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GOD'S  
MISSIONARY



# **GOD'S MISSIONARY**

*By*

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**DOHNAVUR FELLOWSHIP**

**LONDON**

**SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING  
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## NOTE TO FIRST EDITION

*The vows of God are on me, and I may not stay  
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers  
Till I my work have done, and rendered up account.*

While this MS. was being written, and afterwards before it was posted, a little group of missionaries waited upon God about it, and one of them prayed:—"Lord, we know that it will go to those who have left home and all for Thy sake. If it must wound—bathe it in tenderness, Lord."

With this prayer we send it out: "If it must wound—would that it need not—but if it must—*bathe it in tenderness, Lord!*"

### DISENTANGLED

"No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."—2 Tim. ii. 4.

### SEPARATED

"When either man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite, to separate themselves unto the Lord: He shall separate himself from wine, and strong drink, and shall drink no vinegar of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink

any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried. All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk."—Num. vi. 2, 3, 4.

#### CROWNED

"Neither shall he go out of the sanctuary, . . . . for the crown of the anointing oil of his God is upon him."—Lev. xxi. 12.

## NOTE TO THIRD REPRINT

It is a surprise that such a book has been wanted again. If criticism fair, and perhaps sometimes otherwise, could have killed it, it would have been dead long ago. Its fortunes have been varied. It has been tossed into the fire, flung across bungalows, torn into fragments and thrown into waste-paper baskets, dissected, misquoted, written against in "opposition tracts," used as a foil for opposite thought in at least one missionary training-college, and sometimes all but smothered by too appreciative affection. And yet it refuses to die. As it goes out again, it goes with prayer for forgiveness for anything amiss in it, and with longing that it may help some young soul (it was not written for old souls) a little nearer its goal. "To which end we also pray for you that our God may count you worthy of His calling and fulfil every desire of goodness, and every good work of faith, with power."

## NOTE TO FIFTH REPRINT

THIS little book has gone out very quietly; and now very quietly it goes out again. May the Lord, at whose feet every page was laid as it was first written, carry it whithersoever He will.

A. C.

DOHNAVUR FELLOWSHIP.

## O PRINCE OF GLORY

O Prince of Glory, who dost bring  
Thy sons to glory through Thy Cross,  
Let me not shrink from suffering,  
Reproach, or loss.

The dust of words would smother me;  
Be all to me anathema  
That turns me from Gethsemane,  
And Golgotha.

If Thy dear Home be fuller, Lord,  
For that a little emptier  
My house on earth, what rich reward  
That guerdon were.

And by the borders of my day  
The river of Thy pleasure flows,  
The flowers that blossom by the way  
Who loves Thee knows.



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# God's Missionary

We beseech Thee, O Lord, to renew Thy people inwardly and outwardly, that as Thou wouldest not have them to be hindered by bodily pleasures, Thou mayest make them vigorous with spiritual purpose; and refresh them in such sort by things transitory, that Thou mayest grant them rather to cleave to things eternal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Leonine A.D. 440.

## 1

### CROOKED PATTERNS

It was convention week in a hill-station in India. The afternoon meeting was just over. A few Christian station-people, some English-speaking Indian friends, and the sixty or seventy missionaries who had been listening to the Bible-reading were hurrying out to get a cup of tea before the evening meeting. An Indian lady lingered in the empty hall, and the writer, seeing her alone, and thinking perhaps she had no friend at hand and might be feeling lonely, sat down beside her. Conversation turned upon the Bible-reading, the Indian lady's face darkened and she said bitterly, "What is the use of such meetings? You missionaries say one thing, and do another!" It was easy to see she had been wounded and soured, but not knowing her history, I could only urge that the meetings were held just because we felt our need of being better than we were.

But this did not satisfy her, and in quick, eager sentences she began to explain herself. She said that her people had noticed that when a missionary came out first, he was usually warm and loving, and keen to win souls. Then gradually, she said, it was noticed that he cooled. "And who can say," she concluded, with an intensity that went through her hearer, "who can say you missionaries lead specially holy lives? We Indian Christians observe. We observe you not only when you are at work, but when you are off work too. Is there anything remarkable about you? Are you burning-hot people? We look to you to show us patterns, *and you are showing us crooked patterns.*"

The words scorched. Discount what we may because of some inward hurt or warp; granted, thank God, the picture painted thus is not wholly true, there was enough truth left to lay at least the one who listened low down in the dust.

This writing is not meant for old, experienced missionaries who long ago have made up their minds concerning the questions discussed. It is only meant as a little word offered in all humility to younger fellow-missionaries who have not made up their minds. Comrades in this solemn fight, this awful conflict with awful powers, let us settle it as something that cannot be shaken; we are here to live holy, loving, lowly lives. We cannot do this unless we walk very, very close to our Lord Jesus. Anything that

would hinder us from the closest walk that is possible to us till we see Him face to face, is not for us. We need to be sensitive to the first approach of the hindering thing. For the sake of the souls that may be stumbled if we turn even ever so little aside, for the sake of our Master's glory—dearer surely to us than all else—let us ask Him now to show us whether in anywise we have been showing "crooked patterns."

If this message should reach a new recruit, one would say the same word, only turning it a little: Will you not wait upon your Lord before you come out, and every day thereafter from the first hour on board ship onwards, asking Him to keep you, as we ask Him now to keep us, from showing "crooked patterns"?

## 2

### FACTS WHICH COMPELLED THIS WRITING

SOME years ago three missionaries in India, in three different mission-stations, were, unknown to each other, seeking light upon the question of separation to God for service.

They had been trained in various schools of thought, but each had learned that to show out the life of our Lord Jesus, and to be a soul-winner, one must live close to the Master, and each came to the mission-field longing to win souls.

But they felt themselves befogged, for the traditions of the stations to which they had been appointed did not lean towards separation to the Lord and to His work as they, at least, understood it; there were things crowded into the life for which there had been no room before, there were things crowded out for which much room had been made in the days of earnest preparation for this very service, and they were bewildered and distressed, fearing on the one hand lest they should be lacking in humility if they withstood the influences brought to bear upon them by those whom they sincerely respected, and fearing on the other hand lest they should lose touch with their Lord if they did not so withstand.

Of the three, two gradually gave in, but

they lost ground, and went on losing ground, till, startled at finding how much they had lost, they went back to the point from which they had started, the position they had been taught to take at home, of simple untrammelled separation unto God.

Afterwards, in speaking of it, one of them said: "If only I had been warned before I came out! But I knew nothing whatever about it. Why was I never told?"

Perhaps she *had* been told, but not in plain language. Perhaps she did not understand that all over the mission-field the sent reflect the senders. Is the Church at home one upon this matter?

The third stood strong, but she found it hard, and in telling us about it she said much as the other had said: "If only I had been prepared! Could not something be written to give new recruits an idea of what they may have to go through when first they come out?" To the objection that to do so would involve a sort of "telling out of school," which is of all things most against the grain, she answered: "Perhaps one ought to be willing even for that *for the sake of souls.*"

A young clergyman, straight from home, stood on the veranda of a mission bungalow and talked with one who had just come down from the up-country station to which he was bound. Later on he spoke of what he had heard: "I wish I had made up my mind," he said, "but, the fact is, I never realized the thing would meet me out here."

And he told us how Society had been a snare to him at home ; “ but I thought I had done with it when I became a missionary.”

He had not done with it. He went off to his station without making up his mind as to what course he should pursue. He found the stream too strong for him ; he was wrecked on the rock of compromise ; he is at home to-day.

But what of some who are not at home to-day, whose influence could not be described as spiritual ? What of those who are hindrances to the deeper life in the mission-house rather than helps ?

Remembering these things, we are writing.

We are writing to “ ourselves ” from the standpoint of one who has come to the East for the sake of the people of the East. We do not touch upon any other phase of life, or any other branch of service, and we take it that equally among our countrymen when we find ourselves with them the rule holds good :—

We are to know *nothing* among any save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

For our Calling, by its very nature, calls us apart from everything else ; it has for its object nothing less than this : the showing of Christ, the living of Christ, among those who do not know Him. The love of our God must shine through us unhindered if we would live to Him here, and whatever makes for holiness of life, for the clearing of the glass through which the light shines, *this is for us and nothing else.*

So—is not our Calling a special Calling? The world so regards it. We are supposed to have understood this, and accepted it, at the beginning of our lives as missionaries. “We have good hope that you have well weighed and pondered these things with yourselves long before this time, and that you have clearly determined by God’s grace to *give yourselves wholly to this office* whereunto it hath pleased God to call you: *so that, as much as lieth in you, you will apply yourselves wholly to this one thing, and draw all your cares and studies this way.*”

This applies, of course, to the missionary’s life on board ship as much as to his life on shore. Take St. Paul as our example. He stood forth in the midst of them—“God, whose I am, and whom I serve.” Can we imagine him frittering away his time in aimless trifles, which had not as their end the salvation of the people on board, or his own preparation for the battle before him? Could our attitude of life on board ship be always described in that single sentence: “*God, whose I am, and whom I serve*”? ?



# 3

## ENTANGLEMENTS

WHAT is the ideal of God's missionary? He is to be a Soldier, disentangled; a Nazarite, separated; a Priest, crowned. God's missionary is a Soldier on service out on campaign, and he cannot be entangled in the affairs of this life, "the little affairs," as the Greek has it. They are so little as compared with the great affairs of the War. Does not the word "disentangled" run straight across much that is sometimes accepted as admissible, and even desirable in the Lord's soldier?

There is the social entanglement: such and such things are expected of us, and we cannot do what is required in this direction, and at the same time get the quiet we know we must secure if we are to go on in strength and in calmness of spirit. There are afternoon functions which to a conscientious worker often involve a crush somewhere, if the countless things that do not show when they are done, but are missed if they are not done, are to be peacefully accomplished. There are the late hours, simple enough for those whose duties do not call them up at dawn; but for those who, to have any sort of undisturbed quiet, must not only be up by dawn but awake the dawn, quite another matter. "It was so late when I got

home that I was too tired to read or have proper quiet time," said one in speaking of these social duties so called. Quiet time—the word is vital.

This little book was about to go out for the fourth time when a girl who had read it at home said, "There is nothing in it about modern women's dress, and nothing about useless talk." It is true there is not and, to be frank, it is not easy to write about either; thorns and briars lie round about these subjects:

Dress:

Dead to the world and its applause,  
To all the customs, fashions, laws,  
Of those who hate the humbling Cross.

Are the words too old to matter now? I cannot think so. But let us go to our Lord, the Crucified, and ask Him what He thinks about it. And if He asks us to change our ways even in this, for His sake and for the sake of those whom we might help if we cared more for Him, and our windows were open towards Jerusalem, and not towards any earthly city, shall we not do it?

And talk: if we write it down as a law of the house that the absent are not discussed to their detriment, that no belittling stories are told of any one, nor anything said about any one unless it passes through the three sieves, Is it true? kind? necessary? if we humble ourselves if ever, unawares, we break this law, we shall be astonished at the amount

of talk of the kind that harms the spirit which it rules out with a stroke. And the frothy talk of nothingness, the mere noise of words that can dull and make dusty a whole table of Christian people, will not taste good to us if by His grace we keep that law. Talk can pull down as well as build up, and it can entrap and weaken in a very curious way. But the talk that is the kind He would enjoy, frank and simple and sincere and happy as the song of the birds—this kind of talk lifts up and helps. Imagination is in place here. Imagine the Lord at table or in the room (*and He is*); how would our talk sound to Him? All we need, all we want, is to have His ungrieved Presence with us always.

And there is the entanglement of overwork. Who has not known it? The more we love our work, the keener we are to do it well, or the more the burden of souls unreached weighs upon our hearts, the greater our joy in reaching them, the subtler the form this entangling peril takes, and the more likely we are to slip into it before we are aware.

And there is another. I would not touch upon it were it not that it is so terribly familiar, so deadly in its entangling: the unconfessed, perhaps unrealized, awakening of ambition, the love of the praise of man that bringeth a snare.

Suddenly, to us thus entangled, comes a call for the exercise of special spiritual energy. Someone has to be dealt with in some definite way. A trial, from which the flesh shrinks

back dismayed, waits for us round the next corner. There is a sense of coming conflict; we feel the air thick with contending forces—good and evil—and the evil so terribly strong. O, those bonds—invisible cords—why do they hold one so? “As a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire”—we think of that, and call upon the God of fire to burn the bonds and set us free to fight this fight for that soul, to enable us to stand ourselves peaceful and strong in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. But is it that the Lord is farther from us than He used to be? For we fail. And thus—and who that has gone through it can ever forget it?—is there not a grief too grievous to be borne, as the very heart breaks with the shame and the sorrow of the thought: *If I had spent more time with God for souls I should have had more power with souls for God, and been more calm myself in this turmoil of great waters?* For the powers of darkness are as strong as ever they were. Times have not changed since the days of St. Paul. The fight with the spirits of evil is just as desperate now as it was then. The stern condition still holds good: “This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.” *We cannot go in for entanglements of any sort, and for spiritual power at the same time.*

“The evangelization of the heathen world”—it is Coillard of the Zambezi who said it—“is a desperate struggle with the Prince of Darkness, and with everything his rage can

stir up in the shape of obstacles, vexations, oppositions, and hatred, whether by circumstances or by the hand of man. *It is a serious task. It should mean a life of consecration and faith."*

It is not for nothing that the soldier's word "entanglement" is used only once again in the New Testament, and then in connection with something dangerous. It is used of those who, having escaped "the miasmas of the world," are drawn back into them and "overcome."

We dread malarial fever, and fear lest it should get hold of us and drive us out of the mission-field. Should we less dread this spiritual malaria, the fever of a restless soul, which has a power, we know not how, to enervate the very fibre of our being, and so unnerve us for the fight? Surely this is the most dangerous form of fever possible. A fit soul in an unfit body is doubtless uncomfortably crippled, but it is not wholly ineffective; but what is the good of a fit body with an unfit soul inside it? It may as well go home at once for all the fighting it will do in the mission battlefield.

But is there not a better way?

*Searcher of spirits,  
Try Thou my reins and heart,  
Cleanse Thou my inward part,  
Turn, overturn and turn.  
Wood, hay and stubble see,  
Spread out before Thee,  
Burn, burn.*

*Saviour of sinners,  
Out of the depths I cry,  
Perfect me or I die :  
Perfect me, patient One ;  
In Thy revealing light,  
I stand confessed outright,  
Undone.*

*O to be holy !  
Thou wilt not say me nay  
Who movest me to pray.  
Enable to endure :  
Spiritual cleansing Fire,  
Fulfil my heart's desire.  
Make pure.*

# 4

## FROM THE KERNELS EVEN TO THE HUSK

GOD'S true missionary is a Nazarite, who has "made a special vow, the vow of one separated, to separate himself unto the Lord."

This "special vow" meant total abstinence from certain things which were not wrong in themselves, and which, to others, might be beneficial. "All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the grape vine, from the kernels even to the husk."

Do we never, as missionaries, hear the question, "What is the harm of it?" asked about reading certain books, following certain pursuits, taking our recreation in certain ways?

We have been hard at the language, and need change of thought and rest of brain. "What is the harm of the latest novel, even if it happens to be rather unprofitable?" And we (who have not time to read one out of a thousand of the real books that have been written) spend a precious hour by deliberate choice over something not worth while, and when our immediate world interrupts us, breaking in upon us with some call, do we find that we come back to it with quite undistracted gladness? Or do we feel that we have, as it were, to try to come back from somewhere, and pull ourselves together,

and gird up the loins of our mind, before we are ready to throw ourselves heart and soul into the thick of the fight again?

Then, to rise higher in the scale of desire, in a land where, on every side, almost unexplored regions lie waiting for the coming of the pioneer, ancient literature, the history of nations, of religions, strange tribes, customs, folk-lore, languages—there is a fascination and a “draw” which appeal strongly to a mind with a bent towards research. Up to a certain point—and no one can draw the line for another—such knowledge is power. But beyond it—?

Let Dr. Roberts, of Tientsin, speak. He recognized it as his clear duty to give necessary time to the consideration of every case, so that he might do the best possible for each patient. “But then,” he said, “I might easily go a step beyond that, and yield to the temptation that comes to me as a professional man to study closely cases rarely seen in England, with a view to special proficiency. If, to do this, I must neglect Chinese study and spiritual work in the wards, life is not long enough for everything.” So he preferred to fill up his time with work which seemed most likely to hasten the coming of his Master’s Kingdom, laying these possibilities of greater professional efficiency at the Lord’s feet as free-will offerings of love. He said he thought all Christians felt at times a longing to let others see that the followers of Jesus could successfully compete with others in



various spheres of work. There was nothing absolutely wrong in this desire; yet he thought, if we were only willing to give up for the Lord's sake possibilities of success in other fields than those which tended directly to the advancement of His Kingdom, He would give us a very real sense of His approval and acceptance of such free-will offerings.

And so he "narrowed down" his life, bent the whole force of it to what "tended directly" to soul-winning. But was earth the poorer to him, and is Heaven the emptier to him, because he did so?

In Bishop Paget's *Spirit of Discipline* he speaks of lives which, by their clearness and freedom, their successful resolution not to be brought under the power of things which domineer over most men, arrest the attention of those who look on. The men and women who so lived were born and nurtured, as that powerful paragraph puts it, in conditions like our own, and yet they were "so splendidly unhindered by the things which keep us back." We think of such and are ashamed. How far, how very far we are from any such great living!

What was their secret? Is it not worth while to find it out? Some of them have told it to us:

*I do not think there is anything so essential to real service for God . . . as an entire separation and devotion to the work.* Thus speaks Arnot of Central Africa; thus speaks every

man and woman whose life has made more than a passing flicker in the spiritual realm. Whether among our fellow-countrymen or the people of the land, it is the life that has no time for trifling that tells.

We all long to live to the uttermost,

Not with the crowd to be spent,  
Not without aim to go round,  
In an eddy of purposeless dust,  
Effort unmeaning and vain,

in very truth to live, to touch souls to eternal issues. Is there no less straightly marked path to reach that goal? *There is not.* But is not this strange talk for the Lord's own lovers? Ours be the love that asks not "How little?" but "How much?"; the love that pours out its all and revels in the joy of having anything to pour on the feet of its Beloved, love that laughs at limits, rather does not see them, would not heed them if it did. How such talk as that feeble, futile "What is the harm?" falls from us and is forgotten when we see Calvary, the Crucified, the Risen again, Rabboni of our souls.

Who that one moment has the least descried Him,  
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,  
Doth not despise all excellence beside Him,  
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are—

Ay amid all men bear himself thereafter  
Smit with a solemn and a sweet surprise,  
*Dumb to their scorn and turning on their laughter*  
*Only the dominance of earnest eyes!*

# 5

SURELY THERE IS NO HARM IN RAISINS?

"SURELY there is no harm in recreation?" This is a question we have heard asked in tones of reproach, surprise, or disgust, according to the frame of mind of the questioner.

To this question we answer, "No, if by recreation is meant *re-equipment for future work with no leakage of spiritual power.*" We must have a fresh influx of life for soul and body too, or we shall dry up, and become deserts in a desert. But where are our fresh springs to be? That is the main question. "All my fresh springs are in Thee." Can we say so truthfully? Or, is it not a fact that, with some of us at least, certain forms of recreation have, perhaps quite insensibly to us, got out of their place, and hinder, rather than help, all-round robustness of life?

And here we must remind ourselves again that we are writing *to ourselves*, we are not dealing with the question of the rightness or wrongness of this and that for others, but whether we, as God's missionaries, have not something to learn from the Nazarite's special vow, and how it bore upon harmless indulgence in harmless things. The essence of that vow was abstention from things which were lawful in themselves, but not expedient

for him. Even raisins were contraband. Surely there is no harm in raisins?

In the *Student Movement* of March 1900 there is an article on "Prayer and Fasting." We quote from the last paragraph. The speaker has just referred to the discovery of the papyrus in Egypt, upon which were inscribed a few of the supposed "Sayings of Jesus," one of which was this: "Unless ye fast from the world ye shall not find the Kingdom of Heaven."

"It is not a difficult idea to follow, and it takes you to the very heart of the thought of Jesus. It is for you as missionaries, and it is just as much for us who are trying to serve our Lord at home, to treat the world not only in its corruptions, but in its legitimate joys, in all its privileges and blessings, as a subject that we should touch at a distance, and with strict reserve and abstinence, feeling that if we are caught by its spirit, or fed upon its meat, we shall not feel the breath of the Highest nor receive the manna that falleth from Heaven. Therefore we are bound to look upon the world, with all its delights and all its attractions, with suspicion and with reserve. *It is not for us, not for us.* We are called into a higher Kingdom, we are touched with a Diviner Spirit. *It is not that He forbids us this or that indulgence or comfort of our life; it is not that He is stern, making upon us the call of the ascetic: but it is that we who love our Lord, and we whose affections are set on the things that are in Heaven, voluntarily*

*and gladly lay aside the things that charm and ravish the world, that, for our part, our hearts may be ravished with the things of Heaven, and that our whole being may be poured forth in constant and unreserved devotion in the service of the Lord Who died to save us."* "A pure heart," says Tauler, "is one to which all that is not of God is strange and jarring."

If the first question a missionary asks about a hill-station concerns the amusements there; if more important things are crowded out by a tournament of some sort, or a whirl of picnics, or a game of bridge; if private theatricals are the order of the day "because they are better than gossip" (but why gossip at all?); if a word spoken upon the subject of excessive devotion to recreation is bitterly resented; if this booklet, not only because of the way it touches the subject, but because it touches it at all, calls down a storm of criticism—if these things be so, we say, "Comrades in the war of God, has not something got out of its place? Is it not time we called a halt, and searched ourselves in the searchlight of the Cross?"

# 6

## FIRST THINGS FIRST

GRANTED that we all need exercise, could we not take it more than we do with the people for whom we are here? *Could we not make them more our friends, and find recreation in being with them?*

Many a college-worker has found games with his students not less invigorating than the perhaps more perfectly appointed game elsewhere. Some have proved that the exercise taken in the walk to the village for the evening preaching has been none the less recreative because we had the Lord for our Companion and were out on His business; and we have found it true that, while we communed together, Jesus Himself drew near and went with us, and made our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way. What better recreation than the re-creating of the holy Fire? The glow of it makes one strong.

Or, if rest rather than exercise is the need of the hour, there are those who have found it close at hand, or rather it has found them, as they "let the elastic go." Trench, in his *Synonyms of the New Testament*, tells us that the word used in 2 Thess. i. 7, and translated "Rest" means the relaxing or letting down of cords or strings which have before been strained or drawn tight. Per-

haps we need to know more of this perfectly simple form of rest, the "letting go" of the strained strings—the relaxation of the tension.

And this, in the writer's experience, is greatly helped by a book which carries the mind far away from the life which presses all around. God's blessing on those who send such books. For, after all, the mind needs change of air as much as the body. One of the secrets of going on is to get away. This may sound like crossing out a sentence on a previous page; it does not do so. All depends upon where you go when you get away. Breathe tainted air or air that is merely relaxing, and you come back no better. Breathe sea air or mountain air or any kind of air that is pure and strong, and you come back refreshed.

Then, as regards being with our Indian friends not only in work-hours but in play, such a life tends to make us become more and more one with them, and we have opportunities of helping them unknown to those whose recreation is taken entirely, or as much as may be, apart from them. So, even if it meant something of sacrifice, is it not worth a sacrifice? And one of the best of results is that we are on the spot if we are wanted. Suppose by being away out of reach, for the time being at least, we missed a chance to win a soul for Christ or help one nearer Him? Would an eternity of recreation with congenial friends make up to us for that one loss?

But some will smile at all this as feeble and foolish, and some will say, "Very unpractical." We can only say, "*It works.*" There are men and women in the mission-fields to-day who began by going in for the usual round, because they were told they must. But they are just as strong and well now that they have given all up in favour of a life lived with the people and for them; and they can witness gladly to the bond that binds them to their Indian brothers and sisters, all the closer, surely, because *they* come first in real love, and because they know they do. *We can never know an Eastern people—it is fallacious to imagine we do—while we find our chief recreation to be an escape from their companionship into the society of our fellow-Europeans.* The people of the land are keenly observant: they mark our preferences in the choice of our friends, as in everything else; if we find our rest and pleasure in being away from them, will they open out to us and let us understand them? No, we shall be farther away from them than we know, and however affectionate they are, there will always be a certain reserve in their confidence, unrecognized by us, perhaps, because we are not near enough to them to know that it exists.

Do not misunderstand. The thought of these paragraphs is not to lay down a hard-and-fast rule for which bondage would be a fitting name. It is rather to suggest that to be recreative, recreation need not draw us



away from our people. Sometimes it will, but need it be so always?

The tendency of English society to keep us apart has been noted again and again by missionaries in every land. Bishop Steere of Africa writes with force that the company of Europeans keeps a man separate from the people of the land and no one will ever be a good missionary who cannot be happy among them. And Ragland, of India, urges the new recruit to cultivate close contact with the Hindu mind before he has lost his first missionary aspirations, and begun to prefer European society and work, and to look wistfully towards home.

A plea urged on behalf of such forms of recreation as take us away from our people not only in the flesh but in the spirit, is that unless we "get some variety, we grow ruddy, groovy, morbid, liverish, unsociable, narrow-minded." And so, for the sake of our own character and mental development, we "really must indulge in a little harmless dissipation occasionally." But does it answer?

Does it tend to make us gentler under the stress of the contradictions of sinners, more able in quietness to bear up under their burden and their strife? Does it make the work for which we are here more precious? Does it help us to see more to love in the people and less to criticize? If these good things or any of them are wrought in us by that which we call "harmless dissipation" (but try to think the word anywhere near

Calvary, and it withers or ever it shapes), then let us continue as we are. But if it be not so, shall we not have done with it?

We are variously made. What rests one wearies another. The great thing is to find what rests us most, what sends us back to our work most truly strengthened and refreshed in body, soul, and spirit. Our thought here, as all through this booklet, is not to define another's duty, but to urge that each of us should be sincere in finding out our own. Let us be honest in the determination that we will not sacrifice the spiritual to anything whatever. Recreation for our three-fold being is possible. He who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust, has wonderful ways of leading us in this matter, if only we are single-hearted enough to be led; and there is a sense, even physically, in which the Joy of the Lord is strength.

Comrades, "First things first," we all say it. Let us do it. And the *first thing* first of all. What is the missionary's first thing? Let a missionary speak: "*Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh.*"

*Jesus. Redeemer and my One Inspirer,  
Heat in my coldness, set my life aglow;  
Break down my barriers; draw, yea, draw me  
nigher,  
Thee would I know, whom it is life to know.*

*Deepen me, rid me of the superficial,  
 From pale delusion set my spirit free ;  
 All my interior being quick unravel ;  
 Pluck forth each thread of insincerity.*

*Thy vows are on me, O to serve Thee truly—  
 Love perfectly, in purity obey—  
 Burn, burn, O Fire ; O Wind, now winnow  
 throughly ;  
 O Sword, awake against the flesh and slay.*

*O that in me  
 Thou, my Lord, may see  
 Of the travail of Thy soul,  
 And be satisfied.*

# 7

## THE CROSS IS THE ATTRACTION

SEPARATION to God in this sense does not mean narrowness. St. Paul seemed to think it should have quite the opposite effect. "You find no narrowness in my love, but the narrowness is in your own" (Conybeare and Howson's translation), and in order to get rid of that narrowness he advises the Corinthian Christians to come out and be separate.

He strikes the note again: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Liberty for what? Liberty to reflect as in a mirror the glory of the Lord.

"But to win the world we must meet it half-way." Must we? Who says so?

It is true that, for example, Elisha's touch brought life from the Lord of Life to the dead child. But is the easy, light-hearted, costless touch of which alone we are speaking here, quite the same thing as that shutting of the door and prayer unto the Lord and intensity of purpose and persistence? *Did Elisha play with death?*

It is possible to touch the spirit of the world at many points with the best intentions, without making any appreciable difference in its worldliness. We may influence the tone of a community for the space of the hour we spend in it, but does our presence there

lead to opportunities for direct unequivocal work for our Lord? If not, is it worth while?

“But there is no ‘world’ in that sense now. The word has gone out of fashion.” Possibly; and with it certain tremendous words in the New Testament. We know this is vain talk, a veneer that deceives no one. The world is, and in many an open port in the East and in many a city and country station too, a line has to be drawn, however unwillingly. The nebulous simply cannot be.

Sometimes the question hardly rises. There are civilians who serve India in Christ’s name, and where they are there is no question of joining forces or crossing gulfs. We are one force, and there is no gulf. What we are considering now is the far more difficult position where alongside is a life in which there is no room for the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet those who live it need Him as much as any. Can we reach them by being as like them as possible (only possibly a little more decorously dull)? Is that the line of power? We hold that it is not. How then are these to be won?

*The Cross is the attraction.* What if this short, forceful sentence contains the answer to the question that rises in the heart as, convinced of the futility of one way of approach, it seeks another, a more direct? Over and over again it has been proved that to those who go straight on, unswerved by any argument or inducement to turn aside to more roundabout ways of access, opportunities

no wile could have created are most freely and wonderfully given. The only responsibility is not to miss them as they pass. To speak for Him, then, is not to write on sand. Blessed be the Lord our Strength, strong to allure, mighty to save, who uses the very Cross of shame to attract the wandering souls of men.

In its first form this little book was read by many of those true knights of God whose duty and whose joy it is to serve in the high places of the field, those most difficult places where a Christian witness is less tolerated than even in a Brahman street. They knew the word was not meant for them, but they went behind the word to the spirit, and there, as always where the aim is single, we met and touched.

It is good to think of such; they have splendid chances of serving. Read the beautiful little "Especially" books<sup>1</sup> and you catch glimpses of that life being lived in and out of a hundred, as it might seem conflicting circumstances, as the officer's wife who writes so unselfconsciously shows it. He shall choose (*Hebrew choose after testing*) our inheritance for us. It is not for nothing that the Spirit uses the same verb here as that which tells how the shepherd boy chose out of all the pebbles in the brook the five best for his purpose. Out of all the possible circumstances of life, the best for His purpose are

<sup>1</sup> Especially *William, Bishop of Gibraltar, and Mary, his wife*. Longmans, Green and Co., London.

chosen after testing the others for us. Congenial or uncongenial to the natural man, hard or easy, simple or complex, viewed from the angels' side they are just this, the excellency of Jacob in whom He delighted.

And we are one, God's knights and we, if only we walk in white with our dear Lord in Sardis when He sends us there, or, and it may be harder, in our own mission-station.

# 8

## THE TWO CROWNS

WE have come to the last thought. God's true missionary is an anointed Priest. He is crowned. "For the crown of the anointing oil of his God is upon him." He does not want to win the crown of earthly glory, or of worldly popularity, or of literary fame. The crown of his God is enough for him. He may not leave the Presence-chamber. He does not want to leave it. "Am I not enough for thee, Mine own?" He has heard the voice and answered, "Thou for ever and alone art enough for me."

And the end of it all? Does not our heart burn as we look "beyond unto the reward"? "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing; are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye—these whom we love better than life, very soul of our soul—ye are our glory and joy." Even as one writes the words, borne along by the great wave of the glorious gladness of them, a thought comes about the two crowns: the crown of the anointing, the crown of the rejoicing—they are made, as it were, of the same piece of gold. For if we, even we, less than the least though we be, do by this grace receive the anointing of our God, and if, constrained by



that solemn anointing, we stay with Him, and do "not go out," then by His wonderful, infinite love we shall be crowned with that other crown, the crown of converts won for Him, when we stand in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, to go out no more for ever.

Crowned with crowns to lay at His feet, who was crowned with thorns for us—is not the joy of the thought of it enough to set us singing as God's birds sing, for very bliss of being? Think of the joy that is set before us—joy after joy in endless perspective—joy after joy.

Here, then, is the way through the fog, straight and clear and all lit up:—

Christ the Son of God hath sent me  
Through the midnight lands ;  
Mine the mighty ordination  
Of the pierced Hands.

We stop and read what we have written, and we feel, more than even its critics can, how very inadequate it is, how crudely expressed, how unconvincing where we most want to convince. We can only let it go, trusting to our Lord to use it, if it speaks His truth; trusting it may steady some waverer somewhere to stand, or win someone who has been drifting downstream to fight up against the current again. Or—God grant it—help ever so little to save even one from shipwreck on the rock of compromise.

Comrades, let us be resolute. Let us, by

whatever name we are called, be Soldiers, Nazarites, Priests. Some will praise us, some will blame us; let us not care too much about either praise or blame. Let us live looking up, looking on—true by His grace, who has called us.

Shall we go away somewhere alone with our Lord, and ask Him about it? We may be perplexed. He will explain. Things may be badly put. He will put them perfectly. We may be distressed about what will happen if we act upon the thoughts that are growing strong within us. He will make that all right if only we follow and obey.

Have we not proved this true before? Shall we not prove it true again?

Some years ago a young girl, while absent from her mission-station, waited upon God for guidance about this matter. She settled it on the less usual side, and wrote at once to explain her position to her senior missionary. She dreaded returning to her station, and prayed much for courage and humility to take her stand and hold to it bravely and yet in the evident meekness of Jesus. But upon her return she found that God had been working for her, and she wrote joyfully—

Better hath He been for years  
Than my fears.

But, however it may be, surely there is nothing to fear. It is inconceivable that our Master would leave us to stand alone when we are standing for Him.

How could He, for He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"? And the word "forsake" conveys the idea of "leaving comrades exposed to peril in the conflict, or forsaking them in some crisis of danger." He could never do that. Even if He had not told us so, we should have known it. It would not be like our Lord. Do not let us fear to follow the inward leading of Jesus. "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am there shall also My servant be."

# 9

## LOVE IS THE ANSWER TO ALL THINGS

It is possible that all that has been said is wide of the mark where some of us are concerned; we may have few or no temptations to what is known as open worldliness of life, but are we "other-worldly" in the secret centre of our soul? Is there no compromise ever there? Does the rush of work never get in between our Master and ourselves? Is there no failure in this direction, or leakage of spiritual strength? Are we looking at others and what they do, or expect us to do, and are we trying to do it at the expense of time for rest and quiet with our Lord? "Let *Me* see thy countenance; let *Me* hear thy voice." Have not these words, so full of wistful love, come to us sometimes, and stopped us in some outward whirl, and bidden us go into inward calm, and let Him see our countenance, and let Him hear our voice?

For there are forms of compromise—in the depths of our hearts we know it—that pursue the missionary beyond the outward bounds of worldliness. God search us, and try us, and show us if we are living on lower levels than He intends for us, living in the shallows when He meant us to dwell deep in the heart of eternal love.

Lord, Thou knowest: Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee. "But, because I am as yet weak in love and imperfect in virtue, therefore do I stand in need of being strengthened and comforted by Thee. Wherefore visit me again and again; and instruct me by all holy discipline.

Free me from evil passions and heal my heart of all inordinate affections; that, being inwardly healed and thoroughly cleansed, I may become fit to love, strong to suffer, constant to persevere.

Love is a great thing, a great good indeed, which alone makes light all that is burdensome, and bears with even mind all that is uneven.

For it carries a burden without being burdened; and it makes all that which is bitter sweet and savoury.

The love of Jesus is noble, and spurs us to do great things, and excites us to desire always things more perfect.

Love desires to have its abode above, and not to be kept back by things below.

Love desires to be at liberty and estranged from all worldly affection, lest its inner view be hindered, lest it suffer itself to be entangled through some temporal interest, or give way through mishap.

Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in Heaven and in earth; for love is born of God, and can rest only in God above all things created.

The lover flies, runs, and rejoices; he is free and not held.

He gives all for all and has all in all, because he rests in one supreme above all, from whom all good flows and proceeds.

Love knows no measure, but warmly glows above measure.

Love feels no burden, regards not labours, would willingly do more than it is able, pleads not impossibility, because it feels sure that it can and may do all things.

It is able, therefore, to do all things; and it makes good many deficiencies, and frees many things for being carried out, where he who loves not faints and lies down.

Love watches, and sleeping slumbers not; weary, is not tired; straitened, is not constrained; frightened, is not disturbed; but, like a living flame and a burning torch, it bursts forth upwards and safely over-passes all.

Whosoever loves knows the cry of this voice."—So the Imitation, Book 3, Chapter 5.

Love is the answer to all things: Love ends all questions. Lord, ever more give us this love.

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