The Character Building Library

Missions and Miracles

The stories and struggles of those who blazed the trails into unknown lands – to carry the gospel light

PART ONE
35 BIOGRAPHIES OF MISSIONARY PIONEERS

PART TWO
187 STORIES OF GOD’S PROTECTING HELP

OVER 100 ILLUSTRATIONS

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, . . . and, lo, I am with you alway!”

Matthew 28:19-20

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222 astounding stories of God’s protecting care over men and women like yourself.

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Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er!
Till none can say of the children of men,
“Nobody ever has told me before!”
Part One:

They Went

Before...

True Stories of Pioneer Missionaries
Selected from Various Outstanding Collections
THE DELEGATION OF INDIANS FROM THE WEST

“I come to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. My people sent me to get the White Man's Book of Heaven.”
CHAPTER ONE

MARCUS WHITMAN

Missionary Physician


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

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

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

"I come to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people who sit in darkness; I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the White Man’s Book of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours; and the Book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles; and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond; but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long and sad trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them; yet the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council,
that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no White Man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

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

**THE CALL ANSWERED**

When the plea for the "White Man's Book" was published in the East, it made a profound impression. The call was sent out, "Who will respond to go beyond the Rocky Mountains and carry the Book of Heaven?" The Methodists sent the Lees in 1834; and the American Board sent Whitman and Spalding and their brides in 1836. On being asked if she would go, Mrs. Spalding took it to the Lord in prayer and then came forth, her face beaming with devotion, and said, "I have made up my mind to go." "But your health?" protested her husband. She replied: "I like the command just as it stands. 'Go ye into all the world, and
INDIAN BURIAL

A weeping widow flees from her husband's burial pole rack. His horses have been slain and their heads and tails fastened to the rack, thinking that this might carry him into the next world.
preach the gospel,’ with no exceptions for poor health.” She bore the journey bravely, and was the first to translate the Scriptures and songs into the Indian dialect.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

*Let me hide myself in Thee.*”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of the long and dangerous journey, in which they were snowbound four days in a deep ravine, in a terrible storm, far from the habitations of men, we cannot speak particularly. Neither cold, nor storm, nor bridgeless streams, could turn them back. Provisions ran so low they had to resort to mule and dog meat
Only those who have been over the trackless peaks and snow-drifted gorges of the Rockies in winter can understand the perils of the journey those brave men were undertaking. It seemed like a ride, as was said of it, “down the valley of the shadow of death.” But, wait until spring he could not.
for food. The current of the Grand River was so swift that the intense cold had frozen either side only one third across. The guide hesitated; but the doctor mounted his horse, and General Lovejoy and the guide pushed them in. Down they went, horse and rider completely under; but directly they came up and, after a fierce struggle with the rushing waters, they reached the ice on the opposite side, far down the stream. The doctor leaped from his horse upon the frozen fringe, and soon his noble animal bore him safely to the other side. His comrades followed, and all dried their frozen clothes by a fire they managed to build.

General Lovejoy stopped at Fort Bent; but the doctor pushed on and on, to Washington. It need not be said that he arrived there in safety; a prayer-filled heart in the mission home thousands of miles away had followed him with its petitions every day. And almost in despair he himself had prayed that he might reach the capital before it was too late. Now he is there. Will he be received? Will his message be heard? His appearance in the capital city, in his coarse skin garments, was almost as novel as that of the Indians in St. Louis. But there is no hint that he suffered because of lack of fashionable clothing. President Tyler and Secretary Webster received and treated him with deference and respect.

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

President Tyler promptly stated, “Dr. Whitman, your long ride and frozen limbs speak for your cour-
age and patriotism; your missionary credentials are
good vouchers for your character.” He readily granted
the request.
Before the man clothed in buckskin left the capi-
tal, a message was on the way to our ambassador in
England declaring, “The United States will consent
to give nothing below the latitude of forty-nine de-
grees.” And when it was known that Whitman was
pilot of a caravan of one thousand Americans to Or-
egon, a second message, more positive, was sent.
Too many circumstances for detail prove that Whit-
man’s ride was none too soon. In April 1846, a treaty
was finally signed, by which Oregon was saved; and
the war with Mexico, in which California was endan-
gered, was declared but a month later.
Every just and holy cause has its enemies, and so has every man who enters such a cause. “The Jesuit priests who were attached to the Hudson Bay Company,” states Mr. Nixon, “seconded the interest of the company, and attempted to teach religion to the Indian and still leave him a savage. Upon the coming of the Protestant missionaries, the Indians welcomed them and expressed great delight at the prospect of being taught. They gave their choice locations to the missions and the most solemn promise to cooperate in the work.” But Dr. Whitman’s famous ride, and his piloting of the settlers to Oregon, made him a marked man; and when the treaty was signed in 1846, and England lost Oregon, Whitman was doubtless from that hour a doomed man.

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

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

It must not be thought that a great number of the
Indians were led into the murder of their benefac-
tors, or that the influence of the unselfish workers
perished with them. Seven years after the massacre,
Gen. J. Palmer said, “Forty-five Cayuse and one thou-
sand Nez Percés have kept up regular family and pub-
lic worship.” They sang and read the translations
made by Mr. and Mrs. Whitman; and, after an ab-
sence of twelve years, the tribe was still worshiping.
So, when a school was opened, it was crowded at
once with children.

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

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

JOHN ELIOT

Puritan Apostle to the American Indians


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER THREE
THE MAYHEWS
Five Generations of Missionaries
(1641 to 1806)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAVID BRAINERD

Presbyterian Missionary to the American Indians

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This well-illustrates that “the greatest victories, to the church of Christ or to the individual Christian, are not those that are gained by talent or education, by wealth or the favor of men. They are those victories that are gained in the audience-chamber with God, when earnest, agonizing faith lays hold upon the mighty arm of power.”

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

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

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

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

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

The fruits of their repentance Brainerd thus describes: “All their deportment toward each other was
THE CIRCUIT RIDER

An early engraving of a circuit riding preacher in the early 1800s. These brave and dedicated ministers laid the spiritual foundations of the nation. David Brainerd was one of the first, traveling over three thousand miles a year, to minister to the souls of the Indians.
such that a serious spectator might justly be excited to cry out with admiration, 'Behold how they love one anther!'" The change was manifest in their very countenances as well as their conduct.

This great work was not pressed to such victories without strenuous opposition. Many attempts were made by some ill-minded persons to prejudice them against or frighten them from Christianity. "Sometimes they told them that I was a knave, a deceiver, and the like—that I daily told them lies, and had no other design but to impose upon them." And finally, "my design was to gather together as large a body of them, as I possibly could, and then sell them to England for slaves; nothing could more likely terrify the Indians."

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

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

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

CHAPTER FIVE

BARTHOLOMEW ZIEGENBALG

The First Protestant Missionary to India

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

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

Just a century, to the year, before the birth of Samuel Mills in America, there was born in Saxony the boy who was to respond to the call of the King in bearing a message to India's faraway land. That boy was Bartholomew Ziegenbalg. He was left an orphan at the age of six. By the bedside of his dying mother the weeping children gathered. With much effort she raised herself up, that her failing voice might be heard, and said, "My dear children, I am leaving to you a great treasure, a very great treasure."

"A treasure, Mother dear?" questioned the eldest daughter, in surprise. "Where is that treasure?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“These first missionaries that ever trod the soil of
18th CENTURY BRITISH SAILING SHIP
India had gone over the wide seas to win a new empire for Christ; and as they stood on the night after they landed, with no shelter but the sky and no companions but the stars, left by the governor to shift for themselves, a pathetic interest invested their loneliness. What a task before them, and what a welcome to their new field! One of the governor’s suite took pity on them, and they found for the first few days a place of sojourn. Then they were allowed to occupy a house upon the wall, close to the heathen quarters; and, all undaunted by difficulties, Ziegenbalg, six days after his landing, was busy at the Tamil, though he had neither dictionary, grammar, nor alphabet! He sat down with the native children, writing with fingers in the sand, to learn the strange language in which were locked up the secrets of access to the people and their religion” (from The New Acts of the Apostles).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“The ship reached its destination, Bergen, Norway, on the first of June 1715. The king of Denmark
was, at this time, engaged in the siege of Stralsund. The country around was one vast encampment. To the royal camp Ziegenbalg hurried with all speed, for he desired greatly to see the king. He was at once admitted into the presence of his majesty, though he came unannounced. . . . There was much excitement among the Danish troops, for it had been voiced abroad that a distinguished stranger had arrived. . . . When the stranger came forth from the presence of the king, the interested spectators saw a man of commanding presence, of great dignity, with flashing eyes, resolute and calm in his demeanor, a bronzed face, seamed with deep lines of care. He was invited to preach the Word of God to the assembled troops, and his message found deeply interested listeners.”

He visited Germany, and vast audiences listened to his preaching. He was also presented to King George I, who wrote him on his return to Tranquebar, expressing his pleasure, ‘not only because the work undertaken by you of converting the heathen to the Christian faith doth, by the grace of God, prosper, but also because that, in this our kingdom, such a laudable zeal for the promotion of the gospel prevails.’ ”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“May I make bold to ask you whither you sail?”

“To Greenland.”

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

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

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

At this supreme moment, the brave Gertrude
stepped upon the gangplank, placed her hand upon the pastor’s arm; and, in decisive tones, she said, “Hans, be a man and a true servant of God! Listen! listen! O people of little faith! I hear, from faraway, the voices of souls that are perishing in Greenland! I hear them calling, ‘Come and help!’ Will you hinder? Husband, in the name of God, we must go!”

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

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

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

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

GREENLAND ESKIMO WOMAN
Cooking device using seal oil to cook stewed seal meat in the containers hung from the wooden frame. She uses a sharp bone to poke the moss wick and increase the flame.
A key to the strange language was at length found in the one word, "kina." What is it? How much is wrapped in a single word! With this they found their way into the mysteries leading at last to the hearts of the people. The eldest son drew pictures of Bible scenes and the father explained them. This way aroused some interest among the drowsy natives.

So many hardships had to be endured, that numbers of the colonists grew weary of the roughness of the way. They besought their pastor to return with them to the homeland. Suddenly Gertrude stood before them. "Are you men," said she, "thus to counsel the retreat from the blessed work of God? What is it that has broken your courage? Hunger? Then take the food we have kept for our children. Take it; go, and leave us peacefully to our Lord's will. God will not forget us!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER SEVEN
COUNT NICOLAS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF
Lutheran Evangelist; later a Moravian Organizer

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

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

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

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

He was sent to school at Halle, to be under the care of that earnest home missionary, August Hermann Francke. Amid new surroundings and temptations, the boy, like Joseph in Egypt, was still true to his heavenly Friend. Refusing to be influenced by worldly associates, he at once began to influence others for good; and the first year, when only ten, he formed a young people’s society, called “The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed.” Their badge was a shield with the inscription, “His Wounds Our Healing.” He had learned by experience that there is a shield for those who flee to those wounds for refuge. The first article of this new order was, “The members of our society will love the whole human family.” They
pledged themselves “to confess Christ faithfully, to exercise love toward their neighbors,” and “to seek the conversion of others, both Jews and the heathen.” Here in spirit was a world’s missionary society, a half century before the birth of Carey. Indeed, the Spirit of Christ is a missionary spirit, for neighbors, for Jews, and for the heathen, both nigh and afar off.

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

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

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

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

On leaving the wicked city, he exclaimed, as many have felt to do, “O brilliant misery!”

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

At the time of the birth of Zinzendorf, it seemed as if Protestantism in intolerant Austria had almost breathed its last. Its adherents had been imprisoned, banished, drowned, and burned. There were a few, however, of the spiritual followers of Wyclif, Huss, and Jerome, the Moravian brethren, who held to the Word of God as their dearest earthly treasure. Here and there was a Bible in a cellar, in a hole in the wall, in a hollow log, or in a space beneath the dog kennel—a secret which the head of the family would dare to make known, even to his children, only on his death-bed (from *The Moravians*, by C. Thompson).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At Copenhagen they met fresh opposition and ridicule; but they were not dismayed, and quietly held to their purpose. Their cause at last gained the attention of the royal chaplains and high officials; and, finally, the queen and Princess Amelia contributed toward their expenses.
They arrived at St. Thomas on December 13, 1732. Dober’s trials in the homeland were only the beginning. Part of the time, he lived on bread and water; but he fed the slaves with bread from heaven. His friend returned to Europe the next spring; and it was sixteen months longer before Dober heard from his Herrnhut home. Suddenly one evening, who should appear before him but Tobias, the friend of his early consecration! He had come as one of a band of eighteen missionaries for this island and St. Croix. Their passage had lasted over half a year; and their state-room was a pen ten feet by ten, under the second deck, too low for them to sit upright. They suffered much on the way, and some of them died soon after arrival.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In 1741, Count Zinzendorf visited America and founded the celebrated Moravian colony at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The next year, in company with Spangenberg, who became his successor, he formed the first Indian Moravian Church at Shekomeco, near where Brainerd began his work a year later.

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

It was the perfect peace, during a terrific storm, possessed by a company of German Moravians, that so impressed John Wesley during his missionary voyage to America in 1736. While the English passengers were screaming with fright, the Moravians calmly sang praise to Him who “maketh the storm a calm” “and bringeth them unto their desired haven.”
“Were you not afraid?” Wesley asked one of them. “I thank God, no,” he replied. “But were not your women and children afraid?”

“No,” he mildly answered, “our women and children are not afraid to die.”

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

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

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

One of the most remarkable men of modern times, Zinzendorf’s experience was in harmony with his words, “The whole world is the Lord’s; men’s souls are all His; I am debtor to all.”
CHAPTER EIGHT
ROBERT MOFFAT AND MARY MOFFAT

Lights in Darkest Africa

More than a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the church, met one of his deacons, whose face looked stern and cross.

“I came early to meet you,” he said. “I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy.”

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

“I feel it all,” he said; “I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results.”

“Yes, yes,” said the deacon, “but ‘by their fruits ye shall know them;’ and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me not much evidence of true faith and zeal. I don’t want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly.”

“True,” said the old man; “but ‘charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.’ Ay, there you have it; ‘hopeth all things’! I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all.”

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his sermon with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blossoming trees in the old churchyard.

He lingered in the dear old church after the rest
were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sac-
cred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his
spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he
had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone genera-
tion and had welcomed the children of a new genera-
tion; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last
that his work was no longer blessed!

No one remained—no one?—“Only a boy.”
The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trem-
bling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympa-
thy. He went to him, and laid his hand on his black
gown.

“Well, Robert?” said the minister.

“Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an
education, I could ever become a preacher?”

“A preacher? Perhaps a missionary.” There was a
long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old min-
ister. At length he said: “This heals the ache in my
heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God
bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a
preacher.”

Many years ago there returned to London from
Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with
reverence. When he spoke in public, there was a deep
silence. Priests stood uncovered before him; nobles
invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the church of Christ
on earth; had brought the gospel to the most savage
of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to
strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge
the Royal Geographical Society; and had honored the
humble place of his birth, the Scottish church, the
United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit ap-
ppears. But the harvests of right intentions are sure.
The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to one boy, and what that one boy was to the world.

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

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

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

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

"I parted from my beloved mother, now long gone," he says, "but I never forgot my promise to my mother."

A number of items on Moffat are gleaned from his biography, written by D.J. Deane, Partridge and Co., in London.

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

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

“Servants! what do you mean!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Are you Africaner?”

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

“O God, what a miracle of Thy power!” exclaimed the Christian man. “What cannot Thy grace accomplish!”

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

This remarkable man, whose transformation is another of the miracles of missions, adorned his profession to the end. To his assembled people, he said at life’s close, “We are not what we were—savages—but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me.”

A lonely life the missionary led, and peculiarly so when one who was trained in a Moravian school, well-fitted and longing to share his toils, was prevented by fond parents from doing so. When hope had fled,
however, permission came; and, in 1819, Miss Mary Smith landed safely in Cape Town, where the happy pair were married. After the toilsome fashion of travel with teams of oxen, the missionary party, including Mr. J. Campbell, set out for Lattakoo, later called Kuruman. The journey through fertile districts and desert sands was finally accomplished. Soon a visit was made among the tribes that had never seen white people before. Great was their wonder at the dress and habits of the strange visitors. For hours they would sit and watch them. The most important event in 1820 was the visit of a maiden named for her mother, whom the missionaries gave a very tender place in their new home; and it was she who afterward became the wife of David Livingstone.

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

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

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

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

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

"From that hour," said the missionary, "I gave myself with untiring diligence to the acquisition of the language."

For years they labored for hearts as barren as the surrounding deserts. The natives plotted against them, and came to drive them from the mission. Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton stood near the house; and, while the chief was speaking, he stood quivering his
spear in his right hand. Mrs. Moffat was at the door of their cottage, with the babe in her arms, watching the crisis.

Said Mr. Moffat to the leader: “You may shed blood or burn us out. We know you will not touch our wives and children.” Then, throwing open his waistcoat, he said, “If you will, drive your spears to my heart; and when you have slain me, my companions will know that the hour has come for them to depart.”

“These men must have ten lives,” said the chief to his companions, “when they are so fearless of death. There must be something in immortality.” And they departed, leaving the missionaries still in command.

An awakening came after ten years of toil. The day before the first converts were received, a box arrived from England, which had been one year on the way. When opened, it was found to contain a communion service, for which Mrs. Moffat had asked more than two years before. Marked changes soon took place. Schools were established, a stone chapel was built, a printing plant installed. The New Testament was translated by Mr. Moffat. The manuscript was sent to England, and 6,000 copies were printed. “I felt it to be an awful thing,” said the reverent man, “to translate the Book of God.” And when, after nearly thirty years spent upon the great work, he had completed the last verse, he says, “My feelings found vent by my falling upon my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task.”

But time and toils and sorrows told upon the aged veterans. One after another of the standard-bearers, younger in years, fell in the field. In 1862 they suffered the loss of their eldest son, Robert; and a few weeks later came the tidings of the death of Mary
Livingstone at Shupanga. Leaving their son, John Moffat, in charge at Kuruman, these volunteers in the King's advance guard withdrew from the outpost; and in 1870, after over half a century of absence, excepting one visit, they returned to the homeland. Only a few months later, Mary Moffat rested from her labors. For thirteen peaceful years, the aged missionary was spared; and upon him were showered the honors of his queen and country. In 1874, he was called upon to identify the remains of Dr. Livingstone and attended his funeral. His last days were spent at Leigh, near Tunbridge. August 10, 1883, he died, at the age of eighty-eight.

"The grave has just closed over one of the most notable men whose figures are familiar to the inhabitants of Brighton," said the Daily News of that city. "Robert Moffat belonged to no sect or party. To better the world and advance the one church formed the sole end of his being."

He who once said, "I have sometimes seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been," went to many of them with the true light that still shines.
“DEATH alone will put a stop to my efforts!” was the exclamation of the man who died upon his knees in the heart of Africa, praying for “the open sore of the Lord.” Such determination in a life of such self-abnegation, as that of David Livingstone, can only be understood in the light thrown upon life’s duties by the words of the Master, “I do always those things that please Him.”
CHAPTER NINE
DAVID LIVINGSTONE
Missionary Explorer

“Let marble crumble; this is Living-stone.”


“Death alone will put a stop to my efforts!” was the exclamation of the man who died upon his knees in the heart of Africa, praying for “the open sore of the Lord.” Such determination in a life of such self-abnegation, as that of David Livingstone, can only be understood in the light thrown upon life’s duties by the words of the Master, “I do always those things that please Him.” It is certain that our Father in heaven has a well-defined plan for each of His children, and just to the extent that that plan is found and followed does any life attain completeness or true greatness.

The same year that God gave the Judsons a home in Burma, He gave Livingstone to the world. His “poor and pious” parents were Neil and Agnes Livingstone.

At nine David had received a prize for repeating Psalm 119 “with only five hitches.” At the same age he had explored the country about his home, begun a collection of curios, and carved his name in Bothwell Castle higher than any other boy had climbed.

His parents were so poor that he was taken from school at ten and put to work in a cotton mill, where he spent fourteen hours a day, with scant time for meals. Thinking of his mother’s needs more than his own, his first week’s wages were placed in her lap; but enough was spared, by her, to secure for him a
Latin grammar.

He might have reasoned that he had no time for study with so much work; but not so. His time was his life; he would make the most of it. He had one quality, if lacking, we would never have heard of him. It was determination; he would not fail. How did he manage? He would place a book upon the spinning-jenny, then study undisturbed by the roar of machinery. “To this,” he says, “I owe the power of completely abstracting my mind, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children and songs of savages.” Thus he learned to be a master, not a slave, of circumstances. Of all the books that found their way to that jenny, not a novel was among them. Added to his long day’s work was attendance at night school, from eight to ten.

The influence of his parents and two of Dr. Dick’s books led him to yield his heart to Jesus. “Now, lad,” said a friend, “make religion the everyday business of your life.” He read the Life of Henry Martyn and the story of Gützlaff; but it was the latter’s appeal, in behalf of China, that led him to decide to devote not only his earnings but his life to mission work.

After studying theology and medicine at Glasgow, he offered himself to the London Society; but, because of failure in his first effort in the pulpit, he was refused.

One member, only, pleaded for him, at last successfully. In 1840, he received his medical diploma and was ordained. The opium war shut him out of China, where he had thought to go; but, while waiting, he met Dr. Moffat, who said he had seen in Africa “the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been.”

“I will go at once to Africa,” said Livingstone. He
returned, for one night, to his old home. The next morning at the family altar, David read Psalms 121 and 135, then prayed. Father and son walked together to Glasgow, where they parted to meet no more till earth gives up her dead.

December 8, 1840, Livingstone sailed for Cape Town. Making friends with the captain, he learned how to tell the location of the ship in mid-ocean. This was very useful to him later in African jungles.

A pulpit was offered him at Cape Town; but no, his appointment was farther on. He pressed on seven hundred miles, to Kuruman, Dr. Moffat's station, the outmost post. For some months he buried himself with the Backwain tribe of the Bechuanas, and so endeared himself to them that their devotion was wonderful. One day a young native girl crept into camp and hid under Livingstone’s wagon. Soon he heard her sobbing violently. A man with a gun was after her. The doctor hardly knew what to do; but a quick-witted native servant took off her beads and gave them to the man, and he left. In another journey he met the friendly chief Sekomi. “I wish you would change my heart,” he said to the doctor. “It is proud, proud and angry, angry always.” The missionary offered the effectual remedy. “I lifted up the Testament, and was about to tell him of the only way in which the heart can be changed; but he interrupted me by saying, ‘Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine to drink, and have it changed at once; for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with someone.’ Then he rose and went away.”

Livingstone’s medical skill was of great benefit. The people crawled about his wagon for healing, some even believing he could raise the dead; “but, for permanent influence, all would have been in vain if he
had not uniformly observed the rules of justice, good feeling, and good manners. Often he would say that the true road to influence was patient continuance in welldoing." (The Personal Life, by Dr. Blaikie, Revell, has been chiefly followed in this narrative.)

In 1843 the doctor visited the chief Sechele, whose child he treated successfully. Some of the questions of this chief were difficult to answer: “Since it is true that all who died unforgiven are lost forever, why did your nation not come to tell us of it before now? My ancestors are all gone, and none of them knew anything of what you tell me. How is this?” Answer, if you who can.

On returning to Kuruman in June, the doctor was delighted to find a letter from the directors, authorizing him to found a settlement in the regions beyond. He also received one from Mrs. M’Robert, with twelve pounds which he might use according to his great desire, to employ native converts in gospel work. Mebalwe was chosen.

Accompanied by a brother missionary, in August 1843, the doctor pressed on into the attractive valley at the foot of the mountains, called Mabotsa, which means “marriage feast.” Here they built a mission home and, by means of irrigation, made a fine garden. The doctor hoped the directors would approve of their location; if not, he was willing “to go anywhere—provided it be forward.”

It was about this station the lion prowled that gained wider notoriety, probably, than any other of its kind. He had just killed nine sheep; and Livingstone went with the natives to encourage them to destroy him. They wounded him, but he broke away. As Livingstone passed by his place of concealment, the beast sprang upon him, thrusting him to the ground. With paw
upon his head, he began crunching his arm, lacerating the flesh, and splintering the bone.

Seeing the loved missionary about to be devoured, Mebalwe took up the fight. “In endeavoring to save my life,” wrote the wounded man, “he nearly lost his own; for he was caught and wounded severely.” Then the lion sprang upon his third victim, but soon fell dead from his wounds. Little did the kind woman think, who sent the twelve pounds, that she would thus help to save the life of the missionary.

The work on his new house was for some time delayed; but, as soon as his arm was well enough, he went on.

Of his efforts for the children, he writes: “I yesterday commenced school for the first time at Mabotsa, and the poor little naked things came with fear and trembling. . . . The reason is the women make us the hobgoblins of their children, telling them ‘these white men bite children.’ ”

In 1844 Livingstone was married to Miss Mary Moffat, and brought her to his new home, over two hundred miles from her parents’ mission.

Unpleasantness arose in the new station, the other missionary accusing Livingstone unjustly. Rather than live in an atmosphere of strife, he went forth to build anew.

On to Chonuane, forty miles farther inland, in 1846, these young pioneers pushed their way. Here was the home of the chief Sechele, for whom Livingstone had been earnestly working and praying. He was a man of much intelligence. He became a firm friend of Livingstone and, finally, a convert. He learned the alphabet in one day. Reading and arithmetic quickly followed. The Bible became his friend, the book of Isaiah his delight. “He was a fine man,” he
would exclaim, “that Isaiah knew how to speak!” Little wonder such a man was amazed that Christians had so long delayed in coming with the good tidings.

Not without great difficulties did he espouse the cause of Christ. Under him were chiefs bound to him by wives he had taken. “If he abandons polygamy, he offends the underchiefs; he shakes the whole tribe to its circumference. Two years and a half he battled with these difficulties. At length the hour came. He sent home all the wives except his first, and gave to her his heart anew in Christian purity.” Then Livingstone received him into Christian fellowship.

Water was so scarce that the missionary persuaded Sechele and his people to move with him to Kolobeng, still farther north. Here the Livingstons made their third and last home. Droughts had distressed and pursued them. The rivers, depended on for irrigation, ran dry; crops failed; leaves dried on the trees; the mercury stood at 134 degrees. Sechele had been a “rain-maker;” now he would bring rain no more, and Livingstone’s “preaching and praying” were blamed for all. “We like you well,” they would say to Livingstone, “as if you had been born among us; but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. You see, we never get rain; whilst those tribes who never preach and pray have plenty.” Yet, through it all, the converted chief stood bravely by the missionary.

There were worse enemies of that noble work than drought. These were the Boers. Of them there were two classes in South Africa—an honorable class and a class very much lacking in honor. The latter were Livingstone’s bitter enemies. They killed native men and women and made slaves of their children. If Livingstone remained at Kolobeng, their traffic in hu-
man blood would be broken up. They must rid themselves of him. But where our short vision often sees only calamities, God sees great mercies. Livingstone had camped upon but the margin of a vast, unexplored region, with its millions of perishing human beings beyond, who were unsought and unknown, except by the slayers and enslavers of men. That an avenue to these might be opened and efforts made for their redemption, God moved upon this man, who, under Him, was wise enough and brave enough to bridge the yawning chasm between darkest Africa and civilized nations. The world’s festering felon must be opened. God called a fit physician to the task.

Kolobeng was for some years the home of the Livingstones. Every beam was laid by the hands of the missionary. Here several of their children were born, and it was the busy father’s lament that he had not more time to spend with them. “I did not play with my little ones while I had them, and they soon sprang up in my absences, and left me conscious that I had none to play with.”

Away to the north, 870 miles from Kuruman, lay an object of special interest—the beautiful lake Ngami, upon whose waters the eyes of a white man had never rested. Beyond it lived the great chief Sebituane, the magnate of all that region. Livingstone much desired to see this lake, but much more to visit this great chief and gain his influence in favor of Christianity. But between him and them lay the heartless desert of Kalahari; and he had no means to fit out an expedition to cross it.

Meanwhile messengers came from a chief who lived near the lake, inviting Livingstone to visit him. How could he go? God has His ways, His means, His men. At the opportune moment, two men, Oswell and
Murray, hunters and travelers, lent their aid, with twenty men, as many horses, and about eighty oxen; and the party started on a journey of hundreds of miles across the desert.

Great was Livingstone’s joy when he reached the river Zouga, whose waters flow from N’gami. The geography of central Africa had, up to that time, been indeed a desert. The Great Sahara might almost mingle its burning sands with those of the Kalahari, so far as the schoolmen knew; but here he heard of a “country full of rivers.” The news took such a hold upon him, “that the actual discovery” of the lake he was seeking seemed, as he said, “of but little importance.” On August 1, 1849, Livingstone and Oswell, leaving the party in the rear, pressed quietly on to the banks of the N’gami, the key to that region; and, from that hour, a new interest in Africa was kindled and Livingstone was a noted discoverer. However, he was filled with neither pride nor ambition other than to do the will of his Father in heaven.

The missionary had seen the lake, but not Sebituane, who lived two hundred miles farther on; and the lake chief was determined he should not see him. The doctor began to make a raft to cross the Zouga; but Mr. Oswell suggested that they delay the trip till the next season, and he would bring a boat from the cape. Accordingly the party returned.

At Kolobeng was the patient Mary. With her children and surrounded by her dusky neighbors, she had waited, watched, and prayed for the return of her husband. When one’s own hands have everything to do, the romance of hardship is likely to lose some of its halo, unless a high aim is kept in view. The oven in which Mrs. Livingstone baked her bread was a hole scooped in the ground.
The explorer spent the winter with his family, busy with a thousand things, from mending a shoe to ministering to the sick and making a Bible.

The following season Mr. Oswell was delayed in returning from the cape; and Livingstone started again hundreds of miles across the desert to visit Sebituane, this time accompanied by Seehele, Mebalwe, Mrs. Livingstone, and their three children. Purchasing the goodwill of the lake chief by the gift of a rifle, which had been a gift to himself, the explorer was about to set forward, when fever fell upon two of his children; and, instead of advancing, he returned home once more. "Without promising anything," he wrote to the directors, "I mean to follow a useful motto in many circumstances and try again."

The doctor's brother Charles, in America, wrote him, urging him to come to that land of opportunity. This called forth his famous reply: "I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. I am a poor, poor imitation of Him, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live; in it I wish to die!"

A successful effort to reach Sebituane was begun in April 1851. Mrs. Livingstone, the children, and Mr. Oswell were in the company. Notwithstanding the latter's royal efforts to secure water, going in advance and digging wells, the party was at one time, through the carelessness of one of the servants, absolutely without water for four days.

Of his children in that awful time, the distressed father wrote: "The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible; ... but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men re-
turned with a supply of that fluid of which we had
never before felt the true value."

On hearing of the missionary’s third approach,
Sebituane sent forth men to meet him. They joyfully
conducted the worn travelers into the presence of
their chief, “unquestionably the greatest man in all
that country.” He never allowed a party of strangers
to go away without giving every one of them—ser-
vants and all—a present. His praises were sounded
far and wide. ‘He has a heart! He is wise!’ were the
usual expressions Livingstone heard before he saw
him.

One of the highest ambitions of this chief had been
to converse with white men. What a kind Providence
that the one sent to him was a bearer of the gospel of
salvation! Sebituane received the missionary with
great kindness, and felt much honored by his bring-
ing wife and children. When services were held, he
was present; and it proved to be the only sermon he
ever heard. He fell sick with pneumonia and grew
steadily worse.

Taking the hand of the dying chief in his, Living-
stone knelt by the couch of skins and endeavored to
speak comforting words—to tell him of the hope there
is after death for all who trust. But one of the native
doctors, catching the word “death,” forbade the good
man to speak of it to the chieftain. Under the cir-
cumstances, he thought best to desist. But no com-
pany of savage men could prevent a prayer to the
missionary’s God in behalf of the dying man; and
who will say that it was not heard? Was it not for this
hour the intrepid travelers had pressed on through
desert wastes, scorching sands, burning thirst, and
throngs of ferocious beasts?

The last words of the dying chief were after the
manner of a kind heart. Of little Robert Livingstone, he said, “Take him to Maunku, and tell her to give him some milk.” The words of One in higher authority are, “He that receiveth you receiveth Me. . . . And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.”

The strange, sad circumstance served only to bind the heart of Livingstone more firmly to the downtrodden race; and he went forth from the newly made grave to find, if it might be, a healthful place, in that benighted land, for a home for himself and loved ones.

The journey opened up to Livingstone another of the master ideas of his life. He saw that the slave trade flourished because of the very great desire of the natives to obtain guns and other articles of European make; and the conviction fastened upon him that, if legitimate lines of traffic were opened up so the people might secure whatever they wished for their ivory and other products, the fearful death-dealing traffic would die. The welfare of the whole continent, both spiritual and temporal, was concerned in his plan. It was to find, if there were any, healthful tablelands upon which missionaries could live and labor, and also a road to the sea.

He could not take his wife and children upon such an expedition. What could he do with them? The One who inspired the undertaking had a way. Their stanch and generous friend, Mr. Oswell, offered to take them to England, himself bearing the expense. It was with deep gratitude the offer was accepted from “their best friend in Africa.”

Beneficent and wise as we now see his work to have been, his plans were not carried into execution
without opposition and accusation, even from his brethren. That which should decide the lifework of all shaped this great man's course. "Providence calls me to the regions beyond. Nothing but a strong conviction that the step will lead to the glory of God makes me orphanize my children. So powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of the Lord, I should, I will go, no matter who opposes."

We are now well-enough acquainted with David Livingstone to know that the secret of the success of his life mission was his commission, his confidence in his Commander, and his unswerving obedience to His commands. And it was from the depths of deep love to humanity that he said, "The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise."

Strange as it may seem, when Livingstone arrived with his family at the cape, prejudice was so strong he could hardly transact business. But what unselfish worker for God has not had a taste of the same bitter cup?

April 23, 1852, the brave, self-sacrificing missionary separated from his wife at Cape Town. His wife and children went back to England; while he, the husband and father, returned to the fever jungles and savages of the dark land.

When the doctor again reached Kuruman, a letter from Sechele awaited him, saying: "Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. . . . They killed sixty of my people, and captured women and children and men. The house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods."

Not only his goods were stolen, but his valuable journals, kept with so much care; and his books were
ruined. The Boers declared he should never cross their country alive; but the threat failed to turn him back. He and a trader went together to visit the Makololo tribes.

They left Kuruman in December 1852. Skirting the desert they wandered through flooded districts. Some of the men deserted and two of the three remaining died; but the leader, the trader, and the remaining servant pushed on, tramping through swamps where trees, thorns, and sharp-edged reeds offered strong resistance till, “with hands all raw and bloody” and knees through their trousers, they emerged from the swamps, reaching Linyanti in May 1853.

Pausing here in the land of moral midnight, a thousand miles from the frontiers of civilization, the missionary gazed upon the solemn spectacle of heathen savagery. The darkness and loneliness were indeed depressing; but ever the buoyancy of mighty purposes throbbed in the missionary's heart. “Can the love of Christ,” he questioned, “not carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader?” His decision was, “I shall open up a path into the interior or perish.”

But how could he, a lone man without means, amid strange savages, accomplish a journey that needed a troop of men with supplies for their sustenance and protection? Again the hand that had led him thus far is seen. Means from Christian lands was not at hand nor forthcoming, but God moved upon the heart of a heathen chief to forward His good purposes toward the dark land. The government of Sebituane had passed to the charge of his son, Sekeletu. This young man treated Livingstone with utmost kindness, finding in him, he declared, “a new father;” and, becoming convinced of the value of the
explorer’s plans, he royally furnished men and means with which the expedition was undertaken.

After nine weeks of vain effort to find a healthful location beyond Linyanti and a little waiting to regain strength after severe struggles with fever, the doctor prepared for his western march to the sea.

Early in November 1853, the wonderful journey, plowing a mighty furrow from center to circumference of the great continent, was begun. Twenty-seven picked men, some Makololo and some Barotse, lined up alongside their intrepid leader. Nearly seven thousand people assembled to see them off, and made the ground fairly tremble with their shouts as the brave and sturdy men went filing by. “May God in His mercy,” was Livingstone’s parting prayer, “permit me to do something for the cause of Christ in these dark places of the earth.”

Never, until the scroll in the right hand of Him that sits upon the throne is unfurled to the gaze of the wondering multitudes of earth, will the world realize what she owes to her patient, toiling, long-suffering heroes of the cross, who, pressing on in loneliness and obscurity, have bravely fought the good fight of faith against fearful odds and have strewn their rugged path with blessings for all who follow. Who but a Heaven-inspired hero would, with wasted body and empty hands, have undertaken to span the yawning chasm, stretching westward or eastward, and pierce the more formidable barrier of heathen ferocity?

The doctor was greatly reduced by fever, from which he suffered thirty-one attacks on this journey. At times his progress was strongly opposed by greedy and unreasonable chiefs. “The most critical moments of peril,” says Dr. Blaikie, “demanding the utmost
coolness and most dauntless courage, would sometimes occur during the stage of depression after fever. It was then he had to extricate himself from savage warriors who vowed that he must go back unless he gave them an ox, a gun, or a man. The ox he could ill spare, the gun not at all; and, as for giving the last—a man—to make a slave of, he would sooner die.” How different was this campaign from that conducted by the so-called great Napoleon, who said, “What are the lives of a million of men to a man like me?”

In striking and pleasing contrast to the selfishness of some of the chiefs, there were some bright examples of generosity and benevolence. Notable of these was Manenko, a female ruler; a relative of hers, Shinte, a chief who gave the doctor a royal badge of beads and shells as a token of lasting friendship; and Katema, who furnished him liberally with provisions, and whose people were much moved by the story of the cross and wished their children could be taken to the Makololo country.

Manenko was a very tall young woman, about twenty years of age. When her mother suggested that Livingstone visit Shinte instead of going by a route he intended, she volunteered to go with him, guiding him through the dark forests and flooded swamps. She also took charge of the baggage, to which Livingstone objected; but, as he said, “when she gave me a kind explanation and, with her hand on my shoulder, put on a motherly look, saying, ‘Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done’ (just as she told them), my feelings of annoyance of course vanished.”

Those who rule best know when to obey. For days this self-appointed guide and guardian traveled on foot by the traveler’s side, at such a rate the sick
man on oxback could scarcely keep up. So difficult was the way that he would have given up visiting the chief, except for her unswerving determination. “There never was such a woman before!” exclaimed the Makololo men; “Manenko is a chief and a soldier!” And truly she was.

When far past her own dominion, the tribes refused them food. The tenderhearted girl went and begged food, which she prepared with her own hands for the half-starved men.

On arrival at Kabompo, Shinte's town, a royal welcome was accorded the doctor. The chief became much attached to him, gave him liberal supplies of food; and, when he departed, this chief sent guides, whose services were indispensable. Who can fail to see God's hand ordering such providences?

At times, however, the expedition seemed doomed; it was utterly impossible to satisfy some of the greedy chiefs, especially near the coast, where the ban of the slave trader was worst. At an hour of dire extremity from foes without, the doctor's men themselves became disheartened, and all resolved to return home. “All I can say has no effect,” he wrote at the time. “I can only look up to God to influence their minds, that the enterprise fail not. . . . O almighty God, help, help! and leave not this wretched people to the slave dealer and Satan!” Such cries to Him, who hears even the ravens, were not in vain; shortly the storm was calmed, and the explorer and his band passed on.

On May 31, 1854, the traveler, worn and sick, arrived at Loanda with his band of Makololos. The mighty task had been accomplished. Nevermore would that vast interior be closed and sealed. The explorer's path would be run by thousands of eager travelers.
AN AFRICAN NATIVE KRAAL (A FENCED-IN VILLAGE)

AFRICAN NATIVE TRIBESMEN
When the news of the great accomplishment reached England, the Royal Geographical Society voted Livingstone a gold medal—their highest honor; and the astronomer royal, at the cape, wrote him: “You have accomplished more for the happiness of mankind than has been done by all the African travelers hitherto put together.”

A great disappointment came in not finding a single letter at Loanda. Whether wife and children were well or even alive, he knew not. This was partly atoned for by the universal kindness of the Europeans who, with one consent, showered their blessings upon him. Mr. Gabriel, the only English resident, received him into his home, so sick and wasted that he put him immediately into his own bed. “Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months of sleeping on the ground.”

Livingstone’s men were profoundly impressed by the marvels they saw at the coast. They looked upon the ocean with awe. Afterward they thus described their feelings: “We marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once, the world said to us, ‘I am finished; there is no more of me!’ ”

Livingstone took his men to the Catholic cathedral, wondering how the pomp and splendor of the services would impress them, in contrast with the simple Protestant services such as he conducted. “I overheard them, in talking to each other, remark that they ‘had seen the white men charming their demons,’ a phrase identical with one they had used when seeing the Balonda beating drums before their idols.”

After all the dangers, starvation, and sickness
experienced on the exhausting journey to the coast, Livingstone might quite honorably have accepted some of the pressing invitations to return to England in one of her majesty’s cruisers. Was he not in great need of a furlough? Sickness laid him so low that the physicians despaired of his life. But what of his little band of followers who, after their crisis hour of discouragement had passed, not only declared themselves his, but children of Jesus. He had promised to return with them; and, rather than sacrifice his word, he would sacrifice himself.

Then, too, he decided to prospect further for good mission sites and a better road for commerce. The bold idea was conceived of blazing another path, this time eastward, to the sea.

After dispatching letters, maps, and messages by the ship Forerunner, this man of iron will turned his face once more toward the interior, taking with him liberal donations of supplies, including presents of a horse and uniform for Sekeletu, and other gifts for chiefs along the way.

Unhappily, the Forerunner went down off Madeira; and, on learning of it, the patient man paused on his way and went to the great labor of reproducing his lost papers.

“Livingstone left Loanda September 24, 1854, and arrived at Linyanti September 11, 1855. “The most joyous demonstration took place when Linyanti was reached. Sekeletu affectionately threw himself upon Livingstone’s neck, and the brave Makololos could hardly loose themselves from the embraces of their families.”

Sekeletu was much pleased with the expedition that his generosity had made possible. He was proud of his horse, but more so of his uniform, in which on
Sunday he attracted “more attention than the sermon.” A very remarkable part of the great undertaking was that every one of the twenty-seven returned home in good health. Livingstone led them to hold a day of thanksgiving for God’s protection.

Long had the wanderer been lost to his friends and the world. The people of Linyanti had supposed he and his men were dead. Only one brave heart in England had not lost hope—his faithful Mary. She found solace and comfort in the wonderful ninety-first Psalm, and by faith threw its boundless protection around him. For two years, no more tidings from him had reached his home than if the dark continent had opened its mouth and swallowed him up.

When the doctor told his plan to Sekeletu to go to the east coast, the chief willingly furnished over one hundred men for the task. Dr. Blaikie says, “If Livingstone had performed these journeys with some long-pursued society or individual at his back, his feat even then would have been wonderful; but it becomes quite amazing when we think that he went without stores and owed everything to the influence he acquired with men like Sekeletu and the natives generally.” Livingstone attributed it, and rightly, to the good hand of Providence.

A little to the east the explorer came to that greatest natural wonder in Africa, the falls in the Zambezi, 5,400 feet wide, 320 feet deep, which he named for his queen, Victoria Falls. In this region he also found the healthful location for missions for which he had so long been looking, and strongly recommended it for settlement.

The many eventful journeys and experiences of this remarkable man cannot here be portrayed, nor the blessed influences that flowed from them. But
the secret key, that unlocked barred gateways and moved mountains of difficulty, was the same that has been held by every faithful hand that has helped humanity to travel toward heaven. His own retrospect and prospect, given in *Missionary Travels*, shows the convictions of his mind and reveals the experience needful for the humblest life that would be a success—to be led by the hand of God.

“If the reader remembers the way in which I was led, while teaching the Backwains, to commence exploration, he will, I think, recognize the hand of Providence. Anterior to that, when Mr. Moffat began to give the Bible—the magna charta of all the rights and privileges of modern civilization—to the Bechuanas, Sebituane went north and spread the language into which he was translating the sacred oracles, into a new region larger than France. . . . He opened up the way for me—let us hope also, for the Bible. Then, again, while I was laboring at Kolobeng, seeing only a small arc of the cycle of Providence, I could not understand it, and felt inclined to ascribe our successive and prolonged droughts to the wicked one. But when forced by these and the Boers to become explorer, and open a new country in the north rather than set my face southward, . . . the gracious Spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard me with favor; the divine hand is again perceived. Then I turned away westward, rather than in the opposite direction. . . . Had I gone at first in the eastern direction, . . . I should have come among the belligerents near Tete when the war was raging at its height, instead of, as it happened, when all was over.

“And again, when enabled to reach Loanda, the resolution to do my duty by going back to Linyanti probably saved me from the fate of my papers in the
Forerunner. And then, last of all, this new country is practically opened to the sympathies of Christendom; and I find that Sechele himself has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact, he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and I have been employed in exploring—a work which I had no previous intention of performing.

“I think that I see the operation of the unseen hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will still guide me to do good in my day and generation in Africa.”

After repeated attacks of fever and unnumbered dangers escaped, Livingstone at last reached Quelimane on the east coast, in May 1856.

Provision was made for his men to remain while he would go to England and return. Narrowly escaping shipwreck, he reached “dear old England” in December 1856, four and one half years after parting with wife and babies at Cape Town. During this sojourn in England, Livingstone wrote his book, Missionary Travels.

Not long was the distinguished traveler left to domestic quietness. The nation, including the queen, rejoiced to welcome its long-lost son. Receptions and public demonstrations, without stint, were held in his honor. A smaller head or an unrenewed heart would surely have become lifted up.

By bringing to view vast fields for harvest, where it had been thought only great deserts existed, Livingstone sought to lead the churches to take possession of the land for the Master. Before the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, who accorded to him the rare honor of fellow, he dared to speak of Him whom he served. To the spinners of cotton, such as he once was, he said, “My great object was to be like Him—to imitate Him as far as He could be imi-
tated.” Before graduates at Cambridge, he said, “Education has been given us from above for the purpose of bringing to those in darkness the knowledge of the Saviour. If you knew the satisfaction of performing such a duty, as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel in being chosen for so noble, so sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in embracing it.”

In order that Livingstone might go forward with his special work of exploration, he was released by the London Missionary Society and engaged with the English government, to explore the Zambezi and its tributaries.

This time Livingstone was not to go alone. “My wife, who has always been the main spoke in my wheel, will accompany me in this expedition, and will be most useful to me. . . . In the country to which I am about to proceed, she knows that, at the missionaries’ station, the wife must be the maid of all work within, while the husband must be the Jack of all trades without.”

In March 1858, these trained workers, with their exploring party, set out for Africa. They landed at Cape Town, where her faithful parents, Dr. and Mrs. Moffat, were awaiting them. Here, at a grand banquet held in Livingstone’s honor, a present of a beautiful silver box containing eight hundred guineas was given him. How marked the contrast to 1852! Then suspected, scarcely noticed, distrusted; now he returns with the queen’s gold band round his cap and with brighter decorations around his name than sovereigns can give, and all Cape Town hastens to honor him. It was a great victory, as it was also a striking illustration of the world’s ways.

Mrs. Livingstone fell sick and went with her par-
ents to Kuruman.

At the mouth of the Zambezi, the ship they had brought was put together. The best outlet to the great river was known only to the dealers in slaves and was secretly guarded. It would seem that Providence led to its discovery at the very beginning of the expedition.

The party proceeded finally to Tete, where the Makololos who had accompanied him to the coast were stationed when he went to England. A number of these had died of smallpox, and six others had been murdered. Those that survived were “nearly beside themselves with joy at seeing their father once more.”

The new steamer, the *Ma-Robert*, proved unfit for the service desired; and, while waiting for a new one, the doctor explored the river Shire, making three trips and discovering the important lakes, Shirwa and Nyassa.

The country around Lake Nyassa was densely populated. Unlike many of the African tribes, the people of this favored region seemed imbued with a spirit of industry. They cultivated the soil extensively, raised nearly everything it was possible for them to raise, besides working in iron and cotton, and at basket making. Almost every village had its smelting house, charcoal burners, and blacksmiths. The axes, spears, arrowheads, needles, bracelets, and anklets they turned out, while not of the finest workmanship, were fashioned with much skill. Crockery and pottery of various kinds were also manufactured. Yet these people had many strange, even barbarous customs. Among others was the habit of wearing the pelele, or lip ring. To Livingstone’s oft repeated question as to why they followed this custom, they invari-
ably replied, “O, because it is in the fashion!” “We can hardly realize,” as one writer says, “that so familiar a speech applies so far from home, but it does.”

Not until May 1860 was the way clear for the return to Linyanti. On reaching Sekeletu’s territory, he was met with the stunning intelligence that the missionaries he had helped to send to Linyanti while he was in England had died of fever and the mission had been broken up. Sekeletu was stricken with leprosy, and had left his people. Tears came to the doctor’s eyes as he gazed upon the leprous chief, while the sad joy of the latter at seeing once more his adopted father was indeed pathetic. Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk treated the malady so successfully that the chief lived till 1864; but his tribe was scattered to the four winds.

In January 1862, the explorer was again at the mouth of the Zambezi, where he met Mrs. Livingstone. But alas, how little he dreamed that his joy would soon be turned to grief! At Shupanga, where he undertook to put his new brig (a 2-masted square-rigged ship) afloat, the fever laid hold upon Mrs. Livingstone. For six days the unequal contest was waged. On April 27, 1862, the strong enemy prevailed; and Mary Moffat Livingstone, the daughter of missionaries, a missionary’s wife, herself a missionary, was laid to rest under the now noted baobab-tree at Shupanga.

“O my Mary, my Mary!” moaned the stricken survivor. “How often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng!” But no, not here, not now! Hitherto homeless, now alone! Henceforth he must wander, but in closer touch with Him who had not where to lay His head. It is not strange that in the first outburst of grief he should exclaim, “Now, for the first time in my life, I am will-
ing to die! Take me too, O God!"

Still, following the footprints of Him who would not fail, the grief-torn man again took up his heavy task. On both sides of the strangled continent the deadly Portuguese octopus was spreading its poisonous arms. So firmly fastened were its fangs, that the Zambezi expedition was compelled to be largely a contest against the ghastly slave traffic. Horrible work was instigated by the Portuguese slave agents. Villages were set on fire; and the inhabitants, fleeing for their lives, met a fate far more dreadful than death by falling into the hands of the traders. The revolting picture that greeted Livingstone’s eyes on his ascent into the valley of the Shire is thus drawn by his hand. A little more than twelve months before, the valley of the Shire was populous with peaceful and contented tribes; now the country was all but a desert, the very air polluted by the putrid carcasses of the slain, which lay rotting on the plains and floated in the waters of the river in such numbers as to hinder the motion of the paddles of the steamer. The sight of hundreds of putrid dead bodies and bleached skeletons was not half so painful as the groups of women and children who were seen sitting amidst the ruins of their former dwellings, with their ghastly, famine-stricken faces and dull, dead eyes. Is it any wonder that a man like Livingstone, with the weapons of the Prince of peace, would fight this monster as long as his life should last?

In 1863 the expedition was recalled, and the following year Livingstone returned to England. Two great purposes now throbbed in his bosom: one, to lay bare the terrible traffic in human life; the other, to found a settlement outside Portuguese territory. Later, at the urgent request of Sir Murchison, he
THE POWERFUL AFRICAN LION

Truly the king of beasts, the African lion was a force to beware of in the early days of African exploration. Livingstone was once injured by a lion; but, even though lions often killed men, no missionary was ever killed by one in those early years of mission outreach. “And in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field.” Hosea 2:18.
added the purpose of finding the watersheds of that region and the source of the Nile.

The proposal was made that he divorce himself from missionary effort; to which he said, “I would not consent to go simply as a geographer, but as a missionary and do geography by the way because I feel I am in the way of duty, when trying either to enlighten these poor people or open their land to lawful commerce.”

Bidding his last farewell to his native land August 14, 1865, he once more set foot on soil so familiar, reaching Lake Nyassa August 8, 1866. By this time, most of the motley crew he had been able to gather had deserted him, stealing a large part of his supplies. The influence of the slave dealers prevented his securing a boat to cross the lake, and he resolved to walk around to the other side. In September he reached Marenga, where all his men but eight deserted him. With this little band Livingstone must press his weary, dangerous way in search of the lakes Bangweolo and Tanganyika.

The deserters, on reaching Zanzibar, started a report that Livingstone had been murdered. This report thrilled with sadness the civilized world. Obituary notices appeared and letters of condolence poured in upon the sorrowful family. But a few of Livingstone’s friends refused to believe the story. Mr. E.D. Young was one of these, and he performed the gratifying feat of leading a search party into the region of the supposed murder; and he returned in eight months, with positive proof that the report was untrue.

Though the doctor had not been murdered, he was half-starved. “Woe is me,” he wrote to his son Thomas. “The people have nothing to sell but a little millet porridge and mushrooms. . . . I have become
very thin.” The year 1867, during which he caught his first sight of Tanganyika and discovered Lake Moero, closed with severe illness. God moved upon an Arab to minister to him and supply him with nourishing food.

On July 18, 1868, he trod the shores of Lake Bangweolo. New Year’s day, 1869, found him under the worst attack of illness he had had. He prayed that he might hold out to Ujiji, where he expected to find medicine and stores so much needed.

March 14, he reached the longed-for station, but found that most of his goods had been stolen and there were no letters for him. Three long years without a letter from home! The promoters of the traffic in blood not only endeavored to destroy his communications and goods, but the doctor himself. Had not God raised up a few friends, this brave man might have perished. Livingstone was leader of an unseen army whose battalions were yet to be enlisted. He must survey the scene of conflict, taste its bitterness, and set a pace for future travelers to follow.

After resting for a time at Ujiji, he again set forth into the strange, populous, productive wilderness—productive? indeed, but of what?—Slaves, idolaters, and murderers!

Reverses, losses, sickness, and desertion beset him, until in June 1870, he was reduced to three followers, Susi, Chuma, and Gardner. With these the man, whose only fear was the fear of God, set forth to examine the Lualaba River, thinking it might be a feeder of the Nile. Fallen trees and swollen streams made marching a constant struggle, and for the first time Livingstone’s feet gave out. Ugly ulcers fastened upon them, and he had to limp back to Bambarra. Confined here for eighty days, he gave much atten-
tion to the Book of God, reading it through and through.

Under circumstances in which few would have pressed on, he made his way at length to Nyangwe, on the banks of the Lualaba, March 29, 1871, the farthest westward point reached in his last expedition. But what was his disappointment to find that the Lualaba flowed westward; so, after all, it might be but the Kongo!

It was, however, on the banks of this stream that an event of such overmastering horror took place that, when heralded in trumpet tones, it sounded mightily in the death knell of the slave horror of Africa. On the bright summer morning of July 15, when fifteen hundred people, chiefly women, were engaged peacefully in marketing in the village, a murderous fire was opened on the people, and a massacre ensued of such measureless atrocity that he could describe it only by saying that it gave him the impression of being in hell.

The remembrance of this awful scene was never effaced from Livingstone’s heart. The account of it, published in the newspapers at home, sent a thrill of horror through the country. The British government at once set to work, and other nations joined in to strike the deathblow to African slavery.

Failing to arrange in that terrible district for men to proceed, Livingstone was obliged to return sick in body and sick at heart, over five hundred miles to Ujiji. The journey was a wretched one. Though the slavers did not attempt his life, they could persuade the natives to do so. On the 8th of August, they came upon an ambushment all prepared, but it had been abandoned for some unknown reason. By and by, on the same day, a large spear flew past Livingstone,
grazing his neck. The hand of God alone saved his life. Farther on, another spear was thrown, which missed him by a foot. On the same day a large tree, to which fire had been applied, to fell it, came down within a yard of him. Thus on one day he was delivered three times from impending death.

Finally, on October 23, 1871, a living skeleton, he reached Ujiji, once more expecting to find an abundance of supplies, once more to be grievously disappointed. The man to whom they had been trusted, proving to be a knave, had sold all.

He who was the invisible Leader of this expedition, of which Livingstone was only the executor, had been preparing for this very hour. In October 1869, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., proprietor of the New York Herald, sitting in a hotel in Europe, sent a telegram to one of his correspondents, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, summoning him to his side.

"Where do you think Livingstone is?" was the proprietor's strange interrogation. Mr. Stanley could not even tell whether Livingstone was alive.

"Well, I think he is alive," said Mr. Bennett, "and I am going to send you to find him."

With all the money needed, Stanley was to go; but he was to visit Palestine, Egypt, and India on the way, and hence his delay till the supreme hour of Livingstone’s need.

As the latter, in sore distress, had drawn near Ujiji from the west, an almoner of God’s bounties was approaching from the east. On a happy, glorious morning, November 10, 1871, the town of Ujiji was roused to intense excitement. A large caravan was approaching. Let its leader, Mr. Henry Stanley, tell the story:

"We are now about three hundred yards from the
THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE
village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, ‘Good morning, Sir.’ Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous, . . . and I ask, ‘Well, who is this?’ ‘I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone.’ ”

Up to this time, Stanley had not known where he would find the lost man. “What!” he exclaimed, “is Dr. Livingstone here?” “Yes, Sir.” “In this village?” “Yes, Sir.” “Are you sure? “Sure, sure, Sir. Why, I leave him just now.”

“Good morning, Sir,” said another voice. “Hello!” said I, “Is this another one? Well, what is your name?” “My name is Chuma, Sir.” “And is the doctor well?” “Not very well, Sir.”

Susi darted away to summon the doctor, who came forth slowly from his little hut.

“As I advanced slowly toward him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing. I walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said, ‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’

“ ‘Yes,’ said he with a kind smile, lifting his cap; and we both grasped hands, and then I said aloud:

“ ‘I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.’

“He answered, ‘I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.’ ”
Scarcely could the visit of an angel have been more welcome to the wearied man. As the two tried travelers sat down and talked together, the joy of the doctor’s heart would burst forth in the repeated exclamation; “You have brought me new life! You have brought me new life!”

A friendship sprang up between these men, which in Stanley ripened not only into love for Livingstone, but also for his Redeemer, and hence for mankind; and he too became a friend and liberator of the enslaved race.

Four months they remained together; but parting day came. Stanley’s was the first white face that Livingstone had seen in five years, and the last he ever looked upon. And he was gone.

Turning from all that would seem to make life worth living, the trained hand of this standard-bearer must once more mark a path into the regions beyond. We draw near the close of this world-drama. Comparatively brief is the last campaign. Aged not with years, but with toil and suffering, the tired, tried traveler journeyed on a little longer. Receiving, in August, a band which Stanley sent from the coast, he went forth on the supposed errand of finding the source of the Nile. But sometimes God’s good purposes are not fully foreseen even by those He uses best. The doctor however, before the end came, caught glimpses of a stream whose source is as much higher than the Nile as the heavens are high above the earth.

“No one can estimate,” he wrote to his daughter Agnes, “the amount of God-pleasing good that will be done, if, by divine favor, this awful slave trade, into the midst of which I have come, be abolished. This will be something to have lived for; and the conviction has grown in my mind that it was for this end I
have been detained so long. I have been led, unwittingly, into the slaving field of the Banians and Arabs of central Africa. I have seen the woes inflicted, and I must still work and do all I can to expose and mitigate the evils."

April 29, the last mile of his twenty-nine thousand in Africa was traveled. Borne by his men on a kind of palanquin through flooded marshes, in most excruciating pain, he reached at last Chitambo's village in Bala, at the southern end of Lake Baagweolo. Here a hut was prepared for him, and the dying pilgrim was laid upon a couch of branches and dried grass. Faithful were the vigils of his devoted Susi and others of his men; but in vain were their endeavors to prolong his life. Dismissing the tired Susi on the last night, for a little rest, he was left with a single watcher, who, before the morning broke, called Susi in quiet alarm. He and the other men drew near. The dim candlelight revealed the motionless form of their master, not on the couch of grass, as they expected, but beside it, his face bowed upon his clasped hands on his pillow, where he had offered his last prayer for the deliverance of Africa.

How fitting a close to such a life! How fitting, too, was all that which followed! Bereft so suddenly of their veteran leader, in the midst of barbarous and superstitious strangers, what should his followers do? A council was held, and a decision was reached well-worthy of Stanley's or Livingstone's men. They would bear his body the long and dangerous way, a thousand miles, to the sea, that it might be taken to his own people! Stanley's little band of two hundred men, led by Susi and Chuma, were resolved to go over a region where they had to fight their way through. Dr. Pierson well-records their act of devotion as one of
the miracles of modern missions, and places it alongside Mary’s alabaster box of perfume—a fragrant offering that speaks volumes in praise of the gospel Livingstone lived in the presence of these men, and in behalf of the race they represent.

The heart that had been so sorely torn by the wretchedness it could not relieve, together with the viscera, was buried beneath a moula tree, upon which Wainwright carved the words, “Dr. Livingstone died on May 4, 1873.” The body was dried in the sun, carefully wrapped in coarse sailcloth, and placed in a casket of bark. With solemn reverence, the pallbearers took up their dead and led out in Livingstone’s last march—a funeral march to the sea.

So unreasonable were the superstitions of the tribes with reference to dead bodies; so dangerous the way, that, after a good part of their heavy task was performed, Lieutenant Cameron, whom they met leading an expedition to find Livingstone, advised them to bury him there. But no; they had trained too long under one who would not know defeat. Sickness and death lessened their company, but on they went. At one time they feigned sending the body back for burial; then with that which was dearer than life to them, bound up as a traveler’s package, they threaded their sorrowful way onward. At last they placed their strange burden, together with the explorer’s valuable journals, maps, and personal belongings, at the feet of the English on the coast. Thence it was borne to London for burial. Jacob Wainwright was allowed to accompany, as a faithful guardian, the body of his master.

The physician who, with Mr. Moffat, identified the body, said that he was “as positive as to the identity of these remains as that there has been among us in
modern times one of the greatest of the human race—David Livingstone."

The remains were buried, with the highest testimonies of respect, in Westminster Abbey. One of the pallbearers was his old-time fellow traveler, Mr. Oswell; another, his American friend, Mr. Stanley, who now pledged his life to carry on Livingstone's work; a third, Jacob Wainwright had been pallbearer over the long, sad trail in Africa. A wreath of flowers, bearing a card upon which was written, "A tribute of respect and admiration from Queen Victoria," was placed upon the casket.

The inscription upon the marble that marks his resting place closes with his own words: "All I can say in my solitude is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

The work of David Livingstone in Africa was so far that of a missionary-explorer and general that the field of his labor is too broad to permit us to trace individual harvests. No one man can quickly scatter seed over so wide an area. But there is one marvelous story connected with his death, the like of which has never been written on the scroll of human history. All the ages may safely be challenged to furnish its parallel.

On the night of his death he called for Susi, his faithful servant; and, after some tender ministries had been rendered to the dying man, Livingstone said "All right; you may go out now," and Susi reluctantly left him alone. At four o'clock the next morning, in May, Susi and Chuma, with four other devoted attendants, anxiously entered that grass hut at Ilala. The candle was still burning, but the greater light of life
had gone out. Their great master, as they called him, was on his knees, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. With silent awe, they stood apart and watched him, lest they should invade the privacy of prayer. But he did not stir; there was not even the motion of breathing, but a suspicious rigidity of inaction. Then one of them, Matthew, softly came near and gently laid his hands upon Livingstone’s cheeks. It was enough; the chill of death was there. The great father of Africa’s dark children was dead, and they were orphans.

The most refined and cultured Englishmen would have been perplexed as to what course to take. They were surrounded by superstitious and unsympathetic savages, to whom the unburied remains of the dead man would be an object of dread. His native land was six thousand miles away, and even the coast was fifteen hundred. A grave responsibility rested upon these simpleminded sons of the dark continent, to which few of the wisest would have been equal. Those remains, with his valuable journals, instruments, and personal effects, must be carried to Zanzibar. But the body must first be preserved from decay, and they had no skill nor facilities for embalming; and if preserved, there were no means of transportation—no roads nor carts. No beasts of burden being available, the body must be borne on the shoulders of human beings; and, as no strangers could be trusted, they must themselves undertake the journey and the sacred charge.

These humble children of the forest were grandly equal to the occasion, and they resolved among themselves to carry the body to the seashore, and not give it into other hands until they could surrender it to his countrymen. Moreover, to ensure safety to the re-
mains and security to the bearers, it must be done with secrecy. They would gladly have kept secret even their master's death, but the fact could not be concealed. God, however, disposed Chitambo and his subjects to permit these servants of the great missionary to prepare his emaciated body for its last journey, in a hut built for the purpose, on the outskirts of the village.

Now watch these black men as they rudely embalm the body of him who had been to them a savior. They tenderly open the chest and take out the heart and viscera. These they, with a poetic and pathetic sense of fitness, reserve for his beloved Africa. The heart that for thirty-three years had beat for her welfare must be buried in her bosom. And so one of the Nassik boys, Jacob Wainright, read the simple service of burial. And under the moula tree at Ilala that heart was deposited. And that tree, carved with a simple inscription, became his monument. Then the body was prepared for its long journey; the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the corpse laid out in the sun for fourteen days, and so was reduced to the condition of a mummy. Afterward it was thrust into a hollow cylinder of bark. Over this was sewed a covering of canvas. The whole package was securely lashed to a pole, and so at last was ready to be borne between two men upon their shoulders.

As yet the enterprise was scarcely begun, and the most difficult part of their task was before them. The sea was far away and the path lay through a territory, where nearly every fifty miles would bring them to a new tribe, to face new difficulties.

Nevertheless, Susi and Chuma took up their precious burden; and, looking to Livingstone's God for
help, they began the most remarkable funeral march on record. They followed the track their master had marked with his footsteps when he penetrated to Lake Bangweolo, passing to the south of Lake Lumbi, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, then crossing to Unyanyembe, where it was found out that they were carrying a dead body. Shelter was hard to get, or even food; and at Kasekera they could get nothing for which they asked, except on condition that they would bury the remains they were carrying.

Now indeed their love and generalship were put to a new test. But again they were equal to the emergency. They made up another package like the precious burden, only it contained branches instead of human bones; and this, with mock solemnity, they bore on their shoulders to a safe distance, scattered the contents far and wide in the brushwood, and came back without the bundle. Meanwhile others of their party had repacked the remains, doubling them up into the semblance of a bale of cotton cloth, and so they once more managed to procure what they needed and go on with their charge.

The true story of that nine months’ march has never been written, and it never will be; for the full data cannot be supplied. But here is material waiting for some English “Homer or Milton” to crystallize into one of the world’s noblest epics; and it deserves the master hand of a great poet artist to do it justice.

See these black men, whom some scientific philosophers would place as descended from the gorilla, run all manner of risks, by day and night, for forty weeks. Now they went around by circuitous route to resort to stratagem, to get their precious burden through the country; sometimes they were forced to fight their foes in order to carry out their holy mis-
sion. Follow them as they ford the rivers and travel trackless deserts, facing torrid heat and drenching tropical storms, daring perils from wild beasts and relentless wild men, exposing themselves to the fatal fever and burying several of their little band on the way. Yet on they went, patient and persevering, never fainting nor halting, until love and gratitude had done all that could be done; and they laid down at the feet of the British consul, on the twelfth of March 1874, all that was left of Scotland’s great hero.

When, a little more than a month later, the coffin of Livingstone was landed in England, April 15, it was felt that no less a shrine than Britain’s greatest burial place could fitly hold such precious dust. It seemed so improbable and incredible that a few rude Africans could actually have done this splendid deed, at such a cost of time and such risk. Not until the fractured bones of the arm, which the lion crushed at Mabotsa thirty years before, identified the body, was it certain that this was Livingstone’s corpse. And then, on the eighteenth of April 1874, such a funeral cortege entered the great abbey of Britain’s illustrious dead as few warriors or heroes or princes ever drew to that mausoleum.

The faithful body-servants who had religiously brought home every relic of the person or property of the great missionary explorer were accorded places of honor. And well they might be. No triumphal procession of earth’s mightiest conqueror ever equaled for sublimity that lonely journey through Africa’s forests. An example of tenderness, gratitude, devotion, and heroism equal to this, the world had never seen. The exquisite inventiveness of a love that lavished tears as water on the feet of Jesus, made tresses of hair a towel, and broke the alabaster flask for His
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON
WHERE LIVINGSTONE WAS ENTOMBED

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?
he shall stand before kings;
he shall not stand before mean men."
Proverbs 22:29
anointing; the tenderness that lifted His mangled body from the cross and wrapped it in new linen, with costly spices, and laid it in a virgin tomb, have at length been surpassed by the ingenious devotion of the cursed sons of Canaan.

The grandeur and pathos of that burial scene, amid the stately columns and arches of England’s famous abbey, pale in luster when contrasted with that simpler scene near Pala, when, in God’s greater cathedral of nature, the columns and arches were the trees, the choir was the singing birds, the organ was the moaning wind. That grassy carpet was lifted and dark hands laid Livingstone’s heart to rest. In that great cortege, no truer nobleman was found than that black man, Susi, who in illness had nursed the Blantyre hero, had laid his heart in Africa’s bosom, and whose hand was now upon his pall.

Let those who doubt and deride Christian missions to the degraded children of Africa, who tell us that it is not worthwhile to sacrifice precious lives for the sake of these doubly lost millions of the dark continent—let such tell us whether it is not worthwhile, at any cost, to seek out and save men with whom such Christian heroism is possible.
CHAPTER TEN
HENRY MARTYN
A Church of England Chaplain Missionary
to India

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whether this self-censure is too severe or not, there is satisfaction in knowing that true religion is able to change such a disposition into what he became. He was led to serious thought at the opening of the year 1800, by receiving the news of the death of his father and through the Christian counsel of his elder sister. In the midst of unusual grief over his father's death, he fled to a college mate, a Christian who, like his sister, pointed him to the Word of God, which has comfort for every sorrow, a balm for every wound, healing for every ill. Henry at first perused its holy pages with little interest, thinking, at least, to please his friends. "Soon, however," as he relates, "I began to attend more diligently to the words of our Saviour in the New Testament and to devour them with delight. When the offers of mercy and forgiveness were made so freely, I supplicated to be made partaker of the covenant of grace with eagerness and hope; and thanks be to the ever blessed Trinity for not leaving me without hope."
But young Martyn found it difficult, as others have, to reconcile devotion to a college curriculum, formed for fashioning men of the world, with the education offered in the Bible. Speaking with reference to failure to make spiritual progress, he says: “I can only account for my being stationary so long, by the intenseness with which I pursued my studies, in which I was so absorbed.”

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

William Carey dug and sowed and cultivated his garden. He reaped a harvest in health and endurance, while at the same time the flowers spoke to him of the One who gave them being and in whose cause he was engaged. Thoughts of God, like threads of gold twined round the flowers he would not pluck, ran through the lowly occupations of cobbler and gardener, so that man became God's helping hand in giving material expression to thoughts divine.

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

A flood of light, which, alas, comes to many too late, is couched in the words uttered by Henry Martyn after he had received the greatest honors his university could bestow. "I obtained my highest wishes," he said, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow!" What else can anyone grasp who fails to receive the knowledge of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"? What folly it is to seek an education apart from Him!
Through nothing less than the death of his father did young Martyn escape the pit into which the majority fall. The heroes of his histories were mostly godless men. Boys wish to imitate their heroes. The theories of many of the graphics and eulogies lead away from God by contradicting His Word. The voices that speak to the children in fairy tales and to the juniors in the dead languages of pagan and heathen philosophers are not the voice of God. There is a cause for the worldliness in so-called Christian lands. Will God not reckon with those who, having His Word, regard it not?

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

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

Largely through the influence of Charles Simeon, what is now the Church Missionary Society had been founded in April 1799. From him Martyn heard, in glowing terms, of Dr. Carey and the life of self-denial he was leading. About the same time a thrilling story of Brainerd’s conquest fell into his hands.
Through the sacrifice that Brainerd made, young Martyn received a new view of the Victim upon the cross. His soul burned within him to make Brainerd’s Saviour known among the heathen; but, while waiting for ordination, the loss of parental inheritance made him feel that he should be obliged to give up his cherished missionary plan in order to support his sisters. However, through the influence of William Wilberforce, M.P., and Mr. Charles Grant, he was appointed a chaplain for English troops in India. This enabled him to go to that pagan land.

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

The young chaplain gained unwilling permission to hold services on shipboard. On being warned against speaking so plainly, he replied with a sermon upon the text, “The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.” Psalm 9:17. He preached, it is said, “as a dying man to dying men,” and with such tender entreaty that some of the young cadets were moved to tears.

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

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

Not so pleasant was his work in Calcutta. His preaching “was far too earnest for the easy church manners of that day.” Even his fellow Church of England clergymen joined in the “general outcry” against such “outrageous doctrines as justification by faith.” But with calm courage and forbearance the youthful minister surveyed the situation. “As I know how much carnal people would enjoy a controversy between their teachers, and so elude the force of what was intended for their consciences, I declined making the smallest allusion to what had been said.” Brave Martyn! He was under bonds to keep the peace.

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

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

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

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

No member of Parliament today would call such men as Carey, Marshman, and Martyn "tub preachers," "renegades," "apostates from the loom and the anvil." And there were men at that time who feared not to stand to defend the name of the missionaries and to plead for the freedom of their cause. William Wilberforce said in Parliament: "In truth, Sir, these Anabaptist missionaries, as, among other low epithets bestowed upon them, they have been contemptuously termed, are entitled to our highest respect and admiration. One of them, Dr. Carey, was originally in one of the lowest stations in society; but, under all the disadvantages of such a situation, he had the genius as well as the benevolence to devise the plan, which has since been pursued, of forming a society for communicating the blessings of Christian light to the natives of India. And his first care was to qualify himself to act a distinguished part in that truly noble enterprise. . . . Another of these Anabaptist missionaries, Mr. Marshman, has established a seminary for the cultivation of the Chinese language, which he has studied with a success scarcely inferior to that of Dr. Carey in the Sanskrit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

At one time his servant was taken prisoner by a freebooter, the head of a band of robbers, with the hope of extorting money for his release. The missionary not only refused to pay any money, but traced the robber to his den, though threatened with assassination on the way, and successfully rescued the man. “I thought it,” he wrote, “a duty I owed to God, to him, to the poor oppressed natives, and to my country, to exert myself in this business; and I felt authorized to risk my life.”

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

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

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

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

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

He was surprised to find how alert were the emissaries of Rome. "Who would have thought," he exclaimed, "that we should have to combat antichrist again at this day! I feel my spirit roused to preach against popery with all the zeal of Luther!" The Italian priest was much shocked at the denunciations which Martyn poured forth upon Rome for her idolatries. " 'If you had uttered such sentiments in Italy, you would have been burned,' declared the candid Italian (from Henry Martyn, by Page, page 111)."
Martyn lived to see little fruit of his labors. But, in the crowd of jeering mendicants, was one man that no longer felt to mock. Martyn’s pundit had employed him in copying the New Testament; and out of its living pages, and from the lips of its bearer, God spoke to the young Mussulman, Abdul Masih. And he, in turn, became a soul winner. He received ordination in Calcutta at the hands of that devoted young bishop, Heber, from whose hymn we sing, “From Greenland’s icy mountains.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Robert Morrison was of humble birth. His father was Scottish, his mother English, both people of fervent and consistent piety. In this soil was nourished the acorn that was to become a towering oak in the history of missions. When the child was but three, the parents moved to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the father engaged in making “lasts and boot-trees.” In childhood, Robert learned very slowly; but that which is able to build up the mind was brought to his aid, the Word of God. This was the Book of books in the home where he was taught. The parish pastor ably aided the effort of the parents to teach the boy. At the age of twelve, he repeated, without a single error, the 119th psalm, which twenty-eight years later was recited by Livingstone at the age of nine, “with only five hitches.” Although Mr. William Townsend speaks of Morrison as having “been ranked amongst the illustrious dunces of history,” yet the pledge of that psalm, “The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple,” failed him not. The great quality of diligent persistence he possessed; and God can make a man out of any kind of clay that will stick.
The "junk" is the Chinese name for certain small boats in China. The interesting thing about these junks is that whole families frequently live on them. They are floating homes for the Chinese water people.
The foundation laid by parents and pastor was built upon by the mother’s brother, to whose school the boy was sent. An awakening came none too late, developing a retentive memory and fond delight in study; and his progress was very satisfactory.

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

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

On taking up the study of Latin, June 19, 1801, he made the following entry in his diary: “I know not what may be the end. God only knows. It is my desire, if He please to spare me in the world, to serve the gospel of Christ as He shall give me opportunity. O Lord, my God, my whole hope is in Thee, and in Thee alone.”

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

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

He had thought of Africa for his field. China had
been mentioned. But he did not fail to lay the whole
matter before the great Director of missions, in the
name of Him who was Himself a missionary and
whose interests are still in behalf of the world whose
soil has been moistened by His own tears and blood.
This young representative of the First Missionary, in
sacred self-surrender, uplifted the petition that it
might please God to place him “in that part of the
missionary field where difficulties were greatest, and
to all human appearance, the most insurmountable.”
That prayer was surely heard.
The appointment being made for China, he was directed to gain a knowledge of the language with a view to translating the Bible into it. He had spent some time at Gosport under Dr. Bogue. Leaving there in 1805, he went to London, where he took medical lectures, studied astronomy, and received instruction from a Chinese who had considerable learning and a good character. When some knowledge of the language was gained, Morrison succeeded in transcribing in a few months a Chinese manuscript copy of the principal portion of the New Testament, found in the museum, and also a small Latin-Chinese vocabulary loaned him by the Royal Society.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I cannot forget the air of suppressed ridicule which lurked in the merchant’s features and in his speech and manner toward Morrison, whom he appeared to pity as a deluded enthusiast, while he could not but secretly respect his self-denial, devotion, courage, and
A CHINESE FLOATING VILLAGE

For centuries, and even today, there have been many Chinese people who live their whole lives on the water in floating villages of junks and sampans.

A CHINESE SAMPAN
enterprise. When all business matters were arranged, he turned about from his desk; and, with a sardonic grin, addressing Morrison, whose countenance was a book wherein men might read strange things, said, 'And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?'

‘No, Sir,’ said Morrison, with more than usual sternness; ‘I expect God will.’

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

Although possessing the best of credentials, including a letter from James Madison, then secretary of state, it was very difficult for Morrison to find standing room in the land that had slumbered for ages. He found there was a death penalty for a Chinese to teach the language to a foreigner; and the East India Company forbade them to live there, save for the purposes of trade. But God had not told him to go to China to suffer defeat. He finally secured a room of the American consul and later a place in a basement, where with improvised lamp of earthenware, with a book on edge for shade and concealment, he studied the language with a teacher which Sir George Staunton secured for him.
For a time he adopted the customs of the natives; ate with chopsticks; wore the pigtail, thick shoes, and loose dress; and let his nails grow long. He kept so close to his unhealthful quarters (where he studied, ate, and slept), that his health failed; and it seemed his work must stop. Becoming convinced that these plans were not the best, he put on European dress and moved to a more healthful section.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Such was the help God sent to Morrison. For such a place and such a work, machine-made instruments would not do. They must be Heaven-prepared and Heaven appointed. The ancient temples of China must be touched by living stones, else they never would be fashioned anew for the sanctuary of Jehovah. “A more welcome or admirable fellow laborer never entered the mission field” than was announced to the great joy of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, when Mr. and Mrs. Milne arrived at Macao, where the Morrisons were then living. Only ten years was Milne spared to labor; but how full and useful were those years! Not being allowed to remain at Macao, they went to Malacca, where he and his faithful wife opened a school.

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

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

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

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

When Lord Amherst and his attending officials arrived, they took with them Sir George Staunton and the missionary, and proceeded toward Peking. A royal banquet was given them at Tien-Tsin in the name of the emperor. Arriving at Tung-chow, eight days were spent to persuade Lord Amherst that the proper thing for him to do was to adopt the Chinese court etiquette of bowing three times with his head to the floor before the emperor. This he refused to do. Finally the Chinese noblemen professed to waive the ceremony, and the company proceeded to Peking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The third missionary to China was Walter H. Medhurst, born in London in 1796; he was sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1816. He united with Morrison and Milne at Malacca as a printer, but he became much more. He manifested such fitness for evangelistic work that they ordained him in 1819; and he rendered splendid service in many places. In 1842, he located at Shanghai; and, for fourteen years, he labored extensively in the interior, often in great peril. He spoke and wrote in eight or nine languages, and performed much of the revision of the Chinese Bible. He returned to England in 1857, where he died three days after landing.
A type of shrine for ancestor worship, many pagodas are found in China. Notice the dragon-idol in the foreground.
In 1829, Dr. Morrison had the privilege of welcoming Elijah Coleman Bridgman and David Abeel, of America, to help in the good work. The services they rendered to the cause of Christianity will preserve their names with undying fragrance. Mr. Abeel established a mission at Amoy in 1844. He traveled and labored much; and, on returning to Europe and America, he roused fresh interest in the wide mission field.

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

The year before Morrison lost the help of Milne, a young German lad in Prussia, who longed for an education and to be a missionary, addressed a sonnet to the king. The king was so pleased, he provided for the young man's education. The teeming millions of the Orient drew him; and, under the patronage of the Netherlands Missionary Society, he went to the far East. This was Karl Gützlaf. In 1831 he reached Macao, where he became an assistant to Morrison and, later at Hongkong, to Medhurst in the work of translating.
He sufficiently resembled the natives to pass for one, and boldly preached the gospel in many places. He became self-supporting, receiving employment under the English government, and was very active in raising up native ministry. He wrote of the country and missionary interests, becoming an accredited author and historian. His powerful addresses in Europe served to inspire many young men to enter the mission field—such as Verbeck, who went to Japan; Sir Harry Parkes, to China; and Livingstone, to Africa. He died in Hongkong, in 1851, “one of the ablest and most efficient of men in opening the East.”

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

It filled six volumes, as large as a family Bible, and contained 4,595 pages, probably more than a page for each day he had worked upon it. It is no wonder that his name spread abroad as a man of letters or that, on his visit to England in 1824, he should be presented to King George IV. His majesty recognized him in a manner which showed he was well-acquainted with his merits and the value of his public services.

Remaining in England for a time, his active mind was fertile with plans for the work that he felt should be the one great business on earth. With large promise of patronage, he launched The Language Institution, a society intended to promote the cultivation “of all the languages of mankind.” It was to be a great missionary training school. How benevolent the design! The doctor granted the society the use of his
great library, brought from China for philanthropic purposes. He opened the Chinese department and gave a course of such thorough instruction that Mr. Samuel Dyer, who with others took instruction, testified that within seven weeks after arrival at Penang, where he labored sixteen years, he was able to preach so as to be understood. But Morrison could not be in England and China at the same time; and the world’s parliament of languages soon languished and expired after he had gone. There was no Fuller in England now to “hold the ropes.”

Before returning to China, Morrison was married to Miss Eliza Armstrong, of Liverpool. The farewells of many friends poured in upon them. Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated commentator, presented him with his commentary and accompanied it with these kind words: “Your prayer for me at the conclusion of your note, is worth a thousand copies of my work. I return you mine in your own words: ‘May the power of Christ rest upon your person, your family, and your abundant labors.’

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

Writing back to his niece of the visit he had just enjoyed, having referred to the homeland, he added, “But there is a better country, Hannah; and in China I am as near to it as in England.” Like the artist, who fixes the eye upon the one object he is to portray, so Morrison, with purpose single to the glory of God, fixed his gaze upon the Saviour, until His bright beams, falling upon the sensitive plate of the soul, traced His blessed image there.
“So carefully was he observed by the Roman Catholics, on the one hand, and Chinese officials, on the other, that he was entirely shut out from preaching or teaching the gospel to any, save the few Chinese in his own employ and occasionally one or two who might be induced to join them. He was therefore compelled, almost exclusively, to make attempts to reach the heathen through the press, and for this purpose he labored incessantly and devotedly. . . . He employed many means of disseminating the Bible and religious tracts, and succeeded in sending large quantities to Korea, Cochin-China, Siam, and the islands of the archipelago and, by means of traders, into the very heart of the interior of China” (from *Robert Morrison*, by Townsend).

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

At the opening of 1832 he made the following record: “There is now in Canton a state of society, in respect to Chinese, totally different from what I found in 1807. Chinese scholars, missionary students, English presses, and Chinese Scriptures, with public worship of God, have all grown up in that period. I have served my generation, and must—the Lord knows when—fall asleep.” For a little time he was spared. In May 1834, he wrote again: “On the 28th of this month, it is thirty years since I was accepted as a missionary in Mr. Hardcastle’s countinghouse at the end of the old London Bridge. Rowland Hill was there, and asked me if I looked upon the heathen as angels did. As I did not know the mind of angels, of course I could not say Yes.”

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

How much he had lived and loved and labored during a half century, eternity will reveal. Enough fruit had appeared before he fell, and joy enough in its production, to bear to him the consciousness that his life had not been lived in vain.
WILLIAMS COLLEGE, 1844

ORDINATION OF THE FIVE YOUNG MEN

F. ROBBINS - J. RICHARDS - H. LOOMIS
CHAPTER TWELVE
THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT
Erected in Memory of a Prayer Meeting

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

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

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

When a child, Samuel’s mind was very susceptible to divine influences, and he was under deep conviction; but evidently a misconception of the meaning of conversion forbade his claiming the victory of faith and acceptance with God. Nevertheless, a single sentence, falling from the lips of his mother, ever had a molding influence upon his life. She was a
woman of Christian experience and activity; and of himself he heard her say to a neighbor, “I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary.” And for him to become a Christian meant to be a missionary.

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

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

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

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

What took place after he crossed the threshold,
he did not know; but it is an example for every mother of an unconverted son. She sought the place of secret prayer, and there made intercession for her boy. “Call unto Me,” says the One she addressed, “and I will answer thee.” “I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.” Isaiah 49:25. Where there is travail of soul there will be births into the kingdom. The prayer of the mother of the Hebrew Samuel was heard, and so was that of this mother in Israel. She remained in her closet until she had evidence that God would save her son.

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

Every true Christian is a missionary. This young missionary was born into the kingdom through the prayers of his mother; and he had faith in prayer for still others. The direction of his life purposes was expressed to his father after returning from the academy, when he said he “could not conceive of any course in which to pass the rest of his days that would prove so pleasant as to communicate the gospel salvation to the poor heathen.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Student prayer meetings were held during the summer of 1806. One sultry August day, as they met in a grove north of the college buildings for prayer, only five were present. The conversation turned upon Asia. The cry of its unenlightened millions was wafted to the ears of the little company. It had long vibrated in the heart of young Mills; now was his golden opportunity! His feelings would no longer be restrained. His faraway brethren in distress must have help; the gospel light must be carried to them. “We can do it,” he declared, “if we will.” What was his joy to find that the others, except one, were favorable to such an undertaking!

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

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

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

The interest in the student prayer meetings con-
tinued, and missionary zeal was kept burning by re-
ports and letters and missionary information, read
and discussed as eagerly as are the newspapers of
today. When two years had passed, Mills saw that
organization was necessary to concentrate the efforts
of those who were to become missionaries. In the
northwest room of the lower story of old East College
a “Society of Brethren” was born, the First Foreign Missionary Society in America.

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

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

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

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

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

"I have ever thought that the providence of God was conspicuously manifested in bringing us all together, from different and distant parts. . . . And, when we all met at the seminary and came to a mutual understanding on the ground of foreign missions and missions for life, the subject assumed in our minds such an overwhelming importance and awful solemnity, as bound us to one another and to our purpose more firmly. How evident it is that the Spirit of God had been operating in different places and upon different individuals, preparing the way for those movements which have since pervaded the American churches and will continue to increase until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Anointed!"

The young men were advised to lay their plans before the General Association of Independent Ministers to meet at Bradford, June 27, 1810. This was done, a paper being presented that was written by
THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT: PHOTO 1904
BELOW, ENGRAVING FROM THE MID-1800s
Judson and signed by himself, Nott, Mills, and Newell. The association appointed a committee which reported in favor of the institution of a “board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,” the purpose of which was “the spread of the gospel in heathen lands.” Thus the Macedonian vision of the boy, dedicated to missions by his mother, appeared in visible outline; and the American Board, whose annual meeting is attended by thousands, was launched on its worldwide work. Its first appeal was concluded thus: “When millions are perishing for lack of knowledge, and the young disciples of the Lord are waiting with ardent desires to carry the gospel to them, shall millions be left to perish and that ardent desire be disappointed?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Referring to Mills and his associates at Williams, Dr. Griffin said: “I have been in situations to know, from the counsels formed in that sacred conclave or from the mind of Mills himself, there arose the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, the African school, . . . besides the impetus given to domestic missions, to the colonization society, and to the general cause of benevolence in both hemispheres.”

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

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

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

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

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

This priest of the shrine of Kali spends his days monotonously tolling a bell, to call the passersby to worship at the shrine. Although not seen at this shrine, the main idols of Kali (the so-called “destroyer”) are shown with a necklace of skulls; corpses dangling from her ears; a girdle of human hands; matted hair; fang-like teeth; and a bloody, drawn sword. At her temple, animals are sacrificed and the blood smeared on the idol.
CHAPTER THIRTEEN
GORDON HALL
Protestant Missionary to Western India

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

When the first five American missionaries, including Adoniram Judson, were ordained, in 1812, Gordon Hall was one of them. His parents, Nathan and Elizabeth Hall, in making their home the home of their parish pastor, obtained the fulfillment of the promise, “He that receiveth you receiveth Me;” for it was the words and the assistance of this pastor, Mr. Harrison, that turned the life destiny of Gordon, who became one of India’s most devoted benefactors.

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

“His assistance on the farm is so valuable,” replied the father, “that I cannot spare him.”

But the son set his face with determination to gain an education; and the pastor became his tutor. By 1805, the year Henry Martyn was ordained and sailed for India, Gordon was prepared for college, and his father permitted him to go. He entered old Williams, and plunged into his studies with great thoroughness. During his first year, he yielded to the holy influences of the revival, then in progress, and gave his heart to God. It is probable that he spent the vacation of 1806 at home, or his name would doubtless have been enrolled with those present at the haystack prayer meeting. To him Samuel Mills early communicated the knowledge of his burning desire for missions; and of him Mr. Mills declared, “Hall was evidently ordained and stamped a missionary by the
He left Williams in 1808; was licensed to preach the following year; and accepted a call to Woodbury, Connecticut, where he remained till the same month young Judson appeared before the ministers’ association at Bradford, June 1810. This year he entered Andover Seminary, where was that choice circle of young men whose influence was to be felt “to the remotest corner of this ruined world.”

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

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

We have noted, in another chapter, the sailing and the arrival in India of Messrs. Hall, Nott, and Rice. After no little tossing on the billows of mission opposition, in which they were ordered to leave India, Brethren Hall and Nott were cast adrift at Bombay in February 1813. The governor, Sir Evan Nepean, received positive orders to deport them to England. They were so notified, and their passage was secured. It seemed as if they were about to be separated from the work upon which they had had their hearts set so long, and that all their plans would fall to the ground; but their Commander was not confused, and it was a time of seeking His interposition. He had His men for the hour. After impassioned appeals to Sir Evan, who was himself friendly to missions, he delayed to execute the orders and made a plea in their behalf; but their appeals and his would have been in vain but for one in authority whom God raised up to defend His cause. This was none other than the venerable Charles Grant, who, as we know, was a director of the East India Company. He prepared a noble
defense in behalf of the missionaries, and this was met by permission for them to remain.

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

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

This same year Mr. Hall was united in marriage to a young English woman, Miss Margaret Lewis, who became an earnest helper in the mission. Before the close of 1817 they had prepared the Gospels, a Gospel Harmony, part of the Epistles, and several tracts.
THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS THRONGING THE BANKS OF THE "SACRED" GANGES RIVER
Schools were soon established, into which hundreds of children were gathered. One school was devoted wholly to the oft-neglected Jews. In this, the children studied the scrolls of the prophets through which God spoke in times past to their fathers, and in which He still speaks to men. Eventually the picket line of schools extended sixty miles along the coast.

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

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

In September of the same year, a meeting was held that showed something of the progress in the work of missions. There were present delegates representing the American Board and the Church Missionary Society in Bombay, the London Society in Surat and Belgaum, and the Scottish Missionary Society in southern Konkan. Mr. Hall gave the sermon of welcome from Rom. 1:16. A little later he wrote: “What a contrast was this glad occasion to my situation in 1813-1814, when I was practically a prisoner and under sentence of transportation from the land, when not a single mission in this part of India had been established! I am now a patriarch among the missionary brotherhood, none so old in years and missionary labors.”
The zealous worker longed to reach forth into the regions beyond. With two Christian lads from the mission, he undertook a journey inland. In two populous towns visited, the cholera was raging, more than two hundred dying in Nasik the day following his arrival. Among the distressed inhabitants, the patient, sympathetic missionary moved like an angel of mercy, until he had nearly exhausted his supply of medicines, his books, and his strength for preaching the gospel. Turning homeward from the harrowing scenes, he reached Doorlee-D’hapoon about 10 o’clock at night, March 8. Finding no hospitable doors to welcome him, he resorted to a heathen temple, finding refuge but not rest. One of two sick men near him died before morning. At four o’clock he roused the lads to proceed on the journey, when he was suddenly seized with so violent an attack of cholera he knew he could not recover. Eight hours only was he spared to suffer; but with marvelous composure he counseled the lads, exhorted the heathen, and prayed for his family and missionary associates. He never knew that one of his little sons had found a grave in the deep. The prayer ended, he thrice repeated, “Glory to Thee, O God!” and died.

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

“The churches now, as in all former ages, deem it right and highly commendable for some of Christ’s disciples to renounce all prospects of worldly emolument and ease; to commit themselves and their families, if they have any, under Providence, into the hands of charity; to forego the comforts and endearments of civilized society and Christian friends; to brave
The hearts of early missionaries were so moved by the pitiful darkness of India, as they saw millions vainly seeking for peace of heart by meaningless, often cruel ritual; serving demon-gods and unfeeling idols; going on long pilgrimages; afflicting their bodies; and even sacrificing their children, often by casting them into the "sacred" Ganges to be devoured by crocodiles. The degradation of idol worship is beyond what could be told in this book. Unfortunately, today, many in the Western nations are turning to the pagan superstitions of the Eastern Religions.

"And shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sons and of their daughters, whom they sacrificed unto the idols . . . and the land was polluted with blood." Psalm 106:38.
every danger, whether from the raging billows of the ocean, the sickly climate, or the sanguinary barbarian; and to meet death in whatever time, place, or form it may be allotted them, and all this for the sake of preaching Christ to the heathen. By approving and, as is the fact, requiring this of their missionaries, they do virtually bind themselves to make corresponding sacrifices and exertions to the same end.

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

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

DR. JOHN SCUDDER


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In July 1820, Dr. and Mrs. Scudder found their field upon the island of Ceylon. Over a year they had been from the homeland without one word from home. The doctor soon found plenty to do in helping the sick. “I have patients in abundance,” he wrote. “I hope to do much good, as many hear the gospel by this means who, in all probability, would never hear it in any other way.” “I have lately begun to give out tracts to those who can read who come for medical advice.”

A hospital was established; boarding and day schools were opened. But lack of support from the homeland caused the missionary much grief. Not content with reaching the people through his practice, or even in assemblies, the doctor went out into the fields to teach them in the busy season. He found much need of the “schoolmaster,” to bring men to Christ. Gal. 3:24. “Many deny altogether that they have sinned. They imagine if a man has never committed murder or done some other great crime, he has not sinned. This renders it necessary for us constantly to open to their view the law of God in its length and breadth, teaching them that it extends as well to the thoughts as to the actions of men.”

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

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

An appointment to Madras, in 1836, gave wider scope for the doctor’s activities. A printing plant was established under Dr. Winslow’s supervision. Mrs. Scudder bravely bore the burden of home affairs and did all she could to help in the mission while the doctor made extended tours, distributing tracts and Scripture portions.
His most hazardous journey was across the entire peninsula of India, from east to west, through the Mysore district. On the return he was smitten with fever. A messenger was dispatched to Mrs. Scudder; and that heroic woman, accompanied only by her little son and hired palanquin bearers, traveled night and day, in hope of finding her husband still alive. Let her brother tell the story:

In the worst part of the jungle road, as night drew on, the bearers became intimidated at the sound of wild beasts roaring after their prey. The men suddenly fled, leaving Mrs. Scudder and her little one exposed to the most horrid death and with none to protect them but Daniel’s God. What could she do? There was but one thing. She held her little one by the hand and spent that night on her knees in prayer. She heard the heavy tread of wild elephants. Then came the growl of tigers and other ravenous beasts. They seemed to be circling round the little spot where she knelt, ready to spring upon their prey. But God held them back. Yes, He who shut the mouths of lions and sent His angel in answer to prayer to guard these, His dear ones, from the death they dreaded. So they passed the night. Morning came and the cowardly bearers returned and resumed their burden. Mrs. Scudder reached the bedside of her husband and found him convalescent.

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

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

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

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

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

On their return to India in 1846, the children were still borne upon their hearts. The mother made their birthdays special occasions to pray for each one. Said the doctor, "I want all my children to be missionaries;" and, for them, he had joined with the mother in fasting, prayers, and, tears. Yet of her he said, "She literally prayed her children into the kingdom." When the Father of all shall inquire, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" Dr. and Mrs. Scudder will be able to respond, "Behold, I and the children Thou hast given me."

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

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

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

“In professional attendance upon a lady, while in the anteroom, he took up a tract on which was titled *The Claims of Six Hundred Million*. That tract brought him to India. The very copy through which God thus spoke to him that night in that lady’s parlor now lies on the table before me. Precious tract, written thirty-seven years ago, how wide and wonderful are the influences which have issued from between thy humble covers! Under God, it is by thee that I sit here writing these lines in this far-off land.”

This blessed tract was written by Gordon Hall, whose life, as we have seen, was laid down for India. Not only Dr. Scudder’s children, but four of his grandchildren, became missionaries. At least one of whom, Dr. Ida M. Scudder, is still at this writing in the same heaven-born work. Who can estimate the value of a tract!

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Scudder