TWELVE MIGHTY MISSIONARIES

CAPT. ALLEN GARDINER WRITING THE LAST PAGES OF HIS JOURNAL BESIDE THE WRECK OF THE LAUNCH "PIONEER" (Chapter XII)

TWELVE MIGHTY MISSIONARIES

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Contents

CHAPTER I

Pastor Hsi, China

THE exact date of Pastor Hsi's birthday does not seem to be recorded, but he was born probably in the Autumn of 1836. Till he was seven years old the little Hsi lived the usual free life of the son of a Chinese scholar, and was encouraged in every way to be overbearing and self-willed. Then he was sent to school, a school where a shrine of Confucius occupied the place of honour. Here the boy begins the studies which, it is hoped, will make him a "Princely Man."

But, favourable though circumstances are, they do not satisfy the heart of this boy. At the early age of eight years, as he wandered through the incense-filled Temple and gazed at the hideous idols and vivid representations of punishments and terrors beyond the grave, he would ask himself, what was the use of living. "Men find no good, and in the end—?" he said to himself.

When told that he could win fame, and wealth and become a great Mandarin, the

thought would come: "What good is there in that? Sooner or later one must die." And with his years this fear of death and the hereafter increased. Dark and dreary years they were. He married at 16. His mother had died years before, his father married again, and had died, leaving the stepmother, who lived with Hsi and his wife till he drove her from the home.

He loved his wife, but it was a grief to him that he had no children. He lost her whilst quite a young man, and though he was in great repute, and looked up to by all who knew him, holding an honourable position in his village, the death of his wife brought back all his dread of the terrors of the hereafter. He set to work to study the various "faiths" around, if haply he might find rest to his soul, but so great was his distress that he became quite ill.

At about 30 years of age he married again, a sweet, intelligent girl of 18 or thereabout, who possessed great force of character, and their real attachment ripened into love as the years went by. But nothing stilled Hsi's unrest of soul. Despair of finding a solution of the mystery of life and death, despair of finding peace eventually reduced him to such ill-health that he took to his couch for a time. Then came the opium fiend. "Just a little," enough to make him forget—he could always leave it off, his friends said. Could he? He knew full well the awful power of the drug,

for he had seen its victims—scholarly men, like himself, some of them—sitting in the dirt and dust of the highway, and begging for a bit of opium, without which they could not live, and having it must die. He succumbed to the temptation at last, and became a confirmed smoker, hating the depths to which he sank, but sinking deeper still.

Then came David Hill with the message of salvation—the good news of sins forgiven and eternal life. It was in the days of the famine. The strangers, for there were two of them, Mr. Hill (known as Mr. Li) and Mr. Turner (known as Mr. Teh), had brought money to relieve the sufferers. Hsi resented their advent, did they not belong to those who had forced opium on China? But God had laid hold of Hsi, and when, later on, he went to David Hill's house to help him with "essays" (the net David Hill used to catch this scholarly gentleman), and had, perforce, to study the New Testament, the Book answered all his doubts, set all his fears at rest. "Joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1. 8) was his indeed. The darkness of past years was lost in the glory of God which he saw in the face of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus Christ was everything to him from that time. The chains which opium had flung around him were snapped by the Holy Spirit's power.

The wonderful change in him was received at home with a mixture of appreciation and fear. It was good, very good, that he had

given up opium smoking, but what would befall him and all his household now that he had taken away and burnt all his idols?

Mrs. Hsi, who was quick to see the change in his temper, his quiet, loving manner towards herself, and who approved his recall of the old stepmother, was, nevertheless, apprehensive of calamity on account of his defiance of those idols which he once held sacred. True, he committed himself and his household to the care of his God, but could that avail? But the change was good, and little Mrs. Hsi, even whilst she feared was wonderingly glad. In a little while she, too, had a like precious faith.

From the time of his conversion to the day of his Home-call, Hsi laboured unceasingly to draw others from the fearful depths in which he himself had struggled for so long. Well he knew the suffering of soul without Christ and the suffering of the body under the power of the drug. His life-work was soon discovered for he had studied medicine, and with his wife's help he rented a shop in a market town, Tengts'uen, as a drug store, or, as we should call it, a chemist's shop. Here Hsi, as a Chinese doctor, was able to give advice and relief to anxious patients, and also, having business capacities of no mean order, to control the financial workings. The store was an unusual sort of place. In the inner room were high-backed chairs ready for visitors, bright brass teapot, and china cups on the

table, Christian texts on the walls, books and benches for meetings—a strange man, Mr. Hsi. And over the doorway the sign—"Hall of the Joyful News." Hsi carried on this station for about 20 years.

Soon after the establishment of the store a larger sphere of work was opened. It came about through the failure of the supply of the medicine used in the treatment of opium smokers. The emergency showed the need of home cultivation, and eventually Hsi was led to make the anti-opium pills which did much good work and brought the opium victims under the sound of the Gospel. To Hsi this was the greatest thing, for he had no confidence of the permanent value of the medicine without conversion.

With regard to the making of the pills, he says: "With prayer and fasting I waited upon the Lord, and besought Him to point out to me the proper ingredients." His prayer was abundantly answered. There was employment, too, for Christian men in the industry which developed through the making of the pills. Refuges for opium smokers were established, where victims could be treated, and the pills, in all cases where it was possible, were charged for, every effort being made to keep the Refuges self-supporting

At first all these Refuges were established in the rural districts, but after a time Hsi found the great city of Chao-ch'eng laid upon

his heart. For a time he felt he could do nothing for the place. It was quite a different thing opening Refuges in the villages. The Chao-ch'eng people, with their greater prejudice against the Christian faith, would resent the attempt.

But Hsi was conquered.

Two Christians, S'i and Cheng, were sent to the stronghold of Satan, having as their weapon 3000 pills, and they lodged for a few days outside the walls. But inside the city Hsi's Refuges were already known, and it was not long before two gentlemen called upon S'i and Cheng, and stated their intention of renting and furnishing a house for a Refuge, so that the victims of the "foreign smoke" may be cured. Very shortly afterwards the Refuge was in full swing. Several cities were entered and the same work established after this.

The story of Hoh-chau, an important city three days' journey away, is most touching. Hsi prayed for the city, and its needs, every day, and one morning, after family prayer, his wife presented him with a package. "I think perhaps the Lord has answered our prayers," she said. Within the package were all the ornaments which a married women in her position most prized—rings, beautiful hairpins, earrings, bracelets—she sacrificed them all that the Gospel might be preached to the lost souls in Hoh-chau. Personal adornments she now had none, but she will shine as the stars, for ever and ever.

In 1885, Mr. Baller, of the C.I.M., with four of the "Cambridge Seven"—Stanley Smith, W. W. Cassels, Montague Beauchamp, and D. E. Hoste, came to P'ing-yang. Later on Mr. Stanley Smith worked at the Hung Tung Refuge with Hsi. These young missionaries found it difficult at first to converse, but Hsi, when he saw them with their Bible, brought his own, and showing them certain portions which expressed what he wanted to say, they replied in the same way through their English version, and were able to carry on quite a conversation. Mr. Stevenson visited P'ing-yang a year afterwards, and at the same time Mr. Hudson Taylor, with Mr. Studd and Mr. Beauchamp came on there when the great conference at T'ai-yuan was over. Whilst the party remained several conferences took place, and Hsi was appointed as Superintending Pastor of the three great districts which he had supervised so long. A busy, happy year followed—Mr. D. E. Hoste and Mr. Stanley Smith throwing themselves whole-heartedly into the work with Hsi.

But jealousy and discontentment had been smouldering for some time in the breasts of many of Hsi's Chinese fellow-workers on account of the position which had been given him. Fan and Chang, two prominent Christians, were particularly incensed against him, and there was a sad breach, which brought the Refuges into disrepute. This was a dark time indeed, but after about two years the clouds

broke and cleared somewhat—Refuges were established far and wide. Mr. Orr Ewing, known as "Glory face," was a helper at this juncture.

And so Hsi spent himself in his Master's service until his Home-call came, after some months of illness, on Feb. 19th 1896, at the age of about 60. He was in his own home, attended by his faithful loving wife, with Mr. Hoste, a constant visitor, when he entered into this glorious beginning of the Heavenly Life.

CHAPTER II

James Chalmers, New Guinea

JAMES CHALMERS was born at Ardrishaig, Argyllshire, on August 4th, 1841. His father was an Aberdonian, his mother a Highlander of Luss, on Loch Lomond. The boy grew up sturdy, manly, full of good spirits and energy, and brimming with love of adventure. Danger always called him. He had many narrow escapes from drowning, many thrashings for getting into such scrapes, but the punishments did not have much effect. He saved more than one person from drowning—one was a school-fellow near his own age, 10 years. The going to and from school was thrilling. They were in Glenaray then, and there was a Glen party and a Town party, and fights between them were a regular thing. Turf and stones used to fly, and many were the punishments administered by the schoolmaster for black eyes and damaged heads.

There was Sunday School, too, and care was shown by the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Meikle. James Chalmers loved Mr. Meikle, but very often when he saw him coming would get out of his way, for the Spirit of God was

working in the heart of the boy, and though, at the age of 14 or 15, he had adopted a rather reckless mode of life, and had left Sunday School, he could not flee his thoughts.

At 15 he heard Mr. Meikle read a letter from a missionary in Fiji, relating stories of cannibalism, and the power of the Gospel; and when Mr. Meikle said: "I wonder if there is a boy here who will some day become a missionary and take the Gospel to cannibals?" —James Chalmers resolved that he would.

But, before he could preach salvation to others, James must himself be saved. He was 18 years of age before this came to pass. It is a simple story. Two evangelists, at the request of Mr. Meikle, were conducting services in a joiner's loft, and a Mr. MacNicoll persuaded young Chalmers to go, lending him a Bible at the same time. The meeting had commenced. Old Hundredth was pealing out—"All people that on earth do dwell"—and as the boy entered, the sounds thrilled him. The text was Rev. 22. 17: "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the Water of Life freely." James wanted to come—he wanted the Water of Life, but it was not till the following Sunday in the Free Church that he was solemnly convicted.

Heaven could never be for him he felt. On Monday, Mr. Meikle had the joy of leading him to the Saviour—showing him that "the

Blood of Jesus, God's Son, cleanses us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

Very soon afterwards the young man preached that Saviour to others, working in the Glasgow City Mission. But he must be a missionary, and after some time spent in the London Missionary Society's College he married, and was sent out to Rarotonga. His wife was Miss Jane Hercus. Her grandfather was the first minister of Greenock Church. Her parents went to New Zealand just after her marriage. In every way she was just the wife for James Chalmers, and never failed him.

They started for Rarotonga from Greenwich in the "John Williams," on Jan. 4th, 1866. The voyage was as adventurous as anyone could desire, for, after much hindrance, beginning with repairs at Weymouth, and including the total wreck of the "John Williams" near Niue, and further perils in another boat, they arrived at their destination, Avarua, for Rarotonga, on May 20, 1867, having been a year and four months on the way.

Chalmers found Rarotonga too civilised for the work on which he had set his heart, but for ten years he and his wife laboured there, encountering many dangers, and she endured many weeks of loneliness during his frequent absences along the coast and in the interior. They found a great foe in the drink. There was the native orange beer, and, alas the drink supplied by white men. Chalmers, or "Tamate," as the natives called him, gained great

influence amongst his flock, and as time went on, many native teachers were trained and sent to other stations from Rarotonga, some of whom gave up their lives for the Gospel.

For several years before they left Rarotonga, Chalmers cast longing eyes upon New Guinea, and in 1878 he and his wife were there, at Suan. Here the brave wife remained alone six weeks, whilst he went on an exploring expedition to Port Moresby, and to visit the native teachers during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes. Not long after she was taken ill, and he sent her to Sydney, to friends, hoping on her restoration to health that they might both go on to England. Her destination, however, was a better clime. She passed away at Sydney, Feb. 20, 1879. His first intimation of this was from a newspaper; then came a letter from her friends in Sydney. After a rapid visit to her family in New Zealand, Chalmers buried his sorrow in his work. He did not now wish to return to England. "She is safe with Jesus," he wrote to Mr. Meikle. "It is mine now to live and labour for Him, more entirely His than ever."

The return of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, as also the companionship of Mr. Beswick, helped James Chalmers no little at the time. The people amongst whom he worked were strange and savage, ready with weapons in a second. With their ferocity was mixed a curious timidity.

On one occasion, as Chalmers landed, a

sailor sat down to remove his boot, and the assembled warlike crowd fled, for they thought the man was "Taking himself to pieces," and they were fearful of such a proceeding. On another occasion when "Tamate" landed, his white suit was affectionately handled, but his black boots were objects of fear for some time. His power over these poor folk was great. Fearlessness of death impressed them deeply. Always he stood calm, unmoved, defenceless before them when they showed fight. That this fearlessness was based upon his "religion" they soon discovered, and as they, too, believed in the deathlessness of the soul, this joy of a Christian in the thought of the life beyond the dark grave—so *dark* to these poor heathen with their slavish fear of evil spirits—appealed to them as nothing else could do. And to him who saw the Glory of the undefiled inheritance which was his through the shed Blood of Christ, what a joy and privilege it was to point these perishing souls to his Saviour.

In August, 1886, he really arrived in England. He had left her shores 20½ years before, and his reception by the Directors of the London Missionary Society was warm, and solemnly glad, if one may use the terms.

"Tamate" did not hide his desires, or the needs of New Guinea, as he stood before his Board. He took a firm hand.

"New Guinea wanted men, New Guinea must have men." His thrilling story of the

work in that island (three times the size of Great Britain), was listened to with breathless interest, not only by the Directors, but all over the United Kingdom. There were demands for "Tamate" everywhere.

On June 15th, 1887, he sailed once more for New Guinea in the "Orient." Adelaide was reached on Aug. 4th. There were many speechifyings, and also Royal Geographical meetings, where more deputation work was done, but we can imagine he was glad to be at Port Moresby once more. He remained there for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Lawes; and during their absence in Australia he stayed to superintend affairs.

In 1888, "Tamate" married again. The second Mrs. Chalmers was a widow, Mrs. Harrison. She had been Miss Lizzie Large, and was a friend of his first wife. They had corresponded frequently during her lifetime. Soon after the wedding they settled at Motumotu, or Toaripi, as it is called. Here Mrs. Chalmers found plenty to do teaching the natives. There were 3000 round about the missionary station, and those who were learning seemed to enjoy it. The work shortened her lonely hours, too. Of course, between the different villages there were sanguinary fights, the natives spearing one another to death, and storing up the skulls of the slain in the village "dubus;" but the presence of "Tamate" and his wife prevented bloodshed many a time, and there were souls won for

Christ amongst even these warlike people.

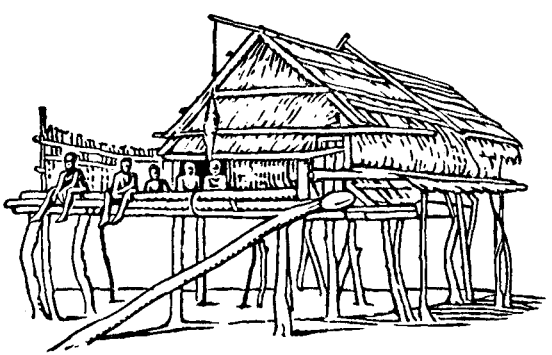
In 1890, Mrs. Chalmers—"Tamate Vaine"—was in need of a change, so they went to visit Rarotonga, where "Tamate" was well remembered, though he had left 13 years before.

Back again at Toaripi, when he had to leave her whilst he inspected possible stations on the Fly River, where he was to work later. In March, 1892, she had to return to England during his erection of a home and a mission house at Saguane, on the Fly River. In May, 1894, just when the place was finished, the Directors wired for him to come to England for the great Centenary Celebration of the London Missionary Society, in 1895. There was a happy re-union with his wife, and his step-son Bert, and plenty of deputation work. He left England, never to return, on Nov. 13th, 1895, reaching his beloved New Guinea on Jan. 20th, 1896. His wife was with him in 1897, and together they laboured at Saguane for the spread of the Gospel.

On Jan. 28th, 1900, she wrote that they had a New Year gathering of 1700. It was the last this brave woman saw, the last her husband saw, too. She was called Home on Oct. 25 of the same year, dying at Daru, whither she had been taken by her husband in the hope of reaching Sydney. "Tamate," though he did not know it, was to follow her in six months, by a fearful path.

Shortly after her Home-call, he and Mr. Tompkins, a dearly loved young colleague who had come to help him in April, 1900, started for Goaribari Island, in the "Niue," and both put off for the shore in the whale-boat (which had been Mrs. Chalmers' gift to the London Missionary Society) on April 7th, 1901. The captain of the "Niue" never saw them again, and it was not until an expeditionary force had landed and caught a prisoner at Dopima, that any news could be had. The story the prisoner told was that "Tamate" and Mr. Tompkins had been felled with stone clubs, beheaded, and both their bodies eaten. The natives who had accompanied the missionaries were treated in the same manner.

And thus, through the swift blow of their murderers, was Heaven opened to these two intrepid soldiers of Jesus Christ.



CHAPTER III

Alexander Mackay, Uganda

ALEXANDER MACKAY was born on Oct., 13th, 1849, in Rhynie, a little village some way from Aberdeen. His father was minister of the Free Church there. Alec was a strong and healthy lad, full of interest in everything which his scholarly father taught him. Till he was 14 years of age he had no other teacher. Map drawing was a great delight to him. His father had a map of Africa on the study wall. This map, rather empty at first, was gradually filled in, as news of discoveries came to hand. Alec was about 8 when his father put in the vast Lake of Victoria Nyanza. Little did either of them dream of the part Alec would play on its shores.

About this time, at his special request, his father gave him a small printing press, Mr. Blackwood, the Edinburgh publisher, supplying the type. The boy's quickness and accuracy in setting the type was remarkable. Years after, in the far Uganda, that printing press, was still at work.

Mrs. Mackay watched her boy anxiously as he grew up. Would he become a minister?

It did not look like it, for he was always engrossed in material things. Machinery held a great fascination for him. He would walk four miles to Huntly Station to see the engine when the train stopped there. He frequented the village smithy, carding mills, gas works, and when at school in Aberdeen, the ship-building yards enthralled him, and his clever hands thus early learnt things which proved of infinite value in furthering the Kingdom of God on the far shores of the great lake, though as yet he knew not the purpose.

During these years his mother would talk to him of the Saviour, and the Bible, and of missionaries, for she was interested in Foreign Mission work. One night they talked of Africa. "Would you like me to go to Africa as a missionary?" he asked. One can imagine how searchingly her eyes would rest on him as she replied "that she would, if God called him to it, and she showed him that he himself had need of a Saviour before he could take the Gospel to the heathen."

These words, and her unceasing prayers for him, this clever, attractive son, were not unavailing, though she did not live to see their fruit. She died in 1865, when he was 16. He was away at the time, but she left him her Bagster Bible, giving it into the hands of a dear relative with the message that he should search the Scriptures, and he would find the way to Heaven and meet her there.

The story of his conversion is not given as far

as I can see, but that he came to trust and love the Saviour is abundantly shown by a letter of the Countess Von Eglostein who knew him as a young man in Berlin, and who wrote to his sister after his death: "Life was to him a gift used for Jesus. He counted all things but loss for the excellency of Jesus Christ *his* Lord. Under His wings he was safe, and never alone, for his Saviour was with him."

For several years he continued his studies, following the strong bent for engineering, first in England then in Berlin, where his companions tried to show the earnest young Christian the folly of believing in the Saviour and the Word of God.

In January, 1876, he was accepted by the C.M.S. for their Mission on Victoria Nyanza. The party numbered eight (in about 3 years Mackay was sole representative), and they arrived at Zanzibar, May 29, 1876, "at their journeys' beginning," as Mackay put it. He and Lieut. Smith went up the Wami River soon after, in the "Daisy," a launch which the C.M.S. sent out with them. They were to see if there was a water route into the interior. There was not. The "Daisy" had to be taken to pieces, all their impedimenta packed up for carrying, and the party in four divisions started off. Mackay, who had ox-wagons with him, had literally to hack his way through as he travelled. The jungle, he says, was so dense that a cat might scarcely pass. During the performance of this arduous

task he had to return to the coast ill, but he filled in the convalescent time there fitting out a caravan for those of his fellow-workers who had reached Victoria Nyanza and when sufficiently recovered he was at it again. He organised a band of natives with the aid of Susi, one of Dr. Livingstone's servants, and a road wide enough for ox-carts was made for a distance of 230 miles. Ahead, however, was the dreaded Tsetse fly, deadly foe to oxen, and eventually the work had to be abandoned.

The news of the murder of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the island of Ukerewe reached him (Dr. Smith had succumbed to fever some time previously) and Mackay hastened off to the island. A native deputation from its king, Lkonge, met him and rowed him across, and the king told him the story of the treachery of the Arab traders which caused the tragedy. Mackay returned to Kagei, where some of the stores belonging to the party had been left. And here Mr. Wilson, who had reached Uganda, came down for stores, and found his friend. It was a happy meeting, and each had much to tell. By this time Mackay had found and put together once more the "Daisy," and in it the two embarked for Uganda. They had a stormy and adventurous voyage across the lake, but on Nov. 1, 1878, two and a half years after he had landed at Zanzibar, Mackay set foot in Uganda.

Here Mackay had work enough in mending things for every one, from the king, Mtesa, downwards, for which he was paid in food. His forge was quite a rendezvous, and an object regarded with awe. It was also a place for preaching the Gospel. The printing press came into use. Sheets of alphabets and portions of the Gospels were printed and distributed, the king being served first, of course, and reading the Scriptures began in earnest. Mtesa became greatly interested and was much impressed by the reading and explanations which Mackay, by royal command, gave regularly in full court. Mtesa often acted as interpreter, and did it well.

There were three great hindrances. The Arab slave-traders, the Roman Catholic priests (they had quickly followed the missionaries), and witchcraft. The Arabs had the ear of the king. They knew their trade would cease if Mtesa and his people became Christians, and they continually frightened him by saying that the English were coming to turn him out of his country, thus rendering the missionaries objects of suspicion.

True to his Saviour, and confident in the power of the Gospel, Mackay laboured on patiently year after year, and when converts came he felt more than repaid. Sembrera was the first. But Mtesa, it is to be feared, was not saved. In spite of Mackay's earnest entreaties he vacillated to the last. He once asked Mackay how they buried people in

England and Mackay had shown him how much more important the soul was than the body. He urged the king to come to the Saviour. Mtesa had his usual excuse ready: "Which 'Religion' was right?" Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, or Mackay's? Mackay knelt on the mat before him and pleaded earnestly, saying that that excuse would be no defence before God, and begged him to read his New Testament. "There never was anyone yet who looked for truth there and did not find it" he said.

Mtesa died in Oct., 1884, whilst Mackay was away at Entebbe. The making of his coffin fell to Mackay, and what his thoughts were one can well imagine. But God who comforteth all that are cast down, would be beside him.

Mwanga, one of his sons, 17 years of age, succeeded him. He proved to be a bloodthirsty and cruel king. Within three months of his accession, most of the young converts were seized and burnt to death. Persecution resulted in the making of more converts, and these, on the advice of Mackay and his missionary colleagues, remained quietly in their homes, teaching.

Mwanga, after the murder of Bishop Hannington, thought to do the same by Mackay and Ashe, but fear of England prevented. In 1886 there were more massacres of native Christians. The printing press was secretly busy with a letter to those still living. On

the back was printed 1 Peter 4. 12-19, for their encouragement. It did not fail, and Mwanga, at last, in spite of his boast that their God had not saved the victims, stayed his hand when he found some of his most powerful chiefs were converted.

In 1888 Mackay felt led to go to Usambiro and there he remained, as it was needed for a base for the Uganda Station, held then by Rev. E. C. Gordon. Here he was visited by a band of missionaries, and the party spent some happy days together. Later, Sept., 1889, H. M. Stanley passed, on his way to the coast, after which Mackay was left with David Deekes, a missionary in failing health.

During this period Mwanga had been deposed. Whilst exiled the Roman Catholics baptised him, and shortly afterwards he was reinstated. The Papists were throwing quite a force of priests into Uganda. Mackay longed for Protestants, to support Mr. Gordon and Mr. Walker. England seemed slow in sending.

Mackay had now been 14 years in Africa, and his end was drawing near.

It came very suddenly whilst he was building a launch to take Mr. Deekes across the lake *en route* for England. One morning in February the silent anvil proclaimed the illness of the intrepid pioneer-missionary. He was called Home on Feb. 8th, 1890. The planks which he had cut for the launch were used for his coffin.

Mr. Deekes broke down whilst reading the

burial service, but, in the Uganda tongue, Mackay's boys burst out triumphantly singing: "All hail the power of Jesus' Name!"

He, whose frail frame was lying in the grave, was face to face with the Saviour, whom he had joyfully crowned Lord of all in his life on earth. Now he is at Home.

ALEXANDER MACKAY

CHAPTER IV

Anthony Norris Groves, India

ANTHONY NORRIS GROVES was born Feb. 1st, 1795, at Newton, Hampshire. He was the only son, but had five sisters.

His father suffered several financial losses, and young Anthony was early inured to loss and difficulties. His schooldays were spent at Lymington, then at Fulham, where his aunt, Mrs. Thompson, lived. Whilst at this school, when between 13 and 14 years of age, he says the boys used to take small novels to church in their prayer-books, to read there.

Nevertheless he was there first interested in missionary work. The unconverted lad thought it would be a wonderful thing to go to India, and to die in the winning of even one idolater.

It was during the Fulham years that he learnt to love his cousin, Mary Bethia Thompson. His aunt was not averse to their attachment, and he thought at the time that he could win his uncle's consent provided he had sufficient means to offer Mary. The young people were both of a religious turn of mind, and Anthony's love for Mary was a great safeguard to him.

At the age of nineteen, having studied chemistry and acquired great surgical skill at the Hospitals, he trained for dentistry, with his Uncle Thompson's help, and went to Plymouth to practise his profession. There his cleverness enabled him to command a good income, and when he had £400 a year he wrote to Mary to ask leave to speak to her father. Mary spoke to Mr. Thompson herself, and he gave her an unqualified refusal, on account of their being first cousins.

This was a terrible blow to the young people. Anthony felt that his life was no use to him, and more under the burden of sorrow than of sin, he sought relief and peace in the Saviour, and offered himself to God for foreign mission work. Later on through the loving ministry of Miss Bessie Paget, he became more taken up with what Christ had done for him, and found salvation was all of grace.

Whilst he was preparing for his missionary labours, Mary's sister died, and Mary's health was so undermined with nursing her, and with grief at her father's attitude towards Anthony, that she became ill and Mr. Thompson feared he might lose her, too. He gave his consent, and in 1816, before Anthony was 22, they were married. Then followed the discovery that Mary, though religious, was not saved, and also, that she was steadfastly opposed to A.N.G. going abroad as a missionary. For many years she held out. During those years two boys and a girl were born,

and they moved to Exeter, Northernhay House, where business was most prosperous. Everything that a man could desire, he says he had, but not the presence of his Lord as heretofore. Mary, too, was very miserable, and fearful of arousing his missionary wishes, trying, indeed, as he says, to root them out. She was, however, willing to put by a portion for the Lord with him, and also to visit the poor to distribute it.

One whom she visited, Mary Walker, whose bright faith triumphed over great domestic trials, and fearful bodily pain and sickness, showed Mary Groves that she herself knew really nothing of the Saviour, only religion, which did not sustain her. She became very ill at Dawlish when her little girl was born. When she was better she resumed her visiting, and attended services at the Penitentiary to hear Mr. Marriott, through whose ministry she at last found peace.

Still she was resolute against missionary work for A.N.G. Then Bishop Chase, Ohio, visited them, and she was willing at last. Mr. Bickersteth, who also visited them, gave a further lead, in the direction of Baghdad, for which no missionary had ever been obtained, he said.

At this time A.N.G. was such a rigid churchman that he would not enter a dissenting chapel.

His friendship with the Misses Paget of Hill's Court, Exeter, especially Miss Bessie, broke this down, and he was soon taking

charge of her Poltimore gatherings, even, it seems, whilst preparing for ordination, taking terms in Dublin. This preparation came to an end. The first reason was a simple question asked him: Why was he wasting time in that way, if he was going to the East?

Mary, now, as A.N.G. says, "worse than he was" about missionary labours, was more advanced on this point. Why need he be ordained? Then, second reason, one Sunday burglars broke into his house, and, overlooking a small packet of money for taxes, stole that packet reserved for his college expenses. A.N.G. was glad.

Later on he found that he could not have subscribed to the Articles. With many of his friends, in Dublin and elsewhere, he came into the full light—in "The Brethren Movement," as the breaking of ecclesiastical fetters was called. He had "The mighty ordination of the pierced hands."

What more did he need?

After much loving opposition from relatives, they set forth for Baghdad, sailing in a yacht belonging to a friend of Lord Congleton, to Petersburgh, June 12, 1829. Miss Bessie Paget saw them off. There was quite a party besides A.N.G., his wife, his two boys, and John Kitto, a boy whom he had adopted. His little girl had died early that year. It seemed a long way from Petersburgh to Baghdad. Carriages on almost impossible roads, wheels breaking, precipitous, beautiful defiles of the

Caucasus, wagons from Tiflis, horses at Shushee (where friends met the party for breaking of bread), and mules for the final stage.

They reached Baghdad about Dec. 6, 1829, a tedious, perilous journey, but in which they "lost not a thread or a shoe latchet." In Baghdad, A.N.G. started free medical work, soon procuring a number of patients for eye diseases, to which branch he limited himself, in order not to get so many patients that his Gospel ministry would be crowded out.

A teacher was obtained, and a school was established for boys and girls, where they learnt the Scriptures in common Armenian, not "church" Armenian, which was too ancient and not understood; also grammar and other subjects were taught. Mr. Groves learnt colloquial phrases from the scholars, and from the teacher whose son was learning English from A.N.G. There was also much opportunity for selling Persian and other Testaments, thus the Gospel story was distributed far and wide from this city where so many nationalities were represented.

When they had been over a year in Baghdad came news of the plague, 1831. The teacher told Mr. Groves that he dreaded the plague. A.N.G. replied that if his Heavenly Father willed that the plague should take him (A.N.G.) away, it would be but a summons to a life of endless joy. "Yes," replied the teacher, "it is very well for you not to fear death who

believe in Christ as having atoned for you; but I fear to die."

The plague entered the city in March. By April 4th there were 150 deaths a day. People fled in large companies, some to return striped of all they had by Arab robbers outside. A band of soldiers was on the way to beseige the city and kill the Pasha, and was held in check only for a time by the increase of the plague. A.N.G. refused to leave when his friends the Taylors left the residency, and also when a caravan left for Damascus. Both these parties suffered greatly on account of the flooded country, for the Tigris was rising whilst the plague was increasing. On April 14th the deaths were about 1500. Out of a population of 80,000, 40,000 fled, and the number of deaths amongst those remaining by April 16th, was 2000 daily. This seems to have been the greatest height. People had been buried in the public roads, many just where they fell dead; later, bodies were flung into the river for a payment of £3 each. On April 29th, the wall, and a great part of the city was flooded. 7000 houses were swept away—the dying, the dead, and living buried in one grave.

During these terrible weeks, A.N.G. and his family with several other people, remained quietly in their house, with the exception of his visits to sick and dying. Spiritual comfort he could freely give. Of food they had but little, water had to be paid for, and was often not

procurable, most of it was being used for washing the dead, and later because so many of the water carriers themselves died of the plague. In this scene of death and desolation the missionary and his wife ministered wherever possible to the fearful necessities around, even taking one of the orphan Mohammedan babies from the streets and giving food (hard to spare) to others. Stayed upon their God, they waited His will. Much sweet converse the husband and wife had pacing the flat roof of their home. But when the plague had nearly left the city she sickened and died, May 14th, as did also his baby girl a short while afterwards.

Pestilence, flood, famine, thieving, were followed by war. At nights shots frequently passed over the house roof, where, on account of the suffocating heat indoors, the family slept but they escaped the danger, and after a time a measure of peace was restored.

About Dec., 1831, he was able to reopen his school and pursue his missionary labours among his patients for more than a year.

In 1833 he left for India, then England, where he married again in 1835

In company with his wife and a missionary party he sailed for Madras, and thenceforth in many places he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.

His busy earthly life came to its peaceful end in the home of his brother-in-law, George Muller in Bristol. On May 20th, 1853, he knew what it was "to wake up and find it glory."

CHAPTER V

Alexander Duff, India

ALEXANDER DUFF was born on April 25th, 1806, at Auchnahyle Farm, and very shortly after his birth his parents removed to a cottage on Balnakeilly Estate, near Moulins, within the Grampians, four miles from Killiecrankie.

His godly parents exercised a great influence over him and led him to think of those "things which are not seen," at an early age. He went to Moulins village school at 8 years old. At 11 he was sent as a weekly boarder to Kirkmichael school, 12 miles away, for two years. He was intensively fond of the poems of Dugald Buchanan, notably: "The Day of Judgement." This together with his father's teaching, filled the lad's mind with thoughts of the doom of the lost, and one night he had a remarkable dream. He saw people in countless numbers, gathered before the Great White Throne, and heard their sentences pronounced—condemned to the everlasting punishment. He shook with terror. What would his future be? He woke in a cold perspiration, and trembling violently. So vivid had the scene been that he flung himself

down on his knees and prayed for pardon, through the atoning death of the Lord Jesus Christ. And into his heart there came the sweet assurance that, by faith, he was accepted, through the precious Blood of the Saviour.

The following year another experience made an indelible impression on him. He and a companion started for the weekly walk to Moulins from Kirkmichael, in deep snow. They lost their way, but stumbled on until exhaustion compelled them to sit down and pray for help. Just as their weary eyes were closing in a sleep which would have been fatal, they saw a light flashing for a second or two, then disappear. Springing up, they went towards it, and fell against a garden wall belonging to a cottage. The inmates were soon aroused and gave the lads a warm welcome. In later life the memory of that brief flash from a salmon poacher's torch, reminded him of God's care and protection. After Kirkmichael, he spent two years at Perth Grammar School, and then, with £20 from his father, he was sent to St. Andrews College, Edinburgh, and from that day "was at his own charges."

In 1829, at the age of 23, he was "licensed as a probationer of the ministry." At the same time he was brought face to face with the great missionary work in India, which was to occupy him for 34 strenuous years. His parents gave him up to it with solemn joy. They knew, as he did, the value of even

one soul. He married Anne Scott Drysdale, who proved a true and devoted wife, and together they sailed for Calcutta, Oct. 14, 1829, in the "Lady Holland," "to fight the battles of the Lord in the land of the enemy." At Madeira the captain called for a cargo of wine, landing his passengers for a week. A gale sprang up while the officers were ashore at a ball, and the ships in the bay were blown out to sea. It was three weeks before the "Lady Holland" returned. Meantime Mr. Duff held Sunday services in the boarding house, and one of his most attentive listeners was Captain Marryat, the novelist, his ship, too, having been blown away.

Dec. 3rd the party embarked, and rounding the Cape of Good Hope, February 13th, struck on the rocks off Dassen Island. It took three trips in the ship's longboat to land the whole party. A truly British incident occurred before the landing. The wives had refused to leave their husbands when it was suggested that all ladies should go first. The unmarried ones on board went to the married ones and said: "You go, with your wives—you are two—we are only one." This was done, but all reached shore safely. The ship's gallant Irish surgeon then set out for help across the straits which lay between the island and the mainland, and in four days they were rescued and landed in Cape Town. The "Moira" carried them on to India.

They reached the Hooghly at last, where

a terrific cyclone blew the ship on to the Sangar Bank. The passengers "landed" up to their waists in water, receiving a still more cold welcome from the people whose caste forbade them to receive the drenched and muddy voyagers. But covered dinghys came speedily down the Hooghly, and the 100 miles to their destination was accomplished in safety. Calcutta was reached at last, on May 27, 1830. In the suburbs of Calcutta lived Raj Rammohum Roy, a Hindu who had abjured idolatory, but had not accepted Christ. Sad indeed the fact, but he never did accept Him as the Son of God and Saviour. This man helped Dr. Duff to obtain a place for his school, and was present when the first pupils assembled. The full success he did not see, for he died in England in 1834. When the pupils found that beside grammar, arithmetic, and geography, Dr. Duff intended to teach with, and by, the Bible in every class, there was some difficulty at first, but the craving for "English reading" became so great that numbers had to be turned away. In twelve months time the reading of the Bible in class became a wonderful experience. The lads could not but see how high above their own "Shasters" was this great "Christian Shaster."

Then came converts, slow but sure was this blessed result. It entailed much cruel persecution and abuse, loss of caste, and often loss of property, to the Hindu or Brahmin who became a Christian. But they found

they had in Heaven a better and an enduring substance. Then followed the delicate task of introducing medical work, and the study of anatomy into the school, which was successfully accomplished.

The charge of St. Andrew's Kirk, Calcutta, fell upon Dr. Duff. He had hesitated as to shouldering the burden, for all his books and sermons had gone down at Dassen Island. But when Dr. Bryce, the minister, sent an urgent letter from the ship in which he had already embarked for England, Dr. Duff could do nothing else but take charge.

In 1834, Anthony Norris Groves, on his way to England from Baghdad, came to visit Dr. Duff. The latter becoming dangerously ill, was forced to sail for England by being carried on board at the doctor's orders on the same ship. A.N.G. gave him his cabin, as Mrs. Duff and their few-hours-old baby were in the next. Throughout the voyage, A.N.G., rendered, as Dr. Duff says, "services which were beyond price."

Dr. Duff's sojourn in Britain from Christmas Day, 1834, to Autumn of 1839, was a somewhat stormy and difficult time at first, and he was frequently ill. But before he returned to Calcutta he had set Scotland on fire, and influenced England. He and his wife had to leave their children at Moulins, and did not see them again for 11 years.

During the second period of work in Calcutta came the Disruption in Scotland, making its

effects felt even in far India. The missionaries were all on the Free side, and, of course, had to relinquish their College buildings, but such care was exercised, that watchful natives and young converts were not affected by the controversial bitterness which they could not see.

On the death of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Duff had to go home again, 1850, to take the financial helm of the Free Church Foreign Missions. There was a great demand for him in the whole United Kingdom, which he endeavoured to satisfy, in spite of his frequent ill-health; he was persuaded to visit America, too.

He and his wife set out again for India on Oct. 13th, 1855. Two years later the whole world was shocked by the Mutiny of 1857. But still, to the glory of God be it said, the Bengal Mission prospered and grew. Eight years later, 1863, owing to his old enemy, dysentry, Dr. Duff finally left India, going home to save his life. In Scotland they made him Superintendent of Foreign Missions, which meant visiting from country to country, wherever the Free Church had her stations. In 1865 he lost his devoted wife, but great though the loss, he continued his many labours for the Master. The British and Foreign Bible Society found him a warm supporter. Twice he was Moderator of the General Assembly.

At the age of seventy he had a fall in his study, resulting in an intermittent illness, which ended his earthly life two years later.

Not long before he passed away, his daughter repeated the twenty-third Psalm, and at the end of each verse he responded. On Feb. 12th, 1878, came the blessed moment when he indeed found himself "in the House of the Lord," where we shall dwell for ever.

ALEXANDER DUFF

CHAPTER VI

John Williams, Erromanga

JOHN WILLIAMS was born in Tottenham, London, June 29th, 1796. Like many another whom God destined for missionary work, the boy early showed predilection for mending and making things. When he was 14, the family moved to Spencer St., Goswell Rd., and he was apprenticed to an ironmonger, Mr. Tonkin, in City Rd. In free time he would steal down to the forge, for in those days ironmongers made many of the things they sold—and weld red-hot iron, "making things" for practice. He soon became a first rate mechanic. Then, too, his mind was full of Captain Cook's voyages, and visions of lovely Coral Islands were often before his mind's eye.

There was a short interval at this time during which bad companions led him astray, but his wandering feet were turned into the Heavenward Way at about 20, when he heard the minister of the Tabernacle, Finsbury, preaching on the solemn words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It was the turning point in the life of John Williams. He gave himself unreservedly to the Lord.

Later, the same minister was speaking of the beautiful South Sea Islands, which were made places of unspeakable horror by the natives. John Williams full of the joy in his own position—an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ, resolved to carry the story of redeeming love to these heathen, and after some help from Mr. Wilks in education—Mr. Tonkin kindly setting him free from the remaining months of his apprenticeship—the young man offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and shortly after attaining his 20th year he was accepted.

He married Mary Chauner, whom he had known and loved from Sunday School days—a brave, true-hearted girl—and in December, 1816, they sailed in the "Harriet" for Sydney. It was nearly a year after leaving Gravesend before they sighted the feathery trees and mountain slopes of beautiful Tahiti, one of the many South Sea Isles, landing in November of 1817.

During the 18 years which he and his devoted wife, and the two boys who survived, spent among these jewels of the ocean (for they did not go home in all those years), the Word of God grew and prevailed in a marvellous manner. On Eimeo, the neighbouring island, he found the beginnings of a missionary's boat, abandoned, and he and his colleagues promptly set to work to finish it. This boat served to convey them from one island to another for several years. The building of

it, and later, of the "Messenger of Peace," was most interesting and instructive to the indolent natives. To see John Williams welding iron thrilled them. When he wanted his T square one day, he wrote a request to his wife for it on a chip, and the native who took the chip was amazed that it could tell her what she was to send. "These white people can make a chip talk" was passed from mouth to mouth. The messenger took the chip from the rubbish heap and wore it for some time, hung round his neck. And when John burnt coral for lime to whitewash the houses, the "roasting of stones" occasioned much amusement among these dusky people.

Raiatea of the Society Islands, and Rarotonga of the Hervey Islands were John Williams' headquarters, but he visited nearly every island in all that vast region, of which Hervey, Society, and Samoa groups formed the greater part. And what a thirst for the Gospel he found! The news of the missionaries and the truths they taught seemed to fly from one place to another before they themselves had set foot on the shores of any but those near to Tahiti.

"Stormy winds fulfilling His Word" was illustrated in regard to some of these islands. An adverse wind blew Mr. Wilson, a missionary of Tahiti and King Pomare to Raiatea before ever John Williams was there, and when John was on Huahine, a man, over six feet in height, landed from a canoe one day

to beg for a missionary. He was Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, sad over the departure of Mr. Wilson, and determined to find another teacher and take him back to Raiatea.

So John Williams and Mr. Threlkeld, each with wife and child, sailed for that island. King Tamatoa had already destroyed Oro, the dread god of war, and his terrible "marae," or altar of many steps, and very soon he became a "son of the Word," the name by which all who became Christians called themselves. How simple! "Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God." He sometimes accompanied John Williams on his voyages, and proved a great power in leading others to the Saviour.

Another time stormy winds blew Auura, chief of Rurutu Isle to Tubuai. He was fleeing from his island home with as many as would follow, on account of an epidemic, "a devouring by the gods," and after resting on Tubuai they started home again, but were driven by storms to Maurua, of the Society group. Here were ruined maraes and mutilated idols; Christian worship instead of obscene rites; love and hospitality instead of hatred and killing. A wonderful "new religion." Could Auura and his people find it? The Mauruans assured them they could. Once again the storm-tossed Rurutuans embarked—this time to seek the teachers of the wonderful new religion—and once again the storm winds drove them beyond where they planned to

land and seek it—and brought them to Raiatea. Here they saw neat white cottages, natives in European dress, and practising the occupations they had learnt from the missionaries. Even to the dark minds of the voyagers it was evident that God had graciously led them to Raiatea, that they might learn more of Him. And learn they did, and became "Sons of the Word."

In the three months of their stay, Auura learnt to read and write. Then came desire to return to Rurutu and tell the redemption story. Mr. Birnie's boat, bearing the first missionary produce to England, being at Raiatea, he undertook to convey the chief and his friends home, with two native teachers. Auura had refused to go "without a light in his hand." There was a supply of Tahitian Gospels, too. John Williams, in order to learn how the party was received at Rurutu, sent a boat and a native crew as well. This boat returned in about a month or two. The "Sons of the Word" had been welcomed warmly. There were letters to Williams, and a number of rejected idols. At a meeting in Raiatea Chapel for praise and prayer on that occasion, Tuahine, a native deacon, said: "Thus the gods made with hands shall perish. There they are, tied with cords! Their glory, look, it is birds' feathers, soon rotten! But our God is the same for ever!"

Great earnestness characterised these Christian natives.

The chief of Tahaa said in an address: "Praise to God well becomes us. All the work we do for God must be heart-work."

The missionary spirit was very strong "Some are burning themselves in the fire, whilst we are bathing in the cool waters of the Gospel. What shall we do? Our missionary says God works by sending His Word and His servants. To effect this, property must be given. We have it; we can give it. Prayer to God is another means. Let us pray to God fervently. But our prayer will condemn us if we do not send means as well. I say no more, but let us cleave to Jesus."

Tamatoa said: "It is the thought of lost souls that animates good people in their labours, we give property for everything we want; and are not lost souls worth giving property to obtain? Think of the lost souls, and work while it is called to-day." The natives, even the school children, too, subscribed so much cocoanut and arrowroot to sell to merchant ships that hundreds of pounds were raised, and sent to the society.

And as to idols. The King of Atui, Romatane, where two of Williams' native teachers had been very badly treated, came on board Williams' ship, when the King of Aitutaki was on board as well, and the latter immediately took his compeer aside to speak of the wonderful change in Aitutaki where maraes had been destroyed, at the same time showing him their once-dreaded and supposedly-

powerful gods lying in the hold of the ship. Roma-tane was impressed, and when presently John Williams gave an address on Isaiah 44 and Psalm 135. 15-18, Roma-tane was overcome by the words: "With part thereof he roasteth roast ... and the residue thereof he maketh a god ... worshippeth it and prayeth unto it. Deliver me, for Thou art my God." "Never again," he exclaimed, "will I do so. Eyes they have, but wood cannot see. Ears they have, but wood cannot hear."

With all this great success throughout the island John Williams does not forget to speak of failures, both among the native teachers and the converts. And he knew that renunciation of idols is not conversion to God.

About 1834 or 1835 he went to England with the Rarotongan Translation of the New Testament, which the British and Foreign Bible Society printed during his stay. He also wrote and published the story of their labours among the islands.

Returning in 1838, he was wildly welcomed, as also were 5000 Rarotongan Testaments.

Just one short year after his return, his thirst for souls urged him to the Hebrides, and at Erromanga, on the water's edge, Nov. 20, 1839, at the age of 43, he was slain by the natives.

His companions were unable to save him, and whilst they endeavoured unsuccessfully to get the poor body, the dauntless spirit had soared upwards—"Present with the Lord."

CHAPTER VII

Samuel Marsden, Maoriland

SAMUEL MARSDEN was born on 25th June, 1765, at Horsforth, near Leeds. His parents were Methodists, of the "good, old fashioned Methodism" type. His father was a farmer in a small way, and also had a blacksmith's forge, where, no doubt, he and his sturdy little son had many a heart-to-heart talk, even under the sound of the rhythmic blows of the hammer, and with sparks flying round. Many a strip of metal was cut and heated to white heat, and deftly shaped as the little lad watched. Meanwhile God Himself, was fashioning an instrument to be used in a far country, for at a very early age Samuel Marsden showed great ability, and wished to become a minister. It was no passing phase.

He received his later education at Hull Free Grammar School, and was afterwards selected, by influential friends, on account of his gifts, to go to Magdalen College, Cambridge. There he showed his firmness of principle and his courage, and the sincerity of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, from which

sprang his desire to take the Gospel to the heathen.

When Marsden was about twenty-eight years of age, he was, through the influence of Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, and William Wilberforce, the champion of slaves, appointed second chaplain to "His Majesty's territory of New South Wales." With a deep and solemn joy he accepted the post "if no more proper person could be found." Before sailing, he married Miss Elizabeth Tristan, who was a devoted helpmeet for forty-two years.

The ship in which they sailed was in command of a Captain who knew not God, save by the use of His Name in oaths, and officers and crew were of the same stamp. It is not hard to imagine what this meant to the missionary, especially as he would be nine months on the voyage. In vain he begged the captain to allow him to preach to the ship's company, but, with God, even the wrath of men is made to praise Him. And thus it was in this case. England and France were at war at this time, and ships voyaged in company guarded by a battle ship. After three months at sea the captain of Marsden's ship invited the captains of the other three ships of the company to dine with him, the second Sunday in October. Marsden took the opportunity of speaking to one of them about preaching, and the promise was given to speak to Marsden's captain. This was done, and a service was held that evening. Marsden preached on John 3. 14, 15, from the

quarter deck, to a very attentive audience. During the remainder of the voyage he had ample opportunity of declaring the whole counsel of God, and he certainly used it, though it appears, he was not permitted to see any good results. But who can tell? The day shall declare it. Long ere this Marsden may have found fruit of which he little dreamed.

On 10th March, 1794, Marsden, with his wife, and a daughter who had been born at sea a few days before their arrival, landed in Australia, and a few months later took up quarters in the barracks at Parramatta, near Port Jackson, afterwards known as Sydney. In this convict settlement when a man had obtained a ticket-of-leave he would often settle down to fast money-making, his heart unchanged; the same with those whom later he was able to employ—master and man, perhaps both of the criminal class. A difficult field for Marsden; and when to his duties as a chaplain were added those of a magistrate, it became more difficult than ever. The men who should have supported him and helped in his ministrations resented his integrity, and worked him much harm.

He lost his first two boys through accidents, sorrows which he endured "with calm and even dignified submission"—this man "who said little, though he felt much."

His mind was ever on the alert to see where God's servants were needed, and it was he who wrote to the London Missionary Society about

Tahiti, to which island, in 1817, they sent John Williams. And, too, his heart turned longingly to New Zealand, 1200 miles E.S.E. of where he was stationed. It was not an uncommon thing at that time for Maoris to be seen in the streets of Port Jackson, for they were of an adventurous nature, and sometimes shipped as sailors on trading or whaling ships. Miss Marsden says her father sometimes had thirty Maoris staying at his parsonage. Very welcome he made them, and learned from them much about their country and its needs. In this way he actually began his missionary work in New Zealand at a distance of 1200 miles, ere ever he had set foot on her shores.

In 1807 he returned to England on a King's ship, the *Buffalo*, which nearly sank on the way. During his stay of two years he urged the Church Missionary Society to take up the cause of New Zealand, suggesting the civilizing of the natives, and following up with the Gospel, a policy which he saw afterwards was wrong. In later years he said: "You will find civilization follows Christianity more easily than Christianity follows civilization." The C.M.S., in exhorting William Hall and John King, who went forth to the cannibal Maoris, said: "*Do not mistake civilization for conversion* . . . and while you rejoice in communicating every other good, think little or nothing done till you see those who were dead in trespasses and sins quickened together with Christ."

Marsden returned to Sydney in 1809. On

the ship in which he sailed he rescued a Maori chief, Ruatara, from destitution, took him to his home for six months, and when Ruatara returned to his country, he prepared the way for the missionary's reception.

In 1814 Marsden purchased the *Active*, a brig, and sailed for New Zealand on November 19th. The party landed whilst a tribal war was in progress, but so great was the influence of Marsden that he and his friend Nicholas were able to go unarmed to the Camps, and to bring the dispute to a happy ending.

On Christmas Day, which occurred on the following Sunday, with the Union Jack floating in the breeze, Samuel Marsden set up the Gospel banner in the name of his God. He said, "I felt my very soul melt within me when I viewed my congregation, and considered the state they were in." To one of his hearers an old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, the message was indeed glad tidings. "When I think of Heaven and of Jesus Christ I am glad," said Rangi, a chief, and formerly a great warrior, "because when I die I shall leave this flesh and these bones here, and my soul will go to Heaven." His last words were: "My heart feels full of light."

Marsden and his friends were able to hold services in the open air without fear, though they were surrounded by Maoris, each with spear ready to hand, and another weapon, the mere or club, thrust in their girdle. And so mightily did the Gospel prevail that some laid

aside the spear for the Sword of the Spirit, instructing others in the blessed truths which had made their own souls free.

Marsden had to return to Sydney, where many troubles awaited him, and where slanders against him were rife. In this dark time he had encouraging letters from Charles Simeon, William Wilberforce, and Elizabeth Fry, and was enabled on several occasions to return to New Zealand for shorter or longer visits. Again and again he acted the part of peacemaker between warring chiefs, and prevented much bloodshed. The natives had great love and respect for him, calling him, "the friend of the Maoris."

Once he visited the Wesleyan Mission Station Whangaroa, and finding Mr. Leigh ill, took him and his wife on board to convey them to Port Jackson. The ship was wrecked, but no lives were lost, for the party reached an island in the ship's boat. The natives did all possible for them, so greatly did they revere their missionary friend.

In 1830 he made his sixth visit, when the tribes were at war after the death of the great chief, Hongi. There was a big council, a very stormy time it was, but at last the principal chief broke a stick into pieces as a sign that his wrath was broken and pacified.

In 1835 Marsden lost his beloved wife. He himself was about seventy, and his work was well nigh finished. On the occasion of his last visit to New Zealand, two years later, he

was carried in a kauhoa, or native litter, to the place of meeting. One old Maori chief sat and looked into his face for hours. When gently reproved by a bystander he said, "Let me alone. I shall not see him again." Then came farewells, for the ship was standing off the shore. As they sailed away in the moonlight he spoke of his wife and the Heavenly Shore. Someone said he would soon see her. "God grant it," said he. Again in Sydney, he kept open house for young New Zealanders, enjoying their happiness as they came and went.

Then came the end, following on a cold contracted during a twenty-five mile ride in his gig. He had intervals of consciousness, and in the last they spoke to him of the good hope in Christ. "Yes, that hope is indeed precious to me now—precious, precious!" To the end he cherished in his mind the great work of Christianising the Maoris, and his granddaughter said that the words heard by the watchers at his bedside were "New Zealand." And so, on 12th May, 1838, he passed into the presence of Him, Whom having not seen, he loved.

CHAPTER VIII

Samuel Pollard, China

SAMUEL POLLARD was born April 20th, 1864, at Camelford, Cornwall. His father was minister of the Bible Christian Church there, and later at Penryn. Samuel, from his earliest years, was surrounded by strong Christian influence in his home. He was converted at the age of 11. His schooldays were spent at Shebbear School, N. Devon. At 17 he won first class honours in Oxford locals, and came out sixth in the whole country at a Civil Service Exam.

Shortly afterwards he was in receipt of a good salary in the Post Office Savings Bank, London. It was a great testing for a lad of Samuel's age to find himself his own master in the Metropolis, and with a good supply of money. How many hundreds of boys have gone astray at this point? But Samuel Pollard was true to his Lord. From the very beginning of his London career he continued his godly walk, finding a warm welcome at Clapham Bible Christian Chapel, where there was a minister of great spiritual power—F. W. Bourne, author of "Billy Bray, the King's Son."

The young man remained six years in London, and whilst there his heart was turned to missionary work. That he should be a minister had already been suggested; but, he said, at that time, nothing seemed further from his ideas. The desire to preach the Gospel, however, became so great that he wrote, in 1886, to his father, saying: "I hardly dare contemplate the idea of not being able to preach Christ." And later, when two of his friends, Samuel Thorne and Thomas Vanstone, went forth to China, Samuel Pollard was fired with missionary zeal, and writes home: "I shall be the next."

Another Shebbear boy, Frank Dymond, also heard the call, and early in 1887, when Samuel Pollard was not quite 23 years of age, they sailed. At Shanghai they were met by 3 C.I.M. missionaries and Dr. Muirhead of the L.M.S. Chinese dress was adopted, and the study of the language and the people began at once.

After Shanghai, they went 3 days further up the Yangtze-Chiang, that mighty river which cuts China from East to West, and arrived at Ganking, where the C.I.M. Missionary Training Home was established, and settled down under the care of Principal Baller. The energetic young missionary came out top in the exam. two months later. On the eventful day which marked his success a holiday was given and a merry time they had. But at night Samuel Pollard was filled with concern

at the realisation that his studies and his success were lowering his spiritual state. He knelt for long after the discovery in confession and prayer, to Him who is able to save unto the uttermost, and so abundantly did his Lord respond that the blessing was shed upon his fellow students when they all gathered, at Sam's request, a few nights later in an upper room to pray. Next day the young missionaries were preaching in the hall which belonged to the Training Home. Samuel Pollard went outside and brought a Chinese audience back with him.

Chaotong was the station to which Frank Dymond and Samuel Pollard were appointed, 1500 miles up the Yangtze, and more than a month's journey overland. On the 8th of Feb., 1888, the two friends entered the town. Their home was small and poor, but preaching in streets and markets occupied a great part of the day, and both were able to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Frank Dymond had smallpox in the tiny loft in which they slept. Samuel Pollard nursed him through it, but it was a terrible time for both, for, just then, they were the only missionaries in Chaotong, and the nearest doctor two months' distance.

After this they were in Yunnan Fu, and in conjunction with the C.I.M., had a ten days' mission. There were also perilous missionary tours here and there, in which James Yang, one of their converts, became a great help.

In 1890, Samuel married Emma Hainge, of the C.I.M., and they were appointed to Chaotong. There was much opposition to the missionaries. As they passed along the street men would spit on the ground, and women would hold their noses—but what matter? Samuel and his brave wife considered "Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself." The work in Chaotong seemed to have no result till 1893, when several converts were baptised. His first son was born at Tungch-kan, and as Samuel Pollard had been ill with malaria, they spent a brief furlough in England. April, 1897, found them again in Chaotong, and Stephen Li and his family were gathered in.

But then came the mutterings of storm which ended in the Boxer riots. Samuel stood his ground fearlessly, helping the people by his example and advice, as to planting and storing food in case of siege, but, in 1900, he most unwillingly obeyed the Consul's order to leave, and went to Shanghai.

In Feb., 1901, the hostile feelings towards the missionaries having died away for a time, he returned to Chaotong. During the years which followed he made many tours with Chinese helpers, and got into touch with the fierce Nosu across the Yangtze-Chiang. The Chaotong Chinese, who perhaps had reason to dislike the Nosu, as the latter often stole their cattle, endeavoured to imperil the lives of Samuel Pollard and the Nosu chief, Long,

who was his guide. Word was sent to the tribes to whom Pollard was going, that the two were dangerous. In the goodness of of God, however, Mr. Pollard received a kind welcome, and had much opportunity to preach Christ.

On July 12th, 1904, Pollard's great harvesting began. Four weary Miao entered the mission courtyard. The Miao were a people who lived in Kweichow Province, and had long been under the rule of Chinese and Nosu. Within 100 miles of Chaotong there were hundreds of Miao hamlets, and the poor, oppressed people had to work like slaves—slaves they were in reality—for the food on which they lived, and the wretched hovels in which they dwelt. But a ray of light was creeping into all this misery. These four weary travellers informed Pollard that parts of the story of Jesus were being told by one and another of their people.

Longing to hear more, the four had journeyed to Anshuan, where Mr. Adam of the C.I.M. was stationed, and he, finding that they lived nearer to Chaotong, advised them, after their visit to him was over, to go to Mr. Pollard. So they came, and they stayed in the small unused schoolroom for a time, learning all they could.

When they told the missionary that thousands of their tribe were longing to hear of Jesus, he could scarcely believe it. Had he not toiled all the night for 16 years and taken

nothing but a few Chinese and Nosu? Well, the four left, and shortly afterwards five more appeared with their sacks of food (oatmeal), then another thirteen came. Eighty had soon passed through the mission gates, and then began a continuous stream. The mission house and courtyard were always full of learners, and Samuel Pollard got scarce a half-hour's rest.

But the Chinese soon began to fear, like Pharaoh of old, that the enslaved people would rise against them. This light and liberty could not be allowed. Therefore the Christian Miao were dreadfully persecuted on their way back to their province. Pollard saw that the situation was difficult and dangerous, so he secured official protection for these Christians and himself journeyed to Miao-land. There he made friends with An-yung-cher, a ruler, who promised that all Miao in his district should become Christians if they pleased. Later he offered a piece of land for a missionary settlement. In 1905, Mr. Pollard was freed from Chaotong, and settled on the land—Stone Gateway it was called—in the midst of Miao villages, and a marvellous work began.

A colleague, Mr. Hudspeth, was sent out, and various out-stations were formed. Fierce opposition and oppression were encountered, of course, and there were several attempts on Mr. Pollard's life. One night his place was surrounded by furious Chinese, and he and two Miao were rushed out of the village,

Pollard himself being beaten nearly to death. He had to spend two months in hospital, after which he set his Miao Mission in order and went to England for furlough—May, 1908, till Dec., 1909.

In 1911, by grants from the Arthington Fund he built a Training College at Stone Gateway, and invented a Miao "Script"—the Miao have no written language—and with Miao help translated the New Testament into that script, which was published eventually by B.F.B.S.

In 1915, Mrs. Pollard was advised to go to England, but whilst she was preparing, Samuel Pollard's colleague fell ill with typhoid. Pollard nursed him through, then caught the infection, and Frank Dymond was summoned by the doctor to take charge of the work, and thus at the beginning and the end of Samuel Pollard's missionary labours these two were together.

On Sept. 17th, 1915, surrounded by the care and devotion of wife, friend, and physician, the good and brave Pollard was called from his work to see the King in His beauty. What an example for young men with a heart for God to "do likewise."

CHAPTER IX

Hudson Taylor, China

HUDSON TAYLOR was born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, on May 21st, 1832. A thoughtful little lad, brought up by serious, devoted Christian parents, he was early accustomed to hearing the great Eternal verities spoken of daily. Salvation and living for God were shown to be most important things of all.

At the age of 5, after hearing about heathen lands, he said: "When I'm a man I shall be a missionary and go to China." At seven years old he was very fond of going to Revival meetings, and his face glowed with joy when souls found peace in the Saviour. Schooldays followed, and a good influence of a godly father and mother surrounded young Hudson continually. But when he was 15, and went as Junior clerk to Frudd's Bank, Barnsley, he found that he had need of a Saviour himself. In spite of his religious upbringing he found that he was sceptical, and inwardly rebellious. The more he tried "to make himself a Christian" the further away he felt from salvation, and

indeed, was sure that, for some reason or other, he could not be saved.

He continued in this wretched state for two years, and then, in June, 1849, looking for a book in his father's library and failing to find one to please him, he took a tract from a basket of pamphlets, determining to read the story and put it away when it became "Prosy." But one great statement in that tract laid hold of Hudson Taylor—*"The finished work of Christ."* "If the whole work was finished and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?" he asked himself. And then he answered his own question: "There is nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one's knees and accepting this Saviour and His salvation, praise Him for evermore." He knelt down at once, in the old warehouse, whither he had betaken himself and the tract, and thanked God for His great gift.

Unknown to him, his sister Amelia had long prayed for him, and 80 miles away his mother was praying for her boy at that time, and had to turn her prayer to praise, for she knew it was answered. Ever afterwards Hudson Taylor felt "that the promises were very real and that prayer was, in sober matter of fact, transacting business with God."

His whole soul now was filled with the desire to bring others to the Saviour, and he began leaving tracts in the neighbourhood, and speaking as occasion offered, his sister often helping him. But China in her darkness was ever

before him. The little boy of 5 meant to go—the lad of 17 yearned to do so, and to this he bent every effort. There was an opening in Hull for him, as assistant in a doctor's surgery, and knowing how valuable all medical knowledge would be, he availed himself of it. The story of his self-discipline while there is very moving. From Hull he went to London, having got into touch with the secretary of the Chinese Evangelisation Society, and under their auspices went through a period of training at the Hospital, at the same time occupying the post of assistant to Mr. Brown, a surgeon.

The sweet consistency of his life led his cousin, Tom Hudson, to accept the Saviour; in one of Mr. Brown's patients, dying of gangrene, a hardened sceptic, he won another trophy for Eternity. Hudson Taylor was brought to death's door through fever contracted in the dissecting room—the infidel surgeon who attended him was much impressed by his patient's confidence in venturing on God. "I would give all the world for a faith like yours," said he; upon which Hudson Taylor told him it was to be obtained without money and without price. They never met again, the doctor dying of a stroke shortly after, but Hudson Taylor "could not but entertain the hope of meeting him in the Better Land."

After many difficulties and much waiting upon God, to know his will, Hudson Taylor sailed for China from Liverpool, on the "Dumfries," Sep. 19th, 1853. She was commanded

by Capt. A. Morris, a true Christian, and during the rough and stormy passage (12 days beating up and down the Irish Channel to begin with!) they had much helpful fellowship. On March 1st, 1854, not quite 22 years old, he landed at Shanghai. Mr. and Mrs. Muirhead L.M.S.; Mr. and Mrs. Burdon, C.M.S.; Dr. and Mrs. Lockhart, and others, all living in the settlement made him welcome, and his missionary career had begun. With a heart burning with love for his Saviour, and yearning for the souls of the heathen around, he surmounted one difficulty after another, bearing with gladness the many privations which came his way.

His friendship with Mr. William C. Burns, of the English Presbyterian Mission, did the ardent young missionary untold good. Calm, steadfast, fearless always, Mr. Burns seemed to understand with God-given wisdom the dark tangles and dangerous positions into which they were often plunged when itinerating in the interior. "None of these things move me," was his attitude of mind, because he had had such long experience of his Master's care and power. Mr. Taylor's companionship with this good man was unexpectedly brought to an end, and he himself led to Ningpo, where he was later to found the C.I.M. There he found the greatest earthly treasure a man can find—a wife who was in every way fitted to be his perfect helpmeet, Miss Maria Dyer. They passed through fire and through water

on account of cruel opposition to the love they had for each other, but were brought out into a wealthy place, and married on Jan. 20th, 1858. Six weeks later they were at work in Ningpo.

Towards the end of 1859, Mr. Taylor received from Dr. Parker entire charge of the Ningpo Mission Hospital. Dr. Parker had lost his wife and was obliged to take his motherless children to England. The Hospital, formerly supported largely by his own fees from private patients, now had to be managed in the sole dependence on God for funds, and many lessons did the patients there learn of the faithfulness of Hudson Taylor's God. For instance, when supplies were getting low—what would the honourable teacher do when they reached the last bag of rice? Why, months ago that need had been provided for! On the same day in which the cook announced that the last bag was fast disappearing, came a cheque for £50 from Mr. Berger, East Grinstead, a fact joyfully announced by the honourable teacher. "Where is the idol that can do anything like that?" asked one patient of another. "Have they ever delivered us in trouble, or answered after this sort?" "True, true, they are certainly not much use"—a great admission. Thus was Hudson Taylor's God exalted.

In 1860 they set sail for England, and between that year and 1866 the C.I.M. was formed. No. 30 Coburn St., Bow, became

a busy centre, both for enquirers and candidates for C.I.M., as well as translation of the Scriptures into the Ningpo dialect for printing in Roman, not Chinese, characters. His pamphlet, "China's Needs and Spiritual Claims," brought missionaries and money to the C.I.M., though it was in no wise an appeal for the latter.

In spite of the formidable weapons used by the enemy of souls against this new stronghold of the Gospel, it prospered, and a party of 22 consecrated people sailed in the "Lammermuir," May 26, 1866. The ship arrived at Shanghai nearly a wreck— but no one was missing, and many souls had been saved during the voyage. The assaults of the enemy were still terrific, using as his instruments some of God's own servants in the Mission field. But it is not likely, here, that any true work for God can be free of that opposition. As years went on and Mission stations were placed at stragetic points in the interior evil was so stirred up that life was often in imminent danger through the rioting.

In 1870, July 23, Mr. Taylor's beloved wife was called Home, 16 days after the birth of her fifth son, who lived but a week. The other children, in charge of Miss Blatchley, had just reached Mr. and Mrs. Berger's, England. Hudson Taylor dedicated himself afresh to the work which for 12½ years he and his wife had shared. In 1872 he was called to take charge of C.I.M. Headquarters,

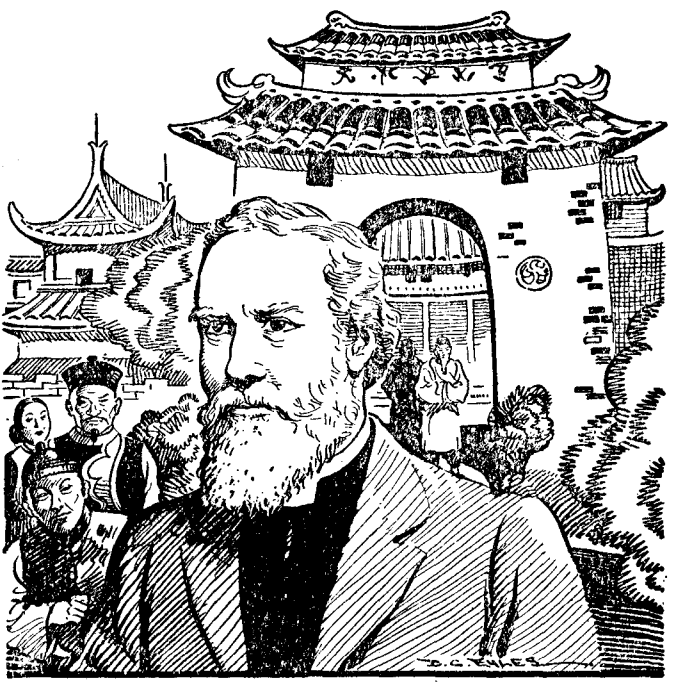
London, on retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Berger, his faithful friends and helpers, but eventually a Council was formed, of which Miss Blatchley was secretary and helper-in-chief till ill-health intervened and her Home-call came.

At that time Mr. Taylor had returned to China, and was settling 70 more missionaries in the interior. The Women's Work was making great progress. Mr. Taylor's second wife, Miss Faulding, who had worked in China for years, took the lead in this, and the wisdom of the first Mrs. Taylor in desiring her husband to marry again was wonderfully displayed. But these two, each living for the work, endured long separations—he in England, she in China, and vice versa. The millions of perishing souls in China called them, and their true happiness lay in winning these for the Saviour.

"Satan is simply raging," he wrote to her in Feb., 1889. "He sees his kingdom attacked over all the land, and the conflict is awful." Nevertheless there were conversions everywhere, and native teachers and churches increased. During the Boxer riots he and his wife were at Davos, he at death's door almost. The worst news had to be kept from him as far as possible. Mrs. Taylor, though they did not know it, was dying of cancer, and passed away in July, 1904.

Mr. Taylor now 73 years of age, paid his last visit to China in company with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.

On every hand he received loving greetings and tender care from all, and took some meetings, but the frail body, worn out with labours for those millions, could not bear it. On June 3rd, 1905, suddenly, quietly, peacefully, his spirit took its flight to that Land where all is joy. He looked into the face of that Lord whom he had served so long and faithfully, and he was "satisfied."



HUDSON TAYLOR

Chapter X

Charles T. Studd, Africa

CHARLES THOMAS STUDD was born on Dec. 2nd, 1860. He had two brothers, one older, one younger than himself. His father, Mr. Edward Studd, of Tidworth House, Wilts, had made a fortune in India, so that his boys were able to have every advantage. There was a town house as well as a country house, and Mr. Studd not only kept race-horses, but had a race-course made. In 1866, when Charles was 6 years old, Mr. Studd won the Grand National.

Charles was sent to Eton, and very soon displayed his remarkable cricketing powers He played for Eton when in his 16th year: in 1879 he was captain of the team. He used to spend a good deal of time before the looking-glass, practising a "straight bat." That time was well spent, for his batting was a terror to all bowlers. It would be well for us as Christians to spend more time before another mirror—the Word of God—for we should then be better able to resist the onslaught of the Evil One. In 1882 and 1883, "C.T." (as he was called, to distinguish him from his cricketing brothers) scored more than a thousand

runs and captured upwards of a hundred wickets. Later on he gave himself with holy keenness to scoring runs against heathenism and capturing souls for his Saviour. As in cricket, he concentrated his whole attention on the work.

Charles' father was converted through hearing Moody and Sankey in London. He was dining with a friend whom he was trying to persuade to put every penny he possessed on a splendid race-horse Mr. Studd had.

The friend smilingly refused. When, after dinner, the question of amusement was discussed, the friend as being the guest, chose that of going to hear Moody and Sankey. (He did not say he had himself been saved.) Mr. Studd objected that it was not Sunday! Why should they? However, having been amused by the things said in the papers about the evangelists—they had reported that Mr. Moody, you know, was here to sell his hymn books, and Mr. Sankey to sell organs similar to the "kist o' whistles" he used in the meeting —and the great racing man agreed to go. When they reached the meeting it was difficult to find seats, but they did—opposite Moody—and Mr. Studd was converted. His life, too, after some conversation with Mr. Moody, was entirely changed. Racing and race-horses were given up, and theatre going, and he started to try and win souls for Christ. He took his three boys to hear Moody, but they were not converted for some time after.

He also had revivalist meetings in his house, attracting people for miles around, many being saved. This was wonderful, but his heart yearned for his boys, and at last C.T. was brought to the point by an evangelist staying in his home. The boy, down from Cambridge, dashing out of doors arrayed in flannels, was accosted by the messenger of God. A question —like a well-aimed cricket ball—sent his bails flying: "Are you a Christian, young man?" Young Studd was taken aback. He stammered out that perhaps not in the way his questioner meant, though he had believed in Jesus Christ, "since he was knee high, sir," and believed in the Church, too. Charles thought that would settle him. "Look here," was the reply, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). "You believe Jesus Christ died?" "Yes." "You believe that He died for *you*?" "Yes." "Do you believe the next part of that verse: 'shall have everlasting life'?" After some hesitation, C.T. said he did not. Thus through the loving words and the God-given wisdom of the evangelist, the young man was very soon enabled to thank God for His great gift of everlasting life through faith in His Son.

But he did not tell others of his Saviour, and consequently his spiritual state was very low, and his heart grew very cold towards the Son of God Who loved him, and had given

Himself for him. This lasted for six years, then his brother George fell ill, and as Charles, at his brother's bedside, watched him hovering between life and death, Eternal things appeared in their true light. George cared (at that time) for nothing but the Bible and the Lord Jesus Christ, and Charles learnt his lesson. George recovered (unsaved), but Charles resolved to cleave to the Lord. He began by attending the Moody and Sankey meetings held in Cambridge, at which meetings hundreds of the students were saved. He lost his cold reserve now; he tried to persuade his friends to read the Bible, and spoke to them of their souls. He had the joy of leading his dearest friend to Christ—"a joy far exceeding all the earthly joys he had tasted."

Our God uses strange instruments in the forwarding of His work. Charles read an infidel effusion, in which the writer declared that *if he* believed, as millions say they do in regard to lost souls, etc., *he* would go forth into the world and preach, in season and out of season—nothing else should occupy his time—his text would be, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" (Mark 8. 36). Whether that writer would, or would not, is not our point—but Charles Studd felt called to give his whole life to seeking the salvation of his fellow-men.

Hearing of China's needs, he went to Mr. Hudson Taylor, who was then in England,

hoping to take back some workers, and told him he was ready to go. There were six other University men ready, four of them were B.A.'s. They formed what was known as the famous" Cambridge Seven": Stanley P. Smith, two Polhill-Turners, W. W. Cassels, D. E. Hoste, Montague Beauchamp, and C. T. Studd. They sailed on Feb. 5 1885, after meetings in England and Scotland which brought many more students to the Lord, and drew them into his work, some of whom continue to this day.

During the voyage there were many conversions. The young missionaries did not hide their colours. On March 18th, 1885, they reached Shanghai, and were met by Mr. Hudson Taylor, and shortly after they dispersed to their various posts. C. T. Studd soon found himself in a station where there had been riots, and where every missionary's house had been broken down. He and the council became very friendly, and it was this man who, after pressure, signed the paper which enabled Charles Studd to give the fortune left him by his father entirely to China's Mission Work.

In October, 1886, he heard that his brother George would touch at Shanghai. He "was not going to stay long, for he was fearful of getting too much religion" (George, who had been at the point of death and so nearly saved before!). But he stayed six months and found Christ, Who is better than "religion."

In 1888, Mr. Studd married Miss Priscilla Livingstone Stewart. She was an Irish girl, and had for long resisted the strivings of the Spirit of God, but after her conversion she had given herself to spreading the news of salvation in China, and there she met her husband.

The dangers, difficulties, and privations around tried their courage and faith to the utmost, but both stood firm, and had the joy of winning many souls to the Saviour. They had five little girls, one of whom died in China.

In 1894 Mr. Studd's health was so bad that he returned to England, first handing over the buildings he had bought to the C.I.M. and severing from the Mission. He and his wife, both broken in health, remained in England (with the exception of his time in U.S.A.) till 1900, when his doctor permitted him to try the climate of India. He was pastor of the Union Church of Ootacamund for seven years. That church, we are told by his son-in-law, Mr. Buxton, "became a place to be avoided unless a man meant to get converted!"

At the end of 1912, the needs of Central Africa having called Mr. Studd, the Heart of Africa Mission was formed. On the 30th of January, 1913, he, with Mr. Buxton, sailed for the new field, Mrs. Studd and two of her daughters acting in secretarial capacity for the Mission at the home base. The mission-

aries' first goal was Niangara, on the Welle River, which they reached in June. During the following months they travelled about in a disturbed country, finally settling again at Niangara. The Mission was wonderfully blessed, and the workers who joined Mr. Studd had the joy, with him, of seeing many souls saved. C.T. himself was having a good innings. In 1917 the Belgian Government ratified the concession to the Mission, and made him intermediary between Mission and Government. "Personalite Civile" was his official title. A boys' school was started, and shortly afterwards another for girls.

In 1929, his beloved wife was called Home. He had seen her last in 1927, when she paid a brief visit to Africa. In 1931 his own call came. He had been asked many years before as to the Mission's work, "What if C. T. dies?" he replied: "Then shall our mouths be filled with laughter. We will all shout Hallelujah. Our God will still be alive and nothing else matters."

On the 16th of July, 1931, the veteran missionary passed away, after a brief illness, with a glad "Hallelujah" on his lips—straight into the Presence of His Lord.

CHAPTER XI

Dan Crawford, Africa

DAN CRAWFORD was born at Gourock, on the Clyde, Dec. 7th, 1870. He was but 4 years old when his father died. Mrs. Crawford managed to maintain herself and her two children on the proceeds of a small shop. Dan went to Gourock Day School, and the United Free Church Sunday School, winning prizes in both. At an early age he was entered as a clerk to a solicitor, but became book-keeper to Mr. George Brown, where he remained until he began to spend whole days in Gospel preaching.

Every one loved Dan. He was a "Guid Laddie." But He Who loved him with an everlasting love began to draw Dan to Himself, by awakening him to a sense of his lost condition—lost, despite the fact that he was a a member of the Kirk, a Sunday School teacher, and highly respected by all. It was at the end of 1886, when his soul-conflict began, almost killing him he said, for it lasted for months, and he felt, no nearer Salvation, ardently as he longed for it.

On Sunday, May 15th, 1887, he was tramping dumbly and desperately about when he sud-

denly bethought him how his fellow-helper in the Infants' Class, John D. Storer, had begged him to attend the Gospel Meetings in a little place called Dairy Hall. Yes, he would go! There was just time. He clambered across the railway, through a cemetery; climbed the wall, and dropped down into the yard at the back of the hall and crept inside. At the close he could not leave, Storer, Callander, and others stayed with him, trying to show him that he could not reconcile himself to God—Christ alone could do that.

But Dan seemed bound in chains of darkness, unable to stir. "This is terrible—this is dreadful," he said, standing in the aisle, staring moodily at the door. They had had two hours of this conflict. Mr. Storer at last was shown how to move those chains somewhat. He drew a thick line with a carpenter's pencil across the floor between Dan and the door. "Now, Dan," said he, "you'll not step over that line until you have trusted Christ. Will you trust Him now?" A minute's dead silence—then, drawing a deep, free breath, the lad strode across the line and said: "I will."

It was twenty-past ten, Sunday Evening, May 15th, 1887, when he took that step, and he never faltered from that moment.

Next morning he told his mother and sister. At the office, too, he must witness. One man he especially dreaded telling. What a surprise it was for Dan when this very man,

after they had spent some silent, uncomfortable minutes, said: "Dan, I was converted last night!"

Dan's preaching days began at once. He developed a terrible cough through preaching at street corners in bitter weather. Nothing could keep him back. On Sept. 15th, 1887, he was baptised, and associated himself with the people called "Brethren." In 1888 he was fully given up to "Gospelling," travelling over England with Mr. Gardiner. This year, too, he visited Bath with F. S. Arnot, and became aquainted with George Tilsley, chemist and dentist, George St., at the top of Milsom St. There he saw Miss Grace Tilsley. He loved her, but as he was going to Africa, and given but a year to live (so bad was his cough), it did not seem right to tell her. On March 19th, 1889, the farewell meeting was held at Exeter Hall. They sailed on the 23rd. On May 1st, at 10 o'clock, they entered the Congo. This was the first of those 22 momentous years spent in Africa by Dan Crawford.

Soon after landing, Dan, with Arnot's encouragement pressed on with a trading caravan to Mushidi's country, and the story of that journey is a memorable one. "Ye have need of patience was Henry Grove's message at Exeter Hall, and it became Dan's watchword. There were many rivers to cross, continual tribute to pay in the form of yards of print and cloth. Oh, the rapacity of the chiefs through whose lands he passed! And what

sights he saw when they came into contact with the slave caravans. Once in particular—800 in a slave caravan which had been months on the road—aged men and women; mothers with babies, one born that morning; young women and girls carrying heavy loads; little children of four crawling wearily along. How Dan's heart burned!

On Nov. 11th, 1890, the missionaries (3 by now—Thompson, Lane, and Crawford) arrived at Nkulu, Mushidi's capital. On Dec. 7th, Dan attained his 21st birthday. He was a *man*, he said in a letter to his mother. He was, indeed! To her, too, he says that nothing short of a passion for the salvation of souls would carry the missionary through the trials of the service. But, ah, he was happy! His little mud cabin on the lake shore was like a tent pitched in Heaven's borderland—Beulah land. Sitting there in the westering sun, after a long, long day's work, he would see "the City which hath foundations." He tells his mother she will have added joy in the "Crowning Day," for she had not held him back from seeking souls. (All she had said when sympathised with was: "He spared not His Son.")

After Mushidi's death Dan had to seek the people. They had to carry water every journey, and after the annual burning of the long grass, the whole country, as he said, seemed to have donned a black pall. But through the black pall sweet green shoots

began to appear, and among the black people around Heavenly blossoms soon began to bud. His great success with the natives was partly due to his power of "Thinking Black." He could tell what the native mind was up to in a way that amazed them; and thus "Thinking Black" helped Dan Crawford, too, to present the Gospel in a way which they could understand, and which they were unable to refute with their customary skill.

And now, as Africa has not killed him, but rather improved his health, Dan Crawford thinks he may be allowed to ask Miss Tilsley to be his wife. He consulted Mr. Arnot (then in Africa), putting before him the trials and self-sacrifice which she would be called upon to endure. Was it right to ask a girl to take up such a life? Arnot said that the proper person to answer the question was the girl herself! So Dan wrote, spoiling much valuable paper in the process. This was in 1895. The intervening months, whilst waiting for the reply were very busy ones with Dan. He was getting his town—Luanza, on Lake Mweru, more settled, showing the natives how to build better houses, and with some sanitation. Then came news that 3 young missionaries were due, and he had to race across country to meet them. He had been expecting this, but when he got his letters *en route*, he found that brave Grace Tilsley had accepted him, and had also taken advantage of the company of the missionary party, and

was waiting him at the Zambesi Industrial Mission Station, Chilangani. The young missionaries, with 170 of Dan's men, were despatched to Lake Mweru, and Dan went on to find his beloved. They were married on the 14th Sept., 1898, at the Consulate, Blantyre, Nyasaland. His first son died after 1 year and 3 days. In 1900 his second son was born, and taken to England in 1902, to Dan's mother, Mrs. Crawford returning to her husband.

They did not take furlough till 1912. As the great boat drew up in Southampton, a stoker came up for a breath. Dan was close to him. "Nta Mingo, Bwana" ("Many lights, sir") said he. Dan swung round at the familiar sound. "Have you seen the light of the World?" he asked in the man's own speech.

In Gourock he found his boy, now 12 years old, whom he had not seen since babyhood, and they had some time together. But the stay in the home country was full of work and part of the five years was taken up by visiting America and Australia, etc.

In 1915 it was a case of "Back to the Long Grass" (he had walked with his "Long Grass step" on the paved paths in England!) As Dan's last "congregation" coming from Africa was an African, so his first "congregation" in Africa was an Englishman, a General travelling by train. He was a very satisfactory congregation, too. He was saved in the shabby, jolting old railway carriage.

Dan reached his beloved Luanza this time in less than one month, instead of 22. He was now 45, his one and only furlough was over. He had but 11 years more in which to win Africa for Christ. Amongst the many changes—for war conditions were invading even the villages of interior Africa—he found Roman Catholics very aggressive, and he encouraged his people to work hard in evangelising the villages. He also did much visiting of missionaries. Mr. P. B. Last was cheered by him and encouraged in his Bible Schools. D. W. Hoste, travelling in the bush by train was wondering why it stopped in the long grass, when Dan Crawford calmly pushed the grass aside and boarded.

In 1925 he completed the translation of the Old Testament, the New had been done and printed by the National Bible Society of Scotland in 1923. But the 37 years of Missionary work are over. On Saturday, May 29th, 1926, he knocked the back of his left hand against a raw-edged shelf during the night. Being very sleepy, he omitted to apply iodine, and the remedies applied later on were useless. At 6.30, June 3rd, 1926, he passed into the presence of his Lord. Peculiar in some ways, enthusiastic in all, he was indeed, a "man greatly beloved."

CHAPTER XII

Dr. Williams, Tierra del Fuego

RICHARD WILLIAMS was born at Dursley, Gloucestershire, May 15th, 1815. He went to school first in Yorkshire, but was soon brought back to Dursley and placed under the care of John Glanville, who later became minister of Kingsland Tabernacle, Bristol. The minister had a high opinion of this affectionate, truthful boy, seeing in him indications of a good, strong character. He had great abilities; quickness and thoughtfulness in anything he cared for, but, though educated for business he could not adapt himself to it. Mr. Glanville, when asked to do so, found it useless to reason with him.

The lad was determined to be a doctor, not, as was intended, a manufacturer of planes. Under the greatest difficulties he succeeded in fitting himself for a medical career, studying at University College, London, and the London Hospital; and, with the help of a cousin in Oxfordshire, passed his exam., May, 1841, at 26 years of age. He then became assistant to various doctors in Norwich and other places, until his married sister and

her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, suggested his coming to their district, Burslem, in Staffordshire. He went, taking up with great pleasure and enthusiasm his first (and last) practice. He was a very popular physician, his pleasant manners, his irreproachable character, his minute care of his patients, and his affectionate interest in them, endeared him to all, and one can imagine that the young doctor looked forward to a long and happy residence in Burslem.

Richard Williams, nevertheless, was an openly professed unbeliever. The great realities of Eternity were nothing to him. He says he "looked upon the votaries of Christianity as strangely deluded." "I could not comprehend how a God could die, nor even bring my mind to admit that an atonement was necessary."

One Sunday a friend called and found him reading the newspaper in his surgery, and asked if that was a right employment for the Lord's Day. Richard Williams replied: "Were I satisfied that Christianity is true, I would embrace it with all my soul and live accordingly." That friend's question did not fail of its mark. The doctor began to attend the Wesleyan Chapel, so it seems he was roused from his self-complacency. There were moments when, without any apparent reason, he wakened from sleep in indescribable horror and awe, filled with dread for the future of his soul.

"There are moments when the mind is sane
For then—a hope in Heaven—the Saviour's Cross—
Seem what they are, and all things else but dross."

He was seized with an extraordinary illness at last—an illness which he declared was designed to bring about his conversion. Writing of it a year afterwards, he speaks of the joy he felt when he realised that he was forgiven through Christ's death. His Bible became his delight, and the delight increased with every perusal of its sacred pages. About six weeks after his conversion, he went to one of the class meetings, Nov. 29th, 1846, bringing joy to the heart of the leader, his true and tried friend, and became a member of the Methodist Society.

And now, indeed, did the doctor's patients find him more attractive than ever. Rich and poor, he pointed them to the Saviour, and many were the sheaves he laid at his Lord's feet.

During the time when cholera raged in Burslem he was very busy, but the pressure of work was a means to an end, and he went from one patient to another with the words, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29). Who can estimate the good done by this simple medical home missionary in those dreadful days, or tell how many of the dying were enabled to obtain "life in a look at the Crucified One." He regularly visited the barracks too, and distributed tracts among the soldiers, with happy results.

Then suddenly came the missionary call. Captain Allen Gardiner had attempted to reach the Patagonians in 1844 and 1848, but finding it very difficult to cope with their violence and thieving propensities, decided to try Tierra del Fuego, and came to England to plead for funds, and a good boat for retreat in times of danger and for following the natives from island to island. People, generally, were not much interested in these unpleasant islands of S. America, but Capt. Gardiner's enthusiasm succeeded in a measure.

A lady gave £1000, others followed with small sums, a committee was formed—2 launches were constructed—and an advertisement was put into religious papers for catechists. Dr. Williams saw it in *The Watchman*. To him it seemed a clear call. On May 17th, 1850, he wrote and offered himself. He said he would undertake the arduous enterprise with the full consciousness that the sacrifice of all worldly and temporal good was required. He hoped he was ready also to put even life itself in jeopardy for Christ's sake and to advance His Kingdom. He was accepted.

On Sept. 7th, 1850, they sailed in the "Ocean Queen." On Nov. 28th, they passed the Straits of Magellan, and he had his first sight of the mountains of Tierra del Fuego. On Dec. 5th, the "Ocean Queen" cast anchor in Banner Roads, and on Garden Island the intrepid missionary band began to erect their tents and fence them in. Three natives visited

them and departed in the evening. Next day they came again, and were followed by others not so gentle and amiable, and the missionary party was very insolently treated by them. It was necessary to keep watch each night, and be on guard all day, as the intruders seemed bent on handling everything and prying into every corner. When requested by signs to desist, they showed considerable temper. It was considered wise to move from the Garden Island to the "Ocean Queen" until the launches, "Pioneer" and "Speedwell," were ready. By Dec. 17th they were finished, then Captain Cooper sailed away, leaving the party of seven—not one of whom would ever behold a ship again, or tread England's shores. Their names were, Captain Gardiner, Mr. Maidment, who had come out as a catechist, Dr. Williams, Joseph Erwin, ship's carpenter, and three boatmen from Mousehole, Penzance—John Badcock, John Bryant, and John Pearce.

They had supplies for six months, and guns and ammunition for shooting ducks and geese, and a net for fishing; the natives brought them fish occasionally, and it was hoped that an advance in friendliness would take place, and so make conditions more normal. But the Fuegians were intractable, and obliged the party to move from one place to another in their two small launches. Dr. Williams says of the natives that their behaviour confirmed the reports of Royston, King, and Darwin—whilst they were the weaker party

they were mild and submissive, but no sooner did they see that they could take the missionaries at a disadvantage, or unawares, they became presuming, unruly, and mischievous—indeed dangerous, and nothing could be done but move on. There were no funds to equip the mission properly, so Captain Gardiner and his band made the best of it.

Privation became the daily lot, and sickness prevailed among them, but in tribulation they found joy. Erwin, who was not converted at the commencement, was brought to the Lord in these dark days. It seemed as if this was the only sheaf which was to be their harvest.

The "Pioneer" was wrecked, but it was not the calamity it appeared, for then the party had to keep together. In March, they waited in Banner Cove, hoping for a relief vessel. Dr. Williams had been too ill to leave his cabin for some time, and each member of the flock was enfeebled for want of food. The six months' supply had been diminished by losses at sea as they moved about and the net had been destroyed. Shooting was almost impossible to such sick men. What a different ending this story would have had if Christians at home had bestirred themselves earlier on behalf of the Fuegians, and those gallant men who had buried themselves in the islands to try to spread the news of salvation. Dr. Williams' last entry in his journal is dated: "Sunday night, or possibly Monday

morning, June 21st or 22nd." He says he had the fullest confidence when he left Burslem on this mission that he would see the salvation of God. "And O, my soul hath beheld it!" They had but one week's more provisions. On June 28th, Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment, who lodged on the shore, visited Dr. Williams and John Badcock. John Badcock died that evening, singing with his last breath, "Arise, my soul, arise!" In August, Erwin and Bryant died; all were buried by Mr. Maidment, Captain Gardiner being too ill to help. On Sept. 6th, Captain Gardiner wrote a note to Dr. Williams, but it never reached its destination. It was found much defaced by a relief party.

The first boat to arrive was commanded by Captain Smyley, with orders from Samuel Laforce, of Montevideo, to call at Picton Island and enquire after the missionaries. No anxiety had been felt at first, for it was supposed there was abundance of fish and game, and perhaps Captain Gardiner had got into touch with the Falkland Isles. But unforeseen events had prevented this. Captain Smyley landed at the mouth of Cook's River, beside the remains of a boat on the beach. Inside was Pearce, evidently the last survivor, for he had been murdered by a native, whose footmarks were still on the sand. The body of Dr. Williams was found on the shore, nearly washed to pieces. There was scarcely time to bury them before a fierce gale com-

pelled Captain Smyley to put out to sea, and being overladen with a shipwrecked crew, he returned to Montevideo—the only voice which had spoken of the dead men being the Journals.

But another boat was on her way, with orders from the British Admiralty—H.M.S "Dido," Captain Morshead—to search for the missionaries. He landed on Jan. 21st, 1852. He knew nothing of course, of Capt. Smyley's visit, and having more time to make a complete survey, he discovered Mr. Maidment's body in a cavern, where he and Captain Gardiner slept, and that of Captain Gardiner beside the wreck of the "Pioneer."

On the rocks outside the cavern was painted: "Psalm 62. 5-8." Turning to those words in our Bibles, one can see what God Himself was to that martyr missionary band. Have they died in vain? God forbid.

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