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**FIRST, THE KINGDOM!**



R. Hitchcock Woodhead.

# FIRST, THE KINGDOM!

THE STORY OF ROBERT  
FLETCHER MOORSHEAD

PHYSICIAN

BY

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B.A., B.D.

*Second Impression*

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To  
*Mrs. Fletcher Moorshead*

## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD - - - - -	7
PROLOGUE - - - - -	9
I. EARLY YEARS - - - - -	13
II. FURNIVAL STREET - - - - -	29
III. EXPANSION - - - - -	40
IV. INDIA—AND A PARTNERSHIP - - - - -	51
V. ARDUOUS YEARS - - - - -	63
VI. FRUITION - - - - -	78
VII. “ COMING OF AGE ”—AND AFTER - - - - -	88
VIII. SHORT’S GARDENS - - - - -	112
IX. THE LAST ADVENTURE - - - - -	129
X. VIGNETTES - - - - -	150
EPILOGUE - - - - -	162
APPENDIX - - - - -	169

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait - - - - -	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Dr. and Mrs. Moorshead	-	-					<i>Facing page</i> 60
On Holiday	-	-	-	-	-	„ „	100
At Work in Short's Gardens	-					„ „	120
The Doctor and "Mac"	-	-				„ „	156

## FOREWORD

**THE** Water of Life, with its source in the Throne of God, and the Tree of Life, with its leaves for the healing of the nations, must have been very real to Robert Fletcher Moorshead.

He made them real to all with whom he came into contact, no matter what their station or condition. And to none, I suppose, did he make them more real than to the dwellers in the crowded streets about Drury Lane, who came to his clinic off Endell Street. Here, as the Superintendent of the London Medical Mission, Moorshead revealed himself as a born healer. There was a current of life in the man which passed with a touch of his hand, a glance of his kindly eyes, or a few words of sympathetic half-humorous inquiry.

It is not for me to discuss the work which he did for the Baptist Missionary Society. I have not the necessary qualifications. Truth to tell, I could count on my fingers the number of times on which I met him, and this to me is an astounding fact, for I feel that I knew him



intimately, and his death was the loss of a valued friend. This, surely, shows what manner of man he was.

We were both Bristolians, and that was a strong link between us, but from our first meeting we were aware that we had a greater citizenship in common. There was that written plainly on Fletcher Moorshead's face which told of the vision he saw when still a lad in the old western city, the vision of the City of God, where men should see their Redeemer's face, and there should be no more curse. Towards the fulfilment of that vision he laboured unceasingly, preaching and showing the glad tidings of that Kingdom, whose claims he put first in everything. And because I owe him a debt for the example of his strong faith, unvarying patience and profound compassion, I write these words of introduction to a book which, I believe, will bring that example fresh before the mind of him who reads it.

HUGH REDWOOD

## PROLOGUE

“ LONG AGO IN GALILEE ”

A GREAT crowd of men and women were gathered in the open air around a Preacher. Although He was really addressing His own followers, others also were hanging on His words with eager attention. Even those who had stopped out of mere curiosity, and the many who had come with indignation in their hearts at the presumption of this “village carpenter” in daring to speak at all, found themselves enthralled and their reluctant admiration won. For never man spoke as this Man. His voice rang with the accent of authority. He dealt with sublime themes in simple and homely language, and His wonderful words were reinforced and made more wonderful still by the grace and beauty of the Personality which shone through them. He said many things which they did not remember, but He said some which they could not forget. He spoke about God as if He knew Him, and His words were incredibly

comforting. He called Him Father, and said that His was a heart filled with love for all His children, and that all they who listened might become children of God. He said that there was no need for the deep lines which anxious care had traced in so many foreheads, no need for the fret and worry which made up so much of their lives. He pointed to the wild flowers blazing in their glory all around on the hill-side, He marked the birds as they wheeled in flight overhead. God cared for them all and provided for them all. How much more, then, for the children of men, the crown of His creation, His divine masterpiece ! And then He challenged them ; they were to cease to spend anxious days and restless nights engrossed in the pursuit simply of their creature needs, food and clothing and shelter. " Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all these things—the passing needs—shall be added unto you ! " First, the Kingdom !

Unforgettable words, made yet more memorable by the example of Him Who spoke them. For this Preacher practised what He preached. A few years later He gave His life rather than be false to any one of the principles of that Kingdom which had been His constant theme.

A pebble cast into a pool makes a wave which spreads out in ever widening circles until the whole surface has been influenced. A word spoken out into the air has the same effect, it wings its way out through the ether into the wide universe, and no one knows if, and when, and where it is exhausted. So with the word of Christ. It lived on. It came to Saul of Tarsus, and made of him the Church's first great Empire builder ; it came to countless men and women who through successive centuries caught its accents and counted their lives well lost in the service of that Kingdom ; it came to prophet, priest and reformer, and inspired them to keep alive the flickering torch of truth in the ages of chaos and darkness ; it came with the force of a new revelation to a village shoemaker in the English Midlands in the eighteenth century, and a new chapter in the romance of Christian adventure began. Wherever it went it challenged, and whenever a heart was found big enough and bold enough to take up the challenge, the old, old miracle was re-enacted, dead bones came to life again and some wilderness began to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

So the centuries followed one another until forty-five years ago this word came

to a boy in Bristol and won his heart's allegiance.

This little book is an attempt to put on record some of the things that happened.

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY YEARS

ROBERT FLETCHER MOORSHEAD was born in Bristol on September the 2nd, 1874. He was the only child of his parents, and it seemed for some time that the tender life which had been entrusted to them was destined to pass only a few brief months in their home before it flickered out again and left them desolate. For the child was never robust, a delicate chest being responsible for intermittent attacks of pleurisy which continued to threaten the security of his grip on life throughout the whole of his childhood. But if the body was weak the spirit was tenacious. More than once the forebodings of the doctor were falsified, and the recovery which seemed impossible was triumphantly achieved. The story which we have to tell is the story of a man who refused to be intimidated by the fundamental bodily weakness, concerning whose perils he, as a medical man of high distinction, came to know so much, the story of a spirit which,

although incarnate in a delicate physical frame, was brave and adventurous, and dared to live dangerously because it had seen the Vision Splendid.

But if the life thus begun was handicapped physically, there were compensating advantages. For Fletcher Moorshead was born into a Christian home, and was the child of many prayers. His mother, Mary Moorshead, was a devout and earnest Christian, the eldest daughter of one Samuel Body, who played a prominent part in the Free Church life of Bristol, and was for a time associated with the Arley Congregational Church. It was at Arley that Mr. Body's daughter met and subsequently married Robert Garrett Moorshead, an earnest Christian, a man of quiet and retiring disposition, who was in membership at Stapleton Road Congregational Church, but who found his chief sphere of Christian service in a Mission maintained by that church in Brick Street, in a slum quarter of Bristol. The wedding took place on September the 10th, 1873, and their only child was born, as has been already recorded, a year later.

Very few details have come to us of those early days, but it is not difficult to imagine the sort of atmosphere which encompassed

the boy. We can picture a typical Victorian Free Church home, exhibiting all the virtues which, in spite of all the cheap cynicisms of modern "superior people," who sneer at everything Victorian, and especially at Victorian piety, yet remain the virtues indispensable to all true greatness, whether on the national or personal scale. Church attendance was regular, on Sunday and during the week. There was the family altar, the well-thumbed Bible, the constant recognition of all that is due to God. Sunday, so far from being the dull and depressing day that many would have us believe, was the crowning experience of the week, for public worship was a delight. And in the centre of the family circle was this child, dedicated from his birth, the joy of his grandparents' declining years, and the focus of all their earthly hopes.

There could be no question of school until he was seven, when a private school in the neighbourhood was found. At the age of ten he entered the Merchant Venturers School, and continued there throughout the rest of his schooldays. The Merchant Venturers School! How suggestive the very name! The school owed its foundation to the merchants of Bristol, who, in the spacious



days of Queen Elizabeth, heard the whisper of which Kipling speaks in his poem, "The Explorer."

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges!"

We all know how those hardy seagoers responded to that summons, how they explored the very ends of the earth, and began to garner the riches of the south and east. The Merchants of Bristol who financed these expeditions grew rich on their proceeds, and out of their wealth established a school for the education of coming generations in their city. Was there in the school three centuries later something of the spirit that reaches out to distant horizons? Did there linger still the urge to go and seek for something lost? We do not know, but we may well suppose that the call was making itself articulate in the heart of one small boy as he sat at his lessons. But the goal of his dawning ambition was already something finer even than that which had animated the ventures of the Bristol Merchants.

We do not know when Fletcher Moorshead definitely gave his heart's allegiance to Jesus Christ. There is no record of any sudden or dramatic conversion, although his old nurse

does tell a story of a sand service he attended at the age of ten which left a deep impression. There are spirits that mature early, and so it was with his. Environed as he was, his spirit opened to the Lord of life as a flower to the sun, and in his boyhood he became a definite disciple.

And these were epic days in the history of the Bristol Free Churches. A new continent, the "Dark Continent," was coming to light. The journeys of David Livingstone, of H. M. Stanley, and other pioneers, had revealed a new and unexplored field for evangelistic effort. The generosity and vision of Robert Arthington of Leeds had made it possible for the Baptist Missionary Society to undertake mission work along the banks of the Congo River. Men were leaving home to face the untried perils of tropical Africa, with the Gospel of Christ as their only message, and the tidings that came home of sudden death, of incredible need, of limitless scope for labour, were beginning to stir the churches. George Grenfell, missionary explorer and statesman, had been trained in Bristol College, and he was in England in 1884. The home in Cheltenham Road, where the Bristol Public Library now stands, heard of these movements, and the

boy in the home discerned in them a challenge and a call. Gradually there became articulate in his soul the words of One Who long ago in Galilee said : " Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

So the Purpose began to dawn. Schooldays were hurrying by, soon the decision as to the future career must be taken. It was suggested at home that he should enter a bank. Was that the way ?

In May, 1889, a new voice was heard in the public life of Bristol, when the Rev. Joseph J. Doke commenced his work as a minister of the Baptist Church in City Road. A young man of twenty-eight, a brilliant preacher with an intense evangelical passion, and above all with a burning missionary enthusiasm, Mr. Doke very soon began to attract crowded congregations to his church. Among them was Moorshead. Hitherto he had joined no church, but in this new Baptist minister he recognised a kindred spirit. He began to attend City Road, his enthusiasm communicated itself to his parents, and soon all the family were numbered amongst the members.

There indeed was an atmosphere in which missionary zeal was fostered. The minister's only brother, William Henry Doke, had been

one of the earliest missionaries on the Congo, the first of many to lay down his life in that field. The surviving brother felt that the prophet's mantle had fallen upon him, and his subsequent ministries in Bristol, New Zealand and South Africa are the abiding memorials to his consecrated life. Not the least of his many services to the missionary cause was the influence he exerted on the schoolboy, only fifteen years his junior, who attended his ministry assiduously and re-echoed in his own heart the burning words of the preacher.

It was at City Road, where he was baptized by the Rev. J. J. Doke in 1892, that the purpose clearly dawned. Here is a letter written to his parents on his seventeenth birthday :

*September 2nd, 1891*

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I am writing this, as you see, on the morning of my seventeenth birthday. Thank you so much for your beautiful present. It is just the thing I wanted.

I have felt for a long time that it was only right for you to know what I have for some months thought I should like to be, so I am taking the opportunity of this day to tell you.

As you know, my health has prohibited my entering upon any actual life work yet, but now I feel that I must do something, or I shall rust and lose what I have already. You, Mother, know how for a long time I have earnestly wished to serve my heavenly Father in the foreign field as a medical missionary of the Cross. I have prayed much about it, but for a time at least my health seemed to preclude the possibility of this. Nevertheless, I still hope that in the future, if I get stronger, this may become a reality.

You perhaps noticed the word "medical" before "missionary." I have for a long time resolved *never* to go abroad unless provided with medical knowledge. According to Luke 9, 2, Christ's model for missionary journeys, healing the sick is inseparably linked with preaching the Kingdom of God ; and, secondly, the vast influence which medical missionaries possess with the natives gives them a far greater chance of success in their spiritual capacity. I also as firmly believe that a complete knowledge of medicine is that which is required, not simply a half knowledge, for one who knows only part is more likely to blunder, and injure himself for ever in the sight of the natives,

than one who possesses a full knowledge of the science.

I now come to my point, which doubtless you have guessed. It is, will you let me study and qualify for the medical profession? I like chemistry very much, as you well know, and that forms a large part of the study of medicine. I am much afraid chemistry alone would form a too hard work and too long hours for me.

I should like you to find out, for your satisfaction, in any way you think of, whether I am fitted to become a doctor. I know it would entail hard work, but what does not, now? And if one likes a thing the hardness is made much lighter. Even if my health should still prohibit me from going abroad, think what an influence for good a Christian doctor possesses.

I have counted the cost, and know what I should have to do, and have asked God to direct me. I feel confident that if it is not His will for me, then I shall be stopped. What about the bank? If you wish me to enter it, I will obey you, but I do not think I should stay there very long. Time is short, the heathen are perishing by thousands every year, without God, without the

knowledge of a God ; thousands are perishing at home every year without God, but not without the knowledge of a God. Is it right, then, to stay at home ?

It now remains in your hands what I am to be. I wish you to reply to this letter in writing, and please do not mention it in the interval between your receiving my letter and my getting your reply.

And now with very much love,

I remain your loving son,

FLETCHER.

In this letter one can discern already the characteristic emphasis which marked all his subsequent career. There is the self-dedication to missionary service, a resolution reached with a clear appreciation of all the sacrifice involved. "I have counted the cost." There is the very definite conviction concerning the value of the medical approach, and the clear perception that only the highest medical qualifications are good enough. There must be nothing slipshod, nothing second-rate, in such service. He knew that practically all missionary workers made attempts to acquire at least a smattering of medical knowledge during their months of furlough. But that

was not good enough. "A complete knowledge of medicine is that which is required." Finally, we see clearly a deep loyalty to Jesus Christ, a simple and profound trust in His Spirit's leading, a reverence for His Holy Word as the vehicle of His self-revelation. And the closing sentence is characteristic. He has disclosed his purpose ; his own mind is clear. What have his parents to say about it?

What could they say? The writer recently had the privilege of a conversation with Dr. Moorshead's mother, now an old lady of more than ninety years of age. The memories of those distant years are dim, but one thing stands out very clearly. "He knew what he wanted to do, and generally did it." So the permission sought was granted, financial difficulties were overcome by the grandparents' generosity, and at the age of eighteen he was entered as a medical student at University College, Bristol.

Meanwhile he continued as an active member of the City Road Church, finding, in a class for young men conducted by Mr. F. G. Cole, an immediate outlet for his energies. Mr. Cole tells how his own interest in missionary work was roused and stimulated



by the young man in his class who was so rapidly developing conspicuous qualities of leadership. Later on a number of the members of the class joined with others in the Bristol branch of the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union, and in due course the medical student became secretary of that organisation.

At the same time he associated himself with the local branch of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, in whose ringing slogan, "The Evangelisation of the World in this Generation," he found an echo of his own dominant purpose. Here he met with kindred spirits, Stanley Jenkins, later B.M.S. Medical Missionary in Shensi, A. Rendle Short, now a surgeon in Bristol, and Harry L. Taylor, now Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society.

These eager spirits were not content to hold meetings to nurture their own souls. They saw in the large church-going population of their city a fruitful field, close at hand, in which to work, wherein they might foster a vital missionary interest. Visits were undertaken to all the men's meetings in the City, and an effort was made to supply to the people of Bristol information regarding the missionary work of all the churches. The Blind Asylum Music Hall was booked for a series of Tuesday

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evenings beginning in January, 1900, and a course of lectures arranged. It was decided to print these lectures in a volume entitled : "Some Aspects of the Missionary Question," and the Secretary edited the whole and wrote the introduction. I have a copy of this book before me, and the scope of the lectures and the names make interesting and revealing reading. The Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, M.A., C. F. Harford-Battersby (Principal of Livingstone College), Dr. Eugene Stock, Dr. Richard Glover, and Mrs. J. E. Bishop, F.R.G.S., were among those whom the enthusiastic organiser enlisted for his ambitious and catholic project.

It is pleasant to be able to record that this undertaking met with the response it deserved. When all expenses had been met a balance of £20 was available for mission work overseas. A similar course, equally successful, was arranged for the following year.

All this time the medical student was pursuing his studies with conspicuous success. Another serious illness interfered with his work, but it is very remarkable that from that time onwards for many years the weakness in the chest seemed to have left him. In 1895 he went from Bristol to Newcastle, where he was attached to the Newcastle Royal Infirmary

while pursuing his studies in the University of Durham. In 1898 he graduated M.B., B.S., obtaining honours in the final examinations. A letter was written home announcing the result :

“ How I do praise God for this wonderful success, for it is all His doing. One of His blessed surprises, for I never for a moment dreamed of ‘ honours.’ . . . It has been a hard pull, but I feel now more than rewarded. *Do not go telling people, suffice for them to know that I passed.* . . . Out of over forty who were entered for this examination only seventeen have passed. It has been stiff ! Now I want to catch the post, so with much love,

Yours affectionately ”

But this qualification was not sufficient. Nothing less than the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, the “ blue riband ” of his profession, would be good enough for the Master’s service. He returned to Bristol and was attached for a time to the staff of the Bristol General Hospital. We know already how during this period he continued to foster the work to which he was dedicated. In 1899 he became a member of the Royal College

of Surgeons, and early in the new century he transferred, with Stanley Jenkins, to King's College, London, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, living in rooms at Shepherd's Bush. He sat for his Fellowship in May, 1903, and in a letter to his mother, written in the middle of the ordeal, we can see his single purpose still shining clearly :

“ The next four days will be very trying. The exam. ends on Thursday evening, but I shall be too late, I expect, to send you the result that night. I confess to feeling, apart from God, *very insufficient* for the ordeal. Only He can get me through. Please pray that my mind may be taken off the exam. and fixed quietly on Him as the source of strength. I am relying much on your prayers. I shall be more than glad when it is over. Shall come home Saturday. The exam. takes place each afternoon, and to-morrow is a very critical day.”

Four days later, on May 21st, 1903, a telegram was handed in at the home in Bristol : “ PASSED HALLELUJAH.” The highest professional qualification was his, to lay at the Master's feet.

But the new century brought with it grave perplexities and deep heart searching. While improving health seemed to indicate that the purpose of missionary service overseas was to be realised, while academic success was achieved, conditions at home clearly pointed in another direction. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Body survived the nineteenth century, and in 1901 Mr. Robert Moorshead, who had been in failing health for some time, was called home. Mrs. Moorshead was left alone in the world save for her only son. The dream of his life was to go abroad, he was qualified, ready and able. But could it be right to leave, literally alone in the world, the mother to whom he was devoted? He had a duty toward her that he could not ignore. We may be sure that the final decision was only reached after long and earnest thought, and prayer. Finally he made what was to him the great Renunciation, and decided that for a time at least it was his duty to stay at home.

But he believed that "When God shuts a door He opens a window." He began to look for the window.

## CHAPTER II

### FURNIVAL STREET

THE first English missionary to labour in the East, who was also the first missionary supported by the Baptist Missionary Society, was a medical man, Dr. John Thomas, who sailed to India with William Carey in 1793. Krishna Pal, the first convert to Christianity to gladden the hearts of the famous Serampore trio, was brought into intimate contact with the mission when he dislocated his shoulder, and sent for the English doctor. It might be expected that the churches at home would have seen some significance in this, but the fact remains that for nearly a century they were blind to its message. Only occasionally, at long intervals, were medicals to be found in the ranks of the B.M.S. workers, or of its sister society, the Baptist Zenana Mission.

In an early chapter of his book, "Heal the Sick," Dr. Moorshead tells of the perplexity of mind which beset the members of the B.M.S. Candidate Board when they met,

in November, 1894, to consider, among other applicants, the case of a recently qualified doctor who offered for service in India. He had had no theological training, and he did not propose to add a further period in a Theological College to the eight years already spent in qualifying himself professionally. His views were startling. He asked for a hospital, which he considered indispensable if he was to render all the service of which he felt himself capable. He pointed to Christ's own example—he believed in the Way of the Healer. He felt it incumbent on the Committee to be as ready to spend their money on equipment for medical work as they were to provide for the educational institutions which already featured so largely in the Society's budget. Many on the Committee were aghast, but eventually Dr. Vincent Thomas was appointed to India, though he had to wait through long and weary years for his hospital.

The story reveals the then prevalent attitude of mind to medical missions. Forty years ago it was not realised that a Christian doctor, exercising his healing gifts in the midst of a non-Christian population, is definitely and effectively preaching the Gospel. So medical candidates were not sought, the few who

volunteered being accepted in spite rather than because of their profession, and more with a view to the health of other missionaries. At the beginning of this century there were on the staff in India only Dr. Vincent Thomas and Dr. Ellen Farrer of the B.Z.M.: in China, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Watson, Dr. T. C. Paterson and Dr. Creasey Smith; while in Congo there were no medical men at all, for neither Dr. Percy Comber nor Dr. Sidney Webb, who had journeyed thither, long survived the rigours of the climate. There were no nurses anywhere.

But with the coming of the twentieth century the possibilities of this unused weapon began to dawn on a few. Dr. Percy Lush, eminent alike in the life of the home churches and in the ranks of his profession, had been in touch both with Dr. Russell Watson of China and Dr. Vincent Thomas of India (still yearning for a hospital!), and when the former came home on furlough in 1901, at the same time as Dr. Farrer, the three came together in council. They sought and obtained the co-operation of Mr. (later Sir) Alfred Pearce Gould, and with the approval of the Committees of the B.M.S. and B.Z.M., convened a meeting with a view to the establishment of a Medical Missionary



Auxiliary. A constitution was drawn up and approved, and before the year was out the "M.M.A." came into being, with Dr. Lush as its first Chairman of Committee.

Its declared purpose was :

To create, maintain, and extend an intelligent interest (amongst the churches of our denomination) in the Medical Mission work of the two Societies.

To raise funds for the financial support of the hospitals at present maintained by the two Societies and ultimately for the adequate maintenance of their entire medical agencies. That for the present all funds raised by the Medical Missionary Auxiliary, excepting money specially marked for distinct purposes, be allocated in the proportion of three-fourths to the Baptist Missionary Society and one-fourth to the Baptist Zenana Mission.

To develop these agencies by sending out additional and fully qualified Medical Missionaries, either to open up new work or to set older work on a more satisfactory footing.

The Constitution provided that the General Secretary of the B.M.S. be the Secretary of

the Auxiliary, but at a meeting in February, 1902, a discussion took place "as to the necessity for appointing a special secretary for the M.M.A. Committee." Dr. Lush undertook to use his best efforts to secure the services of a suitable and efficient Secretary, and report at the next meeting of the Committee.

Dr. Lush was as good as his word. He inserted the following statement in *The Missionary Herald* for May, 1902 :

"The Committee of the Auxiliary, which has so far held only one—a preliminary—meeting, is sensible of the fact that, in order to make the organisation a success, one addition is indispensable, and that is, the assistance of some enthusiastic advocate of Medical Mission work, who will give his (or her) services as Organising Secretary of the Auxiliary, to make the department widely known, and to represent its claims at meetings and attract financial support. When such a helper is found, the Committee is confident that the formation of this new department will, by the blessing of God, speedily justify itself. In this earnest hope, the Committee commends the work to its supporters and friends."

We left Dr. Moorshead, the great renunciation made, in quest of the window. He was not a regular reader of *The Missionary Herald*, but it chanced that a copy of this issue came into his hands when he was spending a few days holiday at Paignton with his mother. The paragraph quoted above spoke straight to his heart. He has told us himself of what followed, and it is impossible to improve upon his own words :

“ It was one of life’s turning ways. For a time it was difficult to know whether this was, or was not, a call from God. It was a piece of service directly related to the work for which he had sought to prepare himself, but there was no professional work connected with it. Could it be right that his training on that side was to be laid on one side ?

“ It was clear that he could not go abroad, and it was equally apparent that the particular advocacy which the Medical Auxiliary required was that which a medical man could best give. Could it be that he was being hindered from going abroad in order that he might render unexpected service of this order ? ”

It seemed impossible to turn from the appeal. So he wrote to the Rev. R. Wright Hay, a Baptist missionary with whom he had been

brought into recent touch. Mr. Wright Hay replied giving strong encouragement to the thought, and proceeded to speak to Dr. Percy Lush upon the matter. This led to correspondence, and in the month of September, 1902, an interview with the Medical Auxiliary Committee resulted in the election of Dr. Moorshead as the Hon. Secretary of the new Department.

It may be doubted whether there was any thought other than that the position was purely temporary. A further meeting of the M.M.A. Committee was held on September 16th, 1902. Dr. Lush then made a statement to the Committee, and introduced Dr. Fletcher Moorshead, "who had most generously offered to undertake the duties of the Secretariat for a tentative term of twelve months." Dr. Moorshead addressed the Committee, and it was carried unanimously that his offer be very gratefully accepted.

So there began an association of service which was destined to be interrupted only by death. For a year later, at a special meeting of the M.M.A. Committee held on December 15th, 1903, future arrangements regarding the Secretariat came under discussion. Dr. Lush was able to report on a conversation he had

had with the Secretary, who professed himself ready, if called upon, to delay indefinitely the taking up of practice as a surgeon, and to devote himself altogether to the direction of the affairs of the M.M.A. The honorarium was to be the same as that paid to an unmarried missionary of the Society.

The Committee duly considered the matter, and decided cordially to accept Dr. Moorshead's offer of service.

The Doctor undertook his office as Medical Secretary in exactly the same spirit and for precisely the same rewards as he had originally intended journeying overseas. The task which confronted him was formidable. It was not simply that he had to create a new organisation and foster a new constituency. It was not simply that he had to develop a new interest that would produce a new income. He had to achieve something far more difficult; he had to implant in Baptist hearts and minds new ideas.

In his Presidential address to the Baptist Union Assembly at Plymouth in 1935, Mr. Ernest Wood gave utterance to the remark: "We are the most democratic denomination in the world, and at the same time the most conservative." If that be true to-day,

how much more true was it over thirty years ago ! The missionary boxes of that time bore the quaint picture of a man wearing a black frock coat, with an open Bible in his hand, standing under a palm tree, exhorting a small group of coloured people. That picture expressed fairly well the general conception those in the home churches held concerning missionary work. But now they must be persuaded to add to it something quite new. They must envisage a hospital with clean beds and well-ordered wards, fully equipped with operating theatre and X-ray department, staffed by indigenously trained nurses directed by English sisters, and the whole organized and directed by highly skilled physicians. They must see thousands of people coming with their appalling diseases, overcoming their deep suspicion of the white race only by virtue of their own dire need, finding cleansing and health within those walls, and then listening eagerly and receptively to the voice of the doctor to whose skill they owe so much, as he tells them of the Great Physician Whose love has inspired this service. Such was the task Dr. Moorshead undertook.

He was not without outstanding qualifications for its accomplishment. He was a very

earnest and devoted Christian disciple, an absolutely convinced believer in the great truths of the Gospel. His scientific and medical education had done nothing to shake his grip on the fundamental verities. Although he was aware of the development of modern thought in many directions he was, at the beginning of his career, and remained to the end, conservative in his theological outlook and essentially evangelical. And if Baptist folk are conservative too—if they are inclined to look with mistrust on any new idea that comes from any direction, just because it *is* new—yet they are generous and warm-hearted, ready to recognise sincerity and conviction, and once they have given of their confidence they are willing to be led. Dr. Moorshead won the confidence of the denomination because he was worthy of it, and therein lies the secret of his success.

Again, the case which he had to present was one with which he was thoroughly familiar, and in which he passionately believed. He was no barrister arguing from a brief he had read up for the occasion ; he was speaking of a cause which was the very breath of life to him, a subject of which he was master. It soon appeared that he was a platform speaker of no ordinary ability, and the churches began

to recognise that there was an able advocate in their midst ; that in the Medical Auxiliary Secretary the Society had discovered a charming personality, a courteous Christian gentleman who unfailingly evoked friendship and affection.

There were colleagues in the Mission House with whom the happiest relations were quickly established. In Mr. Baynes, the Society's General Secretary, the Doctor found a congenial spirit, ever ready to do all in his power to smooth away such difficulties as arose, and the same happy relationship was established, and maintained to the end, with Mr. Baynes' successor, the Rev. C. E. Wilson. Indeed, he experienced happy fellowship through all the years with his fellow secretaries. The M.M.A. Chairman, Dr. Lush, and the members of the Committee, soon proved themselves a loyal team who were ready to give their Secretary full scope for the exercise of his powers. They were pioneers, hampered by no hoary or outworn traditions. But the situation was one requiring vision and leadership if its possibilities were to be materialised, and these were the qualities that the Secretary brought to his task.

The story of the following years is the story of his achievement.



## CHAPTER III

### EXPANSION

IT is no part of the present writer's task to tell the history of the Medical Auxiliary from its origin in 1901 to its absorption in the parent Society in 1925. That has been done already by Dr. Moorshead himself in "Heal the Sick," and no one would desire to add to that which has been done so adequately. Yet any attempt to record this life story must naturally be concerned very greatly with the development of the Auxiliary, for the inscription over Wren's tomb in St. Paul's, "If you seek a monument, look around you," applies here with equal force. The work was the man. For years he lived for it, with it, in it, and the medical work of the Baptist Missionary Society to-day is quite definitely his monument.

The first minutes in Dr. Moorshead's writing are those which record the meeting held in the Mission House on the 17th of September, 1903, when the Secretary was able to report that "since the second week in January he

had visited nearly twenty churches in the West of England and in London." At the outset a "gentleman's agreement" was reached with the B.M.S. and B.Z.M. The appeal for funds must obviously be directed to the constituency already responsible for the support of the work of the parent Societies, and there were those who feared lest contributions to the Medical Auxiliary might tend to diminish the general income. The difficulty was met by the undertaking to avoid appealing to the Sunday Schools, to make it quite clear that the appeal was for *new* and specifically medical contributions, and to visit the churches at some time of the year other than at the time of the annual missionary deputation.

The method adopted was as follows. An invitation to speak on behalf of Medical Missions in a church at the centre of a given area was sought by correspondence, and the Secretary himself was generally the speaker, though in later years medicals home on furlough and others shared the task. After the meeting a group of those interested would be formed, a local secretary or organiser appointed, and an effort be made to secure subscribers. A new type of missionary box was devised and widely adopted, and the

interest thus created was kept alive by the circulation of information in a monthly news letter, later to be replaced by a magazine—*The Medical Missionary*. It was early discerned that the apathy among Christian people with regard to missions is very largely the result of ignorance. People are not interested because they do not know the facts; and they make no effort to ascertain the facts because they are not interested. The Doctor was confident that by the widespread circulation of information this vicious circle could be broken and the necessary financial support would be forthcoming. Nor was he mistaken, for the work began to grow in every direction. Calls poured in from the mission field, and hardly a meeting of the Committee was held without consideration being demanded by some letter pleading for medical workers. The constituency at home might be slow to appreciate the need of such work, but missionaries themselves were every day encountering conditions that cried aloud for medical provision. The following letter from the Rev. John Howell, of Kinshasa, may be taken as typical:

“Now comes my question. Will you take over the work here, medical I mean, under

your Medical Auxiliary? You have a doctor at Bolobo who could inspect now and again, and we could be under 'His Highness,' which we would not mind at all. Our old visitors' home would make a very nice hospital. It is forty-three feet long and twenty-one feet wide, and has three rooms. One I have fitted up as a dispensary, the other two would take four beds each. It is a brick building with iron roof. We shall have to fit it up anyhow, or refuse to take in folk who are needing help. What about a staff? you say. Well, we have precious little to say on that subject. We are doing our best, and will continue. Dr. Rodham, who is at Leopoldville for special sleeping-sickness work, has kindly offered to go over any cases I am in a fog about. What about expenses? In 1906 it was £19, in 1907 £14 3s. 9d. This year will be higher, probably £20. If we get the rough but necessary hospital we might spend £50 a year.

"I trust, Doctor, you will see your way to take us under your wing."

At the same time a steady stream of medical candidates began to answer these calls. Dr.

Orissa Taylor sailed for India early in 1904, Dr. Stanley Jenkins for China in the autumn of the same year, while Dr. Mary Raw was accepted by the Zenana Mission and went out to join Dr. Ellen Farrer at Bhiwani. The Auxiliary was not, of course, responsible for the acceptance or rejection of such offers of service, but it was soon arranged that the medical members of the Committee should report on their professional qualifications.

It will be remembered that one of the aims of the Auxiliary had been laid down in the Constitution : " To raise funds for the financial support of the hospitals at present maintained by the two Societies, and ultimately for the adequate maintenance of their entire medical agencies." It is evident that each new worker imposed an additional financial burden, both as regards the very limited personal allowance and also with respect to drugs and equipment. The Committee spent many hours scrutinising the indents for such equipment which came to them from time to time, and the Minutes of the 16th June, 1903, laid down certain principles which were thenceforward to be observed. The terms " Medical Missionary " and " Medical Mission " were in future to

apply solely to a missionary possessing a registrable medical qualification, and a Medical Mission Station worked by such. The Auxiliary Fund should only be used for the work of qualified medical workers, the cost of drugs, etc., for the unqualified workers being met by grants from the general funds.

But the income was rising in a most encouraging fashion. The year ending March, 1903, recorded total contributions of £403 ; in 1904 the amount rose to £1,932, in 1905 to £3,308, and in 1906 to £5,081. These figures, showing a more than tenfold increase in four years, bear eloquent testimony to the efforts of the Secretary, who was—like the Apostle Paul—“in journeyings often.”

In 1904 he was responsible for the first of what was destined to become a potent device for arousing and stimulating interest—a medical missionary exhibition, held at Ferme Park, Hornsey. Another new feature, very effective in quickening a vital concern in the work, was the forging of personal links between individual missionaries and churches, or groups of churches, at home. Thus Ferme Park adopted Dr. Edith Young, of Palwal ; and West London

undertook the support of Dr. Vincent Thomas's work. The following year found the Secretary in Scotland, where branches were formed and a definite interest created.

It was in 1903 that an early dream was realised. Mr. Toole, a deacon of the Baptist Church in King Street, Oldham, had been much impressed by a demonstration given by Dr. Stanley Jenkins in the Mission House at the Spring Meeting in 1903. His daughter had recently died, and he was desirous of erecting some suitable memorial to her. She had been deeply interested in missions, and it was ultimately agreed that Mr. Toole should assume the financial responsibility for the erection of the first hospital to be built by the B.M.S. in India, to be called the Florence Toole Memorial Hospital. It was built at Palwal, where Dr. Vincent Thomas was at work, the building, erected at a cost of £700, being opened in November, 1905. It has since twice been enlarged, and in 1934 it dealt with 501 in-patients, 14,441 out-patients, and was the scene of 113 major and 1,519 minor operations.

Further developments, destined to become permanent features of the Home Organisation, took place about this time. Relatively small

sums would suffice to meet the expense of a bed or cot in a hospital, or the personal allowance of a native worker, so a scheme was developed whereby Bible Classes, Churches, Y.P. Societies and kindred organisations might each as a unit adopt a specified bed. Their interest would now be focused in one particular place, and information would be given to them from time to time. In this way a very considerable body of regular and reliable contributions was secured.

Then came the "Wants" department. There are many whose financial contributions are of necessity limited, but whose zeal is keen, and who would gladly give of their time and labour to the cause. Under the superintendence of Miss L. Head, the first "Wants" Secretary, the department aimed at supplying, as far as possible, all the wants of all the patients in the hospitals at any time. Many of these comprised articles which could be made at home—bed linen, clothing, bandages, splints and dressings—so busy fingers set to work all over the country. At the end of July, 1907, "fourteen cases were despatched to the stations, the contents thereof being of the declared value of £124." In the year ending March, 1911, no less than forty-nine cases,



comprising goods valued at £277, were dispatched, and further special gifts through the department covered the entire and not inconsiderable cost of transport.

The list of contents makes interesting reading, and a little imagination will suggest the value of such work, not simply in the actual material results—though every article might be a silent messenger of the Gospel to some poor sufferer—but also in the interest created and the enrichment that such organisations have brought to the churches at home! How great must be their contribution to the task of emancipating isolated groups in villages or small towns from the merely parochial outlook, and giving them some conception of the world-wide Kingdom!

Nor were the children forgotten. In 1905 the Doctor conceived and carried into effect the idea of creating an organisation known as the Children's Red Cross League, for the purpose of interesting the children of Baptist families, up to sixteen years of age, in the less favoured boys and girls of non-Christian countries. The condition of membership was an annual subscription of 1s., and its obligations included making articles for use in the hospitals, such as bandages and scrap-books,

and working articles for sale for the benefit of hospitals. Every member received a prayer card and a monthly letter from the Hon. Secretary, Miss L. Fox. Subsequently the League had a page in the magazine, *The Medical Missionary*, and monthly competitions, calculated to arouse interest and study, were arranged.

The League grew and flourished, but with the outbreak of war in 1914 some difficulties arose over its name, and it was ultimately fused with the League of Ropeholders, which continues to stimulate missionary interest in the minds of the children in the Baptist churches.

The general direction of all these growing activities imposed an increasing strain upon the Secretary, but by the autumn of 1905 the machine he had created was well at work, and he was able to realise one of his cherished aspirations. He felt that he would be able to carry out his task with much greater effectiveness if he could speak of things he himself had seen, so he asked the Committee to grant him leave of absence for a time so that he might travel to India at his own charges and make a first-hand study of the field in which the Society was at work, both with a view to present needs and future developments.

The proposal was gladly agreed to, and Mr. Herbert Smith, B.A., assumed responsibility for the direction of Home Base activities during the Secretary's absence.

## CHAPTER IV

### INDIA—AND A PARTNERSHIP

ACTUAL contact with the conditions on the mission field itself brought to the Doctor all the expected enrichment, and served to intensify the conviction which he cherished with regard to the need and the value of medical work. He reached Bombay on December the 12th, and proceeded at once to Palwal, where he was warmly welcomed by Dr. Vincent Thomas. A day was given to an inspection of the Baptist Zenana Medical Mission, then in the charge of Dr. Edith Young. The Secretary wrote home : “ To stand in the wards of that hospital, to observe the many indications of skill and sympathy extended to those suffering women, and to note how the very life and thought of Miss Young and Miss Duff are bound up in the welfare of their patients, was indeed an inspiration. I have often endeavoured to explain how medical mission work opens hearts, and shows forth the Love of Christ, but I never understood it as I do

to-day. If only those in the homeland could see this blessed healing ministry in actual operation, there would not be a centre throughout the mission field without workers in this glorious cause."

Of the Florence Toole Memorial Hospital he wrote :

" The operating theatre occupies one end of the building, and is fairly light, and of good size. Dr. Thomas has already had a run of serious surgical cases, some of which I saw. One poor man had sustained a compound fracture of the ankle, received whilst engaged in felling a tree, a branch of which had fallen on him. Dr. Thomas hopes to save the foot. . . . I said to Dr. Thomas, observing these serious cases : ' Now, what would you have done if you had not had the hospital ? ' He replied, ' I hardly know. We should probably have had to improvise a tent or out-house for taking them in—but you can see at a glance how absolutely essential the hospital is if we are to do the best we can for the patients.' "

A morning was spent in the dispensary.

“First there came the service, with the assembled patients in the front veranda. This is a regular feature of the work, and it was most encouraging to note how readily, and with apparently intelligent interest, the patients listened to the Doctor’s address, lasting fifteen minutes. As one heard who the various patients were, one realised with fresh force how medical mission work is to-day weakening the artificial distinctions of religion and caste, and teaching the true brotherhood of humanity. There was a poor Brahmin who had come some fifteen miles, next to him was a low-caste man, next to him a Hindu merchant. Over there was a Parsee clerk from Bombay, employed in the cotton press at Palwal, and next to him a man of the agricultural caste—all drawn by the one need, to hear the same Gospel, to receive the treatment each required.”

The Doctor’s tour took him over almost all the ground occupied by the B.M.S. in India. “I have visited Patna in Bihar, Purneah and Dinajpur in North Bengal, Dacca in East Bengal, Calcutta and its big South Village district, Cuttack and Berhampur in Orissa, Udayagiri and Phulbani in the Kond Hills,

Bolangir in the Sambalpur district, and Dholpur in the North West." But the happy provision of medical service encountered at Palwal was lacking in almost all these places. "Our present medical mission force in India only totals six medical missionaries, men and women. The requirements of the field unquestionably call for at least ten more. To send any smaller reinforcement would be simply playing with the task." The old appeal is reinforced by a note of impassioned earnestness born out of personal experience :

"I have stayed in a place for but one night and, known to be a 'Doctor Sahib,' found myself confronted with a crowd of patients the next morning as soon as I was up. I have spent but a few hours in a bungalow and been met with a pathetic appeal for healing. I have looked into blind eyes, and known well that were a medical missionary there, those sightless eyes could see once more. I have been into a Rajah's palace and found the need there. I have been to the other end of the social scale and found it there. And thus it is that almost without exception, regardless of class and caste, irrespective of religion and race, everywhere,

with pathetic reiteration, the need for the touch of the preacher-healer has forced itself home with the strength of a mighty conviction.

“Yet what, perhaps, has given to this need a sense of overwhelming force has been the thought and knowledge that by it and in it is constituted one of the grandest opportunities for making known the Love of God. There is no question as to that. You may, if a preacher only, find yourself in need of an audience, or experience difficulty in securing a listening crowd. But if you are a preacher-healer, if the love of your religion has shone out in deeds of healing mercy, you have won at once your right to be listened to, and a way for your message to the hearts of your listeners. Medical Missions may well be described to-day as the ever-open door into the homes and hearts of heathendom. To the missionary of the Cross they at once afford the easiest and one of the most blessed ways for obtaining fruitful soil for the seed he has to sow. They are a line of Christian evidence which never fails to commend, and before which prejudice and superstition wither into weakness.”



The Secretary was particularly moved by the need presented by the aboriginal tribes of the Kond Hill district.

“ In cases of illness the prevailing custom was to invoke the aid of ‘ priest doctors,’ with two of whom we ‘ enjoyed ’ a conversation. They had to be fetched from the drink shop, and presented the most besotted, drunken appearance as they stood before us. Imagine in time of sickness having men like that called to one’s bedside ! They are supposed to be able, by charms and magic, to find out what deity has been offended and has caused the illness. One method they employ is to sit by the sick person and divide some rice into small heaps, each being dedicated to a god whom the ‘ doctor ’ names. He then balances a sickle by means of a thread, and after placing a few grains in each, calls on all the gods by name. As he proceeds there comes a point at which the sickle is slightly agitated, and this, the ‘ doctor ’ says, is due to the god, whose name was being called, perching by the offering of rice. The patient has then to inquire through the ‘ doctor ’ the cause of the god’s

displeasure, which is in time indicated by the priest, who further says what has to be done to propitiate the god. Thus it is that these priest doctors rule supreme in the hours of sickness, and, 'blind leaders of the blind,' surround these poor degraded folk with dense and degrading superstition.

" . . . We turned from such nonsense to look at the people, and the evidences of disease only too plainly apparent—inveterate skin affections, tumours, marks of the ravages of smallpox, eye diseases. A medical missionary would not lack occupation amongst people like these. One sight rises before me now—it is photographed for ever on my memory. It was two poor old Kond women. They had been brought before me, hearing that I was a 'Doctor Sahib.' They were blind, blind from cataract, which was ripe for operation. There was every indication that removal of the cataract would be followed by restoration of vision. But that could only be done by a medical missionary having a hospital there in the district, and there was not one. So, with sorrowful heart, we were obliged to say to these poor old Kond women, 'We can do

nothing,' and let them pass from us, doomed to darkness for ever."\*

Small wonder, then, that the Secretary returned home with renewed enthusiasm, and addressed himself again to the task of stimulating in the hearts of people in our churches a passionate desire to rise to the opportunity presented by such need. He gave a full report of his tour to the M.M.A. Committee in April, 1906, and expressed his own conviction as to the immediate need for ten new medical missionaries in India.

Now the writer approaches what is perhaps the most delightful part of his task, the story of Dr. Moorshead's marriage. It has been said that every man who has achieved anything really worth while has done so largely because somewhere in the background of his life there is a woman, and there is a great deal of truth in the saying. Certainly never was there a more complete and satisfactory partnership than his, a partnership of willing service, completely shared ideals and ever deepening love which endured through twenty-five years.

When Dr. Moorshead undertook the position of M.M.A. Secretary he lived for a time in rooms, but early in 1904 his mother disposed

\* See Appendix B.

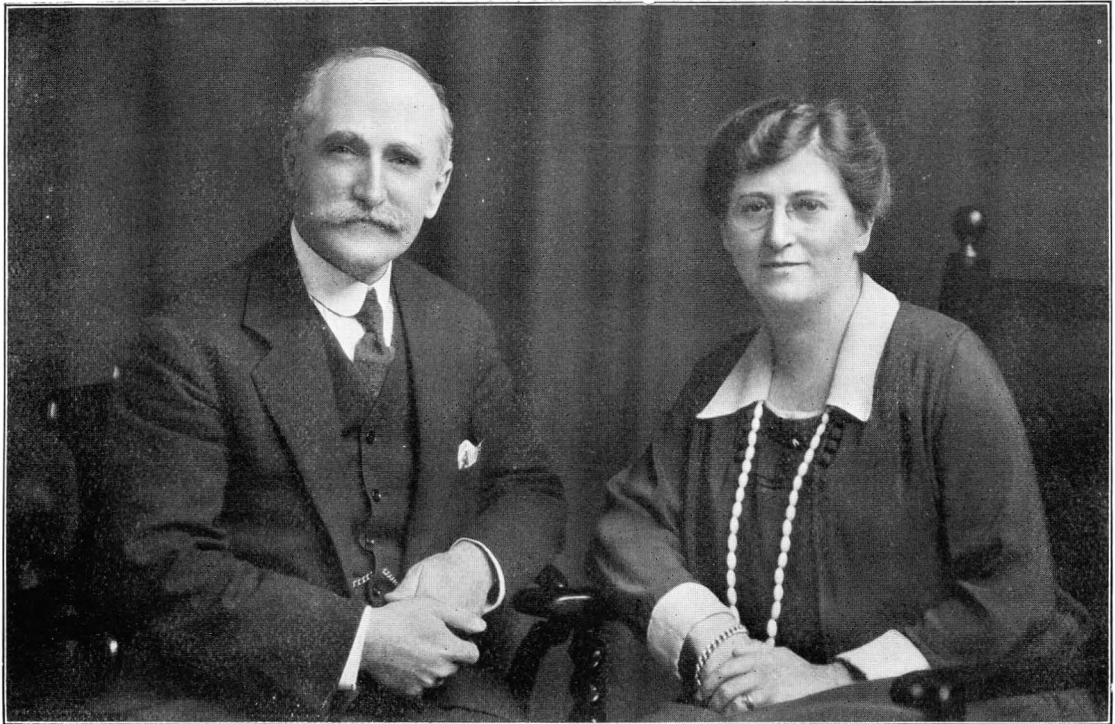
of her home in Bristol and moved to Palace Road, Tulse Hill. Their membership was transferred to Chatsworth Road Baptist Church, and they entered as far as possible into its life. Shortly before his Indian journey in 1905, the Doctor met for the first time the lady destined to be his wife, Gertrude, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Winchester, of Fort Augustus, Inverness. Miss Winchester had been brought up in the Church of Scotland, and in early years became a Christian believer. She was deeply interested in missionary work and cherished ambitions of herself qualifying for medical service, but in due course removed to London and took a secretarial course. Subsequently she undertook a temporary position in the office of the Rev. John Brown Myers, Home Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and was numbered for a time among the Mission House staff. Here acquaintance with the Doctor began.

In the autumn of 1907, Miss Winchester went down to a missionary exhibition held at Cardiff to take charge of the Wants Department stall, in place of Miss Head, who was ill. The Doctor travelled down and back on the same train, and attraction was mutual. They were engaged in February, 1908.

The wedding took place on July the 1st, 1909, at the West Cliff Baptist Church, Bournemouth, the ceremony being conducted by the Rev. G. P. McKay. Thus the Doctor entered upon what was the greatest enrichment his life had known. He had found a partner to share his burdens, to stimulate his efforts, to foster his health and to safeguard his strength. She added to his vision and idealism a strong trait of practical common sense and sound instinct for affairs derived from her Scotch ancestors. The Medical Auxiliary had good reason to congratulate itself upon the Secretary's marriage, for it never had a greater single reinforcement to its ranks than that contributed by Mrs. Moorshead.

I am allowed, because they are so revealing, to reproduce certain of twenty-four resolutions undertaken at the very outset of their married life, at the suggestion of the husband. They might constitute a model for many of us :

(1) We earnestly resolve that, relying upon the Holy Spirit, whatever it may cost, *we will seek first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness.*



DR. AND MRS. MOORSHEAD

(2) Our habitual practice shall be to acknowledge God in all our ways and to consult Him about every step.

(3) We will, God helping us, never allow the family altar, or the act of daily private prayer, and the reading of God's Word, to be crowded out of our life.

(5) In the discharge of our daily task we will be thorough, painstaking, and never given to slur over details and difficulties.

(8) In our reference to others we will stand aloof from personalities, and always preserve a sensitive regard for the feelings of those about whom we speak.

(9) Our promises once made shall never be treated lightly, but fulfilled to the best of our ability both promptly and absolutely.

(13) In all our business relationships with others we will be guided by the rule, "That which is altogether just shalt thou follow."

(17) We will never allow ourselves to become inattentive to the needs of others, but unselfishly display an eagerness to do little courtesies, little kindnesses, for others.

(18) In our correspondence with others we will aim at creating a character for punctual and prompt replies.

(19) We will reserve a portion of each day for purposes of study, and the improvement of the knowledge we at present possess, as far as is possible.

(24) We firmly resolve that if the carrying into effect of any of the resolutions involves personal self-sacrifice and hardship, we will not shrink from applying it.

A marriage established on such foundations as these could hardly fail to issue in the all but perfect fellowship, the memory of which all who were privileged to know Dr. and Mrs. Moorshead at home cherish in their hearts.

A home was established at Tulse Hill, where they remained until they removed to Sutton in 1923, a move undertaken in an endeavour to escape the winter fogs of London.



## CHAPTER V

### ARDUOUS YEARS

DURING the years that followed, the work saw steady advance and development. At home active propaganda continued untiringly, and the Auxiliary's income showed a gratifying upward tendency. In 1908 it reached £9,522. With his characteristic readiness to press every new invention of science into the service of the Cause, the Doctor had, on his Indian tour, taken a number of cinematograph films of the work, and the display of these "living pictures" at meetings throughout the country evoked great interest. This was, in point of fact, the very first missionary film.

From October, 1907, there appeared every month a printed journal and record of the work, *The Medical Missionary*. Published at a halfpenny, this publication eventually achieved a circulation of 15,000. It provided much needed information to the churches in interesting articles from the workers overseas, and personal information, as well as

a record of events at home. In an article on "Medical Missions" which appears in the first issue, Dr. Moorshead wrote some sentences which reveal how the Purpose formed in his boyhood remained the mainspring of all his activities. "No mere nineteenth century humanitarianism called Medical Missions into being. Supremely higher and far beyond any modern spirit of philanthropy towers in lofty grandeur the Divine Ideal of the Lord Jesus Christ. His has been, and ever must be, the example that furnishes the secret of inspiration for all Medical Missionary effort. . . . Medical Missions are not one whit less evangelistic because they are concerned, and largely so, with medicine and surgery. Their dominant impulse and supreme purpose is to win men for Christ. For that, above everything else, do our Medical Missionaries consecrate their lives and their talents. As they work in their hospitals, as they meet the crowds in their dispensaries, as they visit individual patients in their homes, the marching orders are ever the same: 'Preach the Kingdom of God and heal the sick.'"

Such was his unvarying theme.

*The Medical Missionary* continued publication until the end of 1911, when, in deference to

the decision of the B.M.S. General Committee, it became part of a new and enlarged *Herald*. From the Editorial Notes of the last issue it is evident that the Doctor would have preferred to continue the separate publication, and the incident illustrates what was ever his way. He was inspired with the Team Spirit, and was ready loyally to abide by decisions with which he did not altogether agree.

The Medical Staff was expanding. In 1907 Dr. Mercier Gamble and Dr. E. C. Girling sailed for Congo, the former to San Salvador and the latter to Bolobo. At Bolobo medical work was being undertaken for the first time, and a hospital was erected in 1912. Developments were also taking place in China, where a Medical College was established in Tsinan, and a Women's Hospital was opened at Tai Yuan Fu, the initial expenditure in each case being met by the Arthington Fund. Qualified nursing sisters began to offer their services, and by 1910 there were six in India, three in China and two in Congo. New work was undertaken by Dr. Mary Raw in Dholpur, and, best of all, news was brought that Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Edwards had decided to present the Schofield Memorial Hospital in Tai Yuan Fu to the B.M.S. But the supply never

overtook the demand, for when the Revs. C. E. Wilson and W. Y. Fullerton returned from their deputation visit to China in 1908 they reported that although the B.M.S. had four hospitals in China, two of these in the Province of Shantung, there should be established at the earliest moment at least six more hospitals, two of them in Shantung. This was the minimum need.

In 1909 Dr. Moorshead was appointed Medical Officer to the B.M.S. Hitherto the Society had relied on the services of consultants, but now it placed the responsibility for the health of all its staff in his hands. A survey, which the Doctor himself prepared, indicates the nature and dimensions of the task, especially when it is remembered that in 1934 the total number of men and women (other than retired missionaries and their wives) in actual service for the Society overseas was considerably over 400. The number was, of course, far less in 1909, but with the closer association of the B.M.S. and B.Z.M. in 1913, all the workers of the latter Society were committed to the Doctor's professional care. The position involved interviews and medical examination of prospective candidates before, during and on completion of their course of

training. Missionaries coming home on furlough must be examined on arrival and again before their departure overseas. Constant correspondence must be maintained with regard to matters of health with field secretaries, field medical officers, and, where necessary, with individual missionaries. There would be correspondence with specialists and with local doctors in regard to cases referred to them and placed under their care. A considerable amount of committee work was entailed. The health records of the Society must be certified, and a general policy evolved with a view to the efficient working of the whole mission. The provision of grants for the treatment of sick missionaries, and general arrangements for their welfare, must be undertaken. And with it all time must be found for maintaining that close contact with the medical profession which would always ensure that no new methods of treatment of the perplexing diseases to which white people living in the tropics are often exposed should go unmarked.

The new task was a very congenial one. The Doctor had spent years in equipping himself for his profession, but his manifold services as M.M.A. Secretary, whilst enhanced

in value because of his specific training, were not strictly of a medical nature and might conceivably have been undertaken by someone without that particular equipment. At the same time there had been danger that he might lose touch with his profession.

When he accepted the responsibility, a consulting-room came into being at Furnival Street, and thither came the returning missionary at the beginning of his furlough, to find a tonic and an inspiration in the sympathetic and understanding treatment of the man who was beginning to be known throughout the Mission as "the beloved Physician." To his work as Medical Officer he brought all the charm and courtesy, all the sympathy and brotherliness, of his character.

Some readjustment had to be made, for he could not possibly be at work in Furnival Street and at the same time travelling all over the country on deputation work. In 1911, when he was suffering from the strain of the double duty and the problem it created, the Committee showed themselves very ready to relieve him of any part of his burden that could be borne by others, and insisted that he should take a restful holiday. Then followed a holiday in the South of France, Africa and Egypt,

during which time the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt undertook the duties (*pro tem.*) of Secretary. Subsequently the burden was lightened by the appointment to the M.M.A. as Chief of Staff, first of Mr. A. W. Willis, and subsequently the Rev. Ernest Hemmens. Other friends of Medical Missions were ready to help, notably Dr. Arnold C. Ingle, of Cambridge, who from 1912 onwards gave himself most generously to the work of Home organisation.

In the new circumstances the Secretary made time to write his first book: "The Appeal of Medical Missions," published in the summer of 1913, and described by Dr. F. B. Meyer as "the most complete statement of the case and altogether convincing." Dr. Fullerton wrote of it:

"Those who know Dr. Moorshead will welcome this book, and those who read the book will know Dr. Moorshead. His personality overflows into its pages, and with argument touched into passion, he pleads for the cause to which he devotes his life. Frustrated in his desire himself to be a medical missionary abroad, he has become more than a missionary of medical missions at home, and he knows to its inmost centre

the thing whereof he speaks. From far and near he has gathered illustrations and examples of the dire need of helping those who die without any hand being held out to their rescue, and of the tremendous appeal made by the physician, and perhaps still more by the surgeon, who goes to the people in the name of the Great Healer. The wonder is that there should ever have been any doubt in the minds of Christ's people as to the desirability of this form of service.

“ The author of this book insists that it is missionaries that are needed, not merely doctors—men and women who, by their skill and art, will commend the Saviour and win the hearts of people for their Lord. Medical Missions are not just a form of philanthropy—their reach is deeper than the ills of the body ; but they recognise what we are often apt to forget, that human souls dwell in human bodies, and that the Gospel is not only sent to all men, but to *all the man*.

“ It is difficult to conceive the whole matter better treated than in these pages. The review covers all lands and all conditions, and with intensity of purpose and



mastery of detail Dr. Moorshead discusses the character, origin, authority, justification, place and practice of this branch of service, giving valuable hints also as to the necessary training and adequate support demanded. The introduction by Sir Andrew Fraser is worthy of the book, and it may be safely predicted that for years this will be the standard of reference in all that pertains to the gracious ministry which it seeks to extend."

The title page of "The Appeal" bears a dedication "to the beloved memory" of H. Stanley Jenkins and Cecil F. Robertson. Let this dedication bring us back to an epic incident in the history of our Medical Mission.

The Chinese Revolution broke out in 1911, and Shensi was the scene of civil war. The medical staff in that province comprised only Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Young, Dr. Charter and Dr. Cecil Robertson, with Nurse Watt, for Dr. Stanley Jenkins was on furlough. In October the little hospital, with only thirty-four beds, was called upon to deal with 1,500 wounded men. The heroic efforts of the staff to meet an impossible situation, and their magnificent service in the face of danger and

peril, made a tremendous impression both on the people of China and on the supporters at home. Imagine the dismay which was felt when, in February, 1913, within a few weeks of each other, both Dr. Robertson and Dr. Jenkins (who had returned to China) succumbed to attacks of typhus fever! Neither had reached his fortieth year.

The Secretary felt both losses keenly, but in Stanley Jenkins he had lost more than a colleague. He was a beloved friend who had shared his student days at Bristol and in London, had sat with him for the F.R.C.S., had cherished the same early ambitions, and had lived to see so many of them realised.

Something worthy had to be done to perpetuate the memory of the martyrs who had paid the price of service. The Arthington Committee voted a considerable sum, generous gifts came from all quarters, and it was decided to erect a memorial hospital at Sianfu on a site presented for the purpose by the Chinese authorities. At the same time steps were taken towards the provision of hospital buildings both for the Shantung Christian University at Tsinan, where Dr. Harold Balme was at work, and at Chowtsun. These three schemes involved the Auxiliary in an expenditure of

over £9,000, at a time when the gifts of the churches were being widely canvassed for the £250,000 Sustentation Fund of the Baptist Union. Nevertheless a few short months saw the whole of the needed money in the treasury, while approved candidates were offering themselves to fill the gaps.

This forward movement demanded supervision from home, and it was decided that a deputation, consisting of the Secretary (accompanied by Mrs. Moorshead), Dr. Charles Brown and Mr. A. R. Doggart, should visit China in the summer of 1914.

Providentially the start was delayed until August, when the avalanche of war came, and changed the face of the world. All thoughts of leaving England were abandoned, and the China Deputation had to wait until 1919. How nearly the war found the deputation actually on its journey will be gathered from the fact that Dr. and Mrs. Moorshead lost a considerable quantity of their personal luggage. It had been sent on in July in advance of the travellers, and the vessel bringing it back some months later was sunk by the famous *Emden*.

The maintenance of work in distant parts of the world under war conditions presented

a serious problem. Many of the male doctors felt called upon to offer themselves for military service, some of them amongst the Chinese labour battalions at work in France. The Secretary himself from 1915 spent many hours every week on an Army Medical Board in London, examining Army recruits. At one period of the war more than a third of the male medical staff of the Society was engaged in service in the R.A.M.C.

Nevertheless the work went on, and even some developments were possible. In September, 1915, the University Hospital in Tsinan was opened, and became the centre for the work of the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, in the training of Chinese medical students. For this reason the institution derived very considerable support from Canadian and American sources, and was later further developed under the auspices of the Medical Board of the Conference of British Missionary Societies. At home the Auxiliary's income continued to increase, rising from £11,000 in 1914 to over £15,000 in 1918—a clear indication of the stability of the interest and the efficiency of the organisation.

In the spring of 1916 Dr. Moorshead paid a visit to New York and Toronto, to attend a

meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Union Medical College, Peking, on March 23rd. The request to go to New York for this purpose had come from the London Medical Missionary Association, whose trustee upon this Board—Dr. Arthur Wenham—found himself unable to take the journey. The Secretary had been led to feel that personal intercourse with some of those in America who were intimately connected with the administration of Medical Missions in China would prove helpful in the furtherance of the Society's share in that work.

He paid the visit to Toronto for the purpose of meeting the Secretaries of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission and other Canadian Missionary Societies whose help it was hoped might be secured for work at Tsinanfu. He came back convinced of the great opportunity with which we were faced in the work of Christian Medical Education in China through what was being done by the China Medical Board. He impressed upon the Committee the pre-eminent importance of securing thorough Christian and missionary-hearted doctors for the Union Medical College at Peking, as also for such colleges as the one at Tsinanfu.

He had been impressed by the evident desire

of the China Medical Board to co-operate with Missionary Societies in the prosecution of Medical Education in China, and felt that we in Britain should seek to find men whom the China Medical Board might appoint to posts upon the faculties of their colleges in Peking and other places where such might be established.

The Committee received this account with much interest. The incident is a revelation of the ever-widening influence and the increasing recognition that was being paid to the Secretary. He was by now well known as a true missionary statesman in missionary circles all over the world.

It was at this time that the Committee, in order to lighten for their Secretary a burden that was often very heavy indeed, made a further readjustment at the Mission House by the appointment of the Rev. E. Anstie Bompas, now of Hendon, who undertook a large part of the responsibility for the work of Home Organisation, continuing to serve for five years with conspicuous success. The income of the Auxiliary during this period steadily increased, and in 1920 exceeded £20,000 for the first time.

So the arduous years, overburdened by the

national emergency, were endured and even turned to gain, until at last the world war came to an end, and men were free to turn their thoughts again to peaceful channels. In national affairs "Reconstruction" was the watch-word, and Missionary Societies, like every other organisation, had to face the new situation and adjust their policies to a new and rapidly shrinking world.

It was in the post-war decade that Baptist Medical Missions came to fruition.

## CHAPTER VI

### FRUITION

THE first meeting of the Medical Committee after the cessation of hostilities was held under the shadow of a great loss. Dr. Percy Lush, who had been chairman of the Committee since its inception, and to whose devotion and vision the work had owed so much all through the years, was called home on November 28th, 1918. His loss was felt very keenly and very widely, by none outside the home circle more than the Secretary of the Auxiliary, who wrote concerning him : " Dr. Lush had become the embodiment of the finest instincts of a Christian gentleman. He gave freely of himself and of his time to the leadership of the Auxiliary, and took a personal interest in every member of the staff. His devotion to the cause and his constant insistence upon the necessity for the best qualifications and equipment in the service of the hospitals will for ever remain as a precious legacy for us to cherish. Dark as was the day when he passed



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from us, the work of our Medical Missions became doubly sacred by his death.”

As we read these words these long years after we cannot but feel that they are capable of a twofold application—not only to the Chairman, but also to the Secretary who penned them, the colleague whom Dr. Lush had found at Paignton and associated with himself in the common task, who survived him for sixteen years and spent himself in undiminished service. The name of Dr. Lush is happily perpetuated in a Scholarship Fund, which was created to make possible the carrying out of post-graduate study by medical missionaries home on furlough.

“Colleagues come and go—the work remains”—and the Committee set itself to the formidable task of reconstruction. Men were returning from the R.A.M.C., new candidates were offering themselves for service, and the income was still showing an annual increase. But there was pressing need that the Secretary should visit the field and report, and it was found possible to make the necessary arrangements. Mr. Bompas assumed, for a time, complete responsibility for home organisation, Dr. Thomas Horton, a retired Baptist practitioner who had come to live at Hampstead

in order to be within easy reach of Furnival Street, undertook the Medical Officer's duties, and the way was clear for the Secretary to travel overseas.

Accompanied by Dr. Ingle and Mrs. Moorshead, he left England on July 11th, 1919, by s.s. *Melita* for Canada. While in Toronto he conferred with representatives of the Presbyterian Church on matters relating to Tsinan. Thence he went on to Vancouver and across the Pacific by s.s. *Empress of Russia* to Yokohama. A few days were spent in Japan, and then the party proceeded to Korea, being met at Seoul by Dr. Harold Balme. They proceeded to Peking, conferring *en route* with representatives of Protestant missionary societies and visiting universities, schools and hospitals.

Then began an itinerary which occupied many weeks and covered hundreds of miles. Almost all the B.M.S. stations in Shantung, Shensi and Shansi were visited, workers encouraged, their problems envisaged, their burdens shared, the story of a vivid experience being afterwards told fully in the report which was submitted to the Committee under the title, "The Challenge of China." The deputation left Shanghai on February 8th, 1920, and returned home via America.

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In the closing section of "The Challenge of China," reference is made to the indigenous "China for Christ" movement, and a resolution reached by a widely representative conference held in Shanghai is recorded :

"That the Conference is convinced that the early launching of this inter-church nation-wide forward movement is inspired of God, and is absolutely essential if the Christian Church is to take advantage of the present unparalleled opportunities. It unitedly urges upon all Christian churches, missionary societies and organisations throughout China heartily to support the movement, both by adopting their own programme of advance so as to include, as far as possible, the objectives of the movement, and by contributing to its success according to their abilities in staff and money."

Such a resolution found a ready response in the Doctor's heart. "Ought we not to take larger views in these days?" he asks. "Ought not the Mission's aim to be enlarged? Ought not the societies, in addition to thinking of the spiritual needs of individuals, to think

also of the needs of the country as a whole, and the call to win, not only individuals, but 'China for Christ'?" From that time nothing less than that was his purpose.

It is not easy to over-estimate the value of such a deputation. One of the perennial problems of missionary societies is to maintain an understanding and sympathetic relationship between the workers on the field and the officers and committees responsible at home. The former, more or less isolated, very conscious of their own needs and the opening doors around them, can very easily become impatient of the delays in sending reinforcements and the rigid limitations imposed on their budget by an executive thousands of miles away. The latter, harassed by appeals for help in personnel and money from all parts of the world, closely in touch with the imperfectly-informed constituency which provides all the money, often exposed to the captious and even malicious criticism of those who always know what ought to be done, and how, but scrupulously avoid committing themselves to any obligations of any kind, may quite easily feel as Moses felt towards the children of Israel at Meribah! They may even lose their souls, and become mere officials! But for a Furnival Street

Secretary to meet a group of missionaries on their own station, to see their work and hear their difficulties, to sit on their field committees and share in their discussions, is the surest possible way of alleviating strain and avoiding all misunderstanding.

All who knew the Doctor can imagine how perfectly he was able to do such work as this. When the news of his passing reached China in 1934, Dr. H. R. Williamson, the China Field Secretary, wrote to Mrs. Moorshead :

“We never felt we were approaching an official of the Society when we had to consult him. . . . How clearly now we recall your visit to China, and how wonderfully friendly you two and Dr. Ingle were. We felt that we had reached high-water mark in the matter of missionary deputations.”

Such was the uniform impression left behind.

The Deputation returned to a challenging situation. Unprecedented variation in the price of silver imposed on the exchequer an extra burden of thousands of pounds if the work was to be maintained, not to say extended. A deputation had journeyed to Congo at the

same time as that to China : they reported a minimum need of seven doctors. Only three were available ! Reinforcements were urgently needed in China and India !

The response made to the financial situation by the Baptist Churches in the Baptist United Fund is an epic of denominational history to which no more than this passing reference need here be made. By the spring of 1921 most of the gaps in personnel had been filled, and for the first time the number of medical workers overseas exceeded fifty—twenty-five doctors and twenty-six nursing sisters. Special funds were raised to bring the hospitals at Palwal and elsewhere up to date, and to equip them with some of the apparatus rendered necessary by the development of post-war methods of surgery.

But the progress of 1921 was followed by severe losses in 1922. Dr. Vincent Thomas, after a lifetime of most eminent and distinguished service, retired from Palwal in December, 1921, and in the following spring Dr. Andrew Young, who had been at work in China since 1905, and whose name stands very high on the roll of missionary heroes, was called home. Ten days before, Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, one of the founders of the

Medical Auxiliary and chairman of its professional sub-committee, died suddenly, and left another gap which it was found very hard to fill, for his eminence in his profession had made his contribution to the work of the Society one of extreme value. The same year the Home Organisation was impoverished by the decision of the Rev. E. A. Bompas to resume the duties of a pastorate, and rearrangements had to be made in the office administration. A considerable amount of deputation work reverted to the Secretary, but his burden was in considerable measure lightened by the yeoman service willingly and almost continuously rendered by Dr. Thomas Horton, with the unfailing co-operation of a loyal office staff.

In November, 1922, the Auxiliary "came of age," and a special issue of the *Herald* in December commemorated the notable event. In his monthly letter to ministers in the churches, the Home Secretary, Dr. W. Y. Fullerton, drew special attention to the majority of the Auxiliary in words which deserve to be quoted :

" There are two points that need emphasis. The first is that the Medical Mission is an

Evangelistic agency. When this is lost sight of, either at home or on the field, damage is done to the cause of Christ. Luke is remembered to-day not as a doctor but as an Evangelist, and B.M.S. doctors are only successful as they commend Christ to the people, as they do to such an amazing extent.

“The next point that must not be overlooked is our great debt to Dr. R. Fletcher Moorshead, who, with distinguished medical qualifications, himself forbidden to go to the field, has from the beginning of the Medical Auxiliary devoted himself with unsparing enthusiasm to its service. We are apt to take such service as a matter of course because it is rendered so simply and so long. But as one of his colleagues in the Mission House, I would like to say what all his colleagues feel—that the Churches and the Society owe Dr. Moorshead more than can be understood or repaid. He gives himself night and day to the work, plans for it, spends for it, speaks for it, writes for it ; I believe he even dreams about it.

“He has visited India and China on its behalf, and he has written a book on the



subject of Medical Missions which is recognised as a classic. He is also the Medical Officer of the Society, responsible for the health of the missionaries and the medical reports as to candidates. And not content with this, he is Secretary to the British Board of the Shantung Christian University, on which a number of Missionary Societies are represented. In all his labours he is warmly seconded by Mrs. Moorshead, though sometimes her influence is needed, with that of his colleagues, to keep him from assuming some new burden. He is not robust, but his brave spirit carries him through all difficulties.

“ This is the man who, in spite of his humility and unpretentiousness, must not at this juncture be allowed to escape the honour which is justly his due. He is God’s good gift to the Society and to the Missionary world, and the Baptist Medical Auxiliary is what it is to-day largely because he has been its inspiration and its guide from the start. Long may he be spared to his life-work ! ”

## CHAPTER VII

### “ COMING OF AGE ”—AND AFTER

ONE of the greatest arts of life is to snatch victory from defeat. To struggle against disappointment is like struggling with the sea—if you do so you will drown, whereas if you intelligently yield to it, you will probably swim safely ashore. The vessel marred in the hand of the potter is sometimes marred by the Potter Himself, because He sees that the clay can be used to worthier purpose.

Livingstone wished to go to China, but his purpose was frustrated because God had a greater work in Africa for him to do than ever he could have done in China. Morrison wanted to go to Africa, but a greater task, for which he was far more fitted, awaited him in China. Neither of these men fought against his destiny, and both of them won. A similar victory has been gained by a business man to-day who some years ago volunteered to go as a missionary to the Congo, but failed to pass the medical test. He did not rebel

against God's will, but neither did he renounce his intention of doing missionary service. Since he had to stay at home he would send others in his place, and he would devote the profits of his business to that end. So he started, and year by year he has contributed substantial gifts until in one year he sent over £5,000 to the missionary treasury.

This line of thought has been suggested by the story of the coming of age of the Medical Mission Auxiliary. There had been many helpers during the course of the years, but one inspiring personality had been behind it and within it all the way through. His early purpose of becoming a missionary was denied, so he gave himself to the enterprise of sending other medical helpers, and of making it possible for them to go. During these twenty-one years forty-four doctors and forty nurses had gone forth under his direction. There were, of course, heavy losses during these years, but at the semi-Jubilee there were in the field twenty-five doctors, six of them women, and twenty-six nurses.

When Dr. Moorshead came on the scene the Baptist Missionary Society had three doctors on the staff, and they are still living : Dr. Ellen Farrer, Dr. Vincent Thomas, of

India, and Dr. Russell Watson, in China. There had been one small hospital twenty-one years ago, with six beds for women. Now there were sixteen hospitals, with seven hundred beds, and these, for the most part, with the most modern equipment. Since its formation the Auxiliary has raised over a quarter of a million pounds, and it is now expending, year by year, something like thirty thousand pounds. Medical missionary work is very expensive, and at the same time very economical. It is not only an adjunct to the Gospel, it is a vehicle for it. It preaches while it reinforces the preaching of others.

Dr. Percy Lush and Sir Alfred Pearce Gould were from the beginning the earnest upholders of this work ; Dr. A. C. Ingle and Dr. Thomas Horton followed, and many qualified men and women had been its helpers ; but Dr. Moorshead himself was always its inspiration and guide. No difficulty had daunted him, no obstacle deflected him from his purpose. With a rare combination of gentleness, pertinacity, sweep of vision and grasp of detail, he invented, sustained and matured the growing work which had now reached manhood.

Dr. Moorshead has put into our hands not only an instrument to solace the sufferer, but

a weapon to silence the adversary, for the work of medical missionaries is a great apologetic. Quite recently a doctor going out met with some scorn on shipboard for everything connected with missions, but when he quietly, day after day, explained the scope of the work he intended to attempt, the very men who had scoffed at the idea were foremost in promoting a subscription amongst the passengers to provide him with an X-ray apparatus.

A special form of Thanksgiving Service was prepared and widely used throughout the churches of the denomination on Sunday, November 19th, 1922, and the stirring record of the years, all too little known even yet by the rank and file of our people, was brought home to many and evoked new interest and gifts. Congratulations came to the Secretary from all quarters. A celebration dinner was held in January at the Waverley Hotel, the hosts being the Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement, and Dr. and Mrs. Moorshead the guests of honour. The Doctor, in his speech, urged that we must follow up the openings made through medical skill with sustained evangelistic effort, that we must fill up the gaps, and link up the hospital and the church in the mission field. Nothing in the function

delighted him more than a challenging speech by Dr. Orissa Taylor, who drew attention to the fact that the total number of beds in the Society's hospitals still fell far short of those in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. "The Medical Auxiliary can only live by advancing." He proposed that the majority of the Auxiliary be celebrated by the erection of a hospital in the Kond Hills, and considerable gifts were made to that end on this occasion.\*

The closer association of medical and evangelistic work was a matter to which attention was now being directed. A conference of Indian missionaries in Calcutta in December, 1922, sent home a resolution on this subject, and subsequently a conference held in Shantung declared it essential that evangelism should be more closely linked with the healing work of the hospitals. Needless to say, these suggestions were cordially received in Furnival Street, and the aim has been consistently kept to the front.

The growth and development of the work, not only on its medical side but in other directions as well, was, however, creating a situation that called for serious consideration and drastic action. The "boom" years which followed the cessation of hostilities were over.

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\* See Appendix B.

A period of depression, destined to last for many years and find its climax in 1931, was at hand. The mounting numbers of registered unemployed were causing deep concern, and some of the most acute depression was found in areas strongly Baptist, notably South Wales. A special effort was made in the winter, 1924-25 to increase the general income of the Society from all sources by one-third, but though in the spring of that year it was announced that the total contributions to medical work exceeded £24,000, there was a gap of about £4,500 between income and expenditure. There was also a deficit on the women's work, and the total deficit disclosed on the work of the Society was no less than £27,727.

The financial situation served to bring to a head the whole matter of reorganisation. The Medical Auxiliary had begun as a small and almost insignificant branch of the work, with a particular but definitely limited appeal. It had now become a not inconsiderable missionary society in itself, and it had, in the opinion of some, a far more cogent appeal than that presented by any other branch of the work. A Committee was appointed in 1924 to consider the whole situation, and its proposals were

brought to the General Committee in May, 1925, and adopted. Their purport, in brief, was that the Medical Auxiliary and the Women's Association should cease to exist as separate entities. The medical Committee became the Medical Committee of the Society, its Secretary the Medical Secretary of the Society. The foreign administration was to be carried out in future by one department in the Mission House, under the general oversight of the Foreign Secretary, and the Home Secretary would be in charge of all the work at home, including deputations and propaganda. Thirdly, all the monies subscribed to the Society were to be paid into one general fund, though of course earmarked, if so desired, for any specific branch of the work, medical or otherwise.

A detached observer can hardly fail to see the wisdom of such a policy of co-ordination, but a little imagination will suggest another aspect. Indeed, Dr. Moorshead opposed the whole scheme at the outset, and only finally deferred to the will of the majority in voting in favour of its adoption. One of his colleagues has remarked that "He never did anything greater in his life than when he voted for the amalgamation, in order to preserve the absolute unity of the officers."



He was now in his sixth decade. The visit to China and the climatic conditions encountered there had revived again the old trouble, and though the removal of his home to Cheam had certainly taken him out of the London fog belt, he was rarely at home for more than the hours of sleep. Would it not be appropriate for the new dispensation to be inaugurated by a new leader? He was ready to retire, and he needed rest. But in deference to pressure brought to bear from all directions, he accepted the office of Medical Secretary and Medical Officer to the B.M.S., and flung himself anew into the work.

I have called this section of my story “Fruition” because in a sense the new arrangement was the triumph of the emphasis the Doctor had been making all his life. Henceforth the Baptist Medical Mission Work was not to be regarded as an auxiliary—a subsidiary mode of enterprise. The appeal for medical workers and for funds to maintain and equip them was not to be made by a section of the officers and committee to a section of the constituency. It was to be made by the whole—and to the whole. Medical work was now recognised as an inherent part of Baptist Missions, the effort made by the Baptist

churches in Great Britain to evangelise the regions beyond included "The Way of the Doctor." The new idea with which we began in 1902 had won recognition at last!

An immediate product of the reorganisation was Dr. Moorshead's second book, "The Way of the Doctor," written in 1925. It received a warm welcome and it remains a standard work on Medical Missions. The *British Weekly* reviewer wrote that in its fineness, and a certain quality in it which puts us on our mettle, it reminded him of Roland Allen's "Missionary Methods, St. Paul's or Ours"—and for a certain warmth and humaneness, of Schweitzer's "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest."

Every aspect of the work is treated in the seventeen chapters of this volume. Three of them are devoted to "Medicine and the Gospel," others to "The Preparation of the Missionary"; "Where there is no Doctor"; "The Doctor at Work"; "When is the Doctor Coming"; "Modern Medical Service"; and a variety of professional matters. The need of hospitals is emphasised, and the desirability of their full equipment, and especially an adequate staff. We are reminded of the advantage to other missionaries of the presence

of the doctor, often meaning, as it does, the saving of valuable life, as well as the unimaginable blessing of his skill to those hitherto in helpless misery. And the best are none too good for the work. “There is plenty of room for mediocre doctors in the home countries—let them stay there,” says Dr. Ernest Muir.

The section dealing with “The Home Base” is especially valuable. The need of special advocacy and administration is stressed, but this must not mean competition with other phases of the missionary enterprise or imply duplication of machinery. In fact the methods at present in use in the B.M.S. are upheld as the ideal.

The reorganisation did not immediately solve the financial problems, for though the £27,000 deficit was extinguished, by dint of heroic and consecrated sacrificial efforts, the spring of 1926 revealed a new deficit of over £34,000. That too was faced and removed, but steps had to be taken to overhaul the whole work of the Society with a view to economies. With regard to the work of the hospitals, it was suggested that eighty per cent. of the cost of their maintenance must be found locally! Such a drastic ruling, if enforced, would have reduced these institutions to a commercial basis,

and it was beyond the desire of anybody to do that, but the incident shows how grievous was the problem created by the continued failure of the home churches to reach the point of regular contributions which they were asked to achieve.

But the work went on, even in China, in the midst of battle and siege, and at last the Twenty-Fifth Milestone was reached. An impressive service to commemorate the Semi-Jubilee was held in Bloomsbury Church on April 22nd 1927. The Secretary reviewed "The Progress of the Years." "At first there had been only four in-patient hospitals containing less than 100 beds, and an annual in-patient roll of under 400. Now there were sixteen hospitals with well over 700 beds and an in-patient register that surmounted 5,000 a year. The attendance of individual out-patients had risen until the annual roll came to nearly 100,000. The number of in-patients who had been treated during the twenty-five years amounted to over 80,000, whilst in the accounts of out-patients the figures almost reached 2,000,000, with a total attendance of nearly 7,000,000! A notable record of effort in the cause of suffering humanity! When to that is added the stream of evangelism that had

been steadily maintained it is easy to realise the greatness of the contribution of our medical missions toward the attainment of the central purpose for which the Society exists. During the twenty-five years no less a sum than £401,858 had been contributed to the regular funds of the Auxiliary, whilst £57,371 had been raised on the fields in fees, contributions and grants from public bodies.”

A notable record—and the speaker had been, under God, the mainspring of it all ! Small wonder that he received an upstanding ovation.

A few months later, in October, the Secretary himself completed twenty-five years of service to the Society. The following minute of the B.M.S. General Committee was enthusiastically adopted, and subsequently a framed copy, suitably illuminated on vellum, was presented to him :

“ The Committee desire to congratulate the Society’s Medical Officer, Dr. Moorshead, on attaining his Semi-Jubilee as Secretary of the Medical Mission of the Society. They note, with satisfaction and thankfulness to God, that, during the twenty-five years, the income for Medical Mission work has grown to about £24,000 per

annum. Twenty-five years ago there were only eight doctors and four hospitals, and not one fully-trained nurse on the Field. There are now thirty-six doctors, twenty-eight missionary nurses and sixteen hospitals. To this result Dr. Moorshead has made an invaluable contribution, and the Committee pray that he may be spared for many years to continue the work he loves so well and on whose behalf he has laboured with such untiring energy and self-denying devotion. The Committee desire to associate Mrs. Moorshead with her husband in this resolution. They recognise that in Dr. Moorshead's work she has been his willing and efficient helper. Indeed, in all the activities of our beloved Society she has manifested practical and unceasing interest. The Committee pray that Dr. and Mrs. Moorshead may long be spared to each other in happy fellowship of service."

(Signed) T. S. PENNY,  
Chairman.

Dr. Moorshead's last book, "Heal the Sick," was published in 1929. To it the present writer is deeply indebted, for it embodies the permanent record of twenty-five years of



ON HOLIDAY

Baptist Medical Missions. It deserves a place in every Baptist home. The review which appeared in *The Herald* recorded the story, with which the reader is by now familiar, of the events which led up to the establishment of the M.M.A. at the beginning of the century, and of Dr. Moorshead's first contacts with the work. It continued :

“ Everyone who knows Dr. Moorshead knows with what enthusiastic devotion he can speak on behalf of this great work. This enthusiasm is the very breath of this book, whether he is writing of triumph or of disaster. In a series of well-planned chapters he sets out this noble record, conscious that he has a great story to tell, confident that it must be convincing to any who can be brought to hear it. We hope that many who read these lines will at once obtain the book and make it their first business to read it. It will be for their souls' good.”

The head-quarters staff was strengthened in 1929 by the accession of Dr. T. B. Adam, a retired medical officer from Nigeria, who



combined fervent belief in medical missions with an intimate and lifelong experience of conditions in Africa. He visited the Congo Field in 1931, and in the report for that year Dr. Moorshead writes :

“ Financial limitations in the present difficult time make it impossible to adopt some of Dr. Adam’s recommendations, but his report has served to emphasise in a new and striking way how great is the scope and how big is the challenge presented to Protestant Medical Missions on the Congo. It is of great interest to report that Dr. Adam felt able to confirm most fully the choice of Pimu, in the Upoto Mission area on the Upper Congo, as the location for the new Memorial Hospital, made possible through the very generous gift of the Smith Thomas Fund. Plans are being actively promoted for this new advance, and in the coming summer Mr. A. E. Allen, who has kindly undertaken to supervise the erection of the buildings at Pimu, and Dr. V. J. G. MacGregor, the first doctor for Pimu (now at Bolobo) hope to begin their respective service at the chosen site.”

So further developments were taking place, in spite of the world-wide economic depression and its inevitable repercussions on mission finance. The question of the relation of medical to non-medical mission work figured prominently in the Doctor's mind at this time. In the same report he writes :

“ It must not be forgotten that the work of our doctors and nurses cannot, and should not, stand alone. In order that its highest value may be realised, such a service as this needs to be knit still more closely, on the one hand to the indigenous church and on the other to its sister activities in the work of the Mission.”

A carefully considered statement of policy to govern the development of the Society's medical work was issued in 1931, the last word on the subject inspired by the Doctor. It revealed his breadth of vision, his entire mastery of the subject, his utter devotion to a great ideal, and there are many who declare it the most statesmanlike utterance ever made on the subject of Medical Mission work. This

statement was adopted by the General Committee of the B.M.S.

Meanwhile the cares of office were weighing more and more heavily. The Assistant Home Secretary (Mr. H. L. Hemmens) was now responsible for the general direction of home organisation, but the Doctor had been so long in the work that his commitments were widespread and ever increasing. He had edited since 1925 "Conquest by Healing," the journal of the Medical Missionary Association of London. His pen was rarely idle. He was intensely interested in young people, and especially in those who cherished ambitions of missionary service. Miss Irene Morris, Hon. Secretary of the Home Preparation Union, tells how he was in almost constant correspondence with her in relation to the students, especially the nurses, in that body. He was very interested too in medical students. In 1931 he conceived the idea of forming some organisation for them, and called a meeting which resulted in the "Missionary Association of Baptist Medical Students," which still meets regularly in the Mission House for fellowship and Bible study.

But it was perfectly clear to the Doctor's mind that he could not go on much longer,

and by 1933, as he approached his sixtieth year, he felt that changes must be made. He himself favoured the proposal that he should relinquish the more exacting administrative post of Medical Secretary and continue for a while as Medical Officer—serving part-time only. After long consideration he was urged to continue in office until the spring of 1937, when it was hoped that Dr. C. C. Chesterman, of Yakusu, might be induced to take over. In a letter to Mr. H. L. Taylor, the Chairman of the Committee dealing with the matter, Dr. Moorshead accepted this proposal.

The decision was a typical act of self-sacrifice on the altar of duty, and it cost him his life. In the autumn of 1933 he underwent an operation on the throat, and the operation was followed by a holiday in the South of France. He returned in the spring with renewed power, altogether delighted at the decision of the Committee to invite Dr. Chesterman to be his successor : he was sure that no better selection could possibly be made. I am privileged to give the following extracts from a letter written when Dr. Chesterman's reply was awaited. In it he reveals something of his inmost thoughts on the work which was his life.

“ Let me start by saying how exceedingly happy I feel that the Secretariat Committee should have decided to invite you to be my successor as Medical Secretary and Medical Officer of the Society. I had nothing whatever to do with the selection, for I felt it better, seeing that it concerned my own work, that I should refrain from making suggestions. But when the Committee arrived at their conclusion I felt proud to think that they deemed the work worthy of a man of your calibre and standing, and still more did I rejoice that their choice had fallen on one whose devotion to the Saviour, and to Medical Missions, had been so abundantly proved.

“ Then, too, you and I began our professional life in the same city and medical school, and our friendship is of long standing. In your professional career you have gone far ahead of anything that I have dreamed of, and it has been a joy to think that as distinctions have come to you, all of them have been dedicated to the Lord for His Glory. So to think of your coming here fills me with peculiar pleasure.

“ I am not a bit surprised to note your preference for something which is of a

part-time character, and which carries with it the possibility of some medical practice, but you are right in your guess. Of course, up to a point you can make it what you like, but to imagine that outside practice could be tucked in too is utterly illusory—even, I think, for *you*. That does not mean that you might not hope to be a lecturer on some aspect or other of your special subject, and certainly a man like you could not come back here and not find some opportunities for imparting the knowledge you possess. But that type of thing can be done without a man becoming committed to the responsibilities of practice, so I suppose, and it is that which I think you have in your mind.

“You see if you come here it means that you become a member of the team of missionary administrators at the Home Base. As one whose missionary experience has made him very conversant with Central African Missions, you could not fail to be drawn into co-operative work. If you are prepared to put on the shelf your professional side, it is easy to believe that you might find work—and very satisfying work too—opening up before you in the missionary world. If,

on the other hand, you feel desirous (as your letter implies) of retaining what contact you could with medicine, then that other sort of thing would have to be limited in its demand, though for the good of your own special department you would find it advisable to keep in touch with some other missionary activities.

“ In regard to deputation work, you would need to reckon upon a demand for all that you could properly do. The home side of our M.M.A. service needs all the reinforcement it can get if the interest is to be maintained. You would be in big request as a speaker, and that means time, as you know.

“ One of the constant demands upon one’s time has been in my case the interviews with furlough missionaries, including medical examinations, and with candidates—doctors and nurses. That involves time, and you cannot establish personal contact with missionaries and others without it. The Medical Officer of a missionary society needs to be more than the expert medical adviser, as you will readily agree.

“ There is, there must be, a good deal of administrative routine. I do not see how

you can avoid it. Of course any wise Medical Secretary will get all the help he can from any and every quarter, but even then that takes time and in the end he has to be the voice and the writer, and other things as well.

“To sum up, it is a man’s job, and it calls for all that you can put into it; and as you don’t need me to tell you, to keep the soul free from the deadening influence of the inevitable machinery, there is a daily call for the enabling Grace of God.

“For a man like you to come here means sacrifice—even more than staying on at Yakusu. Only remember this, you can do a lot for Congo from this end. And I imagine that your name and influence might be of real value to the missionary cause in Brussels, amongst other places.

“One thing let me add. I have urged that you should not be asked to come home sooner than you would do if this had not arisen. It seems to me that it would be particularly wrong to remove you from the Congo just now. Whenever you do leave, the loss to the work on the field will be very serious. In a way that is a justification for



asking your help here. I believe that your furlough falls due in the autumn of 1936. If for any reason you have to return earlier, that is another matter. But if you stay and finish out this term, then my feeling is that we ought to do whatever we can to keep things going at this end. I had certainly hoped to have got release from part of my work this Spring, but that evidently cannot be, and I have promised to do my best and to carry on until you have come. If necessary, I will do my best to keep things in hand until the spring of 1937.

“I hope that you may be led to accept the invitation, if it be God’s Will, as I am encouraged to believe is the case. There is perfect unanimity here.”

Dr. Chesterman accepted the invitation, and it seemed as if everything was happily settled.

In the autumn of 1934 Dr. Moorshead undertook deputation work in Scotland, apparently in his normal health. He visited Glasgow for the week-end November 25th, and within a week was lying at home fighting his last fight. The price of service was paid in full, for the worn frame fell a victim at last to the oft

threatened attack of pneumonia. But the soldier died in harness, as was fitting.

The last report for which he was responsible, that for 1933-4, showed that the total strength of the Auxiliary stood at seventeen medical men, thirteen medical women, thirty-one sisters and two dispensers, while two doctors and seven nursing sisters had just been accepted for service. The report from India “surpassed all previous records,” and the Congo and China report spoke of consolidation and extension. To have been the mainspring of such an enterprise through so many years might well have been a proud achievement for any man.

The story of the last adventure shall be told in a later chapter. Here I pause to show another side of the life and service of this Beloved Physician.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SHORT'S GARDENS

THE many admirers of Charles Dickens claim that, unlike most modern novelists, when he had delighted and amused his readers, his greatest work had only begun. His writings constituted a very potent element in the philanthropic movements which issued in the removal of some of the worst blots upon our corporate life in the second half of the reign of Queen Victoria. Very few will deny this, but for all his greatness Dickens was uniformly unjust to organised religion in general, and to what he no doubt would have described as "Dissent" in particular. There may be a few Chadbands and Stigginses in real life, but they certainly cannot be regarded as typical. It may be possible that there is still a Mrs. Jellyby, so deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of the natives of Borriboola Gha, on the left bank of the Niger, so absorbed in Committees and correspondence concerning them, that her own children are neglected, her home a pandemon-

ium and her husband a martyr ; but it is utterly untrue that those who are most concerned for the spiritual welfare of people overseas are most indifferent to the needs of those around them. Nor does it appear that those who are indifferent to Foreign Missions are the most prominent and active in promoting missions at home.

The record of Dr. Moorshead's association with the work of the London Medical Mission in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, is the clearest possible answer to such an assertion.

The London Medical Mission was founded in 1871 under the direction of Dr. George Saunders, C.B., and was inspired very largely by the example of similar missions in Edinburgh, Liverpool and Manchester. It owed its inception originally to the interest created in the minds of a group of Christian doctors and other philanthropically minded people by a lecture given in October, 1869, by a Dr. Burns Thompson, who was associated with the Edinburgh Mission. It was, and is, undenominational in character, and owes its support to the interest, sympathy and gifts of those in all the churches who are aware of the need which exists in the slum quarters of our great city, and who believe in the regenerating power of the Gospel of Christ.

We are wont to speak of the East End of London as if it were the only slum quarter, but there are districts in Central and West London, notably in Westminster itself, where intolerable conditions exist to-day. It is possible in ten minutes to walk from scenes of lavish and extravagant wealth into back alleys whose poverty and vice have to be seen to be believed. And in the seventies of the last century things were, of course, much worse than they are now. There was then no National Health Service, no Ministry of Health, and the sick poor were almost as remote from the services of a skilled physician as are the natives in Central Africa.

The mission began its work in the Seven Dials district, just off Drury Lane, acquiring premises first in Endell Street, and later extending into Short's Gardens, a side turning off that thoroughfare. "Short" has no record in history, and the "gardens" are as elusive as their namesake. A circular issued in May, 1871, announcing the inception of the work, included the following paragraph :

"This addition to existing agencies needs no apology. The miserable condition of the poor, morally, physically and spiritually, is

a loud call to all Christians for hearty co-operation in the promotion of a work so peculiarly fitted to meet the urgent requirements of the dark places of our great cities, and one upon which God has already been graciously pleased to bestow a rich blessing wherever it has been undertaken in the spirit of faith and love, whether at home or abroad. Practical sympathy with human suffering is the key to unlock the entrance to many a heart otherwise closed to the truth."

The mission combined medical service with direct evangelism, and soon became a centre of work both for the body and the soul. A succession of earnest workers found in these activities a sphere of service which was never without evident tokens of the Master's approval and blessing. A convalescent home was established at Folkestone, and in the nineties a branch centre in Lambeth.

Dr. Moorshead probably first heard of this work soon after his arrival at Furnival Street, for Dr. Harold Balme, who sailed for China as an associate M.M.A. missionary in 1906, came to the Society straight from the position of Medical Superintendent of the London Medical Mission. Many years were to elapse,

however, before he was to have that vital contact with it which brought so much satisfaction to the closing years of his life, and meanwhile the war profoundly affected the work. Lambeth was closed down altogether in 1917, medical workers were no longer available, the clinics in Endell Street were suspended, and the property passed into other hands. A deaconess continued to visit the homes of the people and the holiday home at Folkestone was continually full, but actual medical evangelism came to an end.

Several years elapsed before anything more could be done, but in 1926 a single storied building, suitable for a clinic, with doctor's room and a corner for a dispenser, was acquired just off Short's Gardens. But there was no medical superintendent to reopen the work and carry it on.

The Chairman of the Council, Mr. McAdam Eccles, M.S., who had been associated with the Mission for many years, turned in his perplexity to one of whose sympathy he felt assured—Dr. Moorshead. Years before he had coached Dr. Moorshead for his Fellowship, and the Doctor's subsequent career was familiar to him. Could he possibly help? Could he find time to reopen the two weekly

clinics, giving a brief evangelical address at each? Those who are already most burdened with duties are the most likely to undertake a little more. So, with hope, but scarcely with expectancy, Dr. Moorshead was approached.

Is it surprising that he gladly responded to this invitation, as to a new opportunity for service for which somehow time *must* be found? He saw in it the opening of a door closed many years before, the occasion for service of a kind he had always longed to do, but which it seemed he was never to be permitted to undertake. In his boyhood, as we have seen, he had dreamed of ministering to the sick, and then of unfolding to them the story of Redeeming Love made manifest in Jesus Christ. The dream had been put on one side, but though his original purpose had expressed itself through a greater work, yet there were regrets. He longed for close contact with people to whom the Gospel was unknown, to use his own great medical skill for their physical healing, and to speak with his own lips the Word of Life. Was not this call to personal service amongst the sick poor in a London slum a special means of blessing given to crown his life? It is certain that in his closing years he derived a peculiar



satisfaction from this ministry, and that some of his happiest moments were spent in the little consulting - room in Short's Gardens.

He began his work there in the Spring of 1927, but he could not long confine himself to the original duties suggested—two weekly clinics. The financial position was one which gave rise to constant anxiety. A great deal of the income of the Mission was derived from donations and subscriptions, and these had dwindled through the years as old and generous supporters of the work had passed on. There was no organised church or group of churches forming a constituency to which appeals might be directed. This work was unobtrusive and little known. But the Doctor soon began to make his influence felt. He brought to the work his untiring advocacy and infectious enthusiasm. Almost his first action was to raise £50 for the purchase and installation of a Violet Ray (Artificial Sunlight) apparatus, and in 1928 he secured the full time service as Deaconess and Secretary of Miss May Lofts, who carried on for two years with marked success the work of establishing personal contacts with the people of the district, many of them "shut in." A Ladies' Auxiliary, formed

largely through the efforts of Mrs. Moorshead, succeeded in raising considerable sums and in undertaking valuable propaganda. Garden meetings were held in the summer at Cheam and elsewhere, drawing-room meetings were arranged in the houses of various sympathisers in the outlying suburbs of London, and a considerable measure of support was reflected in a steadily rising income. Then the Doctor secured the interest of many of his own friends. Dr. S. King Hutton, then Medical Secretary of the Moravian Mission, was first brought into contact with the work in this way, when he was "coerced" into deputising one afternoon at the clinic. An Annual Gift Day replaced the Sale of Work from 1932 onwards, and well-known public personages, including Lady Simon, Lady Horder, Bishop Taylor Smith and Mr. Hugh Redwood, were induced to take some share in the proceedings. Mr. Redwood especially has proved an extremely valuable friend, speaking about the Mission on a Sunday evening when making the Wireless weekly Good Cause appeal. So the circle widened.

In 1931 came the Diamond Jubilee year of the Mission, and the occasion was not allowed to pass unnoticed. A meeting was held in the

New Alliance Club on October 20th, and Dr. Moorshead, in giving a report of the work done, made an eloquent appeal for increased financial support and for prayer. But while he thus brought his personal and professional gifts to the work, he found his chief delight in the two weekly clinics, held on Tuesday evenings and Friday afternoons. The writer attended one of these recently, and will attempt to describe the scene.

A medium-sized room is crowded with women and babies. The mark of poverty is on almost every face. On the walls are bright posters, some with words of Scripture, others with simple counsel in hygiene. The benches are all occupied, and by the door stands the Sister, with a smile and a word of greeting for everyone. In one corner, behind a curtain, the dispenser is at work. From time to time a bell rings, and a woman gets up and moves through a door into the little consulting room, to be greeted by name with a smile and a cheery word. There is no reluctance to obey the summons. The Doctor has a place in the hearts of all, just as he knows them each one, and all their circumstances. As one patient put it :



AT WORK IN SHORT'S GARDENS

“ When you goes to ordinary doctors they ’ardly seems to look at yer, but the luvly Doctor at the Mission, ’e looks at yer as though ’e sees yer. ’E tells yer before you’ve even spoken to ’im just ’ow yer feeling, for ’e can read it in yer face.”

Half-way through the afternoon the Doctor takes his place in the waiting-room, hymn and chorus books are distributed, there is singing in which all join, the Doctor offers prayer, reads the Scripture and then gives a brief and sympathetic, understanding address. There follows another hymn, the Doctor disappears again, and the stream of patients is renewed. Twice a week for seven years ! No wonder the name “ Moorshead ” is fragrant in the narrow streets around Short’s Gardens !

Another impression of the clinic, by the well-known novelist and journalist, Miss Marguerite Williams, may be quoted in some detail. She calls her story,

#### “ LETTING THE SUNSHINE THROUGH.

“ You need not go to Congoland to see what Medical Mission work is like. Find

Bloomsbury Chapel; close by is Endell Street; down Endell Street you come to Short's Gardens, and tucked away out of the 'Gardens,' so that it might easily be missed, is the London Medical Mission. If you go at the right time you will find Dr. Fletcher Moorshead—who has done so much for Medical Mission work abroad—busy caring for the needs of those who want healing and the Gospel.

“But when you find him, how strange the busy Doctor looks! What a queer complexion he has! How strange one looks oneself, if one only knew! For just behind the screen in the small consulting room one or two patients are having ‘Sunlight Treatment’ under the care of the experienced Sister. Dr. Moorshead is keen on sunlight; but as it is impossible in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden—long ago a place of space and beauty—to rely on nature to supply it with regularity, an Ultra Violet lamp has been installed. Its use has been of great value, especially to delicate and ailing children.

“A little boy of four comes in—a delicate child with long curls. He is interested in everything. ‘Wot’s that? Why d’yer ’ave

this?' He has had pneumonia, and now has a cough. The Sunlight should do much for him.

"Another boy, of seven, big enough to come by himself. He has been attending for some weeks. His cough and his past weaknesses are forgotten. His face is a broad smile; his eyes are shining. For the Mission has arranged for him to have two weeks' holiday at Lancing.

"A woman who has had only three Sunlight treatments—and the first ones are always brief—says they have given her new life and taken away her weariness.

"A few young girls visit the Mission Doctor, but more old-age pensioners, who cannot be insured; ailing mothers—uninsured—and sick children. The Mission does not undertake the treatment of acute illness, but it can do much to relieve those who suffer from chronic disease and minor ailments.

"The work is appreciated. 'I'm much better. I sleep lovely o' nights,' says one. Another, with a broad grin that defies the Doctor to rebuke her, confesses: 'I ain't much better. You give me the liniment, I know, but I forgot it. It went on three nights, and then it jest ran out of m'head.'

An elderly woman with a weak heart, who has scalded her foot, says apologetically, 'I'm a nuisance to you, Doctor, ain't I?' She goes away grateful, with a foot properly treated. In comes an old flower seller, toothless, wrinkled and bent, but brave in her feathers. She has 'got complication disease,' and she wants 'some more o' that head medicine.'

" 'Seventy-nine, aren't you?' suggests the Doctor courteously, as he writes the prescription. 'No!' says the old lady quickly. 'Eighty!' He looks at her card, and then at her. 'Well, I'm eighty next birthday,' she explains proudly. 'On Armice Day—you know, the 'leventh o' November.'

" A working man who has let the woman come first as he 'Wasn't in no hurry,' comes in with—'I'm as fit as a fiddle. Couldn't be no better if I was in m'mother's cradle. I'm fit for work. But I promised to come and see you. I'll never forget. I'll always come to one of your meetings.'

" Those meetings are an integral part of the Mission. The Doctor gives a friendly invitation to any who have not been used to coming. He tells them, too, of the services,



for children and for grown-ups, that are held in the little room on Sunday evenings.

“ A short service is held each evening on which he sees patients, and while he is in the consulting room there is singing of choruses, led by one who knows how to sing and how to teach—in a voice from the north of the Tweed. Looking at the gathering of women you do not wonder that they like to sing :

“ ‘ There’ll be no sorrow there,  
In my Father’s house,  
There’ll be joy, joy, joy.’

“ You do not wonder that they listen to the Doctor, as he stands before them in his white jacket, telling them of the ‘ Many resting places. . . . Let not your heart be troubled.’ He is out to heal, as his Master once healed by the Sea of Galilee—body and soul.

“ There are tragedies felt in that little Mission—as the tragedy of a woman whose husband is out of work, and who has ten children and is so afraid she may have eleven. How can a doctor really help her unless he is something more than a doctor? And the woman who is ashamed of her

poverty, and so afraid that her poverty will be seen.

“On the wall of the waiting-room, where the services are held, hangs a card with the words, ‘God is in every to-morrow, getting it ready for you.’ The Medical Mission is trying to help some, for whom life is hard, to face their to-morrows without fear.”

In September, 1934, three morning clinics for children were started by Dr. Gilbert, who was also able to undertake a certain amount of visitation amongst bed-ridden patients. Dr. Moorshead's last appeal, on Gift Day, 1934, was for a Diathermy apparatus to give treatment to rheumatic patients. After his death a sum of money was given through Mr. Hugh Redwood for the installation of this apparatus “in his memory.”

A well attended children's service is held every Sunday from 6 to 7 p.m., and is supervised by medical students from the London Medical Missionary Association at Highbury Park. For several years now there has been a service for adults from 7 to 8 p.m., the Doctor having initiated this at the patients' own request. Many of them felt

that they could come to such a service when their shabby clothes would make them feel too self-conscious to attend an ordinary church. When the request was first made to him the Doctor refused, telling the applicants that there were plenty of churches nearby which they could attend if they wanted. One of them, thus rebuffed, refused to be intimidated. She said, "Can't we speak to the Doctor's missus—Doctor, 'e don't understand." When the "Doctor's missus" came, she said, "We don't like to go in them big churches with our clothes, but we wouldn't mind coming in 'ere." So the services were started. The Doctor conducted them himself once a month, and made the necessary arrangements for the other Sundays.

He was out for definite results, and he secured them. In January, 1934, he made it a definite matter of prayer that at least one decision should be recorded every month throughout the year at the Mission, and he procured a little book in which to record the names. When he died there were eighteen names inscribed. So does God exceed our asking!

Other activities are carried on week by week, a men's meeting, a girls' club and a service for girls. The future is bright with

promise, and the work is winning by sheer merit an ever-widening circle of supporters.

It may be fitting to conclude this chapter with two tributes. One comes from Mrs. Winning, who for many years has served the Mission faithfully and well as caretaker. She said to me :

“ He always saw some good in everybody. I used to think he was too easy, but now he’s gone I’m not so sure. There are very many who are too hard.”

The other is from Mrs. Melvin, an independent old lady of ninety-two, who lives in a single room and resolutely refuses either to go to an institution or to realise that she is old.

“ If my dear Doctor had still been here I should be cured by now. He wasn’t a Doctor, he was an angel. You felt better when he looked at you. I believe that the only reason why our Heavenly Father called him home, when he was doing so much good work down here, was because He wanted him up there to be a Doctor to the angels. And I am sure our Heavenly Father had His best band playing at Heaven’s Gate to welcome him as he passed through.”

## CHAPTER IX

### THE LAST ADVENTURE

In October, 1934, Dr. Thomas Horton passed away, and in the *Missionary Herald* for December, 1934, a beautiful tribute to his memory appeared. It was the Doctor's last contribution to the magazine that had printed so many articles from his pen, and it takes on a peculiar poignancy when it is remembered that it was read in hundreds of homes on the very Sunday (December 2nd) when the writer himself was on his deathbed. It closed with the words :

“ And as we think of him we recall those lines of the poet Wordsworth, so applicable to him :

“ ‘ That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.’ ”

His own health in the summer of 1934 gave little occasion for anxiety. The throat operation of the previous autumn seemed to have brought all the expected relief. Some weeks

were spent in the summer amongst the Scotch moors at Kingussie, and his mind was comparatively at ease, for in the previous spring the B.M.S. had, for the first time for many years, been able to show a clean balance sheet, and it began to appear that the worst effects of the "economic blizzard" had been successfully encountered. His own future seemed clear. Dr. Chesterman would be home in a year or so to take over the burdens he had so long sustained. Plans for the future were shaping in his mind. A life relieved of exacting official duties might allow time for considerable literary work, and in semi-retirement in some quiet spot his home might still afford rest and healing for the tired workers to whom he longed to minister. But the present situation demanded at least one more great effort in the old service.

The re-arrangement of the Home Organisation which had resulted from the absorption of the M.M.A. had inherent dangers. He was constantly anxious lest the medical side of the work should suffer through lack of support, and a slight diminution in special contributions caused him concern. When in the spring the balanced Treasurer's Report was made public, he saw that the position might very easily be

misunderstood. The balanced accounts were the result, in part at least, of special circumstances which could not recur. So he determined to spend the autumn in the old familiar task.

He addressed a gathering of Ministers from the East Surrey area at Norwood in September, pleading for the slightly increased assured income which would put the finances of the society on a secure foundation. He continued actively in this way for several weeks, though as autumn gave place to winter he knew that he was taking risks. The strain of addressing meetings in over-heated buildings and then emerging into the cold and foggy air involved dangers of which he could not be oblivious. But his name would ensure good meetings, his advocacy would secure a response. So he undertook to visit Scotland, and arranged to spend the last week-end of November in Glasgow, where special meetings were to be held in connection with the thirtieth anniversary of the commencement of the Glasgow Medical Auxiliary. As he had played a considerable part in the formation of that organisation, his many friends in the City looked forward eagerly to his coming, and a full programme was arranged.

He spent the week-end in the home of his friend, Dr. J. N. Tennent, arriving on Friday evening, tired with the long journey. He was busy with his letters all Saturday morning, and spoke in the afternoon at a meeting held in connection with the Birthday Scheme. On Sunday morning he spoke at Hillhead Church, and again in the evening at Dennistoun. Of the address at Hillhead Dr. Tennent writes: "This was one of the finest Medical Mission addresses it has ever been my lot to hear. It was Dr. Moorshead at his best, a carefully reasoned statement with a passionate appeal." Dr. John MacBeath, writing a few days later when the sad news of his passing had reached Scotland, said: "My people greatly valued his ministry in Hillhead only ten days ago . . . He left behind him here, as elsewhere, the memory of a great Christian and a devoted advocate of the Kingdom of God."

On Monday morning he went across to Edinburgh for interviews and medical examinations, spending one day in the house of Miss Hislop, but returned to Glasgow in the evening as the principal speaker at the Annual Public Meeting of the Glasgow Medical Auxiliary. As was natural on such an occasion (the



thirtieth anniversary), his address began in a reminiscent vein, recalling many of the outstanding personalities in the work through the years. But it ended, as always, with a look to the future, and an appeal for prayer, service and gifts. The Doctor was always popular with a Glasgow audience, and after the meeting, tired though he was, he spent a long time autographing copies of his book, "Heal the Sick," a hundred copies of which were sold that night.

He returned to his host's house, tired, but happily conscious of work well done, and left for home next morning. Unfortunately he did not know that Steed, who had driven his car so often, was coming up to the London terminus to meet him ; they failed to find each other, and the Doctor reached home exhausted. But all day Wednesday he was in his room at Furnival Street, busily engaged in administrative duties.

Dr. Craven, just home on sick leave from San Salvador, was due at "Fairfield" that day. He arrived in the afternoon and was in the house when the Doctor came home for the last time. He again complained of extreme fatigue, but otherwise seemed much as usual. That night, however, he sustained a rigor and

hæmorrhage. Medical assistance was summoned, and a grave view was taken from the outset, for Dr. Brown, his medical adviser, had an intimate and long standing knowledge of his patient.

Next day influenzal pneumonia, giving rise to a septic infection, was diagnosed. All the resources of medical science were mobilised for the fight, but it was a losing battle. Most appropriately, professional help was afforded from the medical staff of the Society: Nurse Phyllis Lofts of Yakusu and Nurse Constance Hawkins of Bhiwani shared the duty of tending their leader, and two accepted candidates, Nurse Nora Wright and Nurse Doris Moyles, came to help them. What could be more fitting than that the skilled services of these consecrated women should be available to ease the last conflict of the man who had created the organisation they represented, and through whose advocacy the hospitals they served had come into existence?

Lord Horder was called in, but his verdict on Monday night gave little hope. All over the world many had been praying who had no idea of his extremity, for in the previous week his name had been on the Society's Prayer Calendar. But his work this side of

the veil was over, and the time was nigh for that "Far better" sphere of service in the fuller light of the Other Side.

As he lay, distressed by his disease, his spirit did not falter, but he thought himself on a long and wearying journey, and his soul cried out for rest. "The price of service" was almost his last lucid phrase, and spoken to his wife. On Tuesday afternoon, as the December sun peeped through heavy banks of clouds, the conflict ended.

A little group of us, bewildered at the sudden, overwhelming blow, burdened with a sense of irremediable loss, knelt together that afternoon in the drawing-room. There it was given to us to begin to see how a Christian believer faces the most devastating experience life can hold. We marvelled at the courage and the manifested grace which enabled the surviving member of so perfect a partnership to face a darkened future, still seeking first the Kingdom, desirous most of all of perpetuating the work which was and is her husband's memorial. Verily this is the victory which overcometh, not merely "the world," but even the darkest hour it holds, "even our faith."

We laid his body to rest on a bright December day in the cemetery at Sutton. A large congregation gathered in the Baptist Church in Cheam Road, the first funeral service ever held in the new building, and one for ever memorable. The Minister conducted the service, the Rev. B. Grey Griffith offered an unforgettable prayer, Dr. S. King Hutton, of the Moravian Mission, read the Scripture, and the Rev. C. E. Wilson, in an eloquent tribute to his colleague of many years standing, gave the essential message of his life and work :

“ He would never allow that the ministry of healing was a mere extra to the Gospel, a piece of outside philanthropy, still less that it was a sort of inducement to secure a hearing for the Gospel, or an unfair means of winning adherents. To him it was an expression of Christ’s compassion, a revelation of the Divine life conquering disease and of the Divine Love towards men, a showing of God’s redeeming purpose. The Medical Missionary seemed to him to be closely following in the footsteps of Jesus as He went among the pain-stricken multitudes of mankind in all lands. He heard the mandate :

“The paths of pain are thine. Go forth  
With patience, truth and hope.  
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth  
Shall give thee ample scope.”

“The first and supreme purpose in his heart was Christian evangelism in the name and through the spirit of the Divine Physician of souls.

“He was a man of remarkable singleness of purpose. He lived for his Mission. It fired his imagination and gave fervour to his utterances on the platform and in the pulpit to the very last working days of his life. Not that he failed to enter fully into the high joys of fellowship and the home circle, the beauty of mountains and the sea, the sunshine and the flowers of southern shores. In these he delighted. But he lived a consecrated life. And his home has been a veritable shrine of hospitality, the memory of which will be cherished by countless people all over the world.

“At the semi-jubilee of the Medical Auxiliary in 1926, the hope was expressed by his friends that as he was still a comparatively young man, he might live to celebrate the jubilee in 1951. By that time he would have been seventy-six years old.

And now he has died at sixty. But few lives of that span have been so full of noble achievement.

“What shall be said of him as friend and colleague? He was beloved by the Mission House staff and by the missionaries who had so much to do with him as Medical Officer. And to all the missionary doctors and nurses he has been a true friend from their early student days, through the ordeal of their candidature and in the difficulties of their service abroad. To the speaker he has been a most loyal comrade for thirty years. He was a man of deep, true piety and passionate devotion to Christ, generous and disinterested, always willing to share other people’s anxieties and to help their faith by his own. And it was never far to travel from a talk with Fletcher Moorshead to the place of prayer.

“Best of all for thankful remembrance, he was himself a missionary doctor, seeking always to win new disciples for his Saviour.

“The memory and the legacy of his high example are left to be a challenge and an inspiration to others to follow him. There will surely be many young men and women among us who will respond to the call of

Christ and who will put at His disposal all they are, and all they can become by His grace and by their own faithful endeavour, so that the holy task of the Church may be handed on from one generation to another till it is complete in the Saviour's triumph."

The following Sunday morning a Memorial Service was held in the same church, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. B. Grey Griffith. He chose for his text 2 Corinthians iv, 16—"Wherefore we faint not"—and a part of his very moving utterance is reproduced here from notes taken at the time.

"What does it mean to faint, to give up, to fail to achieve, to surrender because of disappointment? What is it to faint? Paul tells us that to faint is to use low and mean devices to gain your end. That is to faint. To offer men less than the best, that is to faint. To obtrude one's self and so hide Jesus Christ as Lord—that is to faint. Whatever else may be said about our friend now with God you may say at once, these things he never did.

"Seeing we have received this ministry we faint not."

“His ministry was not what he would have chosen. He had other thoughts about himself. We have been told that three young men in Bristol had in their hearts a keen missionary passion to go out as doctors to any place to which God would send them. Only one of them, Stanley Jenkins, was able to go overseas. Rendle Short, now eminently known in Bristol, stayed at home, and so did Fletcher Moorshead. The way was not open for him. Paul, writing this letter to the Corinthians, traced something like that in his own life, and talks of his bewilderment of spirit. He had tried to get to Asia, and the Spirit said ‘No.’ Then there came the vision, a man on the Other Side, and, as you remember, they immediately chartered a vessel to Europe. A new world, a new continent was opened for them, greater than Asia—that was the ministry given to Paul! And to Robert Fletcher Moorshead the way to a new continent was opened. The most creative thing that has been done in our denomination in this generation of ours has been the formation of the Baptist Medical Mission. The Spirit said, ‘This do,’ and



he did it. He fainted not. This man never failed his Master.

“As we have received mercy we faint not.”

“I have been reading Dr. Wilfred Grenfell’s autobiography, and have been struck by his reference to Divine Forgiveness. How it keeps us humble to remember how we have been forgiven! I always remember how Dr. Moorshead in his prayers often spoke as one greatly forgiven. ‘*As we have received mercy.*’ I think it is this that created that delicate and beautiful courtesy of his, for the root of courtesy is humility, and out of it comes a great reverence. One great doctor said to an earlier generation of students, ‘Remember, it is the patient you are treating, and not the disease.’ Dr. Moorshead never forgot that. When he spoke to you he showed that he had a great respect for you.

“In April of this year, when Dr. Moorshead was speaking to the people at Endell Street, ‘I wonder whether any of you have decided for Christ,’ he said. ‘Perhaps you have, though you have never told me. It may be that to-day is the opportunity for some of you; I have a little book

here, and I am going to write down the names of those who decide for Christ this year, and I pray the Lord for twelve.' The little book contains eighteen names, and each name has a page to himself, or herself. Under the name he had noted their story, recorded their spiritual growth, and we are sure that he prayed for those who were lagging behind.

"He believed in to-morrow. "The things seen are temporal, the things unseen eternal!" He believed it here, he knows it now fully. On the Congo, on the other side of the river from Upoto, they are building a hospital. They have been at it some little while, for labour is not easily obtained, and the building must be well built. At the end of this month a doctor will leave our land definitely for that hospital, unfinished yet. In a way Dr. Moorshead's work is finished, but like all true work it is unfinished. 'They without us cannot be made perfect.'

"Perhaps it is waiting for some young man, or some young woman, here this morning, that this great thing that Robert Fletcher Moorshead began to do by God's Grace shall not die but live and grow,

ever the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

A few weeks later, on January the 29th, a service of a unique character was held in Bloomsbury Central Church, "To give thanks for the life and work of Dr. Robert Fletcher Moorshead." The Chairman was the Rev. Thomas Powell, Chairman also of the Medical Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and the speakers were Dr. Vincent Thomas, the veteran pioneer, Nurse D. A. Turner, with fifteen years' service in India, Dr. Stanley Browne, a recently accepted candidate, Mr. Hugh Redwood, who was able to speak of Endell Street, and Dr. Harold Balme, with memories of long years of co-operation in service, and of the China Deputation. The meeting was a fitting tribute, and the note of triumph and victory predominated throughout.

The Chairman had known the Doctor first while himself a missionary overseas, and then as a member of Committee in Furnival Street. I quote a few passages from his tribute :

" I went to Congo in the autumn of 1911, and at the beginning of the following year,

at Wathen, I saw for the first time a sleeping-sickness patient whose end was not far distant. He lay upon a wooden bench, covered with a cloth, the picture of hopelessness. Now for the other picture. Throughout the years in more recent days, with the active support of Government, and in earlier days without it, our medical missionaries have ministered to victims of that dread disease, and when you read that a doctor, or his trained assistant, has given hundreds of thousands of injections, try to visualise all that it means in relief to sufferers and in stamping out the scourge. That is only one phase of the many-sided ministry of our medical workers for the relief of their suffering brethren.

“ I am, as much as others, aware that the Doctor would be the first to give credit for all this ministry of healing to the men and women on the Field ; but I am equally sure they would say that, speaking humanly, it would not have been possible apart from him.

“ It must not, however, be thought for a single moment that Dr. Moorshead regarded the ministry of healing as an end in itself. For him it was a ministry of the Gospel of

the Lord Jesus Christ, and went hand in hand with the preaching of the Word.

“Some of us cannot forget how time and again in meetings of the Candidate Board he would ask a candidate if he had been used in bringing others to the Saviour. Not one of us doubted his right to ask such a question. He was being thus used himself, and many of those who grew to know him through his own Medical Missionary work at Endell Street thank God because he brought them to know Christ.

“But most of you were brought into touch with him in the work of Home Organisation. You remember how he linked you up to the doctors and nurses on the Field. You became the Doctor’s friends in service because he sought you out and enthused you ; he always had time for personal contacts. His richly furnished mind was ever active, thinking out new lines of approach, new points of appeal. He was a mighty advocate in the cause and used himself unsparingly.

“From the beginning the leaders of the M.M.A. aimed at sending out the best people to the fields of our work, and the best possible in the way of equipment. Here is a passage

from one of Sir Alfred Pearce Gould's early speeches, quoted by the Doctor :

' If we take the medical work of Christ—and in this respect, as in all others, He is our pattern—we cannot but help noticing one distinct feature, namely, its perfection. Thus is it incumbent upon us to send out to foreign lands men and women who are trained to the highest pitch. In this way we shall be following in the steps of our Lord and Master, Who did all things well.'

" Fletcher Moorshead aimed at *doing all things well*. He was careful about details ; tenacious of purpose, courageous and of dogged determination. But withal, how gracious, how sympathetic, and approachable !

" What is the explanation of the achievement of this remarkable man ? I am going to indicate three things :

" He found salvation by the Grace of God through faith in Christ.

" That acceptance of salvation was followed by the consecration of himself completely to God, Who had saved him. His

physical strength up to the very limit, his mental endowments, his professional training—everything for Christ and His Kingdom.

“ And, lastly, he was a man of prayer.

“ There has come into my hands, by the kindness of Mrs. Moorshead, his devotional diary. It is a revelation and a benediction to read the subjects he set down for thanksgiving ; the burden of his personal petition, to be possessed of the ‘ fruits of the Spirit,’ the range of his intercession. I think you should know that he prayed constantly for colleagues, for committees, for workers, for Endell Street, for the unsaved of his acquaintance, for doctors and nurses on the Field, for other missionaries, and a special place for those in special need, all by name ; for medical students in training—and their names are inscribed in his book—for the Chairman of his Committee : and, if I may be personal, life is somehow different through the discovery that a good man has been praying for me.

“ *Has been.* But December the fourth, surely, was not the end of his intercession for us !

“ Therein is the explanation of a life so rich in service and of a work it is given to only a few to achieve.”

\* \* \* \*

As soon as the news of the Doctor's passing was made known tributes began to flow towards “ Fairfield,” in a stream which grew to almost overwhelming proportions. Within a few weeks over thirteen hundred were received from all sorts and conditions of people, from public bodies and private individuals, from workers at home and abroad, until hardly a country in the world was not represented. On one who has had the privilege of reading many of them, the dominant impression left is that of the emphasis laid upon the Doctor's personality ; over and over again, after recognition has been paid to his great accomplishment in actual service, further recognition is afforded to the man. Thus there appeared in the *British Medical Journal* a notice which concludes :

“ Fletcher Moorshead's memory will be treasured, not merely for what he accomplished, but also for his personality. He never considered himself, he was generous to a fault whenever any effort or help was



sought from him, he was of a friendly and sociable disposition which secured for him friends wherever he went. He was also an effective public speaker in the cause so close to his heart. He has lived and with success ; he leaves a world strengthened by his presence, his ideals, and the memory of a life devoted to the highest ends.”

## CHAPTER X

### VIGNETTES

THE present writer can scarcely remember a time when the name of Fletcher Moorshead was not familiar to him, but he never met the Doctor until February, 1932, when he became minister of Sutton Baptist Church. The Church Roll included at that time a list of names honoured throughout the whole denomination: W. E. Blomfield, Herbert Smith, C. M. Hardy, J. P. Bruce and R. F. Moorshead, none of whom were destined to remain with us for long. Their memory remains as a sacred and inspiring legacy.

During his first week at Sutton the minister was invited to "Fairfield" for a meal, and so joined the great company of those who have shared the hospitality of that gracious home. He soon found that he would have no more loyal Church member, no more appreciative hearer, no more earnest supporter, than the quiet and unassuming man whose name was known throughout the whole missionary world.

The outstanding impression made—and it deepened as acquaintance ripened into friendship—was of what cannot be better expressed than by the great word “Grace.” Centuries ago a Hebrew prophet made the discovery, and enriched the world for all succeeding time by making it known, that the ultimate quality of Deity was something which he called “chesed.” The word is untranslatable, but the quality was perfectly translated and made manifest in Him who came to be the World’s Redeemer. And some echo of the “Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ” made itself apparent in the personality of the Doctor. His manner was unfailingly courteous, his thoughts were invariably charitable. He carried an atmosphere with him that made it easy to pray in his company, and when his engagements permitted his attendance at the prayer meeting the temperature rose at once. He was always doing the sort of things that most of us in our best moments feel we should like to do, but usually leave undone. Frequently the Monday morning post included a gracious line of undeserved appreciation of the services of the day before, all too generous, but only they who have benefited thereby know just how great a tonic such messages afford.

He was essentially humble-minded. The minister was away one Sunday in the autumn of 1932. He invited the Doctor to preach for him, but it needed all his eloquence to persuade him that his ministry would be acceptable to the congregation. Fortunately he did succeed at last, and the people at Sutton enjoyed a memorable Sunday. Characteristically, the preacher gently but firmly declined the proffered fee. We spent some days together on Dartmoor that summer (how he loved the glorious sweep of the moors!) and there came to hand the Report issued by the Commission of Laymen appointed by the Churches in America to consider Foreign Missions. The Doctor held strong views on many of the recommendations therein contained, but how eagerly he sought the mind of his guest on the matter. Here was a master in the subject, with a lifetime of experience behind him, willing, nay anxious, to listen to the inadequate judgment of the most veritable tyro, and making that tyro feel that his judgment really counted.

Here is a tribute by one who shared a holiday with him :

“ It was shortly after my ordination that I met Dr. Fletcher Moorshead at a beautiful

country home in Devonshire. The name of the house, amply justified, was 'Dream Tor.' Here, surrounded by old friends, but always eager to add to the circle, the doctor and his wife indulged a rich hospitality. He loved people, loved to have them around him, loved to share his home. Humour, courtesy, sympathy, mingled and blended, and as he had no cause ever to disguise his spirit, his face fully gave expression to his moods. Delighted laughter, for he loved a joke, would give place to an intent listening, and as the conversation took a more serious turn, the shades of sympathy would pass across his face. At 'Dream Tor,' just down from college, I wondered how much his sympathy was due to charm of character rather than genuine concern. It is so unusual to meet sympathy as instant as it is disinterested, that a question was raised in me which later blushed into remorseful silence, when, after his death, I, one of the least of his friends, found my name in his private prayer list. His graciousness was not merely a delightful manner, it was character, it was Christ in him.

"I was privileged to share Dr. Moorshead's last holiday at Kingussie in Scotland. He was a royal host. The first night in

Kingussie was heralded by the skirling of a welcome by a piper who marched up and down the drive. The Doctor had specially engaged him for his guests!

“Everyone delighted in his company. I don’t think he was much of a fisherman, but even the passionately expert spirit of Kingussie station-master gave way before the temptation to have his company.

“Breakfast time was always full of delightful complications. The happiness of each guest, and also the maids, was carefully studied. After breakfast came morning prayers. The Doctor, courteously deferring, asked me to conduct these. I think he was glad when I declined, for at prayers his great heart found its highest expression, and one was blessed.

“His work for God was his life, and in consequence it was never out of his mind. Time and again we would return from some expedition to find him writing hard. At night when silence fell round the fire-side as the company settled to read, he would slip away into a corner and soon be engrossed jotting notes on some odd scrap of paper. An idea would have occurred to him for an address, to his beloved Endell Street Mission people, and he was ‘getting it down.’

“ Had I known he was so soon to be called into that Presence whose influence for years had been perfecting his spirit, I should have bought up and cultivated with even greater care the privileges of fellowship with him. An indelible and fragrant memory remains of a gay companion, a gracious host, sensitively alive to his fellow men, and yet always ‘ yonderly ’—a God-possessed man.”

\* \* \* \*

The home at “ Fairfield ” was a true haven of peace, as all who ever shared it will aver. There was nothing cold or formal about it. On the walls in most of the rooms beautiful photographs of Swiss or Scotch scenery, or portraits of smiling Chinese, bore witness to the Doctor’s skill with the camera. Not the least important member of the household is Mac, a Scotch sheepdog of almost human sagacity, whose picture is reproduced here. Mac was feeling rather disconsolate on this occasion ; he was subjected to the unusual indignity of a chain, for his master was watching the sheepdog trials, and the temptation to join in might have overcome even Mac’s deep-rooted sense of discipline ! He had a real

place in the Doctor's heart, and he mourned his master very deeply.

The essential qualifications of a bishop, laid down in the First Letter to Timothy, include the phrase, "Given to hospitality." That might well be engraved over the portal of "Fairfield." Rarely did there come a week-end without at least one guest. Missionaries home on furlough, passing through London, were always welcomed and generously entertained, and (let other hosts remember and emulate) they were almost always to be found at Sunday morning service. The tributes which follow suggest that the guests found in the hospitable home other of the elements which ordain a man a true "Father in God." The utter freedom from domestic anxieties which the Doctor enjoyed, and which made such hospitality possible, was due in no small measure to the unswerving devotion and consecrated labour of "Florence." She entered his service in 1918, and has worked ever since in his home, shouldering efficiently a very large part of its burden. Her work at "Fairfield" has been a real and valuable contribution to the missionary cause. It was Florence who determined that the Silver Wedding Anniversary, which was reached on Sunday,





THE DOCTOR AND "MAC"

July 1st, 1934, should not go unnoticed. Suitable presents were purchased from gifts contributed by herself, the gardener, Steed, and others who had been associated with the domestic side of the home, and the happy day, rich with so many fragrant memories, reached its culmination when they attended the evening Communion service at Sutton Church—the last to be held in the old building in High Street.

A picture of his home circle is not complete without a reference to Harradine, now eighty-eight years of age, who served in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Moorshead for many years, and whose devotion to her master was at once the admiration and the amusement of the many who visited them.

Little children and young people were dear to the Doctor's heart. There is in Sutton a vigorous company of the Boys' Brigade which holds a Bible Class at 10 a.m. on Sunday mornings. The Doctor regularly spoke at this class twice a year, and the boys were always present in force when he was due. The new buildings in which the Church now rejoices include a large hall fitted up as a gymnasium, used chiefly by the B.B. and G.L.B., and nothing could have been more fitting than the

decision of the officers that this hall should be known as "The Fletcher Moorshead Hall." His portrait hangs on the wall, and it is our constant prayer that his spirit may linger there too, to inspire Youth with the same purpose as that which dominated his life.

One story to illustrate his unconscious influence may perhaps be told here. There is a certain little girl aged ten who knew and loved the Doctor: he came to see her when she was not well, and she saw him regularly in Church and counted him among her friends. She was never slow at asking questions, and she gathered some ideas as to who he was and what he did. In course of time she acquired a missionary box "all of her own," and formed the habit of slipping in odd coins when the state of her exchequer warranted it. Nobody interfered with her box, but when it was opened in the Spring (it was one of those modern boxes with four divisions) the contributions were found to be:

Translation	..	2½d.
Women's work	..	2½d.
General	∴	2½d.
Medical	..	10d.

This division told a rather personal story!

The Doctor had a place all his own in the hearts of his colleagues at the Mission House. Something of the story of his work has been told in these pages, but the discerning reader has no doubt realised that the man himself, considered apart from his work, if that be possible, was a great personality, one who irradiated an atmosphere indispensable to the really effective carrying out of such work as Furnival Street discharges. In a letter dated April 14th, 1915, Dr. W. Y. Fullerton writes a line of congratulation on the M.M.A. statistics for the past year, and concludes, "I count your friendship one of my life's treasures." A year later he writes again :

" My dear Moorshead,

" Though I have talked with you as to the great and joyous result of the M.M.A. year, I cannot send the enclosed receipt without putting on paper some words that will represent a little of the very deep satisfaction that I feel about it. It is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes. You do not forget the prayer we made under the trees at the beginning of the year, and God has not forgotten either. I feel he is leading us all in this House to a simpler confidence in

His Grace, and giving us a renewed assurance that we are in the way of His Holy Will. All this will be a steadying thing in the year to come, will it not ?

“ My friendship with you in this service is one of the joys of my life. We do not see each other often, but there is an influence that gets through the floors, and the House is better when you are there.

“ It is better farther on.”

“ Very triumphantly and affectionately,  
W. Y. FULLERTON.”

Nearly twenty years later, when a younger colleague was passing through a personal anxiety, he received a note from the Doctor which he describes as “ so characteristic,” a friendly line displaying a real interest and deep concern, and the sincere and genuine sympathy which was always so manifest. “ In the rush of this House one often fails to ask personally concerning personal anxieties, but please feel that my heart feels for you.” It was the quality of grace that was at work all the time. It seems scarcely possible that any one man could enter so wholeheartedly into the sorrows and trials of so many others, but it was so. He always gave one the impression that all the rich

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resources of his personality were concentrated for the time upon one's own particular case.

Here was a great personality who not only achieved a task beyond the wit of man entirely to assess, but who also, in the doing of it, built a character which shone by its own light, and bore a testimony at all times, and in all places, more effectual and more memorable even than the most impassioned of his public utterances. Such a life is the unanswerable argument for the truth of the Gospel.

## EPILOGUE

“FIRST, THE KINGDOM!” It is not an easy saying. Anyone who has glimpsed, even dimly, the glorious reality Jesus meant when He spoke of “the Kingdom”—mankind raised, as a whole, into harmony with the true and abiding law of man’s being, “living as we were meant to live,” as Matthew Arnold says—can never be quite the same again. There is that in all of us which “Needs must love the Highest when we see it”—and we see it there!

The idea of the Kingdom haunts us, challenges us, fascinates while it evades us. We know no peace or rest until its pursuit becomes one of the purposes of our lives. We are ready to put it seventh, or fifth, or third, or even second. But *first*? It is that which makes us hesitate, yet the New Testament is always saying that it has to be that. All, or nothing!

It is on record that the great evangelistic work associated with the name of D. L. Moody had its origin when, as a young man, he heard

a preacher declare that the world was still waiting for the revelation of what God could achieve through a completely consecrated man. He himself determined to be that man, and the work he accomplished was the result. The story we have tried to tell here is the story of another whose surrender was complete, and whose achievement was therefore beyond his own highest expectations. The ancient promise holds that if the Kingdom be first, if once that hard condition be fulfilled, then all "these things," the simple needs we all share, needs for the provision of which we normally spend most of our efforts, need concern us no longer. They will be met ; we have Christ's word for it.

I am indebted to my friend Dr. J. W. Bottoms of Chandraghona for the paragraph which follows :

"TO DO NOTHING COSTS . . . ?

"Well, what do you suppose it costs? Not easy, is it? I was not at all sure of the answer myself as I read down a table of figures given in a booklet, "Where is the Doctor?" written by the late Dr. Moorshead some thirty years ago. There were the figures—To build a



hospital would cost so many pounds, to equip a hospital, pay a missionary's salary, maintain a bed, so many pounds. The last item was,

TO DO NOTHING COSTS . . .

and as I ran my eyes along the dots I was trying to arrive at the answer, when I saw :

. . . HUMAN LIVES !

“ Had you arrived at the right answer ? Neither had I. But Dr. Moorshead had ! Perhaps that is why he was a greater medical missionary, a greater advocate of Medical Missions, a greater believer in Medical Missions, than any of us. He had the eye that saw things in their true perspective, and he knew that the price of our indifference, slackness and neglect was the lives and souls of fellow men and women in the fields where the mission is at work. Perhaps you are inclined to dismiss that kind of phraseology as being all right for the times for which it was written but not exactly valid for to-day. If you are tempted to think that, just ask yourself whether a mere sentimental phrase would have kept a man keen and on fire for thirty odd years ! You know it would not. R. F. M. wrote what he

did because he knew it was true, and it is still true to-day. For years the missionaries in the Kond Hills have been praying for a hospital and a doctor. Can you say how many lives have been lost for want of them? It isn't sentimental language, it is solid truth :

“ TO DO NOTHING COSTS . . . HUMAN LIVES ! ”

That is the challenge that presents itself to all who contemplate the story of this life. This book has been written, not so much as a memorial to a great and good man (none was needed, his work is his monument), but rather in the hope that the record unfolded may come as an opening door to the hearts of all who read, especially to such as are young, and, it may be, pondering the question, “ What shall I do with my life ? ” For the fight is still on ! There are millions alive to-day who are deprived at the same time of the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which alone can give life to their souls, and of the skill and resource of modern science which alone can give health to their bodies. Experience has proved that to provide the second through a Christian Doctor is one of the finest ways to prepare the heart to receive the first.

The scope for such service provided by the Baptist Missionary Society is wide, and capable of indefinite expansion. The need is beyond all dispute. The efficacy of the method is established. All that is needed is consecrated lives, some to provide the actual personnel, more, by unstinted giving and ceaseless intercession, to sustain the burden implied in the support of the undertaking. Do you remember Kipling's lines? May it not be that even now God's whisper is calling to you—and demanding a reply!

“ ‘ There's no sense in going further, it's the edge of cultivation,  
 So they said, and I believed it—broke my land  
 and sowed my crop—  
 Built my barns and strung my fences in the little  
 border station  
 Tucked away below the foothills where the trails  
 run out and stop.

Till a voice—as bad as Conscience—rang interminable changes  
 On one Everlasting whisper, day and night  
 repeated—so  
 ‘ Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look  
 behind the Ranges—  
 Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and  
 waiting for you. Go ! ’

.....

God took care to hide that country till He judged  
His people ready.  
Then He chose me for this whisper, and I've found  
it—and it's yours !  
Yes—Your ' never, never country '—Yes, your ' edge  
of cultivation,'  
And ' no sense in going further '—till I crossed the  
range to see !  
God forgive me ! No, *I* didn't ! It's God's present  
to our nation !  
Anybody might have found it, but—His whisper  
came to *me* ! ”

## APPENDIX A

*Resolution of the General Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, January, 1935.*

DR. R. F. MOORSHEAD.

“ The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society place on record their deep sense of loss and sorrow on the death of Dr. R. Fletcher Moorshead, Medical Secretary of the Society, who passed into Higher Service on December 4th, 1934, at the age of sixty years. They give unceasing thanks to God for the service he rendered to the Society for thirty-two years, and they know with rejoicing that the fruit of that ministry will abide for ever.

“ Baptized in the City Road Church, Bristol, he from early days had hoped to become a medical missionary and had trained himself towards that end. He became eminently qualified for the task to which he had given his heart, but it was not to be. When that door was closed another opened, and in 1902 he accepted the post of honorary secretary of the Medical Missionary Auxiliary. At that time there were only about half a dozen doctors in the service of the Society. There was no organisation for the creating of interest or for obtaining support, and there was little enthusiasm amongst us at home. He became the passionate and enlightened advocate of Medical Missions amongst us, and the story of the Society for the last thirty years can never be understood apart from him and his untiring devotion. He sought out men and women of highest qualification to go where he had been prevented from going, and many of those who went had caught the vision from

him. To them he gave all possible support. He sought means to give them buildings and equipment to make their service more efficient. He recruited other men and women to be their colleagues and to fill the gaps. Beyond their knowledge, whether they were at home or abroad, he interceded for them at the Throne. He stirred the churches of our land to a new venture for Christ. He built up an organisation of intelligent support, linking churches and individuals in the homeland with some specific work in the lands beyond. With great persuasion he asked for gifts of money, and year by year the income increased. Moreover, he created a conscience among us that pain and suffering everywhere must be our care if we are to preach the full Evangel of Christ. To him the work of Medical Missions was an evangelistic enterprise.

“For this he lived laborious days, and in writing and speaking spent his strength. He was never far from failing in body, but he never fainted in spirit. In addition, he became Medical Officer of the Society, taking upon himself with conscientious care the charge of the health of our missionaries and the examination of candidates. To his most hospitable home came the missionaries, medical and others, some of them tired and weary and perplexed, and all found there an understanding and a tenderness that healed them of their cares and weariness, for beyond everything he was, with that indefinable charm and courtesy of his, a friend in Christ. He shared this friendship with us all, and to-day we are proud to think we are allowed to have a place in it.

“Our sympathy goes out to the aged mother in her loneliness. We pray that in ways beyond our knowledge the consolation of God may come to her, and that she may rejoice that such a son, so conspicuous in the service of Christ, was given to her.

“In all our thoughts and gratitude another name is inevitably linked with his. Never was there a home

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more united in purpose and spirit than theirs, and to Mrs. Moorshead we would ask to be allowed to extend our deepest sympathy. We can but dimly guess what they meant one to the other, but we realise that what he did for the Society was only possible because of her equally consecrated devotion."

*Resolution passed at the Meeting of the Council of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, held at the Baptist Church House, Tuesday, March 5th, 1935.*

"The members of this Council place on record their great sorrow at the death of Dr. R. Fletcher Moorshead, at sixty years of age, which took place on December 4th, 1934, after a very brief illness.

"It was only at the last meeting of this Council in November that the Resolution was passed inviting him to fill a vacant place in the membership of the Council, and expressing appreciation of the services he had already rendered as Honorary Medical Adviser to the Baptist Union.

"Dr. Moorshead was one of the best known and most highly esteemed laymen in the Baptist denomination. For thirty-two years he served the Baptist Missionary Society as Medical Secretary. He was a familiar and welcome visitor to the churches in every part of the country, and in the pulpit and on the platform his impassioned advocacy of Medical Missions was the expression of his own complete devotion to Christ and was matched by the evangelistic zeal with which he carried on for years his work among the poor in the Medical Mission at Endell Street, Drury Lane.

"From the time of his baptism as a youth in Bristol and through the course of his medical studies it was his cherished purpose to go to China as a medical missionary. Disappointed in this hope, he gave himself with never-flagging earnestness to the recruiting of others

and the raising of funds in connection with the Medical Mission Auxiliary for their support, and the equipment of hospitals in all the great fields of the B.M.S.

“The memory of his example will remain as an inspiration to many.

“His death is greatly mourned by his colleagues, and by the missionaries and Committee of the B.M.S. To them all the members of this Council desire to express their true sympathy, but especially to his beloved widow and aged mother do they offer their respectful condolence.”

*The London Medical Mission.*

“The Council of the London Medical Mission desire to place on record their sense of the great loss sustained by them in the death of Dr. R. Fletcher Moorshead.

“For a period of years Dr. Moorshead carried out the duties of Medical Superintendent of the Mission with whole-hearted devotion, skill and courage. His organising ability secured many additional supporters for the work.

“Alike by each member of the Council and by all the patients, Dr. Moorshead was loved both for his self-denying labours and also for his zeal in advancing the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

“To Mrs. Moorshead the Council tender their heartfelt sympathy in the Home-call of her beloved life companion. She has been a true fellow worker with him in all that concerns the welfare of the Mission.

“They rejoice that he is now in the presence of the Master whom he loved and served so faithfully.”

For the London Medical Mission,

A. W. CHURCHILL.

*December 17th, 1934.*



*The Medical Missionary Association (London).*

*December 6th, 1934.*

“ Dear Mrs. Moorshead,

“ At our Board Meeting yesterday the Chairman, Dr. Halliday, made the announcement of the passing away of your husband. He said how it had come as a shock to him and to all the members of the Board.

“ He told how he had been brought into touch many years ago with Dr. Moorshead when they were students, and then, after a long time, brought together again in connection with the work of the Medical Missionary Association.

“ He was only voicing the feelings of every member when he said we had lost a most gracious Christian gentleman, and that we should greatly miss his services, his enthusiasm, and his loyalty to the Evangelical truths for which our Association stands.

“ The following Minute was passed (all standing) :—

“ “ This Meeting wishes first of all to convey to Mrs. Moorshead the Board’s sympathy in her great loss and sorrow, and to place on record how much Dr. Moorshead will be missed, and to say what a help and inspiration he has always been as a member of the Board to this Association, and in all his dealings with the students.”

Yours very sincerely,

NEVILLE BRADLEY.

*The Baptist Church, Sutton, Surrey.*

*December 18th, 1934.*

“ The Members of Sutton Baptist Church desire to place on record their deep sense of loss occasioned by the Home-call of Dr. Robert Fletcher Moorshead on December 4th, 1934. They remember with gratitude to God the conspicuous service he rendered to the Christian Church as a whole, and the B.M.S. in

particular, as the first Medical Secretary of the Society. During his tenure of that office, extending over a period of more than thirty years, the work, from small beginnings, grew to world-wide proportions and, endures as his perpetual memorial. He is remembered most of all, however, as a perfect Christian gentleman, whose charm and courtesy won every heart, and whose membership of this Church for more than eleven years was a constant source of spiritual strength. To Mrs. Moorshead, his life-long comrade and co-worker, so suddenly bereaved, they extend their Christian love and sympathy, and pray that in her sorrow she may abundantly realise all the consolations which abound in Christ."

*The Baptist Free Church, Banstead Road, Carshalton Beeches.  
December 8th, 1934.*

"Dr. Moorshead was a real friend to our young Church, and we shall never forget it. With all the wider interests to which he gave his generous heart he did not forget the work near at hand."

*B.M.S. Professional Sub-Committee.  
16, Queen Anne Street, W.1.*

*December 10th, 1934.*

"Dear Mrs. Moorshead,

"I have just presided at a meeting of the Professional Sub-Committee here. You will realise how strange and forlorn we felt, and you will know that it was no mere formality when the members of the Committee requested me to convey to you on their behalf a sense of the loss that we felt at our meeting, and the warm expression of our sympathy to you in a loss incomparably greater.

"There has been all these years no little body in which your husband's presence has been more appreciated, or a body better able to judge of the detailed

care, thought and affection that he was giving to the work that made up so large a part of his life.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ERIC PEARCE GOULD."

*Resolution adopted by the British Section of the Board of Governors of the Shantung Christian University, at meeting on Friday, February 1st, 1935.*

"By the death of Dr. R. Fletcher Moorshead the Shantung Christian University loses one of its early promoters and one of the most deeply interested and valuable members of the Governing Body. From the first establishment of the British Joint Board of the University he acted as its Secretary. Under pressure of other duties he resigned that office in 1926. The painstaking efficiency with which he did this work put his colleagues under a deep sense of obligation to him, as they dealt with expansion of the work of the University and the complex problems which arose. He established a high tradition of thoroughness and clarity of exposition of the greatest value to the Board.

"As Medical Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society he was largely responsible for the successful establishment of the Tsinanfu Hospital ; and the Union Medical School at Tsinanfu owed much of the impetus under which it was founded and developed to the enthusiastic advocacy of Dr. Moorshead. He was inspired by two ideals : (1) that the care and cure of disease should be an expression of the Christian Gospel, and (2) that Chinese Christian Doctors and Nurses should be fully trained and qualified for this service among their own people. These two purposes were the constant themes of his appeals on behalf of the University. His colleagues on the Board share with the Baptist Missionary Society their sense of sorrow and loss.

“His personal visit to the University during his journeys in China in 1919—1920 is gratefully remembered.

“On behalf of the representatives of the University in China, in Britain and in America, the Governors respectfully offer to the bereaved widow and aged mother their assurance of sincere sympathy.”

*The Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement.*

“The National Council of the Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement shares in the widespread regret and sense of loss by the death of their colleague, Dr. Moorshead, on December 4th, 1934. The Council was honoured in having Dr. Moorshead as one of its ex-officio members, and took pride in the fact that he was deeply interested in the work of the Movement from its earliest days. He was ever a welcome visitor at gatherings of men, and by his fine devotion, organising gifts and persuasive advocacy, he secured the loyal devotion of multitudes of men to the missionary enterprise. Beyond all this, members of the National Council felt the influence of his rare Christian spirit, his devotion to his Lord and his untiring service. The official was never allowed to dominate the man in Dr. Moorshead. Until his closing days he maintained his early enthusiasm because of his hourly walk with his Lord.

“The Council desires to express to Mrs. Moorshead its deep sympathy in her bereavement.”

*Minute of the Church Missionary Society Medical Committee.*  
*January 22nd, 1935.*

“The C.M.S. Medical Committee have heard, with sorrow and a deep sense of the loss to the cause of Medical Missions, of the death of Dr. Robert Fletcher Moorshead, the Medical Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, on December 4th, 1934. Dr.

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Moorshead was a real friend to many of us and he was always ready to co-operate in the great cause we all have at heart. He would never allow that the work of healing was a mere extra to the preaching of the Gospel. To him it was a revelation of the Divine Life conquering disease, a showing forth of God's redeeming purpose for all men.

"He truly belonged to all the Churches."

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MR. KENNETH MACLENNAN, Edinburgh House.

"Dr. Fletcher Moorshead was a warm supporter of co-operation in the work of missions. He took an active part in the promotion of union institutions in the field, and in working out policies of co-operation between the home boards. He was a familiar figure at Edinburgh House, the centre of so much co-operative activity. In particular he took a leading part in the work of the British Advisory Board on Medical Missions. Wise in counsel and shrewd in judgment, he was regarded as a trusted leader in all questions concerning the development of medical work in the field.

"But great as was his influence as a councillor, his real influence lay in his character. He ever wore a smile—a smile that had a quality of its own. It radiated affection, strength and peace. It permeated the most difficult atmosphere with friendliness. These influences reinforced in an unusual degree his quiet words of wisdom. They promoted fellowship, the first requisite of co-operative work. The work at Edinburgh House owed more than there can ever be told to men and women like Dr. Fletcher Moorshead, whose life and work steadily created the atmosphere that alone makes such work possible.

"His name will always be recalled among the friends of co-operation. Others will speak of his unique services to Shantung Medical College, the work of the British

Board of which he guided with unique skill for several years, until, overburdened with work, he had very reluctantly to surrender this loved task under imperative medical orders.

“No less valuable were his services to the China Christian Universities Committee, on which he served from its inception to the time of his death. The work of correlation of medical education was an activity after his own heart, and he threw himself into it enthusiastically.

REV. ALFRED STONELAKE, of the Congo Mission.

“He was a perfect example of a Christian gentleman to everyone, but to us missionaries he gave his very best. . . . He was so Christ-like, gentle, kind, and considerate.”

REV. W. D. ROSS, M.Sc.

“After the years in which I was his minister, and learned something of his fidelity and goodness as a Church member, I can testify that he was a real man of God, a minister’s friend, and a whole-hearted and consecrated servant of his Master.”

MRS. STANLEY JENKINS.

“Dr. Moorshead’s work will never die. It was so unselfish and so whole-hearted that its influence will remain and continue to spread. With his ten talents he made other ten.”

MR. H. W. ACRES.

“We both have such happy memories of his kindly and gracious words and actions—particularly when our lad went abroad. I cannot say what your husband’s influence was in the life of our boy, but that influence must have been felt in the same way in the lives of many another one who sought his guidance.”

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MISS M. E. BOWSER, Secretary for Women's Work,  
B.M.S.

"I want to try and put into words for you at least a little of the deep regard and love in which I held Dr. Moorshead.

"To begin with, apart from Mrs. Kerry, he is the B.M.S. Secretary with whom I earliest came into contact when I was a very small child. He came to an Exhibition in Glasgow very early in the century, and I have most vivid recollections of meeting him then, and can easily recall even how he looked. So that when I came to the Mission House about fifteen years later he was the only one with whom I had had earlier contact.

"From the first he showed to me a consideration and kindness that have increased with the years and have been unfailing throughout all our relationships.

"The last seven years have brought us, as you know, into close and intimate contact, and never once have I found him anything but patient, courteous, full of understanding and of that true 'grace' which is the hall-mark of a Son of God.

"We sometimes differed, but always with the same personal affection and cordiality with which we far more often were at one.

"Our Lord blessed the meek, and your dear Doctor was one of His real inheritors of the earth, and there are not many of whom that can be said.

"I think the place I am going to miss him most is in the fellowship we had in prayer. It was quite simple but profoundly real, and it meant more to me than I can ever tell. The sheer fact that he was so obviously a man of God always moved me, and his very sensitiveness marked him out as one of the choice souls among one's friends.

"For singleness of purpose and absolutely unswerving devotion to a cause I have never known anyone like him, and his intense loyalty to the coming of the

Kingdom of God through Medical Missions has many a time been a reproach and an inspiration to me.

“ He won for himself the esteem and affection of a mighty host of friends, and to-night I am glad and proud that not only I can count myself among that number, but I can also feel he counted me his friend, too.

“ We have been together as comrades in places of deep joy, but we have also touched, with and for others, some big things in sorrow and tragedy and sin, and with a full heart we can say : ‘ Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.’ ”

MR. W. E. CHAPMAN (London Medical Mission Treasurer).

“ His life was so rich and abundant in the service of the Lord Whom he loved that we can only think of him now as still occupied in that same service, but now without the sadness and weariness and disappointments which are part of the portion of the Lord’s servants on earth.”

DR. GILBERT (his successor at the London Medical Mission).

“ You know how he will be missed at the L.M.M. I cannot help feeling for myself that with such a warrior gone from the ranks it is up to me to fight better, and more as he did, with all my heart and soul. And I am sure other will think so too.”

REV. PETER FLEMING.

“ Dr. Moorshead was surely the most lovable man one could ever know. . . . He was one of nature’s gentlemen, but he was more. He was one of God’s gentlemen. Some great work needed him.”

DR. E. C. GIRLING.

“ He was a great man. I am proud I was allowed to know him and call him my friend.”



MR. H. L. HEMMENS.

"He was one of God's richest gifts to the B.M.S. and to his friends. I shall always count his friendship, and especially the closer intimacy and fellowship in service of more recent years, among my most treasured memories, and I covet for myself something of his utter consecration to Christ and His service."

REV. AND MRS. H. G. HOARE.

"One interview stands out with unfading distinctness, when he visited us to convey the terrible news of our dear daughter's passing, nine weeks after reaching Palwal. It must have been intensely painful for him, but he fulfilled his mission with grace and genuine sympathy."

MISS E. C. MACPHERSON.

"If ever there lived a Christ-like nature on earth it was Dr. Moorshead. He was so truly good in every way that one sensed it when he entered the room. What an example he has left to us, a life of true goodness and humility and selflessness."

MR. W. H. MAYNE.

"One of the finest, kindest and best men I have been privileged to meet."

MISS B. G. NETHERTON (Dr. Moorshead's Secretary).

"I cannot believe that my happy years of service with him have come to an end so suddenly. . . . You know what I feel—what a privilege I have regarded it to be of some service to Dr. Moorshead in the work which he loved so much. I often wished that I had the ability to do more for him."

MR. B. R. WHEELER.

"It will be a very long while before any of us at Furnival Street grow accustomed to the absence of the

good doctor, who for more than thirty years has been an essential part of our life there. I was there before he was, and so have had the privilege of his friendship all the time. And he was a very good friend indeed. He was, as has been truly said, the soul of courtesy, interested in all our concerns, whether official or private, and was ever ready to do anything in his power to help and advise. Both my wife and I have had the benefit of his professional counsel, and for that we shall always feel grateful. But I think the gratitude is more due to the manner and charm of the man than to the actual services themselves. He always gave you the impression that in serving you he was placing himself rather than you under an obligation, which made it easy to seek him out on all possible occasions. I am personally much the poorer for his departure, and I want you to know it, and to feel that to some extent, at least, we are sharing your loss. Not a syllable too much has been said by anyone as to the value of the work he has done during all these years. Under a very unassuming manner he has veiled a great achievement, the dimensions of which only time, or perhaps eternity, will reveal."

DR. A. E. MOORE.

"It is difficult to realise that we shall see him no more. We all feel a keen sense of intimate and personal loss. The Mission House will never be the same for us medicals, and especially for those of us who have known and loved him for so many years, his gentleness and intense sympathy, his wise guidance and sweetness of character, his utter selflessness and loyalty to his colleagues, will remain for us an imperishable memory.

DR. M. R. BISSET.

"It was with a sense of very personal loss that I heard in Calcutta of the death of Dr. Moorshead. He has been a most kind, helpful and sympathetic guide and

friend. I believe that there is not a single medical missionary of the B.M.S. who has not at some time experienced and appreciated his wise counsel and his great efforts on our behalf.

“His personal interest in each of the medical staff was made possible by his generous hospitality, so ably supplemented by Mrs. Moorshead in their beautiful home. Their continued kindness has been much appreciated by all those who have been privileged to experience it.”

REV. W. HEDLEY ENNALS.

“We thank God for every remembrance of this saint of God, and praise Him for giving him to our beloved Society, through which God enabled him to do such valiant service.”

DR. ELLA GREGORY.

“Dr. Moorshead always proved himself such a real friend to me. I cannot bear to think what the Mission House will be like without him. I shall always cherish, a fragrant memory, the thought of his graciousness and gentle kindness. I feel I can best honour his memory by a renewed consecration of myself, all I have and am, to the cause which was always so dear to his heart.”

DR. C. C. CHESTERMAN.

“To me personally the blow is staggering. . . I can honestly say that I have but one ambition, and that is to carry on the work which he has initiated and so successfully prosecuted for so many years.”

## APPENDIX B

### THE MOORSHEAD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

When the Doctor was called home at the end of 1934 the hospital in the Kond Hills, of which he had dreamed for many years, was still unrealised. Every effort made to erect and staff it had been doomed to disappointment. But what he was unable to do in life is to be done under the inspiration of his memory. The B.M.S. Committee decided in November, 1935, that a special fund of £7,000 should be raised for the erection of the Moorshead Memorial Hospital, and Dr. and Mrs. Eric Gordon Wilkins are now (Spring, 1936) preparing plans. Any profits which may accrue from the sale of this book will be devoted to this Fund, and any reader who has been moved by the story may have a share in the Memorial Scheme by a gift sent to the Mission House, 19, Furnival Street, E.C.4, marked "Moorshead Memorial Hospital."