

# Advanced Guard of Missions

C G Howell 1912

## PREFATORY

IT is said that when Columbus set foot upon a border isle of the new world, he fell upon his knees, and with tears of joy, kissed the ground, and thanked God for His great goodness in bringing him safe to land. His comrades, bearing banners of the cross, knelt and wept beside him. The natives collected around him in silent astonishment, while his crew, who had plotted his destruction, threw themselves at his feet and begged his forgiveness. Drawing his sword he planted the royal standard, and in memory of mercies his God had given, called the place "Holy Saviour".

The fact that Columbus was thrown into chains and died in poverty, is only an evidence of the darkness that then covered the earth, and makes his heroism shine out the brighter. And was not his success a birth-cry of "a new order of things"?—not a statue of Liberty, but her genius, which can not be fettered by felons' chains, nor bound behind prison-bars? Was not this a touch of her torch, to lighten, not the new land alone, but the world? And was not the hard battle fought out lone-handed by Columbus, which meant so much for the world's future, very like many another, waged by lone soldiers of the cross? Who can doubt that the God Columbus thanked had helped him, or that the cross, blindly followed, would shed its light over all the land?

Close upon the footsteps of this and other discoveries came the great Reformation in Europe. The word of God was unchained from convent walls; the cross brought down from church steeples and planted in human hearts. Then there followed a tide of worldliness and formalism. The streams that make glad the city of God seemed confined, on earth, to tiny rills. But God keeps watch above His own. Of this little world that received the life-blood of His Son, He is ever mindful, as of the one lost sheep.

To trace some of these refreshing rills of influence, to survey a few of the battle-fields of individual victory, hoping thus to aid the reader in his own deep struggles and help to prepare him for final triumph, is the inspiration of this book.

As the writer has looked upon the drama, not of moving but of living pictures, and beheld such trans-formations of character as would cause the angels to wonder and rejoice, there has fallen upon his soul the hope that this may prove one more bugle-call for recruits to join in similar warfare. When lips once stained with oaths and lying have been touched with fire from heaven's altar and trusted with the gospel story, when minds once the devil's workshop have become fitted to deal with the souls of men, when hearts oft defiled with hate and murder have become channels for the love of Christ, can there be stronger evidence that similar victories may still be gained and

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volunteers enlisted in God's loyal army! With the breathings of much prayer to this end, is this volume affectionately sent forth on its mission.

CLIFFORD G. HOWELL.

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## CHAPTER ONE

### MARCUS WHITMAN

Missionary Physician

Missionary to the Indians. Born at Rushville, New York, September 4, 1802. Died at Wailatpu, Washington, November 29, 1847.

LESS than a score of years before the discovery of gold in California, the part of the country west of the Rocky Mountains was regarded by Daniel Webster and other prominent statesmen as a “vast worthless area, a region of savages and wild beasts.” The princely monopoly, the Hudson Bay Company, however, was obtaining from it untold wealth by trading with the Indians for furs, and for this purpose desired to maintain control.

Through the darkness of midnight that had settled down over the camp-fires of the red men, some radiant beams from the “Star in the East” had fallen. A few notes from the Bethlehem song had been wafted to their ears. They had heard of the Book from which the white men had learned; and four of their braves turned aside from the chase and the war-path to go in search of this treasure. From away up in the district of Walla Walla, Washington, they started in the year 1832, spending the entire summer and fall on the journey, and reaching St. Louis, Missouri, just as winter began. “Their wearied manner and wasted appearance” told of the hardships they had endured.

General Clarke was then in command of the soldiers stationed at St. Louis, and he took these Indians in charge, and showed them much kindness. For a time they said nothing concerning the weighty purpose of their visit. Later they revealed it to General Clarke, but evidently he understood not the depths of their desire. He took them to the Catholic churches, the theaters and shows; but the Book containing the bread of life was not given them. Two of their number died during the winter, and a third on the way home. The last evening of their stay, General Clarke gave a banquet for the two then living. Their disappointment in not accomplishing the object of their errand was breathed in a speech by one of the chiefs in the most touching Indian eloquence, as he arose at the banquet and said:

“I come to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people who sit in darkness; I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the White Man’s Book

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of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours; and the Book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles; and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond; but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long and sad trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them; yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go a long path to other hunting-grounds. No white man will go with them, and no White Man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

Of this pathetic appeal the writer had heard much, but never had the privilege of reading it till standing between two long rows of book shelves in Whitman College library - a memorial built to the memory of a man who, with others, answered this plaintive cry. I had heard of a book containing this speech, and after traveling thousands of miles had found it; but those thousands of miles were not traveled on foot, and all my life long I had had the "White Man's Book of Heaven", and best of all, had found the way to "the good land beyond." I was glad to find the book I desired, and to read the words you have now read; but the contrast between my own experience and that of the disappointed Indians made me so sad, I turned my face to the wall and wept.

### **THE CALL ANSWERED**

When the plea for the "White Man's Book" was published in the East, it made a profound impression. The call was sent out, "Who will respond to go beyond the Rocky Mountains and carry the Book of Heaven?" The Methodists sent the Lees in 1834; and the American Board sent Whitman and Spalding and their brides in 1836. On being asked if she would go, Mrs. Spalding took it to the Lord in prayer, and then came forth, her face beaming with devotion, and said, "I have made up my mind to go." "But your health?" protested her husband. "I like the command just as it stands;" she replied: " 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel,' with no exceptions for poor health." She bore the journey bravely, and was the first to translate the Scripture and songs into the Indian dialect.

At the leave-taking of Narcissa Prentice-Whitman from the home church, the whole congregation sang

"Yes, my native land, I love thee;  
All thy scenes, I love them well;  
Friends, connection, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell?"

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But before the hymn was half through, one by one the voices ceased to sing, and sobs were heard in every part of the great audience. The closing stanza was sung alone by the sweet, unwavering soprano of the woman missionary to the Indians. She had joined the church when eleven years old, and early expressed a desire to become a missionary - a desire now to be realized.

Never were missionaries more heroic, or that labored in any field with greater fidelity for the true interests of the Indian savages to whom they were sent. They were great, warm-hearted, intelligent, educated, earnest men and women, who endured privation, isolation, and discomfort with cheerfulness, that they might teach Christianity and save souls. They brought with them over their long, weary journey, the Bible, Christianity, civilization, and the school. The reader will look in vain for any mourning or disquietude. Two noble women started in to be the helpmeets of two good men; and what a success they made of it! There is nowhere any spirit of grumbling; but on the contrary a joyous exhilaration. True womanhood of all time is honored in the lives of such women. It was but the coming of the first white women who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains, and notable as a heroic wedding journey; but to the world it was not only exalted heroism, but a great historic event, an honor to true womanhood for all time to come." "How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon," Star Publishing Company- Chicago.

This journey was made six years before "the Pathfinder" ever saw "South Pass," through which these pioneers found their way over the Rockies. "There is something," exclaimed an old American trader, "the honorable Hudson Bay Company can not drive out of Oregon!" Neither did they.

Whitman located his mission near the site of Walla Walla, Washington, at a place the Indians called Waiilatpu. He "was well-nigh an incessant toiler." A visitor at the mission wrote:

"I found 250 acres enclosed, and 200 under good cultivation. I found forty or fifty Indian children in school, and Mrs. Whitman an indefatigable instructor. All the premises looked comfortable, the garden especially fine. The wheat in the fields was seven feet high and nearly ripe, and the corn was nine feet in the tassel."

In the fall of 1839 a great sorrow came to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. They had only one child, a tiny girl, a little over two years old. She had learned to speak the Indian language, to the great delight of the Indians. They came almost every day to see her and hear her sing. It was on a September morning; the family gathered for worship as usual; the little girl, the joy of the household, was allowed to select the hymn. The one she chose was the old-time favorite,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

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Felt her young soul no need to hide; neither knew those cheered by her baby voice how soon it would be hushed. She was missed from the threshold; and two little tin cups on the bank of the Walla Walla told that the little hands that had borne them there were within its bosom. An old Indian dived to the bottom, and soon brought up the baby form, but her life was gone.

“Lord, it is right, it is right,” writes the Christian mother. “She is not mine, but Thine; she was only lent me to comfort me for a little season; and now, dear Saviour, Thou hast best right to her. Thy will, not mine, be done.”

But the poor Indians knew no such spirit of resignation. The death of “the little white Cayuse,” as they called her, seemed to estrange them from the mission. The old chief had said, “When I die, I give everything I have to ‘the little white Cayuse.’” But from this time on, they frequently showed a bad spirit. Advantage was taken of circumstances to turn them against their best friends — to what extent will soon appear.

The English traders were the autocrats of the country, and the Catholic Jesuits the secret teachers. The missionaries believed that the nation which settled and organized the territory would control it. Two centuries before, when the Puritans were suffering persecution for conscience sake, the finger of God pointed them across the waters. It is He who made the nations and sets “the bounds of their habitation,” and for the one purpose “that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.” Oppression hinders this good purpose, and displeases Him.

Who can fail to see His hand in changing the control of the vast territory, of the “Louisiana Purchase,” including Oregon, from under Catholic Spain and infidel France in 1800-3 to that of the United States! Political pressure from England led Napoleon to dispose of this immense treasure to America, and the new nation spread abroad her wings of freedom from ocean to ocean. But her statesmen did not diligently follow up their opportunity. It is the few who slumber not. Only a great crisis can awaken the many; then, alas, the majority are often upon the wrong side.

The question of final control for Oregon was a weighty one, and was often discussed in the missionary councils. It seemed that three great states twenty times as Massachusetts, were slipping away to the English, and the government at Washington was willing to have it so. Thus matters drifted till the fall of 1842; when Gen. A. L. Lovejoy arrived at Whitman’s mission with over one hundred settlers, and the news that the boundary between the United States and Canada might be settled before Congress adjourned in the spring. Great issues sometimes seem to slumber, then suddenly spring to life and are hurled on to decisions that mark turning-points in the lives of individuals and nations. Such a time had come. Duty was clear to Dr. Whitman. He must go at once to Washington to save Oregon.

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He explained the situation to Mrs. Whitman. "She was a missionary's wife, a courageous, true-hearted, patriotic woman, who loved and believed in her husband, and at once consented." But who would make the perilous journey with him? "Again the unseen power was experienced when General Lovejoy said, 'I will go with Dr. Whitman.'"

The next day the doctor went to Walla Walla to see a sick man and get supplies. A score of the leading men of the Bay Company were assembled, and discussion turned upon the outlook. It was not cheering to the doctor. While the company were at dinner, an express messenger from Fort Colville arrived and electrified his audience with the news that one hundred forty English and Canadian settlers were on the road. This was a startling announcement. A young priest threw his cap into the air and shouted: "Hurrah for Oregon! America is too late. We have got the country!"

It was enough. There was no time with Dr. Whitman for discussion or delay. With only a single day of further preparation, he bade good-by to wife and home, and mounted his horse, with the words, "My life is of little worth if I can save this country to the American people." He knew that an iron hand was oppressing the work of God. It was not alone a political but a Protestant question. He would throw his all into the conflict to turn the current upon the side of civil and religious freedom. Little does the world know how much she owes to her missionary heroes for even civil liberty.

Only those who have been over the trackless peaks and snow-drifted gorges of the Rockies in winter can understand the perils of the journey those brave men were undertaking. It seemed like a ride, as was said of it, "down the valley of the shadow of death." But, wait until spring he could not. "At this day it is easy to see from the light of history how God rules in the minds and hearts of men, as He rules nations. They, as men and nations, turn aside from His commands; but a man like Marcus Whitman obeys."

Of the long and dangerous journey, in which they were snow-bound four days in a deep ravine, in a terrible storm, far from the habitations of men, we can not speak particularly. Neither cold, nor storm, nor bridgeless streams, could turn them back. Provisions ran so low they had to resort to mule and dog meat for food. The current of the Grand River was so swift that the intense cold had frozen either side only one third across. The guide hesitated; but the doctor mounted his horse, and General Lovejoy and the guide pushed them in. Down they went, horse and rider completely under; but directly they came up, and after a fierce struggle with the rushing waters, reached the ice on the opposite side, far down the stream. The doctor leaped from his horse upon the frozen fringe, and soon his noble animal bore him safely to the other side. His comrades followed, and all dried their frozen clothes by a fire they managed to build.

General Lovejoy stopped at Fort Bent; but the doctor pushed on and on, to Washington. It need not be said that he arrived there in safety; a prayer-filled heart in the mission

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home thousands of miles away had followed him with its petitions every day. And almost in despair he himself had prayed that he might reach the capitol before it was too late. Now he is there. Will he be received? Will his message be heard?

His appearance in the capital city, in his coarse a skin garments, was almost as novel as that of the Indians in St. Louis. But there is no hint that he suffered because of lack of fashionable clothing. President Tyler and Secretary Webster received and treated him with deference and respect.

“Never before had they listened to a man who so eloquently pleaded for the cause of his country, with no selfish aim in sight.” As a final appeal, he said: “All I ask is that you won’t barter away Oregon, or allow English interference, until I can lead a band of stalwart American settlers across the plains.”

President Tyler promptly stated, “Dr. Whitman, your long ride and frozen limbs speak for your courage and patriotism; your missionary credentials are good vouchers for your character.” He readily granted the request.

Before the man clothed in buckskin left the capital, a message was on the way to our ambassador in England declaring, “The United States will consent to give nothing below the latitude of forty-nine degrees.” And when it was known that Whitman was pilot of a caravan of one thousand Americans to Oregon, a second message more positive was sent.

Too many circumstances for detail prove that Whitman’s ride was none too soon. In April, 1846, a treaty was finally signed by which Oregon was saved; and the war with Mexico, in which California was endangered, was declared but a month later.

Every just and holy cause has its enemies, and so has every man who enters such a cause. “The Jesuit priests who were attached to the Hudson Bay Company,” states Mr. Nixon, “seconded the interest of the company, and attempted to teach religion to the Indian and still leave him a savage. Upon the coming of the Protestant missionaries, the Indians welcomed them, and expressed great delight at the prospect of being taught. They gave their choice locations to the missions, and most solemn promise to cooperate in the work.” But Dr. Whitman’s famous ride, and his piloting of the settlers to Oregon, “made him a marked man;” and “when the treaty was signed in 1846, and England lost Oregon, Whitman was doubtless from that hour a doomed man.

With what words can a picture be fashioned showing the outcome of such heroic endeavors, and yet a veil be drawn over the tragic end? The murder of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, with a number of others, in the mission house, November 29, 1847, need not be traced by human annals to its origin. The tools used in the dreadful tragedy were some most deeply indebted to the missionary martyrs. The leader of the massacre was a Canadian half-breed who had come to Oregon with a band of Catholic priests. The

doctor had clothed and fed him for many months ere he led the murderous band into the home he destroyed.

How can our frail humanity again uplift the cry of the cross, "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do"? The heart-beats of hope with which those braves had left their wild haunts and traced the two thousand miles of trackless waste to St. Louis in the thirties, were answered by a disappointment through which but one lived to return "over the long and sad trail, with both arms broken," and "blind," to tell his defeat to "my people in the dark land." A response of service that laid eleven years of toil and sacrifice at the feet of their betrayers and murderers, to kindle a holy light "in the dark land," is met with slaughter and death. But as Heaven views and records the affairs of men, were the travels of the soul-starved Indians or the Heaven-inspired Whitman in vain? Has He who notes the sparrow's fall forgotten to be gracious? Nay: a mother may forget, yet will not He!

It must not be thought that a great number of the Indians were led into the murder of their benefactors, or that the influence of the unselfish workers perished with them. Seven years after the massacre, Gen. J. Palmer said, "Forty-five Cayuse and one thousand Nez Percés have kept up regular family and public worship." They sang and read the translations made by Mr. and Mrs. Spalding; and after an absence of twelve years, Mr. Spalding returned and found the tribe still worshiping; and when a school was opened, it was crowded at once with children.

Since the foregoing was written, Senator Borah, of Idaho, made the following glowing reference to Marcus Whitman in a speech in the United States Senate

"I do not know of a more heroic narrative than that which tells the world of the simple, self-sacrificing, dauntless life of Marcus Whitman. Relieved of all that the pen of fiction or romance may have added, and reduced to plain, unquestioned facts, well founded and susceptible of historic proof, his life still remains one of those surrendered and dedicated to the highest impulses which stir the human heart. His courage was of the highest order. His far-seeing statesmanship places him beside our most exalted patriots; and his utter self surrender to his work was that of a martyr, which indeed he became. Tardily, but we may hope finally and properly, the world is to recognize the work of this singularly able, upright, and tireless patriot."

## **CHAPTER TWO**

### **JOHN ELIOT**

Puritan Apostle to the American Indians

Born in Essex County, England, 1604. Died at Roxbury, Massachusetts, May 20, 1690.

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WHEN Boston was a village of but a year's growth, there stepped ashore at that place a young man whose hand was to be put forth to the rescue of over a thousand souls of the Indian race. This was John Eliot. His was the first sermon ever preached on the mainland in the language of the Pequot tribes. His "Bay Psalm-book" was the first book and his Indian Bible the first Bible ever printed in America. It was his hand that was to fashion the mold for the successful conduct Christian missions. To form an acquaintance with such a man is worth a few moments of the busiest life.

John Eliot was born in Essex County, England, in 1604. It was not a time of free speech and free printing as now. Those who served God truly were few, and they' were oppressed by the laws of the state. - King James I had said of the Presbyterians, "I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land." This troubled Eliot little, however, until after his graduation from Cambridge at the age of nineteen. At this time he met the family of Thomas Hooker, which greatly influenced his after life. This pious minister had been silenced from preaching, and therefore had taken up the occupation of teaching. His school was in Eliot's home county, and in it the young man for a time was an usher.

"To this place I was called," said he, "through the infinite riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus to my poor soul. What caused him to see such mercy in being brought to a little school where an outlawed preacher was teacher, and where he was an usher? Hear his answer: "For here the Lord said unto my dead soul, 'Live.'" And there is life in God's word. "When I came to this blessed family," he continues, " I then saw, and never before, the power of godliness in its lively vigor and efficiency." How different would have been the results had that been a gilded rather than a godly home!

This was the parting of the ways in the young man's life; and he made his choice upon the right side. Through the influence of Mr. Hooker he was led to devote himself to the ministry; and in 1631 he followed the Pilgrims to America, that he might preach the pure gospel without restraint. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry at Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, where he held a pastorate nearly threescore years in connection with his other excessive labors.

As he looked upon the destitute condition of the red race, he was not led to despise them. The good he, when at a distance, might have thought to do, he did not refuse to do when opportunity was at hand. He knew a remedy for their wretchedness, and would apply it. He saw that in order to do them the most good he must learn their language. This was a stupendous task, when as yet that language had no books, no written words, not even a letter of the alphabet. He found an Indian who had been imprisoned by the English, took him into his own home, and of him learned the language, and turned the experience of an ex-prisoner into a blessing.

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The missionary reduced the language to writing, and made for it a grammar. The difficulties under which he labored may be better imagined when it is known that the single word “loves” was spelled “Noowomantammooonkanunonnash,” and the word “question” had sixteen letters more. It is not any wonder that when his grammar was complete he should place at its close these words: “Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything.”

When sufficiently prepared, he, with a few friends, sought the wigwam of Waban, a leading man of the tribe. Waban had invited others, and went forth to meet and welcome the minister. Longfellow wrote thus of the scene:

“All the old men in the village  
Came to bid the strangers welcome.  
‘It is well,’ they said, ‘O brother,  
That you came so far to see us.’ ”

For the first time, there fell upon their ears the sweet message from heaven in their own tongue. Their dark faces lighted up with new hope, and tears told their tenderness of heart. The text was Eze. 37:9, 10, and was especially appropriate, as Waban’s name signified “wind.” The service lasted three hours, in which Eliot gave them, he said, “a brief exposition of the Ten Commandments, showing the wrath and curse of God against those who break the least of them.” “Their sins being pointed out,” said he, “with much sweet affection, Jesus was preached to them as the only Saviour.”

“Chiefs and their sons became converts, and then leaders; and when Eliot’s visits involved risk to him, the sachem and his brave warriors became his escort; while fearless if not heedless of danger, alone on horseback, he dared perils and bore privation for Christ’s sake.”

“I have not been dry night or day,” he wrote, “from the third day of the week to the sixth; at night pulled off my boots, wrung the water out of my stockings, and on with them again, and so I continued. I have considered the word of God in 2 Tim. 2:3.”

His Mohican Bible was published 1661-1663, the first in America; but it has now no reader. It stands, however, “a grand structure, from whose lofty apex the red man got a glimpse of the city of God.”

Such questions as these were asked: “Can God understand prayer in the Indian language?” “Were the English ever as ignorant of Jesus Christ as the Indians?” The change in their character became evident. The lazy, lying, thieving disposition was changed for one of spiritual integrity. Settlements were made, improved wigwams built, lands cultivated, trees planted, crops raised and marketed. The squaws took lessons in sewing, knitting, weaving, and cooking. The children were placed in schools, and a college was established to train native workers. The work made a deep impression in

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England, and a society was formed “for propagating the gospel in New England.” The learned Robert Boyle was its first president.

The first question asked by an Indian woman was “When my husband prays, if I speak nothing as he does, yet if I like what he says, and my heart goes with it, do I pray?” The second was whether a husband did well to pray “and yet continue in his passions and be angry with his wife.” “I have all my days,” said a chief to Mr. Eliot, “been paddling in an old canoe. . . . Now I yield myself to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage myself to pray henceforth to God alone.”

Their settlements grew to fourteen, with many hundreds of praying Indians. All this was not accomplished without bitter opposition, not only from the fake medicine-men among the Indians, but from many of the English. But in a “half awakened age,” Eliot rose to the height of a great missionary. “In a peculiar sense he was, on this side the sea, father and founder of modern missions; for it was his life and work that moved and molded Brainerd, Edwards, Judson, Carey, and others who followed him.”

When age, care, and hardships had finally bent his form, he was called to endure the awful trial of seeing his loved Indians driven by war from their homes, their dwellings and fields desolated, and many of them slain. This was “King Philip’s War.” Philip’s father had welcomed the Pilgrims. Eliot had tried to lead the son to the Prince of peace; but Philip took hold of a button and said he cared no more for Eliot’s message than for that button. Having rejected the Author of peace, henceforth he should have strife; and he was killed in war.

When this fierce storm had passed, our hero of the Cross went forth again, bending under the weight of seventy-two years, to gather his wounded sheep, and woo them back to the precious gospel haunts. He was a man of power, because he was a man of prayer. He would set apart whole days for prayer for special work; and the divine blessing was asked upon the most ordinary duty. “Let us pray,” was his usual salutation on entering a home and there he would call the children around him, and lay his hands upon their heads with words of kindness and prayer.

Baxter wrote to him, “There is no man on earth whose work I think more honorable than yours.” The eloquent American orator, Everett, said of him, “Since the death of the apostle Paul, a nobler, truer, and warmer spirit than John Eliot never lived.”

“I am drawing home,” Eliot wrote to Robert Boyle; “the shadows are lengthening around me. I beseech you to suppress the title of ‘Indian evangelist;’ give not any glory to me for what is done.” His dying prayer was, “Lord, only let my work among the Indians live after my decease.”

## **CHAPTER THREE**

### **THE MAYHEWS**

Five Generations of Missionaries

1641 to 1806

Eliot's prayer -was heard. Such men as Bourne, Sergeant, and the learned Jonathan Edwards, labored for the Indians on the mainland; and the ardent David Brainerd, whose work was cut short in 1747, was succeeded by his brother John, whose feet followed in the furrow till the War of Independence. But of no other family in modern history is there such a record of patriarchal succession to missionary work as in that of the Mayhews. Dr. George Smith calls it "apostolic succession." It extended over a period of more than one hundred sixty years; and to know of the Mayhews is "to become acquainted with fathers who were successful in rearing their sons in a manner that has no parallel in modern times, not only that they should live for God, but give their lives and goods to an inferior race.

Long before France had sent her statue of Liberty to Bedloe's Island as a gift to America, the hand of God had placed a torch upon Martha's Vineyard, whose rays will never cease to shine. For nearly a hundred fifty years had the Mayhews been toiling at their Heaven-given task when Carey went to India ; and ere the Jericho walls of China began to tremble before the angel-helped hands of Morrison, their work was well-nigh done.

The senior Thomas Mayhew was of English birth; and in 1641, when he was about fifty years of age, he obtained a grant to Martha's Vineyard, an island about fifty miles from Plymouth Rock, and adjacent islands. The next year he sent his only son, Thomas, to the island, and soon followed him and became governor. The son was a young man of twenty-two, well educated; and instead of seeking to enrich himself by his father's position, and make the natives his servants, he himself became theirs.

The Indians were "under strange delusions, enchantments, and panic fears of devils, whom they most passionately worshiped."

Governor Mayhew administered the affairs of his office with great wisdom and prudence, so that "in a little time he was most highly esteemed and revered" by the Indians. They became protectors of the English; and when war was raging on the continent, they "enjoyed a perfect calm of peace." This is a good testimony as to the effects of true religion.

Their first Indian convert was Hiacoomes, in 1643, three years before Eliot preached his first Indian sermon. Mayhew invited his convert to his own home, and took great pains to instruct him. It was effort well spent, for he became the first native preacher, and remained faithful till death.

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As with Eliot's work, so here; the "powwows" (medicine-men) bitterly opposed. The natives were in slavish fear of them, and they persecuted those who embraced the faith. Finally, at a large meeting, "Hiacoomes breaks forth and boldly declares that though the powwows might hurt those who feared them, yet he believed and trusted in the great God of heaven and earth, and therefore all the powwows together could do him no harm, and he feared them not. At which they all exceedingly wondered, and expected some dreadful thing to befall him. But observing that he remained unhurt, they began to esteem him happy in being delivered from their terrible power." Twenty-two of them were converted at this meeting and covenanted "to walk with God and attend His Word." One of these later became a preacher.

In 1650 a crisis came, in which the rage of the powwows reached its height. They threatened to destroy Hiacoomes, but he stood firm. The Mayhews labored most earnestly, enduring privation, cold, and storm. Before the end of the year, thirty-nine Indian men had been converted. Then something occurred "which amazed the whole island, for it pleased God to bring two of the powwows themselves" to bow at Jesus' feet. Within a few years hundreds of Indians had renounced their gods, devils, and powwows, to "turn into the ways of God." They came bringing their children, saying: "I have brought my children too. I would have my children serve God with us. I desire that this son, this daughter, may worship Jehovah."

1667 the younger Mayhew was lost at sea. So strange an occurrence can only be accounted for in the light He gives who sees the end from the beginning. "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

The loss of his only son was to the governor in his old age a heavy grief; but he had "the consolation of seeing a son of that son associated with him in the Indian service, to their great acceptance, a few years before he died."

An Indian church was formed in 1670, with Hiacoomes as pastor. The venerable Eliot was present on this solemn occasion. He had organized his first church ten years before at Natick, Massachusetts.

When the aged statesman and minister whose administration had so commended the Christian religion that his sons and subjects embraced it, drew near the end of his lengthened life, his grandson John brought his own little son, then a lad of nine years, to the sickroom of the aged pilgrim; and the great-grandfather laid his trembling hands upon the boy's head, and blessed him "in the name of the Lord." The veteran standard-bearer thus transmitted the mantle of service, and sank at his post.

The lad of nine, whose name, Experience, well fitted his life, gave sixty-four years of noble work to the same ignoble race.

To him a son was given whom he named Zechariah, who carried on that sacred cause for over thirty years, even to 1806, when he fell asleep at the advanced age of eighty-nine.

That year the “haystack prayer-meeting” was held at Williamstown, Massachusetts, dating the birth of American foreign missions from the time when the last of the missionary Mayhews was laid to rest. How fitting it was, indeed, that in the very year the hands that had so long held the heavenly censer were laid low, its flame should burst forth upon the mainland in luster never again to become dim!

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

### **DAVID BRAINERD**

Presbyterian Missionary to the American Indians

Born at Haddam, Connecticut, April 20, 1718. Died at Northampton, Massachusetts, October 9, 1747.

While Experience Mayhew was still laboring for the island Indians, a number of ministers in New York City appealed to the “Society in Scotland for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge,” in behalf of the Indians on the mainland. A cheerful response was made. They offered to support two missionaries, and David Brainerd was asked to become one of them. His short life has been an inspiration to thousands.

He was left an orphan at fourteen. Of himself at this early age he afterward wrote: “I was frequent, constant and somewhat fervent in prayer; felt sometimes much melted in the duties of religion; took great delight in the performance of them, and sometimes hoped I was converted.” He had none, however, to guide him to an intelligent faith, and feared to claim acceptance with God. So it was not until he had read “Stoddard’s Guide to Christ,” at the age of twenty, that he believed himself fully converted. The same year he read his Bible through twice.

He adopted the plan of writing out each day’s experiences. Brainerd says, “I became very strict and watchful over my thoughts, words, and actions ; . . . spent much time every day in prayer, . . . and often wondered at the levity of professors.” Over sixty years before the “haystack prayer-meeting,” he led young people in bands for prayer to the altar.

On entering Yale College, he had the ministry in view. During a serious spread of disease, he especially sought God’s blessing. “O, how much more this one season was,” he writes again, “than all the pleasures and delights that earth can afford!” And of another, “It seemed to be a little resemblance of heaven.”

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Several items will be given as he wrote them, that you may know him rather than know about him.

At the age of twenty-one he wrote: "I set apart a day of secret fasting and prayer. . . . God was pleased to make my endeavors that day a means to show me my helplessness in some measure."

"April 2, 1742. Some time past I had much pleasure in the prospect of the heathen being brought home to Christ, and desired that the Lord would employ me in that work."

The day before he was twenty-four he wrote: "I set apart this day for fasting and prayer. I had peculiar enlargement in pleading for the enlightening and conversion of the poor heathen." What an encouragement Brainerd's diary must have been to such men as Carey, Martyn, Mills, and Judson! "In the afternoon God was with me of a truth. O, it was blessed company I think I never in my life felt such an entire weanedness from this world and so much resigned to God in everything. . . . Desired nothing so ardently as that God should do with me just as He pleased."

At another time he speaks of the guilt he felt after attending worldly amusements, and said it "made me afraid to come to the throne of grace."

It was late in 1742 that the request came to him to become a missionary to the Indians. "My mind was instantly seized with concern," said he, "so I retired with two or three Christian friends and prayed." He received evidence that it was his duty to go; and after laboring near Albany with some success, he went into Pennsylvania. On the way he met a tribe whose chief he addressed in a friendly manner. "He inquired why I desired the Indians to become Christians. The Christians, he said, would lie, steal, and drink, worse than the Indians." Brainerd explained that those who did such things were not Christians. Then the chief "appeared more calm," but did not want his people to be converted.

A glimpse of one of his journeys is thus given: "About six at night I lost my way in the wilderness, and wandered over rocks and mountains, down hideous steeps, through swamps and most dreadful and dangerous places. I was much pinched with cold, and distressed with an extreme pain in my head. Every step I took was distressing to me. Thus I have frequently been exposed, and sometimes lain out the whole night; but God has hitherto preserved me, and blessed be His name!"

An account of the work of this devoted missionary, published in 1843, says: "Much of the time of this good man was spent in prayer to God for the success of his labors. Days and nights were thus passed. He relied solely upon the influence of the Holy Spirit to make his preaching and other efforts effectual."

This well illustrates that "the greatest victories to the church of Christ or to the individual Christian, are not those that are gained by talent or education, by wealth or

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the favor of men. They are those victories that are gained in the audience-chamber with God, when earnest, agonizing faith lays hold upon the mighty arm of power.”

In 1745 Brainerd went to Crosswicks, New Jersey, where his most successful work was done. On beginning there he said: “My rising hopes have been so often dashed that my spirit is, as it were, broken, and I hardly dare hope.” But when discouragement is greatest, divine help is nearest. “A surprising concern soon became apparent” among the Indians. “Their hearts seemed to be pierced with the tender and melting invitations of the gospel when there was not a word of terror spoken. The power of God seemed to descend upon the assembly ‘like a mighty rushing wind,’ and with an astonishing energy bore down all before it. I stood amazed at the influence which seized the audience almost universally, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than the irresistible force of a mighty torrent or swelling deluge, that with its insupportable weight and pressure bears down and sweeps before it whatever comes in its way.”

“Old men and women who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children not more than six or seven years of age, appeared in distress for their souls, as well as persons of middle age. The most stubborn hearts were obliged to bow.” One man “who had been a murderer, a powwow, or conjurer, a notorious drunkard, was likewise brought to cry for mercy with many tears. I must say I never saw a day like it.”

Wild Indians who a short time before were yelling in their drunken feasts and frolics, were now crying to God “for an interest in His dear Son.” “I never saw,” writes the missionary, “the work of God appear so independent of means as at this time. God’s manner of working upon them seemed so entirely supernatural and above, means, that I could scarcely believe He used me as an instrument. I seemed to do nothing, and indeed to have nothing to do but to ‘stand still and see the salvation of God.’ God appeared to work entirely alone, and I saw no room to attribute any part of this work to any created arm.”

It is the humble, praying man that accomplishes for God. Pentecost is separated from us not so much by years as by unbelief.

A most astonishing thing about these meetings was that “many came without any intelligence of what was going on. Thus it seemed as if God had summoned them together from all quarters, for nothing else but to deliver His message to them; and that He did this, with regard to some of them, without making use of any human means.”

The fruits of their repentance Brainerd thus describes: “All their deportment toward each other was such that a serious spectator might justly be excited to cry out with admiration, ‘Behold how they love one another!’ ” The change was manifest in “their very countenances as well as their conduct.”

This great work was not pressed to such victories without strenuous opposition. “Many attempts were made by some ill-minded persons to prejudice them against or frighten

them from Christianity. Sometimes they told them that I was a knave, a deceiver, and the like—that I daily told them lies, and had no other design but to impose upon them.” And finally, that “my design was to gather together as large a body of them as I possibly could, and then sell them to England for slaves; than which nothing could be more likely to terrify the Indians.”

“It seems the more wonderful that the Indians were preserved from once harkening to these suggestions, inasmuch as I was an utter stranger among them. ‘If God will work, who can hinder?’ ”

It must not be thought that it is by the gift of tongues or the working of miracles that the gospel is to triumph, but by the preaching of Christ, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit –Christ and Him crucified.

During a single year Brainerd rode more than three thousand miles to accomplish his ministry. But a fatal consumption seized him, and he was obliged to give up his work while yet a young man. “May the Lord of the harvest,” was his prayer, “send forth other laborers into this part of His harvest, that those who sit in darkness may see great light, and that the whole earth may be filled with the knowledge of Himself.”

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

### **BARTHOLOMEW ZIEGENBALG**

The First Protestant Missionary to India

Born at Pulsnitz, Saxony, June 24, 1683. Died In India, February 23, 1719.

WHEN the mighty hand of God had flung back the blazing firebrands of papal persecution, by means of the great Reformation, He raised up men to carry the glad tidings of His word to many lands. The spirit of life still brooded over the continent that witnessed the struggles and triumphs of Luther and other spiritual followers of Wyclif, Huss and Jerome, and was yet seeking as ever for souls through which to find expression.

Just a century, to the year, before the birth of Samuel Mills in America, there was born in Saxony the boy who was to respond to the call of the King in bearing a message to India’s far-away land. That boy was Bartholomew Ziegenbalg. He was left an orphan at the age of six. By the bedside of his dying mother the weeping children gathered. With much effort she raised herself up that her failing voice might be heard, and said:

“My dear children, I am leaving to you a great treasure, a very great treasure.”

“A treasure, mother dear?” questioned the eldest daughter, in surprise. “Where is that treasure?”

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“Seek it in the Bible,” the dying mother replied. “There you will find it. I have watered every page with my tears.”

Tenderly the eldest daughter took charge of the training of the children left to her trust. At fourteen Bartholomew was sent away to school. What kind of companions should he choose? In the class in music was a young man whom he heard speak of “the harmonies of spiritual life, and of the harmony between God and man, which had been lost by the fall and restored by Christ. ‘Only those who understand this,’ said he, ‘know what music really is.’”

Here in a few words was revealed a beauty of character that attracted young Ziegenbalg. The two became fast friends, and daily met to study God’s word and for prayer. The “great treasure” had been found; and its value is demonstrated in the future of this young boy. He decided to devote himself to the ministry; and the directing hand of Providence led him, in 1703, to the University of Halle, where he was under the instruction of the pious August Francke. Hither Zinzendorf came seven years later. With Professor Francke was Dr. Breithaupt, both much interested in missions. To the latter is accorded a remark that helped to guide Ziegenbalg’s decision for life. “Requests for teachers are sent to Halle from all parts,” he said, “and we can scarcely supply the demand; but to lead one soul from among the heathen to God, is as much as if in Europe one brought one hundred; for here the means and opportunities abound, and there they have none.”

And now two streams of influence meet—the one flowing from the lips of the dying mother, the other from the king’s chaplain. For over eighty years the Danes had held a strip of territory on the east coast of India, with a fort and other buildings at Tranquebar. When Dr. Lütkens, the chaplain of Frederick IV, suggested that a moral obligation rested upon their enlightened land in behalf of their Indian subjects, and offered himself to go, the king replied: “No; I can not send that hoary head to encounter the dangers of the voyage and the devouring heat of the Indian climate. Seek younger men.”

With joy the doctor began the search; but with sadness he returned without a missionary. “What!” exclaimed the disappointed king; “not one such instrument ready for the Master’s use in all my kingdom! Seek for men in Germany.”

When the name of Ziegenbalg was suggested to Dr. Lütkens, Professor Francke not only approved the choice, but named Henry Plütschau for his fellow worker. The young men regarded the call as from God, and willingly decided to go. With credentials bearing the royal seal and signed by the king, they set sail October 8, 1705. On the way, they landed at Cape Town, and sent home such a touching account of the Hottentots as led the Moravians to begin the first mission in South Africa.

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On the same ship that carried these first missionaries to India were secret instructions from the lordly East India Company to the governor at Tranquebar to crush this new vine before it could be planted. On July 9, 1706, the vessel anchored; but what was the surprise of the missionaries to see all the other passengers taken ashore and themselves left on board! Two days passed, and still they waited. At last the captain of another vessel was moved with compassion for them and helped them ashore. Then came another long wait under the hot sun outside the governor's gate, only to be advised to return to their own land.

"These first missionaries that ever trod the soil of India had gone over the wide seas to win a new empire for Christ; and as they stood on the night after they landed, with no shelter but the sky and no companions but the stars, left by the governor to shift for themselves, a pathetic interest invests their loneliness. What a task before them, and what a welcome to their new field! One of the governor's suite took pity on them, and they found for the first few days a place of sojourn; then they were allowed to occupy a house upon the wall, close to the heathen quarters; and, all undaunted by difficulties, Ziegenbalg, six days after his landing, was busy at the Tamil, though he had neither dictionary, grammar, nor alphabet! He sat down with the native children, writing with fingers on the sand, to learn the strange language in which were locked up the secrets of access to the people and their religion." "The New Acts of the Apostles."

After only eight months of study, Ziegenbalg preached his first sermon in the native tongue. Two months later, the first-ripe fruits from the little vine were gathered when five native slaves were converted. Within four months more, nine adult Hindus were added to the infant church.

Ziegenbalg knew the value of right training for the young. "It is a thing known to all persons of understanding," he wrote, "that the general good of any country or nation depends upon a Christian and careful training of children in schools; due care and diligence in this matter, producing wise governors in the state, faithful ministers of the gospel in the church, and good members of the commonwealth in families." The schools he established "were indeed nurseries of piety."

"In great poverty," but in greater faith, was the work prosecuted by Ziegenbalg. The swiftness of this first campaign in gospel work in India must be, to us, but a prophecy of its speedy completion there.

The opening of their second year witnessed the dedication of their "Jerusalem" church, for which there was already a membership. The same year saw the last Will and Testament of our Lord unfolding its precious pages in the language of India's millions. Not content with labors in one city, Ziegenbalg went forth the same year into the interior to spread the glad tidings.

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In the summer of 1708 a ship carrying \$1,000 and letters for the missionaries was lost at sea; and a box containing another \$1,000, which reached the harbor at Tranquebar upon another ship, was dropped into the sea when unloading. But true missionaries make steppingstones of difficulties.

Plütschau was arrested by the authorities, charged with rebellion, and publicly dragged through the streets; and a similar fate awaited Ziegenbalg. He was dragged away, thrown into an inner prison cell, and his friends kept from seeing him. The heat of his cell was almost intolerable. After a month of this inhuman treatment, he was awakened one night by his guard, and writing materials, which had been kept from him, were placed in his hands, and words of sympathy spoken.

“Strange indeed are the theological schools,” writes one, “wherein God trains His workmen! He sent Moses into the sheep pastures of Midian for forty years; . . . John the Baptist into the wilderness of Judea; Saul, for three years, into the solitudes of Arabia. . . . All the great pioneers and leaders of modern missions have been eminently God-appointed and God-anointed. . . . Some of them have been a century in advance of their own times, derided as fanatics and fools, apostates of the anvil, the plow, and the loom. God has first trained them in His own secret schools, equipped them with weapons forged in the trial fires, then called them out from a reluctant and hostile body; and not a few of them lived and wrought and died unrecognized as God’s great ones.” “The New Acts of the Apostles.”

For three months more the prisoner lay in the furnace of affliction and iron; and so patient was he that the governor himself asked that he write a request for release. His congregation wept tears of joy on his restoration.

The next year additional men and means came for the mission, much to the surprise and chagrin of its enemies. One of the men was “that tower of strength,” Johann Gründler. May 31, 1711, the translation of the New Testament into the Tamil was completed. Ziegenbalg wrote, “This is a treasure in India which surpasses all other treasures.” Having received the Bible a precious heirloom from his mother, he passed it on to his spiritual children. On the receipt of a press from England, printing was begun.

Declining health made the return of Plütschau necessary in 1711, and he took with him Timothy, their son in the gospel, the first Hindu to visit Europe. Late in 1714 Ziegenbalg was obliged, from failing health, to sail for Europe, but worked at Old Testament translation, Tamil grammar, and dictionary on the way. His arrival there is thus described by Helen Holcomb in her fine book, “Men of Might in India Missions”: Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.

“The ship reached its destination, Bergen, Norway, on the first of June (1715). The king of Denmark was at this time engaged in the siege of Stralsund. The country around was one vast encampment. To the royal camp Ziegenbalg hurried with all speed, for he

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desired greatly to see the king. He was at once admitted into the presence of his majesty, though he came unannounced. . . . There was much excitement among the Danish troops, for it had been voiced abroad that a distinguished stranger had arrived. . . . When the stranger came forth from the presence of the king, the interested spectators saw 'a man of commanding presence, of great dignity, with flashing eye, resolute and calm in his demeanor, a bronzed face, seamed with deep lines of care.' He was invited to preach the word of God to the assembled troops, and his message found deeply interested listeners." He visited Germany, and vast audiences listened to his preaching. He was also presented to King George I, who wrote him on his return to Tranquebar, expressing his pleasure, "not only because the work undertaken by you of converting the heathen to the Christian faith doth, by the grace of God, prosper, but also because that, in this our kingdom, such a laudable zeal for the promotion of the gospel prevails."

With the return of health, the missionary made preparations again for India; but he was not to go alone. One of his former pupils, Dorothea Saltzmann, was willing to share with him the toils and privations of a missionary's life. She was a woman of "ardent piety, great strength of character, and a well-cultivated intellect." They were united in marriage, and set forth on their voyage March 4, 1716. With great rejoicing they were welcomed at Tranquebar.

A seminary was soon established for the instruction of teachers and catechists; and before the end of the year 1717 a new church was built, and named "New Jerusalem." It is still the mission church at Tranquebar.

But quickly came the close of the dozen years of labor of this swift worker for God. On the morning of February 23, 1719, as friends gathered at his bedside, he requested them to sing his favorite hymn, "Jesus My Confidence." "I shall not endure in this conflict," he said. But soon the peace that possessed his soul was reflected in his face. So filled was the room with the heavenly glory, that he raised his hands to his eyes and exclaimed: "How is it so light? It seems as if the sun were shining in my eyes!" Then he calmly fell asleep in Jesus. "His contribution to missions," like the Master's to men, "was the offering of himself."

"With no ordinary emotion," said Dr. Duff in 1849, as he visited that same New Jerusalem, "I mounted the pulpit," and "gazed around from the position from which Ziegenbalg, and Gründler, and Schwartz so often proclaimed free salvation to thousands, in Tamil, German, Danish, and Portuguese." Ziegenbalg left as gifts to India a Tamil grammar and lexicon, Tamil New Testament, part of the Old, a seminary, schools, and teachers, and over 350 converts. "Certainly," said Duff, "he was a great missionary, considering that he was the first, inferior to none, scarcely second to any that followed him."

## CHAPTER SIX

### HANS EGEDE

Pioneer Lutheran Missionary to Greenland

Born in Norway, 1686. Died at Stubbekjobing, 1758.

WE now step for a time from beneath the tendrils of the vine we have seen planted in India, and return to the cradle of the Reformation, the birthplace of new missions. When Ziegenbalg was but a child of three, there was born in Norway one who, if measured by pureness of purpose and persistency in effort, is well entitled to a place by his side in God's advance guard.

Ziegenbalg's mighty task was done before Egede's missionary labor was begun. His feet had pressed the shores of India a full twelvemonth before Egede was ordained to the gospel ministry. Three years later, in 1710, just one hundred years before Judson and the three Samuels - Mills, Nott, and Newell - memorialized the Massachusetts Association, Egede petitioned certain bishops to aid in launching a mission in Greenland. After a year's waiting he received a favorable reply from one; but when his project became known to his wife, his mother, and others, a vigorous protest was made. Yielding at length to tears and entreaties, he tried to silence the voice of duty; but the words of the Master, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," still kept sounding in his soul.

Egede's good wife, Gertrude Elizabeth, had felt that with children to train, and a home parish for the pastor, there was missionary work enough where they were. But at last she took the matter where all such questions should be settled. She spent half a night in prayer, then asked her youngest child if they should go to the heathen. "Yes, let us go," the little man replied, "and I will tell them of Jesus, and teach them to say 'Our Father'!"

God's time had come. Hans offered his pastorate to any minister who would give part of the salary to help support him in Greenland; but no home missionary volunteered for the place. Then, determined to obey, he gave up his position. Wages or no wages, he would go at God's call. The world has always had its difficulties piled mountain high about the path of God's chosen ones, which only faith and prayer can remove.

An expedition was finally fitted out, King Frederick himself sending an offering of forty pounds. Hans was appointed pastor of the new colony, consisting of about forty persons. The day of leave-taking came. The little procession filed down to the dock. As the pastor was about to go on board, a sailor stopped him, saying:

"May I make bold to ask you whither you sail?"

"To Greenland."

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“Then, in God’s name,” said he, “stay at home!” He then proceeded to relate how a vessel had been wrecked there, and part of the crew devoured by cannibals.

This was an unlooked-for situation to Hans, who had expected that descendants of some of his own countrymen would be found on those far-away shores. Was it a warning from heaven to stay his faltering steps?

“Stay with us!” cried weeping friends. “It is God’s will!” What earnest attention it requires to hear the voice that speaks for God, when other voices all around are calling in other directions!

At this supreme moment, the brave Gertrude stepped upon the gangplank, placed her hand upon the pastor’s arm, and in decisive tones, said

“Hans, be a man, and a true servant of God! Listen! listen! O people of little faith! I hear from far away the voices of souls that are perishing in the Greenland! I hear them calling, ‘Come and help!’ Will you hinder? Husband, in the name of God, we must go!”

She then bravely crossed the gangplank. In tears the people bade farewell to the missionaries. Hans and the children wept, while the face of his wife was radiant with the light of holy consecration; and they sailed away to their appointed work.

It has been said that “disappointment,” with a single letter changed, is “His appointment.” And disappointment awaited Egede in Greenland. None of his own countrymen did he find, but the Eskimos, who “were repulsive dwarfs, with minds and hearts even worse dwarfed than their bodies.”

But where could he have found any more needy? or who could have been to them more true? The story of the hardships that there they met, and the manner in which they conquered them, has been called “one of the many instances which modern missions furnish of that supernatural working which seems to reproduce the apostolic age.”

“Those stupid dwarfs,” writes one, “like the icebergs and snow-fields about them, seemed frozen into insensibility; and, feeling that only some sure sign of divine power could melt their stolid apathy, Egede boldly asked for the gift of healing, and was permitted in scores of cases to exercise it; while his wife received the gift of prophecy, predicting, in the crisis of famine, the very day and hour when a ship should come bearing supplies!” “The New Acts of the Apostles.”

A key to the strange language was at length found in the one word, “kina,” “what is it?” How much is wrapped in a single word! With this they found their way into the mysteries leading at last to the hearts of the people. The eldest son drew pictures of Bible scenes, and the father explained them, and in this way aroused some interest among the drowsy natives.

So many hardships had to be endured, that numbers of the colonists grew weary of the roughness of the way. They besought their pastor to return with them to the home land.

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Suddenly Gertrude stood before them. "Are you men," said she, "thus to counsel the retreat from the blessed work of God? What is it that has broken your courage? Hunger? Then take the food we have kept for our children. Take it; go, and leave us peacefully to our Lord's will. God will not forget us!"

Like the drummer boy who had never learned to beat a retreat, she met the foe with a charge, and the cowardly ones resolved to wait. As has been stated, at the very time she had predicted, a ship came bringing supplies.

For long years they endured untold hardships. In 1731, the new king, Christian, issued an order for the colonists to return home. Under the circumstances, could any be expected to remain? Egede's two colleagues and some of the colonists prepared to return; but his wife would not consent to go, therefore Hans remained at his post.

A few converts were finally won. Six boys were sent for training to Copenhagen. One of them, returning, brought smallpox, which spread with terrible havoc over the island. The faithfulness with which the missionaries cared for the sick and dying, proved their unselfish devotion. But exposure and unremitting toil overcame at last the heroic Gertrude. "Like the eider fowl of Greenland, which plucks the finest down from her own breast to furnish a warm bed for her young, so was Gertrude Egede a self-sacrificing mother to the natives. "For fourteen long years the good fight of faith had been fought. They had taken possession in the name of Him who knows no defeat; and her life was yielded up at last in "the blessed work of God."

Egede remained till God sent to him the Moravian missionaries Christian David and Matthew and Christian Stach, who with equal devotion and fortitude kept the bright banner waving over those frozen fields; and with the efforts of those who have followed, Greenland has been "redeemed from a condition of filthy, ignorant, cruel savagery, to the light and beauty of Christian civilization."

With a farewell sermon from Isa. 49:4, "My judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God," the true and tried man departed to Copenhagen, taking with him the cherished remains of his beloved wife. He had gone forth in the prime of manhood, beside him a companion strong and courageous. He returned broken in health, bearing her casket, the infirmities of age creeping upon him. Was his life-work vain? Ask the "Man of sorrows," who was "acquainted with grief," who left His home of peace and happiness, to sow in solitude and tears the seed of His own life, to water it with His own blood, that He might redeem a lost world.

Egede died at the advanced age of seventy-two, having been for some time, by the appointment of the king, the superintendent of a training seminary for the mission. "To faith in Christ there are no obstacles that can not be overcome; to the man who takes counsel of duty rather than of difficulty, there are no impossibilities!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### COUNT NICOLAS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF

Lutheran Evangelist; later a Moravian Organizer

Born in Dresden, Saxony. May 26, 1700. Died at Herrnhut, Saxony, May 9, 1760.

Two of the six Eskimo boys sent by Egede to Copenhagen from Greenland were present at the coronation of King Christian VI, in 1731. A young count was also there to represent the Saxon court, who in the excitement of the occasion did not forget that he was an ambassador for a higher court. He learned with sorrow from these boys that the mission in Greenland was to be broken up; and at the same time his attendants heard from Anthony, a native from St. Thomas, West Indies, the sad condition of the slaves in those islands. These stirring tidings sent such a thrill of missionary impulse to the little church which had been growing up on the estate of this young count, that even now it vibrates in many lands. This count was Zinzendorf, born the opening year of the eighteenth century, the noblest of a long line of nobility. Though not destined to stand at the battle front in missionary conquest, he became one of the most efficient of any in missionary annals in enlisting, inspiring, and preparing recruits.

His father died when Zinzendorf was but a babe; and his mother left him, when a mere child, to the care of his pious grandmother. This godly woman, and an aunt who prayed with him night and morning, led him to the Saviour. To him faith was no guesswork in childhood or manhood. At the age of four he earnestly sought God, and made this covenant: "Be thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be Thine." In the ruins of the old castle home where the grandmother lived, only a league from Herrnhut, a window is still shown to visitors, out of which the young boy used to throw letters addressed to the Saviour, telling of his love to Him, in the hope his heavenly Friend would find and read them.

Communion with God, continued through life, kept him from wreck and ruin where so many in places of honor fall, and made him a powerful worker for God. When he was only six years old, as the army of Charles XII of Sweden was in Saxony, a band of soldiers gained entrance to the castle, and finally went into the room in which was the young boy. But they found him praying. He heeded not their presence; for he was in the audience chamber of One more powerful than they; a holy shield was spread over him. In silence they paused in that royal presence; in silence they withdrew.

He was sent to school at Halle, to be under the care of that earnest home missionary, August Hermann Francke. Amid new surroundings and temptations, the boy, like Joseph in Egypt, was still true to his heavenly Friend. Refusing to be influenced by worldly associates, he at once began to influence others for good; and the first year, when only ten, he formed a young people's society, called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard

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Seed." Their badge was a shield with the inscription, "His Wounds Our Healing." He had learned by experience that there is a shield for those who flee to those wounds for refuge. The first article of this new order was, "The members of our society will love the whole human family." They pledged themselves "to confess Christ faithfully, to exercise love toward their neighbors," and "to seek the conversion of others, both Jews and the heathen." Here in spirit was a world's missionary society, a half century before the birth of Carey. Indeed, the Spirit of Christ is a missionary spirit, for neighbors, for Jews, and for the heathen, both nigh and afar off.

In young manhood Zinzendorf wrote, "I would rather be despised and hated for the sake of Jesus than to be beloved for my own sake." And again, "I am as ever, a poor sinner, a captive of eternal love, running by the side of His triumphal chariot, and have no desire to be anything else as long as I live." But a worldly ambitious uncle wished to prepare him for political position, and placed him in the University of Wittenberg, whose walls no longer heard a Martin Luther's voice. But neither secular studies nor university life could overthrow his devotions. Whole days were spent in fasting; entire nights devoted to prayer.

Later he was sent abroad to secure a supposed necessary part of a nobleman's education. The new opportunities for test and wreck of character only revealed more fully the true mettle of the young man. "If the object of my being sent to France is to make me a man of the world," he wrote, "I declare that this money is thrown away; for God will, in His goodness, preserve in me the desire to live only for Jesus Christ."

In the Düsseldorf gallery he saw the wonderfully expressive Ecce Homo painting over which were the words, "This have I done for thee: what hast thou done for Me?" Its effect in deepening his desire to labor for the Master was never lost upon him.

At nineteen he visited the soul-drowning whirlpool, Paris; but he would neither gamble nor dance, at court, nor be drawn by the fashionable follies of the hour. "Good evening, count," said a duchess; "were you at the opera last evening?" "No, madam," he replied. "'I have no time to go to the opera."

On leaving the wicked city, he exclaimed, as many another has felt to do, "O brilliant misery!"

Although desiring from childhood to enter the ministry, the count yielded to the wishes of his relatives and became a counselor at the court of Dresden. But against their advice, and the known wishes of the king and court, he refused to attend the fashionable amusements of the city, and he held open his doors for gospel meetings.

At the time of the birth of Zinzendorf it seemed as if Protestantism in intolerant Austria had almost breathed its last. Its adherents had been imprisoned, banished, drowned, and burned. There were a few, however, of the spiritual followers of Wyclif, Huss, and Jerome, the Moravian brethren, who held to the word of God as their dearest earthly

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treasure. "Here and there was a Bible in a cellar, in a hole in the wall, in a hollow log, or in a space beneath the dog-kennel - a secret which the head of the family would dare to make known, even to his children, only on his death-bed." C. Thompson in "The Moravians."

But over in Moravia was a young man, Christian David, a Catholic, who never saw a Bible till he was twenty years of age, and down deep in his heart he had a craving which neither prayers to the virgin Mary nor confessions to the parish priest could satisfy. And someone who knew the remedy, dared to place in his hands a copy of the Book of God. In him the living spring was unsealed and its waters gushed forth. Soon other souls, like him, found freedom within; and they longed for freedom without. Very earnestly David sought an asylum for them. At last he was directed to Count Zinzendorf, who, rather than enter into litigation, had given up his paternal inheritance, and purchased a tract of land where was "a perfect wilderness, covered with bushes and trees." On learning from David the condition of his Moravian brethren, the count promised to receive them upon his new estate. Forsaking all, as had the Pilgrims to America, they were secretly led by David to Berthelsdorf; and there, though the count was still in Dresden, a site in the woody wilderness was selected, and building begun. This was in 1722, a little before the marriage of the count. The settlement was called Herrnhut, the "Lord's Watch," and here the oppressed from different countries came.

When Zinzendorf married, it was "in the Lord," and to the noble Countess Dorothea. She, casting "rank and quality to the winds," as he had done, pledged with him, upon the day of their marriage, "to stand ready, at a moment's warning from the Lord, to enter upon mission work, prepared to meet all the obloquy it involved." The countess was not only a missionary in spirit, but like her husband, a composer, and we still sing from her pen:

"O, may Thy knowledge fill the earth!  
Increase the number still  
Of those who in Thy word believe,  
And do Thy holy will."

On their marriage tour they visited Berthelsdorf; and when a home of the refugees was pointed out to him, the count left the carriage, entered, bade them welcome in the name of the Lord, and knelt with them in prayer, commending them to God.

As already related, it was in 1731 that the cry from the islands reached the ears of Zinzendorf. That visit to Copenhagen, says Dr. George Smith, "was the beginning of the Moravian missions." Such a spirit as that of the count could not always be fettered with civil affairs; and he resigned his position at the court, and retired to Herrnhut, where was a flock that he regarded as "a parish destined for him from eternity."

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The messages of the Eskimos and Anthony were taken up before the congregation. That night a young man, Leonard Dober, could not sleep, he was so deeply impressed with a call to mission work on St. Thomas. What was his surprise and joy to learn, next day, that a young friend of his, Tobias Leupold, was similarly impressed; and what was the still greater surprise of each, on the evening of that day, as with others they passed the door of the count, to hear him say to a visitor, "Sir, among these brethren there are missionaries to the heathen in St. Thomas."

The matter was laid before the congregation, the two young men having expressed a willingness to sell themselves into slavery if need be but to save a single soul. But the church as a whole was not prepared to sanction such evidences of the movings of the Spirit, and it was only after much deliberation and delay that one of the young men, Dober, was permitted to go forth, accompanied by David Nitschmann, with about three dollars apiece for fare and expenses. They left Herrnhut to journey six hundred miles to Copenhagen on foot. Zinzendorf took them as far as Bautzen in his carriage, and gave them his parting blessing.

At Copenhagen they met fresh opposition and ridicule; but they were not dismayed, and quietly held to their purpose. Their cause at last gained the attention of the royal chaplains and high officials, and finally the queen and Princess Amelia contributed toward their expenses.

They arrived at St. Thomas December 13, 1732. Dober's trials in the homeland were only the beginning. Part of the time, he lived on bread and water; but he fed the slaves with bread from heaven. His friend returned to Europe the next spring; and it was sixteen months longer before Dober heard from his Herrnhut home. Suddenly one evening, who should appear before him but Tobias, the friend of his early consecration! He had come as one of a band of eighteen missionaries for this island and St. Croix. Their passage had lasted over half a year; and their stateroom was a pen ten feet by ten, under the second deck, too low for them to sit upright. They suffered much on the way, and some of them died soon after arrival.

Opposition became so strong that the missionaries were thrown into prison. Zinzendorf, not knowing what had taken place, crossed the Atlantic, called at the island, and found his beloved brethren prisoners. He set at work at once for their release, which was accomplished the next day; and the good work went on. It was on this visit that he composed his famous hymn,

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
Mid hosts of sin, in these arrayed,  
My soul shall never be afraid."

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Dober was willing to lay down his life for one soul. At the end of one hundred years after the establishment of this first Moravian mission, thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-three persons had been admitted to communion.

Following the example of Dober, the next year, 1733, Christian David went forth to Greenland to answer the call of the two Eskimos, taking with him Matthew and Christian Stach, whom he had led to Herrnhut from Catholic persecution in Austria. They were gladly welcomed by Egede. They built a cabin, and called their mission New Herrnhut. A beginning had been made by Egede; but the polar bergs are not so frigid as unbelieving hearts, and the sufferings of the missionaries were only fully penned by the angel writers from heaven. It was fourteen years before they could build their first church.

In 1734 Zinzendorf was ordained a minister in the Lutheran Church. "All his property he surrendered to the work," says George Smith in his comprehensive "Short History of Missions," "not of organizing a sect, but of forming circles of pious souls within the Lutheran Church, as Wesley—learning of him—sought to do in the Church of England."

The same year saw the Moravians beginning mission work for the Indians of New York and Pennsylvania. But such good work could not go on forever without interference. In 1736 the count was unjustly torn from his flock and the refuge he had made for others, and was banished on the charge of introducing "dangerous novelties in religion." But no complaint escaped his lips. He found shelter in more tolerant Holland. "That place is our proper home," said he, "where we have the greatest opportunity of laboring for our Saviour." He established a school to train missionaries from which they went forth to their Heaven-given work

Zinzendorf testified even before royalty to the truths he had demonstrated by experience. To a princess of Denmark he said: "Christians are God's people, begotten of His Spirit, obedient to Him, enkindled by His fire; His blood is their glory. Before the majesty of the betrothed of God, kingly crowns grow pale; a hut to them becomes a palace. Sufferings under which heroes would pine, are gladly borne by loving hearts which have grown strong through the cross."

Ten years of banishment, calumny, and slander did not sour him. Three times the government of Saxony investigated the charges made against him. "The devils in hell," was the strong language of King William of Prussia, "could not have fabricated worse lies." He was completely exonerated; and at the request of this same king he was ordained bishop of the Moravians in 1737. In this same year, in response to the appeal Ziegenbalg had sent from South Africa, George Schmidt, "the Bohemian Bunyan," was sent forth to the Hottentots of that land, who, until the missionaries went to them, were treated as beasts.

In 1741 Count Zinzendorf visited America, and founded the celebrated Moravian colony at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The next year, in company with Spangenberg, who became

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his successor, he formed the first Indian Moravian Church, at Shekomeco, near where Brainerd began his work a year later.

In 1744 the scarlet thread bound Herrnhut to the Indians of South America. Thus the mustard-seed grew, and became as it were a tree, an emblem of the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations; and its branches have been traced far enough to teach us that one young person fully consecrated to the Master's service may unseal springs of life that will never cease to flow.

It was the perfect peace, during a terrific storm, possessed by a company of German Moravians, that so impressed John Wesley during his missionary voyage to America in 1736. While the English passengers were screaming with fright, the Moravians calmly sang praise to Him who "maketh the storm a calm," "and bringeth them unto their desired haven."

"Were you not afraid?" Wesley asked one of them. "I thank God, no," he replied. "But were not your women and children afraid?"

"No," he mildly answered; "our women and children are not afraid to die."

The holy shield of trust that had turned back King Charles's soldiers from the boy of six, had protected the singing pilgrims from fear and from the elements.

On returning from America in 1738 Wesley visited Zinzendorf, but seems not to have been so deeply impressed by him as by some of the lesser lights among his followers.

In 1747 the count was permitted to visit Herrnhut, and in 1755 was allowed to return there permanently. When he made the announcement which thrilled the hearts of Dober and Leupold, his congregation numbered six hundred, including women and children. In 1905 the world membership of the Moravian Church was 101,391, and during the one hundred seventy years it had sent out a total of 2,300 missionaries. For half a century after forming the Order of the Mustard-Seed, Zinzendorf was spared to scatter and nourish the gospel seed. One hundred works, in prose and verse, poured from his pen. Amidst all the care of increasing missions and organizations, he continued to labor for individual souls. One secret of the success of the Moravian missions is the small outlay—but three per cent, it is said—for executive management.

One of the most remarkable men of modern times, Zinzendorf's experience was in harmony with his words, "The whole world is the Lord's; men's souls are all His; I am debtor to all."

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### JOHN WESLEY, CHARLES WESLEY, SUSANNA WESLEY

#### Vanguard of a Mighty Movement

IF but to perpetuate the memory of Susanna Wesley and give some ideas of her methods of training her children, the illustration in the life of her son John should be given. She looked upon children as a trust committed to parents by the Lord to be trained for Him.

John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, was born at Epworth, England, June 17, 1703. He was the fifteenth of nineteen children. Only ten of these, however, lived to maturity. They lived in the midst of deep poverty, with rural surroundings the most crude and uninviting; but for two centuries her example has been declaring that it is possible, under most untoward circumstances, to train children on this earth for the kingdom of heaven. So highly did John Wesley esteem his mother's methods that after he had grown to manhood he asked her to write them out.

"It can not be of any service to any one," was her underestimate, "to know how I, that have lived such a retired life for so many years, used to employ my time and care in bringing up my children. No one can, without renouncing the world in the most literal sense, observe my method. There are few, if any, that would entirely devote twenty years of the prime of life in hopes to save the souls of their children, which they think may be saved without so much ado; for that was my principal intention, however unskillfully managed."

First and foremost, the will of the child must be subject to the parent's control, "because," said she, and truly too, "this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. So thoroughly was this accomplished with her children, that "there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine."

It was a rule, not to be modified in any case, that no child was to have anything it cried for. "The moral effect on the child's mind," observes Dr. Fitchett, "of the discovery that the one infallible way of not getting a desirable thing was to cry for it, must have been surprising." Likewise it was useless to expect a permission once denied, to be granted because a thing was teased for.

The children were carefully trained to be quiet at family prayers; and this was the secret of good behavior in the house of God. They early learned to distinguish the day of worship from other days of the week.

Mrs. Wesley believed the Scripture teaching that the rod furnishes a valuable means of discipline; and before her babes were a year old, they were taught to fear it. . The giving

way to uncontrolled fits of anger was not allowed. If a child cried, it must “cry softly.” At the age of five they were taught their letters. Reading came next, beginning with Gen. 1: 1. “Sukey,” said Samuel Wesley to the mother one day, “I wonder at your patience. You have told that child twenty times the same thing.”

“Had I satisfied myself with mentioning the matter only nineteen,” replied the mother-teacher, “I should have lost all my labor. You see it was the twentieth time that crowned the whole.”

An hour each evening was set apart for religious conversation, instruction, Bible study, and prayer, alone with one of the children. John’s hour came on Thursday evening. As the older ones grew in experience, they were placed as instructors of the younger ones, reading the Bible and praying together.

Epworth was not the most favorable place for training children. It was a market-town, in a region little better than a swamp. The inhabitants were “perhaps as ignorant and brutal a set of half-heathen as could have been found in England.” They disliked the rector’s politics, “vexed and harassed him, burned his crops, and hocked his cattle, and finally burned down his rectory.”

This incident occurred when John was about five years old. All the other members of the family had escaped from the flaming building. Little John found himself shut up in an upstairs room, the stairs all aflame. The father lost hope, and was praying in an agony of despair. Just before the roof fell in, a man climbed upon the shoulders of another, and grasped the child through the window, and all three escaped. The father called the assembled people to bow with him and thank God for the rescue of his child; and Mrs. Wesley felt that this son had been spared to do a special work for God. After Wesley launched forth in his career as a minister, he often looked back upon this narrow escape, feeling that he was indeed “a brand plucked from the burning.”

“The incident became a mystic picture of the condition of the whole world, and of the part he was to play in it. His theology translated itself into the terms of that night scene. The burning house was a symbol of a perishing world.”

When John was about nine years old, another forcible parable of his life-work was enacted in his humble home. The father was away attending convocation. Mrs. Wesley held her convocation in her kitchen. She began some meetings for her children and servants; and soon some others came in. A report of the informal meetings got to the ears of the very formal churchman, the elder Wesley; and he remonstrated with his good Susanna. For one thing it “looked particular.”

“I grant it does,” replied the thoughtful matron, “and so does almost anything that is serious, or that may in any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit.”

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He deemed it unsuitable to her sex; to which Mrs. Wesley replied : “As I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family; and though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you as head of the family, and as their minister, yet in your absence I can not but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to Him or to you, how shall I answer when He shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?”

She then closes her defense with words so dignified, so terrible in their depth of meaning, that even the stern Samuel Wesley yielded the battle : “If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do this; for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity for doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The little meetings continued till the rector’s return, and lifted the church from a state of apathy to an attendance of hundreds, and an interest before unknown. Some have thought that Methodism began in a student movement at Oxford. Be that as it may, it had a wonderful precedent in Mrs. Wesley’s kitchen. God often goes to some unlooked-for place His wonders to perform. It may be but to put a babe in a basket of bulrushes, a mother and child in a stall; and though the earth moves on in its course, quite unconscious, Heaven stoops to speak to it through the cloudy pillar, to illumine its hills with an unknown star, and to waft to its unwilling ears a song from the angelic choirs.

Not long after these meetings John Wesley was sent from home to the public boarding-school at Charterhouse. Here he spent several years. Having his meat stolen by the older boys, to the betterment of his health, he lived principally upon bread.

During his absence from home, what is known as “the Epworth noises” took place. “Who does not know the story of ‘Old Jeffrey,’ “says one of the latest authorities on Wesley, “has missed one of the best attested and most curious ghost stories in literature. . . From December, 1716, to April, 1717, the rectory was made hideously vocal with mysterious noises, raps on the doors and walls, thumps beneath the floor, the smash of broken crockery, the rattle of iron chains, the jingle of falling coins, the tread of mysterious feet. The noises baffled all more prosaic explanations, and were at last assigned by common consent to some restless spirit. They became a sound so familiar that they ceased to be annoying, and the lively girls of the parsonage labeled the unseen but too audible sprite ‘Old Jeffrey.’

“The story is told in letters in amplest detail, and by every member of the family in turn, and all the tales were collected by John Wesley himself . . . and published in the Arminian Magazine. There is an element of humor in the varying tones in which the

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marvelous tale is recited. The rector tells it with masculine directness, and a belief in the ghost which plainly breeds, not fear, but only anger, and a desire to come to close quarters with it, and even to thump it. Mrs. Wesley tells the story, after her practical fashion, with Defoe-like simplicity; the quick-witted girls tell the tale with touches of girlish imagination and humor; a neighboring clergyman, who was called in to assist in suppressing the ghost, adds his heavy voice to the chorus. The evidence, if it were given in a court of law, and in a trial for murder, would suffice to hang any man.”<sup>1</sup> “Wesley and His Century,” Fitchett.

Mrs. Wesley’s quiet hour, from five to six, on her request, was respected by the ghost; likewise her seasons of secret devotion. He did not give equal consideration, however, to the stern rector, especially when he prayed for King George I. At such times the sprite would kick against floors and walls most vigorously, and it is said he even pushed the unterrified man. Upon such demonstrations the loyal rector observed, “Were I the king myself, I should rather Old Nick should be my enemy than my friend.”

One night when the knockings were especially violent in a certain room, Mr. Wesley and his daughter Nancy entered, and he adjured the spirit to speak. Its only response was to knock. “These spirits love darkness,” he said. “Put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak.”

Nancy put out the candle, but still the knockings continued. “Two Christians are an overmatch for the devil,” he said; “go down-stairs. It may be when I am alone he will have courage to speak.” But he would not speak.

When the demonstrations began, the sleeping children would tremble in agitation and fear, which so aroused the father’s indignation that he challenged the ghost to meet him in his study, and strided to the door, only to find it firmly held against him.

That these manifestations were supernatural, all the Wesleys believed, and with sufficient cause. That there are two spiritual, supernatural realms, in one of which are “spirits of darkness,” in the other, spirits of light —“ministering spirits”—the Scriptures plainly declare. It is evident Samuel Wesley believed that these manifestations came from the spirits of darkness; and this is the solution of the whole vexed question. Witness such scriptures as Isa. 8:19, 20; Rev. 16:14.

So much attention need not have been given these phenomena, but for the more modern manifestations, in myriad forms, in almost every city, where hypnotists, clairvoyants, and Spiritualistic mediums carry on their operations. These spirits of darkness appear to human beings to destroy faith in, and lead away from, the word of God. Instead of yielding to their unholy influence, vainly seeking wisdom from it, or making merchandise of it, the Wesleys held firm to the hand of God and the truths of His word; and instead of their home becoming the cradle of modern Spiritualism, it rather became the nursery of Methodism and the great doctrine of justification by faith.

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True, the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, sought long and earnestly, in that darkened age, before the light of that blessed doctrine dawned upon them ; but when they found it, they fostered it.

From Charterhouse the boys were sent to Oxford. In 1725 John graduated here, and was made fellow of Lincoln College the next year. A year or two later, he entered the priesthood of the Episcopal Church or England, and for some time assisted in the parish of his father at Epworth.

A very noticeable difference between those who have been very useful in the world and those who have not, is that the first discover, even in small circumstances, those principles which reach out into eternity, and seize upon them. These lead to great results. John Wesley's greatness was not due so much to what he originated, as to what he discerned and appropriated.

After he had been in the ministry over fifty years he thus wrote of his brother Charles: "In the year 1725 a young student at Oxford was much affected by reading Kempis's 'Christian Pattern,' and Bishop Taylor's 'Rules of Holy Living and Dying.' He found an earnest desire to live according to those rules, and to flee from the wrath to come. He sought for some who would be his companions in the way, but could find none, so that for several years he was constrained to travel alone, having no man either to guide or to help him. But in the year 1729, he found one who had the same desire. They then endeavored to help each other, and in the close of the year, were joined by two more." John was one of these. With fasting and prayer they studied together the Christian's Guide-Book, wherein is the assurance, "Seek, and ye shall find." One of their number, Mr. Morgan, found so much, that he went forth to tell others, even visiting the prisoners in the castle; and he urged John and Charles to join him. "This he did so frequently," wrote John, "that on the 24th of August, 1730, my brother and I accompanied him." Desiring to be in the right, John wrote his father, inquiring "whether we should now stand still or go forward." That venerable man of seventy replied : "You have reason to bless God, as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. Morgan, who I see in the most difficult service is ready to break the ice for you. . . . Go then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you."

It is well that he received such encouragement, for "ridicule which increased fast" fell upon them. Other members joined them, however, including John Clayton and George Whitefield, the latter "a poor servitor of Pembroke," whose preaching was to become as popular as did that of Wesley. By 1735 their little band had increased to fourteen. So careful were they to walk according to the rules they thought necessary for holy living, they were nicknamed "Methodists."

For a time Wesley was much concerned over the question of the Sabbath. "Among the Oxford Methodists," says Overton, "one of the least known, but one who exercised by

far the deepest and most permanent influence over John Wesley, was John Clayton. . . . The subject is so important in connection with John Wesley's mental history, that some extracts from Clayton's letters may be justly inserted. In July, 1733, he writes : 'As to your question about Saturday, I can only answer it by giving an account of how I spend it. I do not look upon it as a preparation for Sunday, but as a festival of itself; and therefore I have continued festival prayer for the three primitive hours, and for morning and evening. . . . I look upon Friday as my preparation for the celebration of the Sabbath (that is, of course, Saturday) and the Lord's day.'" 1 Overton's "Life of John Wesley," pages 30, 31, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, New York.

One member of that little group, Mr. Gambold, gives one secret of Wesley's success: "He was blessed with such activity as to be always gaining ground, and such steadiness that he lost none." This same Mr. Gambold was one of the Oxford students in whose welfare Mr. Wesley took much interest, and whose confession was that he "hardly ever submitted to his [Wesley's] advice at the time he gave it." The ardent young minister's treatment of the obdurate young student, however, is almost as remarkable as was Mrs. Wesley's of her children. He went right to the student's room, and spent an entire week with him. "He accosted me," says the tardy learner, "with the utmost softness; condoled with me the encumbrances of my constitution; heard all that I had to say; endeavored to pick out my meaning; and yielded to me as far as he could." Thus he treated a proud but tempted young man, who otherwise might have been lost. "It was indeed his custom to humble himself most before the proud; not to reproach them, but in a way of secret intercession, to procure their pardon."

Through a friend Wesley was introduced to James Oglethorpe, who invited him to go to Georgia to preach to his colonists and the Indians. The idea of becoming a missionary to the Indians took great hold upon him. But it was a step that meant much. He earnestly sought advice, and finally laid the matter before his mother, who said, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." Such was her missionary spirit.

It was in 1736 that Wesley came to America. With untiring energy he threw himself into his duties at Savannah. The Indians were then so full of fight, and of doubt as to the value of the religion of the whites, that Oglethorpe advised him to labor for the colonists. Some of the time he held as high as six services in one day. He gathered the children into a school. When the well-to-do children made fun of the barefooted pupils, Wesley took the teacher's place, and went barefooted himself for a week. Thus the students were cured of their impropriety. He fasted twice a week; and when he did eat, he lived mostly on bread and fruit, and through storm and heat bore his most wearing labor without complaint.

Wesley's ministrations in Georgia were not received by all with favor. He had not yet burst through the fetters of formalism that bound him; and an unhappy love affair was

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turned to injure his influence and to return him, sad at heart, to England. Many have the idea that his work in America was a failure; but his successor, George Whitefield, speaks of it thus: "The good John Wesley has done in America is inexpressible. . . . He has laid a foundation that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake. "

Under a cloud of discouragement and self-censure, however, he returned to his native land, arriving early in 1738. Here he providentially met the Moravian Peter Bohler, to whom he afterward attributed his emergence from the bondage of doubt. Wesley questioned if he should not quit preaching till he had that faith and love which cast out fear and doubt. Here Bohler's advice was of great value: "Preach faith till you have it. And then because you have it, you will preach faith."

The varied fluctuations of his spiritual state, from the time he felt his heart "strangely warmed" on hearing Luther's comments read, until he learned not to depend upon a happy flight of feeling for assurance, need not be traced. From the shifting shades of emotion, to the promises made sure to the obedient, he was lifted where feeling was not mistaken for faith. There is no evidence that the faith which enabled its Possessor to rebuke the winds, and to say to the sea, "Peace, be still," was at that moment thrilling Him with ecstasy; nor did the gloom of the night of His betrayal prevent His inspiring command, "Be of good cheer."

After the heroic Wesley, to make his confidence more strong in the new way, had journeyed on foot to Zinzendorf, in banishment at Marienborn, and thence 350 miles to Herrnhut itself, he returned to England to undertake that wonderful campaign of which a perishing people were so much in need. He had been profoundly impressed with the Moravian community. "God has given me at length," he wrote while there, "the desire of my heart. I am with a church whose conversation is in heaven." On meeting Peter Bohler again in England, he wrote: "I marvel how I refrain from joining these men. I scarce can ever see any of them but my heart burns within me." But had he done so, how could he have so moved the Church of England which he so longed to reform?

That he finally became happily wedded to his work none will deny. If he had been as happily married to some genial woman, every sympathetic friend would be glad. A singularly sad story, too long and intricate for detail, is connected with his several love affairs. He was a man of a tender heart; and God made the human heart for human love. Let it be said that at forty-eight, he was married, hastily "in the Lord," he believed, but the event proved far otherwise. We fain would lift our heroes into the realm where mistakes are never made ; but intimate acquaintance with humanity, and some acquaintance with God, leads one to wonder more and more that He unites Himself, through His Son, with such erring mortals as human beings are.

As Charles had been first to enter a deeper experience, and Morgan to lead out in labors for the unfortunate, so Whitefield was first to enter the sphere in which John Wesley's

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greatest successes were won—that of field preaching. Whitefield made but a short stay in Georgia; but on his return, finding the churches closed against him, he went to the “ignorant, lewd, profane, and brutal” colliers, “the terror of the law and the despair of philanthropy.” At his first meeting he had about one hundred listeners; at his fifth, ten thousand. And when Wesley was shut out of the churches, he too, after a struggle with himself, began open-air meetings. “More and more,” he said, his hearers “were cut to the heart, and came to me all in tears, inquiring, with the utmost eagerness, what they must do to be saved. I said, ‘If all of you will meet on Thursday evening, I will advise you as well as I can.’ The first evening, about twelve persons came; the next week, thirty or forty. When they were increased to about a hundred, I took down their names and places of abode, intending, as often as it was convenient, to call upon them at their own houses. Thus, without any previous plan or design, began the Methodist society in England, a company of people associating together to help each other to work out their own salvation.

“The next spring we were invited to Bristol and Kingswood, where likewise societies were quickly formed. . . . Such was the rise and such was the progress of Methodism, from the beginning to the present time (1787). But you will naturally ask, What is Methodism? . . . Methodism, so-called, is the old religion, the religion of the Bible, the religion of the primitive church, . . . the loving God with all our heart, and soul, and strength, as having first loved us, . . . and the loving every soul which God hath made, every man on earth, as our own soul.”

Such was Wesley’s definition of Methodism. Let it here be observed that however faultless the form of doctrine, it can only be made impressive upon others for good, to the extent it is lived by its teacher. So closely did Wesley follow the steps of his Master, that even while the common people heard him gladly, the enemy stirred the rude rabble to break up his work. Violence was often shown him; he was struck and dragged; drawn before magistrates, execrated, maligned. But God suffered them not to do him great harm. A mighty work he had to do, and he did it for Him.

Of the social conditions at the time, Professor Winchester remarks: “The concurrent testimony of history and literature forces us to believe that never before had what called itself the best society in England shown less refinement, intelligence, or purity than just at the moment when John Wesley began his work.” Vital godliness was about as near its death-swoon as at any time following the Reformation. It is stated that every sixth shop in London was a gin-shop.

It was far from Wesley to think of forming a new church. The idea of “societies” within the church was of long standing; and it was his design by such means to quicken the life of the English Church. But anything like enthusiasm, even in saving souls, was not to be tolerated in the church. Like the meetings in Mrs. Wesley’s kitchen, it “appeared singular.” Even Bishop Butler, whose “Analogy” had just been published, said to Wesley:

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“Sir, since you ask my advice, I will give it freely -you have no business here; you are not commissioned to preach in this diocese. I therefore advise you to go hence.”

The earnest little clergyman replied: “My lord, my business on earth is to do what good I can. Wherever, therefore, I think I can do most good, there must I stay so long as I think so. At present I think I can do most good here; therefore here I stay.” In later years, when the keen edge of his sword was somewhat softened, it is probable he would have replied to the good bishop of Bristol somewhat more gently; but the accusation of proselyting dismayed him not.

To another who had charged him with meddling “with souls that did not belong to him,” he replied: “God in Scripture commands me according to my power to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this in another’s parish, that is, in effect, to do it at all; seeing I have now no parish of my own nor probably ever shall. Whom, then, shall I hear —God or man? . . . I look upon the world as my parish ; thus far I mean that in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet, right, and my bounden duty to declare unto all that are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation.” “Winchester’s “Life of John Wesley.”

On returning to the home scenes at Epworth, he desired once more to enter the pulpit which his father had held so long, but the privilege was denied him. But there was one spot on earth which neither Bishop Butler nor the curate of Epworth could well deny the devoted Wesley, and that was his father’s tomb. Mounting the sacred mound, hallowed by the memories of the dead, and with the burden of human souls resting upon him, John Wesley, with lips touched with holy fire, spoke as standing between the living and the dead, and summoned his hearers to behold the great purpose of their existence,— that they might love and serve God in this life and have life eternal. Immense crowds gathered as he stood on that solemn spot and lifted their minds to eternal themes. A great awakening followed this singular series of sermons.

An illustration of Wesley’s sermons may be given from his sermons on the law: “ ‘Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets : I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.’ The ritual or ceremonial law, delivered by Moses to the children of Israel, containing all the injunctions and ordinances which related to the old sacrifices and service of the temple, our Lord did indeed come to destroy, to dissolve, and utterly abolish. . . . But the moral law contained in the Ten Commandments, and enforced by the prophets, He did not take away. It was not the design of His coming, to revoke any part of this. This is a law which never can be broken, which ‘stands fast as the faithful witness in heaven.’ . . . This was from the beginning of the world, being ‘written not on tables of stone,’ but on the hearts of all the children of men, when they came out of the hands of the Creator. And however the letters once written by the finger of God are now in a great measure defaced by sin, yet they can not wholly be blotted out, while we have any consciousness of good and evil. Every part of this law must remain in force

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upon all mankind, and in all ages, as not depending either on time or place, or any other circumstances liable to change, but on the nature of God, and the nature of man, and their unchangeable relation to each other.

“There is, therefore, the closest connection that can be conceived, between the law and the gospel. On the one hand, the law continually makes way for and points us to the gospel; on the other, the gospel continually leads us to a more exact fulfilling of the law.” ‘Wesley’s Sermons, volume 1, pages 221-223.

“This law . . . is the face of God unveiled. It prescribes exactly what is right. By this the sinner is discovered to himself. To slay the sinner is the first use of the law; to destroy the life and strength wherein he trusts. I can not spare the law one moment, no more than I can spare Christ, seeing I now want it as much to keep me to Christ as I ever wanted it to bring me to Him. Each is continually sending me to the other—the law to Christ, and Christ to the law. The love of God in Christ endears the law to me.” a Sermon 34.

For long years the voice of rebuke to pride was heard, by Wesley’s followers. When he saw some slipping away from early simplicity, he spared not. “O, ye pretty triflers,” were his words in 1787, “I entreat you not to do the devil’s work any longer. . . . Let me see, before I die, a Methodist congregation full as plainly dressed as a Quaker congregation. Let your dress be cheap as well as plain; otherwise you do trifle with God and man, and your own souls. No Quaker linen; no Brussels lace; no elephantine hats or bonnets; those scandals of female modesty.”

For many years Wesley traveled on horseback, rising at four o’clock, and usually holding a meeting, at five, then away to another appointment. His habit of early rising was formed on this wise: On losing some sleep, he secured an alarm to wake him at seven. He lost sleep the next night; then he set his alarm for six. Still losing sleep, he set it for five. Not sleeping the entire night, he set the alarm for four o’clock. Then no sleep was lost; and for sixty years four o’clock was his rising hour. He came to believe that too much sleep inebriates.

After he began his open-air preaching, he is said to have traveled 225,000 miles, mostly on horseback; preached over 42,000 sermons; published about 200 volumes; and gave away \$150,000. One of his favorite maxims was, “Always in haste; never in a hurry.”

Three years before his death, he wrote: “I went over to Kingswood. Sweet recess, where everything is just as I wish I But -

“Man was not born in shades to lie.

Let us work now; we shall rest by and by!”

The text of his last sermon was, “Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. His last letter, a little before he died, was to William Wilberforce.

“Go on,” he bade him, in his crusade against human slavery, “in the name of God and the power of His might.”

John Wesley died in London, England, March 2, 1791. As the end was drawing near, he murmured to Mrs. Charles Wesley, “He giveth His servants rest;” and as if looking by faith into the heavenly sanctuary which John saw in holy vision, he would repeat, “There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus.” A little before the end, he raised his failing arm toward heaven and exclaimed, “The best of all is, God is with us.”

## **CHAPTER NINE**

### **CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SCHWARTZ**

The Most Conspicuous figure in India during the Eighteenth Century

Born in Sonnenburg, Prussia, October 8, 1726. Died In India, February 13, 1798.

IT was into the hands of the devoted Griindler the mission at Tranquebar, India, fell at the death of Ziegenbalg. But the time of his labor was short. With tears he pleaded with the Lord to spare him until the arrival of missionaries then on the way. His prayer was heard. “In September, 1719, three missionaries arrived; and on one of these, Benjamin Schultze, Griindler’s mantle fell.”

“On the 15th of March (1720), with tottering steps and bowed frame, he made his way to the church. . . . The seal of death was even then upon that calm brow. ‘I wish once more,’ he said, as the people looked on in wonder, ‘to pronounce the benediction over the congregation I am soon to leave.’ “A little later, he gave his last instruction to young Schultze, prayed God’s rich blessing upon him, had a portion of Scripture read, and in that peace “which passeth all understanding,” sank to rest.

“Who can feel greater grief than I?” said Schultze; “for the mission has been deprived, of its founder and of his efficient and faithful successor.” But with firm and willing hand he took up the work, going on with the Tamil translation of the Bible from the book of Ruth, where the death of Ziegenbalg had left it. For nearly a fourth of a century he labored; but when health failed, he returned to Europe, making Halle his home.

Away over to the northwest, in Prussia, was a boy who was yet to preach in the “New Jerusalem” pulpit that Schultze had left. It was in Sonnenburg he was born. His mother was a spiritual daughter of the Hebrew Hannah, for she gave her babe to the Lord from his birth; and when death drew near, she “called to her bedside her husband and the pastor of the parish church, and charged them to train up this child in the remembrance that he had been devoted to God’s service;” and “should he express a desire to devote himself to the gospel ministry, to encourage and promote that desire to the utmost.”

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God knows where to train His workmen. And at the age of twenty this youth entered Halle. He had been confirmed in the Lutheran Church at fourteen. Professor Francke introduced the young man to the aged missionary Schultze, who learned to love him, and gave him lessons in Tamil.

After three -well-spent years here, there came the crisis hour in his life, when Francke recommended him for Tranquebar. The young man was willing, and returned home to seek his father's permission.

Father Schwartz could not answer until he had himself received counsel; and like Jacob at the Jabbok, he spent long hours in prayer. When he ceased to pray, it was manifest that the Wrestler from heaven had not lost His hold on humanity; for self had surrendered, and the, father came forth from the conflict a conqueror. "Approaching his son, who had risen to meet him, he laid his hands in blessing upon his bowed head, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, bade him go forth on his Christlike mission, forgetting his country and his father's house." 1"Men of Might in India Missions," Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.

It was at the zenith of the eighteenth century - 1750 -that Schwartz sailed for India-unmarried, that he might give greater devotion to his Master's work. There he united with the work at Tranquebar. The language claimed his first attention. The lessons received from the venerable Schultze were of great service, and in four months he preached his first sermon in the Tamil.

With great energy he gave himself to the work. Native churches soon sprang up, four hundred converts being received the first year. His habits of life were very simple. He did not try to convert the natives to the German habits of diet, but himself adopted the vegetarian plan, living upon rice and vegetables. This no doubt greatly tended to lengthen his useful life; and he was spared to labor in that unhealthy climate for nearly half a century, where missionaries often break in one fifth the time.

He long lived in small quarters, wore plain clothing, and used inexpensive furniture. He kept and used one brass lamp from his college days at Halle until his death. It was given by his successor, Mr. Kolhoff, to Claudius Buchanan, whose sermon, "The Star in the East," describing the work of Mr. Schwartz, so fired the soul of Judson. . What an appropriate symbol! The little brass lamp, filled by the young German student at Halle, for almost fifty years lighting India's darkness; at his death, passing to the devoted Solhoff, who in turn passed it on to Buchanan, in whose' hands it: became as it were a "Star in the East,"—not the evening, but morning star, whose bright beams betoken the speedy rising of the Sun of Righteousness to illumine, not India alone, but the world, with His glory !

Schwartz's salary at first was about four pounds a month. At later times gifts were frequently offered him; but like Daniel at the court of Belshazzar, he would let the gifts

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and rewards be to others; it was his business and desire to interpret his Father's handwriting. When his goods increased, he did not set his heart upon them, but increased his offerings; and when dying, he said, "Let the cause of Christ be my heir."

In 1762 Mr. Schwartz visited Tanjore and Trichinopoli; and these later became the scenes of his apostolic labors. In Tanjore he preached in the palace of the raja himself, who, concealed by a screen, could hear without being seen. Such was the power of this earnest man, that the governor of Madras engaged him to go on an embassy to the cruel Hyder-Ali. At the margin of this tyrant's dominion, Schwartz was compelled to wait one month for permission to proceed.

Such a man could not be idle, and he occupied the time in preaching. When he was finally admitted to the presence of the heathen despot, the latter was so deeply impressed with the goodness and sincerity of the missionary, that he extended him a welcome to remain at his capital; and not only this, but he said, "You have also my permission to try to convert my subjects to the Christian religion, as I feel confident you will say nothing improper to them." How rejoiced would Judson have been at such a permission at Rangun thirty-five years later! On entering his palanquin for the return journey, Mr. Schwartz found a bag containing three hundred rupees, a gift from Hyder-Ali.

In 1769 he visited again the city of Tanjore, when he had the privilege of meeting the raja, who had desired to see him. " 'He is a priest,' remarked the raja to one of his suite; and the conversation turned at once upon the truths of the gospel. According to the custom, a tray of sweetmeats was presented at the close of the interview. The good missionary, accepting a portion, said, 'We Christians, before partaking of food, are accustomed to implore grace to use the gift to the glory of God.' He was then desired by the raja to offer up such a prayer." So charmed was the ruler with the good man's audible communion with Heaven, and his holy conversation with men, that he not only desired him to return to his city, but to become the guardian of his own adopted son, Serfojee.

Such was the influence of this man of God, that "friends and foes alike looked upon him with an awe akin to worship." When war broke out, followed by famine, he became a Joseph in Egypt, having purchased supplies when abundant, and was able to meet the needs of thousands.

He was very fond of children, and to some of them his most beautiful letters were written. The son of his friend John Kolhoff was received into his mission family at the age of eight; and to the great joy of his foster-father, he wished to become a missionary. He was finally ordained to the gospel ministry, and became a faithful, devoted laborer in the mission.

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Although Mr. Schwartz did not become guardian of the son of the raja, yet a strong friendship was formed between them. The raja gave grounds for a mission church and home in Tanjore, and friends contributed means with which a church, home, and school were built; and here the missionary lived "like a father in the midst of his family."

But advancing years told that the long and useful pilgrimage in the strange land was near its close. Mr. Schwartz expressed a desire to see Prince Serfojee once more; and the young man hastened to his side. "On his arrival, the dying saint, with great tenderness and impressiveness, gave his last advice to the weeping prince. He, charged him to govern his life according to the precepts which he had on previous occasions made known to him. . . . Then, raising his hands toward heaven, as if in prayer, he said, 'My last and most earnest wish is that God in His infinite mercy may graciously regard you and lead your heart and soul to Christ, that I may meet you again, as His true disciple, before His throne.'"

On the 13th of February, 1798, after bestowing his parting blessing on Mr. Kolhoff, the son of his training, he joined with his missionary brethren in singing his favorite hymn,- "Only to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ," and calmly entered into rest.

Caste and custom kept not the young prince from coming to the funeral to gaze once more upon the face he so much loved. He also wrote the following epitaph, the first English verse known to be written by a Hindu

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,  
Honest, pure, free from disguise,  
Father of orphans, the widow's support,  
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;  
To the benighted, dispenser of light,  
Doing and pointing to that which is right;  
Blessing to princes, to people, to me.  
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,  
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

After this prince became raja, he built a superb marble monument in memory of the missionary. "But the missions founded by Mr. Schwartz," truly writes Helen Holcomb, "and the congregations gathered through his zealous labors, were nobler monuments to his memory than the most costly memorials of marble."

## CHAPTER TEN

### WILLIAM CAREY

Pioneer Baptist Missionary to India

Born in Paulerspury, England, August 17, 1761. Died at Serampur, India, June 9, 1834

THE glorious gospel torch did not fall from the hand of Schwartz till five years after William Carey had found a place as a missionary in that land where even now “eight hundred precious souls each hour sink into Christless graves.”

“There are no beginnings,” says Dr. George Smith, “this side of Eden.” Carey has been called “the father of modern missions;” but we have seen that others were before him. Dr. Pierson traces his missionary lineage to Eliot; “for it was his life and work that moved and molded David Brainerd, . . . Jonathan Edwards, Adoniram Judson, as also William Carey, and others who followed him. Yet this stream of holy influence, which watered so many trees of life, Eliot himself traces to its spring in the home of Hooker.” The Puritan exile Hooker “reappears in Eliot, Eliot in Edwards, Edwards in Carey, Carey in Judson, and so on without end.” “The New Acts of the Apostles.”

But although these secret springs burst forth here and there, the great church as a body seemed oblivious to the needs of the heathen world. The Master’s, voice of missionary entreaty was seldom heard. There was no Student Volunteer Movement then, with the very flower of a great nation determined to fulfill their heaven-born mission to their generation; there was no United Christian Endeavor Society to spring forth to the rescue of precious perishing souls; no Layman’s Missionary Movement to waken a slumbering church; no entire denomination with avowed purpose of sounding the gospel trumpet to the ends of the earth in this generation.

Nevertheless, as in other instances before and since, a fire from heaven fell upon the heart-altar of this man. It consumed the dross through a long-continued burning of trial-fires; then sent forth the purified temple, in which the Holy Shekinah dwelt, that before it the god Dagon might fall on his face, and his captives be set free. The long period in which God’s two witnesses, the Old and the New Testament, had been prophesying in sackcloth, was about to end. His light was now to burst forth, and to shine brighter and brighter, even in the midst of the darkness of unbelief and “higher criticism,” until its glory should girdle the earth.

William Carey was a strong link in the golden chain let down from heaven to save the world. Born in a humble weaver’s cottage, he experienced the value of the discipline of poverty in forming a sturdy character.

“When a boy he was of a studious turn,” as described by his sister Mary, “and fully bent on learning, and always resolutely determined never to give up any portion or particle of

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anything on which his mind was set, till he had arrived at a clear knowledge and sense of his subject. He was not allured or diverted from it; he was firm in his purpose and steady in his endeavor to improve." Of his reading he said: "I chose to read books of science, history, voyages, etc., more than any others. Novels and plays always disgusted me."

He took great delight in nature, her insects, her birds, her plants and flowers. He learned gardening of his uncle, and finally became "one of the most eminent horticulturists in Asia."

At seventeen, at Hackleton, nine miles from Paulerspury, he was apprenticed at the trade from which he later merged a "consecrated cobbler." In the library of his employer he found a New Testament commentary, and in it first saw the characters of the Greek language. What mystery did they hold? How could he know? He would find them out; and in mastering his first Greek lesson, he set himself an example in becoming the wonderful linguist of the Orient. Little did he then dream of the new tongues in which he was to speak. Indeed, his mother tongue needed training before Greek or Bengali would be of much benefit.

Of this need, let Carey himself tell: "My master was an inveterate enemy to lying, a vice to which I was awfully addicted." Of this vice he was cured by an incident connected with this same employer. While out on an errand, collecting, an ironmonger offered him the gift of a shilling or a sixpence. He chose the shilling, but found it was a brass one. He made some purchases for himself, however, using a shilling of his master's in payment. "I well remember," he afterward wrote, "the struggles of mind which I had on this occasion, and that I made this deliberate sin a matter of prayer to God as I passed over the fields home. I then promised that if God would but get me clearly over this, or in other words, help me through with the theft, I would certainly for the future leave off all evil, practices; but the theft and consequent lying appeared to me so necessary that they could not be dispensed with." And so lie he did. But "a gracious God did not get me safe through. My master sent the other apprentice to investigate the matter. The ironmonger acknowledged having given me the shilling, and I was therefore exposed to shame, reproach, and inward remorse. . . . I was quite ashamed to go out; and never till I was assured that my conduct was not spread over the town, did I attend a place of worship."

What a blessing it was that in this crucial hour, Carey's reputation did not fall upon telltale tongues! The young man who learned of the theft was the son of a Dissenter, a then hated Baptist. Young Carey was a "churchman" of the popular established Church of England, and as he said, "had always looked upon Dissenters with contempt." He felt himself too good to enter the little Baptist church in the village, and "had enmity enough in his heart to destroy it." His fellow workman, however, was a converted young man, and instead of jesting over William's faults, tried earnestly to help him to overcome them. He loaned him good literature, and labored to lead him to the Saviour.

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Carey, preferring to save himself, as many do when new truths are brought home to their consciences, became all the more zealous in carrying out the forms of religion. He determined to attend church and prayer-meeting regularly. He read and meditated much. But none of this either changed or satisfied his heart. At last he saw himself a lost man, and was "brought to depend on a crucified Saviour for pardon and salvation." At the age of twenty-two he was baptized, and united with the church he had despised.

Allowing business considerations instead of religious principle to guide him, Carey was united in unhappy wedlock before he was twenty. At what time is it so necessary that one know the secret of divine guidance as when a companion for life is to be chosen! This great secret he knew not then. Mrs. Carey had little interest in her husband's religion; but it is said, to his high honor, "he always treated her with noble tenderness."

Carey's first sermon was preached at Hackleton. His mother went to hear him, and declared her confidence that, if spared, he would become a great preacher. The father, ashamed to be seen at a Baptist meeting, listened once outside, and was frank enough to confess himself highly pleased. It was Carey's shed shoe shop here that Scott the commentator called "Carey's College."

It was probably while Carey was an apprentice that he read Captain Cook's "Voyages Around the World," which awakened his interest in heathen lands. As early as 1782 he prayed in his family and in public for the heathen.

Before he was ordained, an incident occurred to which reference is often made. It is thus introduced by J. W. Morris, the biographer of Fuller

"Before the end of 1786, Mr. Carey, accompanied by another minister of the same age and standing with himself, went to a ministers' meeting at Northampton. Toward the close of the evening, when the public services were ended, and the company engaged in a desultory conversation, Mr. Ryland, senior, entered the room, and, with his accustomed freedom, demanded that the two junior ministers, Mr. Carey and his friend, should each propose a question for general discussion. Mr. Carey pleaded several excuses, but a question was imperiously demanded. At length he submitted, 'Whether the command given to the apostles to "teach all nations," was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent?'" 1"William Carey," by Myers.

This is the first time Carey had ventured to lay bare the burden of his heart in public, though he had frequently urged the subject in private. As soon as Dr. Ryland could command sufficient composure to reply, he exclaimed, "Young man, sit down.; when God is pleased to convert the heathen world, He will do it without your help or mine." 1"Story of Baptist Missions,". Hervey.

He also said that nothing could be done before another Pentecost ; and it is claimed that he called Carey "a most miserable enthusiast" for asking such a question. The cause of

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earth's perishing millions had evidently not rested very heavily upon Mr. Ryland's conscience up to this time.

Carey was very much mortified and abashed; but the load was in no wise lifted from his heart. His friend, the devoted Fuller, sympathized with him, and "offered several encouraging remarks, and recommended it to him to pursue his inquiries;" though he too confessed that when the subject was first mentioned to him he felt to exclaim, "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, then might this thing be!"

When ordained as pastor at Moulton, Carey was obliged to continue his shoemaking for a living, as the church was very poor. It was in his little shop there that Mr. Fuller saw the famous map he thus describes "I remember, on going into the room where he employed himself at his business, I saw hanging up against the wall a very large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together by himself, on which he had drawn with a pen a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he had met with in reading, relative to its population, religion, etc." To Carey that map of the world spoke of millions waiting for the tidings of salvation. Why should not every world-map still speak of the same?

Carey added the fuel of facts to the fire that was burning in his soul, until material for a pamphlet was prepared. But he had no money with which to publish. Poverty followed him from place to place, grasping him with her gaunt fingers as if to train his sinews for the contest before him.

Neither hands nor brains were idle, however. On his cobbler's bench was a book. To his store of Greek were added French, Dutch, Latin, and Hebrew. "With little teaching, he became learned; poor himself, he made millions rich ; by birth obscure, he rose to unsought eminence ; and seeking only to follow the Lord's leading, himself led on the Lord's host." "The New Acts of the Apostles."

Though he had frequently to change his location, "no sooner had he established his bench again than he would go out in search of some little patch of ground, covered with weeds and briars, where he would dig, early and late, until in a few months, with the help of the Almighty, he would show you a small section of Eden coming back again."

A deep impression was made upon the little assembly of Baptist ministers, when the association met at Clipstone in 1791, by a sermon from Fuller on "The Pernicious Influence of Delay in Matters of Religion." Such solemnity brooded over the congregation that Carey was moved to urge immediate action in behalf of the heathen world. "Such was the effect of his earnestness, that had it not been for Sutcliff's counsels recommending further consideration, a society had then and there been started." "William Carey," by Myers.

They went far enough, however, to request Carey to publish what he had written on the subject.

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Another year's delay brought the opportunity for the pent-up yearnings of years to pour forth. The occasion was an annual meeting at Nottingham ; the preacher, William Carey. He chose the well-known text Isa. 54:2, 3, and gave to missions for all time to come the inspiring motto, "Expect great things from God: attempt great things for God."

Let the man who a half dozen years before had told Carey to sit down, tell the effect of this new stone in the foundation of modern missions : "If all the people had lifted up their voice and wept," said Dr. Ryland, "as the children of Israel did at Bochim, I should not have wondered at the effect; it would have only seemed proportionate to the cause, so clearly did he prove the criminality of our supineness in the cause of God."

But how slow is humanity to hear and heed the divine voice! Again the ministers were about to disperse, no doubt with a feeling of thankfulness for the blessing received, when Carey, in desperation of spirit, seized Fuller by the arm, and exclaimed beseechingly, "And are you, after all, going again to do nothing? " This brought matters to a crisis, and a resolution was passed that at the next meeting at Kettering "a plan be prepared for the purpose, of forming a society for propagating the gospel among the heathen."

During this year Mr. Carey succeeded in publishing his pamphlet, bearing the title, "An Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens." Good Deacon Potts contributed ten pounds for the purpose. A date not to be forgotten came at last,-October 2, 1792. After the services of the day were ended, a dozen ministers gathered in Mrs. Beeby Wallis's parlor, where the following preamble prefaced the resolutions they passed

"Desirous of making an effort for the propagation of the gospel among the heathen, agreeably to what is recommended in Brother Carey's late publication on that subject, we whose names appear to the subsequent subscription, do solemnly agree to act in society for that purpose."

How grand the purpose! How momentous and far reaching the decision! The twelve ministers contributed £13 2s. 6d. Thus the step which proves the turning point in missionary organization was taken, and the great Baptist Missionary Society was organized.

The year Carey was baptized, 1783, Dr. John Thomas, of London, went to India in the employ of the East India Company as a surgeon. As he gazed upon the vast hosts moving on in solemn procession into the valley of death, he placed his own neck under the yoke of his Master, and began laboring to deliver them. On returning to England in 1785, he received baptism and license to preach, and again went forth to Hindustan to seek and to save the lost.

His quiet labors were encouraged and largely supported by two Christian philanthropists, Mr. Charles Grant, a director of the East India Company, and Mr. Udny,

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of Malda, India. After several years spent in preaching and trying to translate the New Testament into Bengali, he returned to London to seek funds and a fellow worker for his mission field. We have seen how, through these years, God had been preparing the man for the hour.

He who sat on the cobbler's watch-tower had caught sight of God's signals, and in a communication to the infant society, recommended Dr. Thomas to the consideration of the directors. Due inquiry was made, the doctor submitting an account of his labors. "The result being satisfactory, Dr. Thomas was invited to go out under the patronage of the society, the committee engaging to furnish him with a companion, 'if a suitable person could be obtained.'" "The matter was under advisement at a meeting held January 10, 1793, in Mr. Fuller's study, at which Mr. Carey was present. So impressed were they with the representations submitted by Dr. Thomas that Mr. Fuller remarked:

"There is a gold-mine in India, but it seems as deep as the center of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?" An answer and a man were in waiting. "I will venture to go down," was the immortal reply of William Carey ; "but remember that you," addressing the members of the committee, "must hold the ropes." "This, said Mr. Fuller afterward, "we solemnly engaged to do, pledging ourselves never to desert him as long as we should live."

What more fitting finish to this picture could an artist suggest than that which took place! and what visitor could have more surprised the little company than did the one who came! for at a late hour of the night Dr. Thomas himself, who had come from London, entered the room. Mr. Carey, beholding his future colleague, arose from his chair, and they fell upon each other's necks and wept. Not without tears was the work begun; not without tears will it be done.

Thus the first two Englishmen to enter the Orient for God and not for gold, were chosen for their place. Of the many perplexities that might have prevented less determined men from going, we can not speak particularly, the most serious being the refusal of Mrs. Carey to go. Her home was more to her than were the heathen or her husband, and she would remain with her treasure. But Carey had learned to obey the voice of duty. God was trying him whether he loved any other more than Him. He bore the test, and actually started without wife and babies. A letter he wrote on the way bore this message to her:

"If I had all the world, I would freely give it all to have you and the dear children with me, but the sense of duty is so strong as to overpower all other considerations. I could not turn back without guilt on my soul. . . . Tell my dear children I love them dearly, and pray for them constantly. Be assured I love you most affectionately."

A merciful providence, which seemed to have wrecked the entire expedition, came about thus: The captain of the East India Company's vessel was threatened because he

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had taken Mr. Carey aboard, and he promptly set the missionaries ashore. With tear-filled eyes they saw the ship depart without them, and with heavy hearts they returned to London. Carey sat down to write to his wife, and Dr. Thomas went into a coffee-house, where, using his own words, "to the great joy of a bruised heart, the waiter put a card into my hand, whereon were written these life-giving words, 'A Danish East Indiaman, No. 10 Cannon Street.' No more tears that night!" They soon found the ship Maria, which took not only them, but Mrs. Carey, her children and sister, with them to India. They sailed June 13, landing at Calcutta November 10, 1793.

The Moravian method of self-support in missions was known to Carey, and he wished to practise it. "At Bandel, on the Hugli, at Calcutta itself, and amid the tiger swamps of the Sunderbund tracts to the east of Calcutta, he made three attempts to preach and toil with his hands at the same time."

"I am in a strange land alone," he wrote, "no Christian friend, a large family, and nothing to supply their wants. . . . Bless God, I feel peace within, and rejoice in having undertaken the work. I anxiously desire the time when I shall so far know the language as to preach in earnest to these poor people."

"After seven months of hardships unknown to any other missionary in India before or since," he obtained a position that gave the desired self-support.

"In the sadness and bewilderment and trial of faith which marked his first years in India, the founder of modern missions turned ever to the words with which Isaiah was sent to comfort the captive Jews" -Isa. 51:2-6. "It has been a great consolation to me," wrote he, "that Abraham was alone when God called him."

When a place of dire extremity had been reached, unexpected succor came. A friend of Dr. Thomas, Mr. Udny, who had helped to support him during his earlier labors, offered the missionaries the management of two indigo factories. The proposition was gladly accepted. The factory Mr. Carey was to superintend was at Mudnabuttu, where he "perfected his knowledge of Bengali, wrote a grammar of that vernacular, translated the New Testament into it, learned Sanskrit, mastered the botany of the region, corresponded with Schwartz and Guericke in the far south, set up a printing-press, and planned new missions." "Short History of Missions." Here he remained over five years.

After five years' residence in India, Mrs. Carey became insane. Thus one of the saddest afflictions that can enter a home fell to the lot of William Carey. Death released her in December, 1807.

It was in March, 1799, that Mr. Carey saw for the first time a widow burned alive with her dead husband; and from this time he ceased not to use his influence, by appeals both there and in England, until the horrible rite was abolished by law.

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This same year four colleagues came, two of whom became little less successful than Carey himself. One was Joshua Marshman, who had read five hundred books before he was eighteen years of age, and when seeking admission to church-membership, was met with the objection that he “had too- much head knowledge of religion” to have much “heart knowledge” of it. Another was William Ward, a printer and editor, to whom Carey had said on leaving England, six years before: “If the Lord bless us, we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures. I hope you will come after us.”

The hostility of the East India Company would not allow the establishment of a mission in their territory. Carey’s work, having been connected with manufacturing, had not been interfered with; but these newcomers were advised not to land at Calcutta. However, God has said “the wrath of man shall praise” Him. Providentially, a banish colony had been planted at Serampur, about sixteen miles above Calcutta. Its governor, Colonel Bie, had enjoyed the friendship of Schwartz, and extended to the lonely missionaries a friendly welcome to his “city of refuge.” He resisted all attempts to deprive them of protection, declaring that “if the British government still refused to sanction their continuance in India, they should have the shield of Denmark thrown over them if they would remain at Serampur.” And there they remained; and there Carey joined them. Thus “to Ziegenbalg and Schwartz, Carey, Marshman, and Ward owed their home in Serampur.”

On a visit here, Dr. Thomas was permitted to render medical assistance to a Hindu carpenter named Krishnu, who had a dislocated arm. This man was led to renounce his idols and his caste, and was baptized December 28, 1800. “The missionaries, as may be readily imagined, were greatly moved with gratitude and joy; for at length, after long years of trying toil, Phomas and Carey were permitted to see the first-fruits of their labor. ‘Brother Carey,’ said Ward, ‘has waited till hope of his own success has almost expired.’” Krishnu came from the Sunderbunds, “where Carey began life as a missionary farmer.” He became a most useful preacher, and was faithful till death.

Poor Dr. Thomas was so overjoyed that his mind for a time gave way, and he had to be confined at the mission at the time of the baptism. On regaining mental balance his health was much broken, and he died a few months later, his life an unselfish offering to India. His work was cut short, but it became an encouragement to Judson, who after four years’ absence from America, wrote to Luther Rice, in 1816, “If any ask what success I meet with, . . . tell them to look at Bengal, . . . where Dr. Thomas had been laboring for seventeen years before the first convert, Krishnu, was baptized.”

The year 1801 saw the great task of issuing the New Testament in the Bengali accomplished. At the same time Mr. Carey was appointed to a chair in Fort William College, with a salary of six hundred pounds, later raised to one thousand five hundred pounds; but he lived on less than fifty, devoting the rest to the mission.

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What but missions would a man like Carey plan for his sons? In 1805 he would have sent Felix to China, but contented himself by planting him at Rangun, Burma. Felix, however, was not a William Carey nor an Adoniram Judson. He soon became interested in political affairs, and accepted a civil position at Ava. "My son," said his father, "set out as a minister of Christ ; but alas ! he has dwindled down to a mere British ambassador."

Dr. Carey gave forty-one years of service to India, and lived to see much fruit of his labor. Besides the first complete translation of the Bible into the Bengali by his hand, and into the Chinese by Dr. Marshman, they printed Scripture portions in forty languages and dialects. They established a college to train native ministers and Christianize educated Hindus, a medical mission, and a leper hospital, besides at least thirty large mission stations.

Able indeed were Carey's labors supported by his coworkers, Marshman and Ward, and strong was the threefold brotherhood. For near a fourth of a century they toiled, wept, and prayed together. Mrs. Marshman—called "the first woman missionary to India"—and her husband early opened a boarding-school, which soon became popular and remunerative. Mr. Marshman's great work of translating and printing the Bible in Chinese tells of his high capabilities and interest in all men. Mr. Ward had charge of the printing house, and was author of a number of valuable books. He visited England and America, and secured several thousand pounds for the college that was established at Serampur for training workers.

Ere the close of life, the penniless preacher of Hackleton had contributed to the enlightenment of India more than two hundred thousand dollars; while the three families, who had had all things common, living at the same table at a cost little above one hundred pounds a year, had contributed the magnificent sum of four hundred fifty thousand dollars.

But the prejudice, enmity, misrepresentation, and bitter opposition nearly always manifest toward God's most devoted heroes, was not lacking here, neither in the home land. Their publishing work was threatened by the government. "We are much in the situation," wrote Carey in that crisis, "in which the apostles were when commanded not to teach nor preach any more in this name!" Spies were sent to attend their meetings and secure copies of their tracts. Information thus obtained was laid against them; but in answer to prayer the hand of God turned aside the assaults of the enemy, and His work went on.

Carey did not lose his fondness for gardening and flowers. Often when he could no longer walk, the aged missionary was borne in a chair into his garden, one of the finest in the East. He once expressed his joy, in writing home, over a little daisy that had wandered from England to a corner of his garden. Upon this, James Montgomery wrote "The Daisy," a stanza of which is:

O' 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."

It is said of Carey that "so tender was his sympathy with and fondness for plants, that he would never pluck a flower."

His last work was to revise his Bengali Bible. When it was completed, he said: "My work is done." "There is scarcely anything for which I desired to live a little longer so much as for that."

"It must have been a touching sight," writes Bishop Walsh, "to see Dr. Wilson, the metropolitan of India, standing by the death-bed of the dying Baptist and asking for his blessing. It bore witness to the large-heartedness both of the prelate and of the missionary, and was a scene that did honor alike to the living and to the dying." 1 "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field."

A visit of Mr. Duff, who has been called "the apostolic successor of Carey," is thus described by Dr. Culross, in "Men Worth Remembering": "On one of the last occasions on which he saw him—if not the very last—he spent some time talking chiefly about Carey's missionary life, till at length the dying man whispered, 'Pray.' Duff knelt down and prayed, and then said good-by. As he passed from the room, he thought he heard a feeble voice pronouncing his name, and turning, he found that he was recalled. He stepped back accordingly, and this is what he heard, spoken with a gracious solemnity: 'Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey—speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour.'"

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN**

### **HENRY MARTYN**

A Church of England Chaplain Missionary to India

The Idle boy of Truro grammar-school; the man who seldom lost an hour. Born in Truro, Cornwall, England, February 18, 1781. Died in Tokat, Turkey, October 16, 1812.

"I see no business in life but the work of Christ," was the record made by Henry Martyn about the time he was sent to India, "neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but His service."

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Circumstances of singular and surpassing interest invest the life of this devoted man. As the countenance of Morrison was said to be a book wherein one might read strange things, so things strange and apparently contradictory appear in this young man's experience. Emerging from a period of boyhood idleness, he shot up with ceaseless energy to exceptional brilliancy, receiving the highest and hard-earned honors of the University of Cambridge at an early age. Becoming a minister of the cold and formal Church of England, he burned with zeal to make Christ known to the heathen,—a zeal which at that day was unpopular even in Dissenting churches, save the Moravian. The East India Company, which was practically the governing power in India, forbade missionaries to go out in her ships to the Orient; yet it employed as a chaplain this young man, who, while he well fulfilled the duties of his office, was at the same time a most devoted missionary.

There is only one explanation of these seeming contradictions,— God was with him. While depreciating his own merits and criticizing himself most severely, he stood forth a tower of strength under the severest criticisms of others, and refused to be turned from a course he believed to be right.

Although accused of idleness at school in early boyhood, Martyn's awakening did not come at a late period; for at fourteen his father was urged to send him two hundred miles to the University of Oxford to take examinations for scholarships. Years afterward he referred to it thus: "I passed the examination, I believe, tolerably well, but was unsuccessful, having every reason to think that the decision was impartial." But unless he had manifested qualities that some one recognized as unusual, he would not have been sent on such an errand at such an age.

Again he said, "Had I remained and become a member of the university at that time, as I should have done in case of success, the profligate acquaintances I should have had there, would have introduced me to scenes of debauchery, in which I must in all probability, from my extreme youth, have sunk forever."

He returned to Dr. Cardew's school at Truro, which he had entered at the age of seven, and where the boys had given him the reputation of appearing to be "the idlest among them, being frequently known to go up to his lesson with little or no preparation." If that boy of seven had known that the eyes of the world would, a century later, be turned upon his actions in the grammar schoolroom, he would never have been called "the idler of Truro grammar-school." And yet, when we reflect that each boy and girl is watched over, not alone by men, but by God and angels, and that every right action receives recognition in heaven, what an inspiration waits to be poured into every young life!

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When Martyn learned the value of application, he did not fail to turn on the motor power that drove his mental machinery to its highest capacity, and sometimes beyond his physical powers of endurance. He entered St. John's College at Cambridge at sixteen.

His sister obtained from him the promise that he would read his Bible; but it was soon forgotten in the whirl of college excitement. Of one vacation he wrote

"I think I do not remember a time in which the wickedness of my heart rose to a greater height than during my stay at home. The consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind were displayed in rage, malice, and envy, in pride, and in vainglory, and in contempt of all; in the harshest language to my sister, and even to my father if he happened to differ from my will!"

Whether this self-censure is too severe or not, there is satisfaction in knowing that true religion is able to change such a disposition into what he became. He was led to serious thought at the opening of the year 1800, by receiving the news of the death of his father, and through the Christian counsel of his elder sister. In the midst of unusual grief over his father's death, he fled to a college mate, a Christian, who, like the sister, pointed him to the word of God, which has comfort for every sorrow, balm for every wound, healing for every ill. Henry at first perused its holy pages with little interest, thinking, at least, to please his friends. "Soon, however," as he relates, "I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament, and to devour them with delight. When the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace with eagerness and hope; and thanks be to the ever blessed Trinity for not leaving me without hope."

But young Martyn found it difficult, as others have, to reconcile devotion to a college curriculum formed for fashioning men of the world, with the education offered in the Bible. Speaking with reference to failure to make spiritual progress, he says: "I can only account for my being stationary so long, by the intenseness with which I pursued my studies, in which I was so absorbed."

Of the desirability of manual employment, which in every well-planned course will be connected with study, he speaks thus: "Though I think my employment in life gives me peculiar advantages in some respects with regard to religious knowledge, yet with regard to having a practical sense of things on the mind, it is by far the worst of any. For the laborer as he drives the plow, and the weaver as he works at his loom, may have his thoughts entirely disengaged from his work, and may think with advantage upon any religious subject."

William Carey dug and sowed and cultivated his garden, and reaped a harvest in health and endurance, while at the same time the flowers spoke to him of the One who gave them being and in whose cause he was engaged. Thoughts of God like threads of gold twined round the flowers he would not pluck, and ran through the lowly occupations of

cobbler and gardener, so that man became God's helping hand in giving material expression to thoughts divine.

"The nature of my studies," continues Martyn, "requires such a deep abstraction of the mind from all other things as to render it completely incapable of anything else, and that during many hours of the day." Truly; and it is one of the wonders of the century past that similar methods have still been blindly followed. There is certainly cause for gratitude that many advanced educators of to-day have taken strong stand to demand reform in the school programs of the land. A sample of how the mind was burdened with things of little value is shown by Martyn's beginning his work in mathematics by committing to memory the problems of Euclid!

A flood of light, which, alas, comes to many too late, is couched in the words uttered by Henry Martyn after he had received the greatest honors his university could bestow. "I obtained my highest wishes," he said, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow!" What else can any one grasp who fails to receive the knowledge of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"? What folly it is to seek an education apart from Him!

Through nothing less than the death of his father did young Martyn escape the pit into which the majority fall. The heroes of his histories were mostly godless men. Boys wish to imitate their heroes. The theories of many of the graphies and ologies lead away from God by contradicting His word. The voices that speak to the children in fairy tales and to the juniors in the dead languages of pagan and heathen philosophers are not the voice of God. There is a cause for the worldliness in so-called Christian lands. Will God not reckon with those who, having His word, regard it not?

The Book that gave young Martyn consolation and finally a true education, offers a system of training that the great missionaries of the church have recognized. From its precepts and principles they have taught their disciples. By it they have received power to overcome the pride and evil that false systems foster.

One of the early lessons in the new system, Martyn learned the very day he entered the senate house with 'Other contestants for graduation honors. It had probably fallen from the lips of Charles Simeon, to whose sermons in Trinity Church he had recently listened. The words were: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." Jer. 45:5. How well was the admonition adapted for that crisis hour! His faith was thereby stayed upon God, and his nervous spirit found rest.

Largely through the influence of Charles Simeon, what is now the Church Missionary Society had been founded in April, 1799. From him Martyn heard, "in glowing terms, of Dr. Carey and the life of self-denial he was leading." About the same time a thrilling story of Brainerd's conquest fell into his hands.

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Through the sacrifice that Brainerd made, young Martyn received a new view of the Victim upon the cross. His soul burned within him to make Brainerd's Saviour known among the heathen; but while waiting for ordination, the loss of parental inheritance made him feel that he should be obliged to give up his cherished missionary plan in order to support his sisters. However, through the influence of William Wilberforce, M.P., and Mr. Charles Grant, he was appointed a chaplain for English troops in India. This enabled him to go to that pagan land.

For one who habitually reined up his conscience in every plan and circumstance of life, it is not strange that the question of marriage should be placed under strictest examination. He decided that he ought to go alone to India; but before sailing, he spent a few hours with Miss Grenfell, "the dearest person to me upon earth." That evening she recorded in her diary: "I was surprised this morning by a visit from H. M., and have passed the day chiefly with him. The distance he is going, and the errand he is going on, rendered his society particularly interesting. I felt as if bidding a final adieu to him in this world, and all he said was as the words of one on the borders of eternity." What a commentary upon a lover's conversation!

The young chaplain gained unwilling permission to hold services on shipboard. On being warned against speaking so plainly, he replied with a sermon upon the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." He preached, it is said, "as a dying man to dying men," and with such tender entreaty that some of the young cadets were moved to tears.

It was in August, 1805, that he sailed, reaching Calcutta in May, 1806. Dr. Carey was there to greet him, and they breakfasted and had worship together the first morning. "A little band of those whose hearts the Lord had touched had been accustomed to meet once a week in Calcutta to pray the Lord of the harvest to send to India a man filled with the Spirit of Christ and with a desire to make Him known to those who were perishing around them. It was felt by the members of this praying band that Mr. Martyn had been sent in answer to their petitions." "Men of Might in India Missions."

On the banks of the Hugh at Serampur was an old heathen temple; and this was repaired for a residence for the young chaplain. Here he rejoiced "that the place where once devils were worshiped was now become a Christian oratory." Five pleasant months were spent in this pagoda home. A strong bond of brotherhood grew up between him and the Serampur missionaries, especially with Dr. Marshman.

Not so pleasant was his work in Calcutta. His preaching "was far too earnest for the easy church manners of that day." Even his fellow Church of England clergy men joined in the "general outcry" against such "outrageous doctrines as justification by faith." But with calm courage and forbearance the youthful minister surveyed the situation. "As I know how much carnal people would enjoy a controversy between their teachers, and so

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elude the force of what was intended for their consciences, I declined making the smallest allusion to what had been said." Brave Martyn! He was under bonds to keep the peace.

There were some who could discern the voice of the true Shepherd, and were so pleased with Martyn's preaching, that they wished him to remain in Calcutta. But "to be prevented from going to the heathen," he said with deep emotion, "would almost break my heart."

On one occasion, as he approached the funeral pyre of a dead Hindu, around which the natives were crowding with deafening sounds of wild music, the wife of the deceased had just climbed to be burned alive above the remains of her husband. Like a flash the young Englishman dashed to the place to rescue the woman; but he was too late. Too late he was to rescue that victim; but there was kindled within his breast a fire that would not cease to burn. His own countrymen formed the East India Company, and employed Martyn as chaplain; but this same company not only refused to interfere with this and other barbarous customs, but sought to prevent the missionaries from doing so, and even to keep them away from the country altogether. .

But a day of emancipation was coming. God had not sent a Carey or a Martyn to India in vain. Not there, however, but in England, must the battle be fought that would give freedom for the gospel to go to that land. As Martyn had rushed forth to rescue the expiring widow, so Andrew Fuller and others, including the Quarterly Review, had been striving, in the midst of strenuous opposition, for religious freedom in India. Debates in Parliament continued for weeks. One opposer of liberty said

"Will these people," referring to the missionaries, "crawling from the holes and caverns of their original destinations,— apostates from the loom and the anvil, and renegades from the lowest handicraft employments, be a match for the cool and sedate controversies they will have to encounter, should the Brahmans condescend to enter into the arena against the maimed and crippled gladiators that presume to grapple with their faith? What can be apprehended but the disgrace and discomfiture of whole hosts of tub preachers in the conflict?"

No member of Parliament to-day would call such men as Carey, Marshman, and Martyn "tub preachers," "renegades," "apostates from the loom and the anvil." And there were men at that time who feared not to stand to defend the name of the missionaries and to plead for the freedom of their cause. William Wilberforce said in Parliament: "In truth, sir, these Anabaptist missionaries, as, among other low epithets bestowed upon them, they have been contemptuously termed, are entitled to our highest respect and admiration. One of them, Dr. Carey, was originally in one of the lowest stations in society; but under all the disadvantages of such a situation, he had the genius as well as the benevolence to devise the plan which has since been pursued of forming a society

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for communicating the blessings of Christian light to the natives of India, and his first care was to qualify himself to act a distinguished part in that truly noble enterprise. . . . Another of these Anabaptist missionaries, Mr. Marshman, has established a seminary for the cultivation of the Chinese language, which he has studied with a success scarcely inferior to that of Dr. Carey in the Sanskrit.

“It is a merit of a more vulgar sort, but to those who are blind to their moral and even their literary excellencies, it may perhaps afford an estimate of value better suited to their principles and habits of calculation, that these men, and Mr. Ward also, another of the missionaries, acquiring from £1,000 to £1,500 per annum each by the various exercise of their talents, throw the whole into the common stock of the mission, which they thus support by their contributions only less effectually than by their researches and labors of a higher order. Such, sir, are the exertions, such the merits, such the success of those great and good men, for so I shall not hesitate to term them.”

Martyn entered into the labors of the men eulogized in this speech; and to him they assigned work for which he was well fitted, that of translating.

Orders soon came for him to locate at Dinapur, many miles up the Ganges. Six weeks was occupied in the journey in a kind of boat-house. He made frequent visits ashore to enlighten the natives.

With the diligence of university days he pursued his studies and translations. “I fag as hard as ever we did for our degrees at Cambridge. Such a week of labor I never passed, even the last week before going into the senate house. I have read and corrected the manuscript copies of my Hindustani Testament so often that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible.”

Soon after reaching Serampur, Martyn wrote to Miss Grenfell, asking her to become his wife. But the sacrifice seemed too great for her mother; and Miss Grenfell replied to him accordingly. Under a cloud of gloom he labored on, till he reminded himself of Jonah, grieving more for the vine that was lost, than, using his words, “at the sight of the many perishing Ninevehs all round me; but now my earthly woes and earthly attachments seem to be absorbing in the vast concern of communicating the gospel to these nations. After this last lesson from God on the vanity of creature love, I feel desirous to be nothing, to have nothing, to ask for nothing but what He gives.”

The want of apparent success in winning converts did not discourage him. “Let me labor for fifty years, amidst scorn and without seeing one soul converted, still it shall not be worse for my soul in eternity, nor even worse for it in time.” So highly did he prize true education that he opened at Dinapur five schools, and supported them from his own purse.

At one time his servant was taken prisoner by a freebooter, the head of a band of robbers, with the hope of extorting money for his release. The missionary not only

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refused to pay any money, but traced the robber to his den, though threatened with assassination on the way, and successfully rescued the man. "I thought it," he wrote, "a duty I owed to God, to him, to the poor oppressed natives, and to my country, to exert myself in this business, and I felt authorized to risk my life."

His pundit tried to persuade him "that there were many ways to God." "But I replied that there was no other Saviour than Christ, because no other had bought men with his blood, and suffered their punishment for them. This effectively silenced him on that head." Ali, the blood, the precious blood! It presents an argument that shatters every false system. Before it "Christian Science" must confess itself neither Christian nor science. That blood alone can answer the claims of Jehovah's broken law. In the broken heart whence flowed that crimson tide, that law was written. There it was proved that God's government is good, and that His commands can be obeyed.

Henry Martyn was not deceived and led astray by the deceptive philosophies of India, which, under such pleasing titles as "Theosophy," "New Thought," and "Christian Science," are throwing an enchantment over the minds of many in Christendom. The effects of such systems were too plainly visible. Of Christian Science, the most highly educated Hindu woman, Pandita Ramabai, says: "I recognized it as being the same philosophy that has been taught among my people four thousand years. It has wrecked millions of lives; caused immeasurable suffering and sorrow in my land."

In connection with the record of the experience with his pundit, is that of another learned Brahman, who "called upon the pundit one day, and copied out carefully the Ten Commandments," intending to keep them most strictly. Had Martyn been present he would of course have pointed him to Christ, through whom alone the law can be kept.

Not satisfied with an inferior place for the worship of Jehovah, Martyn succeeded in building a church. Only a month after it was opened, he received orders to proceed to Cawnpur to take the chaplaincy of the troops there. Obedience and promptness were his habit. Without due regard for the state of his health or the burning sands and sun, he hastened to obey. Afterwards he said he almost translated himself out of the world by the journey.

A few soldiers at Cawnpur were interested in divine things. These Martyn invited to his apartments for instruction. Schools were established and a church was built. The earnest preacher collected crowds of beggars under his veranda, where he preached to them and distributed alms.

He was surprised to find how alert were the emissaries of Rome. "Who would have thought," he exclaims, "that we should have to combat antichrist again at this day! I feel my spirit roused to preach against popery with all the zeal of Luther!" The Italian priest "was much shocked at the denunciations which Martyn poured forth upon Rome for her

idolatries. 'If you had uttered such sentiments in Italy, you would have been burned,'" declared the candid Italian. "Henry Martyn," by Page, page 111.

Martyn lived to see little fruit of his labors. But in the crowd of jeering mendicants was one man that no longer felt to mock. Martyn's pundit had employed him in copying the New Testament; and out of its living pages, and from the lips of its bearer, God spoke to the young Mussulman, Abdul Masih, and he in turn became a soul-winner. He received ordination in Calcutta at the hands of that devoted young bishop, Heber, from whose hymn we sing, "From Greenland's icy mountains."

Martyn completed translations of the New Testament into Hindustani and Sanskrit; but failing health urged upon him a change of climate. He would make it such as to advance the cause that was his life. To secure a translation of the New Testament into the Arabic, and a revision of the Persian, he journeyed to Persia. When his heavy task was done, he made a most taxing two-month journey to present a superb copy of the Persian to the shah of Persia; but he found that for an interview with the shah he must arrange with the British ambassador. For this another exhausting trip was made, to Tabriz. On arrival there, worn and sick, he was treated with much kindness, but left the gift with the ambassador, and he presented it to the shah.

With disease preying upon his vitals, the brave man started out once more; this time in hopes to reach his native England, by way of Constantinople. He found that the plague was raging in that city, and that the people of Tokat were fleeing for their lives.

"I am feeble and shaken, yet the merciless Hassan hurried me off." This was the unfeeling guide in charge of the horses. The following day were written the last words to fall from his faithful pen

"No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God in solitude my Company, my Friend, and Comforter. O, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness!" . . .

A silence falls upon the last scenes of this distant drama. How he reached Tokat, at which place he died on October 16, or what were his parting words, none of his friends ever knew. His remains now rest in the cemetery of the American mission, above them a suitable monument in marble. When time shall "give place to eternity," among those who "shall shine as the stars forever and ever" will be the subject of this memoir.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### ROBERT MORRISON

Pioneer Protestant Apostle to China

Born in Morpeth, Northumberland, England, January 5, 1782. Died in Canton, China, August 1, 1834.

“How shall I stand before Jesus in the day of judgment, should I now forsake Him and His work when a difficulty arises?” was the solemn inquiry made by the man God sent to undermine the adamant wall of Chinese exclusiveness. That query is a portrait of the character of the man who made it.

Robert Morrison was of humble birth. His father was Scottish, his mother English, both “people of fervent and consistent piety.” In this soil was nourished the acorn that was to become a towering oak in the history of missions. When the child was but three, the parents moved to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the father engaged in making “lasts and “boot-trees.” In childhood Robert learned very slowly; but that which is able to build up the mind was brought to his aid the word of God. This was the Book of books in the home where he was taught. The parish pastor ably aided the effort of the parents to teach the boy. At the age of twelve, he repeated, without a single error, the 119th Psalm, which twenty-eight years later was recited by Livingstone at the age of nine, “with only five hitches.” Although Mr. William Townsend speaks of Morrison as having “been ranked amongst the illustrious dunces of history,” yet the pledge of that Psalm, “The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple,” failed him not. The great quality of diligent persistence he possessed; and God can make a man out of any kind of clay that will stick.

The foundation laid by parents and pastor was built upon by the mother’s brother, to whose school the boy was sent. An awakening came none too late, developing a retentive memory and fond delight in study; and his progress was very satisfactory.

Leaving school at fourteen, he took up the occupation of his father; and thus by trade, and later by calling, he became related to the “consecrated cobbler” of Hackleton.

For a little time, through the influence of evil companions, young Morrison was led away from his early moorings; but at sixteen his early training again bore sway, and he became thoroughly converted. He took up systematic study of his Bible, and to economize time prepared and followed a daily program of work and study. He chose the friendship of a devout young man, and almost daily they met for study and prayer. They also visited the sick and engaged in other religious work.

On taking up the study of Latin, June 19, 1801, he made the following entry in his diary: “I know not what may be the end. God only knows. It is my desire, if He please to spare

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me in the world, to serve the gospel of Christ as He shall give me opportunity. O Lord, my God, my whole hope is in Thee, and in Thee alone.”

In 1802, having even then in mind to become a missionary, he offered himself for the ministry. In his letter to the committee, he said, “I have gradually discovered more of the holiness, spirituality, and extent of the divine law, and more of my own vileness and unworthiness in the sight of God, and the freeness and richness of sovereign grace.” Looking backward, he gives a retrospect, which, like Solomon’s, shows the vanity of seeking happiness without yielding the life to God: “When very young, I was a companion of the drunkard, the Sabbath-breaker, the profane person; but in these my heart smote me; I had no rest. Then I made learning and books my god; but all, all are vain. I come to Thee. ‘Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Fatigued with unsuccessful pursuits after happiness, and burdened with a sense of guilt, Jesus, Thou Son of God, I come to Thee, that I may be refreshed and my burden removed.”

Morrison entered Hoxton Academy in 1803, and diligently improved his opportunities. Early in 1804, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society. Home ties were tender and strong. The excellent mother had been removed by death; the father was in feebleness, and Robert had been urged to return home and take charge of the business. He would only change his purpose “if my father or other friends can give such reasons why I should not take this step as will satisfy my mind on a dying bed.” God can give a right decision to such a man; and his father, brothers, and sisters lived to see that it was the hand of God that had thrust him forth.

He had thought of Africa for his field. China had been mentioned. But he did not fail to lay the whole matter before the great Director of missions, in the name of Him who was Himself a missionary, and whose interests are still in behalf of the world whose soil has been moistened by His own tears and blood. And this young representative of the First Missionary, in sacred self surrender, uplifted the petition that it might please God to place him “in that part of the missionary field where difficulties were greatest, and to all human appearance, the most insurmountable.” That prayer was surely heard.

The appointment being made for China, he was directed to gain a knowledge of the language with a view to translating the Bible into it. He had spent some time at Gosport under Dr. Bogue. Leaving there in 1805, he went to London, where he took medical lectures, studied astronomy, and received instruction from a Chinese who had considerable learning and more temper. When some knowledge of the language was gained, Morrison succeeded in transcribing in a few months a Chinese manuscript copy of the principal portion of the New Testament found in the museum; also a small Latin-Chinese vocabulary loaned him by the Royal Society.

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In 1807 he received ordination to the ministry of the Scottish Church, Dr. Waugh delivering the charge from Acts 20. At this time both church and state were so throttled by the greed of gain that no Dissenting missionary could be sent to the eastern hemisphere by an English vessel. Hence young Morrison, with two fellow missionaries, Gordon and Lee, appointed to other fields, took ship for New York.

As if the “prince of the power of the air” were angry that his stronghold of China was to be attacked, such a furious tornado swept “the Downs,” where the ship was anchored, that a number of vessels were sunk, and others driven ashore. Added to the raging of the storm was the alarm of fire, and even the pilot and one of the seamen “leaped into the mizzenchains in order to jump overboard.” The calm missionary wrote, “My mind, in the midst of this, was only exercised in casting my burden upon the Lord.” Out of the large fleet anchored there only the ship bearing the missionaries was sufficiently preserved to set forth to sea.

The gentleman at whose home the missionaries were entertained in New York, years afterward wrote of Morrison as follows

“The appearance of a missionary of the cross then was a rare thing, and that of a company of missionaries still more so. The countenance of Morrison bore the impress of the effect of grace on a mind and temperament naturally firm and somewhat haughty. . . . As the notice had been very short, he was placed for the first night in our chamber. By the side of his bed stood a crib, in which slept my little child. On awaking in the morning, she turned as usual, to talk to her mother. Seeing a stranger where she expected to have found her parents, she, roused herself, with a look of alarm ; but, fixing her eyes steadily upon his face, she inquired, ‘Man, do you pray to God’”

“ ‘O yes, my dear,’ Mr. Morrison replied, ‘every day. God is my best friend.’ At once reassured, the little girl laid her head contentedly on her pillow and fell fast asleep. She was a great favorite with him ever after.”

While at this home, Mr. Morrison was taken suddenly ill. “As I sat by his bed,” his host continues, “he took my hand, and, adverting to the uncertain issue of the attack, expressed in language which told of a mind at ease and prepared for every event, his resignation to the divine will. . . . He closed with these words, . . . ‘Dear brother, look up, look up!’”

The scene at the ship owner’s office, probably more often referred to than any other event in the life of Morrison, is thus pictured by this same gentleman

“I can not forget the air of suppressed ridicule which lurked in the merchant’s features and in his speech and manner towards Morrison, whom he appeared to pity as a deluded enthusiast, while he could not but secretly respect his self-denial, devotion, courage, and enterprise. When all business matters were arranged, he turned about from his desk, and with a sardonic grin, addressing Morrison, whose countenance was a

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book wherein men might read strange things, said “ ‘And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?’

“‘No, sir,’ said Morrison, with more than usual sternness; ‘I expect GOD will.’”

At the wharf the missionary “stepped into the sternsheets of a boat that was to carry him to the ship that lay off in the bay. He said little; he moved less. His imposing figure and solemn countenance were motionless as a statue. His mind was evidently full, too full for speech; his thoughts were with God, and he seemed regardless of all around him.” But when the pilot returned from guiding the good ship safe to sea, he bore with him “an affectionate note” to this friend from the dignified but devoted ambassador to China.

Although possessing the best of credentials, including a letter from James Madison, then secretary of state, it was very difficult for Morrison to find standing-room in the land that had slumbered for ages. He found there was a death penalty for a Chinese to teach the language to a foreigner; and the East India Company forbade them to live there save for the purposes of trade. But God had not told him to go to China to suffer defeat. He finally secured a room of the American consul, and later a place in a basement, where with improvised lamp of earthenware, with a book on edge for shade and concealment, he studied the language with a teacher Sir George Staunton secured for him.

For a time he adopted the customs of the natives, ate with chop-sticks, wore the pigtail, thick shoes, and loose dress, and let his nails grow long. He kept so close to his unhealthy quarters, where he studied, ate, and slept, that his health failed, and it seemed his work must stop. Becoming convinced that these plans were not the best, he put on European dress, and moved to a more healthful section.

The teacher sent him by Sir George was a Catholic. Of one of his visits, accompanied by a friend, Morrison wrote: “The Vulgate translation of the Scriptures was lying on my table. On his looking at it, we entered into conversation respecting its contents. I turned to the fourth commandment in Exodus, and to the closing verse [s] of the 58th of Isaiah. He read them, explained them to his Chinese friend, and if I understood him rightly, said he had hitherto erred respecting the Sabbath.” 1“Robert Morrison,” by W. J. Townsend, page 46.

At the age of twenty-seven, Morrison was married to Miss Mary Morton, whose parents lived at Macao. Opposition had become so strong that the missionary decided to leave China for a time and locate at Penang. What was his surprise, then, on the very day of his marriage, to receive an invitation from the East India Company to become their official translator at five hundred pounds a year! This was doubtless through the influence of Sir George Staunton, president of its Select Committee, who had proved a true friend to Morrison and his mission. This was the turning-point. Since the interests

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of commerce could now be served by the missionary's hands, the sealed rock was open to him for residence.

In 1810 his first publication was issued,—the Acts, for which he had received much help from the copy in the museum. He sent three copies to England. One was presented to the Foreign Bible Society, which made an allowance of five hundred pounds for printing the entire Bible. Another copy was unstitched and the leaves sent to friends of missions throughout the kingdom. This doubtless aided in bringing about in 1812 the appointment of Milne as his assistant. A tract and a catechism soon followed the publication of the Acts. The Gospel by Luke was translated, and most of the Epistles.

God's work was going forward. The enemy must contend for his kingdom, and this he did. The same letter to the mission board bearing a copy of the translation of Luke, bore another translation,— not of the words of God, but those of the emperor of China. Witness Morrison's account: "I now enclose you a translation of a Chinese edict, by which you will see that to print books on the Christian religion in Chinese is rendered a capital crime."

The more erroneous men's ideas and opinions of religion are, the more decided and desperate are their efforts to defend them. What should Morrison do? Should God's work cease? Was the emperor's word more to be obeyed than His? Nay, verily; and Morrison's decision in this crisis was like that of the apostles when forbidden to spread their doctrine: "I must go forward, however, trusting in the Lord. We will scrupulously obey governments so far as their decrees do not oppose what is required by the Almighty. I will be careful not to invite the notice of government. I am, though sensible of my weakness, not discouraged.. I am grateful to the Divine Being for having employed me in this good work."

Good courage and great wisdom were needed. A single wrong step now, might close the country indefinitely.

In 1812 a young man from the sheep pastures of Scotland appeared before the society for appointment to China. He presented so rustic an appearance that Dr. Philip called him aside and asked if he would consent to go as a servant to the missionary. "He replied without hesitation, and with the most significant and animated expression of countenance : 'Yes, sir ! Most certainly. I am willing to be anything, so I am in the work. To be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is too great an honor for me when the Lord's house is building!'"

Such was the help God sent to Morrison. For such a place and such a work, machine-made instruments would not do. They must be Heaven-prepared and Heaven appointed. The ancient temples of China must be touched by living stones, else they never would be fashioned anew for the sanctuary of Jehovah. "A more welcome or admirable fellow laborer never entered the mission field" than was announced to the

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great joy of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison when Mr. and Mrs. Milne arrived at Macao, where the Morrises were then living. Only ten years was Milne spared to labor; but how full and useful were those years! Not being allowed to remain at Macao, they went to Malacca, where he and his faithful wife opened a school.

The year 1814 saw a two thousand edition of the New Testament printed in the Chinese. That year also brought to Morrison the joy of seeing a single convert won to the faith of Christ. For seven long years he had toiled with prayers and tears, sowing the seed of the kingdom. The first year of his labor, Ako had heard him speak of Jesus; now he had come to Him. A part of his confession was: "Jesus making atonement for us is the blessed sound. Language and thought are both inadequate to exhaust the gracious and admirable goodness of the intention of Jesus. I now believe in Jesus, and rely on His merits to obtain the remission of sin."

The missionary wrote of him: "He says that from the Decalogue and instruction of friends he saw his great and manifold errors; that his nature was wrong." Ako adorned his profession by a steadfast faith until death.

Failing health obliged Mrs. Morrison to return with her two children to England in 1815. The same year saw the breaking of a storm beneath whose clouds the missionary had been quietly laboring, but which he could not fail to see. It was announced in a letter from the honorable directors of the company as follows: "We feel it necessary to acquaint you that the honorable court of directors, having been informed that you have printed and published in China the New Testament, together with several tracts translated into the Chinese language, and having further understood that the circulation of these translations has been effected in defiance of an edict of the emperor of China, rendering the publisher of such works liable to capital punishment, are apprehensive that serious mischief may possibly arise to the British trade in China from these translations, and have in consequence directed that your present connection with the honorable company should be discontinued." This was not a cheering announcement to a man laboring already under a death decree.

Chinese silver was worth more to the honorable company than Chinese souls. But there was an unseen hand upon the lever of events. No earthly storm could confuse or turn it back. In a few weeks such complications arose between the company itself and the Chinese government that no less a representative than Lord Amherst, "ambassador extraordinary," was dispatched to make terms of peace. And Mr. Morrison's services as interpreter and translator could not then be dispensed with.

When Lord Amherst and his attending officials arrived, they took with them Sir George Staunton and the missionary, and proceeded toward Peking. A royal banquet was given them at Tien-Tsin in the name of the emperor. Arriving at Tung-chow, eight days were spent to persuade Lord Amherst that the proper thing for him to do was to adopt the

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Chinese court etiquette of bowing three times with his head to the floor before the emperor. This he refused to do. Finally the Chinese noblemen professed to waive the ceremony, and the company proceeded to Peking.

The hour appointed for the audience arrived; but the ambassador extraordinary had traveled all night, and not having washed, was unprepared for an interview with the emperor of China. He therefore pleaded for postponement till the following day. Messengers presented his case before the emperor, and told him the Englishman was sick and unable to stir a step. The ruler not only granted the request, but sent his physician to attend the ambassador. Finding the innocent man in health, this official reported the result of his visit. The great ruler, feeling imposed upon, called a special session of his cabinet, and no one daring to acquaint him with the facts, he issued an order for the ambassador to depart immediately. Hence the entire English party left the capital the same day. Thus, "after incurring a journey of fifty thousand miles there and back, Lord Amherst," on reaching England, "had to report a result of nothing."

Not so with the ambassador for the King of kings. In the face of frowning legislation, he stood at his post. Upon that hoary rock, in sight of which Xavier had cried in despair, "O rock, rock, when wilt thou open!" this polished pillar stood upon the pedestal of the great commission, and found authority and protection higher than that of the Chinese, the British, or any other empire. Neither of the threatening decrees was executed upon him, and by the journey to Peking he had received much needed rest, and gathered fresh knowledge of the geography and dialects of the districts traversed.

A printing-plant was early connected with Milne's school. That school, begun in what was formerly a stable, grew into an Anglo-Chinese college. Milne aided in translating the Bible. The books from Deuteronomy to Job came from his hand. In 1819, the translators had the very great pleasure of informing the Bible Society that the entire Bible had been translated into the Chinese. In making the announcement, Mr. Morrison said

"King James's translators were fifty-four in number, and rendered into their modern tongue, in their native country, under the patronage of their prince. Our version is the work of two persons, or at most of three (including the author of the manuscript), performed in a remote country, and into a foreign and newly acquired language, one of the most difficult in the world, and the least cultivated in Europe. The candid judge of men's works will not forget these circumstances.

"In my translations, I have studied fidelity, perspicuity, and simplicity. . . . To the task I have brought patient endurance of long labor and seclusion from society, a calm and unprejudiced judgment, . . . and, I hope, somewhat of an accurate mode of thinking, with a reverential sense of the awful responsibility of mistranslating God's word."

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There was joy in both Europe and America when the gigantic task was accomplished. Congratulations poured in upon them. Mr. Milne was accorded the title of doctor of divinity by the University of Glasgow, as Dr. Morrison had been two years before.

It should not detract from our estimate of such a task to know that revisions were necessary. It was Morrison's desire and claim to have laid a foundation upon which others might successfully build. Standing now almost a century this side those years of toil, and beholding the branches of the Tree of Life spreading its leaves for the healing of the nation, who can but bless God for His goodness in giving through a Morrison and Milne, and later a Medhurst, His word to that needy world? Noting the various peoples to whom the Chinese characters were intelligible, Bishop Walsh records, "Thus by translating the Holy Scriptures into the printed characters of China, Morrison provided a book, and that the Book of God, for one third of the human family."

In justice to the heroes at Serampur, it should be said that as early as 1805, William Carey had proposed to send his son Felix and Mr. Mardon to China; and in 1806, Dr. Marshman began to translate the Bible into the Chinese. For fifteen years he pursued with masterly hand his chosen task; and in 1822, before the Morrison and Milne translation was entirely printed, the Serampur presses burst out with the new wine of the first complete Bible printed in the language of China.

Mrs. Morrison returned to her husband. But soon after the birth of her third child, she fell ill, and no human skill could prolong her life. The previous year had marked the death of Mrs. Milne after seeing two of her children laid to rest. The two sad men sorrowed and toiled on. The concerns of the college, mission, and publishing plant largely rested upon Mr. Milne; but his zeal could not always sustain him, and while yet a young man, his labors ceased.

The third missionary to China was Walter H. Medhurst, born in London, 1796; sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1816. He united with Morrison and Milne at Malacca as a printer, but he became much more. He manifested such fitness for evangelistic work that they ordained him in 1819; and he rendered splendid service in many places. In 1842 he located at Shanghai, and for fourteen years labored extensively in the interior, often in great peril. He spoke and wrote in eight or nine languages, and performed much of the revision of the Chinese Bible. He returned to England in 1857, where he died three days after landing.

In 1829 Dr. Morrison had the privilege of welcoming Elijah Coleman Bridgman and David Abeel, of America, to help on the good work. "The services they rendered to the cause of Christianity in the East will preserve their names with undying fragrance." Mr. Abeel established a mission at Amoy in 1844, traveled and labored much, and on returning to Europe and America, roused fresh interest in the wide mission field.

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Dr. Bridgman, graduate of Amherst and Andover, served the cause in many ways. He acted as interpreter to the imperial commission in 1839; then as secretary to the United States minister. He founded and for twenty years edited the excellent magazine the Chinese Repository, and in 1847 founded a mission at Shanghai, where he printed his version of the Bible. He was the author of a practical manual of the Cantonese dialect, aided by S. Wells Williams. The latter had come to the country in 1833; and on the death of Dr. Bridgman in 1861, he succeeded him, and continued for nineteen years, as editor of the Repository. On returning to the United States, Mr. Williams received the chair of the Chinese language in Yale, dying in 1884.

The year before Morrison lost the help of Milne, a young German lad in Prussia, longing for an education - and to be a missionary, addressed a sonnet to the king. The king was so pleased, he provided for the young man's education. The teeming millions of the Orient drew him; and under the patronage of the Netherlands Missionary Society, he went to the far East. This was Karl Gützlaf. In 1831 he reached Macao, where he became an assistant to Morrison, and later at Hongkong to Medhurst in the work of translating.

He sufficiently resembled the natives to pass for one, and boldly preached the gospel in many places. He became self-supporting, receiving employment under the English government, and was very active in raising up native ministry. He wrote of the country, and missionary interests, becoming an accredited author and historian. His powerful addresses in Europe served to inspire many young men to enter the mission field, such as Verbeck, who went to Japan; and Sir Harry Parkes, to China; and Livingstone, to Africa. He died in Hongkong, in 1851, "one of the ablest and most efficient of men in opening the East."

The year 1823 marked the great achievement in the labors of Dr. Morrison,— the completion of his wonderful dictionary, which cost the East India Company sixty thousand dollars to publish, and in the compilation of which he had collected a library of ten thousand volumes.

It filled six volumes as large as a family Bible, and contained 4,595 pages, probably more than a page for each day he had worked upon it. It is no wonder that his name spread abroad as a man of letters, nor that on his visit to England in 1824, he should be presented to King George IV. "His majesty recognized him in a manner which showed he was well acquainted with his merits and the value of his public services."

Remaining in England for a time, his active mind was fertile with plans for the work that he felt should be the one great business on earth. With large promise of patronage, he launched "The Language Institution," a society intended to promote the cultivation "of all the languages of mankind." It was to be a great missionary training-school. How benevolent the design! The doctor granted the society the use of his great library, brought from China for philanthropic purposes. He opened the Chinese department,

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and gave a course of such thorough instruction that Mr. Samuel Dyer, who with others took instruction, testified that within seven weeks after arrival at Penang, where he labored sixteen years, he was able to preach so as to be understood. But Morrison could not be in England and China at the same time; and the world's parliament of languages soon languished and expired after he had gone. There was no Fuller in England now to "hold the ropes."

Before returning to China, Morrison was married to Miss Eliza Armstrong, of Liverpool. The farewells of many friends poured in upon them. Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated commentator, presented him with his commentary, and accompanied it with these kind words:

"Your prayer for me at the conclusion of your note, is worth a thousand copies of my work. I return you mine in your own words: 'May the power of Christ rest upon your person, your family, and your abundant labors.'"

On returning to China, Morrison entered as fully as before into the multitude of duties that came to him. He seemed daunted at nothing needful. He undertook a task his life was not prolonged to complete—a Bible commentary in the Chinese.

Writing back to his niece of the visit he had just enjoyed, having referred to the home land, he added, "But there is a better country, Hannah; and in China I am as near to it as in England." Like the artist, who fixes the eye upon the one object he is to portray, so Morrison, with purpose single to the glory of God, fixed his gaze upon the Saviour, until His bright beams, falling upon the sensitive plate of the soul, traced His blessed image there.

"So carefully was he observed by the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and Chinese officials on the other, that he was entirely shut out from preaching or teaching the gospel to any save the few Chinese in his own employ, and occasionally one or two who might be induced to join them. He was therefore compelled, almost exclusively, to make attempts to reach the heathen through the press, and for this purpose he labored incessantly and devotedly. . . . He employed many means of disseminating the Bible and religious tracts, and succeeded in sending large quantities to Korea, Cochin-China, Siam, and the islands of the archipelago, and, by means of traders, into the very heart of the interior of China." "Morrison," by Townsend.

His own home was not neglected. Children, servants, and friends were gathered about him for divine service. At times he would stand for hours speaking and teaching, and when sometimes asked if he was not tired, he would say: "Yes, tired in the work, but not of it. I delight in the work."

At the opening of 1832 he made the following record "There is now in Canton a state of society in respect to Chinese totally different from what I found in 1807. Chinese scholars, missionary students, English presses, and Chinese Scriptures, with public

worship of God, have all grown up in that period. I have served my generation, and must—the Lord knows when—fall asleep.” For a little time he was spared. In May, 1834, he wrote again: “On the 28th of this month, it is thirty years since I was accepted as a missionary in Mr. Hardcastle’s counting-house at the end of the old London Bridge. Rowland Hill was there, and asked me if I looked upon the heathen as angels did. As I did not know the mind of angels, of course I could not say ‘Yes.’”

Late in July he was out all night, exposed to a storm in an open boat, and was taken ill. He conducted but one more service for the Chinese, at which he was richly rewarded by the confession of one of his scribes, Le, who was led at last to believe on Christ. The next day, being hardly able to go, he went wearily to his official duties; and then his earthly toils were ended. Neither son nor servants nor surgeons could stay the tide of life that was ebbing away.

How much he had lived and loved and labored during a half century, eternity will reveal. Enough fruit had appeared before he fell, and joy enough in its production, to bear to him the consciousness that his life had not been lived in vain.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT

Erected in Memory of a Prayer-Meeting

FROM an ancestor who was disinherited by his earthly father because he would hold allegiance to his Father in heaven, came the boy Samuel Mills, who was born the same year William Carey was baptized.

And that he might exercise the freedom that comes through this greater inheritance, this ancestor came from Holland to America, the land of the free. It was his son, the great-grandfather of young Samuel, that said, when asked how he managed to educate four sons in Yale, “With, the help of Almighty God and my wife.”

Of Samuel’s own father, Harriet Beecher Stowe has written, “Of all the marvels of my childhood, there is none I remember to this day with so much interest.” The son, who received the name of his father, was the youngest of seven children, and was born in the country parsonage, Torrington, Connecticut, April 21, 1783. This home of his childhood was amid surroundings as favorable to the development of sturdy Christian character as was the gift of good ancestry. For many miles the beautiful New England hills and valleys could be seen,—so suggestive of the hand that made them.

When a child, Samuel’s mind was very susceptible to divine influences, and he was under deep conviction; but evidently a misconception of the meaning of conversion for-

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bade his claiming the victory of faith and acceptance with God. Nevertheless, a single sentence, falling from the lips of his mother, ever had a molding influence upon his life. She was a woman of Christian experience and activity; and of himself he heard her say to a neighbor, "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary." And for him to become a Christian meant to be a missionary.

His father was a minister, and made missionary journeys into Vermont at a salary of four dollars per week; and the young boy was greatly interested in hearing of his experiences. The lives and labors of Eliot and Brainerd, as related to him by his mother, were a part of his heritage. His diary later in life is so much like Brainerd's it seems no other man could have influenced him so much.

At the age of eighteen, however, he had become indifferent to the claims of the gospel. In the autumn of 1801 he was preparing for Morris Academy; and the mother, ever anxious for her son, and never more than now, begged him to make a disclosure of his heart to her. For a time he was silent, then wept. Presently he raised his head, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and exclaimed, "O that I had never been born! "

In this hour of his soul's crisis and peril, his mother did not spare him to continued indifference, or leave him to struggle alone. "My son," said she, "you are born, and you can never throw off your existence nor your everlasting accountability for all your conduct!" She expressed a doubt that, while living a life not surrendered to God, he had ever really seen the evil of his own heart; to which he replied, "I have seen the very bottom of hell."

In this frame of mind, he bade farewell to his childhood's home; and it was a day long to be remembered.

What took place after he crossed the threshold, he did not know; but it is an example for every mother of an unconverted son. She sought the place of secret prayer, and there made intercession for her boy. "Call unto Me," says the One she addressed, "and I will answer thee" "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." Where there is travail of soul there will be births into the kingdom. The prayer of the mother of the Hebrew Samuel was heard, and so was that of this mother in Israel. She remained in her closet until she had evidence that God would save her son.

The young man had gone but a short distance when there fell from heaven upon the vision of his soul such an overwhelming sense of the goodness and mercy of God that he exclaimed again and again: "O glorious sovereignty! O glorious sovereignty!" He turned into the woods by the roadside then and there, and knelt upon the ground to praise the God he now adored.

Every true Christian is a missionary. This young missionary was born into the kingdom through the prayers of his mother; and he had faith in prayer for still others. The direction of his life purposes was expressed to his father after returning from the

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academy, when he said he “could not conceive of any course in which to pass the rest of his days that would prove so pleasant as to communicate the gospel salvation to the poor heathen.”

The mother of Samuel Mills not only gave her son to the Lord, but she followed him in prayer until he gave himself. She did not leave her child to be lost by waiting for God to do that which He required of her. But even then, when the vital current of the Holy Spirit led him to the consecration of a missionary, the test was severe for her. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she walked the floor and exclaimed, “Little did I know, when I dedicated this child to God, what it was going to cost!” And later, in conversation with him, she said, “I can not bear to part with you, my son!” But he reminded her of that childhood dedication; and those words she had spoken when her heart was in tune with heaven, served as a turning-point, not only in his life, but in her own. Again she burst into tears, but left her son in the hands of God.

It was in 1806 that Mills entered college. With what a change of feeling did he bid farewell to home and loved ones! No dark shadow of regret now lay across the threshold he was leaving. With life’s compass spanning eternity he would set its breadth to the greatest possible limit.

Strange scenes and influences would surround him as he entered college. How important the choice of a school! Williams College, of Williamstown, Massachusetts, was selected. It was then an “isolated and secluded spot,” where mail was brought once a week on horseback; and its seclusion was rightly regarded as favorable for best training.

From a country home in Connecticut came this boy, who while following the plow, resolved to throw his life into the furrows of the world’s great need; and at a country college he set chords in vibration which will ring to the ends of the earth.

It was at the age of twenty-three that Mills entered Williams. In personal appearance he did not possess superior advantages. Never of strong constitution, “his skin was sallow, his eyes not brilliant, his voice not clear;” but he kept himself very neat. He was not an especially bright scholar. He gave attention to science and mathematics, but held them subordinate to his devotion to the prayer-meeting, the revival then in progress, and the salvation of souls.

He threw himself heartily into the revival that had begun the year before. A selection from his diary will acquaint the reader with the emotions of his soul

“O that I might be aroused from this careless and stupid state, and be enabled to fill up life well! I think I can trust myself in the hands of God, and all that is dear to me; but I long to have the time arrive when the gospel shall be preached to the poor Africans, and likewise to all nations.”

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This desire was in harmony with the wish expressed to his father and his purpose in attending college; but he felt it such a sacred trust, that for some time at college he kept it as a secret treasure. "But by the influence of the revival in the college," says its president, Dr. Griffin, "he was enabled to diffuse his spirit through a choice circle, who raised Williams College to the distinction of being the birthplace of American missions. "The story, though a familiar one, is of peculiar interest.

Student prayer-meetings were held during the summer of 186. One sultry August day, as they met in a grove north of the college buildings for prayer, only five were present. The conversation turned upon Asia. The cry of its unenlightened millions was wafted to the ears of the little company. It had long vibrated in the heart of young Mills; now was his golden opportunity! His feelings would no longer be restrained. His far-away brethren in distress must have help; the gospel light must be carried to them. "We can do it," he declared, "if we will." What was his joy to find that the others, except one, were favorable to such an undertaking!

The proposition was opposed by Harvey Loomis. He said the time was not ripe, and the missionaries would only be murdered. Never has God's work in the world taken an advance step but it has had to meet opposition.

A storm was gathering in the west; the lightning flashed; the thunder roared; but neither the storm without nor the opposition within served to extinguish the fire that was burning upon the heart-altar of this young Elijah; and his invitation was heard, "Come, let us make it a subject of prayer under the haystack, while the dark clouds are going by and the clear sky is coming." The little band found shelter under the haystack, and all except the objector prayed to the God of missions "that their Heaven-sent vision might become a reality."

This little meeting, so fraught with importance for the heathen, has become famous in missionary annals. A beautiful monument adorns the spot, surmounted by a globe, beneath which are the words, "The Field Is the World." Below is carved the similitude of a haystack, encircled with the words, "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions." And beneath this are the names of the five present at the prayer-meeting, —Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis, and Byron Green. Said President Hopkins at the dedicatory service held July 28, 1867, "For once in the history of the world a prayer-meeting is commemorated by a monument."

The interest in the student prayer-meetings continued, and missionary zeal was kept burning by reports and letters and missionary information, read and discussed as eagerly as are the newspapers of to-day. When two years had passed, Mills saw that organization was necessary to concentrate the efforts of those who were to become missionaries. "In the northwest room of the lower story of old East College a 'Society of

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Brethren' was born, the FIRST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN AMERICA." ' See "Life of Samuel J. Mills," by Thomas C. Richards, Pilgrim Press, Boston.

It was not formed with the idea of sending other people as missionaries, but according to Article 2, "The object of this society shall be to effect in the persons of its members a mission, or missions, to the heathen." Article 6 provided that "each member shall keep absolutely free from every engagement which . . . shall be deemed incompatible with the object of this society, and shall hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty may call."

Though very modest in his opinion of himself, yet his interests were so entwined with the great gospel commission, that Mills once said to a friend, "Though you and I are very little beings, we must not rest satisfied until we have made our influence extend to the remotest corner of this ruined world."

The first resolution adopted by the society was, "Resolved, That we will, every Sabbath morning at sunrise, address the throne of grace in behalf of the object of this society." The second was, "to spend Friday, 28th inst., in fasting and prayer in behalf of this society."

Public opinion, even in religious circles, was opposed to such a movement. The existence of the society, and its records, were kept a profound secret; but its members took a lively interest in arousing missionary sentiment and disseminating literature. They also gained the acquaintance and favor of prominent teachers and ministers whose influence strengthened their cause. Without this they would have been considered fanatical enthusiasts.

It was thought by Mills and some of his associates that men who were to go as missionaries should not marry. This accounts for the fact that he never married. He graduated from Williams in 1809, and early in 1810 entered the theological seminary of Andover, Massachusetts. He here found a number of the strongest members of the society, and the precious constitution and records, written in cipher, were brought to Andover. They are now translated, and are still in the library of the Andover Seminary. The first record there was of the election of Luther Rice as president. Another student, Samuel Nott, had been deeply impressed with duty as a missionary. Adoniram Judson, whose experience is elsewhere related, definitely committed himself to missionary work soon after Mills entered. Samuel Newell made a similar decision. A score of years later, Judson thus expressed his view of the company gathered there:

"I have ever thought that the providence of God was conspicuously manifested in bringing us all together, from different and distant parts. . . . And when we all met at the seminary, and came to a mutual understanding on the ground, of foreign missions, and missions for life, the subject assumed in our minds such an overwhelming importance and awful solemnity, as bound us to one another, and to our purpose more firmly. How

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evident it is that the Spirit of God had been operating in different places, and upon different individuals, preparing the way for those movements which have since pervaded the American churches, and will continue to increase until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Anointed!"

The young men were advised to lay their plans before the General Association of Independent Ministers to meet at Bradford, June 27, 1810. This was done, a paper being presented written by Judson, signed by himself and Nott, Mills, and Newell. The association appointed a committee which reported in favor of the institution of a "board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," the purpose of which was "the spread of the gospel in heathen lands. " Thus the Macedonian vision of the boy dedicated to missions by his mother, appeared in visible outline; and the American Board, whose annual meeting is attended by thousands, was launched on its world-wide work. Its first appeal was concluded thus: "When millions are perishing for lack of knowledge, and the young disciples of the Lord are waiting with ardent desires to carry the gospel to them, shall millions be left to perish and that ardent desire be disappointed?"

For a year and a half, however, they had to wait. The stewards of God's money continued to bury it in the earth instead of doing as He had done,— investing in humanity. But in February, 1812, the first missionaries of the American Board were ordained,— Nott, Judson, Hall, Newell, and Rice.

"Now the advance guard was sent out," writes Thomas C. Richards, "and the first volunteer of them all was left behind" Why was Samuel J. Mills, Jr., not ordained and sent out as a member of this advance guard?"

"Man proposes; God disposes." The promises of divine guidance are so full and specific that it must be believed that the Master has plans for His workers that are revealed to them as they seek His guidance. As John the Baptist saw his disciples drawn to Jesus, he was willing to step into the background, saying, "He must increase, but I must decrease." Mills was willing to stand aside, for men who he believed were better prepared for the hardships of missionary life to receive the honor and go in his stead. Though the privilege of going was denied him, he undoubtedly accomplished more in the home land than he could have done by going to a foreign field. But even this consideration is not to decide one's course in life. The question is, What is God's plan? Mills wrote, "I have generally been satisfied with respect to what is my duty." One of the "Brethren" in after years stated that "it was decided by the Brethren that it was all-important for the interest of the cause that he should remain at home."

The secret spring of action, which must enter every successful Christian life, had been found by Carey, and so influenced Mills that he quotes him as follows: "A Christian minister is a person who in a peculiar sense is not his own. He engages 'to go where God pleases and to endure what He lays upon him.'"

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Mills “yearned to enter at once the thousand gates to the fields of holy work, to have every limb a tongue, and every tongue a trumpet to spread the sound of the gospel. He found in every fact a new force, to impel to new work. He met the poor heathen lad from Hawaii, and that led him to form the mission school to train such as him for service.” The same year (1812) that saw his brethren go forth on their Heaven-given errand as foreign missionaries, “he leaped into the saddle and for months explored the half settled South and West of the United States. Hardships hindered him not. He swam streams swollen with rains, and then stopped to dry his wet clothes and pushed on, making way through, dense forests, wading through swamps, hungry and drenched, daring wild men and wild beasts, that he might learn the destitution of the people and supply them with the word of God, preaching and conversing as he went; and then coming back to the eastern coast to organize Bible societies and home missionary effort. Like a warrior fresh from the battle-field, he went everywhere trumpeting in Christian ears the awful spiritual wants of the seventy six thousand families he found without even a Bible. . . For the young men of this generation, I can find no finer example of a consecrated life.” “The New Acts of the Apostles.”

In Kentucky and Tennessee he found most distressing destitution. In neither New Orleans nor St. Louis was there a single Protestant church. “The Bible was almost unknown book.” Even the Catholic bishop of New Orleans spoke of the city as being “the most desperately wicked place he had ever been in.” Few people of to-day are aware how near the great West came to being another Spain. When the Louisiana Purchase passed to the United States, it meant far more than simply a change of government. It meant an open field for the teaching of the Bible. Protestant churches had previously been forbidden. Now the night was far spent; the day was at hand. Religious toleration and freedom of the gospel must bear sway. There was a broad field that must be entered. Mills returned “to make God’s people see the sights and hear the cries that he had seen and heard.” Public addresses and reports were a bugle-call to the churches and missionary societies. “The Protestant invasion and occupation of the Louisiana Purchase at this time was largely due to Samuel J. Mills.” Therefore he deserves the title given him, “Home Missionary Statesman.”

One of the great needs impressed upon Mills was that of a national Bible society. “Can not some means be attempted,” he inquired, “to unite all different religious denominations to aid the object?” The story of its materialization, and that of other kindred accomplishments, is one of persistent, unselfish endeavor, and too extended to be unfolded in this place; but it has far more to do with heroism, and with history that will endure, than have many of the political plots and tragedies that not only mar the pages that portray them, but the minds that feed upon them.

Referring to Mills and his associates at Williams, Dr. Griffin said: “I have been in situations to know from the counsels formed in that sacred conclave, or from the mind

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of Mills himself, arose the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, the African school, . . . besides the impetus given to domestic missions, to the colonization society, and to the general cause of benevolence in both hemispheres.”

On January 1, 1817, a constitution was adopted by a society in Washington, the purpose of which society was “for colonizing the free people of color residing in our country, in Africa.” The first president of this society was Judge Washington, a nephew of George Washington. In March of the same year Mills addressed a letter to the president, volunteering to become their agent to visit Africa to find a suitable site for the proposed colony.

While on the voyage thither, a terrible storm struck the vessel. Two of the captain’s sons were drowned. Death seemed the destiny of all. Mills and Burgess, who went with him, were calm and composed. They knelt upon the deck and prayed to Him who “rides upon the storm.” In the name of Him who “rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still,” they offered their petitions. Already their ship was almost upon the rocks. The captain said, “We are gone.” But it was God to whom those men were speaking, and their prayer was heard. A strong current carried their ship past the reef into the deep waters; “the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. “The rescued ones exclaimed, “It is the work of God!”

Mills realized that he was journeying to an unhealthy climate. “Whether I am to live or to die,” were his words, “while engaged in this mission, God only knows; but one thing we know, and in this we will rejoice, Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God.”

March 12, 1818, they sighted Africa, at the Gambia River. Four days later, they changed ships and hastened on to Sierra Leone. His good work there need not be traced. The first colony was planted in 1822, and in 1847 Liberia became an independent nation.

The arduous labors of the expedition were now over; the young men were homeward bound. The faces of loved ones appeared in bright anticipation before them. Only two weeks after embarking, however, Mills showed symptoms of fever. Even before he left home, signs of consumption had appeared. It now took fast hold upon him. The disease progressed rapidly. It was soon evident that the end was near. He faced the last enemy, as he had the dangers of life, with calm trust in God. On the afternoon of June 16, 1818, he folded his hands over his breast, his face expressive of his heart’s submitti on, and gently entered into rest. That quiet evening, as the sun went down, his body was tenderly committed to the ocean’s bosom. Her waves were to touch every shore, and the influence of her precious dead was “to extend to the remotest corner of this ruined world.”

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### ADONIRAM JUDSON - ANN JUDSON

Pioneer American Missionaries Burma

“IT was during a solitary walk in the woods,” wrote Judson of his call to be a missionary, “while meditating and praying upon the subject, and feeling half inclined to give it up, that the command of Christ, ‘go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,’ was presented to my mind with such clearness and power, that I came to a full decision, and, though great difficulties appeared in my way, resolved to obey the command at all events.”<sup>1</sup> “Life of Adoniram Judson,” by his son Edward, Randolph and Company, New York.

This was in February, 1810, six months after he had read Dr. Buchanan’s “Star in the East,” on Matt. 2:2, which so profoundly impressed him that for several days he was unable to attend his classes in college.

Some of the earlier scenes in a life so responsive to holy influences are worth gazing upon for a few moments. In an old wooden house in a grove at Malden, Massachusetts, Adoniram Judson was born, August. 9, 1788. With his mother as teacher, at the age of three he surprised his father by reading a chapter from the Bible. At four he would gather neighboring children together to preach to them. Even then his favorite hymn was, “Go, preach My gospel, saith the Lord.”

“As a boy, he was spirited, self-confident, and exceedingly enthusiastic; very active and energetic, but fonder of his books than of play.”

Of all the books in the Bible, he delighted most in ‘the Revelation—that book which bears a special blessing for those who read, or perchance may hear, “and keep those things which are written therein.”

When Adoniram was fourteen, his family moved to Plymouth. At sixteen he entered Providence College later called Brown University. His father was a Congregational minister. Young Judson intended to be “a great man,” an eminent man,—an orator, a poet, a lawyer, a statesman, or perhaps a play-writer. Before the important question of a life-calling was settled, he had finished his course at the university. His delight was unbounded on receiving the highest honors of his class as valedictorian.

But beneath the exterior of high honors, there had fastened to the vitals of his soul a stain which intellectual culture could not remove. French infidelity was spreading its loathsome virus over the land. A young man who was “amiable, talented, witty,” but a deist, had attracted young Judson as the brightest and best are apt to be attracted. A friendship sprang up between them, and soon Adoniram was a deist too.

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On leaving college he opened a private academy; issued a text-book on grammar, another on arithmetic. In the summer of 1808, he set out on horseback, for a tour of sight-seeing. At Sheffield he left his horse at his uncle's, and proceeded to Albany to see Fulton's new steamboat, and became a passenger on its second trip to New York. In that wicked city he joined a theatrical troupe for a time, and as he afterwards expressed it, "lived a reckless, vagabond life."

Soon tiring of this, he returned to Sheffield for his horse. Here he met a young minister whose "conversation was characterized by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart."

The night following, his room at a tavern was next to that of another young man, who the landlord said was "probably in a dying state." Judson retired, but not to sleep. A young man "probably in a dying state!" Dismiss the thought as fully as his infidelity would enable him to do, he could but question, is he prepared? or has he no hope beyond? Is he a Christian, "calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality"? or is he a deist, prayed and wept over by Christian parents? Infidelity offered nothing but a future as dark as the night about him. While at home, he had met his stern father with hard arguments; but now he remembers the prayers and tears of a tender mother. Against these he has naught to plead.

In the morning he sought the landlord and inquired about the man.

"He is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, he is gone, poor fellow!"

"Do you know who he was?"

"O, yes; it was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow. His name was E——."

It was his bright young infidel friend! Judson was overwhelmed. He abandoned at once his pleasure trip, and when sufficiently recovered from his shock, turned his horse toward home.

In October of the same year, 1808, he entered Andover Theological Seminary. December 2 he solemnly dedicated himself to God. The following September he read the sermon by Buchanan already referred to, which thrilled his being with a burden for missions.

What a kind providence it was that brought to this seminary early in 1810 such young men as Samuel Nott, Samuel Mills, Luther Rice, and Gordon Hall! They felt that the ark of God must be borne by holy hands; that His message upon which hangs the destiny of the world, must not languish nor turn to ashes upon their lips.

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Not without difficulties and opposition did Judson become a missionary. How often at the critical hour, when convictions of duty call, more pleasing appointments press in to rob the soul of true service, and lead it to offer to God a substitute sacrifice to fill out His plan! The offer of a tutorship in Brown University, and of associate pastorate with Dr. Griffin in the largest church in Boston, tempted him not. Neither did the tears of mother and sister turn him aside. "You will be so near home!" his mother urged. "No," said he, "I shall never live in Boston. I have much farther than that to go." Ah, what loss to God, to himself, and to the world, had he listened at this time to any other than the voice of God in his soul!

When, in June, 1810, young Judson attended the session of the Congregational Association held at Bradford, to interest them in missions, the ministers were invited to dine at the home of John and Rebecca Hasseltine; and the student "whose bold missionary projects were making such a stir," was with them. Miss Ann Hasseltine, a young lady of twenty, observed that said student "seemed completely absorbed in his plate." He had noticed her, however.

She was a beautiful girl, and had been "intensely fond of society," even "reckless in her gaiety." But a marked though not a tragic incident had turned her thoughts heavenward. One morning, at the age of sixteen, when about to leave her room, she picked up a book by Hannah Moore, and the Spirit-filled words that greeted her were, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Of these words she later said: "They struck me to the heart. I stood for a few moments amazed at the incident, and half inclined to think that some invisible agency had directed my eye to those words."

Then came a struggle between the old life and complete surrender. At last the agencies of heaven prevailed. That brilliant life, once given to gaiety, was thrown into sweet service for God. She taught school for several years, and earnestly endeavored to lead her pupils to the Saviour. At the time of meeting Mr. Judson she was a Christian teacher of experience.

The following is from a letter he wrote to her while still at the seminary: "I have some hope that I shall be enabled to keep this in mind, in whatever I do -IS IT PLEASING TO GOD? . . . Let us each morning resolve to send the day into eternity in such garb as we shall wish it to wear forever."

The new board sent Judson to England to solicit the cooperation of the London Missionary Society. They received the youthful American kindly, but thought cooperation impracticable.

Mr. Judson was "small and exceedingly delicate in figure, with a round, rosy face, which gave him the appearance of extreme youthfulness." His voice, however, usually surprised his listeners. He having been called upon to read a hymn, the clergyman, Rowland Hill, introduced him as the young man who was going to seek the conversion of

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the heathen, and added, "If his faith is proportioned to his voice, he will drive the devil from all India."

Returning to America, Judson was united in marriage to Ann Hasseltine February 5, 1812, and was ordained the following day. He had counted the cost of being a missionary. When asking Father Hasseltine for the hand of his daughter, he had written: "I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world; whether you can consent to her departure to a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean, to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India, to every kind of want and distress, to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death. Can you consent to all this, for the sake of Him who left His heavenly home and died for her and for you?"

But he was writing of one as brave as himself, and she was nothing daunted at the prospect. On February 19; 1812, in company with their young friends Mr. and Mrs. Newell, they sailed from Salem for India. On February 28 Mr. and Mrs. Nott and Messrs. Hall and Rice set sail from Philadelphia for the same land.

Adoniram Judson, born of Congregational parents, was on his way to India to found a Congregational Church; but he expected to meet at Serampur the eminent English Baptists, Carey, Marshman, and Ward. With scholarly yet prayerful mind, he set to studying to be able to meet these champions of immersion. The expected battle he fought out alone. He became convinced, from his study of the Scriptures, that "faith should always precede baptism, and that baptism is immersion."

At that time the Baptists were far from being popular. But further investigation fastened upon these young disciples the conviction that to be baptized, one must be immersed. Imagine their situation. Mrs. Judson writes of their feelings: "We knew it would wound and grieve our dear Christian friends in America—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable the commissioners would refuse to support us; and, what was more distressing than anything, we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. These things were very trying to us, and caused our hearts to bleed for anguish. We felt we had no home in this world, and no friend but each other."

Edward Judson thus writes of this crisis in his father's experience: "Prompt and straightforward obedience to Christ was the key-note of his life. His was too positive a character to try to effect a compromise between conviction and action. He had one of those great natures that can not afford to move along with the crowd."

Neither did he. To a Baptist minister at Salem, Massachusetts, he wrote: "After many painful trials, which none can know but those who are taught to relinquish a system in which they had been educated, I settled down in the full persuasion that the immersion

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of a professing believer in Christ is the only Christian baptism.” Accordingly in September, they were baptized at Calcutta.

An equally surprising occurrence took place upon the other vessel. “Mr. Rice was thought,” says Dr. Carey, “to be the most obstinate friend of pedo-baptism of any of ‘the missionaries.” But strangely enough he had an experience similar to Mr. Judson’s, and was baptized at Calcutta.

Becoming Baptists was only the beginning of sorrows.

The missionaries were sternly ordered to America by the East India Company. In answer to many entreaties, Mr. and Mrs. Newell were finally allowed to go to the island of Mauritius. A little later the Judson and Mr. Rice followed, only to find that their devoted friend Harriet Newell had died and was buried there.

Mr. Newell soon sailed for Ceylon, and Mr. Rice returned to America to stir up the Baptists to foreign mission effort. When the news reached America that three of the late missionaries to India had become Baptists, it sent an impulse of new life over that slumbering flock. “The summons to the foreign field shook them together,” says Edward Judson. In 1814 what is now the American Baptist Union was formed.

After a few months’ labor on the island of Mauritius, and two tedious voyages, the Judsons landed in Rangun, Burma. Later history has shown that He who plans for His missions had guided them. Dr. Carey’s son Felix had been in mission work there, but was away at the time of their arrival, and soon resigned in their favor. Of their location, Judson wrote, “It is a most filthy, wretched place.”

The language was the first hard problem. Mr. Judson had studied French two months; and after over two years’ study of the Burmese, he stated that he would prefer to take an examination in French rather than in Burmese.

In September, 1815, an infant son was born to the lone missionaries. The little stranger in a strange land was named Roger Williams, in memory of the great Baptist who was the first in America to teach and practice the principles of civil and religious freedom, which from his embryo republic of Rhode Island became the glory of the American republic, but for the holding of which he had been driven from pulpit and parish and home, and for fourteen weeks “was sorely tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean.” A pathetic cord bound the hearts of these parents to the memory of the lonely exile of their native land.

In the midst of exacting labors, Mr. Judson fell sick, and almost despaired of life. Lest his work be lost, he gathered materials for a grammar of the yet unconquered tongue, completing it July 13, 1816, exactly three years after their arrival. Of this little book the Calcutta Review said, “We have seen no work of any tongue which we should compare with it for brevity and completeness.”

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His first tract, "A Summary of the Christian Religion," the first printed statement of Christian truth offered the Burmese, was completed the same month. The Burmese are a reading people, and the first serious inquirer was drawn by a tract and a catechism. A printing press was the gift of the Serampur brethren. A printer, Mr. George A. Hough, and wife, came to them from America.

These workers found themselves in the dominions of a monarch "upon whose slightest nod depended the life of each subject." The people knew that to accept this new religion meant risk of property, and perhaps imprisonment, torture, and death. Judson was looked upon as an "obstinate and chimerical fanatic" for laboring in such a place, but he was upheld by the faith that years afterward inspired his famous reply, when asked of the prospects of the conversion of the heathen,— "As bright as the promises of God."

In December, 1817, Judson embarked for Chittagong to visit an abandoned mission, gather the scattered converts, and secure a native helper. He expected to return in about twelve weeks. After a month of unfavorable winds, they were so out of their course that they never reached Chittagong. Provisions ran so short that "moldy, broken rice, which they picked up from native vessels, was their sole sustenance for three or four weeks. . . . last he was attacked by slow fever, and turning in from his little mess of dirty rice, he begged continually for water! water! water!" Of this enough was never given to quench his burning thirst. Without a nurse, and unable to crawl out of his berth, he lay in such pain, hunger, and discouragement, that when they drew near to shore at Masulipatam, he was so near dead he penciled a note addressed to "Any English resident," begging only a place where he might be taken ashore to die. English residents came to his rescue, and never to him did the faces of men seem so like angels. They gave him careful nursing, and brought him back again to life and health.

At this place he could find no vessel by which to return; and there was no other way only to make the journeys; of three hundred miles overland, to obtain a ship for Rangun. Utterly foiled in the purposes of his journey, and having passed through such sickness, starvation and filth, what was his testimony? Even of his experience while on shipboard he could say, "I found more consolation and happiness in communion with God, and in the enjoyments of religion, than I had ever found in more prosperous circumstances."

But what was the anxiety of the faithful woman he had left at the mission! From December 25 until the next July she received not a word from her husband. She had expected him home in three months; more than twice that had passed. She did not know but he was dead. One disaster after another swept over the little mission. Cholera raged in the city; the government persecuted the missionaries; it was said the foreigners were to be banished; war's alarm floated in the air. One by one the English ships weighed anchor, and hastily left the harbor. Only one remained. Mr. Hough and wife prepared to escape on it, and urged Mrs. Judson to accompany them. Much against her

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will she finally went with them; but after going on board, she could not be content to remain, and finally went ashore, and back to the mission house alone. If her husband were still alive and returned, he should find her at her post. Her sublime faith arose to meet every emergency. Just before embarking, she wrote: "How dark, how intricate the providence which now surrounds us! Yet it becomes us to be still and know that He is God who has thus ordered our circumstances."

As Mr. Judson reached the city, he was overwhelmed with the intelligence that the mission had been broken up and the missionaries had taken passage for Bengal. But he, too, had written words while away, that were very like hers: "It is wise, though blindness can not comprehend. It is best, though unbelief is disposed to murmur. Be still, my soul, and know that He is God." What was his joy, then, to find his courageous companion at the mission home! And what joy was hers at his return!

To labor in the midst of friends, when seeing ripening fruit of one's sowing, requires no great exercise of faith, brings no strong test of courage ; but to struggle year after year in seemingly unavailing effort, finding not a single seriously interested soul,—this experience has tried the sinews of God's sincerest servants.

Two, three, four, five years passed away, and the Judsons had not yet one convert. But they labored on. Other workers came, and the Houghs returned. In 1819 a chapel was built.

May 5 of that year the following appears in Judson's journal: "Moung Nau has been with me several hours: . . . It seems almost too much to believe that God has begun to manifest His grace to the Burmans; but this, day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. Praise and glory be to His name forevermore. Amen. On the 27th of June, over seven years after leaving America, and almost six after arriving at Rangun, Mr. Judson had the joy of baptizing Moung Nau. Mrs. Judson wrote, "This event, this single trophy of victorious grace, has filled our hearts with sensations hardly to be conceived by Christians in Christian countries."

The viceroy of Rangun began to look upon the proselytizers with jealous eyes. The ominous words, "Inquire further," falling from his lips to his officers, "scattered the group of inquirers that had gathered about Mr. Judson." "In these circumstances the boldest measure seemed to; Mr. Judson the wisest. . . He resolved to go directly to Ava, the capital of Burma, and lay the whole matter at the feet of the emperor."

The journey was made, but the brave effort was unsuccessful. Though he was admitted into the golden palace, and the petition to teach the new religion was heard, the tract placed in the emperor's hands was dashed to the floor, and the gold-sheathed volumes of the Scriptures intended for his imperial majesty were contemptuously spurned.

Sad at heart, the missionary returned to Rangun, gathered his little band of converts, told them the danger, and proposed that they go to Chittagong to be under the

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protection of the English. To his surprise they stood firm, to suffer death if need be, and begged him to remain till there was a church of ten members.

In this dark hour the Spirit of God moved in power. Within five months seven more were added, including Mah-men-la, the first Burman Christian woman. After receiving baptism, she said, "Now I have taken the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and I have nothing to do but to commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my Lord, assured that He will never suffer me to fall away."

In 1821 Mrs. Judson's failing health compelled her return to America. In December of the same year, Dr. J. Price joined the mission; and such was his medical skill, that he was invited to the capital by the emperor. Dr. Judson accompanied him. This time he was received with favor, and pressed his case until an opening was made and a site appointed for a mission "in the very heart of the empire, under the shelter of the throne."

Mrs. Judson was still in America, and he decided to wait for her, going forward with his work of Scripture translation. Her visit in America roused much missionary enthusiasm. Dr. Wayland said of her, "I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman."

In December, 1823, Mrs. Judson returned, and they soon afterward went to Ava, leaving at Rangun a church of eighteen converted Burmans under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Hough and Mr. and Mrs. Wade. Having been invited to residence in the capital by the king, they looked forward to their work with bright prospects. But great changes had taken place. Dr. Price had not been able to perform miracles for the king, former friends had been dismissed from court, and the king had little to say to the missionary. War broke out between England and Burma, and for two years the friends in America heard nothing from the missionaries.

In June, 1824, Mr. Judson, Dr. Price, and five other foreigners were seized and thrown into the death-prison at Ava, where for nine months they lay bound with three pairs, and two months more with five pairs, of iron bands about the ankles, chained together by chains only a few inches in length, the weight being about fourteen pounds. Mr. Judson bore the marks of the irons to his dying day. Left in filth like pigs in a sty, to starve and die, the missionaries were ministered to by the brave Mrs. Judson. At night, lest they should escape, they were hung by a pole run between their legs and elevated till only their shoulders and head rested on the floor. They were thrown with the vilest criminals of the Burman capital. Their reluctant ears were filled with vulgarity and blasphemy.

But above the torture of the prison was the anxiety of Judson for his wife, exposed to the insults of the rude rabble, and the scorching sun of the heated season. But her deepest concern was for her husband, for whom she pleaded wherever there seemed a

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ray of hope, and with such earnestness that even the rough old governor of the prison was moved to tears.

Late in January, 1825, the visitor at the prison did not come. A week passed, a second, almost a third, without her coming. When she again appeared, a tiny babe nestled in her arms, borne to the prison door to receive, from the midst of felons' chains, a father's kiss—unconscious of his misery.

But Judson's faith did not fail. For a man of such intensely active temperament, his patience was wonderful. "Here have I been," said he to one of his fellow prisoners, "ten years preaching the gospel to timid listeners who wished to embrace the truth, but dared not; beseeching the emperor to grant liberty of conscience to his people, but without success; and now, when all human means seemed at an end, God opens the way by leading a Christian nation to subdue the country. It is possible that my life may be spared. If so, with what ardor and gratitude shall I pursue my work! And if not, His will be done; the door will be opened for others who will do the work better."

Add to the horrors of imprisonment the daily and even hourly anticipation of torture and death, and "it will be difficult to conceive of a denser cloud of miseries than that which settled down on his devoted head. . . . Rumors of a frightful doom were constantly sounding in their ears. Now they heard their keepers during the night sharpening the knives to decapitate the prisoners the next morning; now the roar of their mysterious fellow prisoner, a huge, starving lioness, convinced them that they were to be executed by being thrown into her cage; now it was reported that they were to be burned up together with their prison as a sacrifice; now that they were to be buried alive at the head of the Burman army in order to insure its victory over the English."

Had not Judson previously given excellent care to his physical powers, he must have utterly broken down. In America he had adopted three most helpful rules: deep breathing "so as to expand the lungs to the utmost;" daily bathing; and above all, systematic exercise in walking. But all these blessings were far from the filth and terrible stench of the prison. He fell sick. Mrs. Judson built him a little room outside the prison wall, and prevailed on the governor to allow her to take him to it, sick and wasted as he was.

This favor was granted for only a short time, when there was a disturbance and a rush, and Mr. Judson was seized, dragged forth, and hurried away,—Mrs. Judson knew not where. At last she found he had been taken with other prisoners and driven by slaves from the place. It was one of the hottest months of the year, and the heat was terrible. Mr. Judson's bare feet became blistered the first half mile, and his sufferings were so great he ardently longed to die ; yet they had eight miles more to walk, and were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. One prisoner died on the way. That evening the

sheriff's wife came to gaze upon the prisoners, and was so moved by their sufferings that she had a little food given them.

When they reached the miserable old shell of a prison at Oung-pen-la they at once concluded that they were to be burned to death, as had been reported at Ava. That night their feet were made fast in the stocks, which were raised till only their shoulders lay on the ground. Swarms of mosquitoes pierced their raw and bleeding feet. They were so tortured that even the guard was moved to lower the stocks before midnight.

Mrs. Judson, on getting o trace of the prisoners, followed them, carrying her babe, with an adopted native child by her side. The very next morning, this child was taken with smallpox. Mr. Judson's fever continued, and his feet were so mangled that for some time, he was unable to move. Worn with constant care and watching, Mrs. Judson was attacked with smallpox, then with a disease of the country, which is usually fatal to foreigners. Unable to give nourishment to her child, its cries, she writes, "were heartrending. . . . I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health, I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass: But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear ; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings."

She had crawled to a mat in their little room, to which she was confined for two months, and both she and Mr. Judson were ministered to by their faithful converted cook, Mounng Ing. "We must both have died," she wrote, "had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengali cook. . . . He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or perform any act we required." In finding such jewels was their reward.

A turn in affairs came at last. Mr. Judson was released from prison, but retained as translator for the government at the scenes of war, and subjected to such treatment that he was thrown into violent fever, which all but ended his life. Mrs. Judson escaped from Oungpen-la, but her constitution was so shattered she soon fell a victim to spotted fever. She lingered between life and death for seventeen days, when Dr. Price, having been released, came and found her in the most distressing condition he had ever witnessed. "She is dead," said the Burmese neighbors. "If the King of angels should come in, He could not recover her." But a kind Providence spared her. When still "too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind," the report reached her that Mr. Judson was to be returned to Oung-pen-la. "A shock so dreadful as this," she said, "almost annihilated me."

O reader, do not fail to note the method by which at this hour of supreme weakness the tide was turned: "If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could

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not rise from my couch; I could make no effort to secure my husband; I could only plead with the great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me,' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered." "The governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson's security," and obtained his release.

Meantime the successful English army was advancing toward the capital. Protective measures for the golden city were immediately hastened. The missionary's house was torn down, and the beautiful little site turned into a place for the erection of cannon. Dr. Price and an English prisoner of war were sent to negotiate terms of peace. Sir Archibald Campbell returned a reply, demanding the release of Mr. and Mrs. Judson and little Maria. To this the king replied, "They are not English; they are my people, and shall not go;" and both the missionaries lost hope of release. The English general, however, was inflexible, and the prisoners made good their escape to the English boats.

Sir Archibald received and treated the missionaries with exceeding kindness. A banquet was held at which the Burmese government commissioners were present; and they were greatly surprised to see the missionaries, whom they had treated so cruelly, the guests of honor.

" 'I fancy these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours, Mrs. Judson,' General Campbell remarked, amused by what he began to suspect, though he did not fully understand it; 'and, judging from their appearance, you must have treated them very ill.' Mrs. Judson smiled. The Burmans could not understand the remark, but they evidently considered themselves the subject of it, and their faces were blank with consternation.

" 'What is the matter with yonder owner of the pointed beard?' pursued Sir Archibald; 'he seems to be seized with an ague fit.'

" 'I don't know,' answered Mrs. Judson, fixing her eyes on the trembler, . . . 'unless his memory may be too busy. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and may probably infer danger to himself from seeing me under your protection.'

"She then proceeded to relate how, when her husband was suffering from fever in the stifled air of the inner prison, with five pairs of fetters about his ankles, she had walked several miles to this man's house to ask a favor. She had left home early in the morning, but was kept waiting so long that it was noonday before she proffered her request, and received a rough refusal. She was turning sorrowfully away, when his attention was attracted by the silk umbrella she carried in her hand, and he instantly seized it. It was in vain that she represented the danger of her walking home without it; told him that she had brought no money, and could not buy anything to shelter her from the sun; and begged that, if he took that, he would at least furnish her with a paper one, to protect

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her from the scorching heat. He laughed, and, turning the very suffering that had wasted her, into a jest, told her it was only stout people who were in danger of sunstroke, the sun could not find such as she; and so turned her from the door.”

The terror-smitten Burman seemed to understand all; but a few soft words in Burmese from the lips that once had pleaded with him in vain, gave assurance that no harm would come to him.

Speaking of his sensations of enjoyment when really at liberty, with wife by his side and babe in his arms —“free—all free!!”—Mr. Judson said: “But you can not understand it, either; it needs a twenty-one months’ qualification. . . . I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be, ever since.”

The missionaries arrived at Rangun March 21, 1826. The little mission was completely broken up. Ten years of hard labor seemed nearly lost. Only four of the converts could be found. At the beginning of the war, Messrs. Hough and Wade had been arrested, imprisoned, put in irons, and sentenced to death. “The executioners sharpened the instruments of death, and brandished them about the heads of the missionaries, to show with what dexterity and pleasure they would execute the fatal orders. The floor was strewn with sand to receive their blood. At this moment the foundations of the prison were shaken by a heavy broadside from her majesty’s ship Liffey.” The executioners fled in terror. Others came, however, and dragged the prisoners to the place of execution; but another broadside stopped the proceedings, and at last the British troops found and rescued the missionaries.

The unsettled state of affairs made a change of location necessary; and a place under British protection, which they named Amherst, was chosen. But before they were settled, Mr. Judson, with a hope of securing religious liberty, accepted a call to go with the English commissioner to obtain a treaty with the king at Ava. Mrs. Judson was favorable to his going, and he departed with good courage and high hopes.

She set to work, and built a little bamboo dwelling and two schoolhouses. In one of the school buildings Mounng Ing taught ten native children ; in the other she intended to hold a school for girls. But at that juncture she was smitten with fever. The vigor that had carried her through so many vicissitudes was now no longer hers; and October 24, 1826, the hands that had been so full of sacred ministry had ended their task.

Only six months separated the death of Mrs. Judson and that of little Maria. Under the hope-tree at Amherst, beside them, soon was laid Ma-men-la, who had tenderly ministered to them in their last hours. Within three months more, Mr. Judson heard of the death of his father. “I am left alone in this wide wilderness,” moaned the sad missionary.

Yet, in the name of Him who, over Joseph’s rent sepulcher, proclaimed victory over death, our hero went forth once more to almost quarter of a century in soul-saving

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service. Refusing an offer of three thousand dollars a year from the English government, he went on with his Master's work. Mr. and Mrs. Wade came to Amherst, and Mr. George D. Boardman and wife united in the work. Mr. Judson completed two catechisms, and his sorrowful heart found comfort in translating the Psalms. Soon the mission was moved to Maulmain, where schools were opened and converts gathered in.

Mr. Judson received several thousand dollars for his public services, but turned all over to the mission, with a gift of six thousand dollars of his personal funds, at the same time making a reduction in his salary. Not only was the love of money crucified, but of fame. His "overweening ambition," he said, "received its first mortal wound" when he became a Baptist; and he resigned the honorary title of doctor of divinity from Brown University.

The little band at Maulmain was soon again broken. Feeling strong enough to spread out a little, the Boardmans sailed for Tavoi, accompanied by helpers, including Ko, who became the renowned apostle to the Karens. With these Mr. Boardman began the campaign that made his name so illustrious.

After a blessed awakening among the Karens, in which precious groups of them were gathered, he fell in the field with the harness on, being carried in a litter during his last journey, and dying before reaching home, with weeping converts around him.

Mrs. Boardman continued to carry on her schools with great tact and ability. "She even made long missionary tours into the Karen jungles. With her little boy carried by her side, she climbed the mountains, forded the streams, and threaded the forests."

Nearly eight years of labor and loneliness for Mr. Judson passed after his wife was laid to rest. In 1834 he was united in marriage to this same teacher, who had proved her devotion to the cause of missions.

It was about this time that Judson completed his Burman translation of the Bible, the great task to which for so many years he had addressed himself, and from which he did not now rest until in 1840 a thorough revision was made. In 1842 he began a dictionary, without hope, however, of living to complete it. "I feel it my duty," he said, "to plod on while daylight lasts."

During his long sojourn in that debilitating climate, with confining studies, he was careful of his health. He ate two meals a day, and took brisk walks or other exercise before sunrise and in the evening. But at fifty, after twenty-five years in Burma, disease fastened upon his lungs, then his throat, causing loss of voice.

A number of children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Judson. After the birth of the last one, Edward, his father's able biographer, the mother's health gave way. In a voyage lay the only hope of her recovery. Even this was not to be realized. As the vessel lay at St. Helena, September 1, 1845, release from her sufferings came, and she was buried there.

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The second evening after Mr. Judson's arrival at Boston, a most enthusiastic meeting of welcome was held. Near its close, a strange interruption occurred. A man pressed his way through the throng, ascended the pulpit, and he and Mr. Judson embraced each other with tears of joy. It was Samuel Nott, the sole survivor, save Mr. Judson, of the seminary group who had conceived the idea of American missions.

Long had it been Mr. Judson's desire in a strange land to know only Christ and Him crucified. He knew naught higher, better, or nobler in the land of his nativity. To a lady who ventured to suggest that "they wanted something new of a man who had just come from the antipodes," he replied: "Then I am glad to have it to say, that a man coming from the antipodes had nothing better to tell than the wondrous story of Jesus' dying love. My business is to preach the gospel of Christ; and when I can speak at all, I dare not trifle with my commission."

At Philadelphia Mr. Judson met a lady who, in her childhood, had been a poor factory girl. "I have felt," she acknowledged to a friend, "ever since I read the memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson when I was a child, that I must become a missionary."

Mr. Judson's meeting with this lady was on this wise Dr. Gillette was taking him from Boston to Philadelphia for a visit. During a delay of a few hours Dr. Gillette procured a book and handed it to Mr. Judson to read. He quickly saw the capabilities of the writer, and said "The lady who writes so well ought to write better. It's a pity that such fine talents should be employed on such subjects." The doctor replied that she was a guest at his home. There Mr. Judson was introduced to "Fanny Forrester," her real name being Emily Chubbuck.

Mr. Judson did not hesitate to inquire how she could give her talents to "a species of writing so little useful or spiritual as the sketches he had read." She replied that it was to provide for her parents. Mr. Judson softened. The hand that wounds to heal is the hand most sure to help. He had desired to secure some one to prepare a memoir of the late Mrs. Judson; and Miss Chubbuck's practised pen was soon lent to the task. This led to the fulfilling of the smoldering missionary prophecy in the heart of the accomplished writer; for in June, 1846, she became the wife of the missionary; and in July they embarked for Burma.

Mr. Judson, with his wife and two youngest children, located once more in Rangun, in a house Mrs. Judson named "Bat Castle." A new king was on the throne, the "most bloodthirsty monster" Mr. Judson had ever known. Fear of the British alone kept his emissaries "from the throat of the missionary;" therefore Mr. Judson must labor with utmost secrecy. Under these trying circumstances he proceeded with his dictionary, while Mrs. Judson wrote the memoir. But he and the children fell sick, and she lost health and appetite. With tears the poor man declared he had never looked upon so discouraging a prospect.

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Still his spirits rose to meet the situation. When, a little later, secret spies were set to watch his premises, Mrs. Judson said, "I shall never forget the expression of my husband's face, as though really piercing into the invisible, when he exclaimed, 'I tell you, if we had but the power to see them, the air above us is thick with contending spirits—the good and the bad—striving for the mastery. I know where the final victory lies.'"

He worked steadily, completing the English-Burmese part in 1849, at which time the Christian Burmans and Karens numbered over seven thousand.

" 'The good man' works like a galley-slave," wrote his wife; "and it quite distresses me sometimes. . He walks—or rather runs—like a boy—over the hills, a mile or two every morning; then down to his books, scratch-scratch, puzzle-puzzle, . . . and so on till ten o'clock in the evening. It is this walking which keeps him out of the grave. "

But a severe cold settled on his lungs, followed by cough and fever. He was put on shipboard and borne out to sea; but the ocean air did not bring restoration. April 12, 1850, he whispered in the Burman tongue, "It is done, I am going;" then, as if falling asleep, he ceased to breathe.

Almost four months Mrs. Judson waited in deep suspense, to learn at last of the burial of her husband, "scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burma." "And there they left him in his unquiet sepulcher," she wrote as she sat in a lonely land, with a fatherless babe in her arms, "neither could he have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man. "

In words that speak from the ocean's depths, made audible by Dr. Judson's son Edward, we close this sketch, voicing the desires of the living and the dead

" O that some young man might rise from the reading of these memoirs and lay down his life in all its freshness and strength upon the altar of God, so that he might become, like Paul of old, a chosen vessel of Christ, to bear His name before the gentiles and kings and the children of Israel!"

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### GORDON HALL

Protestant Missionary to Western India

Born at Tolland, Massachusetts, April 8, 1784. Died in India, March 9, 1826.

WHEN the first five American missionaries, including Adoniram Judson, were ordained, in 1812, Gordon Hall was one of them. His parents, Nathan and Elizabeth Hall, in making their home the home of their parish pastor, obtained the fulfilment of the promise, "He

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that receiveth you receiveth Me;" for it was the words and the assistance of this pastor, Mr. Harrison, that turned the life-destiny of Gordon, who became one of India's most devoted benefactors.

"Your son Gordon," the pastor said to the father one day, "should have the benefit of a college education."

"His assistance on the farm is so valuable," replied the father, "that I can not well spare him."

But the son set his face with determination to gain an education; and the pastor became his tutor. By 1805, the year Henry Martyn was ordained and sailed for India, Gordon was prepared for college, and his father permitted him to go. He entered old Williams, and plunged into his studies with great thoroughness. During his first year, he yielded to the holy influences of the revival then in progress, and gave his heart to God. It is probable that he spent the vacation of 1806 at home, or his name would doubtless have been enrolled with those present at the haystack prayer-meeting. To him Samuel Mills early communicated the knowledge of his burning desire for missions; and of him Mr. Mills declared, "Hall was evidently ordained and stamped a missionary by the sovereign hand of God."

He left Williams in 1808, was licensed to preach the following year, and accepted a call to Woodbury, Connecticut, where he remained till the same month young Judson appeared before the ministers' association at Bradford, June, 1810. This year he entered Andover Seminary, where was that choice circle of young men whose influence was to be felt "to the remotest corner of this ruined world."

Mr. Hall was thoroughly confident of his call to labor for the heathen. As is sure to be the case with those intended for special service for God, other prospects invited; but he felt that his life-work was too important a matter to be wasted on any compromise plan. The congregation at Woodbury requested him to remain with them. His reply was: "No; I must not settle in any parish in Christendom. Others will be left whose health or engagements require them to stay at home; but I can sleep on the ground, can endure hunger and hardship. God calls me to the heathen."

A few months before the infant society-now the strong American Board-came to the decision to send forth its first volunteers, Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell went to Philadelphia to gain some knowledge of how to care for the sick. For over a year the society had waited for funds. Their decision was finally made in January, 1812. The young men came forward for ordination, and within three weeks thereafter \$6,000 in contributions was at hand to support the undertaking. Sometimes God's soldiers have to step out by faith alongside their Commander.

We have noted in another chapter the sailing and the arrival in India of Messrs. Hall, Nott, and Rice. After no little tossing on the billows of mission opposition, in which they

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were ordered to leave India, Brethren Hall and Nott were cast adrift at Bombay in February, 1813. The governor, Sir Evan Nepean, received positive orders to deport them to England. They were so notified, and their passage was secured. It seemed as if they were about to be separated from the work upon which they had had their hearts set so long, and that all their plans would fall to the ground; but their Commander was not confused, and it was a time of seeking His interposition. He had His men for the hour. After impassioned appeals to Sir Evan, who was himself friendly to missions, he delayed to execute the orders, and made a plea in their behalf ; but their appeals and his would have been in vain but for one in authority whom God raised up to defend His cause. This was none other than the venerable Charles Grant, who, as we know, was a director of the East India Company. He prepared a noble defense in behalf of the missionaries, and this was met by permission for them to remain.

Meanwhile the strangers struggling for a foothold in a strange land had not been idle. The untrained tongue of the realm was taught to tell the gospel story, and the missionaries earnestly sought access to the people. Ere the second year of their sojourn had expired, Mr. Hall was able to record: "I have spoken in six different places and to more than one hundred persons to-day. . . In the course of the past week, have spoken to more than eight hundred persons. Some listened attentively, some mocked, and tried to divert attention from the preacher, or else to make his message contemptible to those assembled." All this he was prepared to meet and still 'persevere. "It is a part of a missionary's trials," he wrote, "rightly to bear the impatience and contradiction, insolence and reproaches, of men who are sunk to the lowest degradation both mental and moral."

Failing health obliged Mr. and Mrs. Nott to return early to America; but Mr. Hall was not to be forsaken. Mr. Newell joined him from Ceylon, and the two tried men toiled on together. In 1816 a printer, Mr. Bardwell, went to them from America; and with many difficulties overcome, Mr. Hall was able to write: "After so many discouragements as our mission has experienced, you will, no doubt, rejoice with us in our being able, through divine goodness, to commence the delightful work of printing the word of God in the language of a numerous people."

This same year Mr. Hall was united in marriage to a young English woman, Miss Margaret Lewis, who became an earnest helper in the mission. Before the close of 1817 they had prepared the Gospels, a Gospel Harmony, part of the Epistles, and several tracts.

Schools were soon established, into which hundreds of children were gathered. One school was devoted wholly to the oft-neglected Jew. In this the children studied the scrolls of the prophets through which God spoke in times past to their fathers, and in which He still speaks to men. Eventually the picket-line of schools extended sixty miles along the coast.

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The year 1821 brought great sorrow and loss to the mission in the death of the beloved Mr. Newell, of cholera. God's workers fall, but His work moves onward.

In 1824 Mr. Hall made a trip to the mountains east of Bombay, with the purpose of preaching, and finding a suitable location for a health retreat from the sickly coast. At a place 4,500 feet above sea-level, he found excellent water and climate; and if he then had had means to obtain a place there, as was done many years later, his wife and sons need not have embarked for America in 1825. One of the boys died on the way, and was buried at sea.

In September of the same year, a meeting was held that showed something of the progress in the work of missions. There were present delegates representing the American Board and the Church Missionary Society in Bombay, the London Society in Surat and Belgaum, and the Scottish Missionary Society in southern Konkan. Mr. Hall gave the sermon of welcome from Rom. 1:16. A little later he wrote: "What a contrast was this glad occasion to my situation in 1813-14, when I was practically a prisoner and under sentence of transportation from the land, when not a single mission in this part of India had been established! I was now a patriarch among the missionary brotherhood, none so old in years and missionary labors."

The zealous worker longed to reach forth into the regions beyond. With two Christian lads from the mission, he undertook a journey inland. In two populous towns visited, the cholera was raging, more than two hundred dying in Nasik the day following his arrival. "Among the distressed inhabitants, the patient, sympathetic missionary moved like an angel of mercy, until he had nearly exhausted his supply of medicines, his books, and his strength for preaching the gospel." Turning homeward from the harrowing scenes, he reached Doorlee-D'hapoon about 10 o'clock at night, March 8. Finding no hospitable doors to welcome him, he resorted to a heathen temple, finding refuge but not rest. One of two sick men near him died before morning, and at four o'clock he roused the lads to proceed on the journey, when he was suddenly seized with so violent an attack of cholera he knew he could not recover. Eight hours only was he spared to suffer; but with marvelous composure he counseled the lads, exhorted the heathen, and prayed for his family and missionary associates. He never knew that one of his little sons had found a grave in the deep. The prayer ended, he thrice repeated, "Glory to Thee, O God!" and died.

The tidings of his death, and an appeal for the cause in which he laid down his life, reached America at the same time. A few of his earnest words may here be given as his dying bequest:

"The churches now, as in all former ages, deem it right and highly commendable for some of Christ's disciples to renounce all prospects of worldly emolument and ease; to commit themselves and their families, if they have any, under Providence, into the

hands of charity; to forego the comforts and endearments of civilized society and Christian friends; to brave every danger, whether from the raging billows of the ocean, the sickly climate, or the sanguinary barbarian; and to meet death in whatever time, place, or form it may be allotted them, and all this for the sake of preaching Christ to the heathen. By approving, and, as is the fact, requiring this of their missionaries, they do virtually bind themselves to make corresponding sacrifices and exertions to the same end.

“I am not pleading that missionaries should be eased of their burdens or alleviated of their sacrifices. No; I plead with Christians that they would act consistently. I entreat them to behold in what they require of their missionaries, the measure of their own duty to Christ and to the heathen.”

## **CHAPTER SIXTEEN**

### **DR. JOHN SCUDDER**

First American Medical Missionary to Ceylon and India, Born in Freehold, New Jersey, September 3, 1793. Died in Africa, January 13, 1855.

WHEN the cries of the heathen once reached the ears of Dr. Scudder, upon the perusal of a single tract, he went forthwith to help them; and he did it so nobly and well that seven of his sons followed in the footsteps of their father.

On entering Princeton College he had found, among one hundred twenty students, but three who made any profession of Christianity. But he did not therefore hide his light under a bushel. “That fellow is so religious,” said a student in the hearing of a newcomer, “one can hardly laugh in his presence.”

The new student had just been introduced to Mr. Scudder, who cordially invited him to call at his room. He now questioned, “Shall I associate with one who is viewed as singular, and consent before long to be called a hypocrite, a fanatic, or a social heretic? or shall I consent to be drawn into the ranks of an overwhelming majority?” “At last this conclusion was reached: ‘I will call on Scudder at once, and tell him why I came so soon.’ . . . I found him at his studies, and told him of my wish to form a religious acquaintanceship, though myself without religion. Quickly he rose and grasped my hand with unlooked-for ardor, saying, ‘That’s right; stand by that, and you’ll never regret it.’ “Those words of encouragement, given at a critical time, were like the kiss of approbation given to little Benjamin West by his fond mother, at the sight of his rude drawing,” which kiss, he said, made him an artist. That pupil became a minister “whose praise is in many of the churches.” 3 Life of John Scudder, M. D., Harper Brothers, New York.

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On completing his college course, Mr. Scudder desired to enter the ministry, but his father wished him to follow the medical profession. This proved providential, for he was thus enabled to render double ministry. The choice of location for practice was made a subject of prayer, and the eastern part of New York City was chosen. The family in the home entered was led to Christ. He also held young people's meetings, with much success. Some of the members of the congregation, says one whose hand he had placed in that of his Saviour, "protested against his course, declaring that he preached the law and not the gospel;" but young Scudder went on with his meetings, and with such success that over one hundred converts were added to the church. This was in the "Dutch Reformed Church," of which he remained a member till death. "His heart, however, was in every evangelical church. . . . Bigotry could never find a home in such a heart as his."

The light that shines brightest at home is apt to shine farthest. If Dr. Scudder had not been a missionary at home, he would hardly have been called to India. The little tract referred to, seized upon his soul. He read it and reread it. "What am I doing?" he thought. "Thousands may be found to seek wealth and reputation in the practice of medicine, but how few are willing to go and preach the gospel!" "Falling upon his knees, he cried, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Silently, but emphatically, something said to him, 'Go and preach the gospel to the heathen.'"

With much prayer he laid his call and decision before his wife, but with the consideration that if she did not see as he did, his duty for the present would be with her. Together, with fasting and prayers and tears, they laid the whole matter before the God of missions; and "they both resolved, calmly, solemnly, immovably, to live and die for Christ upon missionary ground."

Just at the time these workers had reached their decision, the American Board of Missions at Boston advertised for a man who could combine the labors of minister and physician. Dr. Scudder answered at once, and was accepted. In June, 1819, they sailed.

"What is it," inquired James Brainerd Taylor, "that lifts this missionary into the precincts of heaven? . . . Surely he is possessed with the spirit and temper of his Master." And so deeply impressed was he, that he gave up his mercantile business to prepare for missionary service.

On shipboard were the missionary brethren Spaulding, Winslow, and Woodward, and their wives. They did not wait to reach India to search for souls. They sought the seamen. The ladies gave to each a Bible; and daily services were held. Much personal work was done, so that in three months Dr. Scudder could say of a once hardened crew, "I believe there is not a thoughtless sinner on board."

In July, 1820, Dr. and Mrs. Scudder found their field upon the island of Ceylon. Over a year they had been from the home land without one word from home. The doctor soon

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found plenty to do in helping the sick. "I have patients in abundance," he wrote. "I hope to do much good, as many hear the gospel by this means who, in all probability, would never hear it in any other way." "I have lately begun to give out tracts to those who can read who come for medical advice."

A hospital was established; boarding and day schools were opened. But lack of support from the home land caused the missionary much grief.

Not content with reaching the people through his practice, or even in assemblies, the doctor went out into the fields to teach them in the busy season. He found much need of the "schoolmaster," to bring men to Christ. Gal. 3:24. "Many deny altogether that they have sinned. They imagine if a man has never committed murder, or done some other great crime, he has not sinned. This renders it necessary for us constantly to open to their view the law of God in its length and breadth, teaching them that it extends as well to the thoughts as to the actions of men."

A very spiritual revival took place among the heathen children in the school. Mrs. Scudder writes of it: "The work commenced in our own hearts. . . . Previously to the awakening in our schools, there was a day observed by all our members for fasting, humiliation, and prayer." Forty-one were converted.

Persecution, as usual, was not wanting. "You can form no idea, beloved parents," the doctor wrote, "of the current of blasphemy and opposition which our native converts have to meet with. . . . Both your son and your daughter have been stoned." " 'Why do you come here barking like a dog?' 'You ought to have your head broke!' This language was addressed to me, and that by Catholics, our most violent opposers in these latter days."

An appointment to Madras in 1836 gave wider scope for the doctor's activities. A printing-plant was established under Dr. Winslow's supervision. Mrs. Scudder bravely bore the burden of home affairs, and did all she could to help in the mission, while the doctor made extended tours, distributing tracts and Scripture portions.

His most hazardous journey was across the entire peninsula of India from east to west through Mysore district. On the return he was smitten with fever. A messenger was dispatched to Mrs. Scudder; and that heroic woman, accompanied only by her little son and hired palanquin bearers, traveled night and day, in hope of finding her husband still alive. Let her brother tell the story:

"In the worst part of the jungle road, as night drew on, the bearers became intimidated at the sound of wild beasts roaring after their prey, and suddenly fled, leaving Mrs. Scudder and her little one exposed to the most horrid death, and with none to protect them but Daniel's God. What could she do? There was but one thing. She held her little one by the hand, and spent that night on her knees in prayer. She heard the heavy tread of wild elephants. . . . Then came the growl of tigers and other ravenous beasts. . . . They

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seemed to be circling round the little spot where she knelt, ready to spring upon their prey. But God held them back. Yes, He who shut the mouths of lions, . . . sent His angel in answer to prayer to guard these, His dear ones, from the death they dreaded. So they passed the night. Morning came and the cowardly bearers returned and resumed their burden." Mrs. Scudder reached the bedside of her husband, and found him convalescent.

So broken was the doctor's constitution, that, much against his desires, he was obliged to seek another climate or die. With wife and youngest children, he returned to America, where he awakened deep and lasting interest in his mission field. For three years he traveled, making heart-melting appeals in behalf of those who knew not the name of Jesus, until he had addressed over one hundred thousand children and youth.

It would seem that the proverbial worldliness of ministers' sons would be especially apparent in those of missionaries, born as they are in the midst of heathenism, and educated away from home surroundings. And indeed, had not the holy influences of faith and prayer proved stronger than the battlements of reckless indifference, Dr. Scudder's family of eight sons and two daughters would have proved no such remarkable exception.

The eldest that grew to manhood was sent to America at the age of eleven, and is described as "impetuous, headstrong, self-reliant, and disposed to throw off all moral restraint," even "reckless" in disposition. Daily prayers through the years ascended for him from over in India; and while he was finishing his course in the New York University, a long chain of circumstances culminated in the answer of those prayers. Links in that chain were as follows: Among the young persons led to Christ by Dr. Scudder before he went to India was a young man who spent a college vacation in New York laboring for other young men. At the close of a meeting, a youth came forward, and with a look almost of despair, grasped the hand of the speaker, and asked, "Do you think there can be mercy for me?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply; "there is mercy for the chief of sinners."

At a later meeting, this youth said, with joy, "You were right; there is mercy for me, and I have found it." This young man became Dr. Kirk, the evangelist, under whose pungent preaching Henry Scudder—the "wild youth" before spoken of— was converted. "It should be remarked in this connection," quietly observes his uncle, Dr. Waterbury, "as illustrating the power of prayer, that just about this time the mother and father had devoted a week to fasting and prayer for the conversion of this son."

On their return to India in 1846, the children were still borne upon their hearts. The mother made their birthdays special occasions to pray for each one. Said the doctor, "I want all my children to be missionaries;" and though for them he had joined with the mother in fasting, prayers, and, tears, yet of her he said, "She literally prayed her

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children into the kingdom.” When the Father of all shall inquire, “Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?” Dr. and Mrs. Scudder will be able to respond, “Behold, I and the children Thou hast given me.”

“It has been my constant prayer,” the mother had said of her eight sons, “that they might all come to this land to preach the gospel.” And the God of missions heard this prayer also, “so that nearly at the same time seven of them were laboring in different parts of India for the conversion of the heathen.” The other one, Samuel, had written to a friend, “I hear the voices of my father and my brothers calling me from my native land, ‘Come over and help us,’ and I must hasten to obey.” But he fell a victim to mortal sickness just three days before the death of his mother, in November, 1849.

In America the question was asked Dr. Scudder, “What are the discouragements in the missionary work?” His answer was, “I do not know the word; I long ago erased it from my vocabulary.” One of his sons writes of him: “Nothing could cast him down. His obedience and hopes, being based upon the command and promise of the Lord, did not fluctuate with the changes of exterior events. . . . No opposition, however malignant and protracted; no exhibition of the human heart, however appalling; no obstacles, however formidable; no reverses, however heartrending, could dismay him. . . . Almost every large town in this part of India has heard his voice proclaiming salvation by Jesus.”

He knew the value of tract distribution. The whole current of his life had been turned by a single tract. Listen while his son Henry—named for the devoted Henry Martyn —tells about it

“In professional attendance upon a lady, while in the anteroom, he took up a tract on which was inscribed ‘The Claims of Six Hundred Millions.’ That tract brought him to India. The very copy through which God thus spoke to him that night in that lady’s parlor now lies on the table before me. Precious tract, written thirty-seven years ago, how wide and wonderful are the influences which have issued from between thy humble covers! Under God, it is by thee that I sit here writing these lines in this far-off land.” This blessed tract was written by Gordon Hall, whose life, as we have seen, was laid down for India. Not only Dr. Scudder’s children, but four of his grandchildren, became missionaries, at least one of whom, Dr. Ida M. Scudder, is still at this writing in the same heaven-born work. Who can estimate the value of a tract!

With Dr. Scudder, “an hour and a half at early morn, and an hour at night, were always sacred to reading the Bible, meditation, prayer, and praise. . . . Every Friday until midday was set apart, except when feebleness forbade it, as a special season for fasting and prayer.”

“He laid aside a tenth of his annual income for the Lord’s use. He used to say that he-wished Christians would cease talking about self-denial, and each one give a tithe of his substance from year to year, and the Lord’s treasury would never want.”

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The doctor's medical and surgical labors were abundant and successful. The halt, the maimed, the blind, the leper, came to him for help. In the midst of his other exacting, exhausting labors he took time to write various tracts and booklets, which were widely circulated both in India and America.

Five spirit-filled years of toil remained to Dr. Scudder after he laid his beloved wife to rest. When he had started to America, a paralyzed arm hung helpless at his side. Now his sight began to fail. But the never-discouraged man wrote: "Though I should become blind, if spared, I trust that I shall be able to preach."

But another voyage became necessary if his life were prolonged. He consented to visit the Cape of Good Hope. Accompanied by his son Joseph, he landed there in November, 1854. He received so much benefit while upon the ocean that he began at once to preach to the residents, and especially to the children, who flocked in crowds to hear him. But the new lease of life was only "the sudden upshooting of a flame just before it expires." On the 13th of January, having lain down to recruit a little for a service that had been announced, he sank into a sweet sleep, and from it he never awoke.

"We need the stimulating effect of such examples. They rouse us from the self-indulgence to which we are so naturally inclined. They show us the possibility of high endeavor, and make us feel that if one Christian can exercise so much of the spirit of the Master, and tread so closely in His footsteps, why can not another — why can not we all?"

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## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### ALEXANDER DUFF

The Greatest Missionary Orator

Born near Moulin, Scotland, April 25, 1806.) Died in Scotland, February 12, 1878.

INTO the midst of an intellectual revolution in India in which many "were talking of Christianity as an obsolete superstition, Alexander Duff suddenly burst upon the scene, with his unhesitating faith, his indomitable energy, his varied erudition, and his never failing stream of fervid eloquence, to teach them that the gospel was not dead or sleeping, not the ally of ignorance or error, not ashamed or unable to vindicate its claims to universal reverence; but that then, as always, the gospel of Christ was marching forward in the van of civilization, and that the church of Christ was still 'the light of the world.' "

In 1830, at a time when the English language was there little taught or sought, when the extension of Christianity was under ban of the government, and when the single

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restriction placed upon him by the home society —not to locate in Calcutta—had to be disregarded, Scotland's first missionary began a school in that city, with English the language, the Bible the basis, the Lord's Prayer the first exercise. But when he placed copies of the Gospels in the hands of his pupils, such were their feelings regarding the book they had been taught to look upon with superstition and horror, that the event would have proved disastrous but for the presence of the learned Brahman Rammohun Roy, "the Erasmus of India." No other Hindu would give the young Scotchman a shelter for such a school. He had not only done this, but encouraged his own pupils to attend the new institution, and was present at the opening; and when a murmur arose over the new text-book, it was silenced by his voice. He declared he had read the entire Bible and had received no harm; whereupon the students were ready to join in the Scripture reading.

In Duff's campaign he employed that handmaid of the Bible, science. The shivering shastras of Hinduism he pierced with her barbed arrows. In such experiments the youthful teacher had the support of only the venerable Dr. Carey, whose work was almost closed. But the experiment was successful. The second year admittance was refused to hundreds because of lack of accommodations. At times, however, as advance steps were taken, excitement would be aroused and the attendance would drop to a handful. But the young teacher persevered. His work helped to open the way for the establishment of the great medical college in 1835, which has been attended by so many thousands. He was likewise active in the opening of the city hospital that has grown to such immense proportions.

He added to his college duties those of editor, and issued a paper to be under the control of the missionaries, which became a powerful promulgator of truth. He accepted the pastorate of the local Church of Scotland, which increased in one year from an attendance of twenty to eight hundred. He also delivered to a class of intelligent Hindus a course of lectures on Christianity as contrasted with their isms, which made a deep impression.

Loss of health required his return to Scotland after five years' absence, to find the churches dead to the cause of missions. Even the mission board gave no official notice to his arrival. Dr. Chalmers was interested, and the pastor at Falkirk invited him there to speak. He went, and sent a full report of the meeting to the mission secretary; but it was received with silence. He had another invitation—to a prayer-meeting in a private house. He went there also, and gave a talk on his mission work. A rumor of this meeting reached the ears of the secretary, and Mr. Duff was called before the board. Not knowing wherein he had erred, he defended himself for giving the talks, even though not at the request of the committee. In reply, every member except the chairman arose and left the room. As no business could be done without a quorum, Mr. Duff was dismissed.

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But an occasion when he could be heard was not long in coming. The General Assembly was soon to meet; and although so weak that friends and physicians protested, Mr. Duff was there. When an opportunity was given to speak, as the condition of the churches and the needs of India's millions rose up before him, he poured forth for three hours such a stream of burning eloquence as held his audience spellbound and melted them to tears.

The effect was electric. That speech was compared to the eloquence of Fox and Pitt. A report of it spread from one end of Scotland to the other, and thither Mr. Duff went, awaking the churches to new life. He visited England, and at Cambridge met the now aged Charles Simeon, whom he regarded as his spiritual father; for it was one of his sermons in Scotland which led Mr. Duff's parents to Christ.

Returning to Scotland, he was again before the Assembly. He urged that as the education provided for India by the government excluded religious instruction, it might tend only to a "change from a stagnant superstition to a rampant infidelity. Wherever a government seminary is founded, . . . there let us be prepared to plant a Christian institution, that shall, through the blessing of Heaven, be the instrument of rearing the beautiful superstructure of Christianity on the ruins of all false philosophy and false religion. Wherever a government library is established, that shall have the effect of creating an insatiable thirst for knowledge, there let us be forward in establishing our depositories of Bibles and other religious publications, that may saturate the expanding minds of Indian youth with the life-giving principles of eternal truth."

Recognizing that "science separate from religion is but a ruthless destroyer," he further said, "Let us thus hail true literature and true science as our very best auxiliaries; but in receiving these as friendly allies into our sacred territory, let us resolutely determine that they shall never, never be allowed to usurp the throne, and wield a tyrant's scepter over it."

Thus stood this Christian educator, appealing to Christians to give to the word of the Creator and the religion it reveals their proper place in education. These disclose man's right relation to Him, to the things He has made, and the laws that should govern all. This is true education.

Duff, "bathed in a flood of impassioned appeals," pleaded for recruits:

"Will you, fathers and mothers, send out your children in thousands in quest of this bubble, fame; this bubble, wealth; this bubble, honor and perishable renown; and prohibit them from going in the army of the great Immanuel, to win crowns of glory, and imperishable renown, in the realms of everlasting day?" Scotland awoke, and sent forth her brave sons and daughters to the mission fields.

On returning to India, Mr. Duff found his college prospering. But a storm in the home land soon sent its shock reverberating to India. The pastors of the established church,

located without the consent of the parish, sustained by the civil courts, could hold their places for life, however unworthily. And when, in the General Assembly, over four hundred ministers arose and walked out, thus casting off such tyranny, and declared themselves the "Free Church of Scotland," the Scotch missionaries did the same. This meant that the college building, secured by great effort, had to be turned over to the established church. Duff offered to purchase it, but it was not for sale. So he rented a building, and with the same teachers and a thousand pupils, began anew. Funds were forthcoming, and a new church was built; but it collapsed just before occupancy. Then another was built. Grounds were secured, a new college erected, and the work went on.

Some of the conversions of pupils were remarkable. One student of sixteen had been deeply impressed by the Bible lessons. His family noticed it, and fearing the heresy was taking hold of him, placed in his hands the writings of Tom Paine. But the scoffings of that writer only served to strengthen the young man's faith in the pure teachings of Jesus. Before making a public confession, he wished his wife, a girl of ten, to be converted too; and for two years he instructed her, then began to read to her "Pilgrim's Progress." As he read of the flight from the City of Destruction, Christian's situation appeared so like their own, she urged her husband to follow his example. The time had come. Together they left their heathen home, and fled to Dr. Duff. The event created great excitement, the family carrying the case into court. But it was dismissed. A week later another young man, who had been a student eight years, took refuge in another missionary home. He was forced away and imprisoned three months; but after making his escape he became a minister.

Duff's health again failed, and return to Scotland gave relief. There he was made moderator of the Free Church. In 1854 he visited America, and vast throngs listened to his appeals for missions. On the eve of the dreadful mutiny, the darkest hour of the past century for India, Dr. and Mrs. Duff returned for the last time to that land. During that awful year of 1856, Duff's college had one thousand two hundred students. Invalided once more, he returned to give fifteen fragrant years of labor to his native land. "I am very low," he said a little before the end, "and can not say much; but I am living daily, habitually, in Him." And when he passed away, "peer and citizen, missionary and minister, bore the pall, and laid the precious dust in the grave.

## **CHAPTER EIGHTEEN**

### **WILLIAM BUTLER**

Methodist Missionary of Two Continents

Born in Dublin. Ireland, January 31, 1818. Died at Old Orchard, Maine. August 18, 1899

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A quarter of a century after William Butler had founded the first Methodist mission in India, Bishop McCabe asked him, "Dr. Butler, how would you like to go to India and see the mission?" That man of God turned and faced his questioner, his countenance radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "I had rather go to India than to go to heaven!" And why? It was God's plan for him. It was in part fulfillment of that prayer, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." India was on his way to the goodly land.

In her admirable book, "William Butler, the Founder of Two Missions," 'Eaton and Mains, New York. his daughter Clementina gives the interesting history. In a home of English descent, on the "Emerald Island," he was born, and becoming soon an orphan, was taken into the care of his great-grandmother. On account of advanced age, she could not attend church; but from an improvised pulpit, the little fellow would read for her spiritual lessons and prayers. At the age of seven, he was summoned to the death-bed of this aged guardian. Her feeble hands were placed in benediction upon his head; and although later in life other hands were laid upon him, the influence of this, his first consecration, ever shed a sacred influence about him.

The one who was instrumental in his conversion was Mrs. Crampton, the wife of a member of Parliament. Her own conversion was on this wise: To perfect herself in the use of the harp, she had engaged an instructor, . who was "very small and entirely blind." She learned, to her surprise, that he attended a Methodist chapel; and she asked him to tell her why he did so. He then 'told her that there, for the first time in his life, he had heard the Scripture doctrine of a conscious salvation; and the grateful tears coursed down his cheeks as he spoke.

The next Sunday, the humble worshipers in the Methodist chapel were amazed to see a coach and four stop in front of the door, and this fashionable lady alight, and enter the church. She was soon gloriously converted.

William Butler heard of this lady. "This was the first time," he wrote, "that I had heard the word 'Methodist,' and I asked my friend what it meant. He sneeringly replied, 'Why, a Methodist is one who actually believes he can know his sins forgiven, and be assured of "the favor of God.' I found myself sincerely hoping that I should not be addressed by her. I did not wish to be disturbed."

But it was only a few mornings later when, on his way to attend to some business, he saw this lady coming. He went to one side of the narrow road to pass quickly by; but she paused and spoke so gently, as he said, "in tones that I shall never forget: 'Good morning! May I speak a few words to you?' My trepidation at once calmed down as I looked again at that saintly face and answered, 'Yes, madam, you may say what you wish.' Touching my sleeve, she said: 'I want to ask you this question: Do you pray?' Had she asked me, 'Do you say your prayers?' I could have answered with great confidence. She did not mean or say that. . . . My heart had not learned to utter its own cry to God. .

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. . I saw at once what she meant, and being too manly to tell a falsehood, I answered, 'No, madam, I do not.' She drew a deep sigh, and said, 'Then what is to become of your soul?' Up to that hour I had supposed that my soul was all right; but her question went through my heart, and I became conscious that I was unsaved."

They parted, but he retired to a secret place for prayer. "There and then I gave myself to Christ as Saviour and Lord forever."

In 1839 the young convert attended an open-air service in Liverpool. What was his astonishment to hear his friend, the preacher, announce that at three o'clock that afternoon William Butler would preach to them. Of this, his first sermon, he says: "My poor heart beat fast, and I cried to God for help. At length the text was uttered, 'Ye must be born again.'" He dared not look up until his "poor little sermon was ended." After forty-four years he learned that one soul was led to Christ by that little sermon by one who could not so much as lift his eyes to heaven.

Dr. Duff's eloquent appeals in behalf of India added fuel to the missionary flame that had been burning in the breast of William Butler, and enlisted his interest in that benighted land. "It may be well questioned," writes William Butler's daughter, of Dr. Duff, "if he did anything which has proved more of a blessing to the land he longed to redeem than he accomplished by the burning words which induced the Methodist Church, with all of its enthusiasm and resources, to enter the work."

"When I consider the character of the Son of God," he wrote, "I can not longer refuse to answer the call of the mission secretary to go down to those dark millions and proclaim the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ." He was gladly accepted.

Trusting in the divine promise to those who should leave "children for the kingdom of God's sake," the self-sacrificing missionary left the two older boys in school, and on April 9, 1856, with wife and two children, sailed for India. Their coming was hailed with joy by the missionaries already in Calcutta, and especially by Dr. Duff, whose plea was used of God for the inspiration of this undertaking, and whose college at this time had one thousand students.

Many openings for locating the mission were presented; but God sets the bounds of the habitation of those who will permit Him; and this ambassador of His would find the place of His appointment.

The Presbyterians gave him Joel to act as interpreter. But would his wife's mother consent to the separation? The case was laid before her. With tears she replied, "Sahib, the Saviour came down from heaven to give Himself for me; and why should I not give my daughter to His work?" The superintendent went to Bareli, where he secured a piece of property. Miss Marie Bolst, a Eurasian, converted at Calcutta, had been praying for Christian workers to come there and locate. She and Mrs. Butler went to some of the

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poorest homes and begged to teach their daughters. Not one little girl could they secure.

Only ten weeks elapsed when the unrest in the native army culminated in the dreadful mutiny, the Sepoy Rebellion. Rumors of coming disaster were afloat. The good Colonel Troup, the officer in command at Bareli, urged the missionaries to seek a place of safety, and knelt and prayed with them. Dr. Butler did not wish to leave his post.

The news of the slaughter of Meerut had reached them. The chief of the crafty Mohammedan traitors came to protest against their leaving; but after much prayer, they decided to go. Preparations were quickly made, and they started in the darkness, Mrs. Butler being carried in a hammock. The second night, the bearers put down their burdens and deserted. They were in a jungle where roamed beasts of prey. "It was an awful time," wrote Mr. Butler, "and for a few moments my agony was unutterable. How vain was the help of man! I turned aside into the jungle, and, taking off my hat, lifted my heart' to God;" and He who "amid the anthems of the celestial choirs, hears the cries of the weakest human being," heard this suppliant in this hour of need. Without a word from Mr. Butler, the men returned to their burdens and started. A mountain stronghold was reached in safety.

Joel had been left in care of the mission, and with his wife, barely escaped in much peril. A gallows was erected in the public square at Bareli for Mr. Butler, and a price of five hundred rupees set upon his head. The rebels set fire to the mission house, to which Miss Bolst was fleeing in hope of shelter; and she was beheaded by a sepoy, and her body fell under a hedge of roses which had been Mrs. Butler's delight.

Every missionary in that part of India perished, save these two newly arrived Methodists; and so lost were they to the home land that an obituary was published. The mountain pass of their refuge was held by eighty-seven Englishmen against three thousand of the mutineers. Even the missionary came to their temporary shelter with a musket on his shoulder, when his wife, believing that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal," reminded him that she had "married a Methodist preacher, not a soldier."

A cannon was to be fired as a signal of alarm. After months of suspense, its roar was heard, and it was supposed that the enemy was near; but fear was soon turned to joy: as "the royal twenty-one" boomed forth the news that Delhi had fallen. Of the feelings of the missionaries, and their wonderful deliverances, one may read in "The Land of the Veda," by Dr. Butler.

On the very day of the slaughter in Bareli, May 31, 1857, a farewell meeting was held in Boston for two more missionaries to join the lonely ones in India. On their arrival there four months later, they joyfully united in the work, the three ministers fitting up the first Methodist house of worship in India out of an old sheep house, at a cash outlay of \$4.36. "Too humble for formal dedication," . the founder of the mission went in alone,

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and upon his knees offered the place to Him whose Son was born in a stable. How such experiences brought them into close fellowship with Him who had “not where to lay His head” till it was pillowed in a borrowed tomb!

The long strife in that district led the authorities at home to ask if it would not be best to seek some other location; but the idea of the superintendent was that the more wicked the place, the more it needed the gospel. “Give up Bareli? Never! It is ours by divine right, and the gates of hell are not strong enough to wrest it from us.”

Fifteen months after the retreat, William Butler stood at the site of his home, which, with his goods and books, lay in ashes. Dr. Duff’s costly library sank to the bottom of the sea in a wreck near Cape Town, his Bible and Psalm-book only being wafted ashore. With what new and deep significance did the Book open to these men battling against the superstition and idolatry of ages!

Buildings were soon put up in Bareli and Lucknow, and re-enforcements came from America. The principal towns of two provinces were entered, and made centers from which the work was pushed into the regions round about. Many schools were established. The hostile bearing of the natives quickly changed after the hand of the English took firm control.

The mission obtained its first little orphan girl in 1858. She was wild and dirty, pockmarked, and blind in one eye; but she was welcomed as a very precious treasure. Others came gradually. Following the war, provision and application was made for one hundred fifty children; but the magistrate would not let him have them. Dr. Butler returned in sadness to make it a subject of prayer; and it was only a few days until the magistrate was removed, and one hundred fifty little girls were placed in the missionaries’ charge. They were in miserable plight. They were taken to the mission in oxcarts, and three of them died on the way; but a few weeks of Christian care and love made a wonderful transformation. This was the starting of an orphanage that has been a blessing to the present day.

The first conversion took place in 1859. A scholarly Mohammedan heard Dr. Humphrey tell in a crowded bazaar how God for Christ’s sake had taken away his load of sin, and he sought and found the same pardon, and became one of their most successful native ministers.

This same year a man with two wives became a Christian; likewise his household. The first wife had borne no children, and at her request her husband had taken the second, who had borne him five children. The family finally came to lay the matter before the superintendent. Of the painful situation he wrote: “All the time my heart was going up in prayer for the merciful intervention of Him whose holy law was requiring the sacrifice from those who would be His followers, so that we might be guided wisely, and without any compromise which He would reject, from out of these intricate circumstances into

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which their false religion had led them. I felt a strong hope, in view of the husband's manifest anxiety to do what was right before God, that the merciful One would not leave us in this perplexity, but would cause light to rise upon the obscurity. I could not imagine how it was to be done. 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity;' and it was certainly here; for when the pleadings were ceasing, and solemn silence was over us — each heart hushed to listen for the decision which must come now to save the whole effort from confusion and collapse that would surely sacrifice the future peace of the family and effectually impede their conversion to Christianity—then help seemed to come from heaven. The oldest daughter of the second wife, herself married, and with a babe on her bosom, stirred by an impulse which impelled her to decided action, rose to her feet and crossed the room to the sad and weeping first wife, and tenderly addressing her, said, 'Mother, I have now a home of my own, and if you will only consent to be the discarded one, so that my father may be able to carry out his religious convictions, I will take you to my heart and home, and I will be a loving daughter to you all the days of my life.'

"The old lady threw her arms around the dear girl, and crossed the room to sit by her side; and the matter was settled without another word being spoken. We were all in tears to 'see this wonderful, merciful, and beautiful solution of one of the most unique and painful difficulties in which a number of human beings could be entangled."

After years of service, Dr. Butler was broken in health, and returned to the United States in 1865. But he gained in strength, and both he and Mrs. Butler were busy in missionary activities. She was present when the Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational Church was organized in Boston in 1868; and she was to address a meeting in the same city in 1869. The day was stormy, and only eight women were present. Nevertheless, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. Miss Isabella Thoburn and Dr. Clara Swain were their first missionaries, "pioneers of the host of those consecrated women who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves that they might teach among the women of heathen and pagan lands the blessed news of the Saviour's coming."

In 1873 Dr. Butler went to Mexico to found a mission in that stronghold of Catholicism. At times his life was in peril at the hands of the fanatical populace, but the hand of God was manifest in establishing the work. After six years of toil, he returned to the States, again with health much shattered.

There came to Dr. and Mrs. Butler in 1883 a privilege that comes to few of God's seed-sowers, —that of beholding, after many days, an abundant harvest. It was their happy experience in that year to return to India to review the progress of the work. At Lucknow, as they approached the home of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, lining the avenue from the gate to the house were about three hundred native Christians, singing in their own language, but to the old familiar tune, the glad words

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‘The morning light is breaking; The darkness disappears!’

“The effect was overwhelming. Who were these who were thus singing, ‘Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord’? Some of them were the dear orphan girls we had taken up in their destitution and misery twenty-five years before. . . . At the head of the line, on the steps of her hospitable home, stood that blessed woman, Miss Thoburn, surrounded by her staff of faithful helpers. What a welcome! and what a contrast was this to our first reception at Lucknow! “Of his first night there at the beginning of the work, when “sick at heart,” the missionary wrote:

“In a deeper sense than I have ever known before came the words to my mind, ‘Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.’ ‘I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.’ “Herein lies the secret of the success of those missions.

Let us go with them once more to Bareli. Tender thoughts arise in the minds of the veterans as they approach the place where their first martyr fell. “We had crossed the world to reach this blessed center, and now it was close at hand. . . . The end of the platform was reached, when, lo, something which seemed like a white wall about five feet high stood on the outer edge; and before I could recover from my sleepy surprise, the wall began to define itself into a row of native girls in their usual white raiment, extending from one end of the platform to the other. It was our dear orphan girls. All the two hundred and eighty that were old enough, and could walk so far and keep awake so long, had requested Miss Sparkes to allow them to come up and welcome once more to Bareli the ‘father and mother of the mission.’ . . . The moment they saw our faces there rose to the tune of ‘Old Hundred’ the Doxology in their own language.

“Not until we are hailed by the waiting ones on the golden strand shall we again behold anything as blessed as was that group of welcomers. . . . No wonder that Mrs. Butler, after enthusiastically embracing every one of that long line of precious girls, stood still and wept with excess of joy and gratitude! It was all such a contrast to the days gone by when she and others, in distress of soul, made those earnest efforts to reach and teach even half a dozen girls in that city and could not do it —had to give it up in despair and weep over the failure.

“What hath God wrought!”

It was also Dr. Butler’s privilege to visit the mission in Mexico, where his son John W. Butler had succeeded him. Years of usefulness still remained for these heroes of two continents. But gradually his strength failed, and in 1892 he retired to his home in Newton Center, near Boston, but still did much for the cause of missions. He lived until August, 1899.

Mrs. Butler was to speak at a meeting. He was conversing with her concerning it; and his last words were regarding the cause in which his life had been spent, were he “only able

to attend the meeting," he said, "you could not have a more sympathetic and prayerful hearer than I would be." He sank into what seemed a sleep, and after two days, without consciousness or suffering, passed to rest.

Not only had Mrs. Butler — the mother of Methodist India missions — the privilege of visiting India as just related; but when the fiftieth anniversary of the India mission came, in 1906, so deep was her devotion to the precious cause, that, although in her eighty-seventh year, she undertook and accomplished the journey to the Jubilee of Methodism in that land. And what a pleasure it was to have with her, her equally interested son and daughter! John Wesley Butler drew aside from his mission toils in Mexico, to realize "the dream of his life" in visiting India; and the daughter, Clementina, chairman of the American Ramabai Association, accompanied them.

Among the prominent Indian women present was Miss Singh, professor of English literature in Isabella Thoburn College. At the close of her address at the great Missionary Conference held in Carnegie Hall, New York, Ex-President Harrison declared, "If I had given a million dollars to missions, and this Christian woman was the only result, I would be perfectly satisfied."

The climax of the India Jubilee was reached when Bishop Warne touchingly addressed "Mother Butler," and rehearsed the story of Joel's first service and the death of Miss Bolst, then presented seventy-five candidates for the native ministry. On Mrs. Butler's ninetieth birthday, in 1910, a hospital in India was opened, and named for her in grateful remembrance.

A very unexpected joy to the writer of this sketch has come from the pen of her daughter—who is devoted to missions—in the assurance, "My mother joins with me in the prayer that your effort may be used of God to increase the missionary interest and bless mankind."

As Mother Butler looks back over her almost threescore years of toil and sacrifice for missions, is it with feelings of regret? Is there any wonder that her husband's last words were addressed to her, "You could not have a more sympathetic and prayerful hearer than I would be"?

## **CHAPTER NINETEEN**

**ROBERT MOFFAT**

**MARY MOFFAT**

Lights in Darkest Africa

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To a land whose inhabitants today could furnish each of its missionaries a congregation one hundred times larger than the United States could offer its ministers, a single Moravian missionary pressed his way in 1737. One week after George Schmidt, “the Bohemian Bunyan,” heard of Ziegenbalg’s appeal for South Africa, he was on his way to arrange for the task. His Protestant faith had already cost him six years in prison, and chain-marks that he wore till death. At the age of twenty-seven he reached Africa, where he was treated much as were the natives. A warning above a church door showed how they were regarded: “Hottentots and dogs are forbidden to enter!”

For nearly five lonely years he labored before Willem, his first convert, was baptized. And when a congregation of nearly half a hundred had been gathered, the Dutch would no longer tolerate his presence, and the first man who had treated the natives kindly was deported to Europe. There he lived as sexton and grave-digger, to the age of seventy-six, “praying every day,” says Amos R. Wells, in his fragrant offering to missions, “for South Africa, and dying at last, like Livingstone, on his knees.” “Into All the world.”

In 1792, six years after Schmidt’s death, three other humble Moravians rekindled the light in “the Vale of Grace” from which he had been torn. A few years later, the healing hand of the London Missionary Society touched the dark continent. Five workers were sent, the fifth being the learned Dr. J. T. Vanderkemp, trained in sixteen languages.

Born in Holland in 1747, he became a scholar, cavalry officer, physician. For years he was a skeptic. Awakened to the true purpose and value of life, by the drowning of his wife and daughter, and his own narrow escape, he gave himself to save others. Being a man of great courage, he labored first among the Kafir tribes of Africa, where murder was considered a deed of merit. Later he helped to lift the heavy yoke from the necks of the Hottentots, dying in 1811, “as he had lived, protesting against his countrymen’s oppression of the native races.”

The year the London Society was organized — 1795 — one of its most successful missionaries, Robert Moffat, was born, December 21, in Scotland.

“I wish to, ask one favor of you before we part,” said his mother, as at sixteen, and unconverted, he was leaving his childhood’s home.

“O mother,” he said, as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, “ask what you will, and I shall do it!”

“I only ask that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another every evening.”

“I parted from my beloved mother, now long gone,” he says, “but I never forgot my promise to my mother.” ‘ A number of items on Moffat are gleaned from his biography written by D. J. Deane, Partridge and Co., London.

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Becoming converted, and a Methodist, estranged from him Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, a cultured gardener and wife, who had taken much interest in him. One day, passing over a bridge, he saw a notice of a missionary meeting. He read it over and over. He had never seen such an announcement before. Stories his mother had read to him of the Greenland and Labrador missionaries came to his mind. It was God's call to him; henceforth he was a missionary. In London he saw many relics, including some of the idols of pagan worship. "O that I had a thousand lives, and a thousand bodies!" he wrote home. "All of them should be devoted to no other employment but to preach Christ to these degraded, despised, yet beloved mortals!"

On September 30, 1816, Robert Moffat, John Williams, and seven others were set apart to mission fields. Landing at Cape Town early in 1817, Moffat studied Dutch, which enabled him to preach in that language. As he passed to his field, a wealthy Boer entertained him, and proposed in the evening that he should preach for them. After supper, preparations were made for the service, and the family were seated. The man had many slaves; and Mr. Moffat inquired, "May none of your servants come in?"

"Servants! what do you mean!"

"I mean the Hottentots, of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots! Are you come to preach to the Hottentots? Go to the mountains and preach to the baboons; or if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them."

With tact born of love from above, the youthful minister turned to Matthew 15, read the story of the woman of Canaan, and took for his text, "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." He had not proceeded far when the farmer interrupted:

"Will mynheer sit down and wait a little? He shall have his Hottentots." They were gathered, and he preached to them. "Who hardened your hammer," inquired the subdued farmer, "to deal my head such a blow? I'll never object to the preaching of the gospel to Hottentots again."

Moffat's face was toward Africaner's kraal in Namaqualand. The farmers warned him against this chief, who had been the terror of the country, and upon whose head was a price of one thousand dollars. "You are so young," said one motherly woman, as tears dimmed her eyes, "and going to be a prey to that monster!" One predicted that Africaner would use him as a mark to be shot at; another, that he would take his skin for a drum; a third, that he would use his skull for a drinking cup.

The, gospel was not an unheard-of thing to Africaner, however. Other missionaries, including Albrecht, had gone before, and under circumstances of much suffering had carried on a mission at Warm Bath. This noted robber at times attended their services, and the missionaries visited his kraal. He saw "men as trees walking."

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But becoming enraged, he threatened an attack on the defenseless little company. One of the missionaries died; and after a time of distressing suspense, the remaining workers withdrew. Africaner plundered the mission, and one of his followers burned the buildings. Yet he retained some respect for the English, and had received instruction from Mr. Ebner, who was still at his kraal when Moffat arrived. But the latter was soon left alone, in the midst of savages, with a robber and murderer their leader. Africaner took kindly to Moffat, however; and the gentle, manly, Christian ways of the missionary, and the teaching of the Book, won him to Christ.

Early in 1819 Moffat proposed that Africaner accompany him to Cape Town. "I thought you loved me," said the chief. "Do you know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" Then to the missionary's persuasion, he said, "I shall deliberate, and roll my way upon the Lord."

It was a serious question how those who had suffered from his depredations would regard him when they saw him in their power. But Africaner decided to go. On the way, they paused before the home of a farmer who had shown kindness to Moffat. Walking toward the house, the missionary met the fanner, and introduced himself.

"Moffat!" exclaimed the astonished man. "You have long since been murdered by Africaner. Everybody says you were murdered." But becoming somewhat assured, both advanced toward the wagon, and the conversation turned upon Africaner. Moffat broke the news gently, assuring the Boer Africaner was a good man.

"Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die, . . . though he killed my own uncle."

"This, then, is Africaner," said Moffat, as they reached the wagon.

"Are you Africaner?"

The chief arose, removed his hat, and bowing politely, said, "I am."

"O God, what a miracle of Thy power!" exclaimed the Christian man. "What can not Thy grace accomplish!"

At the cape the governor received the chief kindly, and made him a present of a valuable wagon.

This remarkable man, whose transformation is another of the miracles of missions, adorned his profession to the end. To his assembled people he said at life's close

"We are not what we were, — savages, — but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. . . . My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me."

A lonely life the missionary led, and peculiarly so when one trained in a Moravian school, well fitted and longing to share his toils, was prevented by fond parents from doing so. When hope had fled, however, permission came; and in 1819 Miss Mary Smith

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landed safely in Cape Town, where the happy pair were married. After the toilsome fashion of travel with teams of oxen, the missionary party, including Mr. J. Campbell, set out for Lattakoo, later called Kuruman. The journey through fertile districts and desert sands was finally accomplished. Soon a visit was made among the tribes that had never seen white people before. Great was their wonder at the dress and habits of the strange visitors. For hours they would sit and watch them. The most important; event in 1820 was the visit of a wee maiden named for her mother, whom the missionaries gave a very tender place in their new home; and it was she who afterward became the wife of David Livingstone.

For years Mr. Moffat labored, Africaner being the single trophy of his toils. "They turn a deaf ear to the voice of love," was the missionary's lament, "and treat with scorn the glorious doctrines of salvation."

"Mary, this is hard work," said he one day to his patient wife.

"It is hard work, but take courage; our lives shall be given us for a prey."

"But think how long we have been preaching to this people, and no fruit yet appears."

"The gospel has not yet been preached to them in their own tongue."

"From that hour, said the missionary, "I gave myself with untiring diligence to the acquisition of the language."

For years they labored for hearts as barren as the surrounding deserts. The natives plotted against them, and came to drive them from the mission. Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton stood near the house, and "while the chief was speaking, he stood quivering his spear in his right hand. Mrs. Moffat was at the door of our cottage, with the babe in her arms; watching the crisis."

Said Mr. Moffat to the leader: "You may shed blood or burn us out. We know you will not touch our wives and children." Then, throwing open his waistcoat, he said, "If you will, drive your spears to my heart; and when you have slain me, my companions will know that the hour has come for them to depart."

"These men must have ten lives," said the chief to his companions, "when they are so fearless of death. There must be something in immortality." And they departed, leaving the missionaries still in command.

An awakening came after ten years of toil. The day before the first converts were received, a box arrived from England, which had been one year on the way. When opened it was found to contain a communion service, for which Mrs. Moffat had asked more than two years before. Marked changes soon took place. Schools were established, a stone chapel was built, a printing plant installed. The New Testament was translated by Mr. Moffat. The manuscript was sent to England, and 6,000 copies were printed. "I felt it to be an awful thing," said the reverent man, "to translate the Book of

God.” And when, after nearly thirty years spent upon the great work, he had completed the last verse, he says, “My feelings found vent by my falling upon my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task.”

But time and toils and sorrows told upon the aged veterans. One after another of the standard-bearers younger in years fell in the field. In 1862 they suffered the loss of their eldest son, Robert, and a few weeks later came the tidings of the death of Mary Livingstone at Shupanga. Leaving their son John Moffat in charge at Kuruman, these volunteers in the King’s advance guard withdrew from the outpost, and in 1870, after over half a century of absence, excepting one visit, returned to the home land. Only a few months later, Mary Moffat rested from her labors. For thirteen peaceful years the aged missionary was spared, and upon him were showered the honors of his queen and country. In 1874 he was called upon to identify the remains of Dr. Livingstone, and attended his funeral. His last days were spent at Leigh, near Tunbridge. August 10, 1883, he died, at the age of eighty-eight.

“The grave has just closed over one of the most notable men whose figures are familiar to the inhabitants of Brighton,” said the Daily News of that city. “Robert Moffat belonged to no sect or party. To better the world and advance the one church formed the sole end of his being.”

## **CHAPTER TWENTY**

### **DAVID LIVINGSTONE**

Missionary Explorer

“Let marble crumble; this is Living-stone.

Born In Blantyre, Scotland, March 19, 1813. Died in Africa, May, 1873. ‘The “Last Journals” give May 1. The date on the marble tomb is May 4.

“DEATH alone will put a stop to my efforts!” was the exclamation of the man who died upon his knees in the heart of Africa, praying for “the open sore of the Lord.” Such determination in a life of such self-abnegation as that of David Livingstone, can only be understood in the light thrown upon life’s duties by the words of the Master, “I do always those things that please Him.” Certain it is that our Father in heaven has a well-defined plan for each of His children, and just to the extent that that plan is found and followed does any life attain completeness or true greatness.

The same year that God gave the Judsons a home in Burma, He gave Livingstone to the world. His “poor and pious” parents were Neil and Agnes Livingstone.

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At nine David had received a prize for repeating Psalm 119 “with only five hitches.” At the same age he had explored the country about his home, begun a collection of curios, and carved his name in Bothwell Castle higher than any other boy had climbed.

His parents were so poor that he was taken from school at ten and put to work in a cotton-mill, where he spent fourteen hours a day, with scant time for meals. Thought of his mother’s needs more than his own, his first week’s wages were placed in her lap; but enough was spared by her to secure for him a Latin grammar.

He might have reasoned that he had no time for study with so much work; but not so. His time was his life; he would make the most of it. He had one quality, lacking which we would never have heard of him. It was determination; he would not fail. How did he manage? He would place a book upon the spinning-jenny, then study “undisturbed by the roar of machinery.” “To this,” he says, “I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children and songs of savages. “Thus he learned to be a master, not a slave, of circumstances. Of all the books that found their way to that jenny, not a novel was among them. Added to his long day’s work was attendance at night-school from eight to ten.

‘The influence of his parents and two of Dr. Dick’s books led him to yield his heart to Jesus. “Now, lad,” said a friend, “make religion the every-day business of your life.” He read the “Life of Henry Martyn,” and the story of Gützlaff; but it was the latter’s “Appeal” in behalf of China that led him to decide to devote not only his earnings but his life to mission work.

After studying theology and medicine at Glasgow, he offered himself to the London Society; but because of failure in his first effort in the pulpit, he was refused.

One member only pleaded for him, at last successfully. In 1840 he received his medical diploma, and was ordained. The opium war shut him out of China, where he had thought to go; but while waiting he met Dr. Moffat, who said he had seen in Africa “the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been.”

“I will go at once to Africa,” said Livingstone. He returned, for one night, to his old home. The next morning at the family altar, David read Psalms 121 and 135, then prayed. Father and son walked together to Glasgow, where they parted to meet no more till earth gives up her dead.

December 8, 1840, Livingstone sailed for Cape Town. Making friends with the captain, he learned how to tell the location of the ship in mid-ocean. This was very useful to him later in African jungles.

A pulpit was offered him at Cape Town; but no, his appointment was farther on. He pressed on seven hundred miles, to Kuruman, Dr. Moffat’s station, the outmost post. For some months he buried himself with the Backwain tribe of the Bechuanas, and so

endeared himself to them that their devotion was wonderful. One day a young native girl crept into camp and hid under Livingstone's wagon. Soon he heard her sobbing violently. A man with a gun was after her. The doctor hardly knew what to do; but a quick-witted native servant took off her beads and gave them to the man, and he left. In another journey he met the friendly chief Sekomi. "I wish you would change my heart," he said to the doctor. "It is proud, proud and angry, angry always." The missionary offered the effectual remedy. "I lifted up the Testament, and was about to tell him of the only way in which the heart can be changed; but he interrupted me by saying, 'Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine to drink, and have it changed at once; for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with some one.' Then he rose and went away."

Livingstone's medical skill was of great benefit. The people crawled about his wagon for healing, some even believing he could raise the dead; "but for permanent influence all would have been in vain if he had not uniformly observed the rules of justice, good feeling, and good manners. Often he would say that the true road to influence was patient continuance in well-doing." 1 "The Personal Life," by Dr. Blaikie, Revell, has been chiefly followed in this narrative.

In 1843 the doctor visited the chief Sechele, whose child he treated successfully. Some of the questions of this chief were difficult to answer: "Since it is true that all who died unforgiven are lost forever, why did your nation not come to tell us of it before now? My ancestors are all gone, and none of them knew anything of what you tell me. How is this?" Answer, you who can.

On returning to Kuruman in June, the doctor was delighted to find a letter from the directors authorizing him to found a settlement in the regions beyond. He also received one from Mrs. M'Robert, with twelve pounds which he might use according to his great desire, to employ native converts in gospel work. Mebalwe was chosen.

Accompanied by a brother missionary, in August, 1843, the doctor pressed on into the attractive valley at the foot of the mountains called Mabotsa, which means "marriage feast." Here they built a mission home, and by means of irrigation made a fine garden. The doctor hoped the directors would approve of their location; if not, he was willing "to go anywhere - provided it be forward."

It was about this station the lion prowled that gained wider notoriety, probably, than any other of its kind. He had just killed nine sheep; and Livingstone went with the natives to encourage them to destroy him. They wounded him, but he broke away. As Livingstone passed by his place of concealment, the beast sprang upon him, thrusting him to the ground, and with paw upon his head, began crunching his arm, lacerating the flesh and splintering the bone.

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Seeing the loved missionary about to be devoured, Mebalwe took up the fight. "In endeavoring to save my life," wrote the wounded man, "he nearly lost his own; for he was caught and wounded severely." Then the lion sprang upon his third victim, but soon fell dead from his wounds. Little did the kind woman think, who sent the twelve pounds, that she would thus help to save the life of the missionary.

The work on his new house was for some time delayed; but as soon as his arm was well enough, he went on.

Of his efforts for the children, he writes: "I yesterday commenced school for the first time at Mabotsa, and the poor little naked things came with fear and trembling. . . . The reason is, the women make us the hobgoblins of their children, telling them 'these white men bite children.'"

In 1844 Livingstone was married to Miss Mary Moffat, and brought her to his new home, over two hundred miles from her parents' mission.

Unpleasantness arose in the new station, the other missionary accusing Livingstone unjustly. Rather than live in an atmosphere of strife, he went forth to build anew.

On to Chonuane, forty miles farther inland, in 1846, these young pioneers pushed their way. Here was the home of the chief Sechele, for whom Livingstone had been earnestly working and praying. He was a man of much intelligence. He became a firm friend of Livingstone, and finally a convert. He learned the alphabet in one day. Reading and arithmetic quickly followed. The Bible became his friend, the book of Isaiah his delight. "He was a fine man," he would exclaim, "that Isaiah; knew how to speak!" Little wonder such a man was amazed that Christians had so long delayed in coming with the good tidings.

Not without great difficulties did he espouse the cause of Christ. Under him were chiefs bound to him by wives he had taken. "If he abandons polygamy, he offends the under-chiefs; he shakes the whole tribe to its circumference. Two years and a half he battled with these difficulties. . . . At length the hour came. . . He sent home all the wives except his first, and gave to her his heart anew in Christian purity." Then Livingstone received him into Christian fellowship.

Water was so scarce that the missionary persuaded Sechele and his people to move with him to Kolobeng, still farther north. Here the Livingstones made their third and last home. Droughts had distressed and pursued them. The rivers depended on for irrigation, ran dry; crops failed; leaves dried on the trees; the mercury stood at 134 degrees. Sechele had been a "rain-maker;" now he would bring rain no more, and Livingstone's "preaching and praying" were blamed for all. "We like you well," they would say to Livingstone, "as if you had been born among us; but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. You see we never get rain; whilst those tribes

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who never preach and pray have plenty.” Yet through it all the converted chief stood bravely by the missionary.

There were worse enemies of that noble work than drought. These were the Boers. Of them there were two classes in South Africa, —an honorable class and a class very much lacking in honor. The latter were Livingstone’s bitter enemies. They killed native men and women and made slaves of their children. If Livingstone remained at Kolobeng their traffic in human blood would be broken up. They must rid themselves of him. But where our short vision often sees only calamities, God sees great mercies. Livingstone had camped upon but the margin of a vast, unexplored region, with its millions of perishing human beings beyond, who were unsought and unknown, except by the slayers and enslavers of men. That an avenue to these might be opened, and efforts made for their redemption, God moved upon this man, who, under Him, was wise enough and brave enough to bridge the yawning chasm between darkest Africa and civilized nations. The world’s festering felon must be opened. God called a fit physician to the task.

Kolobeng was for some years the home of the Livingstones. Every beam was laid by the hands of the missionary. Here several of their children were born, and it was the busy father’s lament that he had not more time to spend with them. “I did not play with my little ones while I had them, and they soon sprang up in my absences, and left me conscious that I had none to play with.”

Away to the north, 870 miles from Kuruman, lay an object of special interest—the beautiful lake N’gami, upon whose waters the eyes of a white man had never rested. Beyond it lived the great chief Sebituane, the magnate of all that region. Livingstone much desired to see this lake, but much more to visit this great chief, and gain his influence in favor of Christianity. But between him and them lay the heartless desert of Kalahari; and he had no means to fit out an expedition to cross it.

Meanwhile messengers came from a chief who lived near the lake, inviting Livingstone to visit him. How could he go? God has His ways, His means, His men. At the opportune moment, two men, Oswell and Murray, hunters and travelers, lent their aid, with twenty men, as many horses, and about eighty oxen; and the party started on a journey of hundreds of miles across the desert.

Great was Livingstone’s joy when he reached the river Zouga, whose waters flow from N’gami. The geography of central Africa had, up to that time, been indeed a desert. The Great Sahara might almost mingle its burning sands with those of the Kalahari so far as the schoolmen knew; but here he heard of a “country full of rivers.” The news took such a hold upon him, “that the actual discovery” of the lake he was seeking, seemed, as he said, “of but little importance.” On August 1, 1849, Livingstone and Oswell, leaving the party in the rear, pressed quietly on to the banks of the N’gami, the key to that region; and from that hour a new interest in Africa was kindled, and Livingstone was a noted

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discoverer. However, he was filled with neither pride nor ambition other than to do the will of his Father in heaven.

The missionary had seen the lake, but not Sebituane, who lived two hundred miles farther on; and the lake chief was determined he should not see him. The doctor began to make a raft to cross the Zouga; but Mr. Oswell suggested that they delay the trip till the next season, and he would bring a boat from the cape. Accordingly the party returned.

At Kolobeng was the patient Mary. With her children, surrounded by her dusky neighbors, she had waited, watched, and prayed, for the return of her husband. When one's own hands have everything to do, the romance of hardship is likely to lose some of its halo, unless a high aim is kept in view. The oven in which Mrs. Livingstone baked her bread was a hole scooped in the ground.

The explorer spent the winter with his family, busy with a thousand things, from mending a shoe to ministering to the sick and making a Bible.

The following season Mr. Oswell was delayed in returning from the cape; and Livingstone started again hundreds of miles across the desert to visit Sebituane, this time accompanied by Seehele, Mebalwe, Mrs. Livingstone, and their three children. Purchasing the good-will of the lake chief by the gift of a rifle, which had been a gift to himself, the explorer was about to set forward, when fever fell upon two of his children, and instead of advancing, he returned home once more. "Without promising anything," he wrote to the directors, "I mean to follow a useful motto in many circumstances, and try again."

The doctor's brother Charles, in America, wrote him, urging him to come to that land of opportunity. This called forth his famous reply: "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. I am a poor, poor imitation of Him, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die!"

A successful effort to reach Sebituane was begun in April, 1851. Mrs. Livingstone, the children, and Mr. Oswell were in the company. Notwithstanding the latter's royal efforts to secure water, going in advance and digging wells, the party was at one time, through the carelessness of one of the servants, absolutely without water for four days.

Of his children in that awful time, the distressed father wrote: "The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible; . . . but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid of which we had never before felt the true value."

On hearing of the missionary's third approach, Sebituane sent forth men to meet him. They joyfully conducted the worn travelers into the presence of their chief,

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“unquestionably the greatest man in all that country.” “As he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them —servants and all— a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. ‘He has a heart! He is wise!’ were the usual expressions Livingstone heard before he saw him.”

One of the highest ambitions of this chief had been to converse with white men. What a kind providence that the one sent to him was a bearer of the gospel of salvation! Sebituane received the missionary with great kindness, and felt much honored by his bringing wife and children. When services were held, he was present; and it proved to be the only sermon he ever heard. He fell sick of pneumonia, and grew steadily worse.

“Taking the hand of the dying chief in his, Livingstone knelt by the couch of skins, and endeavored to speak comforting words—to tell him of the hope there is after death for all who trust.” But one of the native doctors, catching the word “death,” forbade the good man to speak of it to the chieftain. Under the circumstances, he thought best to desist. But no company of savage men could prevent a prayer to the missionary’s God in behalf of the dying man; and who will say that it was not heard? Was it not for this hour the intrepid travelers had pressed on through desert wastes, scorching sands, burning thirst, and throngs of ferocious beasts?

The last words of the dying chief were after the manner of a kind heart. Of little Robert Livingstone, he said, “Take him to Maunku, and tell her to give him some milk.” The words of One in higher authority are, “He that receiveth you receiveth Me. . . . And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.”

The strange, sad circumstance served only to bind the heart of Livingstone more firmly to the downtrodden race; and he went forth from the new-made grave to find, if it might be, a healthful place in that benighted land, for a home for himself and loved ones.

The journey opened up to Livingstone another of the master ideas of his life. He saw that the slave-trade flourished because of the very great desire of the natives to obtain guns and other articles of European make; and the conviction fastened upon him that if legitimate lines of traffic were opened up so the people might secure whatever they wished for their ivory and other products, the fearful death-dealing traffic would die. “The welfare of the whole continent, both spiritual and temporal, was concerned” in his plan. It was to find, if there were any, healthful table-lands upon which missionaries could live and labor, and also a road to the sea.

He could not take his wife and children upon such an expedition. What could he do with them? The One who inspired the undertaking had a way. Their staunch and generous friend, Mr. Oswell, offered to take them to England, himself bearing the expense. It was with deep gratitude the offer was accepted from “their best friend in Africa.”

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Beneficent and wise as we now see his work to have been, his plans were not carried into execution without opposition and accusation even from his brethren. That which should decide the life-work of all the Lord's shaped this great man's course. "Providence to call me to the regions beyond." "Nothing but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the glory of God make me orphanize my children. So powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of the Lord I should, I will go, no matter who opposes."

We are now well enough acquainted with David Livingstone to know that the secret of the success of his life mission was his commission, his confidence in his Commander, and his unswerving obedience to His commands. And it was from the depths of deep love to humanity that he said, "The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise."

Strange as it may seem, when Livingstone arrived with his family at the cape, prejudice was so strong that he could hardly transact business. But what unselfish worker for God has not had a taste of the same bitter cup?

April 23, 1852, the brave, self-sacrificing missionaries separated at Cape Town, the wife and children to go to England, the husband and father to return to the fever jungles and savages of the dark land.

When the doctor again reached Kuruman, a letter from Sechele awaited him, saying: "Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. . . . They killed sixty of my people, and captured women and children and men. The house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. "

Not only his goods were stolen, but his valuable journals, kept with so much care, and his books, were ruined. The Boers declared he should never cross their country alive; but the threat failed to turn him back. He and a trader went together to visit the Makololo tribes.

They left Kuruman in December, 1852. Skirting the desert they wandered through flooded districts. Some of the men deserted, two of the three remaining died; but the leader, the trader, and the remaining servant pushed on, tramping through swamps where trees, thorns, and sharp-edged reeds offered strong resistance, till "with hands all raw and bloody," and knees through their trousers, they emerged from the swamps, reaching Linyanti in May, 1853.

Pausing here in the land of moral midnight, a thousand miles from the frontiers of civilization, the missionary gazed upon the solemn spectacle of heathen savagery. The darkness and loneliness were indeed depressing; but ever the buoyancy of mighty purposes throbbed in the missionary's heart. "Can the love of Christ," he questioned, "not carry the missionary where the slave-trade carries the trader?" His decision was, "I shall open up a path into the interior or perish."

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But how could he, a lone man without means, amid strange savages, accomplish a journey that needed a troop of men with supplies for their sustenance and protection? Again the hand that had led him thus far is seen. Means from Christian lands was not at hand nor forthcoming, but God moved upon the heart of a heathen chief to forward His good purposes toward the dark land. The government of Sebituane had passed to the charge of his son, Sekeletu. This young man treated Livingstone with utmost kindness, finding in him, he declared, "a new father;" and becoming convinced of the value of the explorer's plans, he royally furnished men and means with which the expedition was undertaken.

After nine weeks' vain effort to find a healthful location beyond Linyanti, and a little waiting to regain strength after severe struggles with fever, the doctor prepared: for his western march to the sea.

Early in November, 1853, the wonderful journey, plowing a mighty furrow from center to circumference of the great continent, was begun. Twenty-seven picked men, some Makololo and some Barotse, lined up alongside their intrepid leader. "Nearly seven thousand people assembled to see them off, and made the ground fairly tremble with their shouts as the brave and sturdy men went filing by." "May God in His mercy," was Livingstone's parting prayer, "permit me to do something for the cause of Christ in these dark places of the earth."

Never, until the scroll in the right hand of Him that sits upon the throne is unfurled to the gaze of the wondering multitudes of earth, will the world realize what she owes to her patient, toiling, long-suffering heroes of the cross, who, pressing on in loneliness and obscurity, have bravely fought the good fight of faith against fearful odds, and have strewn their rugged path with blessings for all who follow. Who but a Heaven-inspired hero would, with wasted body and empty hands, have undertaken to span the yawning chasm stretching westward or eastward, and pierce the more formidable barrier of heathen ferocity?

The doctor was greatly reduced by fever, from which he suffered thirty-one attacks on this journey. At times his progress was strongly opposed by greedy and unreasonable chiefs. "The most critical moments of peril," says Dr. Blaikie, "demanding the utmost coolness and most dauntless courage, would sometimes occur during the stage of depression after fever. It was then he had to extricate himself from savage warriors, who vowed that he must go back unless he gave them an ox, a gun, or a man. The ox he could ill spare, the gun not at all, and as for giving the last — a man — to make a slave of, 'he would sooner die.'" How different was this campaign from that conducted by the so-called great Napoleon, who said, "What are the lives of a million of men to a man like me?"

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In striking and pleasing contrast to the selfishness of some of the chiefs, there were some bright examples of generosity and benevolence, notably those of Manenko, a female ruler; a relative of hers, Shinte, a chief who gave the doctor a royal badge of beads and shells as a token of lasting friendship; and Katema, who furnished him liberally with provisions, and whose people were much moved by the story of the cross, and wished their children could be taken to the Makololo country.

Manenko was a very tall young woman, about twenty years of age, who, when her mother suggested that Livingstone visit Shinte instead of going by a route he intended, volunteered to go with him, guiding him through the dark forests and flooded swamps. She also took charge of the baggage, to which Livingstone objected; but, as he said, "when she gave me a kind explanation, and, with her hand on my shoulder, put on a motherly look, saying, 'Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done' (just as she told them), my feelings of annoyance of course vanished."

Those who rule best know when to obey. For days this self-appointed guide and guardian traveled on foot by the traveler's side at such a rate the sick man on oxback could scarcely keep up. So difficult was the way that he would have given up visiting the chief but for her unswerving determination. "There never was such a woman before!" exclaimed the Makololo men; "Manenko is a chief and a soldier!" And truly she was.

"When far past her own dominion, the tribes refused them food. The tender-hearted girl went and begged food, which she prepared with her own hands for the half-starved men.

On arrival at Kabompo, Shinte's town, a royal welcome was accorded the doctor. The chief became much attached to him, gave him liberal supplies of food, and when he departed, sent guides, whose services were indispensable. Who can fail to see God's hand ordering such providences?

At times, however, the expedition seemed doomed, it being utterly impossible to satisfy some of the greedy chiefs, especially near the coast, where the ban of the slave-trader was worst. At an hour of dire extremity from foes without, the doctor's men themselves became disheartened, and all resolved to return home. "All I can say has no effect," he wrote at the time. "I can only look up to God to influence their minds that the enterprise fail not. . . . O almighty God, help, help! and leave not this wretched people to the slave-dealer and Satan!" Such cries to Him who hears even the ravens, were not in vain; and shortly the storm was calmed, and the explorer and his band passed on.

On May 31, 1854, the traveler, worn and sick, arrived at Loanda with his band of Makololos. The mighty task had been accomplished. Nevermore would that vast interior be closed and sealed. The explorer's path would be run by thousands of eager feet. When the news of the great accomplishment reached England, the Royal Geographical Society voted Livingstone a gold medal — their highest honor; and the astronomer

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royal— at the cape wrote him, “You have accomplished more for the happiness of mankind than has been done by all the African travelers hitherto put together.”

A great disappointment came in not finding a single letter at Loanda. Whether wife and children were well or even alive, he knew not. This was partly atoned for by the universal kindness of the Europeans, who with one consent showered their blessings upon him. Mr. Gabriel, the only English resident, received him into his home, so sick and wasted that he put him immediately into his own bed. “Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months’ sleeping on the ground.”

Livingstone’s men were profoundly impressed by the marvels they saw at the coast. They looked upon the ocean with awe. Afterward they thus described their feelings: “We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once, the world said to us, ‘I am finished; there is no more of me!’”

Livingstone took his men to the Catholic cathedral, wondering how the pomp and splendor of the services would impress them in contrast with the simple Protestant services such as he conducted. “I overheard them in talking to each other remark that they ‘had seen the white men charming their demons;’ a phrase identical with one they had used when seeing the Balonda beating drums before their idols.”

After all the dangers, starvation, and sickness experienced on the exhausting journey to the coast, Livingstone might quite honorably have accepted some of the pressing invitations to return to England in one of her majesty’s cruisers. Was he not in great need of a furlough? Sickness laid him so low that the physicians despaired of his life. But what of his little band of followers, who, after their crisis hour of discouragement had passed, not only declared themselves his, but children of Jesus. He had promised to return with them; and rather than sacrifice his word, he would sacrifice himself.

Then, too, he decided to prospect further for good mission sites and a better road for commerce. The bold idea was conceived of blazing another path, this time eastward, to the sea.

After dispatching letters, maps, and messages by the ship Forerunner, this man of iron will turned his face once more toward the interior, taking with him liberal donations of supplies, including presents of a horse and uniform for Sekeletu, and other gifts for chiefs along the way.

Unhappily, the Forerunner went down off Madeira; and on learning of it, the patient man paused on his way and went to the great labor of reproducing his lost papers.

“Livingstone left Loanda September 24, 1854, and arrived at Linyanti September 11, 1855. “The most joyous demonstration took place when Linyanti was reached. Sekeletu

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affectionately threw himself upon Livingstone's neck, and the brave Makololos could hardly loose themselves from the embraces of their families."

Sekeletu was much pleased with the expedition that his generosity had made possible. He was proud of his horse, but more so of his uniform, in which on Sunday he attracted "more attention than the sermon." A very remarkable part of the great undertaking was that every one of the twenty-seven returned home in good health. Livingstone led them to hold a day of thanksgiving for God's protection.

Long had the wanderer been lost to his friends and the world. The people of Linyanti had supposed he and his men were dead. Only one brave heart in England had not lost hope—his faithful Mary. She found solace and comfort in the wonderful ninety-first Psalm, and by faith threw its boundless protection around him. For two years, no more tidings from him had reached his home than if the dark continent had opened its mouth and swallowed him up.

When the doctor told his plan to Sekeletu to go to the east coast, the chief willingly furnished over one hundred men for the task. Dr. Blaikie says, "If Livingstone had performed these journeys with some long-pursed society or individual at his back, his feat even then would have been wonderful; but it becomes quite amazing when we think that he went without stores, and owed everything to the influence he acquired with men like Sekeletu and the natives generally." Livingstone attributed it, and rightly, to the good hand of Providence.

A little to the east the explorer came to that greatest natural wonder in Africa, the falls in the Zambezi, 5,400 feet wide, 320 feet deep, which he named, for his queen, Victoria Falls. In this region he also found the healthful location for missions for which he had so long been looking, and strongly recommended it for settlement.

The many eventful journeys and experiences of this remarkable man can not here be portrayed, nor the blessed influences that flowed from them. But the secret key that unlocked barred gateways and moved mountains of difficulty, was the same that has been held by every faithful hand that has helped humanity to travel toward heaven. His own retrospect and prospect, given in "Missionary Travels," shows the convictions of his mind, and reveals the experience needful for the humblest life that would be a success— to be led by the hand of God

"If the reader remembers the way in which I was led, while teaching the Backwains, to commence exploration, he will, I think, recognize the hand of Providence. Anterior to that, when Mr. Moffat began to give the Bible - the magna charta of all the rights and privileges of modern civilization —to the Bechuanas, Sebituane went north and spread the language into which he was translating the sacred oracles, into a new region larger than France. . . . He opened up the way for me —let us hope also, for the Bible. Then, again, while I was laboring at Kolobeng, seeing only a small arc of the cycle of

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Providence, I could not understand it, and felt inclined to ascribe our successive and prolonged droughts to the wicked one. But when, forced by these and the Boers to become explorer, and open a new country in the north rather than set my face southward, . . . the gracious Spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard me with favor, the divine hand is again perceived. Then I turned away westward, rather than in the opposite direction. . . . Had I gone at first in the eastern direction, . . . I should have come among the belligerents near Tete when the war was raging at its height, instead of, as it happened, when all was over.

“And again, when enabled to reach Loanda, the resolution to do my duty by going back to Linyanti probably saved me from the fate of my papers in the Forerunner. And then, last of all, this new country is practically opened to the sympathies of Christendom, and I find that Sechele himself has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact, he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and I have been employed in exploring—a work which I had no previous intention of performing.

“I think that I see the operation of the unseen hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will still guide me to do good in my day and generation in Africa.”

After repeated attacks of fever and unnumbered dangers escaped, Livingstone at last reached Quilimane on the east coast, in May, 1856.

Provision was made for his men to remain while he should go to England and return. Narrowly escaping shipwreck, he reached “dear old England” in December, 1856, four and one half years after parting with wife and babies at Cape Town. During this sojourn in England Livingstone wrote his book “Missionary Travels.”

Not long was the distinguished traveler left to domestic quietness. The nation, including the queen, rejoiced to welcome its long-lost son. Receptions and public demonstrations without stint were held in his honor. A smaller head or an unrenewed heart would surely have become lifted up.

By bringing to view vast fields for harvest where it had been thought only great deserts existed, Livingstone sought to lead the churches to take possession of the land for the Master. Before the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, who accorded to him the rare honor of fellow, he dared to speak of Him whom he served. To the spinners of cotton, such as he once was, he said, “My great object was to be like Him—to imitate Him as far as He could be imitated.” Before graduates at Cambridge he said: “Education has been given us from above for the purpose of bringing to the benighted the knowledge of the Saviour. If you knew the satisfaction of performing such a duty, as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel in being chosen for so noble, so sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in embracing it.”

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In order that Livingstone might go forward with his special work of exploration, he was released by the London Missionary Society, and engaged with the English government to explore the Zambezi and its tributaries.

This time Livingstone was not to go alone. "My wife, who has always been the main spoke in my wheel, will accompany me in this expedition, and will be most useful to me. . . In the country to which I am about to proceed, she knows that at the missionary's station the wife must be the maid of all work within, while the husband must be the Jack of all trades without."

In March, 1858, these trained workers, with their exploring party, set out for Africa. They landed at Cape Town, where her faithful parents, Dr. and Mrs Moffat, were awaiting them. Here, at a grand banquet held in Livingstone's honor, a present of a beautiful silver box containing eight hundred guineas was given him. How marked the contrast to 1852! Then, suspected, scarcely noticed, distrusted; "now, he returns with the queen's gold band round his cap, and with brighter decorations round his name than sovereigns can give, and all Cape Town hasten to honor him. It was a great victory, as it was also a striking illustration of the world's ways."

Mrs. Livingstone fell sick, and went with her parents to Kuruman.

At the mouth of the Zambezi, the ship they had brought was put together. The best outlet to the great river was known only to the dealers in slaves, and was secretly guarded. It would seem that Providence led to its discovery at the very beginning of the expedition.

The party proceeded finally to Tete, where the Makololos who had accompanied him to the coast were stationed when he went to England. A number of these had died of smallpox, and six others had been murdered. Those that survived were "nearly beside themselves with joy at seeing their father once more."

The new steamer, the Ma-Robert, proved unfit for the service desired; and while waiting for a new one, the doctor explored the river Shire, making three trips, and discovering the important Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa.

"The country around Lake Nyassa was densely populated. . . . Unlike many of the African tribes, the people of this favored region seemed imbued with a spirit of industry. They cultivated the soil extensively, raised nearly everything it was practicable for them to raise, besides working in iron and cotton, and at basket making. Almost every village had its smelting-house, charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths. The axes, spears, arrow-heads, needles, bracelets, and anklets they turned out, while not of the finest workmanship, were fashioned with much skill. Crockery and pottery of various kinds were also manufactured." Yet "these people had many strange, even barbarous customs. Among others was the habit of wearing the pelele, or lip-ring. . . . To Livingstone's oft repeated question as to why they followed this custom, they invariably replied, 'O, because it is in

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the fashion!” “We can hardly realize,” as one writer says, “that so familiar a speech applies so far from home, but it does.”

Not until May, 1860, was the way clear for the return to Linyanti. On reaching Sekeletu’s territory, he was met with the stunning intelligence that the missionaries he had helped to send to Linyanti while he was in England had died of fever, and the mission had been broken up. Sekeletu was stricken of leprosy, and had left his people. Tears came to the doctor’s eyes as he gazed upon the leprous chief, while the sad joy of the latter at seeing once more his adopted father was indeed pathetic. Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk treated the malady so successfully that the chief lived till 1864; but his tribe was scattered to the four winds.

In January, 1862, the explorer was again at the mouth of the Zambezi, where he met Mrs. Livingstone. But alas, how little he dreamed that his joy would soon be turned to grief! At Shupanga, where he undertook to put his new brig afloat, the fever laid hold upon Mrs. Livingstone. For six days the unequal contest was waged. On April 27, 1862, the strong enemy prevailed; and Mary Moffat Livingstone, the daughter of missionaries, a missionary’s wife, herself a missionary, was laid to rest under the now noted baobab-tree at Shupanga.

“O my Mary, my Mary!” moaned the stricken survivor. “How often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng!” But no, not here, not now! Hitherto homeless, now alone! Henceforth he must wander, but in closer touch with Him who had not where to lay His head. It is not strange that in the first outburst of grief he should exclaim “Now for the first time in my life I am willing to die! Take me too, O God!”

Still, following the footprints of Him who would not fail, the grief-torn man again takes up his heavy task. On both sides of the strangled continent the deadly Portuguese octopus was spreading its poisonous arms. So firmly fastened were its fangs, that the Zambezi expedition was compelled to be largely a contest against the ghastly slave traffic. Horrible work was instigated by the Portuguese slave agents. “Villages were set on fire, and the inhabitants, fleeing for their lives, met a fate far more dreadful than death by falling into the hands of the traders. . . . The revolting picture that greeted Livingstone’s eyes on his ascent into the valley of the Shire is thus drawn by his hand: ‘A little more than twelve months before, the valley of the Shire was populous with peaceful and contented tribes; now the country was all but a desert, the very air polluted by the putrid carcasses of the slain, which lay rotting on the plains, and floated in the waters of the river in such numbers as to clog the paddles of the steamer. . . . The sight of hundreds of putrid dead bodies and bleached skeletons was not half so painful as the groups of women and children who were seen sitting amidst the ruins of their former dwellings, with their ghastly, famine-stricken faces, and dull, dead eyes.’” Is it

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any wonder that a man like Livingstone, with the weapons of the Prince of peace, would fight this monster as long as his life should last?

In 1863 the expedition was recalled, and the following year Livingstone returned to England. Two great purposes now throbbed in his bosom: one, to lay bare the terrible traffic in human life; the other, to found a settlement outside Portuguese territory. Later, at the urgent request of Sir Murchison he added the purpose of finding the watersheds of that region and the source of the Nile.

The proposal was made that he divorce himself from missionary effort ; to which he said, "I would not consent to go simply as a geographer, but as a missionary, and do geography by the way, because I feel I am in the way of duty when trying either to enlighten these poor people, or open their land to lawful commerce."

Bidding his last farewell to his native land August 14, 1865, he once more set foot on soil so familiar, reaching Lake Nyassa August 8, 1866. By this time most of the motley crew he had been able to gather, had deserted him, stealing a large part of his supplies. The influence of the slave dealers prevented his securing a boat to cross the lake, and he resolved to walk around to the other side. In September he reached Marenga, where all his men but eight deserted him. With this little band Livingstone must press his weary, dangerous way in search of the lakes Bangweolo and Tanganyika.

The deserters, on reaching Zanzibar, started a report that Livingstone had been murdered. This report thrilled with sadness the civilized world. Obituary notices appeared, and letters of condolence poured in upon the sorrowful family. But a few of Livingstone's friends refused to believe the story. Mr. E. D. Young was one of these, and he performed the gratifying feat of leading a search party into the region of the supposed murder, and returned in eight months with positive proof that the report was untrue.

Though the doctor had not been murdered, he had half starved. "Wo is me," he wrote to his son Thomas. "The people have nothing to sell but a little millet porridge and mushrooms. . . I have become very thin." The year 1867, during which he caught his first sight of Tanganyika and discovered Lake Moero, closed with severe illness. God moved upon an Arab to minister to him and supply him with nourishing food.

On July 18, 1868, he trod the shores of Lake Bangweolo: New Year's day, 1869, found him under the worst attack of illness he had had. He prayed that he might hold out to Ujiji, where he expected to find medicine, and stores so much needed.

March 14, he reached the longed-for station, but found that most of his goods had been stolen, and there were no letters for him. Three long years without a letter from home! The promoters of the traffic in blood not only endeavored to destroy his communications and goods, but the doctor himself. Had not God raised up a few friends, this brave man must have perished. . Livingstone was leader of an unseen army

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whose battalions were yet to be enlisted. He must survey the scene of conflict, taste its bitterness, and set a pace for future feet to follow.

After resting for a time at Ujiji, he again set forth into the strange, populous, productive wilderness—productive? indeed, but of what? — Slaves, idolaters, and murderers!

Reverses, losses, sickness, and desertion beset him, until in June, 1870, he was reduced to three followers, Susi, Chuma, and Gardner. With these the man whose only fear was the fear of God, set forth to examine the Lualaba River, thinking it might be a feeder of the Nile. Fallen trees and swollen streams made marching a constant struggle, and for the first time Livingstone's feet gave out. Ugly ulcers fastened upon them, and he had to limp back to Bambarra. Confined here for eighty days, he gave much attention to the Book of God, reading it through and through.

Under circumstances in which few would have pressed on, he made his way at length to Nyangwe, on the banks of the Lualaba, March 29, 1871, the farthest westward point reached in his last expedition. But what was his disappointment to find that the Lualaba flowed westward; so after all it might be but the Kongo!

It was, however, on the banks of this stream that an event of such overmastering horror took place that, when heralded in the trumpet tones of this sentinel, it sounded mightily in the death knell of the slave horror of Africa. On the "bright summer morning of July 15, when fifteen hundred people, chiefly women, were engaged peacefully in marketing in the village, . . . a murderous fire was opened on the people, and a massacre ensued of such measureless atrocity that he could describe it only by saying that it gave him the impression of being in hell."

"The remembrance of this awful scene was never effaced from Livingstone's heart. The account of it published in the newspapers at home sent a thrill of horror through the country." The British government at once set to work, and other nations joined in to strike the death-blow to African slavery.

Failing to arrange in that terrible district for men to proceed, Livingstone was obliged to return sick in body and sick at heart, over five hundred miles, to Ujiji. The journey was a wretched one. Though the slavers did not attempt his life, they could persuade the natives to do so. "On the 8th of August, they came upon an ambushment all prepared, but it had been abandoned for some unknown reason. By and by, on the same day, a large spear flew past Livingstone, grazing his neck. . The hand of God alone saved his life. Farther on, another spear was thrown, which missed him by a foot. On the same day a large tree, to which fire had been applied to fell it, came down within a yard of him. Thus on one day he was delivered three times from impending death."

Finally, on October 23, 1871, a living skeleton, he reached Ujiji, once more expecting to find an abundance of supplies, once more to be grievously disappointed. The man to whom they had been trusted, proving to be a knave, had sold all.

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He who was the invisible Leader of this expedition, of which Livingstone was only the executor, had been preparing for this very hour. In October, 1869, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., proprietor of the New York Herald, sitting in a hotel in Europe, sent a telegram to one of his correspondents, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, summoning him to his side.

“Where do you think Livingstone is?” was the proprietor’s strange interrogation. Mr. Stanley could not even tell whether Livingstone was alive.

“Well, I think he is alive,” said Mr. Bennett, “and I am going to send you to find him.”

With all the money needed, Stanley was to go; but he was to visit Palestine, Egypt, and India on the way, and hence his delay till the supreme hour of Livingstone’s need.

As the latter, in sore distress, had drawn near Ujiji from the west, an almoner of God’s bounties was approaching from the east. On a “happy, glorious morning,” November 10, 1871, the town of Ujiji was roused to intense excitement. A large caravan was approaching. Let its leader, Mr. Henry Stanley, tell the story:

“We are now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, ‘Good morning, sir.’ Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous, . . . and I ask, ‘Well, who is this?’ ‘I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone.’”

Up to this time, Stanley had not known where he would find the lost man. “What! “he exclaimed; is Dr. Livingstone here?” “Yes, sir.” “In this village?” “Yes, sir.” “Are you sure?” “Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.”

“‘Good morning, sir,’ said another voice. ‘Halloo!’ said I, ‘Is this another one ? Well, what is your name? ‘My name is Chuma, sir.’ ‘And is the doctor well?’ ‘Not very well, sir.’”

Susi darted away to summon the doctor, who came forth slowly from his little hut.

“As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with faded gold band around it. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob — would have embraced him, only he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing — walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said, ‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’

‘Yes,’ said he with a kind smile, lifting his cap; and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

“ ‘I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.’

“He answered, ‘I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.’”

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Scarcely could the visit of an angel have been more welcome to the wearied man. As the two tried travelers sat down and talked together, the joy of the doctor's heart would burst forth in the repeated exclamation; "You have brought me new life! You have brought me new life!"

A friendship sprang up between these men, which in Stanley ripened not only into love for Livingstone, but also for his Redeemer, and hence for mankind, and he too became a friend and liberator of the enslaved race.

Four months they remained together; but parting day came, and the first white face that Livingstone had seen in five years, and the last he ever looked upon, was gone.

Turning from all that would seem to make life worth living, the trained hand of this standard-bearer must once more mark a path into the regions beyond. We draw near the close of this world-drama. Comparatively brief is the last campaign. Aged not with years, but with toil and suffering, the tired, tried traveler journeyed on a little longer. Receiving, in August, a band which Stanley sent from the coast, he went forth on the supposed errand of finding the source of the Nile. But sometimes God's good purposes are not fully foreseen even by those He uses best. The doctor however, ere the end came, caught glimpses of a stream whose source is as much higher than the Nile as the heavens are high above the earth.

"No one can estimate," he wrote to his daughter Agnes, "the amount of God-pleasing good that will be done, if, by divine favor, this awful slave-trade, into the midst of which I have come, be abolished. This will be something to have lived for; and the conviction has grown in my mind that it was for this end I have been detained so long." "I have been led, unwittingly, into the slaving field of the Banians and Arabs of central Africa. I have seen the woes inflicted, and I must still work and do all I can to expose and mitigate the evils."

April 29, the last mile of his twenty-nine thousand in Africa was traveled. Borne by his men on a kind of palanquin through flooded marshes, in most excruciating pain, he reached at last Chitambo's village in Bala, at the southern end of Lake Baagweolo. Here a hut was prepared for him, and the dying pilgrim was laid upon a couch of branches and dried grass. Faithful were the vigils of his devoted Susi and others of his men; but in vain were their endeavors to prolong his life. Dismissing the tired Susi on the last night, for a little rest, he was left with a single watcher, who, ere the morning broke, called Susi in quiet alarm. He and the other men drew near. The dim candle-light revealed the motionless form of their master, not on the couch of grass, as they expected, but beside it, his face bowed upon his clasped hands on his pillow, where he had offered his last prayer for the deliverance of Africa.

How fitting a close to such a life! How fitting, too, was all that which followed! Bereft so suddenly of their veteran leader, and in the midst of barbarous and superstitious

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strangers, what should his followers do? A council was held, and a decision was reached well worthy of Stanley's or Livingstone's men. They would bear his body the long and dangerous way, a thousand miles, to the sea, that it might be taken to his own people! Over a region through which Stanley, with nearly two hundred men, had to fight his way, this little band, led by Susi and Chuma, resolved to go. Dr. Pierson well records their act of devotion as one of the miracles of modern missions, and places it alongside Mary's alabaster box of perfume - a fragrant offering that speaks volumes in praise of the gospel Livingstone lived in the presence of these men, and in behalf of the race they represent.

The heart that had been so sorely torn by the wretchedness it could not relieve, together with the viscera, was buried beneath a mvula-tree, upon which Wainwright carved the words, "Dr. Livingstone died on May 4, 1873." The body was dried in the sun, carefully wrapped in coarse sail-cloth, and placed in a casket of bark. With solemn reverence the pall-bearers took up their dead, and led out in Livingstone's last march — a funeral march to the sea.

So unreasonable were the superstitions of the tribes with reference to dead bodies, so dangerous the way, that, after a good part of their heavy task was performed, Lieutenant Cameron, whom they met leading an expedition to find Livingstone, advised them to bury him there. But no; they had trained too long under one who would not know defeat. Sickness and death lessened their company, but on they went. At one time they feigned sending the body back for burial; then with that which was dearer than life to them, bound up as a traveler's package, they threaded their sorrowful way onward. At last they placed their strange burden, together with the explorer's valuable journals, maps, and personal belongings, at the feet of the English on the coast. Thence it was borne to London for burial. Jacob Wainwright was allowed to accompany, as a faithful guardian, the body of his master.

The physician who, with Mr. Moffat, identified the body, said that he was "as positive as to the identity of these remains as that there has been among us in modern times one of the greatest of the human race - David Livingstone. "

The remains were buried with the highest testimonies of respect, in Westminster Abbey. One of the pall-bearers was his old-time fellow traveler Mr. Oswell; another, his American friend, Mr. Stanley, who now pledged his life to carry on Livingstone's work; a third, Jacob Wainwright, had been pall-bearer over the long, sad trail in Africa. A wreath of flowers, bearing a card upon which was written, "A tribute of respect and admiration from Queen Victoria," was placed upon the casket.

The inscription upon the marble that marks his resting-place closes with his own words: "All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one— American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### WILLIAM TAYLOR

Pioneer Methodist Self- Supporting Missionary

Born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, May 2, 1821. Died at Palo Alto, California, May 18, 1902.

FROM the grave of Livingstone Henry M. Stanley went forth once more to Africa, to work upon a higher plane than he had known before, and to open a path where his predecessor had blazed the way. Under his agency the Bongo was to become a highway for feet made beautiful by glad tidings of peace. And who was so well prepared for an undertaking there as one who made the apostle Paul his missionary example, and had gone from continent to continent to execute the gospel commission! This was William Taylor, whose circuit extended from coast to coast in America, his parish being "every place he could reach." "His voice was his church bell." His religion took on "an energy equal to Mammon's;" and as he hastened from continent to island, and from island to continent, his sermons were heard by multiplied thousands.

William Taylor was born in Virginia, where he trained his powers for service. In 1849 he found a harder field in California, whither he shipped a church building from Baltimore. This was erected in Sacramento, the second Protestant church on the coast. Timber for the first, William Roberts had split out and shaved in Oregon and sent to San Francisco. Mr. Taylor sought the mines and villages, preaching as he went.

Leaving America, he visited the islands of the Pacific and Australia, where his labors were abundant. England, Ireland, and Palestine heard his voice; and during several years in South Africa, thousands rejoiced in the message he proclaimed — a conscious salvation through faith in Christ and obedience to God's word. "His meetings were singularly quiet, but powerful." By way of the West Indies and British Guiana, in 1870, he went to India, where Dr. Thoburn had been longing for a revival. There Mr. Taylor found most fallow ground. "The hardest work of my life was here," said he, "and under the greatest discouragements. A great work of God was what Calcutta least desired and most needed. A more convenient season would never come; so I determined, as the Lord should lead, to win the battle or die at the guns." By 1873 Dr. Thoburn had in charge ten preachers and five hundred members.

Madras was next visited; and during six months' labor, over three hundred were converted. South America then felt his vivifying touch.

He traveled "third class." Some one expostulated with him for so doing, and asked why he did so. "Because I can't get fourth," was his decisive reply.

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In 1884 William Taylor was made bishop of Africa, and with a band of teachers, mechanics, and farmers, went forth to Bongo Free State, established by Mr. Stanley, acting as agent of the king of Belgium. His plan was to do as did the tent-maker of Tarsus,—labor with his hands, and accept such free-will offerings as might come from friends of missions.

“I am weeping with joy,” he wrote home, “as I get acquainted with these dear people.” Like a general of armies, the bishop planted his regiments far along the lines to be taken, founding thirty-six missions, with seventy missionaries, extending nearly four hundred miles along the west coast, and 1,200 miles up the Kongo. Upon that stream he placed the second Methodist floating Bethel, and named it for his devoted wife, “Anne Taylor.”

Not until he reached the advanced age of seventy-five did he retire from the scenes of active conflict to his home in America.

An incident has been related to the writer, of his reading on a public occasion in Oakland the nineteenth Psalm, with comment:

“The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork’— God’s great primary school.

“Day unto day uttereth speech’— God’s great primary day school.

“And night unto night showeth knowledge’— God’s great primary night school.

“There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard’— God’s great universal primary day and night school. . . .

“The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul’ — God’s’ great high school.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### JOHN WILLIAMS

Triumphs in the Cannibal Isles

“The isles shall wait for His law.”

WHEN the first letters from Carey and Thomas in India were received by Dr. Ryland, they touched chords which were kept in vibration until the great London Missionary Society was born. Dr. Ryland read those letters to Dr. David Bogue, an Independent minister, and to one other. The three men were so impressed that they knelt down and prayed God to bless the Baptist mission. Dr. Bogue then published in the Evangelical Magazine an “Address to Professors of the Gospel,” calling for means to support “twenty or thirty

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missionaries among the heathen.” The response was immediate. A union meeting was held, and in 1795 the union society — now Congregational — was organized.

A copy of that same Evangelical Magazine fell into the hands of a retired sea-captain, James Wilson. Years before, Captain Wilson had been taken prisoner in India by the French and imprisoned at Cuddalore. On learning that the English prisoners were to be delivered to the cruel tyrant Hyder-Ali, the captain determined to escape. He leaped from the prison walls, forty feet high, only to be confronted by the Coleroon River, which swarmed with alligators. Not knowing of this, however, he plunged into the river and swam across; but to his surprise and terror, he fell into the hands of Ali’s soldiers, who stripped him, tied his hands, and drove him to headquarters. When questioned by a chieftain, he related his escape, only to be charged with lying. No mortal man, the chief declared, had ever swum the Coleroon; if he had but put his fingers into, the water he would have been seized by the alligators. Finally convinced, the Turk exclaimed, “This is God’s man,”— a truth the captain neither acknowledged nor recognized, for he was an infidel.

Naked and wounded, he was driven in chains five hundred miles, and thrust into a prison called the “Black Hole,” where, loaded with thirty-two pounds of chains, he almost starved. Victim after victim, chained to his arm, died at his side, to be replaced by another to suffer the same fate. It seems incredible that his life could have been preserved under such treatment for twenty-two months. The day came, however, that Hyder-Ali’s supreme reign was broken, and the doors of the “Black Hole” flew open. Covered with ulcers, and almost, famished, the captain and a few surviving fellow sufferers came forth.

When returning to England for retirement, the captain met on shipboard Dr. Thomas, of India. Often did the doctor try to lead him to the Saviour, but without any apparent success. Another series of providences finally prevailed; and when the copy of the magazine referred to fell into the hands of Captain Wilson, he was the first to volunteer to conduct a mission ship into the South Seas.

Such was the man whom God had prepared to lead the first missionary band sent out by the London Missionary Society, and into the field of which it has been well spoken, “Nowhere in the world have missionaries passed through experiences so tragic at the hands of cruel idolaters, and nowhere in the world have the triumphs of the gospel been more clear and complete.” ‘Amos R. Wells, in “Into All the World.”

Other volunteers were quickly forthcoming, so that when the ship Duff, purchased by the society, was ready to sail on her first errand of love, a brave band of thirty stood on her deck. On August 10, 1796, as she floated down the Thames, these workers sang, “Jesus, at Thy command we launch into the deep.”

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Captain Wallis and Captain Cook had visited Tahiti and other of the Society Islands; and the accounts published aroused much interest in this field, the darkness of which challenged the valor of the soldiers of the cross. In 1788 the ship *Bounty* had landed there, and spent six months gathering breadfruit plants to transfer to England's colony in the West Indies. The missionaries on the *Duff* were to be located on the Marquesas, Society, and Friendly Islands.

Finding two white men on Tahiti who acted as interpreters, the missionaries there at once began their labors. The *Duff*, returning to England, was soon supplied with another company, again near thirty sailing to the almost unknown seas. But such an advance on the strongholds of darkness was not to be unchallenged. The *Duff* was captured by a French privateer, and the missionaries, except two, after much suffering, returned to England.

Neither was the fruitfulness of the fertile islands a prophecy of its inhabitants. So long had the natives trained in cruelty and bloodshed, their hearts seemed as barren as the coral reefs that surrounded their abodes.

Some of the missionaries at Tongatabu lost their lives, and the others, after various disasters, withdrew. Likewise the Marquesas mission failed. At Tahiti, for ten long years, the fort was held.

But the almost constant wars made the mission all but a hopeless undertaking. The missionaries, save Henry Nott, abandoned the island; and after the defeat of King Pomare, he with the latter retired to Eimeo. His fidelity, however, was rewarded by the conversion of Pomare and others, as will be seen. During twelve years supplies from England had been received but twice, and letters but little oftener.

By this time it appeared to most of the directors of the society that it would be best to retire from such a field; but the dying charge of the countess of Huntingdon—one of the founders—to her chaplain, it is said, had been, never to abandon their object. To his previous generous gifts, this chaplain added a thousand dollars; and one other minister declared he “would rather sell his garments from his back than that the mission should be given up.” He proposed a special season of prayer, which was held; and instead of recall, letters of encouragement were forwarded to the tried workers.

Meantime the missionaries returned to the island; and what was their astonishment to find that two native lads who had lived in the families of the missionaries, had united for prayer, and a number of others had joined them! And so it occurred that while the ship carrying the good letters from England was on its way, another from Tahiti was bearing to England the glad news from the islands, and the forsaken idols of the people as trophies of the deliverance. Island after island submitted to the gospel of peace.

About this time, January 3, 1814, a young man stood near a street corner in London, waiting for some gay companions to go with him to a pleasure resort. When the *Duff*

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had sailed, he was a babe about six weeks old. As he stood there, the wife of his employer came by on her way to the Methodist tabernacle. She invited him to accompany her. He refused; but she insisted, and at length prevailed. The text was Mark 8: 36, 37, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? " Of this sermon he afterward said, "God was pleased in His own gracious providence to influence my mind at that time so powerfully that I forsook all my worldly companions, and became a teacher in the Sabbath-school." The prayers of a Christian mother, who had daily taught and prayed with her children, were answered.

This was John Williams. He also heard from the lips of the minister who was willing to sell his clothes for the mission, that they needed more workers. Williams was ready to go. "He was accepted, and was ordained at the same time as Robert Moffat. With a bride of "slight, girlish figure, small features, and fine eyes," but in heroism the equal of her husband, "and in patient endurance his superior," he went to the South Seas. Other devoted and efficient workers labored with the youthful Williams. He made his headquarters on Raiatea, one of the islands of the Society Group, about one hundred miles from Tahiti. He visited many islands. In some instances the chiefs gave up their idols as soon as they heard the gospel story, reminding the missionary of the words, "As soon as they hear of Me, they shall obey Me."

Not so, however, on Raratonga, to which Mr. Williams was directed by the natives of Raiatea, about five hundred miles distant. Here he left teachers; but they were so abused the first night, that he was about to take them and depart, when one courageous native teacher from the Society Islands volunteered to remain. Two other men and four women, Raratongans who had been converted on another island, landed and remained with him. When the missionaries next visited this island, they built within a few weeks a chapel to hold three thousand people who had cast away their idols.

On this island Williams built one of the five boats that he constructed for those waters. Although unfamiliar with, ship building, he was an expert mechanic; and with scarcely any tools, he began. A forge was first needed. Killing three of the four goats on the island, he made a forge. But rats—so plentiful that, in his own words, we never sat down to a meal without having two or more persons to keep them off the table"—ate all but the bare boards. He next made two box air-pumps, which, with eight men to run them, furnished wind for the charcoal fire. Then with a stone for an anvil, and carpenter's pincers for tongs, he fashioned the ironwork. When the natives saw with what ease heated iron was welded, they were ashamed of their own ignorance, and exclaimed, "What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is!"

Williams had no saw, and the split boards and timbers were fastened together with wooden pins. Then with ropes made of bark, and sails of native mats, he launched, in fifteen weeks, a vessel sixty feet in length, which proved, as she was named, "The Messenger of Peace."

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The Pacific is not always so peaceful as its name implies. Terrific hurricanes at times lashed it to madness, and bore its waves high up on the island shores. One such swept Raratonga, destroying every particle of food, and leveling nearly one thousand homes. Amid the ruins, in drenching rains, the missionaries and people gathered in groups, or waded hither and thither seeking shelter. A part of the building Mrs. Williams was in crashed down upon the bed from which she had just arisen. "The Messenger of Peace," to the astonishment of her builder, though carried inland several hundred yards, outrode the storm in safety.

Upon this visitation, a sermon by a native preacher offered this consolation: "True, our food is all destroyed, but our lives are spared; our houses are all blown down, but our wives and children have escaped; our new chapel is a heap of ruins —and for this I grieve most of all —yet we have a God to worship; our schoolhouse is washed away, yet our teachers are spared to us. And," holding up a portion of the word of God, "we have still this precious book to instruct us."

This storm was in 1831, fourteen years after Mr. Williams began his labors. As early as 1824 he had felt that the gospel ought to be carried to other groups, including the New Hebrides, over two thousand miles away. "How can you suppose that I can give my consent," said Mrs. Williams, "to such a strange proposition?" Finding her decidedly opposed, he says, "I did not mention it again, although my mind was still fixed upon the object." And his conviction was confirmed by a circumstance that should reconcile the mind of the reader to the tragic end of the undertaking.

Mrs. Williams was taken suddenly ill, and in a few hours consciousness was gone. But in answer to the earnest cries of the missionary, it would seem, she was spared. As Mr. Williams entered her room one morning, she said she had been endeavoring to find why the affliction had come; and her mind had gone to the opposition she had manifested to his proposed voyage. "From this time," said she, "your desire has my full concurrence." 1 "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," by Williams.

Just before he started, he was rescued the seventh time from drowning, as if the One whose cause he served would say, "When you do fall, it shall be like My martyr Stephen,—before Sauls whose blood-stained raiment shall be changed that they may witness for Me before gentiles and kings." And on the martyr-block of Erromanga, November 20, 1839, his body and that of Mr. Harris lay —victims of the clubs of the natives who had just suffered by the cruelty of the inhuman traders.

Christianity forsakes not the scaffold of her heroes. "My kingdom is not of this world," said the Prince of martyrs; but it is within the hearts of His subjects, and He still lives to touch the blind eyes of persecutors, and to change their errand at the gates of Damascus.

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Three years later, in May, 1842, George A. Selwyn, landing on one of the islands of this region, knelt in prayer upon the shore, and gave himself to twenty-six years of devotion to the islanders. Himself the first bishop — English Church— of New Zealand, he left seven bishops there when his labors closed. He established a training college on New Zealand, and went hither and thither gathering pupils to train for teachers. With his own hands he fashioned from his counterpane, dresses for the first two female pupils he took to his school.

Appealing in England for help, the bishop said, “We need men who can stand alone, like heaven-descended priests of the most high God, in the midst of the lonely wilderness.” At his call came “Coley” Patteson, who learned the Maori on the way, and preached intelligibly to the natives the first Sunday after his arrival. He taught from 1855 to 1860, and was then made first bishop of the Melanesian islands, and head of St. Andrew’s College, New Zealand. “His musical voice, his holy face, his gentle manner,” exercised a wonderful influence over even the dullest. On one island, when would-be murderers surrounded him, Patteson fell upon his knees in prayer. Their hands were restrained, and in kindness they conducted him to his ship.

White slave-hunters used the name of Patteson to decoy their victims, telling them the bishop was on board their ship. To deceive the natives more fully, the kidnapers painted their boat like the bishop’s. Five natives had just been stolen from Nukapu when, September 20, 1871, Bishop Patteson landed there. A death blow was dealt him, and five wounds were inflicted on his body, one for each of the five missing men. His companion, Mr. Joseph Atkins, and one other, were also killed by poisoned arrows. This deed was not sanctioned by all on the island. Some of the perpetrators were driven away, and the one who gave the first blow was shot by the natives who deplored his deed.

In 1848 the Presbyterians of Nova Scotia sent to the cannibals of Aneityum, New Hebrides, their first missionary, Dr. John Geddie. Mission literature in the home had drawn his sympathies to that work; and his pen stirred the Nova Scotians to begin mission work. On the island where he located, hurricanes, diseases, and deaths were ascribed to the missionaries. Their goods were stolen, and their lives were often threatened. On one occasion, as a native lay in ambush for him, and, having him in his power, was about to strike, a strange sensation suddenly overcame the fellow, and he was restrained. Dr. Geddie’s adaptability to the work, and his success in it, were marvelous. He gave over a quarter century of faithful labors to the South Sea Islanders.

Dr. John Inglis of Scotland joined Dr. Geddie, and they persevered till the taste for human blood was conquered by the word of God, and over three thousand on that island cast away their idols and turned to God.

Time and space forbid to tell of half the heroes who from that day to this have bravely toiled in that field, or of the counter-movement, which fain would turn backward, the

heavenly tide. The experience of Paton on Tauna and Aniwa, both of them close to Erromanga, is related in another chapter.

To Erromanga G. Gordon and wife came in 1857. Young natives were soon won to the faith, and “devotedly helped him and his noble wife in all their work.” A mission house, a church, and a printing-office were built. But when hurricanes destroyed their crops; and, measles brought by traders spread death and mourning everywhere, some of the natives became enemies of the missionaries. “Some settlements are nearly depopulated,” wrote Mr. Gordon, “and the principal chiefs are nearly all dead. The distress is awful, and the cry of mourning perpetual” When the traders who had brought the plague, declared that the missionaries caused it, it is not strange that the assassins’ tomahawks were turned against these, their truest friends. May 20, 1861, their blood moistened the soil which had received that of Mr. Williams. Then Mr. Gordon’s brother, with a devotion seldom paralleled, took up and carried on his work. In 1872, he too fell a martyr by the hand of a native who blamed him for the death of his child. But in warfare instituted on purpose to kill men, when the front ranks are broken, the weapons are grasped by other hands and the ranks are closed up. How much more when fighting for the Prince of peace in the good fight of faith

## **CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE**

### **JOHN GIBSON PATON**

Presbyterian Missionary for the New Hebrides

Born near Dumfries, Scotland, May 24, 1824. Died in Australia. January 28, 1907.

“Though everything else in religion,” wrote John G. Paton of his father’s prayers, “were swept out of memory, or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once more in that sanctuary closet, and, hearing again the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal: ‘He walked with God. Why may not I?’” The quotations in this chapter are taken, by kind permission, from the autobiography of John G. Paton, Fleming Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Many years before that “sanctuary closet” in the old home had been established, that same father, James Paton, then a youth, had found one beneath the shady trees of a grove down the lane from an old Scottish home. This retreat he often sought for study and prayer. One day, when with bared head the pious student was engaged in prayer, a seemingly strange thing occurred. His head-dress, then called a bonnet, was taken from the place where he had laid it. After searching, he found it hanging on a tree near by. The same thing occurred the day following. This much puzzled the young man. Next day, pinned to a tree, just above where he knelt, was a little card, bearing this message: “She

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who stole away your bonnet is ashamed of what she did. She has a great respect for you, and asks you to pray for her that she may become as good a Christian as you.”

A sequel to this unique introduction is that the consecrated grove gave place to the family altar; for the playful maiden became the wife of James Paton; and their first-born was John Gibson Paton, the subject of this sketch.

Of the daily worship in the home, this son writes “None of us can remember any day ever passed unhallowed thus. No hurry for market, no rush of business, no arrival of friends or guests, no trouble or sorrow, no joy or excitement, ever prevented at least our kneeling around the family altar, while the high priest led our prayers to God, and offered himself and his children there.” From such a home and such an example came John G. Paton.

When one more picture of the childhood home is given, it will be understood how our missionary came to bind up, his life with God’s great purpose. “How much my father’s prayers impressed me,” he writes, “I can never explain, nor could any stranger understand. When, on his knees, and all of us kneeling around him in family worship, he poured out his whole soul with tears for the conversion of the heathen world to the service of Jesus, and for every personal and domestic need, we all of us felt as if in the presence of the living Saviour, and learned to know and love Him as our divine Friend. As we rose from our knees, I used to look at the light on my father’s face, and wish I were like him in spirit, hoping that, in answer to his prayers, I might be privileged and prepared to carry the blessed gospel to some portion of the heathen world.”

To read of the struggles through which the youth and young man passed to gain an education, arouses our sympathy and admiration, and deepens the conviction that trials and poverty are not the smallest of life’s blessings.

When under twelve years of age he took up his father’s trade of stocking making, working from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M., using a part of the meal hours for study; “for,” said he, “I had given my soul to God, and was resolved to aim at being a missionary of the cross, or a minister of the gospel.”

He spent six weeks at an academy; then secured a position in an office, walking four miles a day to and from his work. Instead of spending the noon hour at play, he pored over his books. An official observed this, called him to his office, and offered him training at college if he would sign an engagement for seven years. Young Paton thanked him gratefully, offering to engage for four years.

“Why,” said the man, “will you refuse an offer that many gentlemen’s sons would be proud of?”

“I said, ‘My life is given to another Master, so I can not engage for seven years.’”

“To whom?” he asked sharply.

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“I replied, ‘To the Lord Jesus, and I want to prepare as soon as possible for His service in the proclaiming of the gospel.’

“In great anger he sprang across the room, called the paymaster, saying, ‘Accept my offer, or you are dismissed on the spot!’

“I answered, ‘I am extremely sorry if you do so, but to bind myself for seven years would probably frustrate the purpose of my life.’”

Unable to appreciate the worth of the youth, the man dismissed his truest employee; and the boy with a purpose stronger than circumstances was cast adrift. But he soon obtained a position in Glasgow as tract distributor. During his ten years of mission work, he carried studies at the university, Divinity Hall, and Anderson College. But while happy in his work, he heard “the wail of the perishing heathen in the South Seas.” Tears blinded his eyes when a report was made, at a meeting, that the missionary wanted for the New Hebrides had not been found. All the while, “the Lord kept saying within me, ‘Since none better qualified can be got, rise and offer yourself.’” When he yielded he was gladly accepted.

He and Mr. Copeland, with their wives, landed safely on Aneityum, August 30, 1858. Dr. Paton was assigned to Tanna. “My first impressions drove me to the verge of utter dismay. On beholding these natives in their paint and nakedness and misery, my heart was as full of horror as of pity. Had I given up my much-loved work and my dear people in Glasgow, with so many delightful associations, to consecrate my life to these degraded creatures? Was it possible to teach them right from wrong?”

But his first feelings passed away, and ere long he was earnestly trying to lead them to the Saviour. Said he, “Our hearts rose to the task with a quenchless hope!”

The tribes were at war. While a house for the missionaries was building, excited and armed savages ran about with feathers in their hair; faces painted red, black, and white; some with one cheek black, the other red; others with brow white, the chin blue.

One day, Dr. Inglis paused from his work, leaned against a post in silent prayer, then said, “Let us rest for this day, and pray for these poor heathen.” Then they left their work to pray. Five or six men had just been killed, their bodies taken to a spring less than a mile away, and cooked and eaten by their murderers.

Early in 1859 a baby boy was born to our island exiles. But sorrow was “treading hard upon the heels of that joy!” In a few days the missionary was doubly bereft, and he consigned wife and child to one lonely grave.

Some of the chiefs became friendly to Paton and his helpers; but a drought set in, and it was ascribed to the missionaries. A big council was held, and it was decided that unless the friendly chiefs should kill them or compel them to leave the island, the chiefs and missionaries too should be murdered.

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“Pray to your Jehovah God for rain,” said the friendly chiefs. And pray they did; and “the Ever Merciful” interposed in their behalf, and rain was sent.

Later, sickness came, and the missionaries were blamed for this. Then the death of a chief was ascribed to Paton and the worship of Jehovah; and it was resolved to burn the mission property and murder the missionaries or compel them to leave. A brother of the dead chief came from Aneityum to conciliate the natives; but he too fell sick. Then the Tannese were furious.

The inhabitants for miles around united to destroy the missionaries. In a public meeting it was resolved to select men to kill the mission band and the natives who were friendly to them. “Frenzy of excitement prevailed, and the blood-fiend seemed to override the assembly, when, under an impulse that surely came from the Lord of pity, one great warrior chief, who had hitherto kept silence, rose, swinging aloft a mighty club, and smashing it earthwards, cried aloud: ‘The man that kills Missi must first kill me! The man that kills the missionary teachers must first kill me and my people; for we shall stand by them and defend them till death!’ At once another chief joined with him, and the great assembly broke up in dismay.

Gaze for a moment upon that scene; and then upon another over in the new mission home not far away, where were gathered a little “defenseless company,” who with one accord and one heart were spending those hours “in anxious prayers and tears.” “Clearly did our Lord Jesus interpose directly on our behalf that day! And our hearts overflowed with gratitude to the Saviour who rescued us from the lions’ jaws.”

Again Paton went out among them. He took a firm stand against wife-beating and widow sacrifices. At length ten chiefs agreed to join in the effort to stop it. After another burst of war, he succeeded in getting twenty chiefs to agree to fight no more except on the defensive. They held to this for some time.

Soon several men came by night for instruction. The wife of one of these died, and he decided to bury her as he had seen Mrs. Paton buried. He got white muslin and tape, and made her a shroud, and laid her away. He declined the doctor’s offer to attend and pray, lest the natives would not come. A friendly chief, Nowar, who had learned something of the gospel, volunteered to pray. “It moved me to many strange emotions,” wrote the missionary, “this Christian burial, conducted by a heathen, and in the presence of heathen, with an appeal to the true and living God, by a man as yet darkly groping among idols and superstitions. . . . Thus the waves of hope and fear swept alternately across our lives.”

The Tannese were adepts at lying and stealing as well as killing. One article after another was stolen from the missionary till even his cooking-kettle was taken. The very bed-clothing was carried away in the daytime. Some time after, one party after another came rushing to the mission house in great excitement —a smoke like a volcano was in

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the sea. They wished the doctor to come at once. He was in no hurry, and explained that it might be a man-of-war coming to inquire if their conduct was good or bad; if they had stolen his property, etc. Finally two chiefs came and asked:

“Missi, will it be a ship of war?” The doctor thought it might.

“Will he ask if we have been stealing your things?”

“I expect he will.”

“And will you tell him?”

“I must tell him the truth.”

“O Missi, tell him not! Everything shall be brought back to you at once!”

In a remarkably short time one came running with a kettle, another with a pan, others with blankets, knives, forks, plates, and all sorts.

“The charm and joy of that morning are fresh to me still,” wrote Dr. Paton after a score of years. Captain Vernon’s ship steamed into the harbor, Port Resolution. He held a reception for the chiefs, took them aboard his boat, and discharged his big guns, at which they were terribly frightened. The captain reassured them, gave them presents, and they returned much impressed.

The doctor suffered greatly of fever. In a severe attack, the faithful Abraham and his wife, from Aneityum, helped him to creep part way up the hill near the mission house. There he lay down to die. But those dark-skinned guardians kept vigil till consciousness returned, and with it “a faint gleam of hope and life.” They then carried his wasted form to the brow of the hill, and laid him on a bed of cocoanut leaves, and gave him cocoanut juice to drink. God kept the savages at bay till the sick man was somewhat restored. Then material for a new house, to be built away from the lowland, was carried up the hill.

“That noble old soul Abraham stood by me as an angel of God in sickness and in danger; he went at my side wherever I had to go; he helped me willingly to the last inch of strength in all that I had to do; and it was perfectly manifest that he was doing all this, not from mere human love, but for the sake of Jesus. That man had been a cannibal in his heathen days, but by the grace of God, there he stood verily a new creature in Christ Jesus. . .

“When I have read or heard the shallow objections of irreligious scribblers and talkers, hinting that there was no reality in conversions, and that mission effort was but waste, O, how my heart has yearned to plant them just one week on Tanna, with the ‘natural man’ all around in the person of cannibals and heathen, and only the one ‘spiritual’ man in the person of converted Abraham, nursing them, feeding them, saving them ‘for the love of Jesus.’ All the skepticism of Europe would hide its head in foolish shame, and all

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its doubts would dissolve, under one glance of the new light that Jesus and Jesus alone pours from the converted cannibal's eye!"

Again the sound of strife was heard; the blood-fiend was unleashed. The friendly people advised Mr. Paton to move. The island chiefs sent word not to desert his house or it would be burned. The doctor decided upon the boldest course. With Abraham and another teacher, he started to visit the inland tribes and try persuasion.

"At last, unexpectedly, we stumbled upon the whole host assembled on the village common at a great feast; and at the sight of us every man rushed for his weapons of war. Keeping my teachers close beside me, I walked straight into the midst of them, unarmed of course, and cried as loud as I possibly could in their own tongue

"My love to all you men of Tanna! Fear not! I am your friend. I love you every one, and am come to tell you about Jehovah God, and good conduct such as pleases Him."

At this an old chief came and took him by the hand, and said, "Sit down beside me here and talk with me." Some fled in terror; others looked on with delight. After about an hour's talk, they apparently agreed to give up war, and allowed the doctor to conduct worship. The leading men shook hands with him, and invited him to visit them often.

The natives near the mission were astonished out of measure when he returned alive and reported his visit. "It had never been so seen after this manner on Tanna!" Peace continued for the space of four weeks.

"One morning at daybreak I found my house surrounded by armed men, and a chief intimated that they had assembled to take my life. Seeing that I was entirely in their hands, I knelt down and gave myself away body and soul, to the Lord Jesus, for what seemed the last time on earth. Rising, I went out to them, and began calmly talking about their unkind treatment of me, and contrasting it with all my conduct towards them. . . . At last some of the chiefs, who had attended the worship, rose and said:

" 'Our conduct has been bad; but now we will fight for you, and kill all those who hate you.' "

Thus again the angel-guarded man was spared; and he induced the leading chief to promise to kill no one for his sake. But while surrounded with so many almost entirely under the control of the "murderer from the beginning," he was not long left in peace. "And yet," he triumphantly exclaims, "with my trembling hand clasped in the hand once nailed on Calvary, and now swaying the scepter of the universe, calmness and peace abode in my soul!"

Only a few days after this deliverance, a man rushed furiously upon him with an ax; but a chief defended him with a spade. Next day, a wild chief followed him for four hours with a loaded musket, and often aimed to fire, but was restrained. "Looking up in unceasing prayer to our dear Lord Jesus, I left all in His hands. His words, 'Lo, I am with

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you alway, even unto the end of the world,' became to me so real that it would not have startled me to behold Him, as did Stephen, gazing down upon the scene. . . . It is the sober truth, and it comes back to me so sweetly after twenty years, that I had my nearest and dearest glimpses of the face and smile of my blessed Lord in those dread moments when musket, club, or spear was being leveled at my life. O, the bliss of living and enduring as seeing 'Him who is invisible'!"

Three times one night, he was awakened by the savages trying to break into his house to kill him. The next day, the report went all around the harbor that those who tried to shoot him were "smitten weak with fear."

They were more successful in almost killing poor Namuri, a native teacher. The doctor watched over him for weeks, nursing him to recovery, then wished him to remain at the mission. He replied: "Missi, when I see them thirsting for my blood, I just see myself when the missionary first came to my island. I desired to murder him as they now desire to kill me. But he came and continued coming, to teach us, till, by the grace of God, I was chanced to what I am. Now the same God that changed me to this, can change these poor Tannese to love and serve Him. I can not stay away from them."

It was not in Paton to keep such a man from duty, and thither he went, a transformed being. But a savage came one morning to the service, and while the good teacher knelt in prayer, this angry man sprang upon him, and beat him almost to death. Reviving a little, he dragged himself to the mission to save Mr. Paton, then died with the prayer: "O Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing. . . . Take not away Thy worship from this dark island! O God, bring all the Tannese to love and follow Jesus!"

"One such convert was surely a triumphant reward for Dr. and Mrs. Geddie, whom God had honored in bringing him to Jesus."

About three months' time was spent in erecting a church and school building. The doctor had never tried printing; but on receiving the gift of a press, he attempted the task in that wild tongue. "And do you think me foolish when I confess that I shouted in an ecstasy of joy when the first sheets came from the press all correct? It was about one o'clock in the morning, and I was the only white man then on the island, yet I literally pitched my hat into the air, and danced like a schoolboy round and round that printing-press." And do not "think that I did not, over that first sheet of God's word ever printed in the Tannese tongue, go upon my knees too, and then, and every day since then, plead with the mighty Lord to carry the light and joy of His own holy Bible into every dark heart and benighted home on Tanna."

In 1860 Dr. Paton had the joy of welcoming the devoted missionaries Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Johnson from Nova Scotia. They entered heartily into his work, and what a benediction was their presence! But about this time, a species of heathenism was exhibited worse than that of the cannibals. As if men confederated with the regions of darkness to

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defeat God's work, English traders purposely introduced measles among the natives, which swept then down as a deadly plague. Thirteen of the mission helpers and about one third of the natives fell under the disease. And though the doctor and Mr. Johnson ministered unceasingly to them, and saved many, the unfriendly, superstitious ones blamed them for the scourge, and determined their destruction. In a murderous attack, January 1, 1861, in which the lives of both were only preserved by marvelous mercy, Mr. Johnson's nervous system, unused to such perils, received such a shock that he never recovered, living only a few weeks.

And now, to add to the horrors of the situation, the traders who were responsible for the plague, told the natives it was the missionaries who had caused it, and declared they would not trade with the natives until the missionaries were killed.

Following the death of Mr. Johnson, the doctor was so near death with fever that he lost consciousness, and it seemed that he must die. His only nurses were two converted cannibals, Abraham and Kowia, the latter a native chief of Tanna who had been converted on Aneityum. While thus on the verge of the grave, the missionary opened his eyes once more, and heard Kowia murmur: "Missi, all our Aneityumese are sick. Missi Johnson is dead. You are very sick, and I am weak and dying. Alas, when I am dead, . . . who will bathe your lips and brow?"

The doctor was too weak to answer; and the lonely heart of the faithful nurse breathed itself forth in prayer: "O Lord, our Father in heaven, art Thou going to take away all Thy servants and Thy worship from this dark land? What meanest Thou to do, O Lord? . . . O, restore and spare Missi, dear Missi Paton, that Tanna may be saved!"

"Touched to the very fountains of my life by such prayers, from a man once a cannibal, I began, under the breath of God's blessing, to revive."

In a few days Kowia told the doctor that his wife and children had sickened and died, and that he was dying. He had come to bid the doctor farewell, then he would go and lie down and die by their graves, where Abraham would bury him. "I wish to lie beside them," he said, "that we may rise together in the great day when Jesus comes. . . . Farewell, Missi. I am very near death now, and we will meet again in Jesus and with Jesus!"

"What think ye of this, ye scoffers at missions? What think ye of this, ye skeptics as to the reality of conversion? He died as he had lived since Jesus came to his heart,—without a fear of death."

Thus one after another of the sentinels fell; but the lonely missionary still stood to wave the colors above the dying, that those who would look might live.

But, as if the elements would war against the man who placed his entire dependence in God, fearful hurricanes swept the island, leveling the breadfruit and cocoanut trees, and

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ruining the yam plantations. Even the doctor's house was blown down, except one room, and his church was torn almost to pieces.

A thunder-storm followed the hurricanes; and part of the very hill on which the mission house stood was torn up and thrown into the valley beneath. Surely now the gods were angry at the missionary; and murderous mobs prowled around the one room into which the survivors, with their little earthly store, were gathered. The mission station of Mr. Methieson, on the other side of the island, was in a similar situation.

When still a prisoner in the one room, Paton one day heard his goats bleating as if being killed, and he hastened to their rescue. Immediately he was surrounded by savages bent on taking his life.

"God moved me," he says, "to talk to them firmly and kindly. . . . I then lifted my hands and eyes to the heavens, and prayed aloud for Jesus to bless all my dear Tannese, and either to protect me or take me home to glory, as He saw to be for the best. One after another they slipped away from me, and Jesus restrained them once again. Did ever a mother run more quickly to protect her crying child in danger's hour than the Lord Jesus hastens to answer believing prayer?"

But "the very shadow of doom" was yet to fall across his path. After the murder of the Gordons, a trader took a party of the Erromangans in his boat by night to Tanna, assembled the harbor chiefs, and urged them to kill Mr. Paton and his party, and the other mission band on Tanna; then they would go to Aneityum and kill the missionaries there, and sweep the worship of Jehovah from all the New Hebrides! "Restrained by the Merciful One," the chiefs refused, and the emissaries of Satan returned in defeat. But the very next day the mission was thronged with armed men, who recited their atrocities from the killing of Williams to that of the Gordons, having, one of the chiefs said, "destroyed the worship and driven away Jehovah."

The islanders were in an uproar, thirsting for blood. Dr. Paton had one visible comforter, Abraham. Together they sought protection beneath the shadow of the Almighty. A part of Abraham's prayer was:

"O Lord, our heavenly Father, they have murdered Thy servants on Erromanga; they have banished the Aneityumese from dark Tanna. And now they want to kill Missi Paton and me! Our great King, protect us, and make their hearts soft and sweet to Thy worship. . . . Make our hearts good and strong for Thy cause, and take Thou away all our fears. . . . If they kill us two, let us die together in Thy good work, like Thy servants Missi Gordon the man and Mimi Gordon the woman."

As the doctor listened, he says, "My heart melted within me as it had never before done under any prayer poured from the lips of cultured Christian men!"

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While conditions existed which no pen can fully picture, that strong man of God held to his post. Even Nowar said, "If you and Abraham do not leave us, we will kill you both." At this extreme moment, three ships came into the harbor; and the boasting natives slunk away, and the friendly ones grew courageous. Three men, including Dr. Geddie, came ashore, and offered to take the doctor to a place of safety, But he knew that if he should leave, both missions would be broken up. For several months he lingered; but the whole island was in a fever of excitement, and to stay longer meant certain death.

"I held on while one gleam of hope remained," writes the brave missionary. "Escape for life was now the only path of duty." The war conch was blown, and the savages came swooping in. There was not a moment to lose. Locking his door for the last time, and taking with him Abraham and his wife, and a teacher who had just come to them from the other mission, the intrepid man for the first time beat a retreat,—not in defeat, but in maneuver for greater victories.

As they entered the bush, a would-be assassin sprang from concealment and aimed his tomahawk at the doctor's head. Once more the man of destiny was spared as he appealed to Jehovah, his Protector. He escaped to a secluded chestnut-tree, into which he climbed, and where he spent much of that awful night. There he was through lonely hours, surrounded by perils unnumbered, having fled from earthly goods, the home he had built, and the grave of his dead; yet he says: "Never, in all my sorrows, did my Lord draw nearer to me and speak more soothingly in my soul, than when the moonlight, flickered among those chestnut leaves, and the night air played on my throbbing brow, as I told all my heart to Jesus. Alone, yet not alone!"

Again joining the teachers, they tried to escape by the sea; but the waves, after all but swallowing them up, drove them back. They returned to the shore, and kneeling upon the sand, committed each other to the Lord "for the last and worst."

Soon Faimungo, an inland chief, came to warn them of danger, then turned to leave them, not wishing to see "the murders of the morning." Under divine impulse the little band started to follow this chief, despite his warnings. It was their only hope. They went about four miles, when they met an armed party, who leveled their muskets; but the chief cried, "No, you shall not kill Missi to-day!" He then passed on, leaving the doctor facing a row of leveled muskets. The prayer of faith again enclosed the warrior with the armor of God. Gradually he moved backward, "and God kept the enemy from following."

Then another hostile party was safely passed. The chief stood firmly against a third. "I am not afraid now, Missi," he said. "I am feeling stronger near my own land!"

Presently they came to a village, where the chief sat down, saying, "We can rest with safety." But very soon he sprang up in wild excitement. A multitude was rapidly approaching. The chief planted his back against a tree. The doctor and party stood

beside him. A body of most powerful men rushed upon the dancing-ground. The chief urged the doctor to pass on; but that would be certain death. "No," said he, "if I am killed, it will be by your side."

"Twang" went a killing-stone, which just grazed Abraham's cheek. Then they encircled the little band in a deadly ring. "My heart," says the man of prayer, "rose up to the Lord Jesus. I saw Him watching all the scene. My peace came back to me like a wave from God. In that awful hour I saw His own words as if carved in letters of fire upon the clouds of heaven 'Seek, and ye shall find.' 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.'"

At last the teachers made a rush forward, the chief followed with a bound, and the doctor followed him. But the armed host ran along on either side, with weapons ready to strike. "I verily believe," declared the spared man, "that the same hand that restrained the lions from touching Daniel, held back those savages from touching me."

They ran till a stream crossed the path. All the refugees jumped it safely except the doctor, who fell back. "Twang" went another killing-stone; but the branch of a tree sheltered his head, and he scrambled up and followed on. The savages gazed after him in silence, but not one crossed the stream. The doctor's men were amazed at his escape.

Faimungo led them on in the race for life, till he reached his district, then sent with them three of his men, who soon forsook them in an especially perilous place. Two men met them, and poised at them their quivering spears; but on sight of the doctor's harmless revolver, and at his command, they threw their spears on the sand, and took up his basket and carried it to the next district. This revolver was one that some one had left with Dr. Paton; but it was never loaded while in his possession.

Through the tender mercies of our God, the party finally reached Mr. Methieson's station alive. It was, however, to find them in sad situation. "Their only child had just been laid in the grave, and they were in great grief and greater peril." But how do you suppose they spent the brief respite granted there? "Amidst all our perils and trials, we preached the gospel to about one hundred and sixteen persons. . . . And now, as I am writing this, there is a church of God, singing the praises of Jesus, in that very district of Tanna."

One night as the worn-out little band lay asleep, the doctor's faithful little dog, Clutha, sprang upon him, quietly waking him, and he gently wakened the others. A hushed prayer went up to the throne. Men with flaming torches passed the house, and set fire to the church, then to the reed fence leading to the house. In a few minutes the house would be aflame, and savages were in waiting to kill the occupants as they should try to escape. The doctor took the little revolver, and despite Mr. Methieson's protest, "You will never return," he ventured forth, saying, "Leave that to God."

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He ran to the fence, and tore it up, but was immediately surrounded by seven or eight savages. "Kill him! Kill him!" was the cry. One savage tried to seize hold of him, but he leaped from his clutch, drew his revolver, and cried, "Our God is here now to protect us and punish you!" The savages yelled in rage, and each urged the others to strike.

But what should occur at this dread crisis? Nothing less than an awful tornado uttered its voice. "Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them!" exclaimed the terror-stricken warriors. They flung aside their torches, and away they went. And Jehovah's wind drove the flames from the dwelling-house.

The next morning, their enemies had resolved to kill them and burn the mission, and were assembling for the purpose; but at this fatal moment a cry was heard, "Sail O! Sail O!" The Blue Bell was entering the harbor. The poor prisoners could hardly believe that deliverance had really come; but it was true. The Blue Bell landed them safely on Aneityum in the spring of 1862.

The doctor had lost all but our dearest earthly treasure — the Bible — and his translation of it into the Tannese. As he was much worn, his brethren urged him to visit Australia, and there awaken an interest in their island neighbors.

We have followed this soldier of the cross far enough to learn the secret of his life-union with, faith in, and obedience to, his invisible Leader. In 1864 he returned to his native Scotland. There he was united in marriage to Margaret Whitecross, who thereafter shared the missionary's lot in the New Hebrides.

On their return thither, when the ship touched at Tanna, the old chief Nowar was determined they should remain there. Finding that this could not be, he stole away, and, as the doctor learned years afterward, found an Aniwan chief who was visiting on Tanna, took off from his own arm the white shells—the insignia of his chieftainship—and bound them on the other, saying: "By these you promise to protect my missionary and his wife and child on Aniwa. Let no evil befall them; or by this pledge, I and my people will avenge it."

"It was indeed one of the bitterest trials of my life," writes this follower of Him who wept over Jerusalem, "not to be able to return and settle down at once on dear old Tanna; but I could not go alone against the decided opposition of all the other missionaries." "I went," he says, "to Aniwa, the nearest island to the scene of my former woes and perils, in the hope that God would soon open up my way and enable me to return to blood-stained Tanna."

Their house was not completed ere it was threatened with fire and its inmates with musket. God used the threat, however, to stir up a chief, Namakei, to befriend them. A savage lurked about for ten days to murder them, and their danger was extreme. But "however our hearts sometimes trembled in the presence of imminent death, and sank within us, we stood fearless in their presence, and left all results in the hands of Jesus.

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Often have I had to run into the arms of some savage when his club was swung or his musket leveled at my head. . . . Often I have seized the pointed barrel and directed it upwards. . . . At other times, nothing could be said, nothing done, but stand still in silent prayer.”

While working at the house, an incident occurred which the doctor called the miracle of the speaking wood. Requiring some nails and tools, he lifted a piece of wood, wrote a message upon it, and requested the old chief to carry it to Mrs. Paton. “He was amazed to see her looking at the wood and then fetching the needed articles.” The doctor afterward read the message to him, and explained that “in the same way God spoke to us through His book. The will of God was written there; and by and by, when he learned to read, he would hear God speaking to him from its page.”

“A great desire was thus awakened in the poor man’s soul to see the very word of God printed in their own language. . . . And when my work of translating portions of Holy Scripture began, his delight was unbounded, and his help invaluable. The miracle of a speaking page was not less wonderful than that of speaking wood!”

The first Aniwan that ever came to the knowledge and love of Jesus was the old chief Namakei, “who had befriended them. Frequently he visited them, and one day came bringing his little daughter, an only child, saying: ‘I want to leave my Litsi with you. I want you to train her for Jesus.’”

This was the beginning. Their home “became literally the school of Christ, the boys growing up to help all my plans, and the girls to help my wife, and to be civilized and trained by her, and many of them developing into devoted teachers and evangelists.” The little ones considered themselves the guardians of their teachers, and saved them from many a cruel plot.

But heathenism struggled hard for supremacy on Aniwa as elsewhere. Enemies clamored for the death of the missionaries. The leading men of the island assembled to talk it over. Some were for burning the mission and driving away or killing the mission band. Finally a sacred man, a chief, arose, and pointing them to rows of beautiful white shells strung around his arm, said

“Nowar, the great chief at Port Resolution on Tanna, when he saw that Missi and his wife could not be kept there, took me to his heart, and pledged me by these, the shells of his office as chief, taken from his own arms and bound on mine, to protect them from all harm. He told me to declare to the men of Aniwa that if the Missi be injured or slain, he and his warriors will come from Tanna, and take full revenge in blood.” This turned the scale. Their lives were again spared.

The island was sadly in need of fresh water. “I resolved,” said the missionary, “by the help of God, to sink a well near the mission premises, hoping that a wisdom higher than my own would guide to the source of some blessed spring.

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“One morning I said to the old chief and his fellow chief, both now earnestly inquiring about the religion of Jehovah and of Jesus:

“I am going to sink a deep well down into the earth, to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below.’

“They looked at me with astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy approaching to pity: “‘O Missi! Wait till the rain comes down, and we will save all we possibly can for you.’

“I replied, ‘We may all die for lack of water. If no freshwater can be got, we may be forced to leave you.’

“The old chief looked imploringly, and said: ‘O Missi! you must not leave us for that. Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?’

“I told him, ‘Fresh water does come up, springing from the earth, in my land at home, and I hope to see it here also.’

“The old chief grew more tender in his tones, and cried: ‘O Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that! Don’t let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again.’

Paton began work on the well. It was hard indeed digging in the tropic heat; but with the price of attractive fish-hooks, he secured the help of some of the active young men. When at a depth of about twelve feet, a side caved in. Then the chief remonstrated very gravely, and for the fiftieth time assured the doctor that rain would never come up through the earth on Aniwa.

“‘Now,’ said he, ‘had you been in that hole last night, you would have been buried, and a man-of-war would have come from Queen ‘Toria to ask for the Missi that lived here. We would say, “Down in that hole.” The captain would ask, “Who killed him and put him down there?” We would have to say, “He went down there himself!” The captain would answer: “Nonsense ! Who ever heard of a white man going down into the earth to bury himself? You killed him; you put him there. Don’t hide your bad conduct with lies!” Then he would bring out his big guns and shoot us, and destroy our island in revenge.’”

It was really a very serious matter in the eyes of the chief; and none of his men would enter the hole again. The doctor tried to quiet his fears and improvised a rude windlass, and himself went down and proceeded with the well. The natives would pull up the rope for pay. “And thus I toiled on from day to day, my heart almost sinking sometimes with the sinking of the well, till we reached a depth of about thirty feet. The phrase ‘living water,’ ‘living water,’ kept chiming through my soul like music from God, as I dug and hammered away!”

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At this depth the earth was a little damp. "My soul had faith that God would open a spring for us; but side by side with this faith was a strange terror that the water would be salt,-so perplexing and mixed are even the highest experiences of the soul!"

"One evening I said to the old chief, 'I think that Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!'

"The chief said: 'No, Missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what will be the end of this mad work of yours.'

"I still answered, 'Come to-morrow.' . . . At the moment, I knew I was risking much, . . . but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought His glory, not my own!

"Next morning, I went down again at daybreak, and sank a narrow hole in the center about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole! Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little 'tinny' dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! It was living water from Jehovah's well! . . . No spring in the desert . . . ever appeared more worthy of being called a well of God than did that water to me!"

The assembled crowd waited in eager expectancy. "By and by," writes the joyful well-digger, "when I had praised the Lord, and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly settled, I filled a jug, . . . and ascending to the top, called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed round me in haste, and gazed on in superstitious fear. The old chief shook it to see if it would spill, then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted: 'Rain! Rain! Yes, it is rain! . . . Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God. No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way.'"

Finally the chief inquired if it was just for the missionary's family, or if they could have some. "You and all your people," replied the doctor, "and all the people of the island, may come and drink and carry away as much of it as you wish."

Convinced of the value of the treasure and of the success of the enterprise, the chief inquired, "Missi, what can we do to help you now?"

"O, how like is human nature all the world over!" exclaims this experienced missionary. "When one toils and struggles, when help is needed which many around could easily give and be the better, not the worse, for giving it, they look on in silence, or bless you with ungenerous criticism, or ban you with malicious judgment. But let them get some

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peep of personal advantage by helping you, . . . and how they rush to your aid! But I was thankful to accept of the chief's assistance, though rather late in the day."

A substantial wall was placed in the well; and all visitors at Aniwa are taken to see it as one of the wonders of the island. Strangely enough, though the natives have since sunk six or seven wells, where water has been found, it was salt water. "We have learned to dig," they said, "but not how to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us rain from below."

After the well had been finished, the old chief said "Missi, I think I could help you next Sabbath. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?"

"Yes," Mr. Paton replied, "if you will try to bring all the people to hear you." The news spread that Chief Namakei was to be the missionary next worship day. The crowd assembled, and "Namakei appeared, dressed in skirt and kilt. He was so excited, and flourished his tomahawk about at such a rate, that it was rather lively work to be near him. I conducted short opening devotions, and then called upon Namakei. He rose at once, with eye flashing wildly, and his limbs twitching with emotion. He spoke to the following effect, swinging his tomahawk to enforce, every eloquent gesticulation:

" 'Friends of Namakei, men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words! Since Missi came here he has talked many strange things we could not understand — things all too wonderful; and we said regarding many of them that they must be lies. . . . But of all his wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was about sinking down through the earth to get rain! Then we said to each other, The man's head is turned; he's gone mad! But the Missi prayed on and wrought on, telling us that Jehovah God heard and saw, and that his God would give him rain. Was he mad? Has he not got the rain deep down in the earth? We mocked at him; but the water was there all the same. We have laughed at other things which the Missi told us, because we could not see them. But from this day, I believe that all he tells us about his Jehovah God is true. Some day our eyes will see it. For to-day we have seen the rain from the earth.'"

Then, rising to a climax of eloquence, he cried: "My people, the people of Aniwa, the world is turned upside down since the word of Jehovah came to this land. . . . Now, by the help of Jehovah God, the Missi brought the invisible rain to view, which we never before heard of or saw, and [beating his hand on his breast] something here in my heart tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought Him to our knowledge. . . . From this day, my people, I must worship the God who has opened for us the well. . . . The gods of Aniwa can not hear, can not help us, like the God of Missi. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God! Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi's feet. . . . The Jehovah God has sent us

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rain from the earth. . . . Why should He not also send us His Son from heaven? Namakei stands up for Jehovah!”

“This address and the sinking of the well broke the back of heathenism on Aniwa. That very afternoon, the old chief and several of his people brought their idols and cast them down at my feet. . . . Company after company came to the spot, loaded with their gods of wood and stone, and piled them up in heaps.

“Often since, I have meditated on that old cannibal chief reasoning himself and his people, from the sinking of the well, and the bringing of the invisible water to view, into a belief as to the existence and power of the great, invisible God, and only hearer and answerer of prayer; and the contrasted picture rises before my mind of the multitudes in Britain, America, Germany, and our colonies, all whose wisdom, science, art, and wealth have only left them in spiritual darkness—miserable doubters!”

“The first traces of a new social order began to rise visibly on the delighted eye. The whole inhabitants, old and young, now attended school. . . . Heathen worship was gradually extinguished. . . . Again, O Galilean, Thou hast conquered!”

At their first communion service, the doctor gave “a careful exposition of the Ten Commandments,” the breaking of which is sin, and for the keeping of which there is great reward, and presented the gospel as the way of escape from sin. Twelve were received into church membership; and of his joy the doctor wrote, “I shall never taste a deeper bliss till I gaze on the glorified face of Jesus Himself.”

At the close of one service, one of the converts waited under an orange-tree for the doctor, and said: “Missi, I’ve given up everything for Jesus except one. . . . I have not yet given up my pipe and tobacco!”

Paton says: “I was more anxious to instruct his conscience than to dominate it. I therefore replied in effect thus:

“I rejoice, Youwili, that you are ready to give up everything to please Jesus. He well deserves it, for He gave up His life for you. For my part, you know that I do not smoke; and from my point of view, I would think it wrong for me to waste time and money, and perhaps health, in blowing tobacco smoke into the air.

I think I am happier and healthier without it. . . . I regard it as a foolish and wasteful indulgence, a bad habit.” The doctor does not state whether Youwili gave it up or not, but says, “Most of our natives, on their conversion, have voluntarily renounced the tobacco idol.”

He also gives an instance of a teacher who “wanted to do something to show his gratitude to Jesus. . . . A voice came to him like a flash, ‘If you care so much for Me and My work, you can easily sacrifice your pipe.’ He instantly took up his pipe and laid it

before the Lord, saying, 'There it is, O my Lord; and whatsoever it may have cost me shall now from year to year be Thine.'"

Mighty impulses were given to the missionary cause in Scotland, England, America, and Australia, by Dr. Paton's addresses, which were "apostolic in simplicity and fervor." He raised means for purchasing and equipping the mission ship the Dayspring, and an auxiliary ship, and for other mission enterprises. Mr. Spurgeon once introduced him as "the king of the cannibals." "That saintly man of prayer," George Muller, at the close of an address, warmly thanked Paton, and said, "Here is fifty pounds, which God has sent to me for your mission."

Drawing back, the doctor replied: "Dear friend, how can I take it? If I could, I would rather give you five hundred pounds for your orphans, for I am sure you need it all!"

But the good man knew where God wanted it, and replied: "God provides for His own orphans. This money can not be used for them."

Long were the useful lives of Dr. and Mrs. Paton extended,—given as was that of their Master, to the uplifting of fallen human beings. Dearly were they loved by the islanders among whom they long labored. Her death occurred May 16, 1905, in Australia. Almost to the very last he labored on, going among the churches to inspire them with missionary zeal. The frail body, which had been through so many toils and conflicts, at last gave way, and he too, on January 28, 1907, in the eighty-third year of his age, "fell asleep in Jesus."

With the words that close the first volume of his autobiography, we bid him farewell, looking forward to the fulfillment of the prayer it breathes: "I offer every one who has done me the favor to read or to listen, my kindly greeting. May you and I meet in the glory of Jesus, and continue our fellowship there! Good-by."

## **CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR**

### **ALLEN GARDINER**

#### **Beginning in the Neglected Continent**

UPON the twin of the North American continent, Allen Gardiner planted his feet a century and a half ago, and starved to death upon the shores within which millions are still perishing for the bread of life. There the people have changed from pagan to papal idolatry, hoping to be transported from purgatory to Paradise. Thousands of miles may still be traversed there without hearing the sound of a missionary's voice.

Gardiner, a gallant officer and seaman, had been converted by a missionary letter from a lady, a friend of his mother, calling attention to an account his father had written of

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his mother's death. He was much impressed by mission work on Tahiti, and offered himself to the London Society. He was not accepted; but on the death of his wife, he bowed by her casket and gave himself to God's service anew.

He opened a mission first among the warring Zulus of South Africa, though reduced in possessions to a saddle, his clothes, a spoon, and a Testament. He taught the natives, clothed the naked children, gathered them into school, and founded the town of Durban. After three years he was driven away by war.

His interest had already been enlisted in behalf of "the neglected continent." There he landed in 1838, and "in journeyings oft," traversed its plains and scaled its mountains, seeking some friendly spot to locate a mission. The natives had suffered so much from the hands of Europeans, that, like the Japanese and the South Sea Islanders, they did not want any missionaries.

Back and forth between Europe and his field he made trip after trip in behalf of missions, each seeming almost futile. He wrote: "Our Saviour has given us commandment to preach the gospel even to the ends of the earth. He will provide for the fulfillment of His own purpose. Let us only obey."

"As popery had closed the main gates against the gospel," with the exception of Guiana and the extreme south, he chose the latter. Terra del Fuego, guarding the Straits of Magellan leading to the missions in the islands beyond, was the Gibraltar of America. Why not a mission there? In 1850, with a physician — Dr. Richard Williams — and a ship carpenter, a teacher, and three fishermen, Gardiner made his way to that bleak shore.

With reference to himself, Dr. Williams wrote: "I saw that I could never again be happy if anything prevented my going." Three years before, he was a deist. He now gave up a lucrative practice for this missionary enterprise.

With meager supplies they landed, and in vain endeavored to make friends with the natives. In vain also, when supplies were almost gone, they waited for expected but belated rescue. As sickness, storms, and winter's blasts wasted them, their hearts were closer knit with Him who they felt had ordered their course. "The trials and dangers we have been subject to," wrote the doctor, "have, by the sanctifying grace of God, had a gracious influence." And again, "If ever the whisperings of almighty Love spoke tranquility to the soul of man, and breathed a continued flow of divine consolation upon his heart, I felt them." So blessed and resigned, he "would not have changed situations with any man living." The carpenter said that to be with Gardiner "was like a heaven on earth, he was such a man of prayer. "

As starvation preyed upon their sick bodies, one by one the brave men died. One of the seamen asked the doctor to sing, and with clear voice joined in:

"Before the throne my Surety stands;

My name is written on His hands.”

Then he died.

After the doctor could no longer write, Captain Gardiner recorded of him, “Mr. Williams is wonderfully supported.” On September 6, 1851, Gardiner wrote, “I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food.” But there was no earthly pen to write the last words of the gallant captain. He had come to the boat, but being too weak to get in, had fallen at its side and died.

When two sympathetic searchers found the bodies, they wept over them like children. Upon the rocks had been painted “Psalms 62:5-8.” But the pathetic deaths accomplished more than the activities of life. Not only was a mission firmly established there, but the ship *Allen Gardiner*, the first Methodist mission ship, was sent forth to open other missions; and the South American Missionary Society was raised up to sustain and extend the work. Charles Darwin contributed to this mission, saying of it as of the Christian Maoris, “I am convinced that what the missionaries have done in Terra del Fuego, in civilizing the natives, is at least as wonderful.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

### GUIDO F. VERBECK

Builders in New Japan

IN taking a backward glance at Japan, it must be remembered that no one now upon earth is responsible for errors which made that a sealed kingdom for two centuries. There was a cause for her exclusiveness. The landscape, with painful background, is given in a picture which Otis Cary, a missionary in Japan, has had courage to throw upon the screen.

In 1534 the order of the Jesuits, which would compass sea and land to make a proselyte, was founded by Loyola, Xavier, and five others. “Pope Paul III appointed a committee,” says Dr. George Smith, “of the eight ablest cardinals,” to investigate this order. They reported it as “a grave scandal to seculars, and doing the greatest harm,” and that it should be “abolished.” In spite of this and the opposition of some of the highest ecclesiastics, it became a “world society.” “Short History of Missions,” page 147.

Xavier went to India and established a school. A young Japanese, Anjino, became a pupil and convert. In 1549 they entered Japan, then governed by feudal lords. The slight change required by Xavier’s teaching was made by many. “The Jesuit preacher promised immediate entrance into Paradise after death to all who received baptism. There was little in the Buddhist paraphernalia that needed to be altered, much less abandoned. The images of Buddha, with a slight application of the chisel, served for images of Christ. Each Buddhist saint found his counterpart in Romanism; and the roadside shrines of

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Kwanon, the goddess of Mercy, were rededicated to Mary. Temples, altars, bells, holy water vessels, censers, rosaries, all were ready and could be easily adapted to the needs of the new religion.

“To Japanese, accustomed to the thoughts of changing from one sect to another, this new change seemed slight. Those who have seen both rituals, often wonder whether Buddhism is a child of Romanism, Romanism a child of Buddhism, or whether both did not have some common origin.” And as soon as Rome’s forces were strong enough, the spirit of the Inquisition was introduced into Japan. Buddhist priests were put to death, and their monasteries burned to the ground. The details are given, with full approval, by the Jesuit Charlevoix, in his “Histoire du Christianisme au Japon,” in which he also declares “God wrought miracles to confirm the faithful in their belief.” 1 “Japan and Its Regeneration,” Cary, Student Volunteer Movement, New York, pages 52-54.

In 1577 the lord of the island of Amakusa commanded priests, gentlemen, merchants, and tradesmen to become “Christians” or leave at once. Six years later the Catholic daimios of Kiushiu ordered their subjects to embrace “Christianity” or be banished, and the decree was executed with great cruelty. Dr. Smith gives in a single sentence an epitome of the missionary zeal of that time “Spain and Portugal were the first in the race of discovery, and their dead church carried a gospel of compromise to races who died out before it.” 2 “Short History of Missions.”

But the conquest of Japan to such Christianity was not as successful as that of Mexico. A Portuguese sea captain is credited with saying: “The king, my master, begins by sending priests, who win over the people; and when this is done, he despatches his troops to join the native Christians, and the conquest is easy.” “Japan,” Cary, page 54.

If that was Christianity, Japan would have none of it. Rulers may compel civility, but not Christianity. True religion is not promoted in that way. If so, Peter need not have put up his sword.

Stung to madness and desperation by the operations of the Inquisition, what could be expected but that the very name of Christianity should be despised by the Japanese, and the cross be to them an object of detestation? An order for the expulsion of the Catholic priests was issued in 1587. Ten years later six Franciscan “fathers” and twenty other Catholics were crucified at Nagasaki. In 1862 these were canonized by Pope Pius IX “martyrs of Japan.”

In 1614 a decree was issued to deport all members of religious orders. They reaped what they had sown. Fire and sword fiercely followed, and thousands perished. It is said that a notice was posted: “So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the king of Spain himself, . . . if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head.” “Spiritual bloodhounds” were set on the track of any of “the accursed creed.”

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Before 1650 the country was rid of the hated foreigners, but filled with a stench attached to the dearest name in earth or heaven. This could only be removed by a new and correct interpretation of that name. Japan waited long for that interpretation; vigilantly it watched its shores lest that dear name should enter. An annual rite was instituted of trampling upon the cross; and death decrees against Christianity were kept posted all over the land for more than two centuries. For only one Western nation did Japan retain any vestige of respect,— the Dutch. A few Dutchmen, who disclaimed all connection with Christianity, were allowed to sit out upon an island in front of Nagasaki for the purposes of trade; but only once a year could a trading vessel come to them. If some unfortunate Japanese was cast adrift upon a foreign shore, he could return no more. When the devoted Gützlaff and Dr. S. Wells Williams, missionaries to China, in 1837 returned seven of Japan's shipwrecked sons, their vessel was fired upon, and they withdrew in deep disappointment. Four of these Japanese remained with the missionaries, however, and helped to translate part of the Scripture into the Japanese, and their benefactors had the joy of seeing them embrace the Christian faith.

In July, 1853, Commodore Perry quietly anchored off the coast of Japan with a small fleet of gunboats. He was a student of the Bible, and of men. He was conscious that the Japanese had no true idea of Western civilization or of the Book that made it possible. Dr. S. W. Williams was with Perry as an interpreter. The commodore was notified that it would be necessary for him to go to Nagasaki to have any communications with the government of Japan. But this he did not intend to do. He informed the officials that he had come with a letter from the president of the United States for the emperor of Japan, and must deliver it to the proper authority. His quiet, resolute courtesy finally prevailed; and after delivering the message with no little ceremony, he sailed away. Eight months later he returned with a more powerful squadron, and with continued courtesy and persistency remained till he effected a treaty opening two ports to American vessels, but not to residence.

But there was even greater vigilance that none should cross the dead-line. Night and day the sentinels were on duty. It occurred one day that same year, that a watchful officer, Murata Wakasa-no-Kami, saw floating upon the water a small object which meant more to Japan than a man-of-war. It was a little book, but in a language he could not understand.

After much inquiry, he was told that it was "about the Creator of the universe, and Jesus, who taught His mind and truth." When he heard there was a Chinese translation, he sent a man to China to procure a copy. Then he sat down to learn that name which had been so carefully shut out of the kingdom.

In 1858 Townsend Harris obtained a treaty permitting Americans to reside in certain ports, and remained for years a trusted ambassador. S. Wells Williams was again at Nagasaki harbor, and he heard a Dutch envoy say "the Japanese officials had told him

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they were ready to allow foreigners all trading privileges if a way could be found to keep opium and Christianity out of the country.”

Opium, then, was one other thing the Japanese feared besides Christianity. Mr. Williams and two others promptly sat down and wrote to the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Dutch Reformed boards for missionaries. The Episcopalians were first upon the field. Two of their missionaries, then in China, John Liggins and C. M. Williams, went at once to Nagasaki.

A few months later Dr. J. C. Hepburn, Presbyterian, found a home, strangely enough, in a Japanese temple. His was the first American sermon in the strange land. In his dispensary the first Protestant church in Japan was organized. His great work was the making of the first Japanese-English dictionary. He was one of the guides of the new nation to liberty.

The appeal for Japan was placed before “the monthly concert of prayer,” in the Reformed Church in New York City. Before a dollar for the undertaking was in hand, Dr. S. R. Brown offered to go, and had already spoken to Guido F. Verbeck, an “Americanized Dutchman,” who was willing for the service; and Dr. D. B. Simmons, “who made an imperishable mark in the annals of medical science in Japan,” made up the trio of builders for God in the new empire. Their ship sailed from New York May 7, 1859.

In silence they must labor. Notices were still posted at every town and hamlet offering from three hundred to five hundred pieces of silver to informers of the hated sect. Drs. Brown and Simmons were welcomed into the temple home of Dr. Hepburn, and a little later, Mr. Verbeck was received by Liggins and Williams. All Christians were Jesuits to the Japanese, and the strangers were looked upon with suspicion. The flames of two centuries had been kept strangely vivid; and there were plenty whose teaching and practice had well prepared them to put the missionaries out of the way.

In 1860 the first Baptist missionary, a young seaman, Jonathan Goble, who had been with Perry in 1854, came as a missionary to the land in which he had interested the Baptists of America. Dr. Nathan Brown, another Baptist, came later, and translated the New Testament, a task he had accomplished for the Assamese.

Japan as yet had no central government. It was united only in hatred of foreigners and love of itself. Powerful clans had not agreed to the treaties, and it had yet to be seen whether the treaties would be observed. Nearly three hundred feudal lords held lands and people. For years the islands were kept in an uproar, culminating in civil war. The United States secretary of legation was assassinated in 1861, and later three Englishmen. Only after the gunboats of several nations had bombarded two cities did Japan recognize the necessity of unity upon some other basis than fear and hatred of Christian names. In 1868 the remarkable surrender by these lords of their estates took

place without violence, and the tide of the nation was turned toward constitutional government under the emperor.

Meantime Murata Wakasa had been diligently studying his Chinese Bible. And was it by chance that his brother, Ayabe, was one of Verbeck's first two pupils? It was not until 1866 that Verbeck saw Murata, although for years he had taught him through Motono, who went back and forth between them. Resigning affairs of state, the Japanese noble came to visit his teacher, bringing his two sons. "Sir, I can not tell you my feelings," he said to Mr. Verbeck, "when for the first time I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, or heard, or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of His nature and life."

Murata requested baptism, and he and Ayabe and Motono were received the first converts in Japan to the gospel. The faith held sacred and secret under such circumstances, is still cherished in the family of this noble man. 3 "Verbeck of Japan," Griffis, Revell Company.

A flourishing school grew up under Verbeck's steady hand, the New Testament and the United States constitution being classics for his best pupils. He helped to train the future statesmen of the new nation. The ship of state, however, that was floating the banner of progress, often tossed over shoals. As late as 1868 "the evil sect called Christians" was again "strictly prohibited." Nor had toleration been extended when, in 1869, Verbeck was called to the nation's center, Tokyo, supposedly to found a school, really as a counselor. The result was an imperial university, and a constitution for the new empire fashioned after that he had taught his pupils.

"The fruition of hope for the education of Japanese women was not until 1873, when the first school for education of the daughters of the gentry was established by the department of education, of which Mrs. Veeder and Miss M. C. Griffis were the first instructors. Out of this grew the Peereses' School, in which taught Miss Alice Bacon, the author of that delightful classic, 'Japanese Girls and Women.'"

Forty years, save one, Verbeck gave to the island empire. He died March 9, 1898, and was buried in the land of his adoption.

Not unlike the work of Professor Verbeck was that of Dr. Brown. Two weeks' time had sufficed, when in 1838 the call for China came to him, to give up teaching, hasten his marriage, and set sail for his field. He became teacher of the Morrison School, at Hong Kong, the first Christian school in China. He was the first to persuade young Chinese to go to America for an education. Having to return on account of Mrs. Brown's health, the year 1859 found him ready for Japan. During a score of useful years, he built up a seminary, and aided in giving to Japan the Bible, and a government more in accord with its teachings. "If I had a hundred lives," he said, "I would give them all for Japan."

In bidding adieu to this interesting kingdom, it is fitting to pay tribute to one of her sons whose name is held in grateful remembrance in his own and other lands. While our missionaries were quietly wrestling with their chosen tasks, a Japanese of twenty-one slipped away to China. Then as waiter "Joe" he sailed on the ship Wild Rover for America, and landed at Boston. The ship's owner, Mr. Hardy, became much interested in him, and gave him a college education. Adopting the name he had received on the ship, and that of the ship's owner, he became known by the name Joseph Hardy Neesima.

He had seen food placed before the senseless gods, which they did not eat, and he would not worship them. Christ was revealed to him as a Saviour, and he longed to make Him known to his people. "My heart burns for Japan," he said, and thither he went as a missionary of the American Board. He opened a school with eight pupils, which grew into the great Christian college, Doshisha, of which he was president. His graduates, like Verbeck's, became pillars in new Japan. When in 1890 he died, his funeral procession, a mile and a half in length, included not only his beloved pupils and patrons, but even Buddhist priests. His last words were, "Peace, joy, heaven."

## **CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX**

### **J. HUDSON TAYLOR**

Founder of the China Inland Mission

Born in Yorkshire, England, May 21, 1832. Died at Chang Sha, China, June 3; 1905.

THE opening chapter of J. Hudson Taylor's "Retrospect" of his work in China, is entitled "The Power of Prayer;" and that chapter, with the other contents of the book, reveals such reverent attention to the voice of God that it seemed to partake of the atmosphere which the angels breathe as they execute the Father's commands.

Such a work as he accomplished was not preceded by any happen so, haphazard preparation. He did not feel that his call, distinct and definite though it was, was the only thing needful; but, having this, he held on to it through such a process of thrashing and winnowing of the seed he was to scatter that he became a most successful sower in the land of Sinim. The steps to accomplish this are well worth tracing, and none other could do so as well as he.

In acknowledging "an unspeakable debt of gratitude" to his beloved parents, Mr. Taylor tells that before his birth his father was deeply moved in behalf of China's suffering millions, and "was led to pray that if God should give him a son, he might be called and privileged to labor in the vast and needy empire which was then apparently so sealed against the truth."

A Retrospect," by J. Hudson Taylor, China Inland Mission Publishers, Philadelphia.

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In following the fulfillment of that inspired petition, one is impressed that unless there is earnest attention to heed God's voice, the divine plan for the individual will be marred. God's purpose cherished in the heart, will, as the buds of the rose, develop into flowers of fragrance ; yet unless the human will shall submit to divine control, the heavenly plan for that life is as easily broken as are the petals of the flower.

Young Taylor never knew of his father's desire and prayer until he had himself fought his way to China and laid seven years of service upon her barren altar. But that petition was written in heaven, and its spirit was cherished in holy influences in the home. One mountain in the way of its fulfillment, amounting even to infidelity in the boy, was removed by the prayers of his mother and sister, after the father had lost all hope of his going to China.

At fifteen he was a stranger to Christ. "Often I had tried to make myself a Christian," he says, "and failing, of course, in such efforts, I began at last to think that for some reason or other I could not be saved." Discouragement caused him to drift to infidelity; but one day, when his mother was visiting about seventy or eighty miles from home, she went to her room, determined to pray for her only son until he was born into the heavenly family. For hours she laid hold of the mighty arm of power which surrounds every imperiled soul. And there she remained till she received evidence that her son was converted. In the meantime, his attention was drawn to a little tract in the home library, and the words "The finished work of Christ" especially impressed him.

"What was finished?" he questioned; and thus he answered: "A full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin; the debt was paid by the Substitute; Christ died for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' Then came the thought, 'If the whole work was finished and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?' And with this dawned the joyful conviction, as light flashed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one's knees, and, accepting this Saviour and His salvation, to praise Him forevermore."

Just one month before, his sister had begun daily prayers for him, to be continued till his conversion.

"Brought up in such a circle and saved under such circumstances, it was perhaps natural that from the commencement of my Christian life, I was led to feel that the promises were very real, and that prayer was, in sober matter of fact, transacting business with God, whether on one's own behalf or on behalf of those for whom one sought His blessing."

A few months after his conversion he took time for a special season of seeking God. "In the gladness of my heart," he says, " I poured out my soul before God; and again and again confessing my grateful love to Him who had done everything for me—who had saved me when I had given up all hope and even desire for salvation — I besought Him

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to give me some work to do for Him, as an outlet for love and gratitude; some self-denying service, no matter what it might be, however trying or however trivial—something with which He would be pleased!” “Well do I remember, as in unreserved consecration I put myself, my life, my friends, my all, upon the altar, the deep solemnity that came over my soul with the assurance that my offering was accepted.”

No more his own, henceforth a worker for God, His ambassador, His representative, he must be about his Father’s business. Thus was he Heaven-anointed; and his place of service was also Heaven-appointed. His call to China came as certainly from the same great Source as his call to service. He says: “ Within a few months of this time of consecration, the impression was wrought into my soul that it was in China that the Lord wanted me. It seemed to me highly probable that the work to which I was thus called might cost my life; for China was not then open as it is now. But few missionary societies had at that time workers in China, and but few books on the subject of China missions were accessible to me.”

He borrowed Medhurst’s “China” of a minister, who asked his purpose. “I told him that God had called me to spend my life in missionary service in that land. ‘And how do you propose to go there?’ he inquired. I answered that I did not at all know; that it seemed to me probable that I should need to do as the Twelve and the Seventy had done in Judea—go without purse or scrip, relying on Him who called me to supply all my need. Kindly placing his hand upon my shoulder, the minister replied ‘Ah, my boy, as you grow older you will get wiser than that. Such an idea would do very well in the days when Christ Himself was on earth, but not now.’

“I have grown older since then,” he wrote after many years of labor in China, “but not wiser. I am more than ever convinced that if we were to take the directions of our Master and the assurances He gave to His first disciples more fully as our guide, we should find them just as suited to our times as to those in which they were originally given.”

Now began the pruning and planting process which became so productive on Chinese soil. Of such feeble constitution that his parents had abandoned all hope of a missionary career, the called and consecrated youth laid hold anew upon life, and “God gave increased health.”

“I began to take more exercise in the open air to strengthen my physique. My feather bed I had taken away, and I sought to dispense with as many other home comforts as I could, in order to prepare myself for rougher lines of life. I also began to do what Christian work was in my power, in the way of tract distribution, Sunday-school teaching, and visiting the poor and sick, as opportunity afforded.”

Medhurst’s book had recommended medical work; and the missionary-to-be took up this study. But he did not forget his Guide-Book. “Before leaving home,” he says, “my

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attention was drawn to the subject of setting apart the first-fruits of all one's increase and a proportionate part of one's possessions to the Lord's service. I thought it well to study the question with my Bible in hand before I went away from home and was placed in circumstances which might bias my conclusions by the pressure of surrounding wants and cares. I was thus led to 'the determination to set apart not less than one tenth of whatever moneys I might earn or become possessed of for the Lord's service.'" Not only did he do this, but found great blessing in giving much more than this to the Lord's cause.

He was next led to investigate another subject of deep importance. He says: "A friend drew my attention to the question of the personal and pre-millennial coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and gave me a list of passages bearing upon it, without note or comment, advising me to ponder the subject. For a while I gave much time to studying the scriptures about it, with the result that I was led to see that this same Jesus who left our, earth in His resurrection body was so to come again. . . . I saw, further, that all through the New Testament the coming of the Lord was the great hope of His people, and was always appealed to as the strongest motive for consecration and service, and as the greatest comfort in trial and affliction. I learned, too, that the period of His return for His people was not revealed, and that it was their privilege, from day to day and from hour to hour, to live as men who wait for their Lord. . . .

"The effect of this blessed hope was a thoroughly practical one. It led me to look carefully through my little library to see if there were any books there that were not needed or likely to be of further service, and to examine my small wardrobe, to be quite sure that it contained nothing that I should be sorry to give an account of should the Master come at once. The result was that the library was considerably diminished, to the benefit of some poor neighbors, and to a far greater benefit of my own soul, and that I found I had articles of clothing also which might be put to better advantage in other directions.

"It has been very helpful to me from time to time through life, as occasion has served, to act again in a similar way; and I have never gone through my house, from basement to attic, with this object in view, without receiving a great accession of spiritual joy and blessing. I believe we are all in danger of accumulating —it may be from thoughtlessness, or from pressure of occupation— things which would be useful to others, while not needed by ourselves, and the retention of which entails loss of blessing. If the whole resources of the church of God were well utilized, how much more might be accomplished! How many poor might be fed and naked clothed, and to how many of those as yet unreached the gospel might be carried! Let me advise this line of things as a constant habit of mind, and a profitable course to be practically adopted whenever circumstances permit."

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Mr. Taylor plunged heartily into gospel work in Hull, where he went for medical training. Late one night he was asked by a man to come and pray with his wife, who he said was dying. "Up a miserable flight of stairs, into a wretched room, he led me; and O what a sight there presented itself to our eyes! Four or five poor children stood about, their sunken cheeks and temples all telling unmistakably the story of slow starvation; and lying on a wretched pallet was a poor, exhausted mother, with a tiny infant thirty-six hours old, moaning rather than crying, at her side. . . . 'Ah!' thought I, 'if I had two shillings and a sixpence instead of half a crown, how gladly should they have one-and-sixpence of it!' But still a wretched unbelief prevented me from obeying the impulse to relieve their distress at the cost of all I possessed.

"It will scarcely seem strange that I was unable to say much to comfort these people. I needed comfort myself. I began to tell them, however, that they must not be cast down, that though their circumstances were very distressing, there was a kind and loving Father in heaven; but something within me said, 'You hypocrite! telling these unconverted people about a kind and loving Father in heaven, and not prepared yourself to trust Him without half a crown!'

"I was nearly choked. . . To talk was impossible under these circumstances; yet, strange to say, I thought I should have no difficulty in praying. . . . 'You asked me to come and pray with your wife,' I said to the man; 'let us pray.' And I knelt down. But scarcely had I opened my lips with 'Our Father who art in heaven,' than conscience said within: 'Dare you mock God? Dare you kneel down and call Him Father with that half crown in your pocket?' Such a time of conflict came upon me then as I have never experienced before or since. How I got through that form of prayer I know not, . . . but I rose from my knees in great distress of mind."

"The poor father turned to me and said: 'You see what a terrible state we are in, sir; if you can help us, for God's sake do!' Just then the words flashed into my mind, 'Give to him that asketh of thee,' and in the word of a King there is power. I put my hand into my pocket, and slowly drawing forth the half crown, gave it to the man. . . . The joy all came back in full floodtide to my heart; I could say anything and feel it then, and the hindrance to blessing was gone—gone, I trust, forever!

"Not only was the poor woman's life saved, but I realized that my life was saved, too! It might have been a wreck — would have been a wreck probably, as a Christian life — had not grace at that time conquered, and the strivings of God's Spirit been obeyed. I well remember how that night, as I went home to my lodgings, my heart was as light as my pocket. The lonely, deserted streets resounded with a hymn of praise which I could not restrain. When I took my basin of gruel before retiring, I would not have exchanged it for a prince's feast. I reminded the Lord, as I knelt at my bedside, of His own word, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; I asked Him not to let my loan be a long

one, or I should have no dinner next day; and with peace within and peace without, I spent a happy, restful night.”

The morning mail brought him a gift four times as great as he had given the poor family, and he says: “I then and there determined that a bank which could not break should have my savings or earnings as the case might be — a determination I have not yet learned to regret. . . . If we are faithful to God in little things, we shall gain experience and strength that will be helpful to us in the more serious trials of life.”

Another test in money matters upon which not only hinged answers to prayer, but which touched his life plan of going to China, served greatly to strengthen Mr. Taylor’s growing faith. He believed that men might be influenced through prayer. The doctor by whom he was employed while studying was a forgetful paymaster, and pay-day passed without Mr. Taylor’s receiving his much needed wages. He prayed earnestly about it; but still his employer forgot. Finally, on a day when his landlady should be paid, the doctor turned suddenly to him with, “By the by, Taylor, is not your salary due again?”

“My emotion may be imagined! I told him as quietly as I could that it was overdue some little time. How thankful I felt at that moment! God had surely heard my prayer, and caused him, in this time of my great need, to remember the salary without any word or suggestion from me. He replied: ‘O, I am so sorry you did not remind me! You know how busy I am. I wish I had thought of it a little sooner, for only this afternoon I sent all the money I had to the bank; otherwise I would pay you at once.’ It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling caused by this unexpected statement. I knew not what to do. . . .

“As soon as he was gone I had to seek my little sanctum and pour out my heart before the Lord for some time, before calmness — and more than calmness — thankfulness and joy, were restored to me. I felt that God had His own way, and was not going to fail me. I had sought to know His will early in the day, and as far as I could judge, had received guidance to wait patiently.”

And so he waited, spending the evening at the doctor’s office, reading the Bible and preparing texts for his services at the lodging-houses in the lowest parts of the town, where he expected to speak next day. Just as he was putting on his overcoat to go, about ten o’clock, he heard the doctor coming. One of his wealthiest patients had just come and paid his bill. “It seemed that somehow or other he could not rest with this on his mind, and had been constrained to come at that unusual hour to discharge his liability.” This, time the doctor remembered, and turned over part of the bills to the prayerful boy.

“Again I was left,” he says, “to go back to my own little closet and praise the Lord with a joyful heart that after all I might go to China!” A mighty weight hung on the golden chain of answered prayer. If his faith grasped not the promises to influence a man at home who was acquainted with God, how could it prevail with men in China who knew Him

not! To him, “this incident was not a trivial one; and to recall it sometimes, in circumstances of great difficulty, in China or elsewhere, has proved no small comfort and strength.”

Later Mr. Taylor went to London for further medical studies. He was led to trust in Him who feeds the sparrows, for his support in that great metropolis; for if he could not trust Him in a land of Christian influences, where was food in plenty, how could he trust Him where at almost any time he might be cut off from all human aid? The question of support was settled through prayer. Every bill was met promptly; and though at times he lived on bread and fruit and water, he grew rich in faith and experience.

He also had another severe test. In the dissecting room he received deadly blood-poisoning through a needle prick in the finger. Two other medical students had similar accidents at the same time, and died in consequence thereof. The surgeon said to him, “You are a dead man.” Indeed he was brought to death’s door; but he had formed more than a speaking acquaintance with One who has power over disease and death, and he spread out his case before Him; and he says, “I was spared in answer to prayer, to work for God in China.” “If you have been living moderately,” another doctor said, “you may pull through; but if you have been going in for beer and that sort of thing, there is no manner of chance for you.” His meager diet was a benefit at this time at least.

One more demonstration of the power of prevailing prayer, — an experience for which the others were preparatory: One of his medical duties was to dress the foot of a patient suffering from gangrene. As a sympathetic Christian nurse, he longed to acquaint his patient with his Saviour. But the patient was an avowed atheist, and very antagonistic to religion. A Scripture reader who had visited him had been ordered from the room, and he had spit in the face of the visiting vicar of the district.

“Upon first commencing to attend him,” says Taylor, “I prayed much about it, but for two or three days said nothing to him of a religious nature. By special care in dressing his diseased limb, I was able considerably to lessen his sufferings, and he soon began to manifest grateful appreciation of my services. One day, with a trembling heart, I took advantage of his warm acknowledgments to tell him what was the spring of my action, and to speak of his own solemn position and need of God’s mercy through Christ. It was evidently only by a powerful effort of self-restraint that he kept his lips closed. He turned over in bed with his back to me, and uttered no word.

“I could not get the poor man out of my mind, and very often through each day I pleaded with God, by His Spirit, to save him. . . . After dressing the wound and relieving his pain, I never failed to say a few words to him, which I hoped the Lord would bless. He always turned his back to me, looking annoyed, but never spoke a word in reply.

“After continuing this for some time, my heart sank. It seemed to me that I was not only doing no good, but perhaps really hardening him and increasing his guilt. One day, after

dressing his limb and washing my hands, instead of returning to the bedside to speak to him, I went to the door, and stood hesitating for a few moments with the thought in my mind, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.' I looked at the man and saw his surprise, as it was the first time since speaking to him that I had attempted to leave without going up to his bedside to say a few words for my Master.

"I could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, I crossed the room and said, 'My friend, whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I must deliver my soul,' and went on to speak very earnestly with him, telling him with many tears how much I wished that he would let me pray with him. To my unspeakable joy he did not turn away, but replied, 'If it will be a relief to you, do.' I need scarcely say that I fell on my knees and poured out my whole soul to God on his behalf. I believe that God then and there wrought a change in his soul, . . . and within a few days he definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour. O, the joy it was to me to see that dear man rejoicing in hopes of the glory of God!" He had not entered a church for forty years.

"I have often thought since, in connection with this case and the work of God generally, of the words, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Perhaps if there were more of that intense distress for souls that leads to tears, we should more frequently see the results we desire. Sometimes it may be that while we are complaining of the hardness of the hearts of those we are seeking to benefit, the hardness of our own hearts and our own feeble apprehension of the solemn reality of eternal things, may be the true cause of our want of success."

In Mr. Taylor's voyage to China, September 19, 1853, to March 1, 1854, shipwreck among cannibals was avoided through prayer. In China he met among other missionaries, Drs. Medhurst, Parker, Edkins, Burdon, and William Burns. The latter he called "such a spiritual father," and tells how "with true spiritual insight he often pointed out God's purposes in trial in a way that made all life assume quite a new aspect and value. His views especially about evangelism as the great work of the church, and the order of lay evangelists as a lost order that Scripture required to be restored, were seed thoughts which were to prove fruitful in the subsequent organization of the China Inland Mission."

Upon the burning of his belongings at Shanghai, he observes: "To me this appeared a great calamity, and I fear I was more disposed with faithless Jacob to say, 'All these things are against me,' than to recognize that 'all things work together for good.' I had not then learned to think of God as the one great Circumstance 'in whom we live and move and have our being;' and of all lesser, external circumstances as necessarily the kindest, wisest, best, because either ordered or permitted by Him. Hence my disappointment and trial were very great." But it was one of the many providences that finally led to the establishment of the great system of missions.

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On a journey from Shanghai to Ning-po, “among the passengers on board the boat was one intelligent man, who in the course of his travels had been a good deal abroad. . . . On the previous evening I had drawn him into earnest converse about his soul’s salvation. The man listened with attention, and was even moved to tears; but still no definite result was apparent. I was pleased, therefore, when he asked to be allowed to accompany me, and to hear me preach.” As Mr. Taylor was in the cabin a few moments, he heard a splash and a cry, and running out, found this man was overboard and had sunk in the water. Instantly lowering the sail of the boat, he sprang into the water, and called to a near-by fishing-boat to come with their drag-hooks.

“Come!’ I cried, as hope revived in my heart. ‘Come and drag over this spot directly. A man is drowning just here!’

“‘It is not convenient,’ was the unfeeling answer.

“‘Don’t talk of convenience!’ cried I in agony; ‘a man is drowning, I tell you!’

“‘We are busy fishing,’ they responded, ‘and can not come.’

‘Never mind your fishing,’ I said; ‘I will give you more money than many a day’s fishing will bring; only come--come at once!’

“‘How much money will you give us?’

“‘We can not stay to discuss that now! Come, or it will be too late. I will give you five dollars’ (then worth about thirty shillings in English money).

“‘We won’t do it for that,’ replied the men. ‘Give us twenty dollars, and we will drag!’

“‘I do not possess so much. Do come quickly, and I will give you all I have!’

“‘How much may that be?’

“‘I don’t know exactly; about fourteen dollars.’

“At last, but even then slowly enough, the boat was paddled over, and the net let down. Less than a minute sufficed to bring up the body of the missing man. . . . But all was in vain—life was extinct.

“To myself this incident was profoundly sad and full of significance, suggesting a far more mournful reality. Were not those fishermen actually guilty of this poor Chinaman’s death, in that they had the means of saving him at hand, if they would but have used them? Assuredly they were guilty. And yet, let us pause ere we pronounce judgment against them, lest a greater than Nathan answer, ‘Thou art the man.’ Is it so hard-hearted, so wicked a thing to neglect to save the body? Of how much sorer punishment, then, is he worthy who leaves the soul to perish, and Cain-like says, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’

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“The Lord Jesus commands, commands me, commands you, my brother, and you, my sister. ‘Go,’ says He, ‘go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’ Shall we say to Him, ‘No, it is not convenient’? Shall we tell Him that we are busy fishing, and can not go! that we have bought a piece of ground, and can not go! . . . Let us consider who it is that has said, ‘If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, . . . doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?’”

The work of J. Hudson Taylor in China can only be fully understood by knowing how he came to sever his connection with his society, the Chinese Evangelization Society. The following gives his reason and reasoning “The society itself was in debt. . . . To me it seemed that the teaching of God’s word was unmistakably clear ‘Owe no man anything.’ To borrow money implied, to my mind, a contradiction of Scripture — a confession that God had withheld some good thing, and a determination to get for ourselves what He had not given. . . . If the Word taught me anything, it taught me to have no connection with debt.

“I could not think that God was poor, that He was short of resources, or unwilling to supply any want of whatever work was really His. It seemed to me that if there were lack of funds to carry on work, then to that degree, in that special development, or at that time, it could not be the work of God. To satisfy my conscience I was therefore compelled to resign connection with the society which had hitherto supplied my salary.”

His colleague, Mr. Jones, was led to take the same step. The brave, conscientious men depended upon God alone for supplies, and He honored their faith. Mr. Taylor says, “I could look right up into my Father’s face with a satisfied heart, ready, by His grace, to do the next thing as He might teach me, and feeling very sure of His loving care.”

As Mr. Taylor was preaching one day, in 1857, there was a pleasing interruption; a middle-aged man stood up and said: “I have long sought for the truth, as my fathers did before me; but I have never found it. I have traveled far and near, but without obtaining it. I have found no rest in Confucianism, Buddhism, or Taoism; but I do find rest in what I have heard here tonight. Henceforth I am a believer in Jesus.”

This was their first convert. “A few nights after his conversion he asked how long this gospel had been known in England. He was told that they had known it for some hundreds of years. ‘What!’ said he, amazed; ‘is it possible that for hundreds of years you have had the knowledge of these glad tidings in your possession, and yet have only now come to preach it to us? My father sought after the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it! O, why did you not come sooner!’”

Mr. Taylor was married in 1858, to the daughter of the devoted missionary, Samuel Dyer, who had gone to the Straits in 1827.

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When Dr. Parker was obliged to return with his motherless children to Scotland, Dr. Taylor took charge of his dispensary and hospital at, Ning-po, “relying solely upon the faithfulness of a prayer-hearing God to furnish the means required for its support. . . . Had not God said that whatever we ask in the name of the Lord Jesus shall be done? And are we not told to seek first the kingdom of God,—not means to advance it?”

Hundreds of patients were to be provided for, and only money enough left for about a month’s expenses! Dr. Parker’s native staff, having no such faith, resigned. But some members of the little church volunteered to help Dr. Taylor, “depending,” he says, “like myself, upon the Lord; and they with me continued to wait upon God, that in some way or other He would provide for His own work.

“Day by day the stores diminished, and they were all but exhausted when one day a remarkable letter reached me from a friend in England which contained a check for fifty pounds. After a little season of thanksgiving with my dear wife, I called my native helpers into our little chapel, and translated to them the letter. I need not say how rejoiced they were, and that we together praised God. . . . When, nine months later, I was obliged, through failure of health, to relinquish this charge, I was able to leave more funds in hand for the support of the hospital than were forthcoming at the time I took it.”

By the year 1860 thirty or forty native Christians had been gathered into the church at Ning-po; but Dr. Taylor’s health failed, and a return to England was the only hope of restoration. While there the whole great field, daily reviewed upon a large map on his study wall, seemed as near to him as when he was in China. ‘With returning strength he engaged in a revision of the New Testament, and observes, “I have often seen since, that without those months of feeding and feasting on the word of God, I should have been quite unprepared to form, on its present basis, a mission like the China Inland Mission.

“In the study of that divine Word I learned that, to obtain successful laborers, not elaborate appeals for help, but first, earnest prayer to God to thrust forth laborers, and second, the deepening of the spiritual life of the church, so that men should be unable to stay at home, were what was needed. I saw that the apostolic plan was not to raise ways and means, but to go and do the work, trusting in His sure word who has said, ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.’

Mr. Taylor asked God for five workers. These were forthcoming, the fifth reaching the field in 1865. He was encouraged to ask for greater things. “Months of earnest prayer and not a few abortive efforts had resulted in a deep conviction that a special agency was essential for the evangelization of Inland China. . . . I had also a growing conviction that God would have me to seek from Him the heeded workers, and to go forth with

them. But for a long time unbelief hindered my taking the first step. How inconsistent unbelief always is! I had no doubt that, if I prayed for workers, 'in the name' of the Lord Jesus Christ, they would be given me. I had no doubt that, in answer to prayer, the means for our going forth would be provided, and that doors would be opened before us in unreached parts of the empire. But I had not then learned to trust God for keeping power and grace for myself, so no wonder that I could not trust Him to keep others who might be prepared to go with me. I feared that in the midst of the dangers, difficulties, and trials which would necessarily be connected with such a work, some who were comparatively inexperienced Christians might break down, and bitterly reproach me for having encouraged them to undertake an enterprise for which they were unequal. . . .

"Yet, what was I to do? The feeling of blood-guiltiness became more and more intense. Simply because I refused to ask for them, the laborers did not come forward— did not go out to China— and every day tens of thousands were passing away to Christless graves! Perishing China so filled my heart and mind that there was no rest by day and little sleep by night, till health broke down. At the invitation of my beloved and honored friend, Mr. George Pearse, I went to spend a few days with him at Brighton.

"On Sunday, June 25, 1865, unable to bear the sight of a congregation of a thousand or more Christian people rejoicing in their own security, while millions were perishing for lack of knowledge, I wandered out on the sands alone, in great spiritual agony; and there the Lord conquered my unbelief, and I surrendered myself to God for this service. I told Him that all the responsibilities as to issues and consequences must rest with Him; that as His, servant, it was mine to obey and to follow Him —His to direct, to care for, and to guide me and those who might labor with me. Need I say that peace at once flowed into my burdened heart?" J. Hudson Taylor called, Heaven answered; and men and women were in waiting for the hour. Soon there were a goodly number in training for China.

"I had determined never to use personal solicitation, or to issue collecting books. Missionary boxes were — thought unobjectionable, and we had a few prepared for those who might ask for them, and have continued to use them ever since.'

On being invited to speak on China at a village near London, Dr. Taylor consented on condition that no collection be taken. At the close the chairman was so impressed with China's needs that he wished to take a collection notwithstanding the doctor's objections. But he says: "My wish was, not that those present should be relieved by making such a contribution as might there and then be convenient, under the influence of a present emotion; but that each one should go home burdened with the deep need of China, and ask God what He would have them do. If, after thought and prayer, they were satisfied that a pecuniary contribution was what He wanted of them, it could be given to any missionary society having agents in China, or it might be posted to our London office; but perhaps in many cases, what God wanted was not a money

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contribution, but personal consecration to His service abroad, or the giving up of son — or daughter — more precious than silver or gold — to His service. I added that I thought the tendency of a collection was to leave the impression that the all-important thing was money, whereas no amount of money could convert a single soul; that what was needed was that men and women, filled with the Holy Ghost, should give themselves to the work. For the support of such there would never be a lack of funds.”

In February, 1866, the doctor’s mission band began a daily prayer-meeting to ask God for funds for this, His enterprise. In five weeks, nearly nine thousand dollars had been received; and in May a party of twenty-two, including children, sailed for China.

Figures have but feeble tongues to tell the story of benefit and blessing that followed that consecrated band. “The missionary career of J. Hudson Taylor,” says Arthur H. Smith, himself a missionary thirty-five years in China, “having its quiet and unnoticed beginnings in 1853, culminated in the amazing breadth and sweep of the China Inland Mission, until at life’s close he laid down its leadership in 1905.” “The Uplift of China.”

Statistics published in the same book for 1905, give 849 missionaries, including missionaries’ wives and associates, with 1,282 native workers; 205 stations, and 632 sub-stations, and 35,726 communicants; 188 schools, with nearly 3,000 pupils, and 44 hospitals and dispensaries. What an agency for bearing the living Word to a dying people! No other society has in China so many workers; and these go out trusting for support in the God who called J. Hudson Taylor to the work.

May many more laborers listen to the divine appeal that stirred this great leader’s soul, until “this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations;” and then the Saviour for whom J. Hudson Taylor looked and longed will come and take His people home.

### **THE MISSIONARY INCENTIVE**

May it please the reader to take an interim after the sketch of this godly man—converted from boyhood infidelity into a lover of the Saviour’s coming—to listen to the voice of one—the late Dr. Arthur T. Pierson upon this subject, whose words are so reasonable, whose knowledge of missions was so remarkable, whose love for his Master so wonderful, that he was well prepared to speak upon so exalted a theme as is thus introduced in his precious book on missions, “The New Acts of the Apostles”

“One powerful incentive, of which not only the Acts of the Apostles but the whole New Testament is full, is, we fear, far less prominent in the thoughts of the modern church. We refer to the blessed hope of our Lord’s return.

“Revive this hope of our Lord’s coming, and it begets hourly watching, ceaseless praying, tireless toiling, patient waiting. Moreover, this blessed hope is forever linked with the

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glorious compensation for all service and sacrifice for Christ. 'Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.'

"His coming, then, not our death, opens the door to the wedding feast, and the 'joy of the Lord.' Then the prize awaits the successful runner. Then the crowns are given.

"We shall never have apostolic missions till this apostolic hope claims again its rightful place. Daily dying so that in the body one bears the marks of the Lord Jesus - will be easy only to him who feels redemption drawing nigh, and who follows the Son of man in His humiliation, as one who is to sit with Him on the throne of His glory. His expected appearing is His saints' avenging and rewarding. . . . Then, however dark and dismal the failure of mission work, faithfulness and not success will be the standard and measure of reward. . . .

"This blessed hope both loosens the hold we have on this World and the hold this world has on us. If we are to build heaven here, we may be justified in laying deep and firm foundations; but if all these things are to be dissolved, if all work not done for God is to be burned up as wood, hay, stubble, and the work done for God is to be tried by fire — then what folly to spend our faculty and vital force upon what is to be turned to ashes! Let us walk with God and work with God, and so prepare a structure of character and of service which shall survive the fiery ordeal.

"Perhaps at no one point does the hope of our Lord's return touch our need so closely and vitally as in this that it incites to unselfish service. . . . The miser dies when the missionary is born; the carnal is cast out if the spiritual is to come in; only he who loses himself can save others.

"But just here the hope of the Lord's coming supplies exactly what is needed. . . . In those seven epistles to the churches which open the Apocalypse, our Lord uses His imminent coming as a perpetual hope, motive, incentive; and this is enough to make it a sin, if not a crime, to lose sight of it. . . .

"This blessed hope is the crown of all other hopes, and suggests to us an expectation that will be realized. . . . Does the Scripture justify us in looking for the 'conversion of the world' during the present dispensation, or is this the period of the out gathering of the church from all nations? For what are we to labor, and what is our rational Scriptural hope? James bade the first council at Jerusalem harken unto him as he reminded them of God's purpose as declared by Simeon, visiting the gentiles 'to take out of them a people for His, name.' That is not only uniformly declared to be the exact purpose of the gospel witness during these times of the gentiles, but it has been the actual result of these nearly two thousand years of such witness. At this advanced age, history is interpreting prophecy and expounding Scripture, if we will but hear it. . . .

"Our highest 'Christian civilization' is an amalgamation of the church and the world. . . . The great body of disciples are only nominally such, either wholly worldly or worldly

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holy; at the door of frivolous gaiety they drop their Christian consistency, as an Oriental guest shuffles off his sandals, and mix freely with the idolaters of folly and fashion. The church is to-day in danger of the moral putrefaction that loses all godly savor, and the moral petrification that loses all godly sensibility. Apostolic piety scarcely survives in the church at large. Disciples rarely keep themselves unspotted from the world ; and it is only here and there that we find a few who seem to be filled with the Spirit. . . Some who have drawn their very life from Christianity now turn to curse the dam that nursed, and wound the breast that fed them.

“The ripeness of modern civilization borders on rottenness; and while men boast of society, its foundations sink; and the anarchy which is the natural end of atheism, threatens all with wreck. Science itself has furnished the lawless with weapons which are equally mighty against ballot or bullet; and Germany and Russia, France and Britain, and the great republic, are to-day at the mercy of the dynamite fiend.

“Notwithstanding such signs of the times, there are some who regard the outlook as so hopeful that they think the recent ‘Parliament of Religions’ was the inauguration of the millennium. What enviable sleight of mind that can turn everything into signs of progress!

“From all such frivolous methods of dealing with the Scripture and with facts, we turn candidly to ask, What does the New Testament encourage us to hope for as the outcome of our missionary work?

“If we read aright, the teaching of our Lord is plain. God’s present purpose is that the gospel shall everywhere be preached for a witness unto the nations and for the gathering of the ecclesia; and then shall the end come, and the Lord Himself return and possess the kingdom, and carry its triumphs to completion. . . . The devil’s great wrath may only be due to the shortness of his time; and the ripeness of the tares may only hint the nearness of the harvest.

“If we are discouraged or despairing, our need and remedy is, perhaps, a laying hold of the hope set before us, in the gospel. As the Scriptures warrant no expectation of the world’s conversion in this age of witness, so far as we look for such result, we work on a wrong basis, and will either be disappointed or deceived in the outcome. . . .

“Let the disciples once get firmly planted on this rock basis, that we are sent forth, not to accomplish a world’s conversion, but only its evangelization, and victory springs up out of defeat. Hope that had lost wings, plumes herself for a new flight, and over the grave of buried expectation, rises with the song of a lark.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

### WILLIAM MILLER

Converted Infidel and Baptist Evangelist

Born at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, February 15, 1782. Died at Low Hampton, New York, December 20, 1849.

How different are God's ways from man's! At a time when French infidelity was running riot in the land of God's providence, whom should He select but one who was for years an avowed deist, to hurl such polished shafts from His mighty quiver against the citadel of the adversary, that its very foundations trembled - six thousand conversions resulting from the labors of this one man, seven hundred infidels being won by him to the faith of Christ!

When we consider that such amazing inroads upon gospel-hardened infidelity were probably made by no other individual in the past century, and that this was accomplished in a campaign of less than twenty years, it is apparent that a higher than human hand was in the movement; and to enter into a sympathetic acquaintance with the labors of William Miller is to enrich greatly one's spiritual life.

In the year that gave Robert Morrison to the world, William Miller was born. The library to which the thoughtful boy had access for some years was the Bible, the psalter, and a prayer-book. On the removal of the family to Low Hampton, New York, he obtained other books, and wished to spend his evenings studying; but the father insisted on his retiring early. This he did; but after all were asleep, he would get up, put pine knots into the fireplace, and read by their glimmering light. "The most embarrassing circumstances of his condition," says his biographer, Mr. Bliss, "could not master his perseverance."

He was happily married in 1803, and settled in Vermont. His wife made it her pleasure to aid his efforts for intellectual training. His sterling enterprise and integrity gained for him a competence in temporal things and promotion in civil affairs. In boyhood he had felt a deep concern for his eternal interests. The year of his marriage he wrote

"Come, blest religion, with thy angel's face, Dispel this gloom, and brighten all the place; Drive this destructive passion from my breast; Compose my sorrows, and restore my rest; Show me the path that Christian heroes trod; Wean me from earth, and raise my soul to God!"

But before this prayer received fruition, the longings it expressed were well-nigh banished. Friends placed in his hands the works of Paine, Voltaire, and similar writers, and he was soon an avowed deist. And not content with refusing the gospel, he plunged to the fearful depth of making religion a matter of jest, even mimicking the ministers of God, especially his grandfather and his uncle Elihu Miller. But again we are reminded of

the efficacy of prayer. These two very men made Miller's case a special subject of prayer; and to his almost heart-broken mother, the grandfather said: "Don't afflict yourself too deeply about William. There is something for him to do yet in the cause of God."

Twelve long years his heart withstood the siege of Heaven's gentle artillery. During this time he served as captain in the War of 1812. Here an incident occurred that showed his attitude toward religion. There were a few men of prayer in the ungodly camp. In the tent of one of these, a sergeant, a meeting was held one night when Captain Miller was in charge. Seeing the tent lighted up, he drew near and heard the voice of prayer. Next day, thinking to try the sergeant's piety, and indulge himself in a joke, he called the man before him, and with seeming seriousness, said: "You know, Sergeant Willey, that it is contrary to army regulations to have any gambling in the tents at night; and I was sorry to see your tent lighted up for that purpose last night. We can not have any gambling at such times. You must put a stop to it at once. I hope I shall not have to speak to you again about it! "

The poor man stood as if thunderstruck; and then, hardly daring to look up, replied, in a manner which showed unwillingness to bear the scandal of gambling or to parade his devotions, "We were not gambling, sir."

The captain was touched with his appearance, but affected even greater severity. "What else could you have your tent lighted up for all the evening if you were not gambling?"

In a deeply impressive manner, the accused at last confessed his grief and innocence: "We were praying, sir."

An unseen Presence was so sensibly manifest that the captain was almost moved to tears. He silently dismissed the man with a wave of the hand, and for some time sat in reverent contemplation of the bloodless battle he had planned, but which, with other experiences in the war, served to weaken his infidelity.

On returning home, he moved amid his infidel friends; but the time had come when the prayers of long years of waiting were about to be answered. God was about to call him to another kind of warfare. His feelings he thus described:

"The heavens were as brass over my head, and the earth as iron under my feet. Eternity —what was it? And death —why was it? The more I reasoned, the farther I was from demonstration. The more I thought, the more scattered were my conclusions. I tried to stop thinking; but my thoughts would not be controlled. . . .

Suddenly the character of a Saviour was vividly impressed upon my mind. It seemed that there might be a Being so good and compassionate as to Himself atone for our transgressions, and thereby save us from suffering the penalty of sin. I immediately felt how lovely such a Being must be, and imagined that I could cast myself into the arms of,

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and trust in the mercy of, such a One. . . . I saw that the Bible did bring to view just such a Saviour as I needed; and . . . I was constrained to admit that the Scriptures must be a revelation from God.

. . . The Bible now became my chief study, and I can truly say I searched it with great delight. I found the half was never told me. I wondered why I had not seen its beauty and glory before, and marveled that I could have ever rejected it. . . . I lost all taste for other reading, and applied my heart to get wisdom from God.”

But his friends were quick to present objections he had often urged. He determined to be able to meet them. He allowed the Bible to be its own interpreter. As he studied with earnest prayer for divine enlightenment, the books of Daniel and Revelation finally engaged his special attention. To his surprise and delight he found their strange prophetic symbols could be understood; and his attention finally became riveted upon the great end of their panoramic display; namely, the grand doctrine of the second coming of the Son of God.

Eighteen hundred years before, when the gates of the eternal city were about to open to receive from earth our ascending Lord, two angels in shining raiment stood by the little group on Olive’s brow, and made an announcement which thrilled the hearts of the listeners. That announcement has been a joy to earth’s lowly ones through the ages since: “This same Jesus . . . shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.” This bright arch of hope spans the entrance to the book of Acts, and is the great theme of the book of Revelation, and “the end of the matter” in the book of Daniel. Beneath its halo our student stood until the joy that filled the hearts of the first disciples was his. This glad hope is the object and end of many an inspired prophecy; and in these William Miller felt that he had found a clue to the time of the great event. Here are his words

“I could but regard the chronological portions of the Bible as being as much a portion of the word of God, and as much entitled to our serious consideration, as any other portion of the Scriptures. I therefore felt that in endeavoring to comprehend what God had in His mercy seen fit to reveal to us, I had no right to pass over the prophetic periods.” “The seventy weeks to the Messiah (Dan. 9:24-27-7 days to the week, equal 490 days) were fulfilled in 490 years; and the 1,260 prophetic days (Rev. 11: 3) of the papal supremacy, in 1,260 years.

From a further study of the Scriptures I concluded . . . that the 2,300 days (Dan. 8:14) commenced with the seventy weeks, which the best chronologers dated B. C. 457, and that the 1,335 days (Dan. 12:12) should be dated from about A. D. 508. Reckoning all these prophetic periods from the several dates assigned by the best chronologers for the events from which they should evidently be reckoned, they would all terminate together about A. D. 1843.”

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Believing with others that the earth was “the sanctuary” referred to, which was to be “cleansed,” he came to the conclusion that about the last date named, the Judge of all the earth would come. “I need not speak of the joy that filled my heart in view of the delightful prospect, nor of the ardent longings of my soul for a participation in the joys of the redeemed. The Bible was now to me a new book. It was indeed a feast.”

He united with the Baptist Church, which later licensed him to preach. For years he gave the subject of Christ’s second coming much study, and so carefully was every argument weighed, that he was prepared to meet every objection before he went upon the platform. Indeed, he long resisted the call to the ministry. “The question came home to me with mighty power,” he says, “regarding my duty to the world, in view of the evidence that had affected my own mind.” “When I was about my business, it was continually ringing in my ears, ‘Go and tell the world of their danger.’ This text was constantly occurring to me: ‘If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand.’

“I did all I could to avoid the conviction that anything was required of me. . . . I told the Lord that I was not used to public speaking; that I had not the necessary qualifications to gain the attention of an audience. . . . But I could get no relief.”

He tried to satisfy his conscience by speaking in private of his views, hoping some one would be raised up to proclaim them to the world. He was quite surprised and grieved to find but few, even of professed Christians, who were vitally interested in the subject. “I supposed that it would call forth the opposition of the ungodly; but it never came into my mind that any Christian would oppose it. I supposed that all such would be so rejoiced in view of the glorious prospect, that it would be only necessary to present it to them for them to receive it.” Imagine his feelings, then, when it came to his ears that a friend of his, a physician, had said, “Esquire Miller is a fine man and a good neighbor, but is a monomaniac on the subject of the advent.”

A little later one of Mr. Miller’s children was sick, and the doctor was called. After prescribing for the child, the doctor noticed that Mr. Miller was very quiet, and inquired what ailed him.

“Well, I hardly know, doctor; I want you to see what does, and prescribe for me.”

The doctor felt of his pulse, and asked what he supposed was his complaint.

“Well,” said Mr. Miller, “I don’t know but I am a monomaniac. . . . Can you tell when a man is a monomaniac?”

The doctor blushed, and said he thought he could.

“Well,” said Mr. Miller, “I insist upon it that you see whether I am in reality a monomaniac; and if I am, you shall prescribe for and cure me. You shall, therefore, sit

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down with me two hours, while I present the subject of the advent to you; and if I am a monomaniac, by that time you will discover it.”

The doctor was quite disconcerted; but Mr. Miller insisted, and said he might charge for his time as in his regular practice.

The doctor finally sat down, took a Bible, and at Mr. Miller’s request, read from the 8th of Daniel. As he read, Mr. Miller inquired what “the ram” denoted; also the other symbols. The doctor had read Newton, and applied them to Persia, Greece, and Rome, as did Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller then asked him how long the vision of those empires was to be.

“Twenty-three hundred days.”

“What!” said Mr. Miller; “could those great empires cover only 2,300 literal days?”

“Why,” said the doctor, “those days are years, according to all commentators; and those kingdoms are to continue 2,300 years.”

Mr. Miller then asked him to turn to the 2d and 7th of Daniel, both of which he explained as Mr. Miller did. He was then asked if he knew when the 2,300 days would end. He did not, as he could not tell when they began. He was asked to read the 9th of Daniel. As he read the 21st verse, mentioning Gabriel, “seen in the vision,” Mr. Miller inquired

“In what vision?”

“Why,” said the doctor, “in the vision of the 8th of Daniel. “

“He had now come, then, to make him understand that vision, had he?”

“Yes.”

“Well ; seventy weeks are determined; what are these seventy weeks a part of?”

“Of the 2,300 days. “

“Then do they begin with the 2,300 days?”

“Yes. “

“When did they end?”

“In A. D. 33.”

“Then how far would the 2,300 extend after A. D. 33?”

The doctor subtracted 490 (the number of days in “seventy weeks”) from 2,300, and replied, “1810.” “Why!” said he, “that is past!”

“But,” said Mr. Miller, “there were 1,810 from 33; in what year would that come?”

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The doctor set down 33 and 1,810, and adding, replied, "1843." With flushed face at this unexpected result, he immediately took his hat and left the house. The doctor had not the least idea of the result to which he was coming until he set down the figures 1843.

The next day he called on Mr. Miller in deep agitation, and said: "I have not slept a wink since I was here yesterday. I have looked at the question in every light, and the vision must terminate about 1843; and I am unprepared!"

Pointing him to the One whose coming he loved, Mr. Miller labored for him till he too loved His coming.

But to go and stand before the public as he felt the Lord was calling him to do, seemed to Mr. Miller an impossibility. Finally, one morning in August, 1831, as he arose from his chair to go to his work, it came to him with more force than ever, "Go and tell it to the world!"

"The impression was so sudden," says the man under conviction, "and came with such force, that I settled down in my chair, saying, 'I can't go, Lord.'"

"Why not?" seemed to be the response.

"Then all my excuses came up —my want of ability, etc., but my distress became so great I entered into a solemn covenant with God that if He would open the way, I would go and perform my duty to the world.

"What do you mean by opening the way?" seemed to come to me.

'Why,' said I, 'if I should have an invitation to speak publicly in any place, I will go and tell them what I find in the Bible about the Lord's coming.'

"Instantly all my burden was gone, and I rejoiced that I should not probably be thus called upon; for I had never had such an invitation."

But what was his surprise and dismay when, before he left the room, a young man living at Dresden, sixteen miles away, came to his door, and said his father had sent him to have Mr. Miller come to present his views in their church the next day. He was so overcome, he left the boy without a reply, and retired to a grove in great distress. "There," said he, "I struggled with the Lord about an hour, endeavoring to release myself from the covenant I had made with Him; but I could get no relief. It was impressed upon my conscience, 'Will you make a covenant with God and break it so soon?' and the exceeding sinfulness of thus doing overwhelmed me."

At last he yielded, and went to the appointment. The house was well filled; and as might be expected, as soon as he commenced speaking, his embarrassment was gone. He was requested to remain and lecture during the week; and a revival was begun in which thirteen families, except two persons, were converted.

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He returned home only to find a letter to come to another point, from one who did not know he had gone to Dresden. Then invitations poured in upon him, more than he could fill. His labors became extensive; and he defrayed his own expenses. Up to 1836 two half dollars placed in his hand by a woman in Canada was the only contribution he received. Touching this point, he wrote to a friend: "How good, my brother, it is to preach, having God for paymaster! He pays down! He pays in souls! "

Of an eight days' meeting held in Lansingburg, New York, he wrote: "Infidels, deists, Universalists, and sectarians, were all chained to their seats, in perfect silence for hours, yes, days, to hear the stammering old man talk about the second coming of Christ, and show the manner, object, time, and signs, of His coming. O my brother! it makes me feel like a worm — a poor, feeble creature; for it is God only who could produce such an effect on such audiences."

Of the results following lectures in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the pastor of the Christian Church published the following: "Never, while we linger on the shores of mortality, do we expect to enjoy more of heaven than we have in some of our late meetings, and on baptizing occasions. At the waterside, thousands would gather to witness this solemn institution in Zion, and many would return from the place weeping."

The following is from a notice appearing in the Fountain, New Haven, Connecticut, after lectures there "We were utterly disappointed—so many extravagant things have been said of the 'fanatics' in the public prints, and such distorted statements published in reference to their articles of faith. . . . In justice to Mr. Miller, we are constrained to say that he is one of the most interesting lecturers we have any recollection of ever having heard."

Those who have followed the footprints of our heroes in previous chapters are not surprised to know that, like them, Miller received his full share of the world's scorn. Some of it came from without the church; some of it from within. In self-defense he finally published an appeal

"Dear Brethren: We would ask, in the name of our dear Master, Jesus Christ, by all that is holy, by the fellowship of the saints, and the love of the truth, why you cast us off as if we were heretics. What have we believed that we have not been commanded to believe by the word of God? . . . Is it heterodox to believe that Jesus Christ will come again to this earth to receive His saints to Himself, and to reward all men as their work shall be? If so, then our fathers, and our ministers, our creeds, and our Bibles, have taught us heresy. . . . Do tell us what mean a class of texts like these: John 14: 3 ; Acts 1:11; 1 Peter 1: 7, 13; Rev. 1: 7. . . . Are we not all commanded to watch? . . . If so, will you tell us how a man can watch, and not expect the object for which he watches? . . . If we are to be cut off for honestly believing in the exactness of prophetic time, then Scott and Wesley,

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and the Newtons, and Mede, Gill, and others, should all be excommunicated for the like offense.”

There were not a few, however, whose honest words should have put to shame all those who heaped contumely upon his devoted head. Witness the following from the Sandy Hill Herald, a paper published in Mr. Miller’s home county

“Certainly all who have ever heard him lecture, or have read his works, must acknowledge that he is a sound reasoner. . . . Mr. Miller is now, and has been for many years, a resident of this county, and as a citizen, a man, and a Christian, stands high in the estimation of all who know him; and we have been pained to hear the gray headed, trembling old man denounced as a ‘speculating knave.’

“Speculating, forsooth! Why need he speculate? . . . Who that has witnessed his earnestness in the pulpit, and listened to the uncultivated eloquence of nature, which falls in such rich profusion from his lips, dare say that he is an impostor? We answer without fear of contradiction from any candid mind, None! . . .

“Mr. Miller certainly goes to the fountain of knowledge — revelation and history — for proof, and should not be answered with low, vulgar, and blasphemous witticisms.”

This paper then quoted from an exchange as follows “To treat a subject of such overwhelming majesty and fearful consequences — a subject which has been made the theme of prophecy in both Testaments; the truth of which, occur when it will, God has sealed by His own unequivocal averments—we repeat it, to make puns and display vulgar wit upon this subject, is not merely to sport with the feelings of its propagators and advocates, but is to make a jest of the day of Judgment, to scoff at the Deity Himself, and to contemn the terrors of His Judgment-bar.”

The editor of the Gazette and Advertiser, of Williamsburg, Long Island, referred to an interview with him as follows:

“Our curiosity was recently gratified by an introduction to this gentleman, who has probably been an object of more abuse, ridicule, and blackguardism, than any other man now living. . . . When our interview closed, we were left wondering at the cause of that malignant spirit of slander and falsehood with which a man has been assailed, who has spent his time and substance in a course of unceasing toils to persuade men `to flee from the wrath to come.’”

The words of one who has learned to look beneath the surface are very applicable here

“God’s born prophets must not be disobedient to the heavenly vision, though others see not the form and hear not the voice. . . . The men that are the martyrs to the hatred and violence of one age, are the saints that a succeeding age canonizes. Would that we might not slay God’s prophets, leaving a wiser generation to pay its too tardy tribute at their sepulchers!”

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Mr. Miller never went where he was not invited; and the invitations usually came from the ministers of the different denominations. Conversions and revivals almost invariably followed his ministrations.

The manner in which he met an intended slight was shown at Lowell, Massachusetts. A minister there had heard of the great success attending his lectures, and invited him to come to his church. On meeting the train, he saw no such fashionably dressed gentleman as he expected, but a plainly clad old man, shaking with palsy. He feared this might prove to be the man, and if so, regretted having invited him to his fashionable church. He stepped up to him, however, and whispered in his ear, "Is your name Miller?"

The old gentleman nodded assent.

"Well, follow me," he said, walking on, leaving Mr. Miller to get along as best he could. He was much chagrined that he had invited a man of such appearance to speak in his church, concluding that he could know little of the Scriptures, and would discourse upon fancies of his own.

After tea he remarked that he supposed it was about time to attend church; and again leading the way, he left Mr. Miller to bring up the rear. After showing him into the desk, he himself took a seat in the congregation.

The trembling old man read a hymn, which was sung. He then led in prayer, and read another hymn, which was also sung. Opening with reverence the Book of God, which had now for long years been his consolation and support, he took for his text, "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Like the man of God that he was, rising on the wings of his theme, far above the chilling atmosphere of pride and prejudice, as one illumined with light from on high, the speaker launched forth upon his subject to picture the glories of "that hope" that leads to the better land.

The minister listened while there poured forth from once unwilling lips, now touched, as it were, by seraphim's fingers, such words of burning eloquence as lifted the thoughts far from the plain dress of the speaker. Forgetting the difference in outward adorning, and rising from his place in the audience, the pastor walked into the pulpit, and took his seat. The lectures were continued for more than a week, while over the parapets of prejudice and unbelief, charge after charge was made, and the crimson colors were unfurled above the crumbling walls of infidelity. The minister embraced Mr. Miller's views in full, baptized forty converts, received sixty members; and still others were moved to seek the Lord.

The poet Whittier attended a camp-meeting where Miller delivered a course of lectures, and wrote a vivid description, where the speaker "followed the music with an earnest exhortation on the duty of preparing for the great event. Occasionally he was really

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eloquent, and his description of the last day had all the terrible distinctness of Anelli's painting of the 'End of the World.'"

When Lafayette visited America, Mr. Miller met him and dined with him, and wrote a pleasing description of that "friend of freemen" and "terror to tyrants."

While Mr. Miller was lecturing in Philadelphia, a friend gave the following of him:

"There is a kindness of soul, simplicity, and power, peculiarly original, combined in his manner; and he is affable and attentive to all, without any affectation of superiority. . . . His countenance is full and round, while there is a peculiar expression in his blue eyes, of shrewdness and love. . . . In his social relations, he is gentle and affectionate, and insures the esteem of all with whom he mingles."

Only two years after Mr. Miller began to present his views publicly, there occurred a striking fulfillment of prophecy. When Jesus was with His disciples, they came to Him and asked, "What shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" He did not rebuke them, nor say, "Of this you can know nothing;" but in answer He gave them three great signs which were to be hung out in the heavens,— the darkening of the sun and moon, and the falling of the stars. The first two took place May 19, 1780; and the latter, November 13, 1833, in the great display of falling meteors. From two o'clock in the morning until broad daylight, over all North America, the whole heavens seemed to be in fiery commotion. Many interesting descriptions have been recorded. One wrote of it, "It seemed as if the whole starry heavens had congregated at one point near the zenith, and were simultaneously shooting forth, with the velocity of lightning, to every part of the horizon, and yet were not exhausted — thousands swiftly followed by thousands, as if created for the occasion."

Thus occurred the third of the great signs of which Jesus said, "When ye shall see all these things, know that it [“He,” margin] is near, even at the doors." Many looked upon the event at the time as a herald of the coming Judgment,- "an awful type, a sure forerunner, a merciful sign, of that great and dreadful day." It seemed as if, in this great sign, heaven would display its celestial splendors in confirmation of its movings upon the hearts of men. Many beheld the scene with terror; others with calm confidence that God was fulfilling His word, that He was setting His seal to the spiritual work He was leading His servants to perform.

As if evidence would be given mountain high, until the world would stand in awe and without excuse, in the year 1840 the pencil of history was compelled to trace another wonderful fulfillment of prophecy. In 1838, a minister named Josiah Litch, who had united with Miller in the work, published an exposition of verses 10 and 15 of Revelation 9, reckoning a day as standing for a literal year, and predicting the very year and month in which the Turkish government would surrender its independence; namely, August 11, 1840. Referring to the expiration of the combined periods of those two verses, his

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words were, "In A. D. 1840, sometime in the month of August;" and before the event occurred, he published the very date, August 11, 1840.

What is the testimony of history? Thousands watched to see if such a thing would come to pass. In 1839, the Turkish army was defeated by Mehemet Ali. England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, seeing that he was about to triumph over the sultan of Turkey, stepped in to prevent it and to settle the difficulty. They drew up an ultimatum, which was to stay Mehemet's course. This was placed in his hands August 11, 1840!

A note was on that very day addressed by the sultan to the powers, inquiring what course he should pursue in case Mehemet should refuse to accept the ultimatum. They replied to the effect that they would attend to that. Thus the independence of the Turkish empire was ended on the very day predicted in the prophecy. And to this day, the government of "the sick man of the East" stands only by the sufferance of those nations, as is well known to every student of their history.

This striking fulfillment of prophecy, and its exact interpretation, coming in just at the right time, gave a mighty impetus to the work in which Miller was engaged.

Invitations more than he could possibly accept poured in upon him from the ministers of other denominations, and vast audiences listened as if a spell from heaven had fallen upon them.

All these mighty evidences are just as potent to-day as in the day of their fulfillment. They are matters of history, and a part of God's everlasting truth; and it is a great wonder that they have been so lost from sight. Let His messengers every-where hurl them against the efforts of the "higher critics" and the lower critics who try to overthrow God's word.

A very interesting and convincing feature of that stirring period, was that in different countries, the proclamation of the near coming of the Master was made without any knowledge of the work of Miller. Indeed, it began in England as early as 1826. It was taught in Germany, France, Switzerland, and in South America. It was heard in Scandinavia; and as it was opposed by the state clergy there, an authentic record of its progress says: "God was pleased to send the message, in a miraculous manner, through little children. As they were under age, the law of the state could not restrain them, and they were permitted to speak unmolested. . . . Some of them were not more than six or eight years of age; and while their lives testified that they loved the Saviour, and were trying to live in obedience to God's holy requirements, they ordinarily manifested only the intelligence and ability usually seen in children of that age. When standing before the people, however, it was evident they were moved by an influence beyond their own natural gifts. Tone and manner changed, and with solemn power they gave the warning of the Judgment, employing the very words of Scripture, 'Fear God, and give glory to

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Him; for the hour of His Judgment is come.' . . . The people heard with trembling. The convicting Spirit of God spoke to their hearts."!

Of that time, when it was expected that the Saviour's coming was at hand, Mr. Miller wrote: "There is no great expression of joy; that is, as it were, suppressed for a future occasion, when all heaven and earth will rejoice together with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There is no shouting; that, too, is reserved for the shout from heaven. The singers are silent; they are waiting to join the angelic hosts, the choir from heaven. . . . The general expression is, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet Him!'" 1 "Great Controversy."

The great prophetic watch-tower upon which Miller built his brightest beacon was Dan. 8: 14, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." When the movement had been making wonderful progress, it was discovered that the commandment of Dan. 9: 25, which fixes the beginning of this period, was not executed until part of the year 457 B. c. had expired, and therefore 2,300 full years would extend into the year 1844. But the years 1843 and 1844 came and went; and the One whom Miller loved and served came not to earth. Like Mary, who stood at the rent sepulcher, so Miller and his fellow laborers were deeply disappointed; but they loved their Lord no less. Mary was mistaken, but she was no fanatic.

"Were I to live my life over again," wrote Mr. Miller, "with the same evidence that I then had, to be honest with God and man, I should have to do as I have done . . . I still believe that the day of the Lord is near, event at the door; and I exhort you, my brethren, to be watchful, and not let that day come upon you unawares."

And now, in view of the superabundance of evidence that the movement was of God, what about the disappointment? Ah, though this was bitter and hard to bear, it was not so keen and cutting as was that of the first disciples when the throne of their King was a cross, His scepter a reed, His crown a wreath of thorns! But both disappointments are explained by the same infallible Word. Let us "be not faithless, but believing."

The prophecy whose time period ended in 1844 had said, "Then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." A careful study of the subject of the sanctuary reveals the fact that "the sanctuary," "the true tabernacle," is in heaven, where Christ is now our High Priest; and that its cleansing is a work of judgment, blotting out of sins, and appointing of rewards.

With this agrees the announcement in that solemn hour, placed even upon the lips of children, "Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of His Judgment is come." Rev. 14: 7. Thus since 1844, it has been, and now is, court week in heaven. Before that great and decisive tribunal the destiny of each individual will be determined. When the rewards for His children are all appointed, then Christ will come, to give to every man as his work shall be (Rev. 22: 12), and to take His people to the mansions He has gone to prepare.

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Revelation 10 is clearly prophetic of the opening of “the little book” of Daniel, which had been “closed up and sealed till the time of the end.” Dan. 12:9. The foundation pillar of Miller’s work is found in that book. The feeding upon that book, the sweet satisfaction that came from it, and the bitter disappointment as well, are all pointed out in this 10th of Revelation, verses 8-10. And that all this was to be followed by a further preaching of prophecy, is evident from verse 11, “Thou must prophesy again before many people, and nations, and tongues, and kings.”

The great God intends that the world shall hear His word proclaiming the event of the ages—the coming of His Son, the “King of kings, and Lord of lords.” And this sublime announcement stands as a mighty prelude to the great closing drama, as an index-finger pointing to the Saviour’s sign-board,— “This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.”

The last and longest prophetic period has ended. The Saviour’s sign is significant and sufficient. With this understanding of the prophetic word, how appropriate and indispensable was the work of Miller! How many more ought to labor, and ever since have been laboring, as he did! And what new motives for missions awake in our hearts as we enter the mines he explored and disclosed!

Until 1849 this devoted man lived to labor and long for his Master’s coming. Near the close of life he wrote “On recalling to mind the several places of my labors, I can reckon up about six thousand instances of conversion from nature’s darkness to God’s marvelous light. . . . Of this number I can recall to mind about seven hundred who were, previously to attending my lectures, infidels, and their number may have been twice as great.”

From his dying pillow he sent forth the message, “The coming of the Lord draweth nigh ; but we must be patient and wait for Him!” How different the retrospect of such a life from that of one who knows not God ! And if God would take such a one —an infidel, who knew not and loved not Him —and make of him such a mouthpiece for Himself, will He not make of us what He would have us be, that our hearts may become as sacred harps to sound His praise to earth’s remotest bounds?

The following tribute to Mr. Miller’s memory is by one who knew him : “However roughly and wickedly men may have handled the name of William Miller here, when the final triumphant deliverance of all who are written in the book of life comes, his will be found among the worthies, safe from the wrath of men and the rage of demons, securing to him the reward of immortality according to his works.”

We pause, in taking leave of William Miller, to ask the meaning of all these converging lines of light. Was it not that another “birth-hour” in the life of humanity has struck? Do not its tidings even now tremble upon the tongue of time, waiting to tell that Messiah is near? Was it not another hour very like that when Judea should have run the earth with

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the welcome to her Lord, but, instead, plunged past Him to her ruin, not knowing the time of her visitation? Was it not an invitation and a warning to prepare for the heavenly Canaan? and have we not paused these years in the wilderness, and in heart returned to Egypt and refused the goodly land?

Whatever answers we may determine upon, it must needs be that some of God's sentinels are upon His watchtowers, and behold in the east the tokens of His coming; and soon there will be trumpeted from lip to lip and from heart to heart the cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" The handwriting is upon the wall; its interpreters are in waiting. The Conqueror comes to rend the kingdoms of the world from the prince of darkness, that the scepter of righteousness may be swayed by His hand whose right it is!

Away back in the ages, God wrote above the palace of the proud Pharaohs, in the persons of His representatives, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." But little did those monarchs learn or discern the heavenly vision; and as soon as a human tongue was ready to deliver God's message, He led His people forth. If it should be that you have been cast beside some shoreless sea, only let its waters become a wall and a way to shut out all else but Israel's invisible Leader; and as we enter the wilderness beyond, let every voice be hushed but His which spoke from Sinai's height, before whom Moses bowed and did "exceedingly fear and quake."

And if, while in the way, we are brought face to face with Scripture teaching unknown or ignored in the past, let us, like Miller, be too honest to compromise, too brave to turn back. If our fine library of commentaries sinks to the bottom of the sea, as did Duff's, the Bible alone remaining, or goes up in the smoke of untenable theories, as Butler's books were burned in his mission home, let us make and hold to the resolve that we will follow the flaming wake of the Spirit's sword, the word of God. And those who truly follow it shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Then, looking upon the world no longer as a prize to be grasped by the spirit of greed, but in the light that flows down the mystic ladder of a Saviour's love, let our lives be poured out upon the altar of missions or in the furrows of the nearest need.

There are yet mighty men of valor, flailing out a few kernels of wheat behind the wine-press, only waiting the signal of God's angels to step forth girded with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, " to follow on, even though sometimes faint, yet pursuing, until earth's ends are lighted with the lamps in the broken pitchers.

Let the thousands of fearful and faint-hearted remain at home. Let those who can not bear the tests of self denial and sacrifice in service be counted out. God has His more than three hundred who will take no glory to themselves; yea, more than seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed him, through whom He will lead His legions on, and on, and on, to certain victory!