later a party went by water to Hang Chow, as a base whence they could reach the interior. Arrived at their destination, they found a home awaiting them. A young missionary had gone to fetch his wife and child from Ningpo and for a week the travellers were welcome to use his home as theirs.

While thus sheltered they sought for a permanent home and found a large dilapidated ruin, a perfect rabbit warren of poor families. It was in two stories and very dirty. Some of the tenants remained and became friendly as they saw the kind and considerate behaviour of the newcomers. Two texts from the walls proclaimed the spirit of the new family. They said in Chinese: "I must work the work of Him that sent me." "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

A dispensary was next opened, regular services commenced, and while busy, reinforcements arrived amazed and delighted at what they saw of the new mission. Miss Faulding, one of the "Lammermuir" party tells of Mr. Taylor's restless activity and eagerness for new

work, adding: "He goes on so quietly and calmly always—just leaning upon God and living for others—that it is a blessing merely to witness his life."

Alas, before long elements of strife appeared, and some of the mission party drew back from their pledges. To wear native dress, live on native food, and conform to native rules was to some of them a trouble, but they complained to outsiders, and discontent talked about, makes sad havoc of Christian character and feeling. Fortunately Mr. Berger who in England contributed to the work was a wise Christian, and he wrote to Mr. Taylor: "It is not our mistakes, but our refusing to correct them when discovered, that will prove baneful." But to Mr. Taylor the pettiness or want of courage manifested by some was a great pain.

However, he went forward, shaping towards the great task, hoping to crawl gradually to those far-away provinces where Christ was not named.

Embarking upon a flat-bottomed boat, with an arched roof of matting, they went up a great river, and then changed into a smaller boat to Yenchow. After a stay here of some days they went on to Lan-chi, where Mr. Duncan proposed to stay. In a room imperfectly roofed, with a shutter to serve as window, the mud floor thickly coated with accumulated filth, he made his abode. His furniture was secured by the expenditure of sixpence, and consisted of a chair, bamboo trestles, and a few boards, a travelling rug, pillow, and mos-

quito net. But he was not a man to consider comfort when called upon to act as an ambassador for Christ to those he longed to save.

Mr. Taylor had his children with him. Grace, the firstborn, two sons, and an infant sister. Gracie was eight years of age, and already ripening as those do who are nearing Heaven. On a boat trip arranged because the children were ailing, she spied a man making an idol. She was shocked. "Oh, papa," cried she, "he doesn't know about Jesus, or he would never do it. Won't you tell him?" Praying for the deluded idolater was instinctive; before a week passed Gracie had gone to where the holy see the face of Jesus and are glad with Him. Meanwhile Duncan, with his native helpers was holding on with Scots determination and Christian fortitude. He laboured, preached, and taught; his money gone and food supplies melting away. Mr. Taylor tried in vain to send help, and was helpless until Mr. Rudland, providentially arriving at the moment of need, volunteered to attempt to reach the lonely outpost. There was indeed great need of help, for Duncan, confident that he would be fed, wasted no time in foreboding or in attempts to help himself. Mr. Rudland arrived in time, and, said Duncan to his helper: "Did I not tell you this morning that it is always all right to trust in the Living God?"

Among the "Lammermuir" party, Miss Faulding had been conspicuous for her cheerful piety and self-sacrifice. Her smiling face won for her from the Chinese the name of Miss

Happiness, and skilfully she laid her talents out to serve Christ. A girl with her hand in the palm of Miss Happiness was told that she should worship God who gave her food. She rose at once, went to the door of the hut, bowed herself down three or four times and then returned to listen attentively to the tale of Divine Love for needy men and women. Said Miss Happiness after a round of such visits: "As I came home it was raining, and not very pleasant, but this and other receptions I have just had made me feel: 'Would that others might know the joy of this work, and come and carry the truth to every Chinese home.' " The women readily called her sister, and willingly came on Lord's Days to the meetings. Her sympathy and that charm that is always manifested by true love and gentleness commended the Gospel.

One thing is clear, that the presence of a holy woman whose warm love to the Saviour makes both face and life radiant will always be the winning force that will persuade men and women to come to Jesus. Yet with this bright example before them, there were true Christians in China who were doubtful if it were wise to allow unmarried women to live and shine for Christ in China.

An example of Mr. Taylor's success was his arrival in Hang Chow after the closing of the city gates. One of the mission party had been seized with illness, but the closed gate would not open for a missionary who happened to be a doctor. But he spied a basket being lowered for a Government messenger. Seizing the rope

that hung from the basket, Mr. Taylor was drawn up to the astonishment of the watch. Angry they were, but said Hudson: "I gave them two hundred good reasons why they should allow me to proceed. They came out of my cash bag." Evidently a man who would not be denied in the path of loving duty.

He had need of all his tact, courage, and faith, for while sick he had to be carried to appeal on behalf of Mr. M'Carthy's helpers who had been beaten well-nigh to death. Other workers were meted out the same hardness, for Satan never willingly admits Christian aggression, especially that which makes much of Christ.

For sixteen months had Hang Chow been the advance post of the Mission; now it was deemed necessary to advance the lines nearer the vast Inland Provinces in heathen darkness lying.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Carthy and Miss Faulding were left in charge of the little flock at Hang-Chow; Mrs. Taylor and the children sailed up the Grand Canal. At Soo-chow Mr. Taylor joined them, and for three weeks the party remained to assist the Mission band recently settled there. Then they went on to Chin-Kiang, where the Grand Canal flows into the vast Yangtse. Here Hudson attempted to secure premises, but the negotiations being prolonged, he went on to Yang-chow. This city had a population of 360,000, who lived, longed, and suffered without a glimpse of the Lord Jesus Christ, or even a whisper of His love for them. The heat came on and rain fell,

so the missionaries took shelter in an inn, where five small rooms upstairs became their resting place.

Mrs. Taylor could not rest. Leaving her boys, she went to Shanghai, where smallpox was raging at the time, to save her baby, now reduced to weakness by months of whooping cough. She also purposed welcoming Mr. Duncan's fiancée.

After her departure it seemed certain that premises were secured at Chin-Kiang. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Rudland were called to bring from Hang-chow the printing and other presses, heavy and cumbersome packages, together with their own belongings. Mrs. Taylor found that her baby had measles, and being weakly, the mother suffered the loss of her little one. Her boys at Yang-chow were also stricken with the same illness. Then she heard that Hudson himself, far away, was ill, and hurried to his side. As it was the Lord's Day, she would not take the steamer, but went by a boat. At length the boatman dropped wearied, and Mrs. Taylor took his place and plied the oars, love and anxiety strengthening her for the arduous task. In due time she reached her husband and nursed him back to health.

Opposition had to be overcome, and the enemies of the Gospel stirred up opposition among the people. Placards were displayed in the city calling upon the people to fire the house that sheltered the foreign devils. Then came a heavy rainfall, and this quieted the

rioters, who dread severe rain. Again it was noised abroad that two men in foreign dress were prowling about the city, and rumour reported that in consequence twenty-four children were missing. In the midst of this, Mr. and Mrs. Rudland, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, and Miss Desgraz arrived with the heavy printing presses and household goods, all offering a chance to robbers.

Mrs. Taylor and Miss Blatchley, to save their lives, leaped from the veranda roof. Mrs. Taylor injured her leg; her companion fell on her back on the stones. The mob pillaged the house. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan, ill and injured, went for help to the authorities. They were hustled by the fierce mob and neglected by the Mandarin, although they cried, "Save life! Save life!" a cry which a Mandarin was expected to obey at any hour and at any cost; but when Christians were in danger, Chinese law was set aside in the fierce resistance to Christ.

After some plain speaking, the Mandarin consented to send troops to calm the mob, which by this time had grown to eight or ten thousand ruffians. Later on he allowed the two anxious missionaries to return home, and when they reached their abode they found everything wrecked, some things burned, and fragments of desks, books, surgical appliances were strewn about. They found their dear ones in a neighbouring house, and after a while returned to their wrecked home. Says Mrs Taylor: "My heart was too full for me to pay

much heed to the scene of ruin through which we passed, but at the foot of the stairs my eye fell on a bead mat worked for me by our little Gracie before leaving England. The sight of it at that moment seemed to speak of our Father's love and tenderness in a way that perhaps it would be difficult for another to understand. I asked some one to pick it up and give it to me."

At night the mob returned, but another appeal to the Mandarin brought back the guard, who had been called away. The next day the missionary party was escorted out of the city, and at Chin-Kiang the fugitives were put up by the foreign residents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor taking the ground floor, because it was damp. There they went to work, for as the Mission now numbered nine or ten stations, they had much to do.

A resident of the city sent an account of this riot to the Shanghai paper, demanding the interposition of the British Authorities. The Consul-General and Ambassador at once interposed, but Mr. Taylor did not ask the protection of gunboats, being satisfied with the Divine promise.

In writing to Mr. Berger, who controlled the Home Department, he said: "China is not to be won for Christ by self-seeking, easy-living men and women. Those not prepared for labour, self-denial, and many discouragements will be poor helpers in the work."

The best commentary on this is what a young missionary's wife tells us. Mrs. Taylor

had welcomed her to China, and as the night came down she saw cockroaches creeping out of the crevices of the boat. "Oh, Mrs. Taylor," she exclaimed, "I really cannot go to bed with all these cockroaches about." She with another damsel prepared a light so as to be able to watch against these unwelcome visitors. "Dear child," Mrs. Taylor quietly said, "if God spares you to work in China you will have many nights like this, and you will not be able to afford to lose your sleep. Can you not lie down quietly and trust Him to keep you?"

Mr. Taylor brought his family to Ningpo, and then returned to the danger zone. Before long the stations from which they had been expelled were reoccupied.

The Chin-Kiang house was then secured, but the funds rapidly fell off, in consequence of a wild outburst of hatred in the British Press. George Muller readily increased his gifts as a proof of his practical sympathy and faith both in the Mission and its agents.

While thus misrepresented and assailed, Mr. Taylor found the secret that long before Miss Faulding and others of his friends had discovered. The Keswick Movement, with its message of victory and consecration, had reached China. Mr. M'Carthy wrote a faithful tender account of what had befallen him; his leader received the message in a sweet spirit of humility, saying: "As I read I saw it all. I looked to Jesus, and when I saw, oh, how joy flowed." To his household and the members of the Mission, to whom he stood in place of a

loved and trusted parent, he told the tale. "God has made me a new man," he said. "As for work, mine never was so plentiful, so responsible, so difficult; but the weight and strain are all gone." With this deep, restful delight there came a deep, touching humility. "I thank God," he said, "for permitting me to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water in His glorious work."

Thus patient in tribulation and unswerving in purpose, Mr. Taylor went forward, finding as the children of faith always do, that God had gone in front, and even Jordan was no barrier to those who had the Ark of the Covenant with them. Our fears, shrinkings, and attempts to elude the dreaded duty dishonour God. Let us go forward in His Name and greater success than we anticipate may be granted to our weak and feeble efforts.

"Man cannot compass it; yet never fear,
The leper Naaman
Shows what God will and can;
God who worked there is working here;
Wherefore let shame nor gloom betinge thy brow,
God who worked then is working now."

CHAPTER IV

Growing Rich Without Danger

"Our wisdom is kneel as children kneel,
Placing our hands in His, come woe or weal:
To wait with patient heart and reverent eyes
On One who understands His children's cries. "
—*Nettie Rooker.*

YANG-CHOW proved to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to be more like home than any of the other stations at which they had been. There they left their children under the care of Miss Blatchley, while they were busy on long journeys, which enabled them to reach a great number of people in a short time. Never idle, they were able in spite of the heavy responsibilities which the work involved, not only to maintain a spirit of calm confidence and restfulness which was a great comfort and cheer to their companions, but by many acts of thoughtfulness provide help and succour for some of their number who stood in need of it.

One such instance is worth recording. Mr. Judd was suffering in health, and it was necessary he should get more exercise. Mr. Taylor arranged with another of his helpers to procure a small horse for riding. The animal was left in Mr. Judd's care, which necessitated his exercising it, and in the exercise of the animal he found the means of restoration to health. Mr. Taylor meanwhile encouraging him to keep on "doing good deeds."

Those in most intimate touch with the devoted couple bore testimony to the sweetness of their lives. Yet humanly speaking, many with but a tithe of their cares and responsibilities would have been disturbed and have disturbed others too with complaints and murmurs. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cast all on Christ and so were at rest.

The delicacy of their children and the sanitary dangers of China now compelled the fond parents to part with them. The baby could not be spared, but the other children, to save their lives, went to England under the care of the faithful and loving Miss Blatchley. On the point of starting one of them died.

A fifth son was born, but after a week only of this world he left it for the place where there is no death, and joined the holy, happy band around the throne. Tidings came that Miss Blatchley and her charge were safe in England, and then Mrs. Taylor, who had cholera, passed to her rest. To her heart-wrung husband she said: "You know, darling, that for ten years past there has not been a cloud between me and my Saviour. I cannot be sorry to go to Him, but it does grieve me to leave you alone at such a time. Yet He will be with you and meet all your need." Her translation took place on 23rd July, 1870.

Her husband mourned for her as love must, but faith sustained him. Said he: "With the weakness of a child I have the rest of a child. I know my Father reigns."

Then came a series of troubles, each serious,

and all hurtling along in rapid succession. No wonder is it that lung-trouble and a badly deranged liver prostrated the over-worked man, and after six years of intense and incessant labour in China, Hudson came home in 1872. He could, however, as he reviewed the past, raise an Ebenezer, for the C.I.M. had now 30 foreign and 50 native workers engaged in China, with 30 stations spread over a hundred miles. This meant the expenditure of £300 per month.

November 28th, Mr. Taylor married the bright-faced Miss Faulding, and once more had a home at 6 Pyrland Road, Stoke Newington. Numbers 4 and 2 were also afterwards required, and the little block of buildings were not too much for the growing work.

In 1872 Mr. Taylor attended Mildmay, then the gathering place of all the most spiritual in the land, and gave the opening address. He held fast to his desire to evangelise China, and asked for eighteen new workers to go two and two together to the heathen districts. Nothing was done without prayer. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were lived in utmost simplicity, and they truly prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread." After eighteen months' absence Mr. Taylor and his wife returned to China, but before doing so were able to form a small council of four worthy Christians who would look after the affairs of the Mission at home.

When he reached the land of his adoption he found some of his best workers laid aside by illness, the spiritual life of the churches, too, was ebbing out, and a lethargy was creeping

over the most active Christians. Aggression is always an essential of spiritual health; no individual can keep well before God, and no church pleases Him that does not seek to do as Jesus did, and labour to rescue the perishing and care for the dying.

Hudson at once set out to rally the discouraged and stir up the more alert to greater efforts to reach the unsaved. From station to station he passed, meeting not only the leaders, but all the lesser workers of the Mission. In addition to this personal inspection and encouragement, he wrote many letters, and controlled all the forces in the field. Thus at one station 89 letters lay awaiting him. These were dealt with and then off he started for another visitation, for he was doctor as well as bishop of his flock.

Then from London news came that Miss Blatchley's health had failed. She had mothered his children, kept house, led the weekly prayer meeting, dealt with the correspondence, and edited as well as sent out the occasional papers. Her loss was therefore a very great trial. This and shortage of funds kept him cast daily upon God.

An interesting account of his reception of two new arrivals on the field is too long to relate. Mr. Taylor took the two young men to a room about twelve feet square, fully furnished with a food basket, a small box, and a square table. A little platform ran along one side of this apartment, and on this they sat down. They read and prayed, and with characteristic

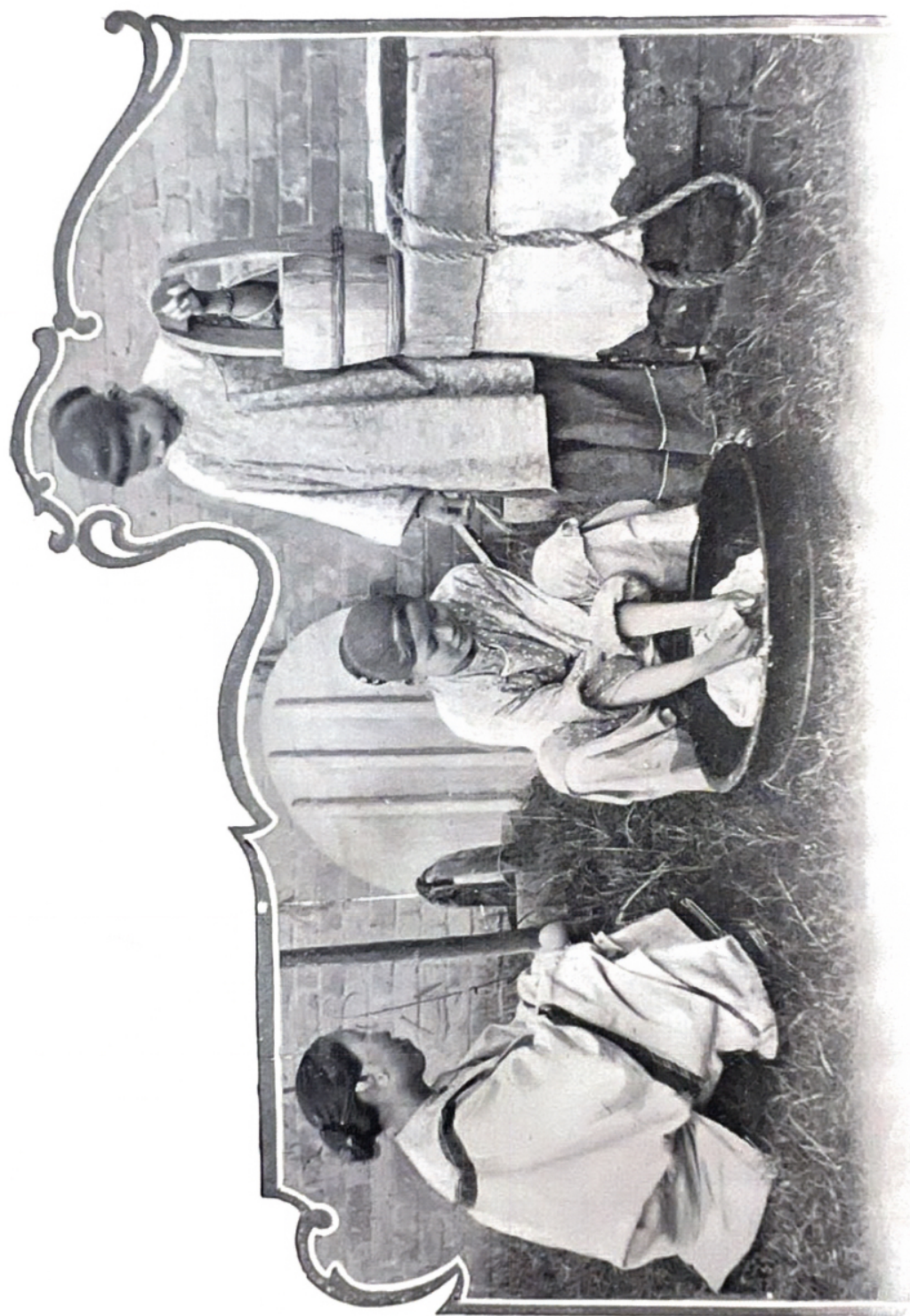
thoughtfulness, Mr. Taylor asked their opinion as to the meaning of one of the verses read. Then he sent a man out with a wooden basin, which he brought back filled with hot water. Dipping a rag with a wide mesh into the water, he wrung it out, and Mr. Taylor passed the damp cloth over face and hands, cleansing and polishing them. After this they were taken to a cook-shop, where they breakfasted on rice, hot vegetables, and chunks of fat pork. These last were considered a delicacy, but after a helping the newcomers declined to have more of the greasy dainty.

During this period, while itinerating, an old man followed Mr. Taylor to his boat. He came to ask what he could do with his sins. When he heard the tale of God's free grace given to those who accept the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, he wondered what he could do to recompense such goodness. He received the free grace offered to those who accept the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, who died for our sins at Calvary; he was soothed and comforted, and went away to rejoice over what he had heard and received.

Frequently the balance in hand fell very low, and on one of these occasions Hudson wrote home: "We have this and all the promises of God" (the balance was twenty-five cents). The fear that friends at home would appeal for funds caused the missionary more concern than the apparent shortage. All this time Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were themselves giving to the work in various ways—Mrs.



A SHANGHAI RICKSHA MAN WAITING FOR A FARE



WASHING DAY!

Taylor setting apart a property yielding £400 a year to the work of the Mission. A considerable portion of what they received for their own use was also passed on to fellow-workers. A gift of £800 was a great cheer, and enabled the missionaries to extend their work to other provinces. Following the river Yangtse to its tributary Han, six hundred miles from the coast, the missionaries entered into new territory to possess it for Christ.

News of the death of Miss Blatchley necessitated his return to England, and when he returned he found his family scattered, and the prayer meeting at Stoke Newington discontinued. An accident which had occurred in China now disabled him. While voyaging up the Yangtse, Mr. Taylor slipped on one of the steps of the ladder between decks, sprained his ankle, and injured his spine, so that concussion of the spine and paralysis followed. He came home to lie upon a bed, all the while busy praying, thinking, planning for the work, and encouraging others to trust God.

With true humility Mr. Taylor declined the honours of earth. To one who spoke of the honour that had been put upon him by the amazing success of the C.I.M., Mr. Taylor quietly said: "I don't look upon it in this way. Do you know, I sometimes think that God must have been looking for some one small enough and weak enough for Him to use, so that the glory might be His, and He found me."

Later on a chairman referred to Mr. Taylor as "our illustrious guest." Mr. Taylor com-

menced his speech thus: "Dear friends, I am the little servant of an illustrious Master." The humility is not more evident than the desire to magnify Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Broomhall, his sister, now decided to live at No. 2 Pyrland Road, and before long they were absorbed in the Mission to which they had been thus led; Mr. Soltau became secretary, and thus gradually the mission developed its organisation. In 1875 the first number of *China's Millions*, the organ of the Mission, was published.

Mr. Taylor's return to health was very slow, and for long the affairs of the Mission were conducted from a sick-bed; but strength gradually returned, and with it a renewal of activity on behalf of China in this country. The eighteen missionaries necessary to allow a forward move in the Western Provinces of China were now ready, but the war cloud hung dark over that land, and it seemed as if hostilities between Britain and China could not be avoided.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Taylor returned to China in 1876. Before he reached Shanghai the Treaty of Chefoo had been signed, and the door of access had been opened to the remotest part of China, and already three parties were well on their way to the interior. For long the missionaries of the C.I.M. were the only foreigners who availed themselves of these open doors. They travelled far and wide, even penetrating into Eastern Tibet, traversing 30,000 miles in

eighteen months, selling and distributing the Scriptures and tracts wherever they went.

All was not smooth going for the director of the Mission. His own health was far from satisfactory. Heavy cares devolved on him in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, the health of the workers in various parts gave cause for concern, yet he never lost heart.

One day there came news of serious rioting, and he read aloud the letter which told of the danger of his loved colleagues. This done, he began to whistle the chorus of, "Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what Thou art."

"How can you whistle when our friends are in such danger?" asked a young missionary. "Would you have me anxious and troubled? That would not help them, and would certainly incapacitate me for my work. I have just to roll the burden on the Lord."

At this time several members of the Mission band were engaged on hazardous enterprises. Mr. M'Carthy set out to walk across China, from the Yangtse to the Irrawadi, a journey which took seven months. Time was taken to preach the Gospel as he journeyed and to open a mission station at Chung-king, in the centre of a population of seventy millions.

From Bhamo, Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau hoped to reach a similar objective, but were hindered by Government interference. All the while Mr. Taylor was overseeing the work, succouring the workers, and seeking to create unity and fellowship among all the missionaries on the Yangtse river.

In 1877 Mr. Taylor visited all the stations of the Mission in Che-kiang, being fully occupied thus from May to October. The awful famine of 1876-79 was ravaging China, and from Shansi news of the impending calamity, which lasted for nearly four years, ravaged eighteen provinces of China, and cut off between eighteen and twenty millions of people, began to reach the missionary. This hurried his return to England to secure such assistance as he could to relieve the suffering in Shansi. The awful tales of suffering which reached home, of orphaned children perishing in multitudes who might be saved, of women and girls sold into slavery, presented new problems for the Mission. Orphanages and havens of rest must be provided, and women workers of experience and wisdom were urgently needed. The one woman best fitted for this work was Mrs. Taylor, but she had a sick husband, and a large family of young children to care for. Severe as the trial of separation was, she was prepared "*to go for Christ's sake.*" Mr. Taylor's sister, Mrs. Broomhall, hearing of the proposal, added her contribution. She said: "If Jenny is called to go to China, I am called to care for her children," and to her family of ten, the missionaries' bairns were added. A gift of £1000 received by Mrs. Taylor the day she set sail for China was a further indication that the Lord was prospering her journey. Penetrating into the interior, she was able to carry succour to the suffering.

Mr. Taylor at home was finding that the

mission was growing beyond anything he had anticipated, and with this growth new problems were arising. Frequently missionaries were accepted, and told there was not a penny on hand for their passage, but time and again the necessary funds came in at the moment they were required. Leaving home affairs in the hands of trusted friends, he again returned to China in 1879. He became seriously ill on the voyage and reached Shanghai an invalid, where his wife was waiting his arrival. They were, on medical advice, directed to Chefoo, which became in time a centre and a place of training and care for the children of the numerous missionaries now in China.

In 1883 Mr. Taylor returned to the home base, and was soon busy attending conferences, interviewing candidates, and in 1885 he went back to China with some of the Cambridge Seven. One of the new recruits tells us that when he interviewed Mr. Taylor he "went away deeply impressed with the character of the man with whom he had been speaking, and with his heart more than ever set upon becoming a missionary in China."

This band, well-known as athletes, impressed Britain, and almost equally the Chinese. One of them was subsequently set apart as Bishop of a great western province of Szechwan. But why praise some, when it is clear that all the members of the Mission band shared the same absorption in Divine truth, and manifested the same sacrifice of self if only the kingdom of Jesus might be extended?

CHAPTER V

The Unchangeable God

"Is it worth while? Ah, yes! to reach the goal
Were worth the struggle of the whole hard way,
Is it worth while? To help one human soul
Were worth the whole long day."—*Vera Hope*

"I STRONGLY suspect that by his unconscious influence, Mr. Hudson Taylor did more than any other man of his day to compel Christian people to revise their ideas of greatness," said C. G. Moore, for many years a member of the China Inland Mission, and afterwards Editor of *The Life of Faith*. "He did both by his humble saintliness and by his sufferings and many labours." "There was in him, said an acute observer, "a simplicity, a tenderness, a boldness, a power that hushed and subdued one, and made it clear that God had admitted him into the inner circle of His friendship." This silent influence enabled him to control a large staff and secure and retain the sympathy of Christians of another view. Perhaps, too, this is the reason why on a review of the past, Hudson was "impressed with the fact that every important development of the Mission had sprung from or had been directly connected with times of sickness and suffering, which had cast him in a special way on God.

In true humility he would frequently say: "It is His work—not mine nor yours—and yet it is ours, not because we are engaged in it,

but because we are His, and one with Him whose work it is." Thus taking the servant's place, Hudson became a great man with his Master, and with those who served with him in the happy task of winning China for Christ.

Sincerely Christ's, he said once: "The cause of a want of success is very often that we are only half-saved ourselves. If we are fully saved, and confess it, we shall see results;" and his life and service are a proof of his words. With terse force he asked his helpers: "What is the object of being apprenticed to a builder but to learn to build? What is the outcome of being joined to a Saviour if we do not learn to save? Though we might ourselves be saved, should we be His disciples indeed?" Words that might be pressed upon every one who seeks in any humble degree to be an ambassador for Christ.

This whole-hearted consecration brought concentration and strengthened faith, and before long the money and the helpers flowed in a gracious tide of fertilising blessing.

In 1888 Mr. Taylor went to China via America. There, to his surprise, young men and women came forward to join the band working in China, and in due time an American Branch of the C.I.M. was formed. These were impressed not by the eloquence of the advocate, but by his holiness. "It was not the words only of Mr. Taylor that helped us. It was the life of the man. He bore about with him the fragrance of Jesus Christ." Helpers and organisers were provided, for when a work is of

God He always has workers ready for the emergency long before foreseen.

As Mr. Taylor crossed the Rocky Mountains on his way to China he thanked God for the Spirit's wonderful ministry, but felt a deep sense that in China itself the powers of evil would oppose him. Success and earnestness in Christ's service always provoke retaliation, and it was so with the C.I.M. Serious news of the sickness and death of valued helpers reached him at Yokohama, and on landing at Shanghai came the tidings of the death of another worker of much promise, and the serious illness of others; while in the party which accompanied him sickness had broken out.

Misunderstandings between himself and friends at home in regard to the American missionaries added to his troubles; but at the end of 1889 he was able to put on record that the spiritual life of the Mission was higher than ever before; souls were being won and real progress was being made in a number of directions.

In order to clear up difficulties, Mr. Taylor found it necessary to return to England. The difficulties arranged, he visited Sweden, where the work of the C.I.M. was beginning to be known. Here he was received by the Queen, who was in fullest sympathy with his work.

The man seemed to grow with the work. As it expanded new strength was given for the heavier load. As the number of missionaries increased, the desire to see more grew, until he is found praying for 1000 workers for the

Celestial Empire. A prayer in which he was joined by his devoted wife. A prayer which was answered in the year 1895.

The Scandinavian contingent of the C.I.M. duly arrived in China, a singing band, and soon won their way to the hearts of the people.

Then another point of organisation was settled. It was amicably decided that the headship of those in the field must be on the scene of conflict, the Home Council acting as the base and in harmony with those who faced heathenism.

There was need for increased income, but as the need arose the Lord sent through His stewards more than sufficient to meet all demands. The organisation in China had been developed slowly to meet the growing need of the work in charge of devoted men to whom Mr. Taylor had imparted much of his own devotion and enthusiasm.

One tour he took with the greatest risk to his health but full of tokens of Divine favour and grace. His self-sacrifice was infectious. One man, a labourer jealous of the life of Mr. Taylor, said: "If I should die suddenly it is because I have offered the remaining years of my life so that they may be added to his life."

At Shansi, Pastor Hsi welcomed him with characteristic generosity and love. Everywhere the Christians were glad, and walked before the Lord in great happiness and power.

Riots broke out, bands of soldiers wrought their wicked will upon the helpless, and pillaged the goods; while public feeling, exasperated by

the defeat of China by Japan, was bitter against Europeans and their religion. The fierce attack of all the foes upon every isolated post brought out the heroic faith of the missionaries and the faithfulness of their Saviour, who Himself stood by them in the hour of their trouble.

Then weak and sick in body, but strong in faith and radiant with the glory of grace, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor came back to the headquarters of the C.I.M. They arrived in time for the prayer meeting, and sat at the back undiscovered until the supplication had closed. They had reason to be thankful, for the Mission was now well housed. Towards the erection of the new buildings Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had contributed £900.

After a brief visit to Mr. Berger, Hudson went to Germany, and returned home to find that a true supporter of the C.I.M. had given £10,000 to the funds, and had left at least £100,000 to be paid in instalments, and all to be expended as received upon aggressive work.

Then in 1897 he paid his tenth visit to China, accompanied by his wife and two other ladies. While there a visit of the Keswick Deputation brought much blessing, reviving the drooping, adding strength to the workers, and bringing them and the unsaved within sight and reach of Christ.

He was again laid low, and spent a time at Chefoo, where he planned a cottage where he and his wife could come for rest when sick or weary.

He visited Australia, and there met with a warm response. Men gave up assured positions, sacrificed comfort and income, to go to China, there to risk life and to face horrors and cruel death that Christ might be made known to those in "heathen darkness dwelling."

He was still in Australia when the Boxer Riots broke out, and while Mr. Taylor and his friends were voyaging to California the horrors of the Boxer Massacre began. Mr. Taylor, who reached England in a state of collapse, was conveyed to Davos, and there the news came of riot, massacre, and sore distress.

"I cannot read, I cannot think, I cannot even pray—but I can trust," said he, at the darkest hour of that black time.

A vivid, thrilling account of that period is given in "A Thousand Miles of Miracle" (Pickering & Inglis), one that at once shows what man can bear when God is with him, and what God can do for His own in spite of foes.

Mr. Taylor longed to be back in the midst of the martyrs, if only that he might weep with the sufferers, but he was not able to move. Then it began to dawn upon him that his work was over; perhaps the hardest lesson one who loves his Master can ever learn. To be able to cheerfully stand aside, to be still while longing to be active, and to pass to other hands the standard received from those who died beneath it, requires much grace; but Hudson had learned to obey, even when obedience meant his giving up of that which to him was dearer than life. He bore about the fragrance of the

Lord Jesus Christ, and found that Jesus does satisfy, if only we will let Him be all and do all.

Mrs. Taylor's life slowly ebbed away. Cancer had developed, but she did not know the cause of her pain and lassitude. In 1902 Mr. Taylor passed the control of the Mission to Mr. Hoste, and waited beside his dying wife, whose last days were spent amidst the solemn grandeur and beauty of the Swiss mountains. Almost her last moments were spent in distributing the £1500, all that remained of the fortune left by her uncle, among different societies that sought to save, and then she was ready to go. Seeing the anguish that Mr. Taylor suffered at her pangs, she whispered: "Ask Him to take me quickly." He prayed, and then she slipped out of his sight into the loving embrace of the Blessed Jesus with whom she had so long communed.

His niece, Miss Mary Broomhall, came to comfort the lonely widower, and Christian friends readily gave him of their tenderest and best.

Hudson slowly regained some measure of health, and earnestly longed to visit China once more. Accompanied by his son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, he went across America and reached Shanghai, 17th April, 1905. After attending some meetings of the Council he went on to Hankow, and thence to Yen-cheng, a place reached by railway. As the way opened up he visited various centres in Honan. They spent the 39th anniversary of the sailing of the "Lammermuir" at

Hankow, and then passed forward to Chang-sha. They reached the station on Thursday, June 1, 1905, and were warmly welcomed by the staff. On Saturday, Mr. Taylor could not rise for breakfast; in the afternoon he came to a reception in the Mission House garden, to which all the missionaries in the city had been invited. After the guests had departed, Mr. Taylor rose and crossed the room to fetch two fans. One he gave to Dr. Barrie, who asked: "Oh, why did you not let me bring them?" "I wanted to get you one," was the tender answer. They talked of prayer, and Dr. Barrie said that he was sometimes hampered by the feeling that the things he prayed about were too small to speak to God about. Mr. Taylor answered, "There is nothing small and there is nothing great; only God is great and we should trust Him fully."

Mr. Taylor took his supper and prepared to go to rest. His daughter-in-law waited while he retired. She went in and found that he was in bed, the lamp burning on the chair beside it, and he leaning over it with his pocket-book open and the home letters it contained spread out before him. She began to talk, when he turned his head, gave a gasp or two, and then he was in the presence of the Lord.

Great was the sorrow that evening among the saints, who had hoped to worship with him on the Lord's Day, for Mr. Taylor had lived down all criticism, and by his self-denial, humility, self-sacrifice had won a high place among those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. He had

initiated a new form of missionary enterprise, and had stimulated to renewed energy the older agencies who had preceded him in the field. And through his labours multitudes had been won for Christ, some of whom had died for their faith and others had lived it amidst hostile surroundings.

One of those who were near on June 3, 1905, when Hudson Taylor went home, remarked: "Thousands and myriads of angels have welcomed him, and as one who had glorified their Lord." They laid him to rest beside the mighty river at Chin-kiang, there to wait the day of reunion, when partings shall be no more.

Well we remember him and his radiant face, and many of those who laboured with him were among those whom we esteemed highly for their work's sake. One Sunday we spent some hours with an aged saint, now in glory, and heard from his lips the tale of Mr. Taylor's methods, sayings, and life-passion. After a while we asked: "Was there anything about Mr. Taylor that suggested genius, ability, or exceptional talent? Was he specially skilled as a doctor, eminent as a leader or speaker?" "No, I always felt that he was just an average man," was the answer, "but he was no ordinary man, because God was with him."

Alas, some readers of this life may not have realised what was the starting force of all—the finished work of Christ. The moment that Hudson Taylor realised that at Calvary our Lord Jesus Christ actually completed the propitiatory work of redemption and that now

all that we have to do is to receive Him and to trust Him as Lord and Saviour, all that followed was possible.

Have you done this? If not, will you do it now? To admire the Lord Jesus, to do many things gladly for His sake is good; but to enjoy salvation He must be accepted as a Saviour and loved as Lord. No one is so foolish as to attempt to improve a framed and finished picture, or completed bow. Once the loaf of bread is baked, nothing is needed but to eat it.

All that is necessary for your salvation was effected at Calvary, and you just need to accept a finished work, and by that work enter into peace. Will you here and now do this? If you will, God can use you for His service, and if you don't you are not His.

All that was great, noble, and beautiful in Hudson Taylor came from that finished work of Christ, which made him free from sin, gave him peace of heart, and then thrust him forth to do a wonderful work that is still blessing the world. Who can tell what God will do by you if you will but yield to His pleading love?

From the report recently issued we select these facts, that it may be seen what God hath wrought and is still doing as a result of Hudson Taylor's surrender to Christ. The year 1926 was the Sixtieth Anniversary of the China Inland Mission.

"To-day there are 1134 missionaries and 3843 Chinese fellow-labourers, of which 2328 are unpaid, working in China, at 260 stations. There are 1929 out-stations, with 1755 chapels,

while there are 15,593 children in the schools, not counting those who are in the Sunday Schools. There are seven provinces of China, in each of which more than 10,000 persons have been baptised. The present membership of the Churches is 67,463, while there are 68,977 Christians under instruction. Altogether, 104,935 have been baptised since the work commenced.

With regard to finance, the story is as wonderful. Without appeal to man: In 1915, when the Society celebrated its Jubilee, the total income of the Mission was £87,879. In 1920, the year when the rate of exchange was most acute, the income had risen to £184,116, or more than double. Neither before nor since has the income reached so high a figure, and never in recent years has the exchange been so inimical to the Mission's interest. In brief, when the exchange was most adverse the income was at its highest.

In 1924 the income was £175,217. Assuredly it is true that the Mission by its faith has discovered:

“Who trusts in God’s unchanging love
Builds on the Rock which naught can move.”

PRAISE GOD.

BRIGHT BIOGRAPHIES

ROBERT MORRISON OF CHINA

THE PIONEER OF CHINESE MISSIONS

JAMES HANNINGTON OF UGANDA

THE NOBLE MARTYR OF CENTRAL AFRICA

WOMEN WHO HAVE WORKED AND WON

MRS. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

EMMA BOOTH-TUCKER

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

PANDITA RAMABAI AND HER WORK

JUDSON OF BURMA

THE HEROIC PIONEER. MISSIONARY

GRIFFITH JOHN OF HANKOW

THE APOSTLE OF CENTRAL CHINA

CAPTAIN GARDINER OF PATAGONIA

THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR MISSIONARY

LADY MISSIONARIES IN MANY LANDS

BURMA : WEST INDIES : ABYSSINIA

ZULULAND : FRIENDLY ISLANDS : FIJI

CROWN OCTAVO SIZE

ILLUSTRATED, 2/ NET

*PICKERING
& INGLES*