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FOR CHRIST AND CUZCO.

A MEMORIAL OF W. H. NEWELL,

DEDICATED TO HIS UNCLE,

JAMES NEWELL,

EVER A LOVING SYMPATHIZER AND

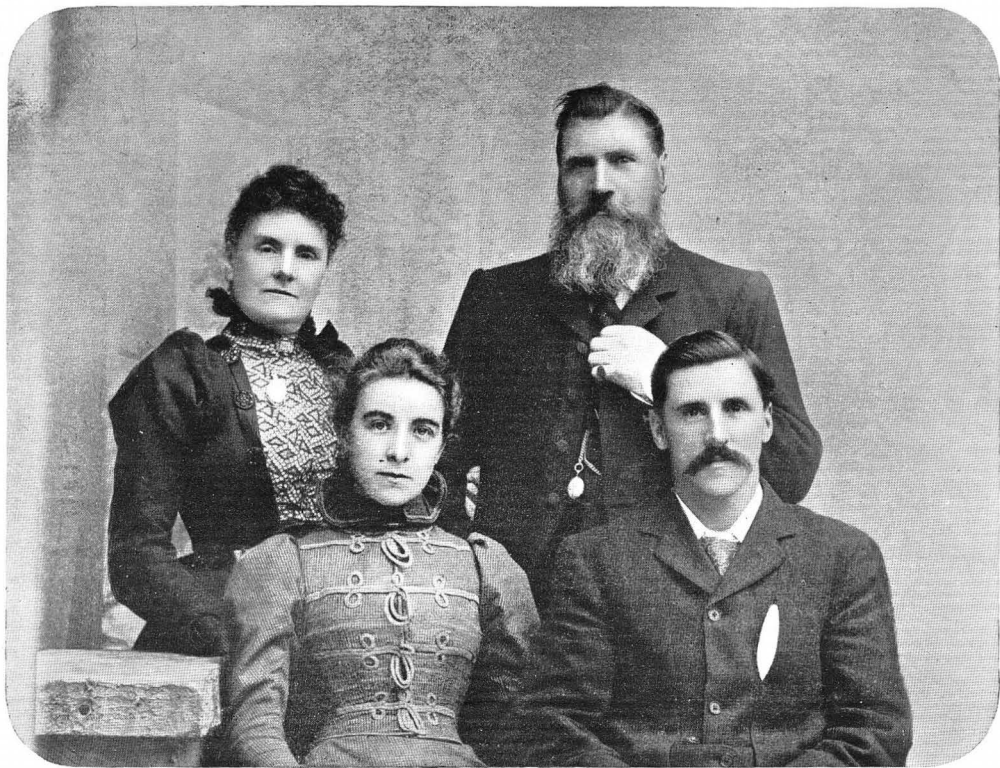
PRACTICAL HELPER IN HIS WORK

FOR THE LORD.

May the GOD of all power and might use for His own glory the pages of this little book. After a severe illness the writer has had its compilation laid upon her heart, believing that the LORD may graciously use these memories and letters in blessing to souls, even as He so wonderfully owned and used the dear one now in the Glory.

Any profits derived from its sale will be devoted to the "Newell Memorial Fund," through which friends in Reading contribute towards the support of a Cuzco missionary.

M. N.



MRS. NEWELL, Sen.

MRS. W. H. NEWELL.

MR. NEWELL, Sen.

THE LATE W. H. NEWELL.

FOR CHRIST AND CUZCO.

A MEMORIAL OF
W. H. NEWELL,
Missionary to Cuzco, Peru.

BY HIS MOTHER.

With Extracts from his Letters.

PREFACE BY DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION, PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT,
HARLEY HOUSE, BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.

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PREFACE.

AMONGST the hundreds of students with whom it has been my privilege to come into contact during the past nineteen years, some have been conspicuous for preaching gift and others for intellectual power; a number made their mark in the field of inter-college athletics; others, again, were influential as men of holiness and prayer; and many, though excellent men, were not in any way remarkable.

It would have been impossible, however, to lose sight of **Will. Newell** in the crowd. His bright face was sure to catch my eye at morning prayers, whilst his sweet tenor voice impressed one, even if fifty other men were joining in the hymn. His prayers were full of devotion, the evident expression of a Spirit-filled life.

Nor, on the other hand, could one overlook Newell on the cricket field, where, in imagination I see him now, fielding at point, or doing good service with the ball. He nearly always went in early in the innings, being one of our most reliable batsmen, and it was not often that he disappointed our expectations of sound defence.

Will. Newell was made of the right stuff all through. Perhaps, from an occasional phrase in some of his letters to his mother, one might be disposed to imagine him less manly than he really was; but this would be to misjudge him. It is true, the fragrance of a Murray M'Cheyne was about him, but his saintliness in no way diminished his strength of character. Free from affectation, he was as natural and fresh as a spring morning, and even to come into passing contact with him did one good. Gentlemanly and courteous, musical and sympathetic, he was eminently adapted by natural gifts for the work to which he was finally called.

When I think of Newell, my mind wanders back instinctively to the old days, when we used to train our senior men in Derbyshire. Can anyone who ever knew "Cliff"

cease to love it? The sweet music of the winding Derwent seems to fill the valley with a perpetual song of praise. From the water's brink, one looks up at the wooded hill, where the college building lies partly concealed among the trees, or up-stream and over the field to the place where the quiet village church and rectory guard the little GOD's acre, for ever sacred to some of us. Higher still, in the background, the rocky limestone ridge stands out boldly against the sky—rampart of the glorious moor beyond. Amid these surroundings, and under the guidance of Principal Rattray—a man of sterling character and strength—Newell studied and prospered; and in the villages and towns for miles around, he left the fragrance of his tender, urgent ministry.

It was a great disappointment when the Congo, on which he had set his heart, became to him a forbidden land. But when, after his post-college pastorate in Sherfield, the way opened towards Peru, we rejoiced with him and his young wife in the honour the LORD had given in calling them to service in so difficult a sphere.

Now that his grave lies at the gate of the Golden City of the Sun, claiming Cuzco, and the unreached multitudes of Inca land for GOD, it is well that the story of his life should be written: that its sunshine may still fall along the pathway of other lives, and his winsome devotion to CHRIST move many to follow in his steps. Others have been with us more distinguished; others more widely known in the missionary circles of Africa or the distant East, but none have left a clearer track of unswerving obedience to his LORD than Newell. Thus, these records of a simple life, so naturally written, will not fail to influence other lives for good; and for their sakes we rejoice in this permanent record. May the singleness of purpose which enabled Newell to keep "first things first" prove contagious, and these home letters, descriptive of heart-life in the midst of missionary preparation and service, be owned and used of GOD!

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, M.D.

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CHAPTER I.



A MOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

MEMORY travels back many years, and the days of my conversion to GOD come very vividly before me. My turning from darkness to light; the wrestlings; the agonies of soul about sin; and the wonderful glad joy of the knowledge of salvation that followed. My spiritual birthday came to me in 1877, in the house of the brewery business in which we lived. My little Willie, an only child for sixteen years, was then a dark-eyed, merry, roguish lad of seven. He was the pet and idol of my husband and myself; of a quick, impetuous disposition, but most amiable and affectionate, and always easily swayed by love. How I prayed for my boy at this time, all godly mothers will understand, and "exceeding abundantly" were the answers. As time went on I would often hear a little voice say at my door, "Is Mother praying? Then Willie will come too," and thus mother and son prayed and read and talked together of the One Who had saved them, and Who was coming so soon to take all His redeemed ones to be with Him for ever. The coming of the LORD for His Church was at that time ever most prominent in the mind of our boy, and again and again have I been called from bed to kneel and pray with the conscience-stricken lad, who could not rest because of some unconfessed sin. Here let me say that his comfort at these times was invariably I. John i., 7, "The blood of JESUS CHRIST His Son cleanseth us from all sin." It is not surprising that in the delirium that came before his Home-call he used the same blessed Scripture.

At the age of fifteen my husband decided to make a brewer of our laddie, believing that he was doing the best thing possible

for his worldly prospects. Willie would not have chosen this trade, but as a dutiful son acquiesced in his father's will. This sent me even more frequently to the Throne of Grace on his behalf, and often literally "with strong crying and tears." My readers will realize how difficult was our position as believers.

Soon after there came a drifting time. Willie had learned dancing when a tiny boy at school, and although after my conversion I had forbidden its continuance, he had a passion for the exercise—harmless, perhaps, in a home, but often hurtful to youth when away from its guarding influence. He joined a dancing-class of young people, some professedly Christians, and soon after, although he still attended his Bible Class and Sunday School, and was a devoted and affectionate son, the things of GOD seemed to pall upon him, and I missed him from my side in prayer and Bible study. But the wonderful guarding SPIRIT of the LORD followed him, and I was led to pray more definitely than ever for his entire sanctification and yielding to GOD's will. I did not command him to give up dancing, or I believe he would have done so, for he was an obedient son; but I impressed him with the fact that each night he attended the class I should be praying for him, and on his supper-tray before I retired to rest, I always laid the Bible open at Eccles. xi., 9, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou that for all these things GOD will bring thee into judgment." To mothers who read this I would say that I believed GOD Himself would convict my boy; mine was only the praying and waiting part, but my heart-aches were frequent.

My son had many enticing temptations around him in the brewery, and although the drink was no snare to him, since he had been carefully guarded from its use in childhood, there were many fierce besetments at this time from the enemy of souls. But just before Christmas, when he came to my room one night for his good-night kiss as usual, after returning at ten o'clock from the dance, he said: "Mother! after Christmas I think I shall give up dancing, I am not as happy as I used to be."

How I praised my GOD that night ; for I knew my answer was coming quickly. Our GOD is ever faithful to His trusting ones. Then came an invitation from an uncle in Dulwich for the holidays. His home was Christian in the real sense of the word ; that is, a home where GOD is first, and His Word revered, studied, and obeyed. Here I must say, even if the dear uncle should take exception to my testimony, that it was his consistent, Christ-like life that helped me so much in my decision to follow CHRIST—not what he said to me, but the CHRIST I saw in him.

I wrote to my boy's cousins, telling them that Willie was trying to follow CHRIST and the world together, and that while on his visit to them I should pray that he might see the beauty of holiness in their lives, and that he might prove with them that CHRIST alone is a satisfying portion. Not long before his return I knelt one night and besought the LORD for my laddie's full surrender that very week, and so much was I wrought upon that for a time it was just sobbing and weeping before the LORD. Then a great calm suddenly fell upon me ; such an overwhelming assurance came to my heart that my prayer was verily answered, that I was hushed into solemn awe, and rose glad and comforted.

A few days later, when my bright, glowing, happy-faced boy walked into the dining-room, I saw in his eyes that he had the blessing I craved for, and in my joy exclaimed, "Willie, you have changed, I see it in your eyes." He answered, "Yes, Mother, and by GOD's grace I am now going to be a 'House-top Saint.'" He had been reading an inspiring little booklet of that name, and had also been taken by his cousin to hear a dear servant of the LORD preach at the Dulwich meeting-room, and was thus helped into full and joyous surrender. Together we raised our Ebenezer, and our home rang with his songs of praise and adoration. He was much gifted in music, and was quite at home with either piano or organ. His voice was also melodious and strong, and these gifts were at once dedicated to the Master. His clear young voice soon rang out boldly and enthusiastically in hall and street, cottage meeting and tramp ward, in praise of the ONE Who had redeemed him and called

him to His glorious service. There was no more dancing nor novel-reading for Willie. "Sunday School work is quite different now, Mother," he would say, and Bible study again became a delight. Mother and son grew together in knowledge of the One Who had so graciously brought them to Himself.

My boy now became most eager for souls, and the LORD began to use him much, especially amongst young men. His presence and addresses at meetings attracted many listeners at first, perhaps because of the novelty of a brewer's son taking such a stand for GOD. Often, as I stood singing in the street by his side, I prayed that he might be set apart and delivered from his business to win souls for CHRIST, and was not surprised one day when he said: "Mother, I cannot be a brewer. How can I at the same time talk to a man about his soul, and ask him for an order for beer? The two things are incongruous." And yet, during the time he remained in business, he was most faithful, though often exposed to scathing ridicule. His bright, happy Christianity became a great power for GOD, and soon many a young soul was won for CHRIST. I am sure that many Reading friends will joyfully corroborate my testimony in this particular. To GOD be all the Glory!

The Rev. Hubert Brooke, whose ministry my son attended in Castle Street Church, was a great help and encouragement to him in his desire to be used in mission work, and the time soon came when an unmistakable call from GOD was given through him. On one occasion Mr. Brooke asked if ten amongst his congregation would not offer themselves for missionary work abroad, with the result that one evening, Willie looked up from the book he was reading ("Do not say," was the title) and suddenly said, "Mother, you will have to let me go." "Go!" said I, "Oh, Willie! surely not from England and me. You can be used in Reading quite as much as in the foreign field. How could I live without you?" (Oh, selfish mother of those days!) "No, not you, my more than son, companion, helper of my joy and faith." "No," said self again, emphatically, in spite of "the still, small voice within," "I can never be willing to let him go far from my side, not

yet." Delicate health, his father's wishes and keen disappointment if he gave up the brewery business, all these did I urge; yet the words were scarcely out of my lips before I knew, deep down in my heart, that GOD's will must be done. Yes! even though my heart might break.

May I again digress here to say how very little some of us seem to know of our own self-life. We believe we have fully surrendered, until in some great crisis like this GOD puts His hand upon the plague spot, and in love shows us more of ourselves than we dreamed of before. Self-denial does not always mean that we deny self. So surely do our lips say to GOD what our hearts belie because of our ignorance of that same self-life latent in us.

Night after night I faced the separation and all it must involve for both, until I became quite ill. We knelt together more often asking the LORD to give us clear leading and enable both to do and bear His will, and when, soon after this time, my precious boy told me he had fully decided to offer himself as one of the ten to go forth in GOD's time to the "Regions Beyond," I had also been helped to full and glad yielding up to the LORD of one of my best earthly gifts. Height after height had our boy scaled in growing up into GOD, and he never rested until he had pulled "mother" up also. I was frequently reminded of our mountain rambles together in North Wales, when he would so eagerly determine to climb higher than any of us, and then as his lithe young figure stood silhouetted on the sky, his cheery voice would ring out, "Mother! You must climb higher. It is lovely where I am, the view is grander; I will come and help you."

Willie remained in the brewery until twenty-one years of age, rendering obedience to his father in the business as far as possible; but he sometimes got so occupied with the Word, always keeping a Bible in his pocket, that he forgot the beer boiling in the copper. It was one of his duties to watch it, and consequently his father soon discovered that beer-making and Bible study could not assimilate, and that his plans must be thwarted.

But in the meantime, the LORD, in answer to our many prayers, had so worked upon my husband's soul that it was with joyful surprise we heard our difficulties would be soon removed and that my son would be no longer hindered in his devotion to the LORD's work. His father consented to send him to Harley College to be fitted for missionary service, defraying all his expenses there.

There was deep, holy joy in our home that day, for we believed the dear father would soon be won for JESUS, and he, too, in spite of cost to self, be made willing to do GOD's will.

I believe it was the deep reality in Willie's life that most helped those around him. His sweetness of disposition, and humility when rebuked, often before the men, because of neglect of duty through getting absorbed in some Scripture; his unflinching obedience, and stern and faithful denunciation of sin; his boldness and confession of CHRIST in the office, when surrounded by utterly godless men—these were the things that arrested attention and awakened thought. He would stand for GOD as bold as a lion, in the midst of most exasperating ridicule, and yet he was naturally of a sensitive and nervous temperament.

His joyous Christianity told much in his work of winning souls in the Reading Mission, into which he threw all his energy and zeal. Often, after giving out a hymn and singing the first verse, crowds would assemble. Then blessing followed, and many souls would be won for JESUS in Reading and its neighbourhood. "Souls for JESUS," was ever the burden of his prayers. He would spend hours on his knees wrestling and crying to GOD for unsaved ones laid upon his heart by the SPIRIT of the LORD. Often at such times his voice would awaken us in the night as he cried aloud, and his little brother who slept in the same room would say, "Mother, why does Willie cry so when he prays?" In the daytime, too, I would feel impelled as I listened to kneel outside his door, and just say "Amen" to my boy's prayers. When most anxious he invariably prayed aloud, and his confessions of failure and deep

self-abasement before GOD, would make me weep with him. This was the secret of his being owned and used so much : his strong consciousness of his own unworthiness and the hold on GOD in praying about everything, and every soul for whom his heart yearned.

Before going to Harley College, Willie had left the Church of England, deciding that he must be the LORD's free servant, preaching "anywhere and everywhere" for JESUS. This step cost him much, for he dearly loved his pastor and the church, St. Mary's Episcopal Chapel, which he had attended from childhood.

For many years he had sat beside his father in the choir ; his Sunday class there was very dear to him, as well as all his associates in the Master's work. It was not without much exercise of heart that he arrived at this decision, and he would sit pondering over the Word and the Prayer Book until the early morning hours, seeking to know the will of GOD.

All honour be to the LORD's dear servant, his pastor, the Rev. Hubert Brooke, to whom he went for advice at this important crisis of his life. Despite his sorrow in losing him from his flock, he did not attempt to shake him in his conviction, since our boy believed it to be God's path for him. Until he left for the foreign field, however, Mr. Brooke always took the same warm interest in his work, and still gave him opportunities to speak in his schoolroom, on behalf of the Master's cause ; an example followed by his successor, the Rev. J. Consterdine. Until the day my son sailed for Peru, the same loving, Christ-like influence followed him, even to the ship's cabin, in which he sailed, where a cheering, encouraging Scripture wired by his beloved pastor awaited him : "For the LORD will go before you, the GOD of Israel will be your rereward." Eternity only can show how much my dear one owed to the teaching of this honoured servant of the LORD.

Some years before leaving home for Harley College, mother and son had been baptized together at Bridge Hall, Oxford Road, and Willie worshipped with the believers gathered there, until joining the Baptist community soon after entering College. He frequently sat under the Rev. Archibald

Brown's ministry, at the East London Tabernacle, and ever testified to the blessing there received.

How we missed our laddie when he went forth from the home roof! True for us was the old Scotch ballad:

"His very step has music in't
As he comes up the stair,"

We had never been separated before for more than a week or two, and our tiny boy of five years could not fill up the gap thus made. But soon Willie's loving letters; his joy in his studies, and in being prepared for his Master's work, helped us to bear the parting even gladly.

Our boy threw himself joyously and enthusiastically into all the arduous and often physically trying work that being a Harley student then involved, and frequently did he thank God for his training, believing that he had found just the "one place in the world where Will. Newell could be best fitted for his future life-work."

His holidays were the "red-letter days" of our lives! Oh, the delight of standing on the sands by the sea-shore with him as he preached the glad news of salvation! I remember Teignmouth especially. Commencing with a hymn, his musical voice would speedily attract a crowd. Then he would turn to me, "You must sing a solo, Mother; do not be nervous! Sing for JESUS and you will forget yourself." This was trying for "Mother," but she did it, for she knew her boy was "commandeered" by her King. Night after night we stood with many of the LORD'S dear people around us, and grand and inspiring were the messages my beloved boy gave out for his Master. Verily the CHRIST who preached by the Galilean Sea spoke through him as his clear, distinct voice rang out above the musical beat of the waves upon the shore. A dear lady worker of Teignmouth, who had resided there since childhood, observed that she had never before seen so many young men of the place listening to the "sweet old story."

Indeed, Willie was used in blessing to many there, and was just kept bubbling over with glad song and praise for all God had wrought in and through "The Brewer's Son."



GRACIE AND RUTH, THE LATE W. H. NEWELL'S TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Our Bible studies on the sands in the early morning are amongst my most precious memories, and if my mother-heart cries out now and again as I visit the sea,

“ Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still,”

my GOD sends His own comfort and speaks to me of “the little while” between. The time is coming when we shall once more sing together, yea, through all the endless ages of eternity, the praises of Him we love, even our JESUS.

Our boy believed for years that the LORD meant him to work on the Congo. It was the burning desire of his heart to be sent out with some of his beloved College chums, Messrs. Bowen, Hayes and Randall, to that sphere of labour; but it was not “in the plan.” During his training at Cliff College he fell whilst running to be in time for class, and sprained his leg badly. This accident greatly affected his health for a time, and we noticed that he was never as vigorous and strong again. To his keen and intense disappointment it was considered too hazardous to send him to such a fever-haunted place as the Congo, but when his *fiancée*, Miss Stransom, was also declared to be not eligible for such a sphere, he began to see GOD's leading in the matter. When College life was over, he was quite content to take pastoral work in the villages of Sherfield and Streatley, where he laboured patiently—the LORD wonderfully blessing his work—until a way was opened for both in Peru.

The few extracts given later from letters written while in Sherfield show how the LORD blessed and matured my boy during this waiting and testing time, so trying to his young and ardent soul.

The young couple set sail for Peru on May 19th, 1898. They were both full of deep and holy joy in going forth together to tell the glad “old story” to those who had never heard. Often in my intense anxiety I asked them if they had counted the cost, “even unto death”—violent death, too—that might so soon come to them through the poor fanatics of Cuzco. I recall vividly on one occasion their rapturous faces, beautiful

with the love of CHRIST constraining and glorifying them for the moment as they answered, "Yes, Mother: even to the death, so glad to go for CHRIST'S dear sake, to be accounted worthy."

There had been much waiting on the LORD before our boy's engagement, much prayer for divine guidance, and afterwards such a dedication of their lives to GOD—"GOD First," their life motto—that one felt sure that His blessing must rest upon their union. It was my privilege to see them a few minutes after their betrothal. Going suddenly into the room where I had left them together, I found them both on their knees, thanking GOD for their mutual love and asking Him that this love—precious as it was—might never hinder their life motto, "GOD First," but only stimulate and help them Godward, higher and upward.

Very full and precious were the last few days with us after their marriage—on April 13th, 1898—before they sailed away. Again we see the well-filled Chapel in King's Road as our dear one gave his farewell address, and the big meeting in the Town Hall where both testified to the joy they had in going forth so soon to their life-work—the sweet, clear voice of our dear little daughter ringing out in loving testimony of service for CHRIST. And afterwards, the crowded railway platform at Reading, where dear fellow-workers, friends of all denominations, were represented. Again we seem to hear the hymns of farewell and see the tearful faces of many as our boy called from the carriage window, "Souls' for JESUS," his last words to his dearly-loved Reading friends. A trying time, truly, but the LORD "stood by." We had prayed to be made able to go with him to the vessel, to smile him away, and it was even so—"GOD was enough"; but we knew just a tiny bit of what the Scripture meant—"Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own heart," as we gave him the last kiss. But the vision of the two together, so entirely "one in the LORD," and their joy in going forth in the service both loved so well, shadowed by our JEHOVAH GOD, helped and sustained and, in time, soothed us much.

He, our GOD, has never failed us in all the trials that followed their departure, even to the day when four years later the message came which told us of our precious boy's "Home going." He has verily been to us as "The Shadow of a Great Rock in a weary land."

"Was it worth while?" asks the worldling. "The young, bright, useful life was laid down so quickly. Was it worth while to risk so much?" "Yes!" we answer, though it may be through tears. Life and opportunities are short at their longest and eternity is for ever and ever. Souls perish in thousands in the "Regions Beyond" without CHRIST. It was well worth while! My boy's last words as he stood on the vessel with his dear arms round me were: "Mother, you will have your portion in giving me up to GOD like this; think of the long, grand eternity we shall spend together, and no separation." He had previously asked me to endeavour to so entirely give him up to GOD that I could wish him good-bye like one who never expected to see him on earth again. "It will be better, Mother, to do so," he said, and truly afterwards one felt the bitterness of death was past in a measure.

Perhaps there may be other dearly-loved sons who read this, going forth with the "old, old story to those who have never heard," and with me their loved mothers will share in their joy and their rewards, in "that day" so quickly coming when they shall bring their sheaves to the Master's feet. God gave His "Well-beloved," "the One brought up with Him," "daily His delight," to go to Calvary for us and the perishing souls across the seas. Yes, I again reiterate it was "well worth while."

"He is at rest. In CHRIST's own presence blest:
 He counts the time no more.
 Time's footfall is not heard along the golden shore.
 His faith is sight! His hope is full delight!
 The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain,
 His untold bliss—what thought can fathom this?
 To him to live was CHRIST. To die indeed was gain."



CHAPTER II.



AT HARLEY COLLEGE, BOW.

WHEN Will. Newell began his student life at Harley College, in January, 1892, he entered an inter-denominational missionary institute which had been founded some eighteen years before by Dr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, as the result of experience gained through years of evangelistic labours in all parts of the world. He represented the very type of man whom they counted it a privilege to prepare for the foreign field. The root of the matter was in him; the anointing from on high was upon him; he only needed to add knowledge to his zeal, and experience to his faith in order to be fully prepared for his high calling. Again and again, the founders of the East London Institute had come into contact with such young men in the course of their travels, and it was for them that they determined to maintain an open door—that their love and zeal might not be wasted, but turned to account on behalf of heathendom. Men of all nationalities and any denomination were welcome to apply, the only necessary condition being that they should display physical, mental, and, above all, spiritual fitness for the work of the mission-field. To-day, the East London Institute has developed into a larger enterprise, incorporated under the name of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, but Harley College still forms an important branch of its work, and its justification as a missionary training institution is to be found in the fact that it has sent nearly a thousand men to labour in every part of the world in connection with over forty missionary societies. In 1892 a goodly succession of these brethren had already passed from the College to the regions beyond, and when Will. Newell joined the ranks

of those who were looking forward to engaging in the divine enterprise of missions, he found himself in an atmosphere rendered electric by constant communication with the front. The sound of the coming battle was always in these men's ears, and they were never allowed to forget the strenuousness of the fight in which they were soon to be engaged. Indeed, through prayer and faith they were already taking part in the work of the foreign field, although their immediate duty was to sharpen their intellectual weapons and gain experience in fighting spiritual foes at home. Naturally, Will. Newell plunged with eagerness into all the experiences connected with his new environment, and was soon steadily at work under the guidance of the Rev. J. S. Morris, at that time the valued and devoted Principal of the College.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"I am very well, feel as strong as ever, and am settling down to study all right. I find that I can keep up with the other fellows in my class, and this pleases me, as I know you were rather despondent about my studies. The good LORD is wonderfully answering my prayers.

"On Sunday morning we had a glorious open-air meeting in Mile End Waste, and in the evening I took a meeting for Mr. Randall, a most gifted and earnest young Christian. It caused me great anxiety, since it consisted of factory girls, and there is sometimes trouble with them. But I had a blessed time, and felt that I was speaking in the SPIRIT'S power. The girls listened attentively, and I spoke with my heart full. I have lately been praying more earnestly for greater love for souls, and now I seem to feel the weight of my responsibility as a preacher of the Gospel of CHRIST JESUS.

"Last night some of us met for prayer in my room about 10.30. We were all full of praise to our GOD, having each one realized His guidance and help."

* * * *

"This day has been a very remarkable day—one that

will stand out as a land-mark all through my life. The great memorial meeting (for C. H. Spurgeon) of pastors and students of all the London Theological Colleges was held to-day. Some of us went by the City and South London Electric Railway, a novel experience to me. We walked into a small waiting-room and, horrors, began to descend! 'What's the matter?' 'Oh, it's all right!' We had walked into a lift and did not know it. (Here is an illustration for Mile End Waste next Sunday—'False Security.' One can find heaps of illustrations from bustling humanity and its inventions.) At last we arrived on real *terra firma*, and then stepped into a fairy-like station. The station is in the shape of a big tube, with walls of japanned white bricks, brilliantly illuminated by electric light, and recalled school-boy revellings in the 'Arabian Nights,' with visions of subterranean passages and golden palaces.

"We had a splendid morning meeting with much HOLY GHOST power. Speaker followed speaker, and each one brought out some fresh trait of the departed saint's character, whom all loved. We wept! Yes: strong men wept, and our good old tutor was much moved. The burden of each address was, 'He being dead yet speaketh,' and when the boys of the Orphanage sang 'Homeland,' you might have almost imagined that the angels were singing."

* * * *

"We have rich food from the Word here every morning from our Principal—a good old-fashioned Puritan. The dear old Doctor (Dr. Guinness, sen.) often comes down. He reminds me of the apostles of old. Imagine a man six feet high, and of well-proportioned, vigorous appearance, although past the prime of manhood, with wide and lofty forehead and long grey, silvery hair. Add to this a deep, rich and melodious voice, and you see Dr. Guinness, the founder of the Institute. His addresses are the revealing of precious jewels out of the mine.

Although such a strong-looking man, a smile continually plays over his features when he speaks. He always seems to be in the presence of the LORD, and has the gift of teaching to a remarkable degree. All the fellows love him. This is indeed a happy place; I am afraid I shall feel the change greatly when I go out to meet the cold, bleak world in missionary labour—a world without GOD.”

* * * *

“Cannot sing now, only croak, throat too bad. You know how I love singing, so you can imagine how I feel. . . . On Sunday night, although not at all up to the mark, I had my first experience of lodging-house work in Artillery Lane. How shall I describe the scenes I saw that night? I cannot. I felt ready to burst into tears. It was not so much the abject poverty, but the low, filthy talk, the surroundings, the atmosphere! Two sisters from the Gospel Hall were with us. Were they not courageous? It is glorious to preach the Gospel thus, but one wants a strong constitution.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“I have been most happy to-day, and have known much of the sweet presence of the LORD. Those words, “GOD first,” have been much on my heart. They shall be my motto all through my life. And now, dear Father, will *you* make ‘GOD first’ in *business*, in pleasure, in home life? Will you give Him the first place in your heart? He loves you. Who can describe His love? All the millions of books ever written but faintly describe His amazing grace, His wonderful mercy. I often imagine that I can hear that agonizing cry, ‘My GOD, My GOD, why hast Thou forsaken Me?’ Yes, the waves and billows of God’s wrath had broken over Him. The just wrath, occasioned by your sin, by my sin, was falling heavily upon Him. The FATHER had forsaken His SON, this was the climax of all our dear LORD’s sufferings; His

soul-anguish was exceedingly greater than all the awful physical suffering He endured; and because of all this you and mater and all believers are saved eternally. The Cross is to us what the life-buoy is to the drowning man. The Cross stands at the commencement of the road which leads to glory, and we are on that road; Hallelujah! Start with the mater and me, and put 'GOD first,' dear Father, in a practical way; you will never regret such a step, such a course of action. It will give you such lasting joy that your one sorrow will be that you had not commenced such a life earlier. It may cost you much to do this, but ask yourself this question: What did it cost my JESUS to purchase my salvation? Did JESUS refuse to do His Father's will because the road would be so rough and thorny? Read I Chron. xxviii., verses 8 and 9, and also 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I often wonder what I should have been by this time without the grace of GOD in my heart in a business of such peculiar temptations; but, praise the LORD, although the conflicts I have had with the devil are many, through JESUS CHRIST I have proved victorious.

"I had a glorious day yesterday, 'fulness of joy in the presence of the LORD.' We have to walk long distances and often get very tired, but, oh, how I love these days of work for the Master! What joy in the heart at night as we consider for Whom we have been working. Bond servants—slaves of CHRIST—yet *His* service is perfect freedom. Praise the LORD!"

* * * *

"To-day I gave an address at Dr. Barnardo's to about three hundred children. They were very attentive, but it was trying to speak. My throat ached so much. I must be content to sacrifice the tone of my voice for my Master.

"A glorious meeting again in Mile End Waste. As a rule, we scarcely ever speak without disturbance, so many rough men surrounding us. . . ."



HARLEY COLLEGE, BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“I have news that will gladden you, dearest Mother. The LORD used me on Tuesday at the Medical Mission to lead a poor soul to CHRIST. . . .

“Had a blessed time in my little room alone with the LORD on Wednesday and Thursday mornings. Was up at 4.30. Do pray for me that I may learn to be nothing. I soon get puffed up, and then I have no power. I want to be ‘content to fill a little space if my LORD be glorified.’ . .

“So much enjoyed the beautiful violets, and divided them into three bunches that two students might share the fragrance. . . . Am finding Greek very difficult as we advance, but the LORD helps my feeble brain—I do not care how feeble, if He can use me for souls.

“On Sunday afternoon I took a class at Berger Hall, and never had such an experience. You know that my own class at home was well under me, and there was very rarely any bad behaviour. Here, there was no discipline. I had gone with a nice little address and some interesting stories. I might just as well have gone with a Greek oration. They commenced singing, eating, and making insolent remarks, such as ‘Go on!’ ‘You don’t know.’ You know that W. H. N. can’t put up with that! It was my first class there, so I did not like to send them out, and bore it as patiently as possible. If I go next Sunday I will get order somehow, and must work on. They have souls, and we want them saved. . . .

“So pleased to hear from Father. I have got the photos on the mantel-shelf in my bedroom, and thus get a good look at his dear old face.”

As the preceding extracts indicate, Harley students devote their Sundays and a certain amount of time during the week to evangelistic work. The Medical Mission referred to is still in active operation at Berger Hall, the Home Mission Centre of the R.B.M.U. in Bromley-by-Bow, and ministers to seven thousand patients every year. The Sunday School is now one of the largest and best conducted schools in East

London, with an attendance of over nine hundred children every Sunday. Forty-five of its present teachers were once amongst its scholars, and it is quite possible that more than one of them may have come from that turbulent class at the hands of which Will. Newell suffered such indignities. Ever since the Berger Hall Mission was opened, more than twenty years ago, it has afforded a valuable practising ground for successive generations of missionary students, who have learnt there and at other places to endure hardness as good servants of JESUS CHRIST before encountering the actual heathen world. But as we have already said, that world was always in their view.

Two years before, the Congo Balolo Mission had been founded at the urgent plea of an old student, John McKittrick, who, after travelling in the interior of Central Africa, amongst the natives living in the horse-shoe bend of the mighty Congo, came home again to urge that something should be done to give the Gospel to these Lolo peoples. It was a request that no one could listen to unmoved, and it particularly stirred the heart of Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, sen., who, with her husband and in association with a few friends, had originated the Livingstone Inland Mission to the Lower Congo some ten years before. Increasing responsibilities had compelled them to hand that movement over to the American Baptist Missionary Union in 1884, but their love for the Congo people still remained and was shared by their eldest son, Dr. Harry Guinness, who, in 1887, joined them in the direction and control of the missionary enterprises connected with Harley House. He responded to this fresh call and the Congo Balolo Mission was inaugurated in 1889.

A party of eight pioneer workers, headed by John McKittrick, left for Congoland in the Spring of that year, and their journeyings were followed with eager interest by those who held the ropes at home. Before the close of another year, others had joined them, and in March, 1891, Dr. Harry Guinness sailed for the Congo that he might become personally acquainted with the sphere of the mission on behalf of which he was working in the home-land. As the months went by, news came of the establishment of stations at various points ;

of strange experiences in the midst of barbarous peoples; of occasional plots to kill the missionaries; and of an attack by Ngombe cannibals on Dr. Guinness and Mr. McKittrick. These accounts were followed by graver tidings still. One night at the end of January, 1892, just after Will. Newell entered College, a telegram reached Harley House announcing that John McKittrick and William Luff had died two months before, a loss depriving the little mission of its first leader, and one of its earliest workers. The news passed from the house to the College and reached the ears of Will. Newell, who believed that he, too, was called to aid in the arduous work of Africa's redemption. That fact accounts for the interest with which he welcomed the return of the Secretary of the C.B.M. on Sunday, March 27th, 1892.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“When we arrived home to supper last night, after preaching, we heard the joyful news that Dr. Harry Guinness had returned home from the Congo, and many a hearty ‘Praise the LORD!’ went up. It was with very mingled feelings that I gazed for the first time on the man who had been out in the often fatal African climate, taking his life in his hands. He is very weak and thin, the fatigue and strain of long marchings having told much upon his lungs; but the sight that gladdened my eyes was to see the dear old Doctor’s face beaming with joy. His cup seemed full! As I looked into the uncertain future, I imagine that perhaps your face may be filled with such joy when you grasp my hand again after four or five years’ separation. It may be so; we cannot tell, or it may be that such a meeting will be postponed until we meet in a better land where there will be no parting.”

In reference to this last paragraph, Mrs. Newell, sen., writes: “It is very remarkable that our dear boy had ever on his heart the thought that he might be ‘called Home’ early. He seemed to feel that the time was short for his work down here, and from that thought came his intense eagerness for souls.”



CHAPTER III.



AT CLIFF COLLEGE, DERBYSHIRE.

WILL. Newell spent the second and third years of his student-life at Hulme Cliff College, Derbyshire, the country branch of the East London Institute, from 1875 to 1903—a place to which Harley students the world over turn with thoughts of gratitude. “We call it our Galilee—our refuge from close, crowded, noisy, dusty, ill-savoured, enormous London,” wrote one of the many who learnt to love it, and when Will. Newell arrived there in the autumn of 1892, he was immediately attracted by such fair surroundings.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“Cliff is almost paradise! I am charmed with such grand views. Behind us is the great cliff, stretching away in the distance, and reminding one of the mountain ridges of Wales and Cumberland. On the other side lie immense vales, through which the sparkling Derwent flows. The climate is bracing and healthy, and my appetite has wonderfully improved already. I have a lovely room for study, with windows opening to a magnificent view. The spiritual life here is the same as at Harley, thank God! Our fellows are so much brighter in soul after Keswick. I expect grand times.”

The grand times came, as they generally do, as the result of hard work and much endeavour. The bracing Derbyshire air was not more keen than the mind of the man who then directed the students' work, although by that time Mr. Rattray's long life-task was almost done. A Scotsman of sterling character and strenuous will, loyally devoted to the living

out of the great truths he taught, this Principal of Cliff still lives again in many lives made better by his presence, and no one amongst the four or five hundred students who came under his influence valued him more highly than Will. Newell. After Mr. Rattray's death in April, 1895, he wrote of him as follows :—

“Mr. Rattray's characteristic unselfishness never appealed so strongly to me as in his willingness to devote a portion of his evening's preparation to converse with students who came to him for counsel. Time was most precious to him, and he always was careful to come before us well prepared on the following day ; but whenever I went into his study, and it was often, for my position as chairman necessitated this, he would immediately lay aside his book, and with a bright smile would say, ‘Come away, my boy,’ and drawing a chair for me up to his side, would listen with interest and sympathy to all I had to say. What happy times I have spent in that little room with the ‘Grand Old Man’! I shall never forget them.

“Another remarkable trait was his intense earnestness. Whether he was taking so-called secular subjects, or sacred, there was always an energetic earnestness that indelibly impressed the truths taught upon our minds. His words were never cold and lifeless,—on the contrary, were often more like a stream of lava rushing from a long-pent-up volcano. Of course he was seen and heard at his best in Bible expositions and theological lectures. Here he had a fine field. He lectured not only with his head, but his whole soul. Cold, lifeless, speculative theology would have killed us, as far as missionary zeal was concerned ; but God's truth taught by one who had been anointed to see it, who had lived it, incarnating it into his own life, and who had the gift of an anointed tongue to teach it, could not but mightily build us up.

“Before I left home, someone said to me, ‘If you go to college, you will lose all your spiritual life.’ Praise be to God, my life here and at Cliff has been one contradic-

tion to that prophecy. Whilst seeing plenty of failure, I know I have been marvellously benefited by my stay at Cliff, and I praise the LORD for the great privilege of two years' tuition from our dear old Principal. If in days to come I am used to GOD on the Congo or in the heart of China, much of my success will be due to his unsparing effort and spiritual influence.

"In teaching 'sanctification truth,' whilst leaning rather to the 'fighting' aspect than the 'rest of faith,' he fully appreciated and enjoyed 'redemption blessing stored in CHRIST.' I remember on one occasion his saying:—

"'I've solved many difficult problems in my life, but I've never yet solved this one: Why Christians should be content to live such poor, weak lives, when there is such abundance of grace in CHRIST for them.'

"Another trait that appealed to us most strongly was his reality. He was a *real* man. His teaching was always backed up by his life. He never taught one thing and practised another. Had we failed to grasp the truths taught, we might have learnt them from his blameless life. The prayer of many a student to-day is, 'LORD, make me as real and true as dear old Principal Rattray.'

"I called at Cliff last winter and spent an enjoyable hour with him. He asked me how I liked my change of work, referring to my present medical studies taking the place of theological. I replied that my present work was very interesting, that I, in a great measure, enjoyed it; but that I was longing to be in *direct* Gospel work, and should be glad when my medical studies were over. With one of his expressive smiles he said:—

"'Yes, I sometimes feel the same when at that kind of work; but then I want to hear that word of CHRIST's by and by—"Well done, thou good and *faithful* servant,""—laying particular emphasis on the 'faithful.' 'I often comfort myself, when feeling very tired, with the thought, "It's for Him," and *this* for Him as much as the other work. Oh, it's fine, that!'"

Naturally, all the qualities characteristic of Mr. Rattray's heart and mind did not at once become apparent to Will. Newell, but even his earliest letters from Cliff reveal an ardent admiration for his Principal.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"On Sunday I walked out three miles to Pilsby to take the afternoon service, and sang a solo. The LORD is wonderfully helping me to crucify the flesh, so, thanks be to His Name, I sang for Him only. Study here is very hard. How much I wish I had studied more at home, but I will pull up. Our tutor, Mr. Rattray, is a splendid man. Such an able expounder of the Word, simply grand. He is taking us through Ephesians at morning worship. I have never heard such teaching before. The Word we get is more than milk, it is cream, and rich cream too! May the LORD build me up in His grace. Mr. Rattray is very thorough, and we are taught to reason. My reasoning faculties are at a discount, so I shall have to fight hard to keep up. There is a word which you will not find in the dictionary—'Stickability.' That's it, stick at it, plod on, grind away, and the greatest difficulties are bound to be overcome. May the LORD give me grace to concentrate every energy upon my work, remembering that it is a means for an end, and that for His glory."

* * * *

"I should be in bed and asleep (11 p.m.) but circumstances have interfered with punctuality. Our special reception went off well. The cook had prepared some special delicacies, reminding me of home, and after tea Dr. Guinness gave a short address. Then came some wonderful stories from brother students of the LORD's working during the vacation in all parts of the United Kingdom. Tent work; Bible carriage; Mission Hall work; work amongst Catholics and in the open air; nightly conversions and grand results in the slums of Liverpool. We adjourned at 8.15 to pray. My pen fails

me! How can I express the wonderful dealings of the LORD with us. If I could write volumes I could not do justice to the wave of the SPIRIT'S power that came over the meeting. Never have I felt such *mighty power*, Keswick falls short. Special subjects for prayer were sanctification; holiness of walk all through the session; and power for service, especially in the open-air work. The 'hallelujahs' were tremendous, coming from full hearts produced by the indwelling of the SPIRIT. The LORD was there! Showers of blessing had come down, heavy showers too.

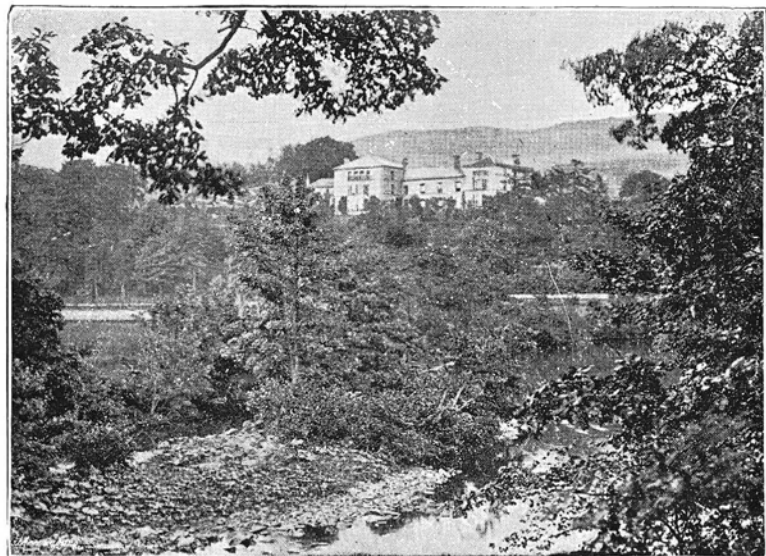
"I seem to have been in the heavenlies with CHRIST JESUS. Such wonderful events happened that they would be incredible to *some* Christians. I am not at liberty to tell you—I may some day. . . . The result of my two last exams. is very encouraging, especially as I am not accustomed to the Cliff system of study."

TO HIS FATHER.

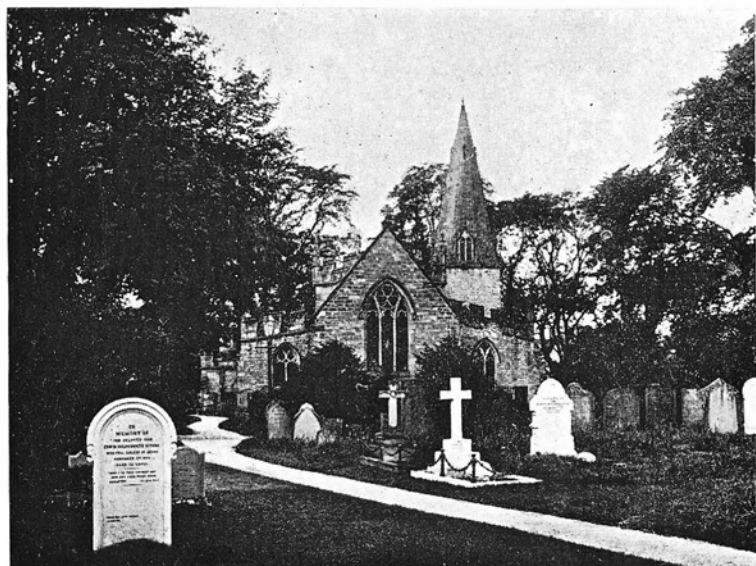
"Had a good time yesterday at a village six miles distant. The LORD helped me wonderfully. I walked over the moors, and must get some very stout boots for the Chesterfield work, nine miles away. We shall hold eight or nine meetings on Sunday amongst navvies. Ask Mother to commend us to the LORD. May He use us mightily!"

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Concerning nervousness, the size of the audience has no longer any effect upon me. The larger it is, the better I like it. It is blessed to preach to a mass of souls where so many must be unconverted: and yet I often feel utterly helpless when facing a crowded chapel, as I have done for three Sundays during this last Mission. The awful responsibility causes this. I think, 'Ought not a worthier and more able man stand here?' But then I just roll myself on to the mighty arm of JEHOVAH, and He—ever faithful and true to His infallible



CLIFF COLLEGE, DERBYSHIRE.



BASLOW CHURCHYARD, NEAR CLIFF.

Word—lifts me up. It is blessed to be so weak, if only to have the joy of testing His faithfulness. After the first few sentences I forget *myself*, and endeavour to realize that I am a man snatched from the jaws of hell, and am speaking to men who are also on the brink, liable to turn in their sleep and, rolling over, be lost for ever. In the face of these facts, do you wonder at my sense of responsibility? Pray that my love to souls may be increased to a passion. I want a burning, fiery zeal! Oh, for a heart like CHRIST'S! He wept! Imagine the love in that wail of His—the rejected One—'Ye *will* not come.' We *must* realize the solemn and eternal fact that lost souls are doomed for ever, for ever! Oh! that GOD would impress this more forcibly upon the minds of Christians!

"More very sad news from the Congo; the souls there are costing much precious life, but JESUS loves them, and we *must* love those whom He loves. How much shall we love them? How much did He love us? Shall we prove our love by dying for them? How did He prove His love to us? Did *He* count the cost when our salvation was in question?"

* * * *

"Words would fail to express the beauties of Cliff now. Imagine valleys stretching away for miles; a winding view, visible through the thickening foliage; the grand background of huge cliffs, the sides beautified with ferns and heather. The hill-tops in the direction of the Peak extending for miles; the quiet, old-fashioned villages nestling under the overhanging rocks. The scene is completed by nature's harmonies—well-tuned instruments—I mean the thousands of birds which surround the dear old house, and, as if knowing the character of its inmates, dare to make their homes in the shrubs and trees close by. We, too, have lilies in abundance, blue-bells, golden chain, lilac, may—truly a lovely picture.

"But what grand harmonies will resound through the courts of Heaven, when on that grand resurrection morn

the Bride and Bridegroom meet! What shall we sing? What else can we sing but 'Unto Him Who hath loved us?'

"Had a good time at the Baptist Chapel, the LORD with me and much liberty. The pastor—a dear old soul—was much pleased. I heard that he wished I was his son. May the power of GOD keep me from vanity—to Him be all the glory!

"Look after W. . . Guide her by our own experience; impress upon her the importance of spending much time alone with JESUS. I have learnt up here to value my talks with Him. My Bible is a new book—it shines with JESUS and speaks of JESUS. I hunger and thirst after holiness, and my LORD says that they who do so *shall* be filled. Is not that grand? I long for the complete freedom from sin—we can only get the counteracting influence through the Divine filling of the SPIRIT—'Sin shall not have dominion over you.' 'I am crucified with CHRIST.' Such Scriptures have been my food of late, and my soul has profited well on the fare; but I must not write so much about self, although it is not I, but CHRIST doing it all. He is mine, I am weak, therefore strong. I am insufficient, therefore sufficient. I am nothing. He is all. Glory! Glory! Glory!"

* * * *

"I should like to bring some nice things back at Christmas—some mince-pies! Such a treat! Some of our fellows are so poor. What talks we will have!"

TO HIS FATHER.

"Your letter filled my soul with joy. I was constrained to shout 'Praise the LORD.' Write me many such a letter, dear Father. How sweet to know that we are safely sheltered by the Rock CHRIST JESUS. How blessed is our double relationship, natural father and son, spiritual brothers. You say you do not think your light will ever be as bright as mine. I am what I am through

the grace of GOD—do not limit the power of GOD. The most amazing wonder to my mind is the fact that I am a saved soul and daily kept by the power of GOD. Make my motto your motto, 'GOD First.' 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of GOD and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.' . . . I have had blessed times in the Mission when pointing souls to CHRIST. One young fellow was sobbing like a child, but I showed him the Scripture, Isa. liii., 6. At last, with a look of joy, he said: 'Praise GOD, I see it now.' "

TO HIS MOTHER.

"On Sunday afternoon the LORD again used me to point a young married woman to CHRIST. Mother! GOD is giving me His power. I feel it, I know it. Pray on. 'O GOD, keep me humble.' It is worth more to me than untold gold to see the look of joy come into the faces of those who have passed from 'death unto life.' . . .

"Dearest Mother, more souls; more swelling that stream of never-dying ones who are walking in the way eternal. We had eight or nine souls on Saturday and Monday who definitely came out for the LORD, and I believe many have decided but not confessed. Surely GOD has been with us mightily, manifesting His omnipotent and saving arm."

About this time Will. Newell entered into that chastisement of pain through which alone the branches of the Heavenly Vine can be prepared to bring forth fruit. The call to Congo work was still imperative within his soul, and was only intensified by the losses experienced there during his college years. Just after he went to Cliff the news came home that W. J. Scarnell, a bright young fellow with his whole heart set on mission work, had died of hæmaturia, alone at Bongandanga, a hundred miles of flowing river between him and his nearest fellow-missionary. Within eight weeks two lady workers followed him, one a young bride, who had only been six months in Congoland. In the following year, between February and September, four more

deaths occurred, and in January and March, 1894, hæmaturia again caused the loss of two more valued lives. As the effects of the Congo climate thus became more and more apparent, the directors of the Mission naturally shrank from permitting workers to go forth unless they were in every way likely to prove physically fit, and as time went on both Will. Newell and Miss Stransom, the "Fan" to whom he afterwards became engaged, were not considered strong enough to stand the heavy strain. The decision as far as it affected his future wife came first, and is referred to in the following extract:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Dearest Mother, your letter this morning gave me much comfort. . . . Yesterday was a calm, peaceful day. I was able to lean on GOD and say from my inmost heart, 'Thy Will be done.' It was a painful crucifixion (a feeling of something gone from my life still remains), but my LORD is very, very good. He seems to whisper 'Lean hard on Me, dear one, I know all about it.'

"Dear Fan. must be dreadfully disappointed. How the LORD is trying her! She had so hoped for Congo work, and I, well, *you* know my fond hope—*you* only, at present. I was much in prayer yesterday—if not for this some sorrows would be unbearable. I pleaded much for Fan. She is tried, but she draws water from the Well of Life. Each trial teaches her more experimentally the real preciousness of CHRIST. Sometimes I am inclined to ask my LORD, 'What next?' I cannot see a step before me; all is dark, but 'GOD holds the key.'

"Ah! It is blessed at such times just to lean back on the character of GOD—His glorious faithfulness. I felt yesterday that if one portion had gone, I still had a satisfying portion left."

Soon afterwards it was suggested that Mr. Newell should take his medical degree in preparation for Congo work, and in reference to this idea he writes:—

"Well, Mother, what do you think of this new plan

for me? So much depends on my course of action. Pray that no mistake may be made. To be a medical missionary would be an awful grind; but I know the LORD would help me if it were the right course. Mr. Rattray is extremely pleased at the offer. His words were, 'This is the very best thing you have ever told me. Go out to the Congo Dr. Newell.' . . . Fan's letter to me has made all dark. She seems to have given up every hope for the Congo work on account of her health. It is all so puzzling."

* * * *

"Sad news again from the Congo. Surely the LORD's 'ways are past finding out.'

"'Tis ours not to reason why!

'Tis ours but to do and die.'

"You were doubtless exceedingly grieved to hear that dear Coote had left this life for Higher Service, after scarcely a year's work on the Congo. When Dr. Harry read the news of his death, he broke down into sobs, and the assembly with him. I do not wonder, he seemed so especially fitted for the Congo. A man of marked ability, and of great intellectual power, having two years' medical experience in the States, and also a fine preacher. We expected great things of him. How is it? I know not! But 'yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

"I get great joy in the knowledge of what CHRIST is for me up in the glory, and that I am accepted not for myself, but in all the loveliness of my JESUS. But I think I get more joy in the thought that this same JESUS inhabits my poor heart. He condescends to take the reins and guide. He takes my affections and keeps them, and fills the temple with His own presence and accompanying glory. Then how can sin abound? I look at myself but see CHRIST, reckoning myself dead and buried."

* * * *

"You are doubtless overjoyed at the blessing we are having in Sheffield. I felt I must acquaint the dear

Mother with the fact, knowing how she prays for her boy. Horley and I had an eight miles' walk to catch the train. We talked much of JESUS on the way. Could we have had a better topic for conversation? We went to Montgomery Hall, one of the most beautiful and largest halls in Sheffield. Before us were a thousand eager, anxious, upturned faces. I sang, 'I shall be satisfied.' How little they knew about satisfaction. What wickedness, vice and misery were stamped on many a face. I had previously prayed publicly, and was so nervous, but while singing and thinking of how He would clasp me in His arms when I should gaze with eyes no longer dim, I forgot all about nervousness and became occupied with Him and the message I was to give. Never have I felt more happy and free."

TO HIS FATHER.

"We had a grand service last evening—the chapel packed to excess. We each took five meetings yesterday, so you can imagine how tired we were; but we went to sleep with JESUS. I have been much helped in visiting, and have stronger views than ever concerning the drink trade. What a curse drink is! What a grip it obtains over people!

"Pray that I may be much blessed by Bett's death on the Congo. It makes my future missionary life so intensely real. I want to walk recognizing the fact that I, too, at any moment may step out into eternity. I had a nice talk with Mrs. Guinness, sen., yesterday. She does not like my going to the Congo; she is so upset by Bett's death, and thinks I ought to wait until I am thirty.

"Study is trying my eyes much, but the LORD Who helped me at Harley will also stand with me here. Praise His Name! How good He is; how plainly I see the Guiding Hand at work in leading me here. The training is just what I need most, and I believe I shall greatly benefit and be all the more fit for my Master's work abroad. Knowledge is strength, and the LORD's servant

should take advantage of every opportunity that helps to prepare him for His work."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"I am spending a very happy holiday at Stonebroom this Easter, although busy in the Master's work. On Sunday morning I preached in the Chapel, and had a grand time. In the afternoon I preached in the Large Hall, having been advertised as 'Mr. Newell, the ex-Brewer.' There were about nine hundred present, and it is believed that many publicans' assistants and hotel-keepers were amongst them. One gentlemanly-looking man—probably a master brewer—asked an attendant to give him a seat 'back behind,' as he did not wish to be seen in such a place. . . . In the evening a thousand people were present. I sang; then Mr. McKittrick spoke and I followed—the largest number of people I had ever stood up to speak to. I felt bad just before I began, but looked up from whence cometh my help, and after a few sentences all fear of man left me. There were four souls, and coming home in the train a young fellow also decided for CHRIST. Our LORD is not confined to chapels or halls. Praise His holy Name!

"As regards our Mission in Sheffield, Horley and I have had a wonderful time. Eighty souls have professed conversion. Hardened backsliders have been brought back and hardened sinners converted—glory be to God!

"I must give the remainder of the session to study, although the Committee of a large Wesleyan Church wish us to conduct a fortnight's Mission there. I must refuse, as we are taking up a new course now—moral science and theology—which will be of benefit to me.

"Time flies quickly! Three or four more Sundays and then home. I am afraid I am now getting a bit home-sick—a fine thing for a future foreign missionary—but then, he is only human after all!"

“Have been stopping with some kind but very worldly Christians. I do pray that my endeavour to shine for CHRIST may stir them up to activity and non-conformity to the world. The house is like a palace—luxury, ease and extravagance characterize it, and *the heathen die in thousands—millions without hope*. How can they hear without a preacher? Oh, for more consecrated lives!

“Have you seen Mr. Whytock’s article on dear Todd in ‘Regions Beyond.’ Some day you will be reading mine. How glorious to die with the harness on; out in the van, foremost against the foe. What a privilege to die for JESUS.

“Does the dear Father ever regret now that I left the business? No! I know he does not, and when he and I shall meet around that throne in the splendour of His glory and clasp each other’s hands, I fancy I shall hear him say, ‘Will, my boy, you did right.’

“I hope to be preaching at Goring and South Stoke this summer. I want to be as actively engaged as possible, for the time is so short and opportunities slip by. When on the Congo I should not like to look back on wasted days in England. Souls all around are perishing, and are being eternally lost—think of it, Mother—*eternally*, somebody’s son, someone’s mother, some dear one’s father. Oh, let us rise up in our individual responsibility and ‘pluck them as brands from the burning.’ Our life is so soon gone. Existence down in this sphere is as a puff of wind—it comes and goes—how real, then, should life be to us; a life lived is a past history; a finished course; a walk that cannot be retraced; a way along which we shall pass no more. We have only one frail fleeting span.”

* * * *

“I have news that will delight you. The students have elected me chairman for this session. It is certainly a great honour, but also a great responsibility. In my speech last night I scarcely knew what to say, so



A MISSIONARY FAREWELL AT HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, LONDON, E.

insufficient did my gifts and capabilities seem when I remembered our last session's chairman—a man of sterling qualities, eloquent and gifted. I shall need your prayers. I shall be placed in intricate difficulties. Decisions will have to be made ; courses adopted ; brethren helped, controlled, corrected, influenced, advised—and yet, not I but CHRIST will be sufficient.

“I had another blessed Sunday in Drenfield. The place full, and the Word much appreciated. In the afternoon we had a communion service, so sweet. In the evening one backslider came home, and another soul laid hold of JESUS in believing faith, and this an ordinary service. Oh, why are ministers not all aglow for souls? Why not preach as if we expected people to be saved? His grace enables me to live JESUS in the different homes in which I am entertained. This is an evangelist's work—to live out CHRIST as much as public preaching. Praise Him! His grace is abundantly sufficient. I should like to be as a flavour of CHRIST in the memories of these dear people when far away on the Congo! How blessed to win souls: what joy excels this? Hallelujah!

* * * *

“Have severely strained my leg by falling into a hole in the grounds whilst running to reach class in time. I was rather bad all the week ; managed to walk six miles on Sunday to preach, but had a hard day with it on Monday. The Doctor is anxious, and said I had probably dislocated the joint, but it had immediately returned to its place. It is painted and bandaged, and I am ordered a fortnight's rest. Do not be anxious, dear Mother. I am glad, I assure you, that it is nothing more serious, but our good old mother-matron is fearful lest I make too light of the matter and more serious results follow. The fellows carry me up and down. They are so kind and sympathetic. There is no doubt about their affection. You would have been delighted, Mother mine, to have heard their cheers as

I drove off to Norton. I thanked them heartily for the 'way they had supported their Chairman.'

"Yesterday was a glorious day. I preached twice sitting down, but the LORD is not confined to a man upon his legs. Eleven souls confessed CHRIST. . . ."

* * * *

"The leg is better. I gave up my crutches on Tuesday. The blessing still rolls on. Conversions were, I believe, never more genuine. Pray much for me. I expect I shall be again preaching in a crowded place on Sunday. Twenty-three souls have already yielded to the King of Love. It is glory all the way. Three fellows in one shop have been brought to CHRIST. They are in a large factory. What a stand they can make now. Pray that my love for souls may be still deepened. I cannot seem to possess enough love. Oh! I do so want the heart of my LORD for them. I want a passion for these souls and the glory of my JESUS."

* * * *

"On Sunday I again preached the old simple Gospel to a crowded chapel, only a few homely thoughts, but these had been given me by the SPIRIT, the LORD surely speaking through me—'Not I, but CHRIST'—and now get ready to praise! Thirty-four souls made their way to the enquiry room that night, and were led to JESUS. Mother! I was just brimming over with joy—worldly joys, wealth, ambition, intellectual attainments, all these sink into a mere nothing in comparison with that rush of holy ecstasy which comes surging into the soul when one knows that sinners are uplifted from hell's brink and enrolled upon Heaven's everlasting record, their feet planted on the 'Rock of Ages.' I would like to have been put into telephonic communication with Heaven that night, to have heard the anthems of praise, the rapturous songs of the angels singing over sinners repenting. 'Oh, LORD JESUS, keep me very humble, low at Thy feet; let not success spoil me, but rather humble me

into the dust, as I think of Thy condescending grace in deigning to use me.' I cannot tell you here of some of the marvellous cases; but will speak of GOD'S saving power when sitting once more in the old arm-chair with the dear old Dad beside me. . . . We had a grand time at a Consecration Meeting. After earnest pleading for whole-hearted surrender, some fifty stood up and indicated their purpose to yield to King JESUS. Many of these were old Christians who had long been content with a half-hearted life. . . . Amongst the young men smoking was evidently a great hindrance. I said the LORD would probably ask for their pipes; many said they should be willingly given up, although I am sure it cost them much."

* * * *

"Have again had my leg examined, after having had a month of trial with it already. I suppose the dear LORD permits this that I may grow in the grace of patience—inactivity does not suit my disposition! The dear fellows are so kind, they help me dress and undress. Do not be anxious, I am in good hands.

"Oh to be with you on Sunday and dear old Tom Randall! How hard it was to say farewell to him!"

* * * *

"My dear Mother, your note filled me with sorrow. I wish I could come and cheer you; but I pray much, may the dear LORD keep you! I am so glad you find CHRIST so precious. The darkness of suffering makes His promises shine the brighter. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' Is not this precious? Perfect, perpetual peace! He never faileth. A little while ago I was somewhat anxious about my leg. The devil told me I should never go to the Congo. He had a fine old game with me, suggested I should probably lose my leg, and so on. But the LORD came to my side and whispered: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' I believed and answered, 'Yes, LORD, even this, if Thou wilt,' for

'All things work together for good to them that love GOD' stands for me, and so, just simply trusting, I fell asleep in the arms of JESUS.

"I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee,
But on the tenderness of Thine enfolding ;
And on the faithfulness of Thine upholding ;
And on the strength of Thy right hand ;
That strength, it is enough for me.'

"The Doctor thinks my leg may be right by Christ-mas, but I am getting very tired. 'Oh, the grace that JESUS gives'—but for this I should get irritated, but by His grace I will patiently wait His time. 'Rest in the LORD and wait patiently for Him.' Luther translates it, 'Be silent to GOD and let Him mould thee.'

"From vintages of sorrow are deepest joys distilled,
And the cup outstretched for healing is oft at Marah filled.
God leads to joy through weeping ; to quietness through strife ;
Through yielding unto conquest ; through death to endless life.
Be still, He hath enrolled thee for the kingdom and the crown ;
Be silent ! Let Him mould thee, Who calleth thee His own.'

"May these lines cheer you, dear Mother. Are they not beautiful?"

* * * *

"My leg is worse again. I cannot get out of school yet. I suppose because I am so dull, and do not learn my lessons ; but it is a privilege to be in His class, because we have dealings with One Who always teaches and corrects in love.

"Another doctor has seen me. He says I must be most careful, or may be in the same condition for months or years. . . . The LORD still supplies all needed grace—my soul is kept ever joyous, and I have had sweeter times than ever before—more time also for prayer. Study is fearfully difficult, but He gives me strength.

"Prayer has been so precious to me of late. I neglected it somewhat at Harley. I wanted to be at the top of my class. I care not now if I am bottom if

only I can please JESUS and make the best use of my study hours, and thus have a conscience void of offence.

“Whilst Mr. S. preached this morning I had such an intense longing to preach again; to lift up JESUS to sinners, to beggars, to weary hearts, to young and old. How little I have prized the glorious privilege in the past. Do pray, Mother, that if the Father wills, I may be quickly restored. I have lately been thinking about self-surrender: how glibly we talk about it—how little we know its depths. I have put these questions to my soul.

“1. Am I willing to have fellowship with CHRIST in His suffering?

“2. Am I willing to be thought a fool for Him?

“3. Am I willing to be as the scum of the earth, to be despised and trodden upon?

“4. Am I willing to give up all my bright hopes of future active service and lie on a bed of sickness for Him?

“5. Am I willing to be unjustly accused for His sake, and though conscious of my own integrity—yet be meek—all for His sake?”

* * * *

“This evening I have preached to a packed audience on ‘The woman at the well.’ Glory be to GOD! He deigned to use me to the salvation of precious immortal souls—eight came out for JESUS that night. What a hallelujah time we had you can imagine! . . .

“Did I tell you of the drunkard being brought back? I saw him on Sunday. He is rejoicing in CHRIST. Pray that my home-coming this vacation may be a blessing to the town and to all with whom I come in contact. I want to come filled and fired with the SPIRIT’s power.”

* * * *

“Our second Sheffield Mission is over, and I am back in College again. I walked back to Cliff—lovely weather, but I was tired. The LORD has again honoured our faith. How mightily He has been working. What weak, insignificant instruments He has chosen to accomplish His

purposes. Through two boyish students He has completely altered the character of the Church, raising it from its dead lethargy to spiritual vigour. Who can resist the SPIRIT of GOD? . . .

“Have again taken two meetings for Christians during the last week—the dear LORD gave much power. I have had laid upon me with great weight—of late—the exceedingly low standard of spiritual life amongst the Christians of to-day. Surely Christians would weep could they have one look into the grieved heart of the ‘Man in the Glory.’ Poor souls, how much they miss and know it not. They come up to me thus: ‘Mr. Newell, how happy you seem; what peace you have; how fully assured you are; I wish I had this joy, this freedom from doubt.’ They are quite amazed at the simple fact that I am just a believer living up to his privileges. I ask them, ‘How can you expect peace when you roll yourselves over and over in the muddy puddles of the world’s pleasures?’ Or I say, ‘You don’t love your Bibles, and you are careless concerning prayer.’ Praise GOD! Some are now rejoicing.

“Had my first game of tennis this week, so you will know that my leg is improving, but the long confinement has very seriously affected my digestion. A strong digestive machine is an absolute necessity on the Congo—one needs an interior lined with tin!

“Pray much that I may know definitely and unmistakably the LORD’s will about the five years’ Medical Course. At present I feel strongly inclined to reject the offer. The medical work, though permitting some evangelistic work and, of course, some individual dealing, would, on the whole, be of a different character to the ordinary labour. The rush of cases would prevent much of the former. ‘Blessed JESUS, give me a single eye, a whole heart, and a perfect walk.’ ‘Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.’ I trust in this. I have written to Dr. Harry Guinness stating my feelings. I told him I felt

'separated to the Gospel.' That I believed this alone must be my life's work. I asked him for time to pray and consider the matter.

"You know my ideal has been combined evangelistic and pastoral labour—direct Gospel work; soul-saving work. The medical might prove a subtle snare were His grace not sufficient. 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of doing His will.'

"I have now habituated myself to early rising, and get up at five without difficulty. Spiritual impressions are not easily effaced, and thus my interview with GOD in the early morning influences my life through the whole day. No joy can be compared to that which springs from the consciousness that GOD is pleased with one, and so I am kept walking in the light of His known and revealed will, and thus enjoy fellowship with Him."

* * * *

"I had an interview with Dr. Harry, and have decided to have a year only at the 'Livingstone.*' This will be a great help in missionary work."

TO HIS FATHER.

"I shall be glad if you will send in this year's subscription soon, as the new men going out will necessitate considerable outlay. Do not give for my sake, dear Father, but for CHRIST'S sake, and thus 'lay up for yourself treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.'"

TO HIS MOTHER.

"The men from ours who took the prizes at the Christian Evidence Society Examination were—Day the third, and Newell the fourth. Yes, your boy, that 'thick-headed coon' has managed to rank second in the whole College. I could scarcely believe my senses when I heard my name read out. I am very glad, because I know this

* The College at Leyton, where intending Missionaries undergo a special course of medical training.

will please Father. The result as regards myself is satisfactory, because I lost so much time in the beginning of the year, and my leg affected my system and placed me at considerable disadvantage. See what grace has done for me.

“Have just heard that the man to whose conversion I was used last Monday week is blessedly rejoicing in CHRIST. Hallelujah! He has been a fearful drunkard, but is an intelligent man and well-connected. I expect great things from him.

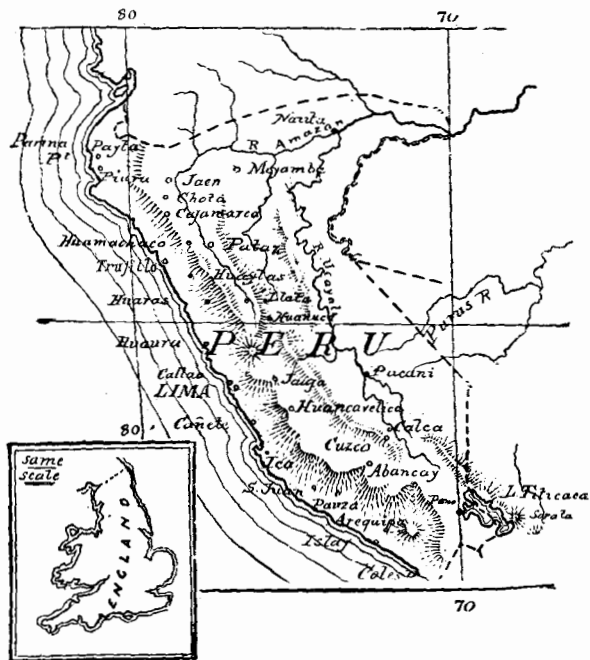
“Concerning Fan, feel the same, but must just wait. I shall only be able to compete with the superior intellects here in the coming Exams. by sheer concentration and will power. I am so many weeks behind the rest in study. The last week has been a fearful grind, but I have been marvellously helped. How good is our GOD! I have an average in all subjects of ninety-two and a half. This is exceedingly good, and very gratifying after my weakness and fatigue. One more Exam., and then ‘Home, Sweet Home.’

“Have just heard from Dr. Harry Guinness. He feels that I have decided rightly, as my work as a medical man could not mean so much evangelistic and direct effort for souls. I am very glad, for every day has brought more of the conviction that Will. Newell is ‘separated to the Gospel.’”

* * * *

“June, 1894.

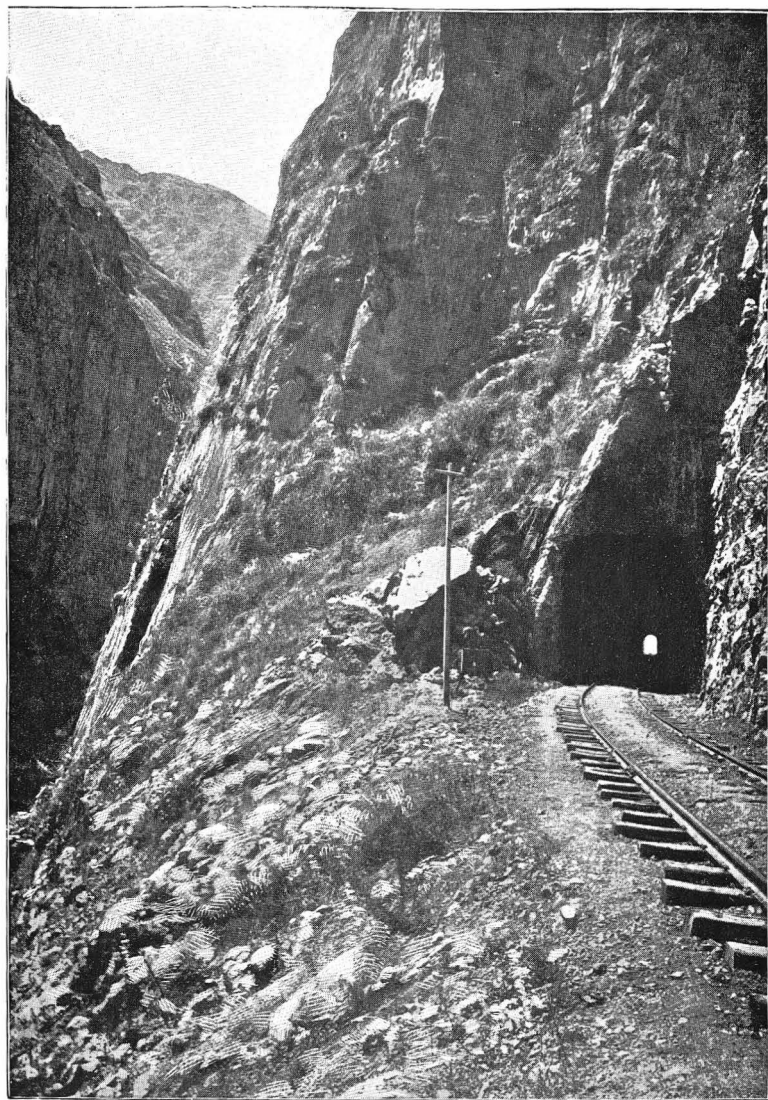
“Dear Mother, praise the Lord! Exams. over, results good, first-class pass—top in two subjects, Greek and English. I did not expect this.”



PERU, COMPARED TO ENGLAND.



SOUTH AMERICA.



A TUNNEL ON THE OROYA ROAD, PERU.



CHAPTER IV.



CALLED TO PERU.

AT the conclusion of his College course, like many another missionary student before and since, Will. Newell found himself standing uncertainly at the parting of the ways. Congo was definitely closed—where did the LORD desire him to go? For a time the answer was withheld, and during this season of perplexity he undertook the village ministry at Sherfield, Berkshire, which is still gratefully remembered by those who were privileged to share in it. Could any better preparation for the foreign field be found than the service awaiting those who seek to evangelize our English villages? Away from the centres of population life moves sluggishly, and hearts may be atrophied and consciences remain unstirred from year to year, until men and women pass from life to death, without any conscious use of their highest powers. To an ardent spirit like Will. Newell such a thought was quite intolerable, and he flung himself into the work of saving souls at Sherfield with his accustomed intensity and zeal.

And not without result! Referring to this ministry, the Rev. Forbes Jackson, M.A., writes:—

“The congregation had dwindled to about ten or twelve people, and the new pastor began under the gloomiest auspices; but prayer and faith, steady visitation and earnest preaching, followed by personal dealing in their homes, recalled the wanderers, and brought into the chapel and into the Kingdom many careless and sin-hardened souls. What a change occurred! The once empty chapel became too small for the throng that packed its pews, and the week-night meeting grew into a school

for prayer and a place of power. From door to door and from house to house our brother carried the message, and the soul of the squire was not overlooked any more than that of the labourer. Mr. Newell had a fine skill in approaching individuals and setting the Gospel before them in a few clear sentences. He enrolled the names of stubborn hearts in a book and prayed for them until they were subdued."

TO HIS MOTHER.

"My life in Sherfield in one sense is a lonely one; but I am intensely happy, and am able to spend much time in devotion and study of the Word. I praise God that I feel He has called me to this work of ministry in Sherfield. I am starting a Bible Class, and holding evening services."

* * * *

"The Mission commenced last Sunday, and we had good times. The LORD gave me wonderful liberty. I am proceeding very prayerfully and very carefully, the LORD must do the work. I want no spasmodic revival, but a real work of grace, a definite outpouring of the SPIRIT in the place. The congregation in the chapel is fairly good and improving. I am not so anxious about results, but am confident that GOD will work. On Sunday afternoon an old member of about eighty years hobbled into the chapel. I had just asked for silent prayer, but the dear old man was very deaf, and was evidently expecting me to pray. By-and-bye I heard the following growled out, 'He dunno what to say,' and from the sarcasm and scorn of it he evidently thought the young preacher was stumped for utterance at the very commencement. Things are bad here."

* * * *

"I am so happy in the work here now. The change of air is also very beneficial to health. By the energy I now possess I see how much I had run down.

"Glorious Sunday! Full of joy to-night; much

helped all day. I took the subject you suggested at Folkestone. Much blessing! It is so good to know that one is on the Divine plan. I feel persuaded that it is of GOD that I should remain here longer, and so would you had you been present at our after-meeting to-night. I expect 'great things' during the Mission."

* * * *

"Had a powerful meeting last night—three more souls. Glory! Glory! Glory! I believe we are on the eve of a revival. I hear the patterings of the first drops—the showers are coming. Pray earnestly. I begin to preach about 7.30. Hold up my hands. I want this place to be shaken, and godless, careless, burdened sinners to be aroused into real soul interest. Get some Christians together at home, and pray, pray, pray—pray much, but believe more. You know 'what goes up in vapours comes down in showers.' . . . Had another blessed Sunday. The Communion Service after, so saw no result, but we had a full chapel, and people listened to my feeble, inadequate account of the sufferings of CHRIST with rapt attention. GOD was witnessing with me, I feel sure. . . . The LORD stands by me in the visiting. Many here are awfully dark and hardened, but He helps me to say straight things from His Word. I am now in splendid working order—thanks to my indwelling Saviour. Oh! the inestimable privilege of preaching CHRIST. Let us pray that our dear Ernest may also be called to the ministry."

* * * *

"My dear Mother, just a line or two to cheer you. I trust you are better. You will, I think, have to give up all outside work, except an occasional visit to the Union or the sick-bed of some sufferer. You must be graciously resigned to the fact that you are growing old, and active bustling, aggressive work is beyond your strength. I expect Moses, the grand old leader of Israel, did not feel equal to the effort, excitement, and brunt of the battle, and

so he went up on to the mountain and interceded in the quietness, and through him the Amalekites were defeated. He was as useful there as in the thick of the fight. You must be Moses, Mother, and I'll be Joshua. I shall be always victorious down in the valley if you are praying up on the mount. The prayer above is the explanation of the issue below. Secret prayer is not seen of men, but GOD knows—He recompenses openly. GOD's reward does not depend on the kind of service, but the manner of it. Faithfulness is the essential."

* * * *

"I believe the LORD will lead me to decline the offer of the pastorate at P—— should they make it. The conviction is deepening that I am to go to Peru. What a crisis this is in my life! 'Oh, LORD, lead Thy stumbling, sinful servant aright, he is weak, despicable, unworthy; but he does long for Thy glory, and Thou knowest that he has Thy interests at heart. LORD, Thou knowest that he loves Thee.' Pray, dear Mother, that the tempting prospect of a successful ministry in a home Church may not lead me one hairsbreadth from the divine pathway. I am profoundly convinced that the natural heart is abominably deceitful and wicked, who can know it? 'Search me, O LORD.'

"Last night I had the great joy of baptizing my own children in the faith. The LORD wonderfully sustained me, and I got through without a hitch. My dearest Fan, was unable to be there, and how I should have liked my own sweet Mother to have been present at her son's first baptismal service."

* * * *

"I am most hopeful as to the future. The LORD is in all, then why should I be anxious? We will possess our souls in patience."

But patience never came easily to Will. Newell, and it was with unfeigned joy that he became conscious of his call to serve GOD in Peru. The publication of "The Neglected Continent"

early in 1894 aroused a wave of enthusiasm on behalf of the whole of South America, and amongst its destitute republics, Peru, with its practically unevangelized three millions, emerged as perhaps the most neglected sphere of all.

On the traveller, that delightful country produces an almost bewildering effect of wonderment and charm. Passing from the busy life of its ports and cities, one can enter the solitude of its lofty mountain heights, or visit fair and fertile regions where forests, lakes and rivers reveal the natural wealth belonging to the land. And whilst these scenes delight the eye, the fascinating and pathetic history of its people appeals to the imagination and moves the heart. Traces of the ancient Inca civilization remain in the ruins of massive fortresses built of huge blocks of stone—specimens of admirable workmanship revealing the strength of the nation overcome by Spain, but the present degraded condition of its descendants, together with the materialism, scepticism and superstition, marking her people as a whole, calls attention to the fact that Peru's freedom is still to be attained. Although she declared her political independence in 1821, she has not yet shaken off the yoke of Rome, and the religion of her conquerors continues steadily at work, sapping her moral strength, blinding reason's light, and compelling obedience to its iron will.

In 1894 only a few Protestant missionaries had ventured to dispute Rome's sway. The Rev. Thomas Wood had begun a Gospel work in Callao, despite the fact that anything in the nature of a public propaganda was forbidden by the law. In Lima also a little Protestant Church, under the care of the Rev. C. H. Bright, was doing what it could, whilst from time to time agents of the Bible Societies endeavoured to carry on their beneficent work in these and other places. But, taken as a whole, the three millions of Peru were still in darkness, waiting for the Light of Life.

How this thought appealed to Will. Newell's eager heart. To him to live was CHRIST, and the urgency of his love for his Master compelled him to seek the lost, and to yearn over the lands where His Gospel was quite

unknown. Already, early in 1894, three of his fellow-students had started for Peru—Messrs. Jarrett, Stark and Peters. After working for a time upon the coast, two of them resolved to endeavour to reach Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, situated high up in the heart of the country. There, Protestantism was quite unknown, but when Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters first stole into it one July evening in 1895, the enemies of their faith were quite prepared to meet them. “The clergy daily preached against the heretics in all the churches; the people passed them with averted glance, and every door was closed at their approach lest the subtle poison the strangers carried in their very breath should infect the sons and daughters of the Church against their will. The assassination of the missionaries was publicly advocated by some, and at last the Prefect ordered the two troublesome Englishmen ‘to take up their march,’ an illegal order they were compelled to obey, despite the fact that Mr. Jarrett had scarcely recovered from a severe attack of small-pox.”

A second attempt ended in a similar failure, but after Dr. Harry Guinness’ visit to Peru, in 1897, it was resolved that another and more organized effort should be made to occupy this strategic centre, and in order to join in it Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed for Peru on May 19th, 1898, on board the s.s. *Oropesa*, five weeks after their wedding-day.

“How sad was the parting,” wrote Mr. Newell. “But how ready, how true, how tender, how sufficient, are the Everlasting Arms.” The voyage was uneventful, the time being spent in studying Spanish, and in the ever-present task of seeking to win others to CHRIST.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“We have some nice Bible Readings on board, and since we gather together in the centre of the vessel, we daily show our colours, and all on board know ‘Whose we are and Whom we serve.’ On Sunday we obtained permission to hold a service; a nice little company gathered together, and we had a good time. We are

seeking the conversion of individuals ; but need much wisdom and winsomeness. There is no need to remind you to pray for us. The arms which have so often been strengthened by your prayers will still find their support, I know. Bring down power again and again. Oh, to be a flame of fire on board this boat ! Also, praise GOD, Mother, for His goodness to us. We are both so glad that we are at last going to our true life-work."

TO HIS FATHER.

"It is all right. I am in the divine plan and know it. May I ever be ready for each item of the programme. How wonderful ! It is already formed. One might sometimes long to pierce the clouds that surround JEHOVAH and seek to know His purposes, but 'it is better not to know,' better to trust, 'He knoweth the way that I take.' It is enough for a trusting child. . . . We had a good game of cricket to-day. The pitch is a limited one, but the fun was most enjoyable. My side won, and I made a good, useful stand. I hope that I shall use any advantage that I may gain by my physical powers to the glory of CHRIST. I am chumming well with officers, engineers, and crew, as well as passengers. By *all* means, I hope to win some. I can still testify to an absorbing passion for souls. I long for a life that will adequately express the glory of my GOD. . . . We have just had another service—such a time ! Patrick* spoke to the sailors and Fan. sang. About a hundred Spaniards listened with wonderful interest. What a scene it was ! Brother Patrick spoke quite fluently, and all listened, drinking in the words. It was a rare opportunity to tell the story of divine love to those who had never heard it before. You see, we are already beginning our missionary work. Patrick and I sang two duets in Spanish. We had a wonderful hour. Praise GOD ! Here is an incentive to the study of the language. My thoughts are all prayers for you."

* A fellow-missionary.

Arrived in Callao, Mr. and Mrs. Newell were met by Mr. and Mrs. Peters and Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, and spent the next nine weeks there, becoming acquainted with the country, holding meetings, studying the language, and waiting for the money to arrive which should enable the party to proceed on the long and arduous journey to Cuzco.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"The mails are in! Oh, how excited we have been! I have had the nearest touch to my first headache to-night! Can you see me banging the table? Can you hear me shouting? I think it will not be difficult. First of all, glorious news from Harley—£200 for Cuzco, and more to follow. Every prospect bright; mission going well."

A fortnight later he wrote:

"We have heard again from Harley, and another £100 comes out next mail for Cuzco. This is, of course, apart from our personal allowance. Dr. Harry says the money comes in splendidly. Bless the dear LORD, sweet Mother, with us. Is He not wonderfully supplying our needs in CHRIST JESUS? Hallelujah! What a privilege to serve such a Being!"

* * * *

"On Sunday I visited prison with Mr. Stark, and sang in Spanish to the prisoners; it was a strange experience, standing before that motley, cut-throat gang. They were very earnest, however, and listened to Stark as he said a few words. The jailer is a Liberal and anti-Romanist, and, if anything, favours our work. We distributed tracts and Bibles."

The next paragraph suggests one of the frequent tragedies of the foreign mission field. Henry Mark Backhouse, another of Will, Newell's college chums, went to Peru in 1895, only to die at Callao in January, 1898, at the age of twenty-seven. With Spanish well acquired and much valuable experience gained, it seemed as though a career of much usefulness was



THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA.

opening out before him, but a draught of impure water taken during his last colportage and pioneering journey brought on a fever from which he never rallied.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“The other day we stood by the grave of Harry Backhouse, in the sweet, little English cemetery. How sad we felt! How inexplicable GOD’S dealings were with that bright, young life! How near *we* may be to the Glory Land! What a joy to be always ready! We do not expect to die, the very opposite, yet we cannot but face the possibility, when already two of our little band have laid down their lives. Oh, Mother dear, life is invested with tremendous solemnity out here. It is well to live on the threshold of eternity! . . .

“The move to Cuzco *is* fraught with danger, and the thought of it makes me intensely solemn. May you ever unite your hearts at the Throne of Grace for us. Mr. Jarrett will have great difficulty in renting houses, owing to the fanaticism of the people, but we are praying hard, and ‘the LORD is at hand,’ quite near, and will help our cause. I am not sorry I am going into the interior so soon, only I wish I knew more of the language.”

* * * *

“Yesterday I saw a baptismal service in Lima. Mr. Bright baptized a man and a youth. The baptistery was a bath away on the outskirts of Lima, about three feet deep, with a clear stream of water running through it, enclosed by mud walls open to the sky. About forty Christians gathered round, and the service was *most* impressive. The onlookers were evidently much puzzled. The youth had been converted to GOD by dear Harry Backhouse’s influence, and seems a bright, intelligent young Peruvian. Mr. Bright has now some fourteen or fifteen earnest souls in fellowship with him, and so in this city—once so entirely *closed*—the Gospel is now being boldly proclaimed. Of course Mr. Bright’s meetings are

not considered public. He evades the law by issuing invitation cards. I spoke to the Spanish congregation, with Mr. Wood as interpreter. It was a good meeting—how I wished I could speak Spanish! My heart yearns for these people.”

* * * *

“Do not be *needlessly* alarmed. Remember, dearest Mother, ‘the Great White Wing.’ Get the honey out of Psalm lxiii., 7 and 8, just now. These morsels from the divine pantry are very, very precious. I should not have mentioned this matter to you, only I need your intelligent prayers. When we get to Cuzco our faith may be greatly tried. Shall I confess it, Mother? As I first came face to face with this prospect, my heart was cowardly, and I had such a revelation of my unworthy self. . . . but I and the LORD have had a talk about it, and now it is all right. Our faces are ‘*steadfastly set*’ towards Cuzco. My dearest Mother, do indeed pray for your boy. He is such a weak and untrained soldier; pray for his strengthening, and pray that he, when he is tested, may be found faithful. How I tremble lest I should dishonour my glorious Captain.”

* * * *

“Dr. Wood’s house faces the Senate house, which was once the abode of the horrible Inquisition. Imagine my thoughts as I gazed upon the scene of such unparalleled cruelty! Could those walls speak, their awful eloquence, their dark, dread subject matter, would surely chill us to the bone. Thank GOD, inquisition days are over, but the land is still two hundred years behind England, still suffering a withering blight from the awful presence of popery. The other day a priest was liberated, who only five years ago burned a woman whom *he* considered to be a witch. Even here, in Lima and Callao, the need in comparison with England is truly appalling. There is plenty of room in these two cities for twenty earnest men. How far off seems the day of Peru’s evangelization.”

From Callao the missionary party travelled further down the coast to Mollendo, where they spent the next few weeks.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“Mr. Peters being here next week, we trust we shall be able to move forward about the 14th or 15th of November. Possibly we shall stop at Arequipa three or four days to accustom ourselves to the altitude. I am now getting quite interested in the work; have distributed a large number of tracts, and for two Sunday afternoons Mr. Jarrett and I have been round to the houses with Gospels. We have gone to work quietly, and at *present* we have heard of no opposition. Only the priests scrutinize our house as they pass by.

“A fortnight ago last Sunday we were to have held the *first* Protestant, or rather evangelical meeting in Mollendo, but no one turned up! The next Sunday a cousin of the native helper, who is with Mr. Patrick, came with his brother-in-law and three friends, and last Sunday there were two others. Of course, the meeting was private and by personal invitation—any other is illegal here—but it was a precious meeting and our hearts were made glad by this beginning of things. Next Sunday we expect a larger number, for each man had a card for a friend; by-and-bye we shall have devilish opposition, but GOD will stand by us, and the truth of GOD will win.

“We hope that someone may be sent out here to take up the work. There is quite a rush for my tracts, and the porters and seamen swarm round me, but I fear that this interest is only superficial. Literature is scarce here, and the novelty excites them; probably when they read about their sins and GOD’s claims their interest will wonderfully slacken, but if the HOLY SPIRIT is with the tracts, and I believe He is, some truth will stick even through such apparently feeble instrumentality as this.

“I wonder at the silence of the Roman Catholic

authorities. What does it mean? It is remarkable, especially when I remember how they have just treated two pedlars in Arequipa. Let me tell you the story.

“About three weeks ago two Chilians called on Mr. Jarrett and declared themselves to be Christians. They were going to sell their wares and at the same time circulate tracts, etc. Mr. Jarrett told them of Arequipa’s fanaticism—it is doubtless the most fanatical city in the world—but they determined to proceed, perhaps thinking that he exaggerated. The next we heard of them they were arrested, and I believe they are in prison to-day, although surely they must be released eventually. We anxiously await the issue of this case. If we are to be arrested for simply delivering tracts, it is indeed desperate. From this you will see the wisdom of the school scheme. If only we can remain in Cuzco *one* year, our residence there and ultimate Gospel triumph is a certainty.

“Another item of news is the narrow escape Jarrett had from drowning. We had quite a shock, and I have hardly recovered from it yet. Last Wednesday we were enjoying our usual bathe in the surf, which was more boisterous than usual, when I noticed Mr. Jarrett further out than I, but, as he swims fairly well, I took no notice, until a huge wave knocked me over, treating me more or less as if I were a piece of cork. When I looked for Jarrett, I found him, if anything, further off, and evidently struggling with the awful ‘suck back’ of the waves. I at once realized his danger, and, lifting up a cry for the help of GOD, and then for the help of some men working near, I made for John. It seemed possible that we might both be lost, for I am not a stronger swimmer than he is. Simultaneously, three or four men, and a gentleman with his clothes on, made for John also, and just then there came a lull, the succession of big waves ceased for awhile, and, reaching him with comparative ease, I was well repaid with his fervent but exhausted ‘Saved!’ Owing to the receding waves, we could at that moment just

'bottom,' but almost immediately a big wave was on us—a struggle, and then I grasped the hand of one of the other men, who in turn, I believe, held the hand of another, and so we were quite safe. Poor John was much exhausted, and, doubtless, had not help been near, would never have got in. The people on the beach were greatly alarmed, and rushed to the spot. We feel devoutly grateful to God—first, that the workmen, sailor kind of fellows, were near; and, secondly, that our wives were not on the beach (they usually are); and, thirdly, that dear John was not carried out to sea by the retreating tide, as we find that many have been drowned here owing to the dangerous surf. Indeed, I feel nervous in the water now, and bathing has lost half its charms. I know that you will praise our God for His loving care over His own."

* * * *

"The Chilians who were imprisoned in Arequipa for distributing tracts are now here in Mollendo. (See page 64). Their lot was hard. All their books were confiscated, and they were in prison five days before their case was heard. According to the law they should have been heard before twenty-four hours had elapsed. No food was given them; they had to buy it all. At one time the *intendente* had to call for soldiers, he so feared the violence of the fanatical mob. Their wives chose to be imprisoned with them.

"The priest has commenced preaching against us, and has told the people that they are to bring all our Gospels and leaflets to him that he may destroy them. Of course, by the confessional he is *master* of the situation, and doubtless nearly all our books are lost in the flames, but a few words may prove the seed of a new life, and His Word shall not return unto Him void. One does need patience for this work, and, above all, the evidence of a godly, Christ-like life is needed. The people here drink strong, fiery alcohol, really lamp oil, and *chica*, a thick kind of beer, very injurious. They get abominably drunk,

and abstinence is unknown. People cannot understand our position at all. Drink is an awful curse to them."

* * * *

"To-day, Saturday, November 26th, has been a day of excitement, for Fred. (Mr. Peters), his wife and baby, arrived about eight. John (Mr. Jarrett) and his wife have decided to go up with us, so, with 'Seph.,' our little maid, we shall have a company of ten. We are very busy packing, start for Arequipa on Tuesday morning, and are full of bright anticipation.

"We have reached another crisis in our lives. *How* much the journey to Cuzco may mean, and how little we can foretell the future! *Humanly* speaking, the risk is great, the work toilsome, and the result uncertain; but CHRIST has said 'Go,' and come what may, unfurling the blood-stained banner, we advance. I was much struck by Pizarro's boldness, when his followers, disheartened by their tremendous struggles, were about to turn back from the conquest of Peru (the incident is given in Prescott's 'History of the Conquest of Peru,' a book which would interest you immensely). Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west; then turning towards the south, he said: 'Friends and comrades! on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There is Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For *my* part, I go to the south!' So saying, he stepped across the line: eleven others followed him. The writer on the next page adds: 'There are moments in the lives of men which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny.' And so, dear ones, *we* step across the line with our blessed Captain; across the great Andes, from the comparatively safe coast-line to the difficult and dangerous interior. Our aim, not the silver of Potosi, not Peruvian treasures, but the capture of human hearts for our blessed Master by the gentle, win-

ning, persuasive Gospel of His Grace. How blessed to be abandoned (I like that word) to His cause.' How safe!"

* * * *

"On Sunday at our little Communion service we remembered Him and drew near to one another, remembering how close we are to the sterner realities of missionary life. We all felt solemnized. . . . This is a last line before we start. To-morrow, Tuesday, we go to Arequipa, leaving there for Juliaca, Sicuani and Cuzco on Thursday. We are full of joy, and naturally a little excited. What scenes await us! Look out for news now! Two young Chilians have come to say 'good-bye.' They have attended our meetings and manifested much interest. They now have the Word, and I cannot but believe that eventually GOD will lead these friends into light. . . . A nice little meeting last night. Mr. Peters preached very eloquently, and a young English fellow engaged with a company of actors came in. Now for the next shelter. . . . We need the prayers of GOD's people more than ever now."

In reference to this journey, Mrs. Newell, jun., writes from Mollendo on November 28th, 1898:—

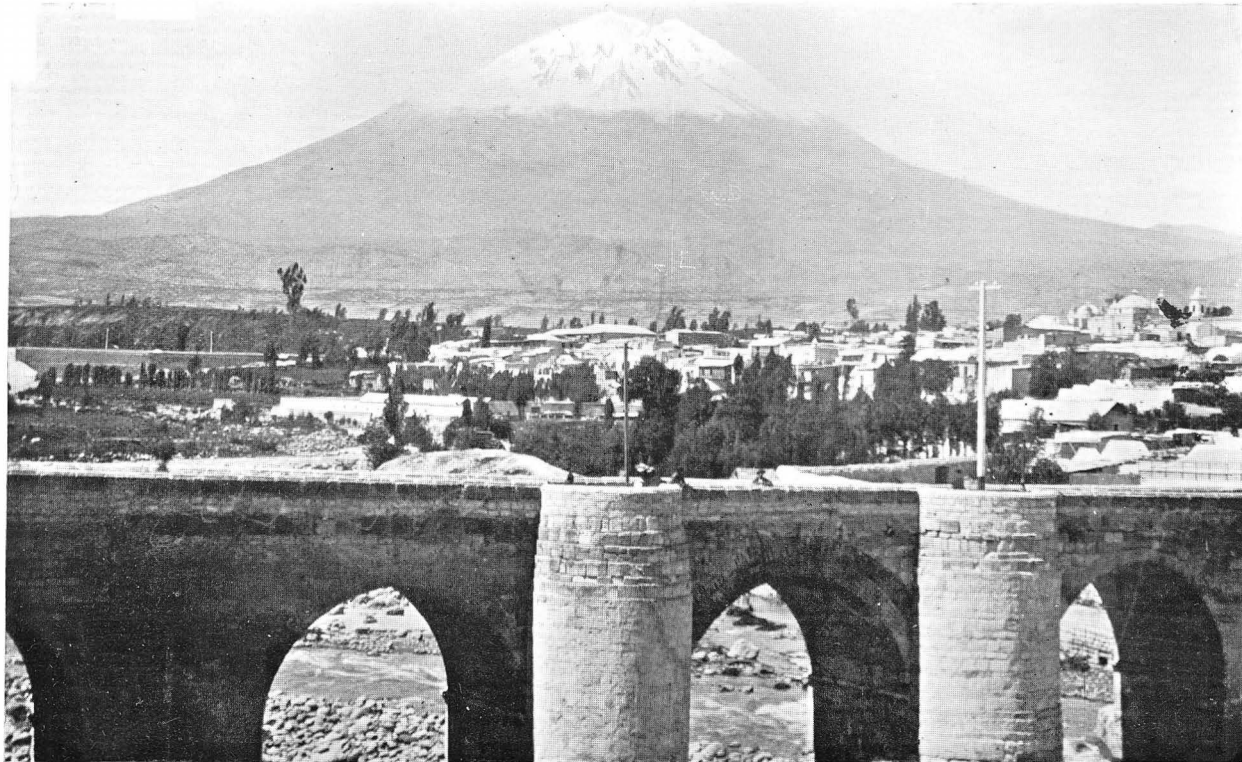
"We are in a fine pickle to-day, Monday, having to pack everything—such a business. We camped out for breakfast and enjoyed the meal much more than if we had gone to the hotel. It is in answer to prayer that our girl Sephorina has proved so reliable and is going with us. We had engaged another woman, thinking she was as good as we could get, although we did not like the look of her. When 'Seph.' applied we thought *she* looked suitable, so we prayed that GOD would prevent the first woman from coming, if His will, and sure enough she never turned up. We sent for Seph., and she has proved faithful and seems wonderfully interested in the Gospel. Mr. Jarrett warned her that in Cuzco she might be jeered at for living with us, and she said: 'I know all that; people call you *masones*, and say you are very wicked people; but I tell them that your religion is anyhow

better than theirs.' Here masons are often infidels and strong liberals, enemies to the Church of Rome.

"The women here are extremely dirty. Their powder answers the purpose of soap and covers the dirt, instead of washing it away. . . . Seph. will be a great comfort to me because we manage to understand each other fairly well. Then she buys very economically at the market, and we—or rather Will., for the women do not often go—would probably get swindled right and left. We believe the light of GOD's truth is gradually dawning on her dark heart; she always joins us in morning worship, and seem deeply interested in the reading. Will. explains difficulties to her when he can, but when he gets 'stuck,' Mr. Jarrett takes up the thread. She joins in the singing quite nicely and happily; unlike most of her class, she can read."

On the following day, Mrs. Newell continues:—

"Here we are, safely landed at Arequipa after a very enjoyable journey. The rail runs along by the sea and Mt. Misti, 20,000 feet high, and then between mountains, of which sometimes we could distinguish seven tiers, some snow-capped. Further on still the train runs across a desert for about thirty miles, where, as you may imagine, it was very hot. As we neared Arequipa our eyes had a real feast. Lovely green meadows and plenty of vegetation in the valleys, with fields of waving corn, some just ready for cutting. Oh! how those fields reminded me of dear old Caversham and the days of my childhood! We had decided to go to the English hotel, but when on arriving we told one boy where we were going, he said there was *no* English hotel. We declared there was, and he actually said it had been closed for two months—the monkey! We insisted that a friend of ours (Mr. Jarrett) had stopped there, so then he replied, 'It is outside the town.' We found the distance about seven minutes' walk, and were soon delighted to see an *honest* English face and hear our mother tongue from Mr. Morgan, the proprietor.



A VIEW OF AREQUIPA, SHOWING MOUNT MISTI IN THE BACK-GROUND.

It was fine! The place is so clean and nice, just like a country farm-house at home, and the view from our balcony window is splendid, including the snow-capped mountains."





CHAPTER V.



IN CUZCO.

“CUZCO reached at last!” These were the triumphant words in which Mr. Newell announced that the perilous journey was safely at an end. They were written on December 5th, 1898, nearly seven years after his missionary training had begun. How much Christian service had been accomplished in the homeland during that time of preparation, but now the ardent soul-winner must learn to endure discipline of a different kind. He was called to possess his soul in patience whilst he and his companions knocked at a fast closed door, and as he thus followed his Master along a pathway involving suffering, rejection and scorn, he learnt to abandon his most cherished plans, and became willing to do anything—to teach school, keep shop, play cricket—if by these means he might win some to follow his LORD. His first letters from Cuzco reveal the buoyancy with which he began the task and his first impressions of the city in which he laid down his life.

“Cuzco reached at last, and we are in good health! Praises be to our blessed and glorious Jehovah! We have seen and experienced His goodness ‘in the land of the living.’ Since November 28th, we have travelled five hundred miles—four hundred by rail, about fifty by freight waggon, and fifty on horse-back. How we have enjoyed the magnificent scenery and the clear, exhilarating air of the Sierra! How the Indians—the real Incas—interested us! What joltings, what fears we had in the waggon as we passed round narrow ledges! What trials of patience as the waggons in front were repeatedly stuck

in the mud! And the sleeping accommodation! In one place all ten of us were lying in one shed; in another, Peters and I slept on tables in the open air; and in yet another, on the rough mud floor! Then the horse-back experiences. My wife's pale, resolute face; my fears for her—it was her first mount—her courage; the ease with which she accustomed herself to the saddle. The rocky *ascent*, the stair-like descent; the difficulty to obtain food; our enjoyment of sardines and cheese (mixed) and bread; the awful fag at the end; all these memories crowd my brain and I feel like writing volumes.

“Oh, Mother! how good the LORD has been to us; how prayer *has* been answered. Amongst all the indications of His loving superintendence was that of the beautifully ordered rainfall. It seemed as though the rain was controlled especially for our comfort. It rained hard when we were in the waggons, but this we did not mind, for we had splendid coverings, and it made the roads—otherwise unpleasant with dust—quite enjoyable. It rained, thundered and lightened all around us, but we escaped. In the evening, as we entered Cuzco, it was beautifully clear and bright, and, best of all, the rain had washed away all the filth which had accumulated in the streets. Actually Cuzco smelt quite fresh! We thanked GOD for the cloudy weather, for otherwise the heat in the valleys would have been intense. We are now in the only hotel, which is fairly comfortable, waiting for our goods to come on. To-day we have been to see the house which Mr. Jarrett had taken for a year, and it is fairly good for Cuzco. But as we gazed into the bare rooms, some unpapered and awfully dirty; with mud floors, and only three or four possessing windows, and not one having a pane of glass, I longed for dear old 247, Oxford Road! The house is after the eastern style, with a big gateway and square court-yard with rooms all round. Being a two-storied house it has fifteen rooms, but *no* sanitary arrangements and no water supply. The street is narrower than

Union Street, and down the centre runs the drain. In the dry season!!! When our furniture and luggage arrives we shall be able to work a transformation, and in March or April we will look out for a little house for ourselves. Pray much about this, as the people are so fanatical that they may think it a sin to rent us one.

“Travelling with babies out here is no joke! What scenes we had in the train and waggons! And you can imagine the difficulty on horse-back. How we surprised the people as our cavalcade came rattling over the streets on Wednesday evening. First came two Indians riding on horses, in charge of mules carrying our travelling trunks, &c. Then followed Mr. Peters and his wife. Then an Indian carrying baby Eric in a blanket on his back, followed by another Indian carrying two bags. Next in order came Mr. Jarrett and his wife and little girl, followed by ‘Seph.’ the maid; then Fan. and I, and, last of all, another Indian carrying the Jarrett’s baby on his back. I expect the priests are already beginning to fume and rage. Such a host will indeed perplex them; they cannot so well expel the ladies. We are quite an English colony. Last night we were electrified to hear a band playing ‘Hearts of Oak’ and ‘The Campbells are coming.’ We rushed out and stood round, much amusing the stolid people by our excitement. Imagine our delight when the selection concluded with ‘See the Conquering Hero comes.’ It was quite a little bit of old England.

“Already I feel how different the spiritual atmosphere is here. Fanaticism and cruel bigotry are in the air, and one feels shut in from all aggressive effort. We shall have to ‘go very slowly,’ and, as Dr. Wood says, if in one year we have done nothing but *reside* here, we have accomplished a wonderful victory. Many of the liberals have called to see Jarrett and expressed their pleasure, but the priests will be rampant. To give you an idea of the fanaticism of the people. In the train I began to give away Gospels courteously and had nearly reached the top

of the carriage when a gentleman snatched one from my hand and tore it up before my face, and then endeavoured to seize my whole packet and treat that in the same way, asking what *right* I had to give them away. He was in a rage! I resented it, and demanded *his right* to touch my books. We had quite a scene, Peters coming up to my help. Then another gentleman joined in, and there was considerable excitement. I found out afterwards I had got into a 'warm shop,' for one proved to be the Sub-Prefect of Mollendo and the other, Sub-Prefect of Arequipa. Such incidents make me think that the school plan is a fine idea. It seems to be of GOD. By this means we may soften prejudice and at the same time gain the hearts of our lads for CHRIST. Jarrett has already been promised some pupils.

"Missionary life has begun now, and we need much divine help. Beseech the friends not to slacken their prayers for us. We are but three striplings—bits of boys—and against us is the mighty force of a vast organization which, here in the interior at any rate, has a tremendous hold on the poor, blinded people.

"'Keep believing,' dear Mother. GOD is just as near to us here, and we both testify to peace and joy in His Blessed Presence. We are anxious about our goods, still on their way, although we despatched some a week before we started."

Mrs. Newell, jun., also sent home an interesting description of their travels as seen from a woman's point of view. She wrote:—

"I should like to tell you of some of the curious experiences we had on the way and at the various resting places at night. Most of us were somewhat affected by the altitudes, and as the train steamed up and around the sides of the huge mountains we found some difficulty in breathing. Many suffered dreadfully. We could not complain, but were all fairly fagged after the second day. On reaching Sicuani, we slept in a horribly dirty room,

to which the dogs evidently had free admittance as a rule ! How thankful we were to start away the first thing in the morning. Oh ! those waggons. What a shaking-up we had over the rough roads. At one place we stopped four hours because the vans ahead were stuck and we could not pass. This occurred at very short intervals, until at last, hungry and tired, we jumped down (hearing that the roads were far worse ahead) and walked the rest of the way to Quiquijana, where we had decent food and rooms. True, our beds were only mattresses on stone slabs in the corners of one room, but we slept finely and were so thankful for the rest. The strange part to us was that we could buy absolutely *nothing* on the road. The water was so muddy that it had to be carefully filtered before we could drink it. However, at one place our faithful 'Seph.' got out and brought us eight lovely eggs, and that where the Indians would not sell us anything, as well as some toasted beans and corn, which our teeth could not bite.

"I must confess I was very nervous on first mounting my high horse ; I felt I could not possibly stick on. Never before did I by GOD's grace trust Him so entirely, and it was wonderful how easy He made it for me. It seemed impossible at first to sit still and trust, but soon all fear was gone, and I felt perfectly happy in the saddle. The second day, my horse fell lame and disliked descending such rocky steepes, yet the nervousness all went—in answer to repeated prayer. Sometimes the road was fearfully rough, all loose stones and rocks. Now a steep ascent, and again a rocky descent, but my old horse was very careful and chose the best places generally. The second day we started off at seven, and were on the road until five p.m. The distance was about thirty miles ; but only occasionally would our horses run. It was fine to get to a grassy place for awhile, then mine would pace, which is far easier, as you all know, for an inexperienced rider than a trot. One place was fearful—a long and very steep

descent over loose rock and stones. My horse strongly objected to this rough road, sometimes causing me almost to despair of making headway. Sometimes he would stand and look down, but would not budge; however, at last he gradually descended without falling, though stumbling several times. The horses were about as fagged as we were on arriving in Cuzco after a whole day's travelling; but a good dinner and rest put us right. The last few miles were very wearisome—we were so dreadfully tired we could scarcely keep on. But at last we arrived in safety. What a sensation we caused! All Cuzco staring in amazement at us, and one or two priests wondering at the audacity of a party of young Protestants daring to enter a city so utterly under their control. We were so stiff we could scarcely move; but we were cheered by nice clean rooms and a good dinner at the hotel. I think we shall like the climate very much, the air is so fresh and the smells have not yet troubled us. The habits and customs of these Peruvians are simply disgusting—I may get accustomed to a good deal, but not to such abominable ways.

“I am tired of hotel fare, of little bits of meat and highly seasoned dishes. One course they serve here looks too much like cat's meat for me to relish—tiny squares of *something* with wooden skewers stuck through. However, the fruit makes up for a good deal.

“At one place on our journey the waggon got jammed into the wall on the top of a precipice, where there was only just room to drive, and while the others went to help unload, we wives and babies were left all alone with seven mules to do as they liked with us. But for the strong, protecting arm of GOD, it seemed very risky, but we knew we were safe.”

A few days later Mr. Newell writes:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

“I like the climate here. Although midsummer, the

heat is moderate, like our warm spring days, and the early mornings are delightfully fresh. It is light about five and dark by seven; it has rained and thundered almost every day, since the summer is the rainy season, and occasionally hailed, whilst we saw snow on the mountains to-day. However, it is usually clear until noon, after which the sky becomes overcast. It is difficult to describe Cuzco—things are so mixed. For example, the better class people of Spanish blood are exceedingly polite and courteous; but then they are very dirty and apparently unfamiliar with domestic refinement. In the shops we find almost all European commodities that can be carried up on the backs of mules; but at the same time, there is the most awful lack of sanitation which, but for the excellent climate, would bring terrible pestilence. The streams from the mountains run through the city, but these become open sewers through which all the filth goes. The situation of Cuzco is such that with but little expenditure a most successful and hygienic condition of drainage could be effected; but the people are content, and were quite angry with Dr. Harry Guinness when he suggested improvement. The smells in places are horrible now—what will they be in the dry season? Wherever one goes care must be taken where the foot is placed or disagreeable consequences may arise when back in one's house. There is not a single cart here, the carrying being done by the graceful llamas, horses, mules, or Indians.

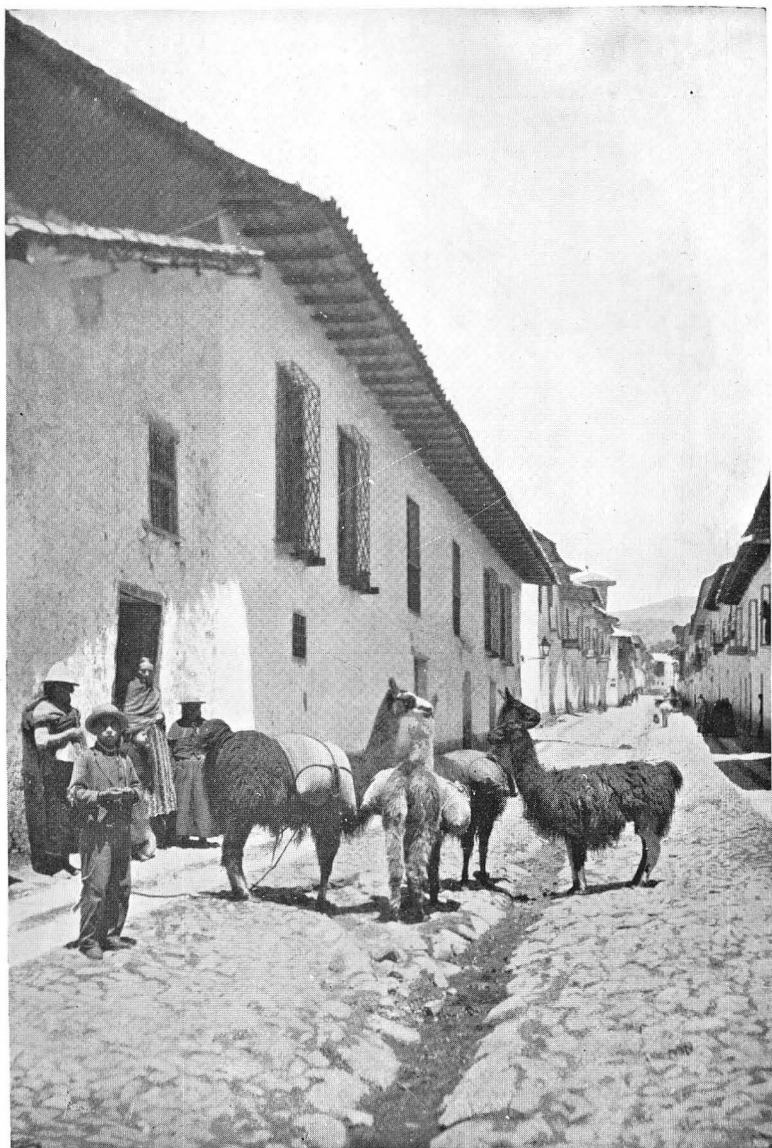
“The people are mostly Indians, and look picturesque enough under their white canvas screens at the market held each morning in the large Plaza. I should imagine they never wash; the majority do not wear shoes or stockings, and are most careless in exposing their persons, especially the women. They wear large flat cloth pancake-shaped hats of various mixed wools, and their dresses are generally of wool dyed blue, and quite short. For the most part they manifest but little animation and scarcely solicit custom, but I have seen some pretty Indian girls



ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD, NEAR CUZCO.



AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN THE SIERRA.



LLAMAS IN A CUZCO STREET.

with bright, intelligent faces. They live in rough mud houses or sheds, and crowd together—cooking, eating, and sleeping upon sheepskins in the same room, with the door serving as chimney and window. As they burn wood the result may be easily imagined. When we know their language and have freedom granted to visit these people, what grace we shall require—especially the ladies. Alas! Where are Prestcott's grand and noble Incas! Oh, Spain! GOD has much to say to thee concerning thy cruel, blind system of oppression and neglect. Had the 'Pilgrim Fathers' landed here how different the result! Mr. Jarrett says that the Cuzco Incas are exceedingly lazy, though the women are very different. He attributes this in a great measure to the blighting influence of alcohol. They drink a kind of rum, but white, called *pisco*, distilled from sugar, so abundant here. The effects of intemperance are very apparent. Not only bleared eyes and a foolish expression, but also a weakened physique are produced by it, which one would not expect in this climate. The younger people are the best for work, as the drink has not yet told upon them, but they only work for one day and then disappear, being quite afraid of doing too much.

"To-day I visited one of the best doctors in the place. He lives in a large, fine old house, fitted up with modern taste, and the only one in Cuzco with proper sanitary arrangements. His father is one of Spain's choice aristocrats—a Colonel and Doctor of Laws. Dr. L. and I were soon 'at home,' and a quarter-of-an-hour after the introduction we were playing a duet together. He knows only a word or two of English. Praise GOD for this indication of His loving kindness. 'Day after day uttereth His love.' May GOD use me to bring some measure of light into that family.

"The priests have already begun to stir. Their organ has notified our advent, and denounced us as 'unbelievers in GOD,' 'atheists,' etc. A most conscious

lie on their part, but then there are times when it is virtue for 'the faithful' to lie. . . ."

* * * *

"How strange this second Sunday up here seems. I have just been watching the people leave the large Church opposite after mid-day mass. I should think there were four or five hundred, mostly Indians, although some were wealthy people. The first mass was at three o'clock, and the bells made a tremendous clatter. Under such circumstances, sleep is an exceedingly difficult accomplishment. The hold that Rome has upon the men here astonishes me; they make up a large proportion of the worshippers. At 9.45 each morning the big cathedral bell solemnly tolls three momentous notes—the officiating priest has received from his servant-maid a piece of dough, and now, uttering mysterious Latin words, and posturing himself in a variety of ways, he transforms this dough into the body of CHRIST. He has 'made GOD,' the host is elevated, the sacrifice consummated, and the bell tells the twenty thousand people outside that the miracle is performed. The effect is strangely impressive and saddening. Every Indian leaves his business; and bares his head. The women cover their heads with their shawls, and all kneel on the bare stones of the Plaza. Everybody in Cuzco, out walking, raises his hat.

"The triumph of Rome over reason and truth is complete. There may be a few sincere, intelligent worshippers, but we are persuaded that this worship is simply a mechanical process to the vast majority—a religion divested of heart and intelligence."

* * * *

"Last Sunday week we gathered round the LORD's Table, yes, His Table even here. How sweet it was! Never before in Cuzco had our blessed LORD been thus remembered. JESUS was very near, and our hearts were solemnized and yet glad. We are all most happy together. Praise GOD for the marvellous consolation of His love and

the strengthening of His right hand ! Numbers, I know, are praying for us. We all stand the climate well, but the air is so rarefied that running up the steps quite exhausts one.

“There are great feast preparations here, and possibly we are safer in the hotel just now. Some women told our maid that the priests have been preaching against us every morning this week, and that she will be excommunicated if she does not leave us. How blessed to be consciously under ‘the Great Big Wing!’ Ay, Mother, there is always joy there. The LORD is abundantly good to us and we are very happy, but we are just a bit human, and wish that by some magic process we could pop in on you for half-an-hour.”

Home-sickness was probably increased among these weary travellers by the fact that their luggage still tarried on the road, and they were obliged to remain in the hotel. But early in the New Year, Mr. Newell was able to announce its safe arrival.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“At last we are in our houses. What an intense relief ! Last Friday we heard the sound of mule-bells, and once more rushed excitedly to the window. Yes ! There were our boxes—twenty of them on the backs of ten mules. Friday found us working like niggers, and on the first day of 1899 we began our home life in *Calle Proceradores*.

“Last week the Catholics commenced public proceedings, but their measures are mild at present. A placard was posted up on the doors of the Churches headed : ‘*La Plaga Protestante*,’ ‘The Protestant plague.’ The annunciation first proceeded to vilify Mr. Jarrett, telling gross lies concerning the school he had here. Then came an excommunication of heretics, which not only excluded the unfaithful from Heaven, but all those who should directly or indirectly favour them. This is a terrible blow for these poor Indians, so ignorant and so devoted to their infallible church. Then follows an appeal

to fathers not to damn their own souls and the souls of their children by sending them to the Protestant school, where the *Evangelista* are under obligation to propagate heresy. The whole thing concludes with an application of excommunication, shewing that all masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, cooks, etc., are prohibited from rendering us any assistance, or selling us goods. Also no one is to talk to us on religious matters, not even to try to combat our arguments unless they have special license from the bishop. Of course, the paper concludes with the customary duplicity and hypocrisy. They are to love these men 'who are out of the way and beat them with love'—this after all their malicious slander of John Jarrett—and 'pray to the Immaculate Mother for their conversion.' Time will prove the effect of these words. Our carpenter came up, his face pale with fear, and said he could do no more work for us. But Mr. Peters laughed at him, and told him to be a man and not to fear the threat of another human being, so he is still at work. But several people have refused to serve us, and we find it difficult to get Indians to work. The other day some were coming in to tidy up our *corral*, when a *beata*, who lives by sewing, rushed out of her house and cautioned them concerning us. Of course they refused to come. She did this three times—kind lady! I mean to graciously smile when I pass her little shop, and with a cheerful *buenos dias* win her to better things. Poor soul! how misguided her zeal. It seems strange, but it is the atheists who are most glad to see us here. We want to capture the zealots, however, for they will make the best Christians.

"Our house is a typical one, and represents the kind occupied by well-to-do tradespeople. All the houses are built with mud bricks. They are nearly all very old, with round corners and exceedingly uneven walls. The Peruvians avoid windows, apparently hating the light. They have mud floors, only one kind of wood being obtainable, and that is very unworkable. Our doors are

amusingly out of the perpendicular. We employed a man to paint them, but he did it so badly that we are doing them again ourselves. A few hints from Mr. Peters has enabled me to acquit myself like an Englishman ! Hurrah for the old country ! I do grow fond of it out here. We have been busy cleaning drains, painting, putting chairs together, knocking holes in walls for windows, fixing shelves, making staircases, etc., but have nearly finished now.

“ We eat Indian bread, since it is cheaper, but Mr. Peters cannot buy it—they will not serve him. We have bought a sack of flour to make it, since we may be in a tight corner by-and-bye. But GOD always has His way out, and He Who divided the Red Sea is living and on our side. Hallelujah ! I like to associate the fall of Jericho with our work here. Blessed be GOD. I know the walls will fall some day ! May the LORD keep us patient and free from carnal methods. It seems rather ridiculous to shout in front of huge walls, but it is GOD’s way, and that means victory.”

* * * *

“ We are all most comfortable together and very happy, but how uncertain all things are, and how malicious our foes ! The priests are hoping to turn us out, and told our landlord that they mean to expel us. We are quite restful about the matter. ‘ Our times are in His hands,’ but pray about it. It would be disappointing to be turned out just now. To-day, the smith told us he had been visited by the monks and asked to sign a memorial for our expulsion, to be forwarded to the Government. This is how they got rid of Messrs. Peters and Jarrett before. The smith refused to sign it, and they then took away their work. The Catholics are in earnest, but so are we, and we do not mean to leave the place until actually forced by circumstances over which we have no control.

“How real our prayer meetings are now, and we sing hymn 723—

“ ‘ A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing,’

with reality and power. It is wonderful how little we seem to trouble about the storm gathering around us ! Isa. xxvi., 3, 4, Fan’s text, is gloriously fulfilled.

“The carpenter came in the other day, and the organ highly delighted him. I sang a hymn to him in Spanish. He seems to have got over his fright. This is how we must work at first, quietly influencing these misled people ; disabusing their minds ; removing prejudices, and getting an ear for our message.

“We bought a sheep last week for a *sol*—2s. It was very tender, scarcely quarter the size of our sheep at home. The meat-stalls in the market look most repulsive, all the pieces being huddled together in horrid confusion and dirt. After the women have retired with the unsold meat, three or four big dogs may be seen licking the table—thus preparing it for the morrow’s sale ! It is best to ask no questions, or think them, concerning what we eat.”

About this time Mrs. Newell, jun., wrote :—

“ It is really interesting to watch the different expressions of the women when we pass them. Some beam on us, and pounce on the babies and kiss them. Though many have dirty, old wrinkled-up faces, Flossie and Sadie (Mrs. Jarrett and Mrs. Peters) dare not refuse them an innocent kiss. Others only deign to give us a stray glance, in case they may be seen by the priest ; and again, others look away quickly and mutter something which means a curse. Poor things ! The old women look so unutterably wretched, and the little children generally have such old, careworn expressions on their tiny faces. You would be disgusted at the filthy habits of these people. The visiting of them will be indeed a test to us by-and-bye.”

Mr. Newell's next letter contained an indignant defence of his country.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"The Catholics are still agitating, though at present there is not the slightest manifestation of violence. The priests sent off a petition to Lima for an order to prohibit our opening a school. It was a scurrilous thing and full of lies, describing the glorious Protestantism of England as a 'most corrupting influence,' and hindering progress, etc. This is not the outcome of ignorance; but of malice, for they know that Protestant Germany, England and America are the foremost countries in the world. But the sad part is that these people here will swallow any lie as long as its origin is sacerdotal. I think the most remarkable and awful perversion of Scripture I have ever met with is on the face of one of the churches in the Plaza. It runs thus:—'Come to Mary, all ye that are burdened and under the weight of cares, and she will alleviate you.' What does the HOLY GHOST think of this? (see Rev. xxii., 18—19). How can these people be saved when this is the only Gospel they know?"

"The other day we visited the cemetery here. What a strange, weird place it is. The coffins are all placed in recesses made of masonry one above the other, something like the catacombs, only the head faces one. When the coffin is placed inside, the opening is sealed up, and some foolish, childish inscription painted on it. I was much struck by the fact that not one inscription had any intelligent word concerning life beyond the tomb. What can these priests teach the people?"

* * * *

"Truly we never know what a day may bring forth. As I write, a whole crowd of Catholic devotees are in our home taking an inventory of fixtures, etc. The house reverts to the Cathedral. Our landlord has lost all claim to it and we 'have to go.' Imagine how we feel! It is difficult to look at these men with love. At first I felt

like lifting some of these dirty gentlemen over the balcony into the court. It is a malicious act in accordance with their threat."

On the following day Mr. Newell continues:—

"What a day we had yesterday! I left my letters, went into Mr. Jarrett's sitting-room and found him pacing the floor, pale with excitement and suppressed anger, whilst Mrs. Jarrett sat on the couch clutching her baby. The scene was tragic, but at the same time very real. John explained that the case had been hurried through the court—by Catholic money and influence no doubt—and the judges had decided, after the lapse of eighty years, that the house belonged to the Cathedral. A grey-haired old gentleman was appointed as the one in charge—the tenant. He told John to get out of the house immediately, although he had already paid a year's rent. The smiles and sneers and general bearing of those who came to enforce the order were most insolent, and although they talked in Quechua we knew that they were enjoying our confusion and annoyance. Mr. Jarrett at last ordered them out of the house, and with mocking civility they went. They wanted him to sign certain papers, but he refused. We should have gained a great point if we could have kept perfectly calm and spoken decidedly and firmly. How difficult it is to be spiritual and not carnal, to be Christian and not men merely! We were much cheered by one little event. We had sent down to the friend who had helped Jarrett to get the house, and just at that moment he sent to say that if necessary to leave immediately he had three rooms which he placed at our disposal with pleasure. Was it not grand? To befriend 'heretics' means the censure and suspicion of nearly all the city, and yet he braved it. Glory be to God! Surely this man and his two boys are near the Kingdom. He came up afterwards and consulted with us, and he soon saw that the visit of this afternoon had been a matter of bullying and intimidation and that they cannot thrust us out under three months' notice.



CUZCO CATHEDRAL.



INTERIOR OF COURTYARD, MONASTERY SCHOOL, CUZCO.

How this relieved me, for I was awfully perplexed as to what my sweet little wife would do. I had seen the tears gathering in her eyes. Afterwards the agent came in, and he thinks it may take months before they turn us out. He has put the case into the hands of a lawyer. We were betrayed into momentary unrest, but as soon as we got away to GOD and stayed ourselves upon Him the promise was fulfilled, and we are now in 'perfect peace.' Of course, they ought to have dealt with our landlord, but the opportunity of fun at our expense was too good to be lost, and we now wait the next step of our enemies.

"Yesterday a great petition went down to Lima, finely organized and representing the laity here. It demands that Mr. Jarrett's diploma be cancelled, and the license for a school denied us. John now waits the confirmation of his diploma by the Minister of Education, but this may militate against us. The petition also asks for our expulsion. However, GOD's truth is to triumph here, and though the victory be delayed, it is a certainty. Man cannot frustrate GOD's eternal purpose, and He means to gather souls from Cuzco to Himself. Man's unbelief and disobedience may defer to his own hurt the accomplishment of the purposes of GOD; but man's unbelief and the very gates of hell cannot frustrate them. But I am not at all sure that we are to have a school. It may be that GOD intends us to go quietly on, using our influence to gain a hold on these people. We already see how this can be done. On Thursday the X— family, four of them, came in. We sang hymns in English, followed by some in Spanish. Then Fan. and I sang a duet. All were enraptured. At last we reached the climax by reading Isaiah liii. They enjoyed a cup of cocoa with us and went off apparently delighted. Soon we shall have a little Gospel service in this quiet way."

* * * *

"The other day we bought half an ox for five *soles* (10s.). It is small, but very tender. All meat keeps well in

this atmosphere. Imagine John and I cutting it up, *à la* cookery book ! Did I tell you about the wild cherries which grow along the sides of the road in such profusion. They are so cheap, and make splendid pies. Yes ! I can eat pastry up here ! We have had a fine feast of strawberries, and the other day Mr. X— sent us a nice basket of plums and a large melon, but the latter is very inferior to those we get at home. Grapes are appearing, at present small and sour ; pears are plentiful, but only one sort, and these not sufficiently ripe ; peaches are coming in ; our hens are laying well and give us some very fine eggs.”

* * * *

“It is always cool here out of the sun’s rays ; the other day my glass registered fifty-five in the shade, and at the same time one hundred and sixteen in the sun. This is a typical midsummer day out here. Never weary of telling friends at home that there are three millions of people in Peru, and at present only twenty missionaries—six here, two at Trujillo, and twelve in Callao and Lima. These only reach at the utmost five thousand people. There must be an awful load of guilt resting on some heads, where, the LORD only knows. Prov. xxiv., II, 12. . . . We are all very happy here, and still have some very blessed meetings ; the Psalms are so precious to us now.

“Last Sunday John and I walked up the Amit hill, to a point where travellers obtain the first view of Cuzco. It was a magnificent scene, and we were so high that we could see across the city and down the valley. Here the outgoing Indians always stop, raise their hats and pray. Several came while we stood there and said ‘good-bye’ to the place, so dear to them because of its many churches and convents. As they each muttered an *Ave Maria*, I longed to tell them of the city ‘which hath foundations.’ Here, also, John and Fred. (Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters) sat on their horses on the afternoon of their expulsion

and gazed down into the Plaza, watching the preparation for the demonstration against the 'two messengers of hell' who had dared to intrude with their awful Bibles into the sacred city. How sad were their hearts as they left after five short weeks had revealed the awful need of their testimony. How little, dear Mother, when reading Fred.'s account of it, did I think that I should soon be standing on the very spot.

"Never get depressed about us. There is absolutely no need, for since the 'Great Big Wing' is everywhere, we are just as safe up here as at home. Again I testify to abounding joy in the LORD, and the reflection upon my decision to come out here now affords immense happiness. After all, I have experienced little real loss, and at present know little of 'His sufferings.'"

Mrs. Newell, jun., writes:—

"I think we have told you of Mr. and Mrs. C—. He called on us last Saturday and stayed quite late—Peruvians always pay long visits. He was very pleased with our pictures and presents—the cruet-stand attracted him very much. We asked him to bring his wife next Sunday evening, and accordingly they came. Our singing charmed them; towards the end we got out our hymn-books and sang some Spanish hymns, and Mrs. C— was very surprised to find that CHRIST and GOD were the themes; doubtless she would soon discover the absence of the Virgin, but these people are taught by the priests that we do not worship CHRIST. (Mrs. C— took a book to show them what our belief really is.) They told us that the petition for our expulsion had been brought to them to sign, but they refused to do so, as did also our French friend. I feel sure GOD will use Will. to win the young men here for CHRIST. He comes into contact with one or two, and invites them in for a musical evening occasionally. They all appreciate our room and pretty wedding presents. Peruvians' houses are so bare and comfortless—just long rooms with chairs all round and

sometimes gaudy pictures on the walls. They have no idea of the artistic and beautiful—indeed one could not buy ornaments and pretty things up here except at fabulous prices.

“The Psalms were never so real to us as now. We are reading them together every night. Sometimes the Jarretts join us. After the excitement of Saturday—of which Will. has told you—we read together Psalm lvii., and oh! how real the refuge of the ‘shadow of the wings.’ Yesterday we met for prayer in the Peters’ house. He read and applied to our need Psalm xxxvii., and it fitted in beautifully. He especially dwelt upon the promises in verses 3 and 6, and they were very blessed.

“Keep on praying and trusting, my Mother, and do not be over-anxious about us—‘all must be well.’”





CHAPTER VI.



THE FIGHT CONTINUED.

“**A**LL must be well!” Again and again this assurance came home to those who watched the Cuzco struggle from a distance with an anxiety made keen by love, and again and again it was proved that “hearts stayed upon **JEHOVAH** are kept in perfect peace.” Nevertheless, as the following correspondence shows, the missionary band during its first two years in Cuzco was surrounded by most formidable foes, and its members were constantly exposed to the strain of enduring false charges and resisting efforts imperiling not only their property but lives. Early in 1899, Mr. Newell wrote

TO MR. H. STRANSOM.

“Our position here is by no means an enviable one. From the very first the priests and friars have been working hard to secure, first, a prohibition regarding our school, and, secondly, our expulsion. The first they have succeeded in accomplishing, or we would have opened on January 1st. The second, unless **GOD** and men interpose, will be as successful. The following copy of a letter from the British Minister in Lima will explain:—

“SIR,

“I beg to state for your information that I have received a communication from the Peruvian Minister for Foreign Affairs notifying that the people of Cuzco are greatly incensed at your proceedings in that town, and that this Government cannot hold itself responsible for any outrage that may be committed upon the members of your Mission. They further intimate that if you do not

desist from your purpose, the authorities may be compelled to have recourse to forcible measures in order to compel you to leave Cuzco. I have taken such steps as I properly could do for your protection, but at the same time I think it necessary to acquaint you with the intention of the Peruvian Government in order that you may be fully prepared for any emergency.

“‘I am, Sir,

“‘Your obedient Servant,

“‘ALFRED ST. JOHN.’

“Brother Jarrett is framing a reply which will run after this fashion :—

“‘SIR,

“‘I thank you for the information you give me, and in view of the danger in which you believe we are involved, I thank you for the steps you have taken for our safety. It is evident, however, that the state of affairs in this city has been misrepresented to the Government, and I feel it my duty to acquaint you with the facts as I see and know them, that you in turn, if you find it necessary, may acquaint the Peruvian Government, and thus calm their fears as to the safety of the public peace in Cuzco.

“‘The Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs says :—
 “*The people of Cuzco are greatly incensed at our proceedings.*”
 That statement requires proof. The Peruvian Government should ask the Prefect what *proceedings and what people*. There have been absolutely no public proceedings, either on my part or on that of any member of our Mission, that in any shape or form have contravened the laws of this country. We have announced that we intend opening a school ; but that will be under license granted by the Municipality of this city, and the opening is at present delayed pending the arrival from Lima of my diploma of Preceptor, which is before the Minister of Instruction for his signature.’ [The priests raised an objection to the diploma, and I am afraid Jarrett will never see it again. Under present circumstances it would

be useless to sit again, so the public school idea falls through—perhaps private classes or an institute may be possible. — W.H.N.] ‘What we have done privately cannot be deemed material for incensing the people, for that has consisted largely of securing suitable premises and ordering the various articles necessary to the opening of the school. The people who are incensed are well known to us, and they are the real enemies of Cuzco. I am perfectly aware that some petitions have been sent to Lima, but I also know that every person who knew us personally refused to sign them. Moreover, I can say with all certainty that the majority of the persons who signed them were entirely ignorant of all facts concerning the position of the world at large. I quote some of the statements from one of the petitions in Spanish that they may lose nothing by translation, and that you may see the gross ignorance and malice manifested. The Minister of Foreign Affairs will receive a communication signed by numbers of the leading citizens, which he can compare with that which he has already received.’ [We anticipate here a petition signed by the liberals.—W.H.N.] ‘I was compelled to make known the contents of your letter to some of my friends among the leading citizens, as I felt it such a slander upon the enlightened, or rather the more intelligent, people of Cuzco. We shall be sorry if the authorities find themselves compelled to have recourse to forcible measures in order to compel us to leave; but at the same time, whilst our purpose is to be law-abiding and to proceed only in such ways as the law allows, we must, in duty to the Society we represent, and the Cuzco people we desire to benefit, *proceed with our plans*. We know the fanaticism by which we are surrounded, and constantly abstain from doing many things which, though properly legal, we consider inexpedient. I would call your attention to the work that our fellow-labourers are doing in Lima and Callao, and lately in Trujillo, work which almost amounts to public propaganda, but which is carried on

in such a way that, in spite of various attempts, no legal basis has been formed for its closure.' [Mark the inconsistency of the Government, or rather the power that pulls the strings of Roman Catholicism. They dare not adopt their intolerant, drastic measures on the coast, owing to the presence of a considerable foreign element, and thus a much to be feared definite public opinion.—W.H.N.]

“‘ If in spite of the efforts of our friends in this city, the Peruvian Government is intimidated by the clerical party and we suffer violence or are expelled, we are sure that reclamations will have to be made, and the Peruvian Government made to appear very ridiculous in the eyes of the world as the champion of fanaticism and clerical tyranny. We are not independent in this work, but agents of a Society with headquarters in London. As such it is my duty to send our directors a copy of your letter, together with a copy of my answer. They will probably feel it their duty to take steps to insure that justice is done in this matter, so that you may expect full sympathy from our Government in any steps you may take for our protection.’

“‘ The above is only a rough copy of the letter, but I like it. How wide of the truth is the statement that ‘the citizens are incensed.’ Except the poorer class, they are glad of our presence; they like our liberal and advanced views, though as a rule they are entirely indifferent to our religious tenets—if not opposed to them. Our civilization is wanted, but not our Bible.

“‘ I do not lean upon the arm of flesh, but I believe thoroughly in the use of means for our safety, and with Mackay believe that since GOD has raised up our glorious country to such prominence and power, we have a right to seek her aid ‘ for the lifting of the valley and the levelling of the hills that the Gospel carriage may speed forward.’ If the LORD means us to suffer, we are willing, but we do not court it, and if by one authoritative word we pursue our



CAJAMARCA, A TYPICAL PERUVIAN CHURCH.

calling in peace, then, surely, for the sake of our workers and for the sake of future converts we should endeavour to secure that word. Because in earlier days when there was no friendly Christian power, martyrs, of necessity, 'swam through bloody seas,' it does not follow that all missionaries should to-day labour under similar conditions, although we are ready for any experiences the LORD in His divine Sovereignty brings us into. I think the only real danger here is from the Indian element, which consists of seventy-five per cent. of the people. Under the influence of priests and alcohol these Indians are capable of anything, and a Cuzco riot would be a terrible thing.

"The promises become very real up here, and missionary life loses all the glow of the enthusiastic meetings of the homeland. Here we are face to face with stubborn facts and ignorant and fanatical people, and a body of priests to whom generosity and morality are unknown; a body sworn to propagate their religion by any means, fair or foul. How I pity those foolish people at home who cannot withstand the seducing charms of Rome disguised in the clothing of Anglican Ritualism. Are the English wilfully blind? 'Rome never changes,' and here, where she appears in her true garb, one quickly realizes this. . . . Now that I am a father [a little girl was born on February 4th, 1899], the dark cloud looks darker, for my heart twines so tightly round my wife and little daughter. But behind the cloud the *sun shines*, and faith—that precious gift of GOD—keeps my soul quiet and confident. 'They that be for us are more than they that be against us.' We are more than six. The 'Captain of the LORD's host' is on the battlefield, and the walls of this Jericho shall yet fall. But the difficulty is to know the exact plan of campaign best fitted for GOD's ends. This is, indeed, a needy sphere. Sometimes I feel as though surrounded by four huge walls—cold, impenetrable, but we must 'bide a wee' until GOD's time and we shall find ourselves in a large place."

“The Catholics, finding us disinclined to move, and knowing that they cannot legally immediately expel us, are quiet just now, but last week there was a Council, at which no doubt our case received ‘due and thoughtful consideration.’ We are waiting on GOD for guidance. I think we can commence private classes with ease. On Thursday we started a little Bible Class on Romans—four attended. This is certainly a day of small things. Pray that I may possess my soul in patience. How different the work here to my ideal when starting for Harley!”

TO HIS FATHER.

“Whilst writing, the heaviest hailstorm I have ever known is raging. Our *patio* is like a sheet, the little street literally a river, and the great plaza a field of ice; some of our rooms are ponds and the rain is coming in here in a plentiful stream. The rainy season will soon be over now and we shall be longing for a few drops. . . . I am still giving music and English lessons. The young law student to whom I give the former pleases me much. He is very diligent, frank, and courteous, but, sad to say, like most young men of intelligence here, he has left the Roman Catholic ship, having proved it unseaworthy, and is now floating on the rotten plank of agnosticism and rationalism. The Gospel boat having arrived, I am persuading him to transfer, but the task is difficult. He thinks the planks are more reliable than they really are, and is most suspicious and unbelieving concerning the ‘Life Boat.’ Pray for this intelligent young Peruvian, apparently quite free from the vices so common to young men here. I want to show him the reality of Bible truth by a living composition of it. . . .

“If only *five hundred missionaries* could come here now, thousands of young men fast throwing off religious restraint might be won for CHRIST. Once out of the Romish Church they abandon themselves to that subtly attractive god, ‘reason,’ and are soon in awful darkness.

This is why I like the school plan. We can get hold of the boys when they begin to drift. By the time twenty-two is reached they are deep down beneath layers of sophistries and drifting towards the awful maelstrom of unsanctified reason. The school of science—really a High School—is a hot-bed of atheism, the University the same, and the library has vile literature. Strange anomaly! Blatant atheism in direct antagonism to the constitutional religion is tolerated, but Protestantism—or to use a positive term, evangelism—is exiled, and its propagators ever in danger of tumult and imprisonment. I wonder how does GOD reckon up this nation?

“How we wish we could give you a peep at ‘Gracie’ [his little daughter]. I think the most trying thing is that we must wait so long before we can shew you our treasure. I should like the kind folks at Mr. Consterdine’s and King’s Road, and also at Castle Street, to return thanks for the goodness of the LORD to us. . . .

“I do not think that the whole world, unless it be in Mohammedan countries, presents a more difficult sphere of labour than this. Before we can begin to sow, there must be a breaking down of prejudice, a cutting down, a ploughing of the fallow soil; a winning of confidence, the gaining of a listening ear, and an open heart. *Then* we can sow, and not till then; but when the result is obtained—by many means perhaps—the real secret of success will be the same as in the case of Lydia—‘Whose heart (by the use of means shall I say) the LORD opened.’”

TO HIS MOTHER.

“We have been praying much that the disturbing news of last week may not cause you the least unnecessary anxiety, or in the least degree remove your quiet faith in our absolutely reliable JEHOVAH. I will give you a few sentences from the petition sent down to Lima to the President by the ladies of Cuzco, ladies of the Roman Catholic Union here. After stating that Peru owes her

independence to her Catholicism, which is a lie, for the priests sided with the mother-country, the petition goes on to say 'that to consent to Protestant propaganda would be to authorize the development of error and the most immoral acts, and would in consequence concede the same great rights and privileges to error as to truth, giving vice the beautiful garments of truth and virtue. It would be the greatest injustice to authorize crime and error' [by thus admitting the Gospel!] 'That the Protestant sect is an inexhaustible seed-plot of error, and a *fruitful source of political anarchy*; of corruption in towns; of dissensions in families; and, in a word, is anti-constitutional, anti-social, and anti-political; that this same influence of Protestantism, the doctrines of the Apostate Luther, *which have no other element of life* than the protection of its governments in those countries where heresy has unfortunately gained a seat, will lead astray our youth, resulting in continuous discord and destroying our country.'

"There is more of the same nature, but there is no necessity for further extracts. You will be glad to hear that the counter-petition, signed by many of the leading men here, is going well. The Mayor has signed it, and headed it with the following words:—

"'The undersigned citizens, having knowledge that the Minister of Foreign Affairs has affirmed that the English Professors, J. L. Jarrett, F. Peters, and W. H. Newell, find themselves exposed to the furies of Cuzquenos, we feel it our duty to declare that the said affirmation could not in effect be made but for *facts falsely supplied* to the Government, and that Cuzco finds itself satisfied to have such distinguished guests, and that it desires quickly the establishment of the 'English College.'

"' J. P. FRESSURRA ALCALOS (*Mayor Municipal*).'

"The above is a rough but very literal translation. In addition to the Mayor, the two representatives have signed it. Rome is truly a child of the devil, and 'he is a

liar from the beginning.' GOD is keeping us remarkably calm, and at times we seem almost unconscious of the storm without. . . . Do you know that after eight years the Government has closed Dr. Wood's School on the ground of religious propaganda other than that of Roman Catholicism. This is a school chiefly for the English colony in Callao, and this last act of the Government exhibits most gross intolerance. Men up here think that such measures will surely lead to serious political trouble. I fear that his native schools must of necessity suffer the same fate. Probably dear Patrick and Stark are having rough times in Trujillo. Apparently the priests are making a united and determined effort to oust us out of the country. But will GOD permit this? Assuredly no!

"These people much appreciate our playing and singing, and there are a few who seem to love the heretics. If only we had freedom what a work we could do here. Oh, Mother, get friends together and pray for the 'open door.' I do long for action—active service. Here I am nearly thirty, and not yet in my full real life-work. Yet CHRIST did not begin until thirty, did He? And how hearts needed Him!

"Did I tell you the reason of the quietness reigning now and no mobbing? It appears that the Prefect—the big man here—particularly requested the bishop, appealing to his patriotism, not to preach against us in the pulpit. He has seen fit to comply until now; but if by-and-bye, finding his more subtle methods fail, he allows the roar of the priests against us, we may expect warm times. It was the pulpit appeals that cleared Jarrett and Peters out before in 1895, and necessitated soldiers in the front of Mr. Jarrett's house in 1896."

TO HIS FATHER.

"I unhesitatingly believe that GOD put me here, and that I am in the current of His will, on the way to fulfil His glorious eternal purposes of grace, and that in due

time—it may be long hence—He will use me to win precious souls. How I thank Him now for all the delay! How terrible to be in the wrong place! How blessed now to be sure of His will! The nature of the work here is such that to one not possessing a profound conviction of His call, the place would become a dark, hideous pit of despair. As it is, it is awful, but the light of His presence illuminates it, and the soft rays of His love falling from the Cross wonderfully changes its aspect. Knowing I am sent of GOD, I can wait, I trust, years for the ‘signs following,’ though I hope that GOD in His mercy will not thus try my patience. Did I really know the language the present enforced silence would be trying in the extreme. Our only means of working is by individual contact. It is even dangerous to distribute Bibles. May GOD help me to ‘go quietly,’ and to be ever free from fleshly activities and the subtleties of carnal wisdom.

“You remember the placard on the cathedral doors. Another still more vilifying has been put out. . . . What will not Rome stoop to? Blackening character is an art in which she is an adept, but, blessed be GOD, He can take care of ours. There is much more of this kind of thing, and the Indians and Cholos will swallow it all—also the women; but the intelligent men laugh at the puny, childish efforts of the Church. We need a strong ambassador in Lima—one who will not be intimidated by a Government that is but the tool of Jesuitical intrigue. They describe Luther’s doctrine as ‘believe firmly and sin strongly,’ and they state, moreover, that they are determined we shall not stop here. Time will show—GOD is here—of what avail are man’s purposes in His sight? . . .

“It rains hard every day and we are nearly into the winter season. Already the mornings are much cooler—won’t we miss our coal fires. As far as open opposition is concerned, everything remains very quiet. Has the LORD shut the lion’s mouth?”

“Yesterday, April 9th, was another procession day. We were awakened in the early morning by weird singing, and on looking out saw a most fantastic sight—a mob of people carrying candles and torches, accompanying two or three priests, one of whom carried the Host—the freshly-made God—under a canopy. What a rough, cut-throat lot they appeared to be—nearly all Cholos or half-breeds. I believe the procession continued until the middle of the day, halting at some four or five altars which had been erected at the corners; these altars are painfully childish and gaudy in the extreme. As we see the existing idolatry in this city our hearts are very saddened; and then the people seem so satisfied with all this paraphernalia, and apparently have no desire for anything better. How ridiculously futile our attempt to evangelize this place seems to be—three youths, neither great nor gifted, and yet these may be clothed with divine power and sufficiency! Oh, to realize the equipment. Without it we can do absolutely nothing.”

TO HIS MOTHER.

“We had rather a scare last night. Two young fellows from the Catholic Training College, evidently spies, got into the meeting. ‘Seph.’ had met them at the house of some fanatical people whom she knew in Arequipa and had told them they could come to the *Vistas* (Lantern Views). She declares her ignorance of their connection with any Catholic College, and I believe she is sincere; but we have to be careful, and so often these girls are nothing more than tools of the priests, and domestic spies.

“So glad that your meetings have commenced. We shall prayerfully remember you on alternate Mondays. I would suggest three items—(1) Praise that we have been able to remain here nearly six months. (2) Prayer for our Institute. (3) Prayer for an ‘open door,’ *i.e.*, a considerable measure of religious liberty. . . . I wonder

who the 'converted priest' is to be you are praying for—perhaps one of the young spies who got into the meeting the other night! We admire the faith. Oh! that we might find a 'Chiniquy' here! There is a young fellow named R— in whom we are all very interested. He is only fourteen, but very intelligent, and apparently sincere. He professes salvation and is very fond of his Bible and Christian books. We hope that this soul really experiences Divine life; but we must wait. Our motto is 'thorough work'—work, that is, of GOD the HOLY GHOST. He was in Jarrett's school, and used to get the other boys together and read them Protestant papers, arguments, etc. V—, a young Peruvian, is a hard nut and sometimes taxes my patience. The other day he seemed somewhat softened and I asked him very earnestly if he did not sometimes feel that after all we Christians had truth on our side, and that there was a possibility that his position might be a wrong one. He gave me the chilling reply, 'No Señor, when a man reaches the true materialistic position, he becomes dead to all religious feeling and influence.' How awfully true his words were. Oh! for more HOLY GHOST power! For one blow of the Divine hammer wielded by the Omnipotent Arm of the HOLY GHOST, and even this hard rock would break. V— can never be as he was, for he has seen Christian truth in living embodiment and has felt in some measure the power of the Gospel. He shall yet be a jewel in my Saviour's diadem.

"We had a fine lantern meeting the other night, the pictures giving, of course, a thoroughly Gospel message. Peters is really most eloquent in Spanish, and the meeting was very impressive. How I delighted in real Gospel work again. We had some hymns thrown on the sheet, and thus sang the Gospel. Of course the meeting was private, and we invited those who came.

"Last Sunday we had an impromptu little meeting. Five young fellows came in for music, and Peters and his



INDIANS IN A CUZCO STREET.



A PERUVIAN LOOM.



AN ALTAR ERECTED FOR A CUZCO FESTIVAL.

wife being down, the former, after a few hymns, gave a stirring address. Thus the work begins, but we must be careful to go steadily. There are a few people here who are kind to us and whom we can easily love.

“V—, our cook, is a ‘*mayor doma* of a cross,’ which means that when a certain cross is brought down from a neighbouring hill, it is deposited in her house until its return. It is customary to have a priest to celebrate the presence of the cross in the house and enjoy its spiritual benefit. I asked for details as to how the evening was spent. ‘First prayers—Holy Mother, have mercy upon us, and so on.’ Then ‘we sang’; and after this, ‘there was dancing.’ And what followed? ‘Drinking alcohol, etc.’ And how many were drunk? ‘Thirty or forty.’ And this, *this* is religion! What can such know of CHRIST and redemption? How you need to pray!

“Our three Institute rooms are now in nice trim, with curtains, lamps and bookshelves, etc. We are making a set of rooms that will be wonderfully handsome to Peruvian eyes, and are sending to England and America for papers, etc.

“Have you any illustrations you can send out, though the explanations are in English the pictures would interest? There is absolutely nothing of the kind for young men here — no provision for them morally or spiritually.”

* * * *

“Now (towards the end of May) the season is rapidly changing. The flowers are dying, and the mornings and evenings are very cold; however, the middle of the day is hotter than ever. The thermometer registers forty in the early morning and one hundred and twenty at mid-day in the sun.

“The Institute ‘goes’ slowly, and the few young fellows who come in do not seem to have any real interest in literature, but we must wait patiently. Perhaps a slow development is more sure than a quick one would be.

“I have had a nice talk with M——. He is a most polite and industrious man, quite an uncommon Peruvian, and apparently most sincere. I do believe he is an anxious enquirer, a true seeker, one ‘whose heart the LORD has opened.’ How I enjoyed telling him of CHRIST, witnessing to my LORD’s power to save, and GOD seemed to help me with the language! His face lit up with a glad hope, and he replied, ‘*Que palabras, que linda*’—(What news! How beautiful!)—and ‘Señor, my heart goes out to you English. You are changing my heart.’ What work this is! Well may angels covet it: Surely it is worth while to leave father, mother, home and friends for such a sweet privilege.

“M—— heard Fan. sing in Spanish the other night, and was much impressed. Pray much for this dear man—we believe he will be the first convert here.

“Seph. is still a very good servant, and appreciates our kindness very much. She worries about her boy in Arequipa, and wants to go down and bring him up. We have consented, though it is very risky. We think she is genuine and means to return, but we fear that the priests will hinder her. Her contract with us was for a year, but we want to show her Christian consideration, and I believe she is sufficiently influenced by grace to appreciate it. Before she goes I shall ask her definitely about her soul’s salvation.

“I shall soon have been here a year, and I do so want to converse with more facility by July 8th, so have resolved to give five hours each day to Spanish all through June. I fancy I could read an address in public now, but not preach extemporally. A missionary in Callao told us he was determined to preach in eight months. He did, but the address was first written with the aid of a dictionary, and then with vast labour memorized. After the sermon was over the members came up to congratulate him, and he said ‘I felt such a fool, for *I did not know what they were saying.*’ . . . We are still, oh, so happy

together, and can both testify to 'grace abounding.' The Word is very precious to us, and we are mutual helps. How blessed this one-ness, this symphony of life that has kept us even from a shadow of a regret that we ever became one. I find it most helpful to make resolutions together, and we help each other to keep them. We have just resolved not to encourage criticism of others; we find it so easy to drift into unkind words, and harsh, censorious judgment is unlike CHRIST."

TO HIS FATHER.

"How the news of the Lima letter troubled you! Poor Mother! I can imagine her feelings, but I think you folks at home suffer far more than we do here. God is so real to us that after the first few anxious moments we are as though there were no priests and no turbulent Indians, and our next letter doubtless surprises you, because there is hardly a reference to the danger. It is just wonderful how happy we are, although danger is often imminent. To GOD be all the glory. Everything is very quiet here still, and we do not understand the present tactics of the priests—mischief must be brewing somewhere, I think. Did you know that before Dr. Harry Guinness had our communications, the Peruvian Government wrote over regarding us, and Dr. Harry was asked to go to the Foreign Office. This shows what power the priestly party has here. It is they who pull the Government strings. The Doctor was able shortly afterwards to show our Government the true condition of things.

"Our Institute is not a success at present. The young fellows either have no literary tastes or there is priestly pressure somewhere. Patience! Patience! Patience! If we only live here for the first year it is a victory. We are about to publish notices of our library. This may cause a commotion."

FOR CHRIST AND CUZCO.

FROM MRS. NEWELL, JUN.

“We get quite distinguished visitors, and, strangely enough, the LORD is opening doors amongst the fanatical, a class of people far more susceptible than the rationalists, to receive the Gospel. One of the ladies went off almost into convulsions as she spoke of the misery she endured travelling to Cuzco—it makes all the difference when such inconveniences are the result of following CHRIST, does it not? You ask if we have any mail-carts here? No! Only in the shape of an Indian. We always dispense with such articles, and carry our bairnies ourselves, but Gracie is getting heavy to carry now. Do pray for us; your prayers are such a means of strength to us. I often think that paradoxical expression, ‘Run with patience,’ is just the injunction we want here, for while we must be content to ‘be still’ instead of teaching and preaching as we would like, yet we must see to it that our zeal for perishing souls is not abated; but seek by earnest, prevailing prayer and untiring efforts to lead many a one from this awful superstition and idolatry to our living, loving Saviour.”

TO HIS MOTHER.

“My little house will be ready by the middle of July, I hope. We are both anxious to get into it. Jarrett and Peters start next Monday for a journey down into the *montaña*, amongst the forests, savages, wild animals, etc. They will have a rough time, but it will be tremendously exciting. They take Bibles, and will also survey the country for future work, and see if it be possible to start a saw-mill down there. All the wood here is cut by hand, and very, very faulty. They expect to be away a fortnight. Mrs. Jarrett and her children go to stop with Mrs. Peters during their husbands’ absence, so I shall be left in sole charge of this huge place.

“We are now in mid-winter, but it is difficult to realize it. On early Wednesday morning my glass registered freezing point, and the frost lay on the tiles:

but by mid-day it was registering 106 in the sun, only four less than mid-day in the summer season. I get up soon after six for Bible study, and you can imagine how fresh it is sitting at my table with the door open and no window in the room. But I would not give up the habit for anything. The other day John was walking under the *patio* with a young Peruvian who was expressing his desire to get into touch with us, when, suddenly, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and lo ! and behold ! who had been following him but a church dignitary, one of our bitterest opponents. In his sarcastic way, he said, 'That's right, I hope he will make a good disciple.' This ecclesiastical gentleman always greets me with a smile, and at the same time is doing his utmost for our expulsion. He always salutes John as 'Rev. Padre.' We invite rationalists, atheists, and others to our houses ; chat with them, play and sing, and do our utmost to please them ! We do nothing which countenances evil, and all the time we are seeking to break down prejudice and get an ear for the Word of the LORD. Were we to adopt the measures of some in this country—where all public effort is prohibited—however could we get into contact with souls ? It is contact that they need, and contact that we need, so that they may feel our love and appreciate our consistency, and listen to our message.

"The advertisement in the paper regarding our Institute has stirred up the wasps ; they are buzzing tremendously, and stinging, too. It is the old trick of vilifying character, manufacturing lies, etc. The awful lies about 'Protestant influence' cause my soul to burn with righteous indignation. The men who write these articles have some of them been to Europe and know the truth, and yet dare to publish these awful lies. What an awful moment for such when they stand in the presence of 'The Great White Throne.' Oh ! pray that we may love these blind leaders of the blind, and heap coals of fire upon their heads."



CHAPTER VII.



STEPS IN ADVANCE.

AT the close of their first year in Peru, it became apparent to all the missionary party that their strenuous efforts to reach and occupy Cuzco had not been in vain. True, after six months in the city opposition still continued, but in spite of it they were making many friends, and some of these were beginning to manifest a real interest in the Gospel message. The letters that follow describe some of those who came more directly under the influence of Will. Newell and his wife, who, as the least experienced Missionaries in the little band of six, were compelled to conquer the language before they could undertake even the small amount of Gospel work possible in Cuzco then. Writing on July 1st, 1899, Mr. Newell was able to announce progress in this direction :—

TO HIS MOTHER.

“ You will be glad to hear that I have taken my first meeting in Spanish—true, it was only a small Bible Class with three present, and I read my address, which my Professor had corrected for me. I only trusted myself to make a few spontaneous explanations. M—— and his friends were present, and listened with the greatest attention. You can imagine my joy. Fan. presided at the harmonium. God very much helped me in prayer. I took up Isaiah liii. and showed its marvellous fulfilment in the Gospels. Of course, I availed myself of the many Gospel points the prophecy yields. . . . My professor is a rationalist, and correcting my address was almost as good for him as a straight Gospel talk.”

Writing a few days later, Mrs. Newell, jun., says:—

“Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters have returned safely from their perilous journey, but have lost nearly all the goods they took. Going over a very steep and narrow precipice, the mule stumbled and fell into the river below, unfortunately taking with her the beautiful camera Dr. Harry Guinness left us; all the lovely photos they had taken, and also Mr. Jarrett’s clothes. Isn’t it sad? But what a mercy it was the cargo mule instead of either of the travellers! They had just got off and were leading their mules, but the Indians ought to have known better than to let the poor animal walk loaded over such a path. Since they did not take the trouble to *unload*, the Mission has had to pay five pounds for the mule. The same day they had another scare; the Indian carrying a large box of provisions, when crossing the river on a pole, as is their custom, slipped. He went one side of the pole and the box went the other, almost strangling the man. Mr. Peters rushed to him, going up to his waist in water, and cut the ropes: and, thanks to the brandy we had given them for medicinal purposes, the man recovered. They were also fortunate enough to rescue the box. They were unable to get as far as they intended, finding it quite impossible by the way they had taken; but they circulated a good many Testaments and tracts, which we are all praying GOD may use and bless.

“Mr. —, a very nice young fellow, has been in to tea, and had a long talk with Will. He spoke of the horrors of the confessional, and said that he and his wife, although nominal Catholics, had agreed never to confess to these immoral priests. Cuzco is almost unbearable to them, but they are here for money. How different with us! They cannot understand how we can be happy here—may they know our secret some day.

“We invited a lady across the street to our house with her husband, but they could only stop a short time on account of the custom not to visit whilst in mourning;

this lasts more than a year. I have never told you what the people call us. They always ask our Christian names and put them into Spanish. I am called 'Señora Francisca'; Mrs. Jarrett, 'Señora Florencia'; Mrs. Peters, 'Señora Sarah.'

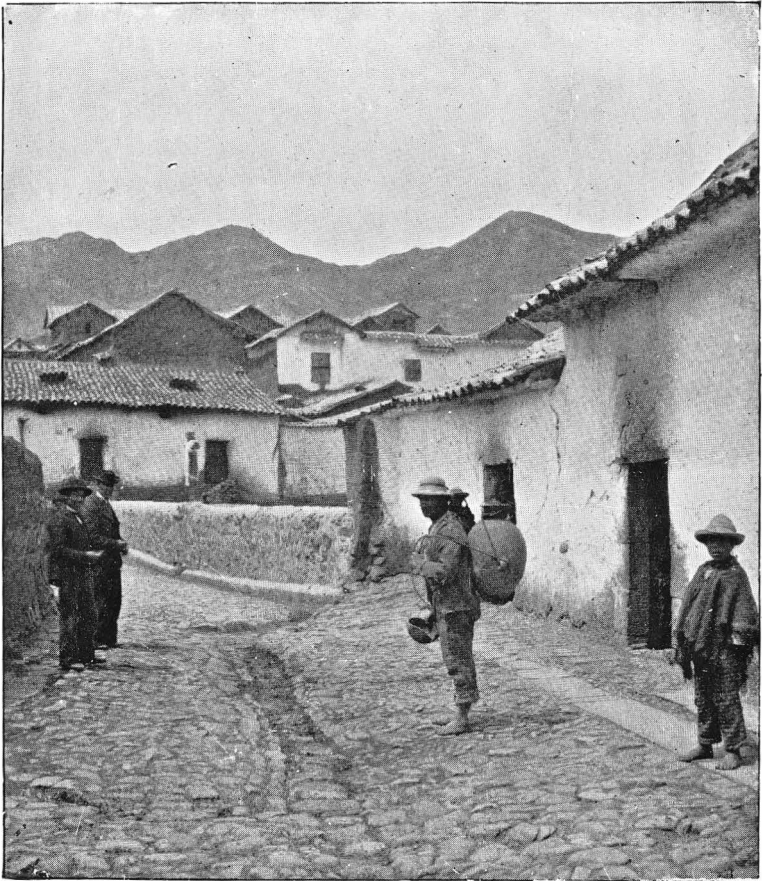
"Ladies rarely kiss here, and I am rather glad, as they are not all as clean as they might be. Instead of kissing, they embrace each other. The left arm goes round the waist, and the right hand pats the back of the lady friend. At first I felt so strange when exchanging such greetings, and was afraid I should not get through the business properly; but now, of course, it comes quite natural to pat backs instead of shaking hands.

"The other day I was going up San Blas alone, and noticed coming towards me a clean-looking woman, I thought, for Cuzco. Before she met me, however, she covered all her face with her *manta*, and on passing me burst out into a nasty coarse laugh. Why the innocent little Protestant so upset her equilibrium I don't know!"

On July 15th Mr. Newell writes

TO HIS MOTHER.

"For a week now I have completely abandoned study, and have been hard on painting my *casilá* (little house). The boy didn't turn up, and, getting tired of the delay, I undertook the job myself. I put in from seven to eight hours every day, and thanks to hints from Fred., should not much fear the inspection of Wheeler Brothers or Goodall, etc. The boy is about the best painter in Cuzco, and yet, without egotism, I say that I have excelled his work, and at last I have a trade in my hands! We hope to move in about the middle of next week. How these mechanics try our patience. Our landlord and his wife are not all that could be desired as neighbours, and lead the poor Indians a very rough life. They have no love for us, and are only letting us their house because the money is safe, and they know that we shall keep it clean. The following conversation will show you how difficult it



A CUZCO STREET SCENE.

is to win these people to CHRIST. Yesterday, I was painting when the big bell tolled. Mrs. ——— remonstrated because I did not take off my hat. I replied, 'I do not wish to offend you, but I consider it is idolatry to worship that little piece of bread.' (When the bell tolls out it means that the priest is supposed to have turned a little piece of dough into GOD HIMSELF in the Cathedral.) More followed, and by-and-bye she quoted a verse from the Bible. I immediately said, 'Why don't you read your Bible? It is a great sin to have the Word of GOD and so neglect it.' She replied, 'It is adulterated.' 'But,' I said, 'your Bible has the sanction of four thousand and five Bishops.' It is Jerome's translation from the Vulgate, almost identical with ours. 'Ah, well,' was the answer, 'that makes no difference. They are just as likely to adulterate that as anything else.' 'Well, then,' I replied, 'where is the authorised Bible?' 'There isn't one, they are all adulterated,' was the profound response. After this I desisted. Like all the women here, she has practically no religion. May GOD fill our hearts with pity for them. Of course, the rationalists are far more capable of argument, and one has to read deeply to meet their objections."

* * * *

"What do you think? One priest, a *canonigo*, has declared himself in our favour! Our landlord has been negotiating with them regarding the house, and he tells us that the '*Canonigo N——*' said to him 'that he could not understand why his brethren treated us in the way they did.' He advocated leaving us alone, 'the measures that were being adopted did more harm than good.' Is *this* the priest you have been praying for, Mother? Can you realize it? We have been here over a year. How good GOD has been to us! How we wondered as to possible circumstances, difficulties, etc.! How dark and gloomy Cuzco loomed out in the dim haze of the future! Did we not sometimes tremble as we thought of possible

martyrdom in this fanatical city for the Truth's sake ? And yet, glory be to GOD ! we have not only been kept from harm, but our lives have been packed with blessings ; our way 'canopied with love and paved with mercies,' and every inch of the road, although we have not always felt Him near, our glorious JESUS, our Joshua, has been by our side. . . . Joshua xxi., 45, is a beautiful verse for us : 'There failed not ought of any good thing which the LORD had spoken'—all came to pass. Regarding domestic happiness, how good GOD has been. My wife and I are happier than ever, and daily rejoice that we are so adapted to each other. My little wife is a real missionary wife, just the very girl I want in such a sphere. We argue for the future from the past. It does rest our hearts and minds to know that there is a plan and that we are in it. There is no chance. GOD is in the future, and we are in GOD. We must be blessed and be a blessing ; and so we trust in Love that never falters, Love that exists to bless.

"For the last two or three nights a military patrol has been up and down our streets at intervals, as the citizens are holding meetings, etc. We hear from several that they mean mischief. Señor — and his wife were here on Saturday night, and told us that the priests, in spite of the Prefect's orders, are preaching against us. Their text is, 'As CHRIST poured out His blood for us, so we must be willing to pour out our blood in the effort to expel these heretics.' The Secretary of the Prefect was commissioned to tell the vicars that they must desist. There are big feasts here, and we must be careful. Through all this our peace is most marvellous, and Isaiah xxvi., 2-4, is daily realized.

" 'Gracie' is still ailing, and causing us considerable anxiety. She is so thin, and our hearts ache for our darling. We just commit her to the LORD, and do the best we can. The landlady is coming out in darker colours every day. The other day, whilst painting round the *casilã*, I had a rather trying experience. The land-

lady's sister, a veritable fanatic, was round there sewing, and for half-an hour I knew something of the reproach of CHRIST. I never met quite such ignorance and superstition before. She was also extremely insulting, and was not sparing with lies. She asked me 'Why I left England to come here.' I explained. She replied, 'Well, we don't want you—nobody wants you—why don't you stay in your own country?' I reminded her of the petition signed in our favour. She answered, 'But all those who signed were drunkards'! She thought it to be impossible to be a pastor and at the same time a married man."

On August 14th Mr. Newell was able to report that he and his wife had moved to a little home of their own, that their little girl was slowly mending, and that even the landlady's sister had changed her mind.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Let me instance the power of love again. You remember the insulting way in which the landlady's sister spoke to me. The other day I had an opportunity to heap coals of fire upon her head. She came round for her sister to superintend the Indians, saluted us very stiffly, and looked, as usual, most sour. By-and-bye I brought out the lovely views that my cousins at Wittenham sent me. She soon forgot that I was an 'awful heretic,' and became absorbed in the pictures, asking me a number of questions. Her head was very bad the next day, so I lent her my salts, and asked her if she would come in and lie on the couch, etc., etc. Yesterday our landlady remarked: 'My sister said she spoke of you as a drunkard and a liar, *but you didn't get angry*. Then you pleased her by your kindness, and the salts you lent her took her headache quite away. She says that if you two were only *baptized and Catholics*, you would be real saints!' This of the hated heretics!

FROM MRS. NEWELL, JUN., TO HER MOTHER,
MRS. STRANSOM.

“We have been wonderfully kept and protected by our loving Father all through the excitement of the feast days. The Prefect and Secretary are *friends indeed*. They completely stopped a procession arranged to take place ‘to finish with the Protestants.’ A week ago the Patrol was continually up and down our streets, and we were as safe amongst these ignorant fanatics as you are in the dear old Market Place. Surely, Mother dear, ‘He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide (always and ever) under the shadow of the Almighty.’

“Poor Guillermo, our boy at the other house, was quite downhearted when we cleared out all our pretty china, etc. It was quite touching to see him point first to one thing and then to another, and say, ‘Is this to go, Señora, and this, and this?’ And then when I said ‘Yes,’ he bit his lips and gave a big sigh, and scarcely managed to keep the tears back. I was quite relieved to leave a thing or two behind for his benefit. I believe he would very much have liked to be with us, and he told Mrs. Jarrett he had ‘much pain at heart’ because the gentleman was leaving. Now we have another boy, a *cholo* not nearly as interesting, but strong and willing. His chief duties are to fetch drinking water, and cut wood for the stove. You should see him eat! He is at that business almost every hour of the day. I caught him the other evening, and it quite scared me, he looked so savage. He had saved some bones from our soup, and was gnawing the gristle off as though he were more than half starved. Perhaps he will get more decent now that he has plenty of good food. He said to-night that he was ‘always hungry.’ He reminds us of three real savages who visited us the other day. It seems that one of them comes to Cuzco from the Upper Amazon every year, and as he is a trifle civilized and can speak a little Quechua, he wanted to know our names and all about us. Mr. Jarrett found

them in the streets, and made signs meaning, 'Would you like something to eat?' They came along with him. One was quite savage looking, with straight black hair all over his face. All these people wear long scarlet cloaks, men and women alike, with some garment underneath, and their faces are painted with brick-dust. They sat and gnawed meat and nibbled all round the bread and cheese, and chatted and grinned at each other, evidently as amused at us, as we at them. They belong to a tribe called *Chunchos*."

About this time the proposal to develop an industrial side to the Cuzco Mission took definite shape in consequence of conditions described by Mr. Newell in a letter dated August 26th, 1899.

TO MR. W. STRANSOM.

"The last two weeks have seen me transformed into glazier, painter, mason, odd dust boy, etc., etc., and shortly the metamorphosis will be yet more wonderful, for I shall be paperhanger, moulder, photographer, shopman, merchant, etc. How little I anticipated all this when leaving England! How different to my ideal of missionary life! I had better explain our present position and aims, so that you may be able to answer the queries of friends at home who may hear vague and incorrect rumours of our doings. First of all, then, we can do but very little actual aggressive work owing to legal restrictions, constitution of Government, etc. Next, if we could work, our difficulties would be great persecution from the Catholics and, what is worse, the awful indifference accompanying the neutrality of the liberals, anti-Catholics and atheists. Hence the idea of the shop and photographic studio. We intend to introduce European inventions; electrical appliances; wholesome literature, music and musical instruments, and also print first-class photographs, etc., in order to fill up this period of enforced inactivity. This is Señor Peters' idea, for I could fill up my time studying Quechua, etc. It will

afford a reason for our presence in the city to Catholics and liberals, who do not want us as missionaries, and make our presence a real necessity to both parties. Fourthly, to break down the awful prejudice against the Bible and Protestantism by showing the people the outcome of these things in our every-day practical and business life. Fifthly, to teach the rationalists that our religion is a very different thing to that of Roman Catholicism—which they, in common with all religions, hate and distrust at present. Sixthly, to break down prejudice amongst the señoras, who most studiously avoid us. Who can resist the attraction of a pleasing photograph, even though the photographers are the hated ‘Protestant heretics’? Our studio is the only one in the whole of the interior of Peru. Seventhly, to back up the Gospel appeal, which we hope to make more publicly soon by the testimony of blameless lives. Eighthly, to get a hold over the young men, whom we hope to employ as assistants. Ninthly, to help to defray the expenses of the Mission. Tenthly, to teach the young men here—poor, lazy fellows—that it is no disgrace to handle a trowel, etc.

“Mr. Peters is the mainspring of the business, and general manager of the works. He is a very clever, useful man, an all-round man of Mackay’s stamp. He takes photographs well—no one can approach him in Cuzco—and excels in all branches of painting, drawing, etc. Our studio is nearly finished, and is creating wonderful interest. Some already express themselves strongly in our favour. Anything that will ameliorate the country’s sad condition appeals most strongly to the better-class Peruvians, and thus we reach the heart.

“I am not so keen on these things as Mr. Peters, though I see their practical advantage. How much rather would I be quietly studying and preparing for the great day of liberty which must come soon, meanwhile seeking by individual effort to prepare the way. . . . I feel strongly that my College and pastoral life at home have

fitted me for the spiritual work, and that there are plenty of zealous Christian men who have far better business abilities and would do for this work admirably. Of course, all profits go to the Mission—we are still dependent upon our salaries. GOD is already owning our efforts, and I have just been interrupted by Señor M—, whose beaming face, sympathy, and hunger for the appreciation of the truth are indeed encouraging. If he is not actually saved, he is very, very near.

“Some young lads are also coming under our influence, and we hope soon to be cheered by their public confession of CHRIST. But we must not hurry. The Peruvian character requires severe testing. Lies are painfully cheap, and I have encountered more during my short stay in Cuzco than in all my life at home.

“Lay yourselves out to serve this dark country—these three millions of perishing souls. Make the crying need felt. Sound out the news in every ear that there are only twelve missionaries of the Gospel for a whole country, a country nominally Christianized, but really paganized. Its condition, morally and spiritually, is worse than it was in Inca days; the only light for the people is darkness, and the way to the glory-land and present purity and blessing remains undiscovered. . . .

“We had sixteen people in last night. We sang Spanish hymns, and one young fellow, who came in for the first time, seemed interested. An American was there with his wife, a Chilian. His English voice sounded nice. His wife expressed much interest in us, and, though a fanatical Catholic, enjoyed our hymns. The other day she went to confess, and, in the course of her confession, asked the priest why they persecuted us. He said, ‘You are a Christian, and believe in CHRIST. You must believe that these are bad people, and have nothing to do with them.’ She replied, ‘But are there two CHRISTs then, for these people also believe in CHRIST and love Him?’ This seemed to close the priest’s mouth. . . . Slowly and

surely we are gaining ground, and it is delightful to see how the LORD opens doors for us. At present, however, the interest is in *us*, and not in our LORD, and we shall have an awful battle with the blind indifference here.

“Last Sunday we gathered round the table as usual—Señor M—— and his friend were there, and we had the service in Spanish. The former was much impressed with its solemnity and simplicity, and expressed himself in Peruvian fashion as ‘moved in heart.’ Mr. Peters said a few appropriate words regarding our longing to have others in fellowship with us. . . . After Sunday we had our ‘house warming,’ and M—— was again with us as we sang and prayed together. . . . He told me afterwards that the prayers of our wives touched him greatly; he had never heard women pray before in such fashion. He listened with wonderful interest to my explanation of the difference between head faith and trust. For aught I know he may be already saved—the firstfruits of Cuzco.

“We had our Spanish Gospel meeting on Sunday afternoon at Mr. Peters’ house. We hold it in turns to avoid exciting suspicion. The beginning is small—three beside ourselves—M——, L——, and a young University student—but it is a beginning, and I felt, oh! so happy.”

TO HIS MOTHER.

“What do you think? ‘Seph.’ has written from Arequipa to say that she wants to return. Does not our GOD answer prayer? I must confess that I had begun to doubt, not the LORD’s power, but whether it was His purpose to bring her here again—poor wandering soul! How little I deserve all the mercy GOD heaps upon me. I ought to have held on to what I felt absolutely sure was the LORD’s will for her a month or two ago.”

* * * *

“My letter to-day—October 8th—must commence in the minor key, for my little daughter is again very ill. She only weighs, though eight months old, nine pounds.



THE CUZCO MARKET PLACE.

She is such a little skeleton, and as I walk up and down with her, the little pinched face nearly makes my heart break. I did not know I loved my little Gracie so much until to-day. Fan. is not well, and this strain makes her look worn. But GOD is a present help in time of trouble, and we are wonderfully sustained.

“I have seen a Mollendo paper to-day, and hear that war has broken out in the Transvaal, and there will be much loss of life, much spilling of Christian blood. Oh ! how horrible a thing is war !

“Yesterday afternoon we had seven to our little Spanish meeting. Jarrett gave a helpful address on ‘The Great High Priest.’ In the evening four young fellows came into our meeting. Two of them were musical, and picked up the hymn tunes very quickly, and sang heartily : the first Peruvians I have ever heard really sing. We hope to get them to the afternoon meetings by-and-bye ; but we have to be so patient with these people. . . . I want you to pray for a young fellow named G——, who is becoming most interested in our meetings. He is just going to enter the University here, and is about eighteen or nineteen years old. He professes a great liking for us, and has, I believe, real interest in the Word. He says that when he has finished his course and is a graduate, he intends throwing in his lot with us ; but all Peruvians speak like this, so we cannot be too sanguine about him, but he seems very sincere, and I have him much on my heart at the Throne of Grace.”

* * * *

“So glad that our little darling is really mending again. We both thank GOD for this trial, for it has been an occasion for the discovery of self, and also for a manifestation of divine love and kindness. Again and again we have placed our darling in the Divine arms, and the act of entrustment inevitably brought peace and rest. Psalm l., 15, was, and is very precious to me.”

A letter dated December 4th, 1899, gives joyful news.

TO HIS FATHER.

“Mother, in a little note to Mrs. Peters, expresses her longing for the photo of the first convert. I have enclosed a little photo of the shop, and the boy next to me is Ramon, now decidedly CHRIST’S. Yes, glory be to GOD, we have our first convert! Mr. Peters has been the definitely-used instrument, and the joy of both is great; but in two weeks I am writing to Miss Catchpool, and am reserving the news for her, or I could say much more about him. She will let you see the letter. . . . I shall do my utmost to make the business a success, until the beginning of 1901. Then, unless *I am shown differently*, I shall adopt measures more in accordance with my own desires. When I form my ultimate decision, much will depend upon the amount of time available from business demands for *direct* evangelistic work, but I do firmly believe that for the present we are doing the very best thing possible for poor Peru. Every day’s experience confirms me in this conviction. Why! the very man that turned Fred. and John out of Cuzco, when up here first, brought his friend, a *cura*, to be photographed last Saturday. To-day another priest ‘sat,’ and I have booked a third for to-morrow. This afternoon also, the daughter of one of the most fanatical señoras in Cuzco came in to buy drawing material. This morning Fred. was talking with a young priest for an hour and a half. Fancy a priest in the ‘*Pestilentia Fotografia Inglesa!*’ But what does it mean? Contact! Contact! Contact!—and without contact how can souls be won? Let those who think contact is perfectly easy in this field try to approach the hearts of these fanatical people by ordinary means. They are armoured around with inches of prejudice. . . .

“The priest, whose photo I enclose, was talking to John about our magic lantern. John shewed him some of the slides, hymns, picture stories, etc. With eyes wide

open with astonishment, he exclaimed, 'And yet they say you are Protestants.' 'Well! what are Protestants?' rejoined John. 'Oh!' he replied, 'people who do not believe in GOD or anything of the kind.' We asked him round for some music, but I suppose he dare not go thus far. He is rather a nice little man, and has quite a history. He was married, and a very strong rationalist, but his wife died, and finding, I suppose, no peace or rest in the vagaries of an unenlightened reason, he went into the Church of Rome. Doubtless he is still seeking; for Rome has no downy pillows for weary heads. Pray for him. The Bishop is evidently getting alarmed about our quietly growing influence, and we hear that when preaching last night he declared that those who entered the shop would be excommunicated. I am afraid he will have his hands full.

"We have been reading some Congo news, and the contrast between the romantic life amongst the Balolo and the dry, hard monotony here was so vivid to Fan. that the fountains of tears had to break up. But 'the need, the need, Fan.!' I exclaimed. She understood, and knows with me that she is 'in the right place,' and that Congo-land, to which we both wanted to go so much, is not a bit more needy than Peru. Oh! that Christians at home would realize this! Wait until we commence work amongst the Indians, then we shall have adventures enough and dangers, but we cannot hurry. Spanish must be thoroughly acquired first. To my mind the dangers from Congo savages are slight compared with those in this country amongst drunken, fanatical Indians completely under the power of unscrupulous priests. But the Indians *shall* hear the Gospel, and we shall have the Church amongst the Incas, the Church in the Sierra, but the time has not come yet. Patience, Mother! Patience, Father! Patience, thou excitable, impatient worker in Peru! Thy Master lived thirty years amongst dying men and women who needed Him every minute, before commencing

His public ministry. Do not forget that every Cuzqueño converted to GOD is a big linguist, and can speak Quechua with even more facility than Spanish. Ramon—our first convert—speaks with perfect fluency.”

* * * *

“I am now beginning to distribute Gospels in the streets on Sunday mornings. I felt led to do it. It keeps my soul bright, and the need demands it. Of course I am careful and discriminate. So far every Gospel has been received courteously. Pray for this new movement. I have unbounded confidence in the Word, and how blessed is the privilege of distributing seed on such barren soil as this! In England the plough is always at work—here it never has been yet. Ah, Mother dear! never doubt it! We are in the right place, working and waiting—waiting till the mighty hands of the invisible GOD shall swing open Peru’s long-closed doors, and then, forward we rush to win souls for the LORD. In your meetings let the chief burden of prayer be for religious liberty and freedom to go unmolested here and there to proclaim the glorious Gospel news.

“Of course the real test with our converts will come when baptism and the public profession is brought forward. They will not come to the LORD’S table until then. There is no doubt that a public baptism will cause an immense uproar and a cutting persecution. It will be a terrible sifting time for the professed believers, and we dare not urge them. GOD must do that, and then it will stand.

“I am out three nights each week. Two nights English classes occupy me, and one night I go to Mr. Jarrett’s Bible Reading. I am exchanging lessons with H—, who is just entering the University here. I am watching him closely, and praying earnestly; possibly I may have the joy of leading this soul to CHRIST. He is an interesting young fellow of stronger character than the general run of Peruvians.”

The year 1899 closed, and the whole of 1900 was spent in a continuance of these varied efforts to awaken Cuzco to new life. On March 12th, 1900, Mr. Newell wrote to announce the birth of his second daughter, the little "Gladys" whose loss brought him much sorrow a year later.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Can you realize that your 'Little Willie' is the father of two children? I really do feel a bit old now. Sometimes Fan. and I burst out laughing as we see the funny side of our position—two mites already! But we quickly exchange these moments of mirth for more thoughtful, hallowed ones, as we realize that the privilege is ever associated with responsibility. Are you very sorry, Mother, it's a girl? We are quite reconciled. There is one great persuasive argument on little Gladys' behalf—there is more facility for guarding the morals of girls out here than those of boys. By a slight euphonious change you will note that we have 'Grace and Gladness' in the home, and you may imagine that we are full of gratitude to our GOD for His kind care.

"I have just said 'good-bye' to one of our most promising young cricketers, who has gone to Lima to finish his education. I was able to converse with him concerning better things, and also to give him a tract and an introduction to Dr. Wood. So much through cricket!

"You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Bright is having much blessing in Lima. There are now over thirty baptized members in fellowship. His work is very thorough and growing. Oh, for such things here! Pioneer work is trying to me!

"Sometimes I find myself right across the sea in happy old England. To-night it darkened quickly, and we sat at tea about 5.15. I forgot about Fan., and began to dream—I was driving back from Toker's Green behind my dear old Charlie [the pony]. It was cold, and getting

dark. I reached the old home, and seemed to fly upstairs to the dining-room, and there was the bright fire in the dear old-fashioned grate. No fires in Cuzco except to cook with. Mother was in her usual place at the head of the table, and a pile of hot muffins on the hob. Dad next you, the boy on the rug, and I sat down, etc., etc. Then I awoke, and told my dream to Fan. What do you think she did? Silly child! Well, perhaps you can guess. Can you? Oh! we shall appreciate home when our seven years are up! What a meeting that will be! But may I have stirring stories of saving grace to relate—'What GOD hath wrought.'

"What do you think? *Canonigo P*— has now said to his congregation, 'that on no occasion must they molest the Protestants, that we are a boon to the city; that they must even seek us for our business industries, though they must studiously avoid our religion.' What hath GOD wrought? This man was our greatest enemy! But he is a Jesuit, and not to be trusted. He also censured his people for their superstition. They might bow to their images, but not worship them. A nice difference! but 'is Saul also amongst the prophets?' On the other hand, *Fraile F*— said at one of his great services that we ought to be 'thrown out of the city, and that he would give a gold medal to the man who brought him the largest number of my tracts and Gospels.' There is war in the enemy's camp!

"Our cricket is still bringing us into touch with the young fellows. Pray on for *S*— and *T*—. They come into contact with much truth by correcting my addresses—enough to save them over and over again.

"Bless GOD! The last two meetings from point of numbers have been splendid. Last Sunday about twenty-two listened to the Gospel, but we need more power in our preaching. I am getting a better grip of the language each day, but there is much to do yet. Perfection is my aim."

Writing to some friends in April, 1900, Mrs. Newell, jun., says:—

“The prejudice against us is diminishing, but the fanatical and ignorant are still very anxious to expel us. Yesterday a procession took place, starting at four from the Cathedral to other Churches, and returning at night. An immense crowd followed a huge image of ‘The Lord of the Earthquakes,’ and the scene was weird as we watched the return by the light of the moon from our balcony, and heard the yells and shrieks of the crowd. The people were worked up to such a pitch of excitement that they were almost beside themselves, and my husband had scarcely said to me, ‘Suppose someone should shout ‘Death to the masons’—a term of contempt applied to us here—when Mr. Jarrett said, ‘Did you hear the shout, “Death to the English!”’ At that moment the crowd turned, and with one accord rushed towards our house. We waited, expecting to hear our door below burst open, but happily nothing happened.

“They tell us that we were in great danger, but the LORD knows well how to protect His own, and we are safe ‘beneath the shadow of His wing.’ We *do* need your prayers, for the work *is* trying.

“To-morrow we witness the terrible spectacle of an image in a coffin, representing our LORD, being carried in procession through the city. These sights are sickening to us—what must they be in the eyes of the LORD?”

Another letter

TO MRS. NEWELL, SEN.,

gives some interesting details:—

“I am fast gaining strength, and am enjoying my work again. Our little ‘Gladys’ is sweet, with beautiful blue eyes, and small features with a good forehead. ‘Gracie,’ of course, is charming; she makes friends with all the dirty old women sitting in their shop-doors under the *portales* by laughing and waving her hand to them as the girl carries her along. How could they do anything but

love such a darling, even although she is a little Protestant.

“Oh, the children! Our hearts ache for the neglected little ones here, and we should like to start a Sunday School in our house, but there are very few who would allow their children to come. Then, too, there is an immense amount of caste feeling existing here which would add to our difficulty. Perhaps Will. may start a Women's Bible Class later on. We are praying for class guidance. We might only get one or two at first, but if only one were converted, the time would not be wasted.

“Will. and I visited the Churches, as is the custom here, on Holy Thursday. Rich and poor alike run from one Church to another, spending a short time in each and pretending to worship, but the whole thing is a mockery. The altars in some Churches were tastefully decorated with hundreds of candles and paper flowers, and the effect was quite pretty, but worship seemed out of the question. I caught many an eye, for in spite of my *manta* I was recognized, since, of course, we neither knelt nor bowed as we passed the altars. How we longed to convert one of these buildings into an Evangelistic Hall. Oh, that the day of liberty may soon come! Won't my boy be excited when he can proclaim the Gospel to an assembly of eager listeners again? We have our little prayer meetings on Wednesday afternoons, but what would we not give to meet with our loved ones at home, and unite in prayer and praise once more! 'If only the Cathedral opposite were a Protestant Church!' Poor old Cuzco!

“We are much encouraged by our Sunday night meeting, and get as many as twelve and sometimes sixteen young fellows. Will. gives extemporaneous addresses now in turn with the others, and has done so for some time. He really speaks very well. I only wish I had as good a grasp of the language. I tell him I shall have to take a dictionary with me next time, for he uses ever so many words that I do not know. We have asked a most



A PERUVIAN INDIAN YOUTH.



A FRUIT-SELLER OF PERU.

zealous Roman Catholic to see us—a violinist. His earnestness is attractive, and we want to get in touch with him; but he stopped and spoke in the street the other day most reluctantly, so we are doubtful, although he promised. The poor fellow looks very ill, and has just spent a week in a monastery for 'spiritual exercises.' No doubt he has tortured his body terribly. He seems to be *real*, and is, I think, the one Roman Catholic we know of whom we can say that. *Pray for him.*"

From Mr. Newell

TO HIS MOTHER.

"I still continue my tract and Gospel distribution, but cautiously. I walk along leisurely, and when I see a person approaching, hand a Gospel, or seeing a shop open, enter, and say in Spanish, 'Good morning, Madam, please do me the favour of reading this little book, it is very precious.' Sometimes a number of fellows see me, and there is a rush to obtain an attractive St. John. Since that may lead to awkward circumstances, I generally select individuals who are sufficiently isolated. I *must* keep on at this. It just relieves my soul, and it is a little bit of direct testimony and missionary work. One of these days we shall meet a Lydia, and then have the joy of watching the Divine process of bringing a soul out of darkness into His marvellous light. This field needs patience. Harvest does not come the day after the sowing, neither do souls enter into light in a day. Tell the loved friends of the little meeting that we need their prayers against discouragement. There is not the slightest doubt about the final issue, but we need momentary grace for patient work.

"You will be glad to hear that there is a warm spirit amongst us, and that our prayer meetings are very blessed times. Grace can keep our hearts in a forbearing, patient attitude, thus preserving the unity of the SPIRIT.

"Our meetings have again diminished in numbers somewhat. Why, I don't know. So many come out of

curiosity, I suppose, and, finding only a humble little meeting, and hearing only a theme which is to them, unless GOD'S SPIRIT is working, but a theory or a dream, go away again and do not return. And so we go on with 'ups and downs,' waiting for that manifestation of GOD'S power which shall accomplish that for which we are so ardently longing. Ah, Mother mine! we have not found much romance in the work here yet. It is a bare, hand-to-hand, day-to-day struggle with hoary superstition and an indifference born of hell. We are getting to know the city better now, and my language is not too strong when I say that it reeks with immorality. Within the homes scenes occur that make angels weep. A leading merchant has taken his family home. He is by no means an elevated character, I should think, but his explanation is that Cuzco is no place for *his* wife and daughters—he could not have them live here.

"But are there no virtuous families? Yes! there may be a few, but at their houses one meets the others, and what can we do? And yet, we must mix amongst these very people, and become even intimate. Did not the Great Missionary 'eat with publicans and sinners'—a motley and vicious crowd! Oh, how difficult is the task. But it is our work, and until forbidden a house for our testimony, we must visit, and visit, and visit. As I wrote once before, all depends on the motive. We go, and shall go slowly, in order to get into touch with them that they may get into 'touch with CHRIST.' Like rays of unpolluted light shining into a filthy hovel, so we seek to be in the world, but not of it."

* * * *

"What do you think? Fred. and John are teaching in the College of Sciences! After all, we have got into a school in Cuzco, and I expect the Catholics are feeling somewhat unrelaxed. Canon M——, our most powerful enemy, teaches Scripture History in the same College. It brings us into contact with about one hundred boys

The tone there is ultra-rationalistic—may we be able to counteract such pernicious teaching. . . .

“I have just received some of Spurgeon’s sermons in Spanish, and am distributing them carefully. Such a pleasure! I feel I am giving away ‘pure gold.’ Dear Spurgeon! How I love him! I love all the Church of CHRIST, but my views are so identical with his that the tie is a close and precious one.”





CHAPTER VIII.



LAST DAYS.

WE are now approaching the last eighteen months of Will. Newell's life. What occurred in them is described in an open letter to his Reading friends, dated July 1st, 1901, as well as in the more intimate correspondence which he continued with his mother until the end.

TO FRIENDS IN READING.

"Beloved friends in the homeland, once again the anniversary of our arrival in this country has come round and the last year has been an eventful one from many points of view. Joy and sorrow, defeat and triumph, tears and laughter have fallen to our lot, but all has spelt *blessing*. 'All has worked together for good,' and once again my wife and I unite our hearts in our testimony of praise, concerning our blessed GOD and His glorious faithfulness. 'No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.'

"With exceeding interest I have just been reading my last year's letter, kindly published in the Young Men's Christian Association paper, Monthly Notes (Vol. e, No. 3). How interesting it is to trace back the way one has come to a given point, every now and then pausing at the milestones to see once again with different eyes, perhaps, the same scenes, and to think with wider experience, probably, about the same events. I note that some desires expressed have not been fulfilled; some most wonderfully have. Expected changes have not been made; undreamed of things have come to pass. The little rill of influence has become a river, daily widening

and growing, and our lives, methods and work are factors mightier than ever in the social, commercial and spiritual life of Cuzco. I referred last July to the probability of persecution. Bless GOD! not a hair of our heads has been touched. Not, however, because the priests have lapsed into indifference, but because we have never once lacked the shelter of 'The Great big Wing.' The new century was ushered in by the erection of a huge cross on a high hill crowning the city. Mass was celebrated at its foot, and according to a fiery friar it was to flow with blood. Whose blood? You may guess; there was no doubt about it, the Catholics meant to signalize the entry into the New Year by a desperate attempt to get us out of the city, or—

"Shortly before the above inauguration the following consoling lines had been stuck on my street door during the night, also on those of Messrs. Peters and Jarrett:— 'Advice, good advice.' 'We Roman and Apostolic Catholics demand that as soon as possible you dis-occupy this city and leave us in peace, because you have come to corrupt all the people, and have actually had the daring to speak of our worthy and legitimate priests, saying that soon they will be finished up—[this was imagination, W. H. N.]—a thing that will never happen, not even in dream. What will happen, however, is that your houses and persons will be attacked, and stones, sticks and shot, and every class of arms that our infuriated people can employ will rain upon you, and with the very wood-work of your house shall be burned your remains.'

"The air was heavy with threat and plot. The Prefect was a Catholic, and apparently made no attempt to check the rabid preaching that went on. But the New Year came in, and the blood did not flow, and neither was the house burnt; the zeal evaporated or else was bottled up until Easter. Most of you have read my 'Holy Week in Cuzco,' and are able to appreciate some of our difficulties here. As the season drew near we

began to dread the effect of the confessional box, and to realize that the Catholics had not forgotten our presence in the city. A feeling of heaviness came over my soul, which intensified and tried me considerably. As we approached 'Holy Monday' and the marvellous procession of 'The Lord of the Earthquake,' we all felt, I think, that a crisis was approaching. We felt led to seek the guarantee of the country, but our true hope was in GOD. Just before the huge procession, the Prefect, sub-Prefect, his Secretary and personal military attendant, all came in to be photographed. This *was* providential. GOD was in it. We got some fine negatives of the group, and found all most friendly. We were assured of all necessary protection, 'The heart of princes is in His keeping.' To cut a long story short, some eight thousand Indians, perhaps, were in the Plaza, but soldiers abounded, and a patrol passed backwards and forwards in front of our little house; the critical moment passed, and still the blood had not flowed. 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' The following significant little paragraph appeared in the Lima paper shortly afterwards :—

"At the procession of the 'Lord of the Earthquake,' twelve thousand people were present. The police had to take great precautions, as the populace had made preparation for a hostile manifestation against the English Protestants.'

"Since then the priests really seem to have fallen asleep, and nothing has transpired to give the least degree of apprehension. I feel convinced that the only period of real danger now in the city is the Easter period, and I would earnestly solicit the very especial prayers of our friends during Lent and Easter."

In reference to this event, Mr. Newell had previously written

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Bless GOD! *Lunes Santo* is now a thing of the

past. Did you pray much for us? It has been a real strain for me this time. Our gracious GOD kept me trusting and confident, but there was the nervous apprehension to be constantly overcome. Grace triumphed, but not without my feeling something of the fellowship of His sufferings. A very sweet element this year has been the loving and prayerful sympathy of the three converts, A—a, R—s, and R—e. We have had some blessed times of prayer together. A—a's quiet resolution and simple faith has been most helpful, but all of us felt more anxious this time. The erection of the huge cross signaling the new age; the paper pasted on doors; the violent tone of the periodicals; the preaching; the warning of friends, etc., etc., gave us a very profound sense of the reality of our danger here. We feel sure that the Catholics have done everything possible to secure our hurt; but they did not reckon upon the Protestants' GOD, and not a stone was thrown.

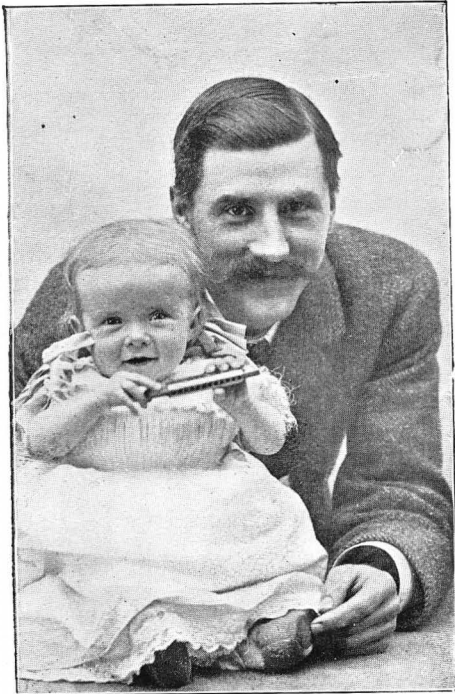
“In the Plaza in front of our house, a huge pile of stones had been placed—some of them very large, and we could not help throwing an occasional anxious glance at these formidable weapons. I complained to the *intendente*, but he was obdurate, and said: ‘If the mob rise, we will give them shot.’ We felt quite justified in asking guarantees of the authorities, seeing in Paul's action concerning the plot discovered by his nephew a clear precedent. . . . Six o'clock on Easter Monday found us all in prayer in the studio, A—a, the Bible seller, with us, and the huge and awful image entering the Plaza. It was just a holding on to GOD, and He sustained us. Then we went and watched. The white-robed friars stood, as usual, just near our house, looking weird in the moon's rays. The dense mass of Indians filled the Plaza; the *portales* were crowded with kneeling women, and the usual horrible groaning and crying went on. The soldiers were there too, their bayonets glistening in the pale light—shall I say a welcome sight? They prolonged the agony

this time, and it seemed as if the ugly, repulsive object would never go in. Let those who talk lightly about faith, come and wait in front of a huge mob of Indians, every moment waxing more excited and furious! Only in *such* circumstances can one appreciate the trial of faith. Imagine our joy and gratitude when at last the doors closed, and the people went quietly away. GOD does answer prayer. 'I have *proved* GOD answers prayer.' A—a was intensely solemnized, and I feel sure he was glad he had not sold Bibles in the street. We have heard since that the priests and *frailles* have made the people sign an act at the confessional promising to do everything possible to secure our expulsion. One bright young fellow said *he* could not sign it, as he 'greatly respected us.' On being pressed, he replied in words to this effect: 'What inconsistency!—you have just made me take Communion, and now you want me to do these people an injury. Does not CHRIST teach us to love our neighbours?' The priest led him off to a dark corner of the Church where his words could not affect the others. We were told that our old friend, the lawyer, had been round working up the artizans on the morning of the procession, but the LORD was too much for him! This man is capable of anything. It was he who tried to turn us out of the house.

"Last night we had a fine Bible reading, eighteen young fellows present, and good attention. Fan. is starting a Bible Reading Society amongst them.

FROM MRS. NEWELL, JUN.

"Last Sunday, the third anniversary of our leaving home, May 19th, we commenced Sunday meetings in the big salon at the shop. It was nice to have it there, since this little room was too close, and our very fanatical neighbours could hear almost every word. R—s, R—e, and A—r guard the door by turns, thus doing their first bit of public work for the LORD. We believe



MR. NEWELL AND LITTLE GLADYS.



MRS. NEWELL IN PERUVIAN DRESS.

we shall have great blessing round there, although we feel leaving this cosy little room. We asked GOD to use our rooms and all that we have for His glory, and He surely has. Many have heard the Gospel here, and two at least have been led by Will. to the LORD. The first audible prayers of the three converts were also uttered in this very room."

Soon after this anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Newell left their little home and went to live with their fellow-missionaries in the large house connected with the shop, in order to save expense. Referring to this change, Mr. Newell writes :—

TO HIS MOTHER.

"Here we are settled down once again. What work, but it is nice to be all under one roof. . . . We have now a little prayer-meeting before Sunday evening service. This big room will hold from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and on Sunday there were thirty present besides ourselves. The LORD helped me to speak with considerable power on 'Indifference,' and I have never noticed more interest. I feel that one needs special help for this work, chiefly, at present, amongst worldly, careless young fellows, all tinged with atheism. May the LORD Himself make me a fisherman in these waters !

"We are living now just in front of the *Prefectura*, and can hear the guards giving signals all through the night. It creates a feeling of security, although we ought to find GOD enough. Oh, these treacherous hearts !

"You will be glad to hear that, in answer to prayer, I have been perfectly free from depression for some time past. Bless GOD ! But I find I cannot stand fatigue as I once could, and shall have to husband my strength. Mr. Peters goes on like a steam engine ; I almost envy him his constitution. At his suggestion we commenced morning worship for the shop assistants in our rooms. Ramon [see p. 118] is satisfactory in the shop, but still makes no sign of mending in spiritual matters ; he is an

anomaly. Pray much for him ! We cannot justly discharge him, and yet do not like the idea of having one in our business who is not out-and-out for the LORD. We give our employés to understand that the business is the LORD'S, and that all done in connection with it must be for Him, and done under His eye—a novel idea for Cuzco. We have had to give a man renting one of our shops notice to quit, as he sold liquors, and, of course, we could not have anything to do with a trade that is daily cursing the city. I wrote kindly, explaining our circumstances, but the man evidently fails to understand our position. It may awaken prejudice against us amongst our so-called ' Liberal ' friends, but consistency at any price.

“ Things are working wondrously even in the more fanatical Arequipa. Two Liberals have been elected for the first time ! Things are changing, and the Church will go with a crash in this Peruvian Jericho. In spite of her civilization, she has remained outwardly bigoted, and ignorantly Catholic ; inwardly, the worm has been eating and rotting. Soon Rome's power will be shattered here, and we will get in the Gospel. The present re-action is partly due to the defection of some prominent fanatical Catholics who have embezzled large sums, thereby ruining large numbers of people. Arequipa is in a most interesting condition just now. In your meetings pray much for this city. It is the second largest in Peru, and I think the most fanatical in the whole of South America. Let us watch the mighty workings of the hand of GOD in the Divine enterprise of Missions. I have had much power in preaching lately, and a young married fellow seems most interested in the Word. He has been struck by the consistency of our lives. He cannot, however, accept CHRIST as Divine—the result of rationalistic teaching in the College. I have had long talks and prayers with him, and believe him to be sincere. Of course he is disgusted with the Church. . . . Nearly all who come to our meetings are young fellows, mostly void of all religious

impressions or instruction ; there is nothing to work on ; imagine the difficulty. To think that we could do anything would be the height of folly—what GOD can do is another thing. Oh, that the Reading folk could adequately recognize our need—how they would pray !

“ You will be glad to hear that the three R——e girls have all professed conversion, and I believe really are the LORD'S. Celia is very bright, and already suffers in school-life for CHRIST. The mother appreciates us much, and loves to have her children and husband come to our meetings, but is proud of her knowledge and will not yet yield to the truth. She is, however, changing her attitude. I should like several Christians to make her case a matter of special prayer, as she is strong-minded, and would be a power for GOD if really converted. They were most pleased with your letter, and have written you in reply. I translate it :—

“ ‘ Very worthy matron and respected lady,

“ ‘ I, my wife and children, have had the joy of reading your letter, so full of abnegation for us ; we had not even thought of having such an unutterable pleasure. You reveal a grand soul, and your children, Mr. Newell and his wife, are in this fanatical country our staff and our lamp. We continue uniting ourselves to them in spite of the fanaticism that reigns in this country, and we follow them in all, for we know that in the religion of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST is the truth, and it procures us happiness.

“ ‘ On giving us such sweet treatment—calling us ‘ brethren ’—you open for us yet more the way, and we think ourselves amply strong to fight more for GOD. My wife tries to do her utmost for the spread of the Gospel. [And yet she is not saved.—W.H.N.]

“ ‘ We have in our home a North American, Mr. B—— H——, who enters the Chuncha district [where the savages live near the head waters of the Amazon.] With him we have spoken much to the effect that he should

speak with these poor savages about our religion, and teach them English, so that already I see the spread of the Gospel and the fall of the false Roman Catholic religion.

“I and my family understand the grand abnegation of Mr. Newell and Mr. Peters, and their devoted wives, who have left their homes, and especially Mr. Newell, who has left his venerated mother to spread the holy Gospel, and to suffer in this way in this country; this very thing makes us also do something, and we will never go back; we are his brethren, and we implore your prayers that we may understand and know more thoroughly our SAVIOUR.

“To-morrow I go to the forest with Mr. H—; but I shall quickly return to unite myself more entirely once more with your son and Mr. Peters, and to rejoice in the blessings that they bring us with such self-sacrifice.

“My daughters, with the simplicity of their years, beseech me to salute you with all due respect and appreciation, equally as my wife, who from this moment puts herself at your disposition as your latest servant. Praying to our beloved JESUS that just now you may find yourself in good health, which will comfort me and make me happy.

“I am, your humble servant,

“‘MAXIMILIANO R—E, etc.’

“I have translated feebly, but yet literally enough for you to understand the style of Spanish correspondence. It is very gushing; but there is much reality in this, I feel sure. Once the mother is saved, then the whole family will be CHRIST’S. Mr. H— is an old man, who has been in the country forty-five years—a most singular man, who has been all over the world, and was once chased for three weeks by savages. He has been to our meetings, and he broke down in our *sala* while we were singing hymns, and began to pray. Evidently he has been in touch with the best things years ago. I have good hope

of him through CHRIST JESUS ; he goes to take the place of the rubber agent who was shot. It is thought that he may share the same fate, and even R——e, who goes with him. Then there are foaming rivers to be crossed in small boats. Pray much for R——s ; he is truly the LORD'S, but dreads the fiery ordeal. May grace abound ! There are others who are manifesting interest. R——s gives me some concern. He, dear fellow, cannot break through to confess CHRIST in his home yet. He says that when his people know that he is truly the LORD'S they may throw him out of the house. He is praying much about it. A——r has already suffered for CHRIST. Fred. (Mr. Peter's) preached the most powerful address I have ever heard here. The interest was intense. Oh, for souls ! M——, the miner, expects to find a rich vein of gold, and then he promises to help us to found schools here. It is our business and practical method which appeal to his strong mind. He sees our reality, and recognizes what it cost us to give up cherished ideals.

“GOD is blessing us in these days. Mrs. R——e says she has been deeply influenced by the change in her husband's and daughters' lives. GOD is blowing her rationalism to the winds by the irrefutable evidence.”

Mr. Newell also referred, in the open letter from which we have already quoted, to the death of his second little daughter, Gladys, which occurred on December 15th, 1900 ; and to his work in the College of Sciences.

“Our little Gladys is with CHRIST, which is ‘far better,’ but the experience was a very bitter one, and only those who have themselves passed down into such depths know that blackness of night which for a while enwrapped us. However, we did not lack the cheer and the presence of JESUS in the gloom, and now can praise Him for all. We have often prayed saintly McCheyne's prayer—‘LORD, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made,’ but we had not thought of *this* way. It ill becomes us to testify of personal holiness (how can we ?), but we did

receive from our GOD a new sense of His love, and a new certainty of His faithfulness.

“From vintages of sorrows are deepest joys distilled,
 And the cup outstretched for healing is oft at Marah filled.
 God leads to joy through weeping, to quietness through strife ;
 Through yielding, unto conquest—through death to endless life.
 Be still, He hath enrolled thee for the Kingdom and the crown ;
 Be silent, let Him mould thee, Who calleth thee His own.”

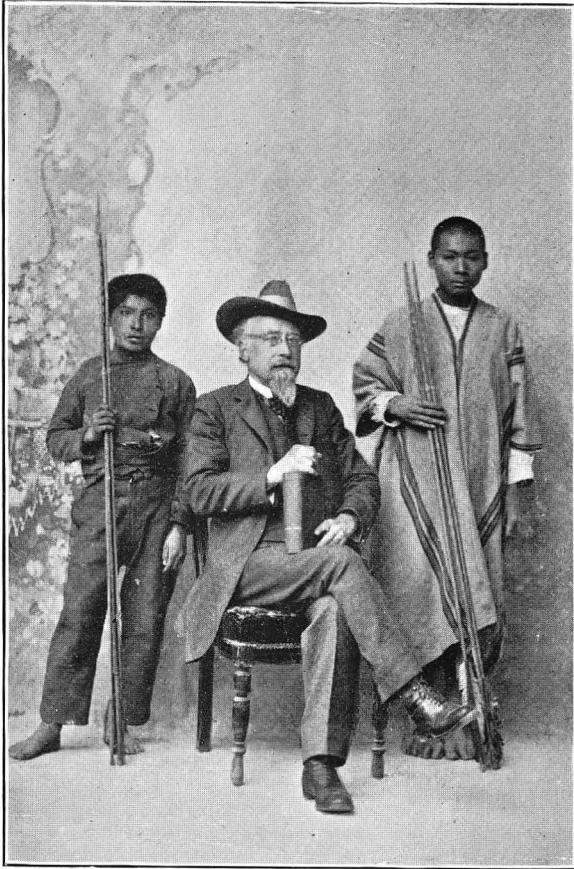
“ We are conscious of a new power of sympathy, and Paul’s words (2 Cor. i. 3) have now a deep, true meaning for us. May these poor people experience that which our GOD by this fiery process has wrought in us. This year Mr. Peters (Mr. Derry has recently come up from Trujillo to help us) and I are teaching in the College of Sciences ; a hundred to a hundred and fifty boys thus come under our influence. This is wonderful, when it is remembered that when Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett came here to open a school in 1896 it was necessary to have a guard of soldiers at the house to protect them from the violence of the mob. Our College here is very Liberal (here ‘Liberal’ means generally anti-priest and rationalistic). On Thursdays we take the boys down to our field and teach them rounders, cricket, and football. The last game the boys play with tremendous enthusiasm, and really ‘shape well.’ On the occasion of the last national feast we got up a match, Mr. Peters and I were captains respectively, and Mr. Derry umpire. It was a grand success. Some five hundred persons were present. Amongst them we noted forty or fifty señoras and the Prefect with some influential friends. A band was present in our field, and it was a gay and lively scene. One of the Cuzco papers gave a long article on the match, which manifested that the attitude of the ‘Cuzqueños’ is decidedly changing towards the Protestants. We are exceedingly glad to be able to teach these people some healthy and innocent recreation, which we recognize as essential to a nation’s true development : but the aim and end of all for us is contact in order that we may lead souls to CHRIST.

“We have lately witnessed a great Liberal triumph in connection with the performance of the drama “Electra” by the school-boys. ‘Electra’ is a drama that has caused immense reactions of late against Catholicism in Spain. It is not an immoral drama, neither is it really anti-Catholic, but it brings into strong relief the intrigue, deceit and unscrupulous methods used by the Jesuits in order to gain novices to their convents. The priests united and commenced a furious crusade against the drama, availing themselves of all the machinery of priestcraft. Rabid, senseless and ignorant preaching went on at all the churches, the most absurd statements were made, and on the day of the performance a huge procession was formed, headed by friars and canons, which went to the Prefect to demand the prevention of the drama. He, however, was a strong man, and though besieged for two hours, refused to yield, and the Liberal victory was assured. Everyone feared bloodshed at night, but the Catholics were so cowed by their defeat in the morning that not a vestige of them was to be seen in the streets. Patrols of soldiers passed, but their presence was not needed. The performance was repeated the second time, and the ladies went, their curiosity doubtless having been very much excited by the blind policy of the priests. Now their cry is, ‘There is nothing wrong in the drama—why did our priests tell us such awful lies? Of course we believed all, and opposed it, and made ourselves a general laughing-stock.’ Thus amongst the most fanatical señoras there is a reaction. We stand and see the salvation of God. Every blow that the Liberals give to the Catholic party spells ‘opportunity’ for us, and hastens the final downfall of this iniquitous system. Let it not be forgotten, however, that this fight against the church by no means presupposes interest in the Gospel. No, it is the reaction from superstition to rationalism; from the idolatry of images to the idolatry of reason; from ignorant reverence to ignorant irreverence.”

Mr. Newell continues this subject in a letter dated November 21st, 1901.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“Rome is losing power every day in this country, but, oh! that the LORD Himself may take the place of the Roman Church. There are rumours of a change in the Constitution. At present the Constitution at Article 8 reads:—‘The State religion is Catholic; the State protects it, and prohibits the public exercise of all others.’ It is proposed to make the following change:—‘The State religion is Catholic; the State protects it; but *permits* the *free* exercise of all others.’ It is a step in the right direction and Reading folks should praise GOD for it, but it is decidedly ambiguous; the ‘free exercises’ of Protestantism presupposes propaganda, and yet the State has to protect Roman Catholicism! I believe this move has arisen through President McKinley’s death. The officials of the State could not do as they could have done in almost every other country in the world, attend the special memorial service in the Protestant place of worship, and hence the agitation; but I am told that it will take four years to get the change constitutionally. Things move slowly here! A revolution may accomplish all ere six months have passed. Never has the work needed so much patience and prayer. One has to be near the Throne or one would get fearfully depressed. The Sunday meetings have been poorly attended of late. My Wednesday Class is better, but the three Christians do not thrive as I want them to. Francisca, too, is a real trial. [Francisca, the maid, had stolen £26 from Mr. and Mrs. Newell’s bed-room, after their believing her almost converted. The authorities wanted to send her to prison for four years, but Mr. Newell refused to let her go, hoping still to win her soul for CHRIST.] She seems as hard as nails—works very well, is still respectful, but seems to have no sense of sin, and is in no way penitent. Never was there a more pronounced example of a soul ‘dead in



MR. WATKINS WITH THE TWO INDIAN LADS.



AN INDIAN OF THE PERUVIAN AMAZON.

trespasses and sins.' I should like some of you home folks to make her case a matter for special sustained and believing prayer. If converted, what a power she would be for GOD, for all here know about the servant of the *Ingleses*.

"Day by day we get deeper down in the stratas of society here, and the deeper we get the more awfully corrupt does the city seem to be. The immorality is simply *fearful*—it is another Sodom! Our greatest enemy, however, is indifference. They say, 'Yes, the English are good and moral and clever; their religion, too, is better than the Catholics, more spiritual, more "rational," but who is going to mix up with that sort of thing?' As if the service of GOD was optional! This is the result of the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, and much atheism on the other. If ever missionaries' hands needed to be held up, ours do. Pray much for us. Pray for our faith that 'it fail not.'

"Of course the Gospel can and will work wonders here, but the process of changing the character of a nation by the evangelization of the individual, humanly speaking, must be exceedingly slow. In some of these people one finds nothing to work on. On the other hand, in an Englishman, however bad he may be, there is generally something that one likes, that makes one say, 'What a fine fellow that would be if only converted.' Here we think if converted, how will some of these folks be able to serve CHRIST? But 'the Gospel is the power of GOD unto salvation.'

"Our meetings remain small. We had thought that our big anniversary meeting would have augmented the class: but no, there is no real interest in the Word, no concern of soul regarding salvation. They speak high, flattering words concerning my paper, but they take good care not to put themselves where the scathing, searching light of the Gospel can reach them. We have, however, one very encouraging event to relate. Ramon has come

back to GOD, and it is now, we all believe, a very genuine case of conversion. He came in on Saturday night, and we had a long talk together. It seems he has been profoundly impressed by the catastrophe in Martinique which destroyed St. Pierre, and also by the fact that a friend of his had committed suicide. He says he dealt with GOD alone in his room, and then came to tell us the news. We were very suspicious at first, thinking that the lad was playing his cards to get back into the shop; but his prayers and actions indicated sincerity. He has also been remarkably impressed by Finney's life translated into Spanish. There is a passage in it which refers to a conversation between Finney and an anxious enquirer who had a mania for stealing. Finney insisted on restoration of everything to all concerned as a proof of the genuineness of his repentance. Ramon felt the arrow, and came to us tearfully confessing that he had stolen much money whilst with us, which he will try to repay. He brought back pencils and books which he had in his possession; confessed himself a deep-dyed sinner, and is seemingly sick of his past life. There is, however, a very interesting element in his case. He is still living with the girl I encountered him with. On our remonstrating, he affirmed that he loved her and she him, and that, though rich men had tried to buy her from him, she had been faithful. We then insisted on marriage. He replied that it was what he wanted. We also insisted on his living away from the girl until legitimately united to her, and he consented, although I could see it cost him much. He brought the girl to see us at our request, and we found that, although her past life had been awful, she seemed thoroughly sick of it, appeared sincere, and expressed her desire to live for GOD. Ramon, strangely enough, though living in sin, has yet been evidently seeking to lead her into the truth he himself learnt of us. We shall have some trouble regarding the marriage. Ramon is a Protestant, and therefore cannot be married by the

Roman Catholic Church ; there is, however, a clause in the constitution which says that, if the Church refuses marriage, a man can resort to the civil authority and be married by the Prefect. Ramon will therefore ask the *Cura* to marry him, but explaining that he is a Protestant. Of course the *Cura* will refuse. Ramon must then demand a written denial, and, presenting that to the Prefect or Mayor, will ask for a civil marriage, and afterwards we will perform the religious part, thus giving the Divine sanction to the State's recognition. We expect excitement over this. Poor boy ! bitterly has he proved 'that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' He had no work for a long time ; then followed illness due to excesses—days with scarcely any food, and at last he managed to earn eight *soles* per month. With us he would have been earning twenty to thirty *soles*. He is a poor, weak boy, but he can cling to GOD ; and if he will only cling on, the LORD will bring him through. He is much humbled. Let us pray for him. He tells us some startling things of the impurity of the city. How I appreciate old England ! How I love my people ! When I get home, the homeland with all its sin will seem like paradise to me. Ah ! the Bible makes the difference !

"Business prospects are very gloomy still. We have much to try us in the business and in the Gospel, but 'men ought always to pray and not to faint.' May the dear LORD help to keep us going full steam ahead."

As these words indicate, Mr. Newell sometimes found it exceedingly difficult to avoid despondency, and probably the fact that his wife had been for a time in ill-health, together with the increasing strain of the work, aided a growing tendency in this direction. In 1902 another little girl came to gladden the home, and a letter written by Mrs. Newell, jun., early in July, describes an expedition taken in order to restore the mother's health. She writes :—

"Ere this you will have returned from Switzerland, and Sadie (Mrs. Peters) and I with the children are here

at Urabamba, twenty-five miles down the mountain. I fancy you have not seen grander scenery than we now gaze upon every day. The farm-house we lodge at is beautifully situated on the banks of a swift river, and from our open dining-room we have most charming views of snow-capped mountains, and from the corridor we see snow-fields. Yet we are only twenty-five miles from dirty old Cuzco! It seems almost incredible to be in the midst of fields and enjoy the sight and shade of lovely trees and foliage of all sorts, for Cuzco is bare and rocky. We get lovely walks, too, by the river, such as we have missed for years. It is delightful! Our husbands and Aguilar brought us down last Monday. I was free from fear, and the ride was enjoyable until my knee became so painful that I could scarcely bear to keep in the saddle. Sadie suffered the same agony. Of course twenty-five miles of such rough riding is too much when one rides so seldom. The steep ascents and rocky descents would be terrifying did one not know that the animals are accustomed to them. Will. and Mr. Peters remained two days, and the night they left Sadie and I began to realize the meaning of isolation—or rather, what utter helplessness and dependence on GOD mean. I must explain. We had an uprising in Cuzco recently on account of extra duty on salt. The *cholos* sacked the stores, hauled off the salt and made a tremendous commotion all the afternoon and throughout the night. The soldiers could do nothing with them. This all took place immediately opposite our house, and, of course, we were in some amount of danger. A patrol was formed by all the leading tradesmen (our husbands included) to guard the houses and shops, etc., and all passed off after a day or two; but two people were trampled to death by the mob. Well, the people here took it into their heads to rebel over the same question, and that very night I woke to feed baby and heard howling and screaming and shouting, and in a few minutes our big Indian 'Feliz'—who is here to guard us—came to

my door to tell me what was going on. We were soon all astir. The mob had gathered on the top of the tremendous hills that lead down to Urabamba, and as it gradually came nearer and nearer our hearts beat rapidly, I assure you. They had to pass our door—and fortunately they *did* pass, as Sadie and I were praying, and left us unmolested. I do not know when I clung hold of GOD so tenaciously before; we were utterly at His mercy, but He was enough. They went on to the town, sacked the salt stores, and all we have heard is that one man was killed. The sub-Prefect, who is very friendly to us, went off early next morning and brought soldiers from Cuzco. That night I had previously wakened up because I heard either beasts or drunken men outside in our *patio*. We looked out and found that someone had put a lot of animals in our grounds. Then, earlier in the evening, two drunken men came in, and refused to leave the shed. We told Feliz to turn them out, and he was doing so when an old hag, who inhabits a black hole in the *patio*, dragged them in and put them up for the night, and, of course, we could do nothing. It is a horrible custom to let rooms for drinking places off the *patio*. All day long it is very lovely here, but the nights are somewhat lonely, and we hope our husbands will come again on Thursday.”

Whilst his wife and children were enjoying this brief holiday, Mr. Newell wrote as follows :—

TO HIS MOTHER.

“You will rejoice to hear that Ramon is standing splendidly, and also A—r. Last night they both signed the pledge, and we also, to encourage them. Both will need much grace, as everybody drinks here, and when one will not accept the offer of the host, he considers himself insulted.

“We have just had a wonderful illustration of Hebrews iv. The other night I was expounding in our

little believers' meeting, Acts xix.—the burning of the magic books in Ephesus—and shewing that the cost of that day's consecration would be £2,000. Ramon suddenly got up and went out. None of us knew why. He soon came back, however, bringing a large bundle of books. They were bad novels, and he said they had done him much harm, and he would like us to burn them. Last night we had an *auto da fé* in the *patio*, and Ramon himself set fire to the pile. Glory be to GOD! We came up afterwards, and had a sweet little prayer meeting. We need encouragement, for our meetings have fallen off of late—even my Bible Class has been greatly reduced. I do not wonder at this from one point of view. How can worldly, immoral, lustful, and awfully proud fellows keep coming to hear my plain and stern denunciation of sin. Humanly speaking, it is wonderful that they should have attended so long. Now it is GOD, the HOLY GHOST, upon the scene, or failure. Much seed has been sown; it remains for GOD to give the increase. A large number of fellows have heard Gospel enough to save them again and again. Our crying need and theirs is conviction. Oh, pray for us, beloved Mother. We want results, results commensurate with our labours. Oh, for a great awakening in this iniquitous city!

“Much love to my Mother. How fragrant are recollections of Mother and home. Already I intensely long to see that dear face and exchange glad confidences once again. How bitter would the wrench have been had not GOD, in His goodness, given me a wife. Mother! Wife! Both so precious, and yet so different. Bless GOD for His domestic plan.”

That old home to which Will. Newell turned with so much longing during dark days in Cuzco was deeply overshadowed a few weeks later by the tidings of his death. On October 2nd, 1902, a cable reached Harley House containing two words, “Newell dead.” Dr. Harry Guinness read it in the College Hall, where the students had just assembled at the first meeting of

the session, and from thence the news was carried to Reading by the Rev. Forbes Jackson, M.A., the Principal of Harley College, and formerly a minister in the town from which Will. Newell came. Of that sorrowful errand, Mrs. Newell, sen., writes:—

“Mr. Jackson came to break the sad news to us, and it was hearing the sobs of sympathy from his great loving heart that made us realize that our dear one had indeed gone from us for ever down here. We owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his kind thoughtfulness and tender, uplifting prayers.”

Five weeks later a letter arrived from Mrs. Newell, jun., giving particulars of the illness through which she had been so greatly bereaved. Writing on September 25th, 1902, she said:—

“My loved Mother, you will forgive me when you know the reason I forgot to write to you last week. . . . My Will. has been very ill, but is now better. We notice a change to-day, and the doctor (an Italian) is exerting every power on his behalf, and believes that he will shortly be convalescent. . . . On Saturday he was much better, and sat up in his bedroom for an hour or so. On Sunday and Monday also he seemed improving. On Tuesday he was up, but very weak, and from that day to this he has been in bed. After being ill a fortnight, the doctor told us it was a case of typhoid. Will. knew it without my telling him, and we determined to brave it out together, but neither of us then knew what typhoid meant. *Now* we know. On Sunday he became delirious, and has been more or less so ever since; but to-day his mind seems clearer. The fever is high, but the doctor thinks it may gradually descend to-morrow. Fred. (Mr. Peters) is a splendid nurse, and having suffered so much himself from the same disease his experience is a great boon. Since Sunday I have not been left alone with Will., and I rest during Fred.'s watch, since I have perfect confidence in his care and attention. My prayer that I may keep up in spite of little sleep is answered most marvellously, and

I am very well. GOD is good ! Will. struck up singing just now—'How good is the GOD we adore,' and so He is !

"The doctor says it will be necessary for Will. to have a change when better. . . The doctor called it only a light attack at first, but now says it is more serious. To-day he has talked most intelligently and knows everyone.

"Just a line before the mail goes. Will. had a quiet night, but very little sleep. . . I hope to write more news and more detail next week. . . We do feel the loneliness of life here now, Mother, though everyone is so good and kind, and Fred. is just like a brother."

It was only after Will. Newell had passed away that his influence upon the life of Cuzco became manifest. Mr. Derry, who contracted typhoid whilst nursing Mr. Newell, wrote :—

"Our brother had a great and eager heart for the LORD JESUS, and although he was too ill to show forth that great love in words when dying, his passing was yet a testimony to the city. A Prophet was dying, and they knew it."

Mrs. Newell, jun., wrote :—

"The funeral of my beloved husband was so sweetly simple and yet most solemn and impressive. One of the papers referred to it in the following words :—

"The funeral was solemn and imposing, no crosses, priests, responses or tolling bells, only an immense company of gentlemen and all the young men of the Colleges paying the last tribute of honour to the magnanimous man who at any time was always ready to help his fellows.'

"My Peruvian friends remonstrated with me for determining to attend the funeral, saying 'that it is not customary in Cuzco for ladies to follow,' and assuring me that I was not equal to the walk, but on finding my mind was made up many ladies met at our house to accompany us.

"The young men from the College where my husband had taught English volunteered to carry the coffin, and a

very large procession left our desolate home and proceeded slowly up the hill to the cemetery.

“According to Peruvian custom the coffin was set down at a given spot, and the mourners stood round it in the road, and to our great surprise one young fellow stepped forward and read out his tribute of praise to his late master and friend. The lad was not a Christian, and his people are fanatical Catholics, but he could not refrain from speaking in the most appreciative words of the Christlike life of the one who had been so unexpectedly removed from their midst.

“Again the procession went on a short distance and another pause was made and a similar speech read, and then the Cuzco youths gave up their charge to the Indians, as the burden was too great for them.

“How touching it was to see those poor ignorant, oppressed Indians bearing the form of him who had so often borne them on his heart in prayer to GOD, and who had sought to impress their poor unintelligent minds with the fact that JESUS loved them and had died to save them.

“We toiled up the steep ascent, and at length came to the *unconsecrated* part of the Catholic Cemetery which had so recently been placed at the disposal of those outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church.

“There was only one solitary little grave there—that of our own wee baby girl—Gladys. It was overwhelming to realize the sad, sad occasion of this visit to that spot, but the LORD upheld and sustained one as He alone can. The coffin was placed on the ground, and another young fellow in whom we were deeply interested stepped forward and expressed the following sentiment, whilst tears streamed down his face:—

““Señores, overpowered by the sorrow clouding my spirit and weighing upon my heart, and overcome by the inscrutable designs of the Eternal, confounded and oppressed, I have resolved to open my trembling lips. I do this, then, expressing my belief that the GOD of Justice

will have rewarded already the chastity of life, the brotherly love, the practical efforts, and the moral and civic virtues of our much regarded friend—now, alas! passed from us. Let us guard well his memory, dedicating always affectionate remembrances to him. May resignation and conformity to the will of GOD be with his desolate family.

“ ‘ Señores, as we leave in their ultimate resting-place remains of one who was our beloved master, let us, the young men who surrounded him in his classes, make a solemn contract and promise to endeavour to imitate him in what he was in society and amongst his fellow-workers.

“ ‘ Light be the earth above his grave; and may the Heavens inspire us to conformity with that troubled life so adventured forth on behalf of his fellow-creatures. Adieu, dear friend. Now that already the hand of death has cut short thy precious days, separating thee for ever from our company, what can I do more than rain my tears of grief shed for thee upon thy tomb, assuring thee that never shall be blotted out thy memory from my heart.’

“ Scarcely was this speech ended when a girl of thirteen took the speaker’s place and read out distinctly, though tremblingly, her little tribute. She very simply and beautifully referred to Mr. Newell having come to Cuzco to preach the Gospel, and expressed her grief that he had so quickly been called to lay down his work and labour of love.

“ At this juncture, Mr. Peters read 1 Corinthians xv. Oh, how solemnly and how majestically rang out those wonderful words! How we longed, even at that most terrible hour, that those round about might find life and peace in JESUS Who said, ‘ I am the Resurrection and the Life ’ (John xi., 25-26).

“ The coffin was lowered, and I felt my beloved one must give them the closing message, and so told Mr. Peters of the last Scripture he quoted to me, and with a clear, strong voice the grand old message sounded forth : — ‘ The Blood of JESUS CHRIST cleanseth us from all sin.’

“The followers, numbering nearly a thousand people, and including lawyers and leading men in the city, as well as students, dispersed, and we wended our way back to what had been our happy little home.

“The LORD, by His grace, enables me to add my assent to that of my beloved one to the words since found printed on his blotting paper, evidently being the close of some letter lately written.

““GOD leads Amen!

“Yours heartily in His happy service,

“‘W. H. NEWELL.’”





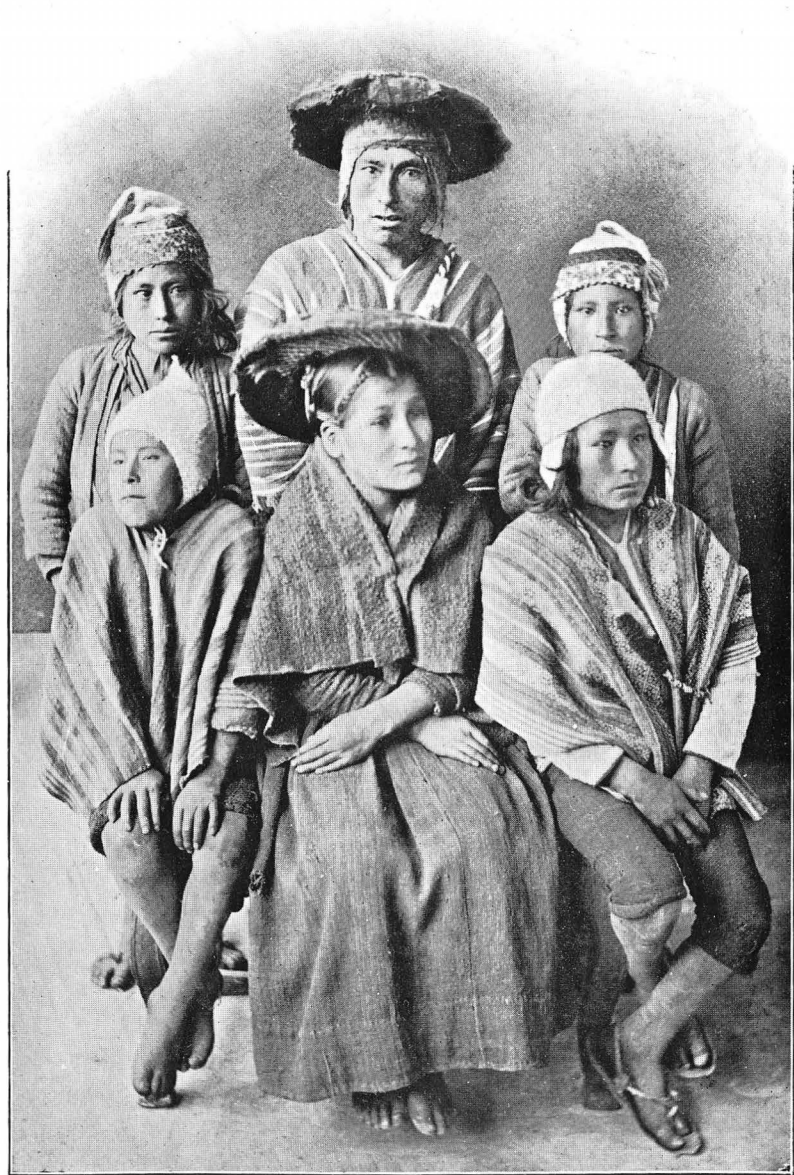
CHAPTER IX.



AFTERWARDS.

LITTLE more remains to be added to this brief record of a simple life—a life laid down as a foundation stone at the beginning of an enterprise planned, as we believe, in the heart of GOD, and destined to come to full fruition in His own good time. Early in 1903 the signs of blessing so earnestly desired by Will. Newell and his fellow-workers began to appear, and on February 22nd the first Evangelical Church in Cuzco, indeed, in the whole interior of Peru, came into existence. On that day three persons were baptized, and afterwards gathered with the missionaries at the Lord's Table. They were Ramon V—, whose story has been told in the preceding pages, Maximiliano R—e, and Augustin A—r, also frequently referred to in Mr. Newell's letters. A year later, partly as a result of a series of special services conducted by Mr. Watkins, of Mexico, many others joined the Church, and altogether between fifty and sixty baptisms have taken place in Cuzco, whilst it is a special joy to know that this number includes two descendants of Quechua Indians, believed to be the first of the Inca Race to enter the Christian faith, as well as two Chunchos, Indian savages from one of the various tribes inhabiting the forests of the Amazon, to whom the news of CHRIST'S salvation has never come.

Soon after Mr. Newell's death, his wife, with her two little girls, both of whom had been stricken down with fever, returned to England, and a few months later Mrs. Newell joined the home staff of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, being appointed Lady Superintendent of Bromley Hall, where outgoing lady missionaries receive training in nursing work.



A GROUP OF QUECHUA INDIANS.

In the autumn of 1904, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McNairn sailed for Cuzco as "in memoriam" missionaries, and have since been partially supported there by friends in Reading who knew and loved Will. Newell. Many difficulties must still be encountered by those who would work for CHRIST in Cuzco. Although a few have been "gathered out," the city as a whole remains unchanged, and the burdens that oppressed the heart of the one whose life story is given in these pages still fall heavily upon the shoulders of those who stand in his place to-day. This record will have failed in its purpose if it does not awaken sympathy on behalf of the Cuzco work for which Will. Newell lived and died.

EXTRACTS FROM FRIENDS' LETTERS.

FROM MR. PETERS, OF CUZCO.

"Your letter seems almost as though it came from Will. himself. Oh! that it were possible to get a word from him. A great light has gone out of my life, and I am so lonely without him—my dearest brother on earth. Oh! if only I could have gone in his place, for he surely was more needed here than I am, and did far more good. He was far more worthy to stay on here than I, but then he was far more fit to go up higher, too, than his poor brother, 'Glory.' I have never been moved so much in all my life as by dear Will.'s home-call. It has made me consecrate myself to the dear JESUS more than ever, and more solemnly and seriously. I feel nearer to Heaven, too,—oh! so near, but I hardly know how to express it. He is there, and I have really longed to go and be with him; it all seems so real up there now. The thought came to me as Will. went up in the chariot of fire. 'Well, the dear Master has some special work for Will. up above, that only Will. in all the world can accomplish.' This seemed to give me some comfort and appealed a little to my reason, for I could not see any reason in his going and dear Fan. being left with the two little ones. . . . The

LORD only knows what I have suffered in secret. I cannot realize anything save that I am alone and have to do all the work here myself. A horrid nightmare has overshadowed me, and many months will pass away ere I emerge from it, I know. I often imagine that Will. must walk in some time, and yet there are his rooms all locked up and still as the grave itself.

“Oh, my dear Will., would that I had died for thee. These four years in Cuzco with him have marvellously united our souls, and I felt for Will. as Jonathan for David. Pray for me as you used to for my beloved Will., that every day I may get nearer to JESUS in everything, and that I may be the means of bringing many souls to the dear LORD. Oh, that He would bless the work of my hands to the salvation of many poor dark, dark hearts in Peru. I thirst, I crave, I long for this.

“May the mantle of beloved Will. fall on me, who am so unworthy of any Heavenly blessing. May the peace of GOD Himself keep you and sustain you all.”

FROM MR. HENRY T. PUGH.

“I am glad that you are taking steps to make your dear boy's short but valuable and happy life of use to others. The memory of his bright and whole-hearted service is an inspiration to those who knew him.

“I first saw him at the Kendrick Schools in April, 1882. He was in the school choir, and I was struck by his sweet singing, which was so used and blessed in Mission work afterwards. My next recollection of him is as a member of the school cricket team. It was in a match at Basingstoke, and the opposing team was far too strong for us. Will. was bowling, and though knocked about, kept on with such determination as marked him, in my estimation, as one well fitted for the battle of life.

“After leaving school in 1885, I lost sight of your son, and did not come across him again until after the establishment of the Sunday Evening Mission Band. It was in connection with the services held by the Mission

Band that his best work in Reading was done. Both indoors and in the open air he spoke and sang with sweet persuasiveness and power, but it was in his personal work with those whom he knew that his greatest success was achieved. His enthusiasm and spiritual joy were contagious, and many of us, now that the Master's will in taking His 'good and faithful servant' to Himself is acquiesced in, feel our hearts glow as we recall the bright life of our dear brother."

FROM THE REV. G. E. HICKS, OF MOTIHARI,
BEHAR, NORTH INDIA.

"What am I to say to you—I know not! My heart has been going up in prayer ever since. To me the LORD's having taken Will. is inexplicable, except that I cannot help feeling that he was ripe for it; and the dear LORD, Who never afflicts willingly,—without His own purpose being in it—saw that Will. would do even better work up in the glory-land. My heart aches so much about it, that I cannot express to you what I feel. The world seems so much colder and poorer when I try to think that Will. has really gone. What it means to you I cannot imagine. If only I could come and try to comfort you. I know so well the terrible pain you are passing through, but I have a kind of feeling that you will come out triumphant in this trial; and when you begin to realize the honour GOD has put upon you in having such a son as Will., and in his being so rapidly made fit for higher service, out of the midst of your sorrow you will raise notes of gratitude to the LORD for His love and condescension. I feel sad that my life and character has not reached that stage when GOD will want me too. Three of my dearest friends are now beyond the river—Woodcock, Tomkins, and now Will, and I am realizing as never before that 'Home' is not here, but yonder."

FOR CHRIST AND CUZCO.

FROM THE REV. G. BASDEN.

“I do not know how to express my grief at the news from Cuzco. I little thought Will’s work would have been completed so quickly. Yet one ought not to be surprised. He was so devoted to His Master; so whole-hearted. His crown has been soon won; we cannot mourn for him; but for you and poor Peru my heart goes out in sympathy. I have lost a friend, a brother—one who taught me much of the knowledge of the LORD.”

FROM MISS BAZETT, HIGHFIELD.

“My thoughts and prayers have been much with you and young Mrs. Newell. GOD’s ways are above ours indeed, but one day we shall know the reason of all that seems mysterious now. Your son has lived the best of his years for CHRIST, and has shewn to others that CHRIST’s service was a happy one, and now he has entered into the joy of his reward. May the GOD of all comfort come into the empty place of your heart and life. May He undertake for young Mrs. Newell too—she will be upheld by all the prayers, and she knows how to trust her Saviour in times of trial. Last night our Women’s Conference Mission—of which she was the first Secretary—desired me to convey to you their sympathy.”

FROM THE REV. HUBERT BROOKE, BRIGHTON.

“It is with the deepest sympathy that we have heard of your sad news. Sad for you both, and for your daughter-in-law; but surely most blessed for him. The thought of him has always been so bright and cheery, and his life’s testimony to his Master was so glad and natural, that one can only feel how readily he would pass into the presence of his LORD, and how home-like the better land must be to him. We shall indeed think of you much in prayer, and surely you will have the deepest consolation from the LORD, to Whom you gave him for the highest service.”

FROM MR. J. MILLARD (SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT
AT ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, READING.

"There are seasons when a trial comes with such terrible suddenness that the soul's desire is to be in close communion with GOD, trying to catch His words—'It is I, be not afraid.' We have so deeply felt the loss of your son, whom to know was to love and esteem. I shall not forget the true expression of sympathy when I spoke of his death on Sunday. May GOD support you with the thought that your son is at rest with the Saviour Whom he so loved to serve."

FROM MR. R. STARK'S LETTER TO MESSRS. PETERS
AND DERRY IN CUZCO.

"We were shocked to read in the *Telegram* from Cuzco of dear Will. Newell's death. It comes very near and has cast a cloud over us. We do feel so much for dear Mrs. Newell in her deep, deep sorrow. Dear Will's career has not been a long one; but evidently from the paper's account he was rapidly winning his way in the hearts of many. He has the honour of being the first Christian Missionary to lay down his life for the dusky sons of the Incas in Cuzco. May much fruit spring from his grave to many."

FROM THE REV. H. C. LEES, ST. JOHN'S VICARAGE,
KENILWORTH.

"What can I say to the news which came as such a sudden shock this afternoon to us, and how much more to you. And yet you will not grudge even this greatest sacrifice. You, who together yielded him to our Master's service, when we stood on the tender four-and-a-half years ago, and left him on the deck of the 'Oropesa,' 'It is the LORD, let Him do what seemeth Him good.' He has called our comrade to a commission on His staff, and his death is promotion for a good soldier of JESUS CHRIST. Meantime, there is your loss and aching hearts, and there

is his young widow and the children. We have been spreading the need of all of you before the LORD together this afternoon. May you realize all the comfort of the LORD's tenderness, and all the strength of His support in this sad time, and in the suspense of the next few weeks."

FROM MR. WHEELER, ONE OF WILL. NEWELL'S EARLIEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS IN BOYHOOD.

"I cannot express how my heart aches for you in this time of our great sorrow. How much I loved our dear Will, he will never know now on this earth, and the loss has left an aching void which I know can never be filled. Truest of friends—I shall never meet his like again. I never, during the long time of our close intimacy, knew my dear chum to do a doubtful thing. The soul of honour, I looked upon our friendship as one of the sweetest privileges any could be favoured with. He was miles above me in all ways: but he honoured me with his sweet friendship, and I shall prize the thought to the end. . . . I knew him to be very nervous at times, but if he felt the honour of his Master called for it, he would be as firm as a rock and as brave as a lion—he could no more act a lie than tell it. I *claim*, by the mysterious inner knowledge gained by chumship, to be able to speak of his character better than any other, except yourselves. Never until now have I been able to enter into David's lament, 'I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful.' Dearest of natures! I cannot understand why *he* was taken from me. I can only think GOD wanted him, and so took him to his great rich reward. . . . I place him amongst my heroes, for I know well with what determination he fought the fight, gained the victory, and now has reached the throne where I hope to join the dearest and best friend any man was ever blessed with."

FROM MR. G. LINE, KENWYN LODGE, FINCHLEY.

“I read your letter to father about your dear Will’s home-call, and I immediately felt what a heavy blow this Providence of GOD must be to you and to Mr. Newell. Will. was such a lovable boy, and, as the Word expresses it, ‘a choice young man.’ Manly, open, fearless, and, beyond all, I believe he had one aim in life—to be a good soldier of CHRIST JESUS. He has fallen in the conflict at an early age. Let us not doubt that the great Captain of our Salvation will have the victory, and ‘those who have suffered with Him will reign with Him.’ For dear Will. victory has come, and a blessed day will come when his name will be confessed by his LORD and MASTER. . . . Meanwhile, a brother’s loving heart and a father’s, and GOD’s people sympathise with tenderness and some appreciation of the pain you both endure. . . . Be sure that all Will’s labour and testimony will receive its full reward. . . . ‘Can you drink of the cup that I drink?’ He asked. May our hearts desire the privilege of sharing the fellowship of His sufferings. . . .”

FROM MR. AND MRS. J. S. HORNE, STRADBROKE.

“We pray that the GOD of all comfort may be very near you in this dark hour, and that His living presence may fill the void in your heart by the removal of dear Will. For him it is a glorious exchange, and one we almost envy; for while some are toiling for the bread that perisheth, he has been toiling for the King, and ere now has doubtless received the glad welcome to the Saviour’s presence, with the blessed ‘Well done.’ He would be the last to admit the ‘well done’; but the gracious LORD knows what sacrifices have been endured, what labours expended, what patience has been exercised, what faith put to the test, and now the armour is laid aside—so soon apparently to us—but the work of the servant done, and well done. Does it not ease our pain to think of their joy? Is there one regret in his heart at

the exchange? Would he comfort his loved mother and wife? Will he not take your woes to the LORD and ask Him to comfort you, and will that comfort be denied? We earnestly pray that you may be able to receive all the consolation He is waiting to bestow."

FROM MR. J. LINE, SEN.

"We commend you to GOD and the Word of His Grace. 'He that loseth his life for My sake, the same shall find it.' 'Where I am, there shall My servant be.' 'The dead in CHRIST shall rise first.' . . . Your precious son will be among the dead in CHRIST who shall rise first. They shall have priority of blessing at our LORD's coming. . . I can quite realize that the prayerful, submissive, hopeful yearning of your heart will with intensified appeal be saying—'Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly.' The dear wife and myself will unceasingly bear you all up in prayer, as will the assembly."

FROM THE REV. A. J. DAVIES, PASTOR OF
CAREY CHURCH, READING.

"You have the deepest sympathy and the most fervent prayers of the many, many friends who sorrow with you, but there are times when the best sympathy we can render is to pray, and we are all asking the Master to sustain and comfort you. You have given your beloved son up to His service, and in that service he has laid down his life. Motherhood can have no higher honour from CHRIST than this. And 'tis but for a little while. The Home into which the Master has called your beloved is yours too, and at the 'Break of Day' you will look into each other's eyes again, and the shadow of death will have passed for ever, and meanwhile the dear LORD Who leads our beloved on the other side of the veil, has charge of us who are still left on the hither side. May His pierced hand touch your sore wound and heal it; may He speak words of comfort to you such as no human lip can utter."

FROM MR. HUNT, OF READING Y.M.C.A.

“At our meeting yesterday the news of the decease of your son was mentioned, and I am requested to convey to you and your family the sincere sympathy of our Association generally, and of those who knew him personally in particular. In this I need not say I cordially unite.”

FROM THE REV. ARTHUR BOWEN, ONE OF WILL. NEWELL'S
BEST BELOVED COLLEGE CHUMS.

“Your darling one has gone before us into the presence of the King. I long in some way to be a comfort to your poor stricken heart at this time. No one outside your own family circle loved or was beloved more than I, and how proud I always was, and shall ever be, that we were ‘David and Jonathan’ in the LORD’S service. I praise GOD that in the darkest hour of sorrow He gave you to say—‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust him.’ At the longest it will be but a short time before we are re-united with our dear one, and he would have us work for souls with all our hearts, for the time is so short. That I was Will’s best friend is in itself a holy inspiration to me, and though separated much and long, our love never waned, but waxed more and more. Let me then help a little, dear Mother and Father, to fill the breach ‘Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.’”

FROM MRS. FIDLER, WARREN SIDE, CAVERSHAM.

“What can I say to you to comfort in this heavy trial? I know well that only our loving Father can uphold and strengthen you to bear it. I know how your heart is aching and it does seem so hard for dear Fan. out there in Peru, so far from you all; but GOD knoweth best, dear one, and He can make even the death of His saint to glorify Him; but I cannot seem to realize that your dear boy has gone to ‘glory-land.’ I shall never, never forget his last words to the people of Reading as the train passed out of the station (a big crowd of workers and friends had

assembled), 'Souls for JESUS! Shine bright!' he called, as he waved his hat. GOD grant that we may all remember that."

FROM MISS ANDREWS, TEIGNMOUTH.

"It is with deep sympathy I pen these lines, having heard of the home-call of your beloved son (through our mutual friend, Miss Gater, who was so deeply interested in your son's work, and who grieves so much with us for you all). The sweet recollection of your visit to Teignmouth has been ever fresh to me. You may wonder who it is that is addressing you, but it is one to whom you spoke in the Cottage Meeting on 'The Shepherd's care.' How often have I pondered over the words which fell from your son's lips on the beach. May the GOD of all comfort be with you."

FROM MRS. HAWKINS, READING.

"I could hardly believe the news at first, so young, so bright, so full of devotedness to his Master, I seem even now to hear his voice again as he pleaded in our King's Road Schoolroom for the cause he loved. I grieve for the missionary cause, and for your present loss, and yet it seems to me you are almost to be envied, dear friend, a man who was not only a Christian, but a hero whose name and influence will live in many hearts and lives for years to come. May the blessed LORD Himself enfold you just now until you almost hear the echo of the song 'Glory to the Lamb,' that he is sharing now; and as your will is lost in your Father's, may a sweet reflection of that glory make everything else possible to you. GOD bless the dear little widow and children! I am sure He will and comfort her abundantly."

FROM MRS. JACKSON, SHERFIELD.

"How grieved we were at your sad loss. He is forever with the LORD, but to the loved ones left behind

our hearts go out, and to Mrs. Newell left alone in that foreign land. What comfort to know that GOD is with her. We cannot understand His ways, but we know they are *perfect*. May he do in his death what he could not do in his life! Heaven is richer for his entrance, and earth is much poorer. Surely many will miss him in the dark land of Peru. He could not live there so long without gaining friends."

*Written to Mrs. Newell, sen., and translated by Mrs. Newell,
jun. :—*

"CUZCO,

"November 7th, 1902.

"SEÑORA MARTHA DE NEWELL.

"Very worthy Señora,

"To the many tears that will be shed we add (my family and I) an insignificant drop; but sincerely we weep and we shall alway weep, for he was a friend, a father, or better spoken, a true apostle of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

"Thanks to him I have turned to the true way, and am saved by faith in JESUS CHRIST.

"Yes, Señora, he has died, we have seen it, we have seen death triumph over his poor weak body, but also he has sealed the Gospel with his death. For Cuzco—ever an admirer of his noble qualities—his death has been even more blessed than his noble acts.

"I believe, Señora, that Cuzco, given up to idolatry and accustomed to see as natural things so many abuses in the name of religion, has been able to compare and admire your son as a hero of the Gospel.

"Mr. Newell, with his very amiable and frank manner, made himself liked by all; and who has not shed tears and said 'the best of friends, the best of Englishmen'?

"The designs of Providence are impenetrable and always end well, so we believe that the death of Mr. Newell has been permitted for the conversion of many.

His doctrines and his example cannot be forgotten, because sealed by his death.

“One of the most insignificant of his friends, owing him a debt of gratitude, could not but write these lines, though badly expressed; but you, Señora, honoured mother of Mr. Newell, will not see in them more than a sincere manifestation of esteem; for, although unknown to us, we love you, for your son often spoke of you, remembering you with love and tenderness.

“Very rarely do we find in a person so many good qualities as in your son. The best son, the best husband, the best friend, the best man. Happy are you that in the midst of your grief you can see your son a cherub in the choir of Angels.

“Your humble servant in JESUS CHRIST,

“MAXIMILIANO RECHARTE.”

London:

**P. B. BEDDOW, "PRESS" PRINTING WORKS,
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