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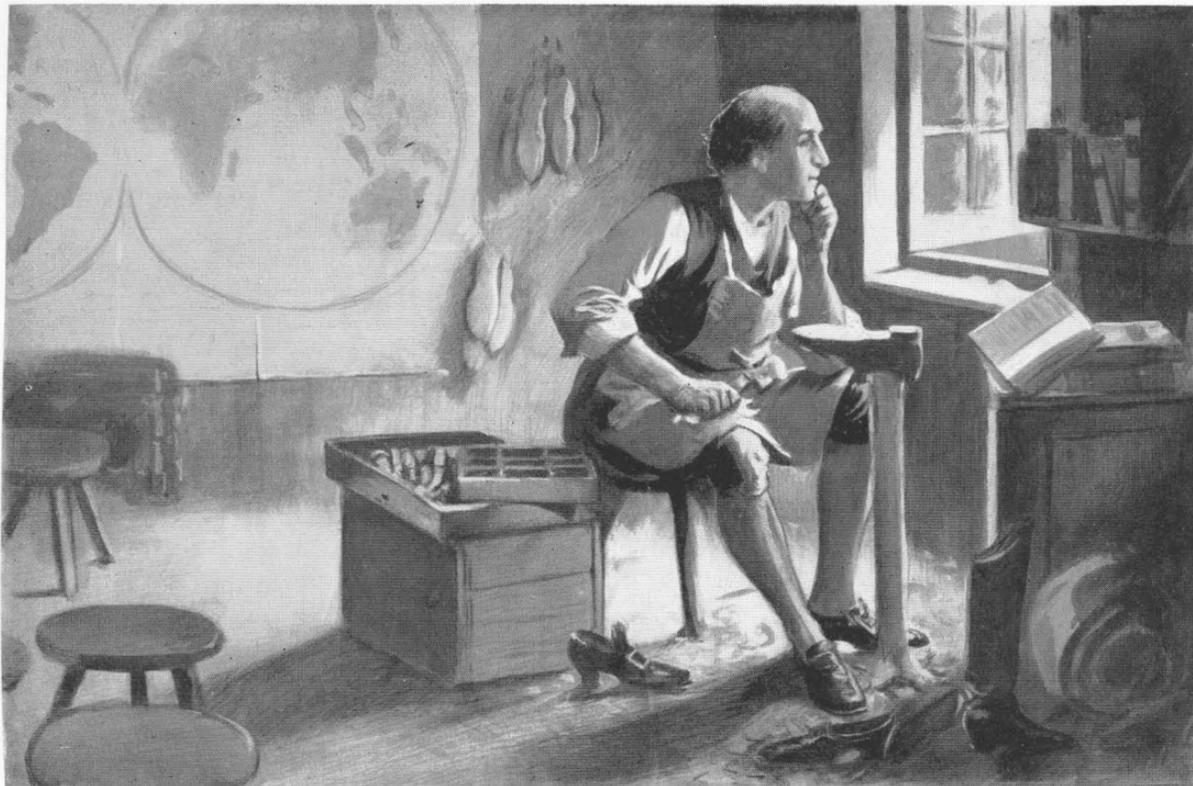


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“ This was the room in which he had done his cobbling work, taught the village boys,  
and made his globe of leather ”

# THE BELLS OF MOULTON

THE STORY OF  
THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

By W. E. CULE

*Author of "Sir Knight of The Splendid Way"*

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WITH DRAWINGS BY ERNEST PRATER

TO  
MY GRANDSON, GORDON SMITH,  
AT  
TAUNTON SCHOOL

One morning during the holidays you came into my room and took up a book which was on my table. It was a Life of William Carey. When you had read the title you asked: "What did Carey really do?" You will find a question of that kind in this book, and the story is my attempt to answer the question.

In my story you will meet Gerald Staines, a school-fellow of yours at Taunton and a member of the Baptist Squad. At first you will wonder why you have never met him at Taunton, but presently you will understand. Then, I hope, you will willingly go with him to Moulton and Kettering and Serampore, to hear one of the great stories of the world.

W. E. C.

1942.

## CHAPTER ONE

“WHAT DO THE BELLS OF MOULTON SAY?”

WHEN they came to Moulton, Gerald found that it was a straggling roadside village a little beyond Northampton on the way to Kettering. They went slowly up the village street until they reached—another cottage. Gerald sighed, for he was growing rather tired of cottages; and this was one of the least inviting of all, for it hadn't even a front door. The entrance was at the back, facing the usual cottage garden.

Mr. Staines, however, did not seem to be tired of cottages, but went through the same programme as before in the same thorough manner. The cottage, though dark and cramped, was very clean, and the tenant knew how to receive visitors because visitors were frequent. Yes, this was the room in which the now famous cobbler-teacher-preacher of long ago had done his cobbling work, taught the village boys, and made the globe of leather upon which he had marked the names of the heathen lands and the number of their peoples. She showed the stone sink or trough in which he had soaked the leather he had carried on foot from Kettering. That trough was the only exhibit of any interest except for a tablet outside, above where the front door might have been. It had been set up a few years before to tell every

passer-by that the cobbler-pastor had once lived here. But when she was taking them out to see the tablet, she paused to call their attention to the garden. "They say it was no garden when he came to it," she said. "There had been an old barn here, or perhaps an old shed, and it had fallen into ruin. But he cleared all the rubbish away, and made it the best garden in Moulton. So they say."

Mr. Staines lingered for several minutes looking over the garden, forgetting, perhaps, that it was long since the cobbler-pastor had left it to others. He seemed rather thoughtful as they turned away to see the tablet. After seeing it, he said "Thank you" and "Good day" in his usual genial manner, left a generous gift, and led the way back to a little chapel which they had passed to reach the cottage.

Here they were met by the pastor of the Carey Memorial Church at Moulton, glad to show them his church and proud to be its minister. It was a beautiful little church, and the pulpit used long ago by "Brother Carey" was still there in regular service.

"For his ministry here he received Ten Pounds yearly, I believe," said Mr. Staines.

"There was an additional Five Pounds from one of our Baptist funds," answered the minister.

"Yes. Fifteen in all. What the newspapers would call 'Not a princely stipend.' But he did a fine work here, and was greatly beloved.

“He increased the church and congregation and rebuilt the chapel. Here he was ordained into the ministry, and one of his members, a Miss Tressler, collected the money to buy him a suit of black for the great occasion. Yes, he did a good work here, and left a good report.”

“Also a good garden,” said Mr. Staines, half to himself. And then: “You mentioned bells just now. These are hung at the parish church, of course.”

“Ah, yes,” said the minister. “The Moulton bells are very old and very fine. They were six, and have been here for quite six hundred years. In 1933 two new bells were added, to make a peal of eight: and they were added as a memorial to William Carey. One was the gift of Dr. Madge, and the other was paid for by the people of Moulton and the neighbourhood. A very fine tribute, don’t you think?”

“Particularly beautiful,” said Mr. Staines.

“One of the bells bears an inscription in Latin,” said the minister. “I like it partly because it contains the word ‘illustrious’:

‘To the greater glory of God and in memory of the illustrious William Carey, whose soul was often stirred by the sweet sound of the old bells of Moulton, this new bell has been given by S. J. Madge, 1933.’”

The minister was about to add something more, but at that moment there was an interruption. A telegraph messenger dismounted from

his bicycle at the church gate and walked up the path with a telegram in his hand. It was for the minister, who asked to be excused while he opened and read it and wrote a reply on a form. When the messenger had gone he came back to his visitors.

"So you are going on to Kettering," he said. "You seem to be tracing some of the Carey footsteps. You will like the town, and Fuller Chapel is very fine. Then the old Mission House is a choice place of pilgrimage."

"So I understand," said Mr. Staines. "We hope to see both before dark. And we shall always remember this visit with pleasure. Gerald, here, has a diary with a special page for Moulton. It shall certainly bear a note of your great kindness. Come, Gerald!"

As he watched them walk up to the car the minister felt that he liked this London business man who seemed so interested in the beginnings of the Missionary Movement. What would happen if more London business men took to tracing Brother Carey's footprints? Here, he decided, was something worth thinking about, and he went in to think about it at his tea. While he was at his tea he remembered that Mr. Staines had made a curious remark about the cottage garden, and he also remembered that his own story of the two bells had been interrupted and never completed. But that did not seem to matter.

The Vauxhall stopped for a late tea at a roadside hotel a mile or two out of Moulton. While they were waiting for tea Gerald had five minutes to himself, and used them to bring his notes up to date. The last pages of several in his pocket diary were headed “Moulton,” and he made his entries rapidly in pencil. One of these entries needed an effort of memory, and he was rather pleased that it seemed to be right. He had noted it from the minister’s lips, and had repeated it to himself several times since.

He had only just finished when his father returned. “Ah,” said Mr. Staines. “I see you have quite a budget for Moulton. The tablet, of course, and the inscription on the bell. I wonder if you could turn that into the Latin? But we’ll discuss these pages in the half hour after tea. Then we shall have to get on.”

Gerald closed the book and slipped it into his pocket. He hoped his father would forget all about it before tea was over. It was one thing to scribble pencil notes in his own particular shorthand, but quite another to have those keen eyes looking them over. Evidently his father had noticed the little book more than once during the day, and now meant to look into it!

Mr. Staines did not forget. When tea was over he settled himself comfortably in a lounge chair and held out his hand for the book. When he found the entries, some of the abbreviations checked him and others amused him, but it was

plain that the idea pleased him. Gerald had set aside two of those small pages for each place they had visited, and had done his best to keep his entries neat and orderly. At the beginning of the series he had written, in the centre of a blank page, a kind of title—"Run in the East Midlands : July, 1939." Then the first page was headed "Paulerspury," with Piddington, Hackleton, Olney, Leicester and Nottingham in succession. Last came Moulton, fresh from the pencil.

Mr. Staines plodded through some of the entries :

"Paulerspury. C. (for Carey) born August 17th, 1761. Village. Cottage. Father parish clerk and schoolmaster."

Piddington : Carey apprenticed 1775. Village. Cottage. John Warr.

Hackleton : Carey shoemaker. Village. Cottage. "Carey's College."

Olney : Village Chapel. Carey preached trial sermon, 1785. Told to wait a bit.

Leicester : very small chapel, Harvey Lane. Cottage, attic, show-place now, with books and relics.

Nottingham. Old chapel, Friar Lane. Great sermon, May, 1792. Expect and Attempt. Kettering, October.

And then came Moulton, his selection of notes on those pages ending neatly with the Bells.

To Gerald's relief, his father took it quite kindly. "This is a correct record," he said.

“Concise and business-like, too. In view of the minister’s remark you might add to the title, after ‘Midlands,’ ‘Tracing Carey’s footprints.’ I like the line on Olney—‘told to wait a bit’ when he asked them to recommend him for the ministry and preached his trial sermon. The Cobbler’s Progress was not one of unbroken success, was it? I like this line on Moulton, too. ‘Nice little chapel, but not the one he had, 1787.’ No, indeed. He had a very poor little place, so dilapidated that it had been closed for months.—But I see you have a small ‘g’ after the entry about the bells.”

“I meant it for ‘good’,” explained Gerald.

“Quite right. It is one of the best things in our tour. But in other places you have a ‘p’ several times, usually after a cottage or an attic.”

Mr. Staines was certainly looking into that little diary!

“I meant it for ‘poor’ or ‘poverty struck,’ or—or—‘pitiful’,” said Gerald. “It’s a shame that such a man should have had to live in such places as those. Don’t you think so, Dad?”

Mr. Staines closed the book. “I am glad you feel like that about it,” he said, after a few moments’ thought. “But is it not a wonderful thing that men should have overcome the disadvantages of such surroundings—Carey, Bunyan, Burns—and you remember the Lloyd George cottage we saw in Wales last summer?”

It was not always that Gerald found his father

so thoroughly in agreement with him. And Mr. Staines added, after another pause :

“ And I suppose this man has done more good than any other cottage man. He will soon have the whole Christian world noticing the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his great work : and the village in which he lived has bells in his honour, also a tablet and a chapel. But how would you explain these cottage men—so much from so little ? ”

“ They were different—and nothing could keep them down.”

“ Yes, different. In most cases it was genius. They were bound to make their way up, and some of them found help on the way. But with this man, it is more than genius. During his shoemaking in one of those cottage workrooms a fellow apprentice, John Warr, helped him to become a Christian. So he met Christ face to face, and the meeting changed his whole life. He became possessed and inspired by a great Dream—the passion to serve his new Master by saving souls ; and everything in his life became transformed and splendid through that passion. His gift for languages, of which no one had been aware till then, became an instrument that was to shake the world.”

Gerald was surprised to find his father so thoroughly in earnest on something rather outside the main stream of his interests. But as soon as he saw this, he saw more. This expedition was in itself rather surprising. In a day or

two they were to leave for India, on the business of the House in which Mr. Staines was now the senior partner. It was one of the oldest Indian Houses in the City of London, and though this visit had been rather suddenly arranged, there was nothing particularly surprising about it. But suddenly Mr. Staines had decided to take Gerald with him, arranging for him to leave Taunton at the half-term. He wanted a companion, he said, and Gerald's education would not suffer much from such a brief interruption. Indeed, he used the unusual argument, for a father, that the boy would learn much more on such a tour than he would at school. Besides, since Gerald was to go into the House later on, it might be an excellent thing for him from the point of view of the Business.

Gerald, of course, had been in the seventh heaven of delight since the decision had been taken. To go to India with such a guide as Dad, while the other chaps were mugging away at School! It was too good to be true. There was bound to be a snag somewhere, and he kept looking for signs of it every morning. It might be in the morning paper, or in the post. And how his heart sank when his father told him one evening that they were to have a little motor-tour in the East Midlands. His face fell, and his eyes asked a painful question: “Is this instead?”

“Oh, no,” said his understanding father.

"This isn't instead. It is a sort of beginning—an introduction."

"Are all of us going?" asked Gerald.

"No. Only we two. We'll take Mother and Greta some other day."

What could be his purpose in the East Midlands when he was going on business to India? Well, Gerald often had to "wait and see" in his dealings with his father, and he had to do so now. Nor was it difficult to wait, so long as the great Plan was still a reality. So next day the ever-ready Vauxhall had set off on its unexpected trip from Finchley to the East Midlands, the kind of run that always seemed so easy with this keen motorist, never so thoroughly a master as when at the wheel. Late in the evening they had reached Northampton, where they had stayed the night: and this morning they had begun that puzzling little tour of village scenes, criss-cross and round about, highway and by-way, but usually ending at a cottage. Gerald soon realised, of course, that it was a Carey tour, and he had always been interested in Carey—well, a bit, anyhow. Mr. Staines was a member of the B.M.S. General Committee, and probably this sudden tour, on the very eve of their journey abroad, had something to do with the Missionary Society's work in India. Well, he would explain in his own good time, no doubt, and perhaps he had made this pause at a roadside hotel to provide a good opportunity.

Gerald was right in his guess. "Well, here we

are!” said Mr. Staines at last. “The tour over, except for the last stage. And you are waiting to know the Why and the Wherefore.”

“On the tip-toe—or in the throes—of curiosity, Dad.”

“I must say you have controlled it very well. There is no great mystery, however. One of the chief causes is Mr. Denzill Phillips, my partner in the House. While we were discussing this Indian trip in my room about a month ago, he picked up a book from my table. It was Pearce Carey’s *Life of William Carey*. Can you guess what Phillips said? ‘Carey? Who is this Carey?’”

Gerald smiled. He had heard such a question himself occasionally.

“Denzill Phillips knew something about India, but nothing about Carey,” his father went on. “Thinking it over, I saw that this state of affairs was very general. Most of the world knows a good deal about India and little about Carey. Yet I had a vague idea—and I expect you have it, too—that Carey and his work were—are—enormously important to India.”

“Of course,” said Gerald.

“So I had fancied. But now I had to ask myself, was it true? And I discovered, much to my surprise, that though I knew more than Denzill Phillips, I really knew very little. Had he asked me for a full account of Carey and his work in India, I could not have done much with it: I hadn’t even read the book, though I had

dipped into it. I had taken things for granted. The only date I could have given him straight away would have been 1792. And I certainly couldn't have described or explained the importance or meaning, to India, of Carey's work."

It was Gerald's turn to laugh. "I never guessed you knew so little, Dad."

"Nor did I. It was a bit of a shock. But I thought it over, and all sorts of thoughts and suggestions and questions grew out of that one random question. It seemed to me at last that not only India but the whole world might be in it.—But does all this seem bewildering to you?"

Gerald was cautious. "I am sure you can make it all clear, Dad."

"Very neat and very prudent! Well, I cannot explain fully to-day, but we shall talk again—many times no doubt. The next thing was that a few days afterwards I went up to the Missionary Committee for its usual meeting, and happened to mention to one or two people that we were going to India. This reached the Secretaries' office, and I was called in for a chat. They took it for granted that I should wish to see something of our missionary work when I was in India, and they would gladly make it easy for us to do so. I could not tell them that I hadn't really thought of it—this being a brief business visit—so I said I should be glad to see what I could. The end of that was that the Secretaries got the Committee to pass a resolution

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wishing us God-speed, and to give me a message for any Indian mission station we might visit.”

“That was kind,” ventured Gerald.

“It was. So now we are pledged to see something of missionary work while in India. And you will notice how this follows up Denzill Phillips’s question.”

“Just as though to offer an answer.”

“Exactly. But when things had got so far as that, I saw that something else might well be done first. It would be a good thing to learn all we could about Carey’s beginnings here at home—to trace his footprints, as the minister said at Moulton just now, and see what happened, and how it happened. Then we would follow him up a bit in India, and perhaps”—Mr Staines looked up with a smile—“perhaps find an important meaning in it all.”

“Yes, Dad.”

Mr. Staines handed back the little diary.

“This is rather good,” he said. “I like the idea. Suppose you keep it up. Don’t make a task of it; just put down what you think worth while. We may be able to ‘compare notes’ now and then, and perhaps, at the end, compare and consider our conclusions—if we have any. But I will get you a larger note-book, so that you may make a fuller record.”

His smile could not disguise a suggestion of seriousness. Gerald felt sure that it was there, and that he had noticed it earlier during the day—

for instance, in the cottage garden at Moulton. But while he was still puzzling it out, his father rose and led the way to the car.

“Now for Chapter Two,” he said. “No more cottages or attics. Kettering!”

Just as they were about to start, however, a curious thing detained them. Standing by the car was the hotel garage-man, an old hand who might have been the ostler there in the days before cars. Old and grey and bent and rugged, he did not notice a remark that Mr. Staines made, but seemed to be listening to something else.

“Eh? What is it?” asked Mr. Staines, sharply; and the old man woke up.

“Beg pardon, sir,” he said. “I was listening for the Moulton bells. It’s time for Evensong.”

“But there are no bells. I can’t hear them, anyway.”

The old man gave a wrinkled smile. “Just so, sir. But I’ve heard those bells at Evensong ever since I can remember, and I keep on hearing them. I find myself listening like, as I always did. I know they’re not ringing just now, but I hear them all the same.”

“Oh, yes, I see,” said Mr. Staines. “Well, do you remember when the new bells were put in—the Carey bells—wasn’t it in 1933? Did they make any difference?”

The old man was happy to have found a person who was sympathetic and not scornful. His eyes brightened.

“Yes, sir,” he said. “There was a difference. It was a stronger peal, and more musical-like because of the new notes in it.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Staines. “The new notes in it. That’s a good word. Well, go on listening. It will certainly do no harm to anybody. And now ‘Good day’ to you.”

The old man returned the “Good day” with a smile for the gift which accompanied it. A moment, and the car was speeding along the road to Kettering.

“Queer old chap, Dad,” said Gerald.

“Yes,” agreed Mr. Staines; and a moment later he added: “Brother Carey, it seems, found great pleasure in the Moulton bells. They must have had a message for such a man as that. But I wonder what the peal said when the new notes were added.”

And at the first opportunity Gerald added one line to his Moulton pages:

“What do the bells of Moulton say?”

## CHAPTER TWO

### THE GARDEN OF GOSPEL INN

**T**HE Vauxhall went into Kettering very slowly. This was Gerald’s idea, after his father had told him how the young Carey had tramped that

road so often in his Moulton days, laden with his bag of shoes, and his book or books, and his dream. "You wouldn't have thought him a very fine figure, either," said Mr. Staines. "He was poorly dressed, no doubt, and his bag of shoes was not a distinction. He would be reading as he trudged, so most people would have thought him a bit of a joke. It would have been more comical still if the book happened to be a big one which he had borrowed, such as *Captain Cook's Voyages*. That is a great book—I have seen it at the Mission House in London. Then the young cobbler-preacher was small, and had a stoop, and an attack of the ague had left him bald. He had a cheap wig, but I expect he only wore it on Sundays and special occasions."

The picture was not a very heroic one. Gerald felt heartily sorry for the poor little parson who had toiled along that road long ago. "Wouldn't we have been glad to give him a lift!" he thought: and it was then that he asked his father to drive more slowly.

"Yes," said Mr. Staines, "He must have seemed a poor, strange little figure. But perhaps people who got near enough to look into his eyes would make a discovery. They might get a glimpse of the Dream there."

The Dream again! "And what was that like, Dad?" asked Gerald.

"What was it like? I think it was a light," said his father, after a long pause. "And how-

ever poor the face, a light in the eyes would make such a difference, wouldn't it?"

The approach to Kettering is a very open and pleasant one, and the outskirts of the busy town are very attractive. But Mr. Staines did not discuss them. He followed up the Dream.

"Yes, I think it would be a Light," he said. "Because, you see, the Dream was not really Carey's own. It was Somebody Else's. I think Carey himself, if he had preached a sermon on it, would have used the text—'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever*' . . . The word would be *Whosoever*. Yes, the Dream began there, and had been in the world ever since, looking for hearts which it could make its home. It had found many through the ages, men and women, and had made of them great saints and leaders and teachers, saviours of their fellow-men. Now it had found this cobbler-parson in the Midlands, and was going to turn him into something wonderful. For he was ready to give his life to it, and all that life meant to him: every ability he possessed, his devotion, his marvellous industry—his present and his future. And that is just the kind of man that this Dream delights to find. It cannot do much with the half-hearted. That 'Whosoever' demands a man."

"A good line for my diary," thought Gerald. "Dad is frightfully in earnest about this business."

“Fortunately he found a friend who helped him out of this journey,” said Mr. Staines. “The man he worked for was a Mr. Thomas Gotch, a leading shoe-merchant in Kettering, and this Mr. Gotch was a deacon at the Baptist Church. The minister of the church, as you know, was Carey’s friend, Andrew Fuller, and Mr. Fuller thought it very absurd that a student and scholar who had already taught himself several languages—Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Dutch—should have to spend so much time cobbling shoes. Besides, there was the time spent trudging this road, and all for about ten shillings a week. So Mr. Fuller spoke privately to his deacon, Mr. Gotch, and Mr. Gotch did a handsome thing which has made his plain name famous in Baptist history. He made Carey a gift of ten shillings a week as long as he remained at Moulton, on the condition that he gave up his boots for his books.”

“Good for Gotch!” said Gerald fervently.

“Yes, indeed! I should have liked to meet him. But here is the church of which he was a deacon, and that is the nearest we can get to him. It is not the same building, of course. This very fine church is much more modern. It is called ‘The Fuller Memorial,’ in honour of the great man who was its minister in those days. And here is our friend Mr. Thomson, to show us everything.”

Mr. Thomson was one of the deacons of the Fuller Church, and he was also a member of the

Missionary Committee which usually meets in London. It was at one of these gatherings that he had met Mr. Staines, and the acquaintance-ship had soon grown into friendship. Mr. Thomson had visited the Staines' home more than once, and was on the best of terms with the whole family. He was elderly and grey, but not so old that he could not make a friend of a boy.

"Hullo, Gerald!" he said, as they shook hands. "So you are making a Carey Pilgrimage?"

"Yes, sir," said Gerald. "Mostly cottages and attics, so far."

"So far? Oh, yes. But Kettering is another picture. Come along!"

Under his guidance the next hour was a busy and interesting one. He showed them the church first, one of the largest Baptist churches Gerald had seen, with a beautiful organ and many cherished memorials of those who had served it in past days. Mr. Thomson knew every detail of its story and fortunes, and proved an excellent guide in the absence of the minister, who happened to be away on holiday. And when they had visited the large recreation rooms behind the church—Gerald had never seen such fine provision made for young people—he led them out to the famous house which is usually known as the Kettering Mission House.

It stands on a little hill near the church, in a quiet road which suits its dignity very well. In the Carey days, their guide explained, this had

been the home of a Mr. Wallis, one of the deacons of the Fuller Church. This Mr. Wallis had been so hospitable to the ministers who gathered at Kettering for special meetings that his house had been called "Gospel Inn." Mr. Wallis had died just before the important meeting on the Second of October, 1792, when the ministers decided to form the Baptist Missionary Society, but his widow resolved that her house should not fail in the duty of hospitality. She invited the ministers "as usual," and as she could not entertain them herself, she called in a Mr. Joseph Timms, a young man who had taken her husband's place among the deacons of Fuller Chapel. This Mr. Timms took the head of the table at supper and remained to the little meeting afterwards. So he was drawn in to the birth of the new Society, and joined the others in making the first missionary collection of Thirteen pounds two shillings and sixpence. Thus he became famous almost by accident, as it were. There was also another stranger present, a young student for the Baptist ministry, a William Staughton. According to the legend, the little back parlour was so crowded by the twelve ministers and Mr. Timms that the student had to sit on the floor under the table: but he heard everything from there, and was so moved by Carey's pleading and passion that he came from under the table to borrow Half a Guinea for the collection. In his later years Doctor William Staughton was a whole-hearted

missionary leader in America, and did great things for the new Movement.

“He had caught the fire,” said Mr. Staines.

After they had read the tablet on the wall outside they went on to the house, to receive another warm welcome from the resident warden. The old house had been bought some years ago by the Baptist Laymen’s Missionary Movement, and presented to the Society to be used as a furlough home for missionaries. “But I have not arranged for you to sleep here to-night,” said Mr. Thomson. “Unless you prefer to stay here, you will come to us.”

“We will stay with you,” said Mr. Staines: “I want a last chat before I go to India. But it was a very kind thought.” And Gerald saw that he had only just missed a striking line for his diary: “Slept at the Kettering House, Gospel Inn.” Then he wondered whether he would be able to add: “What a place for Dreams!”

But Mr. Thomson was now leading them to a little back room on the right of the hall, plainly furnished with an oval table and a number of chairs, and with several portraits on the walls. These were mostly old, of solemn groups of ministers—eminent divines of another generation. “We are not sure that this is actually the room,” said Mr. Thomson. “The house has been altered and enlarged since that time, and the old plans show a somewhat different room here. But this was the spot, and this is generally accepted as

Widow Wallis's Back Parlour. You see at once how crowded it would be with fourteen men—some of them, probably, men of weight and substance, like myself.”

They sat down in the famous Back Parlour. “Yes, this is near enough,” said the guide. “Anyway it is near enough for me. When I feel depressed and disheartened (the ‘blues,’ Gerald!) I often come to this room to see the place where a small man, after nine years of battle, won his victory for a great Idea.”

“Gerald and I have been talking over this,” said Mr. Staines. “We have agreed that it was the Cobbler's Dream that came to this back parlour on that Second of October. We have agreed, too, that if we had met this man we should have seen the Dream in his eyes. It would have been a light.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Thomson, “and those pastors and leaders of the Northamptonshire Baptist churches had to see the light that day. They were poor men, timid men, not easily persuaded to a bold step. If the Dream was to be taken seriously it was too big for them—so big as to be absurd: but they had a doubt of it, too. This man was a crank, some said, a man with a bee in his bonnet. At one of their meetings they had all laughed heartily when their chairman had told him, testily, to sit down, because if God wanted the heathen converted He would do it without Brother Carey's help. They could

not forget that saying. But on that day in October they were brought face to face with this little man and his big idea—his Dream, you called it, Staines. Looking into his face, feeling the passion in his voice, knowing how he had fought through penury and contempt and scorn, remembering his patience, his purity, his unwavering loyalty and zeal, they looked at him more closely, and the absurdity faded away. Suddenly they saw his great idea as a light, and since they were sincere, well-meaning men, they saluted the light, though they feared that it might lead them into strange places. They spoke their doubts and fears in this little room, but the Man with the Dream swept them away. He had chapter and verse with him, for he was always prepared. So the Baptist Society for Sending the Gospel to the Heathen was duly formed: and I am proud, Gerald, to be a deacon of the church whose minister of that day was Carey's chief supporter at this meeting and the first Secretary of the new Society."

He spoke a little further of that historic meeting. It was a notable thing, he said, that those ministers had for a long time been having special prayer for the revival of God's work, not only in their own churches and their own land, but also among the heathen. They knew that the Gospel of Good News was for the whole world—Mr. Andrew Fuller himself had written a little book on the subject—but they had not realised that it might

be their duty to send it. Here was a man who brought them face to face with that great truth, and had also translated their vague thoughts into the reality of a Plan. Indeed, the answer to their prayers had been among them for a long time, and they had not recognised it!

“But having seen the light, they did very handsomely,” said Mr. Staines. “They were all poor men—not one of them had more than a hundred-a-year—yet all of them promised guineas or half-guineas as a subscription to the funds of the new Society. Mr. Timms joined them with another guinea, and with the student’s borrowed half-guinea, the total of the first missionary collection rose to thirteen pounds two and six-pence.”

“All in Mr. Fuller’s big snuff-box,” cried Gerald.

“I felt sure that you would remember that,” said Mr. Thomson, smiling. “No doubt you have seen it at the Mission House in London. Yes, it was a handsome collection, a proof of the persuasive power of the Man with the Dream. I have heard him called ‘Mr. Eagerheart,’ and it seems to me a very good name for him. He got them to do a great thing that night. They turned the life of the Christian Church into a new channel, a new path of work and triumph which should plant the Cross of Christ in every land under the sun. Protestant Christendom was to take up arms now as a united force for a world-wide Crusade.”

"And he was the first—a Baptist!" cried Gerald. "Well, I always knew it in a way, but I never *felt* it till now. I belong to the Baptist Squad at Taunton, and we attend Sunday morning service at the two Baptist churches in turn. I've always been proud of belonging, but I'll be more bucked now."

Mr. Thomson gave one of his rare smiles. "We can't be too proud of these things," he said, "especially if the knowledge helps us to live up to their mark." Then he asked a question suddenly: "Have you ever thought of being a missionary, Gerald?"

"Oh, no, no!" Gerald answered hurriedly, feeling that he had somehow been taken un-awares. But Mr. Thomson understood.

"What I meant was that such a place as this is bound to suggest it," he said. "I've had the feeling myself at times, but have always come to the conclusion that I should be a misfit out there. . . . Now I think we'll have a look at the garden."

There is a large and pleasant garden at Gospel Inn, and though dusk was falling they had time to make the round of its broad pathways. The two gentleman walked together, and Gerald alone, a little behind them. He was not quite happy, for something had brought a shadow upon the evening. "Why did I say *No*?" he asked himself accusingly. "There was no need to be in such

a hurry. Besides, it wasn't true. But I suppose I can put it right presently."

They reached the house again, and paused there. "It's a good, old-time garden," said Mr. Staines; "worthy of the old house."

"Yes," said Mr. Thomson. "And I expect the little cobbler-preacher loved to steal away to it when he came to Gospel Inn. He took a pride in his little cottage gardens, and he would have envied this larger one. Perhaps when he laid out his splendid garden at Serampore he thought of Widow Wallis's. His passion for flowers and gardens was one of the great things in a life full of great things."

After a "Good night" and "Thank you" to the lady of Gospel Inn, they went out to the car, and home to Mr. Thomson's house just beyond the town. As they were going, Mr. Staines said: "We drove very slowly into Kettering. Gerald's wish. He did not care to run too lightly over Carey's footprints. He thought it would have been rather a fine thing if we could have given the poor man a lift."

"He will be able," said Mr. Thomson. "It isn't as if Brother Carey's work were finished. He is more here to-day than he was then. Don't we give him a lift when we help his work?"

"A rather good way of putting it."

"It's very comforting to me—in my business.—Gerald, do you know what my business is?"

"I'm afraid not, sir," answered Gerald, from his seat behind.

"I'm a builder of printing machines. When Carey went to India he became a printer and publisher in a big way. You will hear all about it when you get to Serampore. Well, I've often thought that if I had known him in those days I could have helped him a good deal. What a privilege it would have been to have one of my machines installed at Serampore! But though I couldn't do that then, I can do it now, or something like it. When I help our Society to a printing machine for India, China, or Congo, I can feel that I am helping Dr. Carey directly."

"Giving him a lift," said Gerald.

"Yes. Isn't it so?"

They agreed that it was. The Cobbler with the Dream was in the world still, trudging the Indian road, the Chinese passes, and the Congo forest ways. And so . . .

They came to Mr. Thomson's house, which he was earnestly trying to make another Gospel Inn. A very gracious and motherly Mrs. Thomson welcomed them to a delightful supper, and soon afterwards Gerald went to his room, leaving the two business men to have a late talk together. A dash across England, a maze of country lanes and an inspection of cottages, attics and gardens, not to mention Fuller Chapel and Gospel Inn, had made a busy day. It was really good to be led away upstairs, to the quiet of the little room and welcoming bed so kindly prepared for him.

Before he went to sleep he decided that it was better to be sleeping here than in that larger house, though it might not be so romantic. That was the House of a Dream, and one might expect other dreams there. But dreams are a matter of the mind rather than the place, and after all he did not escape. Almost at once, it seemed, he found himself walking down a garden path which he recognised as the garden path at Gospel Inn. There was the back of the old house, just as he had seen it in the dusk this evening: but though he was aware of it, he did not look at it now. He had seen a man in the garden, walking slowly down the path before him. It was a slight, stooping figure, and he knew it! The Cobbler-preacher, "Brother Carey," was paying a visit to Gospel Inn, and had stolen out to the old garden for a few minutes to enjoy it and to envy it!

Gerald did not see any unreasonableness in this, for nothing is unreasonable in a dream. Dates, persons and places, events and meetings, are gloriously mingled and confused. He knew that figure, and felt an eager curiosity to see more. He followed down the path. Presently, perhaps, the little man would turn, and he would get a glimpse of his face. What a thrill! Perhaps he would see the light in his eyes . . .

He was nearer to him now, but Gerald was not so sure as he had been at first. He had a puzzled impression that the figure was not the same. It was taller, less bent, more—more kingly.

No, the little cobbler had never been kingly, even with the light in his eyes. But this man . . .

Gerald almost stopped, confused thoughts speeding through his mind. What had his father said about that dream? It was not Brother Carey's dream; it was Somebody Else's, and it had been in the world a long, long time. Somebody Else's . . .

He stopped. The Man in the garden had paused, and seemed about to turn. If he came back this way . . .

Then Gerald knew that he could not wait for that. He dared not. Suddenly turning, he ran as if for his life. In a moment he was back in his bed, awake but panting, his heart beating stormily.

It was some time before he was calm again; it was longer before he could fall asleep. Before he did so he found himself asking a question:

“Why did I run away?”

### CHAPTER THREE

“AND HERE I AM AT SERAMPORE”

“MY DEAR GRETA,  
“You will hardly guess where I am writing this letter. It is in Dr. Carey's study at Serampore College. From the window I can see

a large portion of the College grounds, sloping down to the great iron gates and the river. The windows are wide open, to keep the room cool enough to live in, though as it faces north it is sheltered from the sun. It is frightfully hot all the time, for there is little variety in the weather. At breakfast on the first morning in Calcutta, Dad said : ' Another fine day.' It was just the English habit. And the lady at the head of the table said : ' Yes, and it will be, for another three months.'

" You will—or ought to be—very proud to get a letter written from a room so famous and sacred and holy."

Gerald paused, laid down his pen, and looked at that last word in a doubtful way. He was not quite pleased with it. He had grown rather more particular about words since his new English master had explained to him that the choice of words was one of the chief secrets of good writing. Then he looked around the room. After that he decided to let " holy " stand, for the present.

Perhaps this was the best word—for this room.

He made the pause a long one, but not because the letter was an unwelcome task to him. It had been arranged that during this tour abroad he should write a weekly letter to his sister, while Mr. Staines wrote to Mother ; and Gerald was taking the arrangement seriously. He was sitting now in an old chair that was rather large for him—an old, old chair, with carved oak

frame and arm-rests, and a cane back, but it was very definitely a worker's chair and not an idler's chair. On the table before him lay his new note-book, open, with several other books and papers, the whole presenting an aspect which was quite impressively business-like. There was nothing haphazard about his preparations, and they were a true reflection of the spirit in which he was carrying out his undertaking.

Yet this was not exactly like Gerald. Up to the time of his going to Taunton he had scarcely written a letter, except for letters of thanks at Christmas and birthdays, or a duty letter, often only a picture postcard, when away on holiday. But going to boarding school had made a difference. It was the custom there to write letters at least once a week, and the time was given for it. At first it was a good deal of a bother, and the letters would be rather brief and careless unless they contained requests which had to be set out decently : but there came a time when “ letters home ” took on a new meaning and importance. His father told him privately that Mother looked for them, and the hint led him to take a little more trouble. He reasoned, too, that if his mother was anxious about them, most likely his father was equally interested. At this point, because he realised that they were interested, the desire to please them both became definite, and he found himself actually making mental notes beforehand for his weekly letters. At the

end of the first term the matter was much less of a burden, and at the end of the second term his father gave him his first really good fountain-pen, as reward and encouragement. When he discovered, accidentally, that his mother had treasured every letter from the very first, he said nothing, but the old-time burden became the first duty and one of the pleasures of the week.

Presently he went on :

“ You will wonder how I come to be here. It is really very simple. Dad meant us to stay in Calcutta, at an hotel, or perhaps at the Irvines’ ; but several of our Indian missionaries came over on the same boat, and they insisted that we should go with them to our Mission Headquarters in Ripon Street, Calcutta. There was room for us there, they said, and the authorities would be very sorry if we went elsewhere. Indeed, they had received orders before sailing, from the Mission House in London, to persuade us to go to Ripon Street if they could ; and if they failed to do so, their credit would go down to zero through the length and breadth of our mission field. After that Dad was almost obliged to give in, and when we reached Calcutta the matter was clinched. A letter from London was waiting, having come by air-mail, and it confirmed what the missionaries had said. A messenger from Ripon Street was waiting too, with a car and a welcome, and we were taken to Headquarters right away.”

Gerald paused again, this time because it was warm work ; but after a long breather he was able to go on for another stage.

“That doesn’t bring me to Serampore, but another step shall ! We had to come to see the College—fourteen miles out of Calcutta—on the very next day, after we had spent the morning at the Calcutta offices of The House. Everybody does unless he goes on the first day. I cannot tell you how we liked it, and everybody was so tremendously kind that you might have thought it one of the happy moments of their lives when we walked in—after our guides, of course—at the splendid pillared entrance. Then we found that the secretary of the College Council in London—Mr. Wilson, who came to dinner one Sunday last year when he was preaching at our church—had written to the College by the same air-mail, telling them of our coming and suggesting that we should be invited to stay at the College if we cared to, and if there was room for us. Well, there was plenty of room because it is vacation, and only a few students are here. Most of the staff are on vacation too, and altogether there were good arguments for our coming. But argument isn’t the word—it was just the Serampore kindness, and I suppose it has always been like that. So after a few days in Calcutta we came.”

“And here we are,” sighed Gerald. Then he corrected himself : “And here *I* am, anyway.” Then he went on to explain a little further,

“It was ‘a very convenient combination and culmination of kind thoughts and happy chances.’ (That’s Dad’s bit, not my own.) As you know, besides seeing our business managers in Calcutta, Dad was to go to Bombay, and Madras, and Colombo, and possibly some other ports. I was to go with him, though I could see that this was rather a problem to him because he expected to be so full up with interviews and consultations that I might have rather a thin time. But Serampore settled all that. The people here made a suggestion, and Dad put it to me. Would I care to stay here while he went to the other places and did his business as quickly as possible? I was in love with Serampore already, and with all the people in it! In a way it was a pity to miss Bombay, and Madras, and especially Colombo, but, after all, Bengal is India, and Calcutta is the headquarters of our House. So there it is. Dad is far away, now, and I am here.

“I am in Doctor Carey’s study because Mr. Wilson asked specially that I should be allowed to use it if it was free. It was his own study-bedroom, it seems, when he was at Serampore as one of the College staff, and now it is my study-bedroom! It is a ground-floor room in Dr. Carey’s house, on the corner nearest to the College. They have even been so kind as to bring a Carey arm-chair from the College library for me, and I am sitting in it now. The table, too, is supposed to be a Carey table, though it

may not be the table he used in the study. That is at the Mission House in London.

“ Dad stayed here for several days, and though we spent a good deal of time at Staines & Phillips’s, we also saw all that we could of our Missions in Bengal. We saw a wonderful lot, and I have made notes by the yard, to unload on you and everybody else. Now Dad has gone, and I expect he is ‘ making contacts ’ which will mean much to the House. (Isn’t he prime at ‘ making contacts ’ ?) When he comes back we shall have another week or two before we start for home, and plans are being made for a visit to a very interesting mission field a good way off.

“ The Head of our Branch at Calcutta, Mr. Irvine, was rather surprised and a bit amused that we should have come to Serampore. Things had to be explained to him, about Dad being on the London Committee and all that, for he hasn’t much interest in missionary matters. I found that his chief clerk hadn’t even heard of Doctor Carey, but when I told him all I knew he was quite interested. What a queer world it is—so many water-tight compartments ! ”

Gerald laid down his pen once more, but took it up again as he remembered that air-mail. With a look of resolve he went on :

“ Some of the staff and students are here, as I said, and they are all most kind—like the Danes to those first missionaries. Better still, as far as I am concerned, there’s a young missionary here

from another Bengal station on a little holiday, and he has taken charge of me. (Not against his will, though you'll hardly believe that.) He takes me about, and explains everything, so I call him my Minister of Information. His name is Alan Field, and he is at a Mission Boys' School. Alan Field is the right sort, and it's awfully lucky for me that he's here. So I go down to the offices and warehouses of Staines & Phillips's in the mornings, to see all that I can see, and go out with Alan Field later in the day and hear all that I can hear."

Another long pause, during which Gerald glanced at a list of the things he had intended to get into this letter. He ticked off two or three items, but the remainder was so long that his face grew longer too. But he attacked that remainder in a good spirit.

"Another remark on the weather, or, rather, the heat, because there isn't any 'weather' as we know it at home. I can't think how Carey stood it, for the sun in England was too much for him. He had to give up out-door work for the shoe-making. But he never complained of the heat here, though he had to work frightfully hard after he landed. He had very little money, and a sick wife and young children, and he had to try several things to earn a living. Once he put up a notice that he could repair shoes. We have been to see the different places where he lived, and some of them were awful, with agues about,

and fevers and floods, and tigers, and even crocodiles. When I saw these places and heard all about it, I felt dead sorry for him. And the heat all the time ! I wondered if he didn't sometimes long for those poor little cottages at home, with their cool, dark little rooms, and stone floors, and the roses climbing over the porches.”

Gerald paused again, to read over what he had written. He was rather proud of that bit about the roses. But after a moment he shook his head and added a line or two in brackets. (“ I rather fancied that last sentence, but you'll smile at it. And you'll be right. It was done partly for effect.”)

Then he carried on :

“ But it doesn't seem that he ever wanted that life back again, or lost heart through the new troubles he had to bear. On his five months' voyage he had spent lots of time learning Bengali, and all through the next seven years of slaving he was getting on with the Bengali and beginning his translating. His chief worry seems to have been his feeling of unfitness for the big work that was given him to do, but he never turned away from it for even a second, and his letters are full of confidence and hopes and plans. All through those unpleasant happenings in those awful places he was dreaming his wonderful Dream : and to help make that Dream come true, he was preaching and teaching all the time. In the face of a thousand disappointments, he had no kind of doubt about the Dream ; he knew that he had

the secret that could make every human soul happy.”

To that Gerald added a footnote :

“ A missionary told us that, after Dad had told him his idea about the Dream of Brother Carey. So that’s his bit, not mine. Not that you would ever think it was mine. When Dad heard it he said : ‘ I wish we could only feel like that about things ’.”

Here Gerald made another mark in his list and took another rest. This *was* a letter !

“ Carey was twenty-five years in India before he built this College,” he went on at last. “ He came to Serampore because it belonged to the Danes, and they rather liked missionaries of any kind. They gave him a welcome, and allowed him to take a house, and gather his friends about him, and open schools, and build a little church, and preach. The Danish Governor protected him against the English rulers in India, the East India Company, who wanted to turn the missionaries out of the country. The Danes lent the missionaries the Danish church for morning service, and the Governor even went to church to hear Carey preach. He must have been a brick ! Altogether, it was lucky for Carey and his friends that the Danes were there.”

Gerald paused again. Exhaustion was now leading to reconsideration of his purpose. “ Perhaps she knows most of this already,” he thought. “ As Dad says, Greta is very intelligent, and perhaps I’m wasting my time and energy—on a

blazing hot day.” But he made another mark on the list and presently went on :

“ I expect you’ve read about this already. It’s all in the books. You’ll know how they worked away at the old Serampore Mission House for years, preaching, teaching and translating—and slowly getting converts—but no cobbling now ! Then Carey got his idea for the College, and set about building it. It was the same old Dream again (this is Dad’s bit) only branching out and growing bigger. It wasn’t enough to preach, and teach children, and translate the Bible into the Indian languages. There must be a College, a sort of Missionary University, where the most promising young men from the native churches should be given the very best education before going out to be ministers and teachers. Most of the Indian people could not read, so the translations wouldn’t be very useful to them without someone to teach and explain. The Book was necessary, but so was the Man with the Book. (That bit is Alan Field’s.)

“ Some dream, that, and growing bolder and bigger ! But Alan says that however big and bold our plans they will never be anything like the dream of the First Dreamer. Carey got a glimpse of this when he said ‘ Expect and Attempt.’

“ And that is just what Serampore is to-day. It is vacation now, but when the College is in full swing there are three hundred students.

Sixty of them live at the College. There are men from all parts of India, and some from Malaya, Ceylon, Burma and even one from Fiji, in the South Seas. There are seventeen nationalities, speaking twenty-seven languages. I don't suppose even Oxford could say that."

Gerald paused again. For those figures he had had to consult a printed report. Presently he read the paragraph over, and was rather pleased. It looked so very business-like! But he had to be honest with Greta—she knew him so well. So he added: "I have taken the figures from the last Report of the College."

Then, with another sigh, he prepared for another paragraph. There was so much more to be said—and that air-mail would not wait! But just then a step sounded in the hall, and a young man came in through the open doorway.

"Hullo!" he said breezily. (It was a very welcome breeze.) "Finished?"

"I'll never finish," sighed Gerald. "I'll only give over."

The visitor was about twenty-five years of age, a healthy and hearty-looking young Briton. Gerald has already told us something about him, and even at a first glance one might venture to consider his favourable opinion a just one.

"Can't you get on with it?" he asked, sympathetically.

"I've got on with it. Look at all those sheets. But there's so much more to do. The more I

look at this College the bigger it grows. And then there are the other stations in Bengal—the ones we’ve seen. I wanted to tell her a bit about all of them.”

“But you don’t really mean to write all that? My dear chap, it would take all your time—and more! How far have you got?”

“Eight pages, and with all that I’ve only just reached Serampore,” said Gerald. “I say, do you mind looking over what I’ve written? There’s a bit about yourself there, but it won’t hurt you.”

Sitting on the edge of the old table which might have been used by Dr. Carey, Alan Field read over the sheets. He smiled several times, and blushed once, and it was clear that he was more than interested. “I call it first-rate,” he said at last, putting the sheets neatly in order. “I did not guess that you could write so well, or that you were getting such impressions when we were seeing Malda and Mudnabati. It was rather worth while taking you.”

Now it was Gerald’s turn to blush. Alan smiled at the blush—he had got his own back!—and went on:

“I like that bit about Carey’s hardships when he landed in India. Yes, the spirit of Poverty followed him to India, as if to haunt him until he gave up his Dream. That Dream was a most dangerous thing for a man to be carrying about from one land to another. It might turn the world upside down! But as I asked before, why

write it all? You have a rather good note-book there. Make notes as necessary, and store up the details in your memory. It will be a very good thing for your memory."

Gerald was rather taken by this idea, so happily in harmony with his feelings of the last hour or so. The plan would not only lighten his labours but would lead to the possession of an excellent memory; and of course an excellent memory would be a most useful thing to take back to school with him. Besides, his letters would be all the more readable if they were not laden with detail. That was another thing he had learned from the new English master.

"We could talk things over," said Alan.—"I am quite willing to be your Minister of Information—and you could make the notes. We might call them 'headlines'."

"A good word for it!" said Gerald. "It's a newspaper word, isn't it? I could make rough pencil notes first and then do 'a fair copy,' as Dad calls it, in my note-book. Why, I could keep the rough notes together until we start for home, and then make the fair entries on the voyage."

"A jolly good idea. One usually finds plenty of time during a voyage."

Gerald thought again for a moment or two. Then he took a sheet of his large foreign note-paper and set it before him, and took up the Eversharp pencil which was another item of his writing equipment.

“ ‘Do it now’ is the motto,” he said, “That is, if you can spare the time—and find the patience.”

“I promised you the rest of to-day,” said Alan. “And I hope I love work as much as you do.”

“You love it more. Heaps more. Well, now, if you were writing to my sister—I mean *your* sister—what would be the other chief things you would tell her about Serampore?”

## CHAPTER FOUR

### THE THREE MEN OF SERAMPORE

**I**F you had been looking at Alan Field’s face just then, as Gerald was doing, you would have seen a change come over it, or perhaps into it. A very ordinary, healthy, sunburnt face became noticeable and noteworthy, so that if you met it anywhere by chance you would have to look at it again. Gerald had seen this happen before, while they were visiting the mission stations in Bengal, and it reminded him of what his father had said as they were coming so slowly into Kettering—about the Cobbler and his Dream, and the Dream a light in the little man’s eyes.

“Well, that’s a large question—for me,” said Alan. “I am rather an enthusiast about the place and its history. Perhaps I don’t ‘love every

stone of it,' as the saying goes, but I do think it one of the wonderful places of the world. I've been here more than once, and I am not tired of coming. There are many holiday places in India, some of them within easier reach of my station: but I should always prefer to come here. And whenever I find things a bit difficult, I think of this room."

Gerald nodded. "We have a friend at Kettering, a Mr. Thomson, who often goes to Gospel Inn when he feels 'down'—Widow Wallis's house, where Carey got the ministers to form the B.M.S."

Alan took a little note-book from his pocket. "I have been to Kettering, of course, and I shall be going again," he said, "during my furlough next year. I should rather like to meet this Mr. Thomson. How do you spell him? T-h-o-m—thanks."

He put the book away. "And now for those headlines. Shall I follow your unfinished list?"

"Not a bit of it. You know the ground better. I'll put it out of reach."

As he spoke, Gerald tore his list into small pieces, and dropped them into a waste-paper basket. "There's that old rocking-chair by the window," he said. "They say it was probably Mrs. Carey's. You take that, and just talk Serampore, carrying on from where I've stopped. I'll listen most carefully and do my headlines, putting in a question now and again. How will that do?"

“It will do for me,” said Alan. “What can I wish better than to talk Serampore? And from an old rocking-chair? But I’m inclined to be rather sorry for you—and your sister when you ‘unload’ as you call it. But I expect you’ll forget most of it.”

“Not at all. You have promised that I shall have an excellent memory very shortly. Now, please!”

Leaning back in his rocking-chair, with his hands behind his head, Alan gave an impression of ease and even laziness, but Gerald saw that his face had not lost that look. He decided to call it ‘the Serampore look’ whenever he should see it in future. So he waited with his blotter on his knee and his Eversharp ready.

“Well, I suppose I should describe the buildings first,” said Alan. “That entrance hall, with the six Greek pillars—you have mentioned them already—and the fine brass staircase, a gift from the King of Denmark. In those days there was nothing so good in India. Then I should mention the new hostels, and the studies, and the lecture rooms. Some of these are the gift of a Mr. Leechman. There was a Leechman among the early missionaries in Carey’s time. Then the Library and Boardroom, with their Carey relics, one of which you are using now. The Library itself is one of the largest and best in India. It has over sixteen thousand books, with a number of absolutely priceless manuscripts.”

Alan paused, for the listener's pencil was busy. "Yes," he went on in a minute or so, "you must make special headlines of the Library. It is one of the show-places of the East. And, of course, there are the translations, by Doctor Carey and his fellow-workers—it is not too much to say that they are one of the wonders of the world. Carey began with the idea of translating the Gospels into Bengali for the forty millions of Bengal, but before he died he had translated the Scriptures into all the great languages of India. His Dream grew and grew, especially after it had made its Headquarters here. There were six complete translations of the whole Bible, twenty-three of the entire New Testament, and separate Books, or portions of Books, in a number of other languages. It seems quite impossible, but there they are."

"I've seen and counted them," said Gerald, writing and speaking at the same time. "One second more, please. Right!"

Alan went on. His chair was not rocking now.

"As to the men who did these remarkable things—the translations were only a part of their work. They were also teachers and preachers, pioneers in education and science, paper-makers, printers, editors and publishers: and Carey himself was one of the world's greatest botanists. He had a large correspondence with some of the leading botanists of the day, and founded the Calcutta Horticultural Society. In his garden

here—a garden of five acres—he had the rarest plants not only of India but of all the East. It was always one of his great days when a new supply of plants arrived, perhaps from England, perhaps from some distant place where one of his own sons or one of his men had settled.”

“That garden was afterwards sold to a Jute Company,” said Gerald.

“Yes. A great pity, most of us think. It was his personal property, and did not belong to the College. Well, six months after coming here he had over four hundred species of plants in that garden, most of them brought from Mudnabati, where he had made the finest private garden in Bengal. But he was an authority on useful plants, as well as rare and beautiful ones—indigo, barley, wheat, pulse, cucumber, ginger, sugar-cane and tobacco. He was eager to improve the condition of the Indian peasant by making his land more productive. And trees—he was great on trees, for their value as well as their beauty. He had fine avenues in his own garden, and you will still find some of his trees in the College grounds.

“The mention of ‘property’ brings up another subject,” Alan went on, after a merciful pause. “You can’t talk or write of Serampore without telling how those men built the College and maintained all their activities. It is as remarkable as anything else in the story. To begin with, Carey’s friend Joshua Marshman, and Mrs. Marshman, opened schools for the boys and girls

of the Indo-European educated classes, and were very successful as managers and teachers. Those schools were begun soon after they settled at Serampore, and were continued here when the College was ready. All the profits were given to the work of the Mission. Then Carey himself was offered a post under the Government of India. The Governor-General, the Marquess Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington, opened a College in Calcutta for training his young Civil Servants in the thought and life and language of the natives whom they were to govern. Then it was found that the best authority on the Bengali language was the missionary who had once been a cobbler, and had lived seven years among the people—in those awful places that you mention. He could speak the language as well as any native, and had already published the New Testament in Bengali. No other scholar could show such a record.”

“I should think not!” said Gerald.

“You mention the Dream in your letter, and your father spoke of it more than once. I rather like that idea, if we think of a dream as a vision, or a plan. Well, the Governor-General had a dream, too, as you see, and when the two dreams met it was good for both. The Governor got the best possible Professor for his new College, and Carey was able to use his large salary—he received about £1,800 a year for his work for the Government—to build this College and carry on his

missionary work. Indeed, Carey and the Marshmans, and their other partner, William Ward, who was an expert printer, journalist and editor, gave all their earnings through many years to the Serampore Mission, not keeping a sixpence for themselves. It is one of the world's great examples of unselfish devotion. But those friends of Carey were remarkable in every way. If he had combed the whole world he couldn't have done better.—Have you ever read William Ward's famous letter?"

"I don't think so. Perhaps I haven't come to it yet."

Alan rose, walked over to a bookshelf and took up one of the books. He turned the leaves as if he knew exactly where to find what he wanted. "Here it is," he said; but then paused to explain how the letter had come to be written. Before going to India "Brother Carey" had spoken at a meeting in London. William Ward, a young Baptist printer from Derby who was visiting friends in London, happened to go to the meeting, and at the end waited to speak to the preacher. Either the preacher or the sermon had touched him.

"It was the preacher! Oh, I know," cried Gerald. "Ward saw the light in Carey's eyes!"

"Yes. Afterwards they walked together a little way, and Carey showed him the Dream. 'I hope by God's blessing,' he said, 'to have the Bible translated and ready for printing in four or five

years. You must come and print it for us.' So Ward had himself trained for the ministry, and as soon as he was ready, offered for service in India. It was then that he wrote the letter, to Carey in Bengal :

“ I know not whether you will remember a young man, a printer, walking with you one Sunday and speaking with you about your journey to India? That person is coming to see you, and writes this letter. His services were accepted by the Society on the 16th, and some time in the Spring I hope to embark, with others. It is in my heart to live and die with you, to spend and be spent with you. May God make me faithful unto death, giving me patience, fortitude and zeal for the great undertaking.’

“ What a letter for a lonely man in India, with a Dream ! ” said Alan. “ It must have made a difference to the day and put a glow upon the garden. But you will notice that Ward puts patience and fortitude first among the qualities needed by a missionary. He knew already ! —Well, he went to India in the following year, and in the same party went the other famous man of the Serampore story—Joshua Marshman. Marshman was a man with a record very much like Carey’s. In his early life he was a weaver who had a great love of reading and a gift for languages, and he became a school teacher. While a teacher at Bristol, he came into touch

with the Baptists, and heard of the Mission in India. Presently one of his new Baptist friends spoke to him of the need for new workers in India, and he and his young wife offered themselves. So the same ship carried to India the two men who seemed to have been specially prepared for the work at Serampore, and 'Carey, Marshman and Ward' became the three great names of our story."

Alan paused again, and smiled, as if he had remembered something very pleasant. In a moment he gave it :

"When the party arrived in India they went to Serampore, having been refused permission to do missionary work in British India. As you have said, they found Serampore a hospitable place, and Ward was sent to find Carey and bring him to the new home. So Ward went to Mudnabati, to find his hero at his indigo plantation. Don't you think that day must have been a great day for both of them?—Ward finding his hero, and Carey showing him his garden, with its four hundred rare plants, and then his precious first translations !"

"A Red-letter day," suggested Gerald.

"Rather ! So Carey came presently to peaceful Serampore, with lots of rare plants from his garden, but with something more precious still—his translations into Bengali. And William Ward went on with the printing for the rest of his life, having found the necessary patience, fortitude

and zeal for the great undertaking. And these men lived and worked together for many years without a single jar. It was perfect harmony in thought, in work, in ideals."

"They had the same Dream."

"They had. But it's one thing to dream a dream, it's another thing to live out that dream in the work and hurry and bother of the common day. People, even good Christian people, are just 'different,' though they may have the same Dream, the same light. Well, missionaries have to live together, you know, at a mission station, perhaps a hundred miles from any other white people. It takes some doing. Later missionaries have done it—and that's very encouraging," said Alan. "There was a medical missionary in China, Herbert Stanley Jenkins, who died in Shensi in 1913. It was written of him afterwards that his temper was a great asset to the Mission, because he was 'a fount of harmony among his fellow-workers.'

"But to come back to Serampore and the three almost perfect men! Their trials and difficulties were a thousand times greater. When you read all about them you'll be astonished at what they had to bear—from those who should have been their friends, as well as from their enemies. Patience and Fortitude—my word!"

Gerald listened, making notes not only of the facts, but of some of the best bits in that last speech.

“We spoke about a Dream, and the Dream being a light,” said Alan. “Just come here!”

He drew Gerald out of the old chair and led him to the open window. “Look across the river,” he said. “Well, that place is Barrackpore. It had an English garrison in Carey’s day, and was the week-end residence of the Governor-General. One of these great men, the Marquess of Hastings, used to sit up late at his papers, but after his work was done would step out on his balcony to get a little more of the breeze from the river. He would look out across the river to Serampore and Carey’s College: and he has left it on record that late as he would often work, there was one man who always worked later. He could see the light still burning in this room. Yes,” added Alan, after a pause. “I think that’s what Serampore is to me—a light. Of course every mission station is a light too, and every missionary ought to be. Ought to be.”

Gerald walked back to the littered table and looked at his notes and his unfinished letter.

“The more I hear of Serampore the bigger it grows,” he said. “I’ll do exactly as we’ve arranged. I’ve made the notes and I don’t think I’ll forget much. But it doesn’t seem good enough after all. I wish someone had written out all you’ve told me—and in just the same way.”

“I’ve tried to write it myself,” said Alan. “I sent it to our church at home, and our minister had it printed in our church magazine. It came

over just as I came away. But of course no one can do full justice to the subject."

Gerald was of another opinion.

"Oh, I say. Could I borrow it—to send home?" he asked eagerly. "It would be just the thing."

Alan considered. Gerald, waiting, considered too. He wanted Greta to know his new friend, and this was a way. He took his letter-case from his pocket, from it an envelope, and from the envelope a small photograph.

"That's Greta," he said.

Alan looked at Greta—a long look. His considerations reached a decision.

"I could lend my story, of course," he said. "It is at my station. I could send it on to you."

"No," said Gerald. "Send it on to her direct, as soon as you get back. By air-mail. It will get home earlier. I'll tell her about it in this letter."

Alan had now looked at Greta for the second time. "You needn't worry her to send it back," he said. "After all, I shall be home next year, and would have to go to London first thing. I could call."

"You'll have to," said Gerald, firmly.

Alan smiled.

"You might give me the address now."

In this way another address went into Alan's diary.



“ He could see the light still burning in this room ”

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“That’s first-rate,” said Gerald then. “We’re getting on. But we haven’t finished the Serampore headlines, have we?”

“You’re not tired?” And Gerald answered, quite earnestly: “Not a bit. And you’re awfully good to take so much trouble. We’ll carry on as long as you like.”

Alan returned to the rocking-chair.

“Well, there’s what we call the Serampore Covenant. It’s rather important as a guide to the men who made Serampore and maintained it, and to the Serampore spirit. They drew up a list of things which they agreed to do throughout the mission. This Covenant was read three times a year in each station. In it the three leaders and their missionaries declared that, ‘They must first set an infinite value on men’s souls: they must watch for every chance of doing the people good: they must esteem and treat Indians as their equals always: they must not for a moment neglect to cultivate personal religion in themselves.’ And the last is most important. Just listen:

“‘We must give ourselves without reserve to the cause, not counting even the clothes we wear our own.’”

“Just as they gave all their earnings,” said Gerald.

“It was utter devotion.—‘A heart given up to God,’ was the term they used. Well, you will read the Covenant yourself presently. It is one

of the finest documents ever published. A great headline for you !

“ Then for another I should put down ‘ A Sunday morning summons.’ One Sunday morning, when Doctor Carey was preparing for service, a messenger came to Serampore from the Governor’s office in Calcutta. On the previous Friday the State Council had adopted a Regulation abolishing an evil custom of the Hindu religion— ‘ *Sati* ’ or ‘ *Suttee*, ’ by which Indian widows were allowed, and often persuaded, to offer themselves in sacrifice when the husband’s body was burned. They would be bound to the funeral pyre and be burned to death—in the name of religion. In Bengal alone this custom had cost six thousand lives in the previous ten years. The missionaries, of course, had fought this wickedness for years, and public opinion had been so influenced that a new Governor had felt strong enough to act. So the Regulation had been passed, and was now sent to Doctor Carey to be translated into Bengali and published far and wide. He gave up that morning service and spent the whole day on the Regulation. Not an hour should be lost if it meant a single life saved.”

“ ‘ They must watch for every chance of doing the people good ’—that was in their Covenant,” was Gerald’s comment.

Alan was silent for a few minutes. “ There’s little to add now, I think,” he said at last. “ But we must remember the Epitaph which you saw

on Brother Carey's tombstone. It is very slight compared with the one prepared for William Ward. Do you remember?

“ ‘A wretched poor and helpless worm  
On Thy kind arms I fall.’ ”

What do you think of that as the final word of one of the greatest men and greatest workers of all time? ”

Gerald tried to find an answer, but could not. “It is a difficult question,” said Alan. “Someone has said that every wise man feels like that when he stands at the end of his course and sees how he has blundered and stumbled and failed, even at his best. That may be true of this great man, for though we know what he did we cannot know what he had hoped to do. But I think there is another reason here.”

“Yes?” asked Gerald, in the pause that followed.

Alan spoke gently, as if partly to himself. “In his workshop at Piddington he had come to know his Saviour, and had never been parted from Him since. He had been learning, all through his life, what Jesus had done for him, and it was so marvellous, so far beyond measure, that at the end he could only—oh, he could only say what he did say.”

It was very quiet in Doctor Carey's study. The afternoon in the garden by the river was very still,

and now another stillness had fallen upon the room. It was as though those in it were listening—listening to a voice from the past.

And after that there was only one more headline. Gerald wrote—"Portrait of a Missionary: Painted by Doctor Carey, at Serampore, in letters to a missionary son." Alan read the Portrait from a book, and Gerald afterwards copied it :

"Trust always in Christ. Live a life of prayer and of devotedness to God. Be gentle and unassuming yet firm and manly.

"Behave affably to all, cringily and unsteadily to none. Feel that you are a man, and act with that dignified sincerity which will command men's respect.

"A gentleman is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former. Money never makes the gentleman, but an enlarged understanding joined to engaging manners ; so get a good acquaintance with history and geography, with men and things.

"Never step an inch out of the path of righteousness and truth to curry favour or avoid disgrace.

"The character of a minister of the Gospel should be the highest on earth.

"Personal religion is the life blood of all your usefulness and happiness. If personal religion is low, your work will be a burden.

"The more unreservedly you devote yourself to God, the more you will know His peace.

"To persevere in doing good in the midst of discouragement will give you more happiness and win you more respect than a crown could.

“ If duty leads us to any place, however unhealthy, we may safely trust God to take care of us.

“ If God gives us work to do, fits us for it and strengthens us in it, that is enough.

“ You must not expect the Malays to pay much attention to what you say unless you win their love. The more attention you pay to them, the more will they pay you.

“ Your great work is that of a Christian minister. May you be kept amid all temptations, supported under every trial, and made victorious in every conflict. He has conferred on you a great favour in committing to you this ministry. Now, my dear son, I commit you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to make you perfect in the knowledge of His will. Let that Word dwell in your heart.

“ We shall often meet at the Throne of Grace.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

### BROTHER CAREY GOES OUT FROM SERAMPORE

GERALD spent next morning with an Indian boy of about his own age, the son of one of the Professors on the College Staff. This was the only boy at the College just then, and the two found it very interesting to explore one another during a visit to the Staines & Phillips's headquarters and other places in Calcutta. This new friend was at school in Calcutta, and would go on to the University and the Civil Service ;

but he hoped to visit England before long, and was eager for information. His family had been "Serampore" almost since Doctor Carey's day.

It was a great morning for Gerald, for while it was thrilling to explore Calcutta, it was still more thrilling to get to know a life and mind whose surroundings and experience had been so different from his own. When the morning was over he found that it had left him a legacy of impressions and some conclusions. This Indian boy was a Christian, and very much like himself in many things. They had become friends at first sight, in spite of all the differences. No doubt they would discover many more differences if they explored each other further, as they both meant to do: but the beauty of it was that they had so much in common and could become friends so easily. Many things had combined to make this possible, but there could be no doubt as to one important thing, perhaps the most important. The Dream of Brother Carey had been one of the chief factors, it had seen this as a desirable fruit of the early patience and fortitude and zeal and labour and love. Why, it was actually in the Covenant!

Gerald was thinking of all this, sitting in the Doctor's chair at the Doctor's table, with his Note-book and the Eversharp at hand, when Alan joined him in the afternoon. "In the same old chair again!" said his friend. "Some day—no, I mean some night—another Governor will

look across the river from Barrackpore and see a solitary light shining from this room. His remark will be—in a tone of admiration—‘ Doctor Staines again ! He’s a glutton for work ’ ! ”

Gerald laughed. “ I hope *you* are. I’ve a good deal more for you to do.”

“ Indeed ! ” And Alan sank into the rocking-chair by the window.

“ Yes. I’ve had an idea, and it’s just this. If I had gone with my father I should have seen more of our Mission work, as no doubt he will. He was speaking of our other fields—Orissa and North India, and Ceylon. He’ll see the work at Colombo, because he is bound to go there, and if he can make it convenient he’ll visit the others too. Well, I was looking forward to Ceylon especially. One of the girl teachers from there visited our church last year, and she had a great story. But as I’m staying here, all that is off—unless you show me round while Dad is away.”

“ Show you round ? ”

“ Yes. From that rocking-chair. Just as you did with Serampore. I’m pretty sure you have it all at your finger-ends—or, rather, at the tip of your tongue. And when my honoured father comes back, I’ll be able to give him a pleasant surprise.”

“ What you want is a series of Lectures—‘ The B.M.S. in India.’ By Me ! ”

“ Nothing so serious as a Lecture. Just homely Rocking-chair-talks, with headlines. I expect you could do all the rest of our Indian work in an

hour or so. Will you just try it? I want to make this note-book a really worth-while thing."

Alan was looking out across the grounds, but Gerald felt sure that his face was taking on that Serampore look again. While he was smiling secretly at this suggestion, Alan turned suddenly:

"I don't think you've heard," he said, "but there's a Lost Observatory somewhere in this old College. There was an Observatory in the original plans, for the Serampore Three would not leave out such a feature as that. They were great lovers of Science. But they did not build it, and none of the records explain why."

"They didn't get so far as the stars. Continents and islands and people first, for them."

"An Observatory may be used for other things than stars. But I think you are right. The real Observatory of Serampore is in this room—most likely just where you are sitting. So perhaps there is an Influence upon anyone who works here, especially, I suppose, if he also sleeps here. So, having heard a good deal about Serampore, you find yourself almost obliged to go farther afield. And that reminds me—the last missionary to use the room as a study became Secretary at our London headquarters, and visited every one of our mission fields in turn."

"Well, I hope they'll send me—in time. But meanwhile do you agree? Please say 'Yes!'"

"You take my breath away," said Alan. "If I agree you may have to work in real earnest,

you know. And you will have only yourself to blame."

"The prospect is awful, but I'm willing to begin. What shall we do first—Orissa, North India, or Ceylon? You *are* a brick!"

Alan left the rocking-chair, chose a book from a bookshelf, and opened it as he returned to his seat.

"I think Orissa should come next. It is our nearest neighbour, and it comes next in order of date," he said. "For a beginning, come and look at this map."

Gerald went over. The map, which had been folded into the book, was a language-map of India. "India has about two hundred languages," Alan explained, "but many of them are spoken by only a small number of people—remnants of old races in the hills, and border folk, such as the Lushais, whom you hope to see in their own hills before you go home. Well, Brother Carey did not forget the small peoples—he meant to reach them all in time, and he had a special concern for some of them; but his first object must be to reach the greatest number. He began with Bengali, which is spoken by about forty millions. He told Ward, in London, that he hoped to print the Bengali Bible in five years, but the New Testament took seven years and the Old Testament eight; yet quite soon after coming to India he believed that in fifteen years he would have the Bible translated into all the chief languages."

"A sort of Fifteen Year Plan."

“Just so. No wonder he had to keep his light burning late at night! Well, here are the chief tongues, as you see—Bengali, Hindi and Panjabi in the north; Oriya, Marathi and Gujerati in middle India; and Telegu and Kanarese in the south. Only the Tamils, in India’s southernmost corner, and the Sinhalese, in Ceylon, had the Gospels in their own tongues before Carey’s time. But he worked far beyond the fifteen years, and before he died he had placed the light of God’s Word through the length and breadth of India.”

Gerald realised from Alan’s voice and look that he was face to face with something very great indeed. He had known it before in a way, but to realise it was a different matter. Alan went on:

“In addition, he had learned Sanscrit, one of the most difficult of the world’s languages, and the mother-tongue of the great languages of India. He said once that when he had learned and used the seven chief tongues of India, others were a fairly simple matter—especially to one who knew Sanscrit! He owned, of course, that he received very great help from the Indian language experts—the pundits—who were attracted to the Governor’s College at Calcutta. He employed them at Serampore—in this very room, Gerald—and a new pundit with another language was a chief event in his life, even greater than a new collection of plants for his garden. He would work with him for years, until some at least of the Scriptures were translated into the new tongue.

“ But we were going to talk about Orissa. Look at it here—this very large Province adjoining Bengal to the south. Brother Carey had a special interest in Orissa, not only because it was densely peopled, but because it was a chief centre of the Hindu religion. So while he was completing his Bengali Bible, and founding and manning thirty or more mission-stations in Bengal, he was also working upon the New Testament in Oriya, the language of Orissa. This was printed in 1809, so when a group of British Baptists sent him two new missionaries, they were sent on to Orissa with the Oriya Bible. That was how Orissa got the men and the Book. Our Society has a splendid staff in Orissa now—evangelistic, educational and medical—working among a variety of people—the Hindus of the cities of Cuttack, Puri, Berhampore; the Konds of the Kond Hills—where we have just opened a new Hospital at Udayagiri—and low-caste and outcaste people in the Sambalpur and Bolangir districts——”

“ I’m coming on behind,” said Gerald, breathlessly. “ If you’ll spell some of the names, I’ll get time to catch up. What was that last one ? ”

“ Sorry ! My Lecture ran away with me. I’ll spell them all.”

Presently Gerald sighed with relief. “ There are some names of people, too, in the Orissa story,” Alan went on, “ but I think you should make a special note of a man called Daniel Das, an Indian evangelist of the Sambalpur district. He

had been working in vain among the caste villages, but one day, on his way home in great discouragement, was invited to enter an outcaste village. These outcastes—you have seen many of them—are the untouchables of India, beneath notice by members of the castes, set apart in villages of their own, and condemned to the most degrading work. It is said that there are sixty millions of them. Daniel, to his surprise and delight, found these poor people eager to hear the Gospel, and he was wise enough to take their eagerness as a call. On that day he began a very important work which is still flourishing.”

“That’s queer,” said Gerald, after thinking a bit. “Some people must have forgotten that the Gospel was for everybody.”

“Every Indian would think the outcastes hopeless, and would try to win the better classes, who knew something about religion. After all, the Serampore translations were for people who could read, and they were among the caste people. But Brother Carey’s Dream, as we know, was larger than that, though Brother Carey in his cottage could scarcely have realised the difficulties of caste. On that day Daniel Das was taught the lesson. The Dream had shown everybody, once again, that the Gospel is for ‘all people’ and ‘every creature’.”

Gerald thought he saw it. He ended his notes on Orissa with two words—“Every creature.” And Alan added :

“When you copy your notes into your notebook I think you might put ‘Every Creature’ at the head of the page as a motto or slogan, not only at the end. Then we can look for equally good lines for North India and Ceylon.”

“Very good,” said Gerald. “It makes it more exciting. Carry on, please!”

“Our North India work begins with Agra, in 1811, Patna and Monghyr in 1816, Delhi in 1818. There have been many extensions since, to important religious centres, including Gaya, which is a holy city of the Buddhist faith—and there is our medical work at Palwal and Bhiwani—You’ll have to take the Medical Missions together on another page, I fancy.—But I should say that the North India work shows us one of Carey’s favourite plans in action—the plan of establishing the Mission in the main streams of life and work—the large and influential cities. So Serampore sent its messengers—the Men and the Book—to the old cities of the last great Indian Empire—Agra and Delhi, the imperial cities of the Moguls.”

“Delhi is the Indian capital now, isn’t it?” asked Gerald, after a great effort to draw level.

“Yes. England has built a new Delhi adjoining the old. We have a beautiful little church in New Delhi. The Gange High School for girls is a very fine feature of our Delhi work, too. Agra has a Boys’ School which is ever so good, and Gaya has a mission to some of the world’s unfortunates—the Lepers.”

“It is very sporting of you to speak so slowly,” said Gerald. “Is that all?”

“Not all, but perhaps enough,” smiled Alan. “You’ll want to reach Ceylon before tea. But what about the motto for this page? Can you see one? What if we approach it in this way? Those old cities are among the most famous cities of the world, and the most beautiful. The missionaries were not blind to their beauty, but they had a vision of another City, far more beautiful and splendid.”

Gerald thought hard, looking at his new friend. Hard thinking was not his habit, but in talks with Alan he often found himself obliged to attempt it. Now Alan smiled. Suddenly the title came, perhaps as an echo or a memory from a sermon or a hymn. “The City of God,” he said, and then, seeing that it was agreed, wrote it down.

Presently he asked: “Are there any names I ought to put in?”

“There are many, but I think you need mention only one. A John Chamberlain, who began life as a ploughboy in Northamptonshire, became a missionary, joined Carey at Serampore, and was the first Englishman to preach the Gospel in Delhi. That is another distinction for our Society, isn’t it? Chamberlain was not a great and wise man like Carey, and patience was not his best point; but he had the two other qualities mentioned by William Ward—fortitude and zeal—

and someone said of him : ‘ His lamp was ever burning ’.”

“ ‘ His lamp was ever burning ’ ; that’s a good line, too,” said Gerald, as he wrote it down.

“ Yes. The Dream used him, imperfect though he was.”

Gerald took a new page which bore the heading “ Ceylon.” “ I must make a good page for Ceylon,” he said. “ I always wanted to see it.”

“ You would love it.—‘ Where every prospect pleases.’ But we won’t use that for a motto. We don’t like the next line, however true it may be. Somehow, you know, a missionary finds it difficult to call any human soul ‘ vile.’ He cannot believe that his Master would do so. Anyway, He didn’t. And you remember the first line of the Serampore Covenant—‘ to set an infinite value on men’s souls.’ Well, our work in Ceylon began with James Chater, who went out to Serampore in 1806, and after trying to found a mission in Burma went to Ceylon in 1812. Chater’s story is one of many discouragements. It was five years before he could form a little church, and for many years he worked single-handed ; but he was a sticker, Gerald—like the men who sent him there—and worked steadily and patiently, never losing his faith and hope.”

“ Fortitude and zeal,” said Gerald.

“ Yes. But he was patient as well, and did excellent work as a translator. Ceylon is a difficult field for Christian missions. The Buddhist

faith is very active there, and fights every step of the way. We have fourteen missionaries in the Island now, and about thirty native churches. I think it may be said that our most hopeful work is among the young—the Christian day and Sunday schools of the village churches, and the fine Boarding Schools for boys and girls at Colombo and Matale and Ratnapura. Also women workers, European and Sinhalese, have been doing a splendid work for many years, and it must tell.”

“We had a sermon on that, just before we left home,” said Gerald. “I noticed it more because it was a good bit missionary. Our minister was a great friend of ours, and he knew we were going. I made a note of the text—‘It shall not return unto Me void’.”

“Well, I think your minister gave you the motto for Ceylon. ‘It shall not return unto Me void’—it shall not fail, even in Ceylon.”

So Gerald wrote, as the motto for his page headed “Ceylon,” “It shall not return unto Me void.” Then he glanced at a little clock on a bracket on the wall.

“After all, it hasn’t taken quite an hour,” he said. “It is awfully good of you to take so much trouble. You almost make it possible for me to ask another favour.”

“Almost?” smiled Alan.

“Well, I’ll say quite. Ever since you told me, I’ve been thinking about that Lost Observatory. I’ve been listening to all you said, and writing

my headlines, and in a way thinking, at the same time. It seems to me that your idea is a jolly good one. Why shouldn't we—I mean, why couldn't we—make a few more Observations from this room? What if I used my new note-book for a complete Headline History of the B.M.S., not in India only, but in all its fields?"

Alan was silent for a minute or so.

"Do you know," he said then, "that you're going the way of the last man who occupied this room as study-bedroom?"

Gerald came over to the rocking-chair with his note-book, that very handsome leather-bound book with "Notes" printed in gold on the cover. It had a fairly large ruled page with a reasonable margin. He showed how he had used it so far, with a page for each of the villages—with cottages—in Carey's country, pages for the voyage over, and pages for various stations which they had already visited in Bengal. The pages for Serampore were headed, but waiting to be filled, "and I'm going to give the next three to Orissa, North India, and Ceylon, as I told you," he said. "I should like to carry on—if you are willing."

"I should have to look up a few things," said Alan.

"Well, a few no doubt, but I'm pretty sure you know most of it already. If you look up the rest, why, you'll be a missionary encyclopædia, in request by all the churches when you go home on furlough. Patience, Fortitude, Zeal—and Knowledge! Come!"

Alan laughed. "What a prospect for the churches! But I say, what's this?"

Turning the leaves of the note-book he had found a page headed "Moulton," and was looking at a line at the end of it. "What does this mean?" he asked. "'What do the bells at Moulton say?'"

"We had been talking about the new Carey bells. Just as we were leaving, Dad asked the question, and I made a note of it afterwards. It was not asked seriously. It was just a passing thought."

"And now you have passed it on to me," said Alan. "Well, I will turn it over. But as to the main question, I am quite willing to help with further Observations."

"That's great! Shall we carry on to-morrow? Will it be China next?"

"We'll carry on for an hour to-morrow if you like, but I'm not sure that we should take China first. We'll see. Of course we'll come to China presently." After a moment he went on. "China seems a long way off to us Europeans, doesn't it?—the other side of the world, and the Land of Upside Down, even farther than Australia. In India it seems much nearer, and it was never too far for the Men of Serampore. They always had a longing—it was the same Dream, of course—to send the Gospel to China. Carey's friend, Marshman, spent the best years of his life in learning Chinese, and then in translating the

Bible into that language. He actually completed it—a task we can only call stupendous. A clever Chinese scholar happened to come to Serampore, and they persuaded him to stay and help them. He formed a 'class for Chinese, and Marshman joined it. What a picture of these men—no longer young—when it was a question of sending the Gospel out! That translation took fourteen years. Once they planned to send men to China on an expedition of inquiry, and Carey's son, Felix, was one of those chosen to go."

"Did he go?"

"No. The time was not ripe, for China was still closed against Christian missionaries, as it had nearly always been. It was some years yet before the Empire was forced to open the closed doors. They undertook the translation so that they would be ready. But another great missionary, Robert Morrison, did another translation. He went out to China in 1807, but as he could not enter the country he remained at the gate, as it were, studying the language. He, too, would be ready when the gate was opened. He died before it was opened."

"So Marshman's work was just a first effort for someone else to improve upon. Wasn't that rather hard?"

"They do not seem to have seen things in that light. They were large-hearted and large-minded men, and could be glad to see someone doing better. They were only eager to help him, for

the Dream's sake. So when Morrison afterwards compiled a Chinese Grammar, it was printed at Serampore from William Ward's types. You see how the Men of Serampore had China in their plans. Years after, when the door was thrown open and the leaders of the Society began to think of China seriously as a mission field, the way had been marked out for them. Serampore had done it."

Then they went across to the College to see one of the wonder-books of the world—Marshman's Chinese Bible: and as they were now on the very threshold of China, Alan told a little story which gave Gerald another headline, and one of his best. A famous Jesuit missionary of the early days, Alan said, had a burning desire to take the Gospel into China, and spent the last year of his life in a fruitless attempt to enter. When he left the coast of the Closed Land, he looked back with mingled longing and despair. "Rock, rock," he said, "when will you open to my Master!"

## CHAPTER SIX

### MEN OF THE GREAT SUCCESSION

**N**EXT morning brought a letter from Mr. Staines, written at Bombay just before he left that port for Colombo. It was a very pleasant

and cheerful letter, but it did not give many details of his business experiences and impressions. His consultations with the agents for Staines & Phillips, he said, had been quite satisfactory, but there was nothing more on that subject. He went on to describe his Sunday in Bombay, when he had attended service at a Baptist church in a district called Byculla. There was no B.M.S. work in Bombay, but the minister of the church there had been sent out by the Missionary Society. The congregation were mostly British, so the service was in English, and very much like the services at home. It was interesting to find such a familiar feature of home life planted in this great Indian city. He had met some very kind people, and had accepted an invitation to supper at the manse, which was conveniently built on the roof of the church.

Gerald showed the letter to Alan, when they met in the afternoon. "Dad gives much more space to the Baptist church than to his business appointments," he said. "That's not like him."

"Perhaps he thought the Baptist church would be more interesting to you."

"Perhaps it's more interesting to him. When he was here he was thinking very little about Jute—which is one of the chief exports—and very much about Missions. He gave one day to Jute for every ten he gave to Missions. And it began before we sailed. I told you how we raced to the Midlands and visited all the Carey cottages.

And when he comes back here we are to spend the last days in an expedition with no business at all at the end of it."

Alan was amused. "What do you think it means?"

"I don't know. I don't mind, either. It's such a change. One generally got too much business talk from Dad. It was 'the House' all the time. But we'll know all about it in due course.—Now I am all ready for my Minister of Information and his headlines."

"Good! But I think I mentioned yesterday that we might not go to China to-day. There are two links to be traced out first, to bridge the time between Carey and our B.M.S. work in China and Africa.—Well, when you were at Kettering did you hear much of William Knibb?"

"Quite a bit. We couldn't see the house where he had lived—it has been taken down; but Mr. Thomson told us that it was a poor kind of place, something like the Carey house in Leicester."

"Did they tell you much about him?"

"No. Perhaps they fancied I knew. Dad knew, but I didn't—except that Knibb went out as a missionary to the West Indies."

"That rather poor home had a good mother in it," said Alan—"the thing that makes all the difference, in the opinion of some authorities. There were two boys in the family, William and his elder brother Thomas, and both went to work at a printer's. This printer was a Mr. Fuller, a

son of the Andrew Fuller who was minister at Kettering and Carey's firm friend and supporter. Presently Mr. Fuller removed his printing business to Bristol, taking the two boys with him : and there they linked up with the Broadmead Baptist Church, where Dr. Ryland was minister. And Dr. Ryland was another of Carey's friends."

"The same thing had happened to Joshua Marshman, years before," said Alan, glancing at one of his earlier sheets.

"Yes. Broadmead was a very lively centre of missionary interest at that time. It still is.—Well, William Knibb was baptized at Broadmead, by Dr. Ryland. And Dr. Ryland, thirty-nine years before, had baptized a young man named William Carey in the river at Northampton."

"So Carey was growing old by this time," said Gerald, after a moment's calculation.

"Yes, but he was working as busily as ever. He sent home the story of the missionary work in India to be printed for the home churches, and the printer was this Mr. Fuller, at Bristol. The two brothers read these accounts in their printing office—it was a part of their work, no doubt. So in this way the now famous Dr. Carey, at Serampore, got into touch with these two young brothers from Kettering, where he had won his great battle at Gospel Inn over thirty years before."

"And he gave them his Dream !"

"So it seems. Thomas Knibb first offered

himself for missionary service, and was sent to Jamaica, where our B.M.S. had been working for some years among the African slaves in the sugar plantations. After a few months, however, he died, and his young brother seems to have taken this as his own call to the same service. He offered to take his brother's place, and no doubt he had both Dr. Ryland and Mr. Fuller to recommend him. He went out as a school teacher, to Kingston, but he did not remain unknown very long. Jamaica was a kind of battlefield, the sugar planters, jealous for their profits, hating the missionaries because they were concerned for the welfare of the slaves. The planters tried to prevent their slaves from joining the Christian churches and attending prayer meetings: and as the planters controlled the Jamaica Parliament, they made missionary work very hard indeed. In fact the missionaries were up against one of the great evils of the world."

He paused. He did not look at Gerald, but the silence spurred him to the answer.

"The Slave Trade?"

"Right! It was, of course, the very life of Jamaica, for it provided cheap labour. The same old story, Gerald—profits more important than human life and happiness. But this young missionary from Kettering turned out to be a kind of Crusader. The wrongs and sufferings of the slaves roused him to a passion of indignation, and being an able speaker and preacher, he was soon in the

front line of the battle. He and his friends fought a great fight in the West Indies for ten years.

“After those years of work and warfare and abuse and danger, after Baptist chapels had been burned and their ministers jailed on false charges, the battle was won. The efforts and sufferings of the missionaries in Jamaica helped the anti-slavery movement at home, led by the famous William Wilberforce. Knibb came to tell the Baptist churches all about it, and gave evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. His evidence did much to help the movement. So, in 1833, Parliament made slavery illegal in the British Dominions. The planters were bought out by a grant of money, and their slaves were free. The old enemy was dead.”

Gerald made a note. Then he looked up.

“Were the slaves grateful?” he asked.

“That’s a good question. They were very grateful, and they showed their gratitude in a very fine way. The Gospel had done much for them, and they resolved that their own people in Africa should hear it too. So they formed a Society to send the Gospel to their native land.”

“That was prime,” said Gerald. “And Knibb was in all this, of course?”

“He was one of the leaders. He appealed to the churches at home to help the new mission, and as they still had the Carey spirit, they did give their help. So in 1843 a party of Jamaicans set sail for West Africa in a little ship called

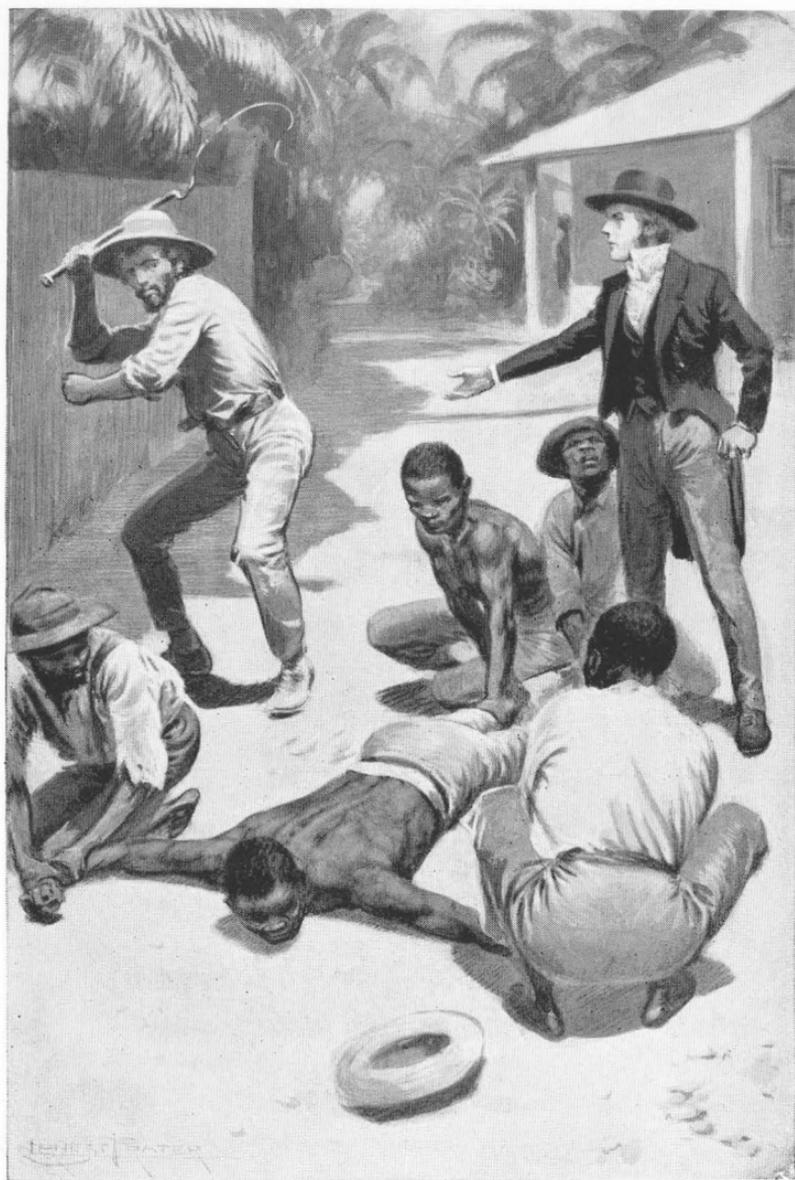
*Chilmark* ; and it was William Knibb who stood at the helm when the *Chilmark* left harbour."

"Another dream coming true."

"Yes. The same Dream. Carey himself had dreamed of Missions to Africa. He could always see Africa from this room, Gerald. As early as 1801 he had sent a beautiful letter of encouragement to a Dutch missionary who was about to begin work in South Africa. He hated Slavery, too, and ordered a month of special thanksgiving at Serampore when he heard that Liberty was certain to come for the slaves. But what I want you to remember is this—that our work in Africa really began in Jamaica, largely through a man from Kettering."

"A man with the same patience and fortitude and zeal. Is that right?"

"I think I would add courage," said Alan. "Patience is passive, and so is fortitude ; and even zeal is not the word for Knibb. He had a quality that might be called 'aggressive.' A champion needs this when the enemy is entrenched and ruthless. But I think I ought to mention another Carey likeness in this younger Kettering man. When Freedom came he founded a College at Kingston, Jamaica, to train young negro Christians for the ministry of the native churches. We might call it a kind of Serampore. It is still at work, and has a very fine boys' school not far away. Students come from long distances to Calabar College, just as they do to Serampore."



“ The wrongs and sufferings of the slaves roused him  
to a passion of indignation ”

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“ If Dr. Carey could have met Knibb it would have been rather thrilling, wouldn't it ? ”

“ I should say so. The younger man was worthy of his leader. Indeed, when he died in 1845, still a young man, he was thinking much of Carey, and spoke of the epitaph on his tombstone here.—But there are still one or two notes which I should like you to make before we leave William Knibb. One is what his mother told him when he set out for the West Indies. ‘ I would rather hear that you have perished in the sea than that you have disgraced the cause you go to serve. ’ There is grit in that, don't you think ? ”

Gerald thought there was.

“ Then there are two sayings of Knibb himself,” added Alan. “ When he came home to plead for the slaves, the officials in London were rather afraid of what he might say. He was so much in earnest, so—so aggressive—such a Crusader. At one meeting the Secretary of our Society gave him a warning by pulling his coat-tails. But Knibb did not sit down. Instead he said, ‘ Whatever the consequences, I *will* speak ! ’ He did, and no one tried to silence him again. At another meeting in England he told how he had been warned to preach no more to the slaves. His answer was ‘ No. But I will, God helping me, preach to free men ! ’ ”

Gerald wrote rather slowly, for he was thinking as he wrote. When he had finished, he said : “ Fancy a Crusader coming out of that little house in Kettering ! ”

“Or out of a cottage,” said Alan.—“Well, shall we get on further to-day? Are you tired?”

Gerald considered. “Not a bit of it,” he said. “I’m quite keen, and if you don’t mind, we’ll go on a bit. What is the next link?”

“Well, we have seen the Jamaicans setting out for Africa in the *Chilmark*. They were quite a large party, but their venture was not a fortunate one. They settled at a place called Clarence, on the island of Fernando Po; but the island belonged to Spain, and at last the Roman Catholics made Protestant missionary work impossible. So after some years the Mission was moved to the African mainland, to a district called Cameroons, by the man who had then become its leader. This was a man named Saker—Alfred Saker.”

“By your tone I should think this name rather important,” said Gerald, after he had written it down. And Alan smiled.

“Saker is important, not only for his place in the story, but because he was a great man, too. What would you call a man who was always unfortunate, often mistaken, often lonely and neglected, often misunderstood, often ill and nearly dying, yet kept his faith without wavering, his patience unbroken, his cheerfulness undimmed: who was often too ill to work, yet toiled on to the last ounce of his strength: who was often in peril of his life, but utterly fearless; who learned to do the work of ten men because it needed to be done and he was the only man there to do it;

who was engineer, brickmaker, carpenter, smith and shipbuilder, printer, doctor, preacher, cook, baker and housekeeper : who found the day so short that he said, ' If only I could do without sleep ! ' ”

Gerald sat back in the historic chair. “ You don't expect me to get all that down,” he said, “ unless I can get it into one word.”

“ Do you think you can ? ”

Gerald thought again. “ It isn't exactly Crusader,” he said. Then he wrote on his loose sheet—‘ Hero.’ “ Will that do ? ”

Alan smiled. “ He was saint as well, but I think you have found the right word. Hero may include saint, but a saint need not be heroic. Saker was both. I find it hard to say enough of him.”

“ You've done pretty well ! Was he another cottage man ? ”

“ Something like it. He belonged to a village in Kent—Borough Green—where his father was village engineer and millwright. As a young man he went to work at Devonport, and one night attended a meeting held at a Baptist chapel there. He had been thinking of Missions, and especially the new mission of the Jamaicans to Africa. The men he went to hear that night were two of the leaders of that Mission, who had come to England to win recruits and support for it. When he went home from that meeting, it was to ask his wife, ‘ Are you prepared to go to Africa ? ’ She loved missions too, and had once offered herself for service abroad.”

“ They were of one mind about it.”

“ Yes ! Well, they went to Africa—they were both on the *Chilmark*, which had forty-two missionary passengers in all, mostly negroes from Jamaica. Doesn't it remind us of Carey when we read that Saker spent most of his time, on a dreadful voyage of seventeen weeks, in helping those black men to prepare themselves for missionary service ? For all their enthusiasm, they were so untrained and so ignorant ! When the party reached Fernando Po they had to face tremendous difficulties, and Saker soon proved that he had the qualities of a leader. He saw that the place chosen for the Mission was not suitable, and he chose another site, on the mainland. At the same time, with these great burdens upon his shoulders, he began a task which was to take him nearly thirty years—the translation of the Bible into the tongue of that district.”

“ Carey again.”

“ Carey again. And he held steadily to this task until it was completed. But all the time he was dreaming of greater things—the Dream will always lead men on to greater things, you know—for he had had a vision of Africa, with its uncounted tribes waiting in the darkness. The missionaries were already at the door. Perhaps the years in the Cameroons were really preparing them for a greater venture.”

“ Like Hackleton and Moulton and Leicester.”

“ Yes : and at last the way became clear. Out of the heart of Africa in 1877 came a traveller

who had actually crossed the Dark Continent from East to West. He had voyaged along a mighty river, sometimes fighting his way, sometimes buying his way, time after time in peril of his life. But the way was there—it was that great river.”

“That was Stanley!” cried Gerald.

“That was Stanley. As for Saker, at Cameroons, the end of his work was near—he was coming home for the last time. But he had lost nothing of his eagerness or his faith. His word, like Livingstone’s, was always ‘Forward,’ though he had to surrender the work to other men. And the men were ready. Two young men had just been appointed to the Cameroons mission, and in them he found men after his own heart. They, too, had dreamed the great Dream, and it was calling them eastwards to the heart of Africa. Their names—George Grenfell and Thomas Comber.”

“There! Now we’re coming to Congoland,” said Gerald: for he knew the Congo story better than any. He had always liked it better.

“So we are. The chain is almost complete. Alfred Saker came home in 1876, and Grenfell and Comber, left in Cameroons, made several journeys into the interior. They were trying to find a way. Then came the great discovery by Stanley, that the River Congo was a mighty waterway into the heart of Africa. Also, a rich man of Leeds, a Mr. Arthington, who loved Missions, wrote to the officers of our Society

offering to bear the cost of an expedition to the Congo country to see whether mission work was possible there. Carey's dream was his, too. So the people at home, knowing of the eagerness of Grenfell and Comber, sent them a letter telling them that they might go."

"Things were coming true again!"

"They were: but I think we will take that chapter another day. This one was to be for Knibb and Saker. What do you think of them?"

Gerald turned back from Congoland, and retraced his steps to Jamaica. He looked again at the two men who had bridged the gap between Carey and Congo.

"We called one of them a Hero and a Saint, the other a Crusader," he said.

"Yes," said Alan. "Great titles. A friend of mine has given them another title which is rather good. He wrote a little book about the first group—Carey, Fuller and their friends, who formed the Society. Then he wrote of the later men, among them Knibb and Saker side by side. The title of the second book is *The Great Succession*."

"The very thing," cried Gerald; and his Eversharp wrote joyfully in the blank space he had left at the head of his sheet—"Men of the Great Succession."

Then they went out for an hour to enjoy what breeze there was by the banks of the Hooghly, one of India's ancient waterways. Long ago a Viceroy's stately barge had come up the river

at week-ends, bearing the Governor and his lady. They were going to their country house at Barrackpore. And sometimes the Governor, before going to rest very late at night, would go out upon his balcony to see the light still burning in Doctor Carey's study.

The two did not speak of this now because they had talked of it before : but they could not look across the river without thinking of it. So Dr. Carey's lamp was shining still.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### BROTHER CAREY GOES TO CHINA

“WHEN we were speaking of China we stopped at a closed door,” said Alan. “Do you remember ?”

“I have a note of it,” answered Gerald. “No missionaries were allowed into the country. They had to wait outside. Robert Morrison never got into China at all, though he did a great deal of translation work. His Chinese Grammar was printed at Serampore.”

“Your notes are very useful. The plan is proving its value. Well, it was in the 'sixties that our Society began in China, but the workers never got farther than Chefoo, in Shantung, which was one of the ports which foreigners were allowed to use at first. These were called 'treaty-ports,'

because they had been thrown open by treaty with the Chinese Government. Two wars had to be fought before protection could be obtained for missionaries who went into the interior, and any converts they might win. Then no less than thirty Missionary Societies sent their waiting messengers into China."

"Thirty?" said Gerald. "So the Movement was a big thing by then."

"Yes. Someone has said that a voice from a cottage in the Midlands had roused the whole Christian world to its new crusade."

"It gives us a rather new view of cottages. But I'm ready, please."

"Our Society remained at the coast till 1875. Then it found a new leader, who resolved to strike out for the interior, to find the real Chinese. He chose the Shantung Province, which has a population of forty millions—equal to Carey's Bengal, you will notice, and to Britain: and he chose the second city in the Province. It was difficult to rent a house in that city, the feeling against the foreigners was so strong: but this missionary was a man of great patience, great goodwill, and great powers of persuasion."

"In addition to fortitude and zeal?"

"He certainly had those—and other gifts too, as we shall discover. He made himself acceptable to men in high places—indeed, he believed in making his approach first to the educated people and the rulers, so that their friendliness might

influence the multitudes. But you remember Daniel Das and the outcastes, Gerald? What do you make of the two things set side by side?"

Again Gerald had to think before he could venture an opinion. "Daniel Das was right, but perhaps this missionary was right, too. The Gospel is for everybody. And there might be special reasons, in China, for working on other lines."

"Yes. Most of the missionary converts in China are drawn from the poorer classes—that is quite true. But it is also true that educated Chinese have been won, and have been, and are, a great help. The two highest personages in China to-day, the General Chiang Kai Shek and his wife, are both Christians. The Gospel is for everybody. . . . But let us get back to our story and see how this missionary worked, with his special gifts of patience and persuasiveness. When he had his first baptism of converts, a Buddhist monk, to whom he had explained things, lent him two rooms, for dressing-rooms, in the Temple of which he had charge. In the following year there were fifteen candidates, and by that time the missionary, who seems to have had much faith, had built a baptistry in his own courtyard; and the City Treasurer was present—one of the men in high places who had learned to respect and admire this foreigner of patience, fortitude, zeal, persuasive sincerity and shining goodwill."

"My word!" breathed Gerald. "It's time I had his name."

“ A cottage kind of name. No doubt he came from some little cottage in Wales. It was Mr. Timothy Richard, afterwards Doctor Timothy Richard, who spent fifty years in China and did a varied and remarkable work. One of the important things he did was to lead the B.M.S. into a neighbouring Province, Shansi, and to open a new work there.”

“ Date ? ”

“ 1877. There was a famine in Shansi, owing to three rainless years, and the sufferings of the poor peasantry were beyond words. A Famine Relief Fund was opened in Britain, and Mr. Richard went, with other missionaries, to distribute rice to the starving people. It was calculated that they saved a hundred thousand lives : and at the end of the Famine they found that they had won the trust of the people and the care of hundreds of famine-orphans. So this missionary led the way into Shansi with a cartload of rice and the Gospel.”

“ That was preaching with a good text.”

“ It was. Then comes the story of our work in Shensi, a Province beyond the mountains from Shansi. By the way, Shansi means East of the Mountains, Shensi West of the Mountains. Shensi had lost millions of its population through famine and civil war, while some of the eastern provinces were over-populated. So the Chinese Government encouraged emigration, offering vacant farms and homes to those who would make the great trek.

For many years there was a stream of emigration, whole families trekking for eight hundred miles, taking with them all their household goods, and their old people and children, on carts and barrows. It was a two months' journey, and thousands died by the roadsides.

"Among the emigrants from Shantung," continued Alan, "were some forty or so of the converts won by Mr. Richard and his fellow-missionaries. These converts gloried in their new faith, and were resolved to make it known in distant Shensi. One of the first things they did after that terrible journey was to build a small worship-hall. The worshippers brought their own seats, if they had them to bring, and the others squatted on the ground. Some of them had no houses to shelter them, but lived as best they could in ruined huts and deserted temples: but they were resolved that God should have His House, and gladly and proudly gave their labour to provide it."

At the pause, Gerald laid down his Eversharp to clap his hands. After that eloquent gesture he picked up his pencil and waited for more, rather embarrassed, but by no means ashamed of his enthusiasm. Alan nodded entire agreement, and continued:

"The next thing they did was to send for missionaries, and two new men who had come out to Shansi—A. G. Shorrocks and Moir Duncan—were released for service in Shensi. When they

joined the emigrants they found that a village had been built around that first little chapel—the first Christian village in China. Two native houses were waiting for them, and a wonderful welcome. Presently school buildings were added, and a girls' school was opened, with thirty girls as boarders. It was the first girls' school in the whole of our China mission."

Gerald completed a note. "I should clap again at that, but it might become monotonous," he said. "Seems to me this is a great story."

"Every missionary story is. But you must put down the name of that Christian village. It is Fu-yin-tsun."

He spelled it out, and added: "Chinese for 'Gospel Village'."

Again Gerald wrote. Then he looked at what he had set down. "Gospel Village," he said. "Gospel Village? And there was a Gospel Inn."

"Set side by side, do they seem to have a special meaning?" asked Alan.

Gerald considered. "How far is it from Gospel Inn to Gospel Village?" he asked. "Thousands of miles, of course—and about a hundred years. That seems a lot. Yet it is really only a step or two."

"It does make one think a bit," agreed Alan. "Gospel Village is one of the finest things in missionary history, but it was in that back parlour that evening in Gospel Inn. If only Brother Carey could have seen it! But he did see it. It is

just the kind of thing he did see—it was his Dream.”

Presently he went on :

“They did not stay long in Gospel Village. They went to the chief city of Shensi—Sianfu—a wonderful old city, one of the Imperial cities of China. They went to another large city thirty miles farther, San Yuan : and presently they went north, to other old cities, building little churches, preaching halls, and, when they could, hospitals. In Shantung and Shansi, too, the same plan was followed. From these centres the missionaries went out to the villages, which are really the very heart of Chinese life, to meet the crowds that gathered to the markets and fairs. And when the villagers came into the cities on special occasions the missionaries were there, with their hospitals, their schools, and their preaching hall on one of the main streets. So, little by little, small groups of Christians were found in the country villages for many miles around the city centres, and the Church in the three Provinces was slowly built up and organised.”

“City centres—with hospitals, schools and preaching halls—fairs, markets and festivals—village groups into churches,” wrote the Ever-sharp industriously.

“But such a lot lies behind that,” said Alan. “It is difficult to give even an outline. But think what there must be behind those headlines when we remember that our China Mission has nearly

a hundred European missionaries, with large numbers of Chinese pastors and evangelists, schools and Sunday Schools, hospitals, Chinese congregations supporting their own pastors—and other things too numerous to mention.”

“Have we any more headlines for China?” asked Gerald, in a minute or two.

“Rather. Let me see. Yes, I have it. Instead of details, I’ll try to give you one or two pictures to remember, like Mr. Richard and his rice-cart. Write, now—‘The Shansi Martyrs of 1900’.”

Gerald wrote and listened. “At Tai Yuan Fu, the capital, and at another city, Sinchow, to the north, there are memorials to some of our missionaries who died in the Boxer Rising of that year,” said Alan. “It was the last attempt of the Chinese Government, led by the old Empress, to suppress the Reform party in China and to rid the country of the foreigners—to Close the Door again. A Chinese secret society called Boxers, with local branches throughout China, was the chief instrument to be used. When things were ready, the Empress issued an Edict, ordering that all foreigners in China were to be put to death. Most of the foreigners in the interior were missionaries, and hundreds of them were seized, and treated with shocking cruelty. In Shansi the Governor seized all the missionaries in the Province, destroying them all. All our staff there at the time died—thirteen men and women, with three little children.

“You will read about the Boxer Rising again,”

Alan went on. "It is a sad story, but splendid. I want to tell you just two more things about it now. Some of those martyr missionaries kept diaries during the awful days when they were trying in vain to escape: and those diaries show that in the depth of their suffering and distress they were praying for those who were hunting them down to destroy them. What was that? Patience, or fortitude, or something more?"

"Both of those—and more."

"Yes. It is worth while to consider what that 'something more' was. But I want you to remember another thing about that awful year. The Chinese who had become Christians were hounded down and destroyed, just as the missionaries were. They could have saved themselves by denying their faith, but many thousands gave up their lives rather than do that. Let me read you one story from this little book:

'Mr. Chao, aged thirty, was a prominent Christian. His friends urged him to seek safety, but he refused, so he was seized, with his mother and sister and young wife. When all their belongings had been burned, they were bound and taken on a cart to the Boxer Chief. "I do not wish to see them," he said. "Take them back and kill them." On their way back they joined in singing a hymn. Mr. Chao was first beheaded, and then, since the women still refused to deny their Lord, they too were killed.

'Another man exclaimed, as he was led away to execution: "This is the happiest day in my life!"'

After a long pause Gerald said: "It's like a page from the *Book of Martyrs*."

"It is. But there is a rather fine sequel to this story. The storm passed, for an army marched to Peking, the capital, and the Empress and her court had to fly. After the storm, of course, there were punishments and reparations. The Protestant Missionary Societies did not ask for punishments or payments, but they did ask that the indemnity money should be put to good use. So it was used to establish a University in the Shansi capital, to give the best education to the brightest young men of the province. It was the view of the missionaries that education under Christian influence should make another such tragedy impossible."

"There is a Carey touch about that," suggested Gerald.

"There is. And we find that the chief mover in the scheme was one who had used another Carey plan when he had first settled in China—by taking the message to a chief city. This was Mr. Richard, now Doctor Richard, as wise and patient and persuasive as ever. He became the first Chancellor of the new Shansi University, and its first Principal was Moir Duncan, now Doctor Duncan, one of the two men sent years before to Gospel Village."

Gerald wrote a headline on the Shansi University.

"Another 'Afterwards'," Alan continued.

“Eleven years later a Revolution broke out in China which drove the ruling clan, the Manchus, out of power. In Shensi there was civil war for a long time. The missionaries saved many lives at Sianfu in those dreadful days, and among those they saved was the daughter of that Governor who had massacred the mission party in Shansi eleven years before.”

“That is a great line,” said Gerald. “‘Headline’ is not good enough for it.”

“We’ll leave Shensi and Shansi now, and go back to Shantung, where our work began in 1876. In the Provincial capital, Tsinan, there is a very remarkable Christian College—the Shantung Christian University. Several missions working in China, some of them American, share in the work of this University, whose students come chiefly from Christian families from almost every part of China. Hundreds of young men and women have gone out from the Shantung Christian University as preachers, teachers, doctors, nurses.”

“A Chinese Serampore?” asked Gerald.

“I think we may call it a Chinese Serampore. But there is another Headline here, and we must not miss it. This is the Institute and Museum, the idea of a wise missionary to give Chinese visitors a glimpse of the life of the West, with its arts, sciences, industries and inventions. About half a million people visit the Museum every year, for the Chinese are eager to see and know and learn: and the Gospel is preached to the visitors

every day, and many times a day. The chief aim is never forgotten."

"And everything is counted worth while."

"That was Dr. Richard's motto. But there is one more Headline, and it is about him. He was a great believer in the power of the printed page, and spent his last years of service in China at Shanghai, where he was the leading spirit in a great plan for publishing Christian books and magazines in the Chinese language. He and his helpers produced and circulated many millions of books and tracts."

"But that is Serampore again," cried Gerald. "Ward's big printing works, and Carey and Marshman's translations. What a team they would have made—the Three at Serampore and Dr. Richard! But his work was not quite the same, was it? He had only one language to use, and they had to learn and use many."

"That is so. With the literature from his publishing house at Shanghai, he could supply all the Missionary Societies working in China. He could serve very nearly four hundred millions of people with one printed Gospel in one tongue. It was a great advantage and a great opportunity. Carey saw that long before, and told the people in London how it could be done: and here was the man after Carey's own heart, to work out his dream for China."

There was a long pause then. Gerald looked down his sheet of notes, and Alan looked at it

too. "I was thinking of a title for this China page," said Gerald at last. "When we were half way through I saw one—'Gospel Inn to Gospel Village.' I still think it's rather good, but now it doesn't seem quite big enough."

"Take an hour or two to think it over."

"I think I'll have to. But is there anything else?"

"Our work has faced mountains of difficulty in China," said Alan. "One can't mention half of them. There were first the suspicions and hostility of the people, then the Boxer Rising, then the Revolution, and Education regulations by the new Governments, and years of civil wars. Also Communism, coming in from Russia with its aim to destroy religion; and, last of all, the Japanese invasion. But a great work has been done, and it cannot be uprooted."

Gerald made rapid notes of the Difficulties. Then Alan gave him something better.

"But I have just remembered something else, which gives us at least three good lines. It may help you in your choice of a heading for the page. Some years ago a Union was formed between several of the Protestant missions in China. They agreed to work together as far as was possible, to present a united front to the great task of reaching the unreached millions. This new Union was called 'The Church of Christ in China,' and at its first public gathering it adopted a motto for itself. It tried to gather into a few words a

statement of its guiding principles, its methods, its aims and hopes. Do you follow me? ”

“ I think so—a kind of slogan.”

“ Just so. Well, this motto, or slogan, had three lines. Write them down and take them into your dreams. Here they are :

‘ We agree to differ,  
We resolve to love,  
We unite to serve.’ ”

Gerald wrote them down. As he did so he realised that they would need some thought. This new friend of his was doing this kind of thing all the time. A Rugger match would be the fierce effort of an hour or so, a cricket match would be the keen but leisurely struggle of an afternoon and evening, a stiff Latin exercise might take an hour or more. In Dr. Carey’s study it was different, and worse—or better. This motto, for instance, or slogan. Why, every line of it was sufficient to build a sermon from—a long one, too, not like those usually preached in the Taunton School Chapel !

Did he like it? He could not like it, could he? Yet he was very sure that he did.

Some time later he gave serious thought to the title for this China page, so full of tragedy and triumph, sadness, suffering and splendour. He knew that it must have something to do with that wonderful motto, or slogan, but it seemed to him that the difficulties of the story should come

into the line somewhere. "Mountains of difficulty," Alan had called them. But the choice of such a motto by the Chinese Christians spoke of a shining triumph, and not of difficulty at all. It was as though they stood on the summit of the last mountain, shouting their motto to the world.

It was in that way that he found his line—"Through the Mountains to a Motto."

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### THE DREAM IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

"DO you enjoy being surprised?" asked Alan, as they began their next session.

"It all depends," said Gerald. "It was a very pleasant surprise when Dad said that I should come to India with him."

"It will be quite as pleasant, I hope, when you come to Africa with me! I have been looking up our work on the Congo, and the facts and figures are really wonderful. Just think of this. One of our stations, Yakusu, our farthest up the Congo, in the heart of Africa, has eight hundred native villages in its area, an area twice the size of Wales. Each village has a native evangelist, supported by the native church members, and a school chapel built by the people. The Yakusu mission area has eight thousand church members,

and the central station has the largest Protestant church building in Congo, seating fifteen hundred worshippers. The station also has a splendid hospital, fully staffed, boarding-schools for boys and girls, a training institute for native teachers, and a printing press."

"That's rather a lot to remember," said Gerald. "Just go over it again, will you?"

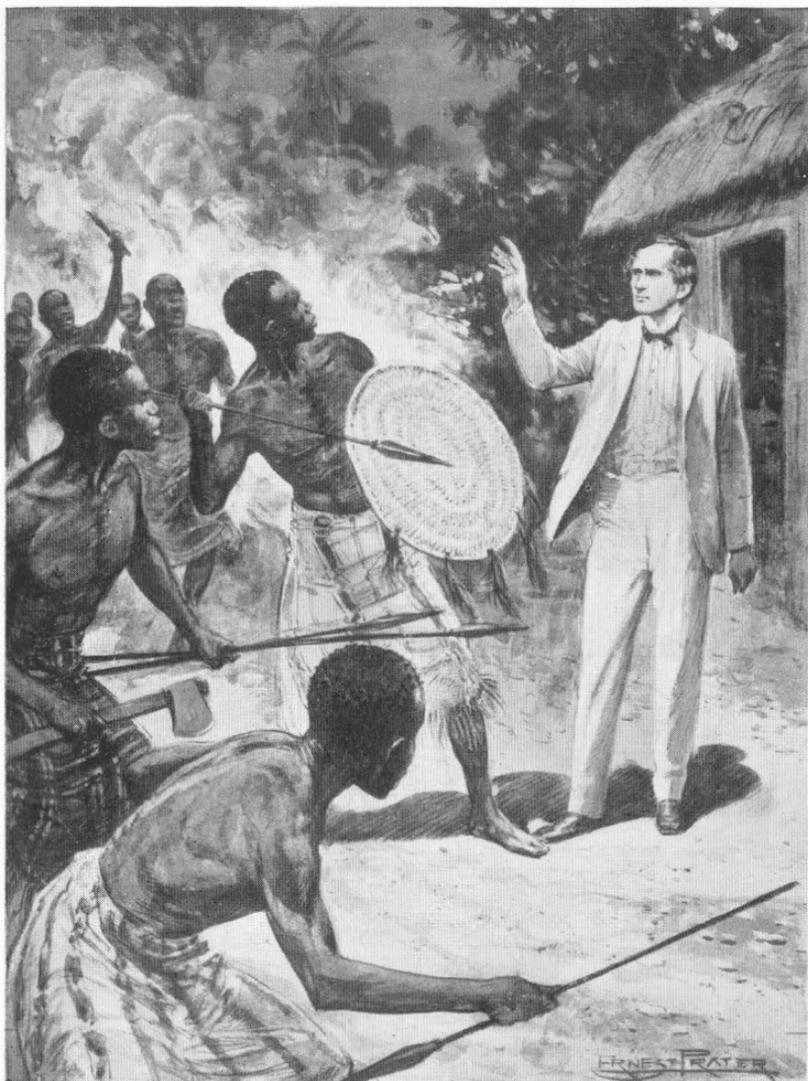
"No," said Alan. "I'll give you this sheet, and you can take down what you need.—Another station, Bolobo, has an area as large as Yorkshire, with 5,000 church members: another, Kibokolo, works an area equal to Lancashire. We have a hundred and forty missionaries in Congo, and last year there were nearly four thousand baptisms, though no candidate is accepted for baptism without the approval of the native church and after careful training and a long probation."

"I wonder what 'Brother Carey' would say to all that?"

"He would not be surprised. No triumph of the Gospel would surprise him. And, after all, his Dream surpassed anything done so far."

Gerald found two headlines there. Can you guess what they were? But . . .

"We've begun at the end," said Alan. "We must go back. Look at your notes on William Knibb and Alfred Saker. As Saker left West Africa in 1876, two young men were going out to the Cameroons Mission. Two years later these men cut their initials on a tall tree in San



SAKER IN WEST AFRICA

“Often in peril of his life, but utterly fearless”

*Page Eighty-eight*

Salvador, the old capital of the Congo Kingdom. You will remember that they had longed to go eastwards, into the interior, and that Stanley's great journey across Africa, ending at the mouth of the River Congo, had shewn the way. Then a rich man at Leeds, a Mr. Arthington, a man who had Brother Carey's Dream, offered to bear the cost of an expedition into the Congo country, and these two men were asked to go."

"Yes. I have all that down," said Gerald. "Besides, I remember the names—George Grenfell and Thomas Comber."

"Good! Well, our story in Congo begins at that tree. From that tree it has travelled over a thousand miles north and east along the river, with a chain of mission stations, each a centre of far-reaching Christian influence and Christian work. In order to do this work in the tongue of the people, more than eight native languages have been conquered and put into writing. No Congo tribal language was written—it was only spoken. Each one had to be learned, and the sounds given a written form: the people had to be taught that written form before the Gospels could be given them in the Book. That work had to begin with the children in the schools, though often grown people, anxious to get 'the white man's learning,' would become pupils too."

"Serampore began like that."

"Yes, but Serampore worked in old languages, which had a written form and a literature. The

Congo language problem had a very difficult extra stage. So the Congo Bible, when it was complete at last, would be something to stir the hearts of the men who worked here. In addition, the missionaries have to learn French or Portuguese as well as the native tongues. Our Congo Mission works in Portuguese Congo, and in Belgian Congo, where French is spoken: and these Governments require that Portuguese and French shall be used in educational work. They want to train the most capable young people to grow up like Belgian and Portuguese subjects and citizens."

"I should think Patience and Fortitude very useful in the Congo Mission," said Gerald.

Alan smiled. "And the zeal. Think of the labour needed. Think, too, of the drudgery of the early days, when there was no means of conveyance, except by human means, through vast distances of forest and 'long grass.' But the Mission, from its beginning, has had men with the Carey gift of tongues and the Carey patience and zeal and industry. Every settlement in a new district meant that the same course must be taken, the same patience used, the same labour, the same perseverance. But the men who were needed were always there. . . . The figures I have given you are a proof."

"And it began at the old tree—in 1878."

"That was the year of their visit.—But suppose you make a headline of the names of the stations, and their dates: 1879, San Salvador; 1882,

Léopoldville, or Kinshasa, the capital of Belgian Congo, about two hundred and fifty miles away, on the great inland lake, Stanley Pool ; 1884, two stations—Wathen, named after a generous helper of the Mission, Sir Charles Wathen of Bristol, and Lukolela ; 1888, Bolobo, where George Grenfell had the home station for our first steamer on the Congo River, the *Peace* ; 1891, Upoto, where the work was begun among a tribe of cannibals ; 1896, Yakusu, our farthest station on the river, a thousand miles above Stanley Pool ; 1899, Kibokolo, back again in the San Salvador area ; and, 1932, Bembe, a new station near the site of an earlier work which had been closed down for some years—Mabaya. In 1905 we have Yalamba, the last station founded by George Grenfell far on the Upper River, and in 1908 we have Kimpese, where the Swedish Mission and the American Baptists work with us in a kind of college for native teachers and pastors.”

“ Is that the Congo Serampore ? ”

“ It is one of them. There have to be several, because there are so many languages and the distances are so great. Well, three years later, 1911, we have Thysville, where the Mission is in a busy centre, the workshops of the Congo Railway. In 1920 we have Kibentele, a new station named after one of the heroes of the Mission, Dr. Holman Bentley. There are two more—Tshumbiri, a station taken over in 1931 from American Baptists, also working in Congo (you

won't spell the name without help, so here's the help) and, 1932 (only yesterday, Gerald) Pimu, on the Upper Congo only a mere hundred miles from Upoto. Pimu is chiefly a Hospital station, and we may look at it again in our chat on our medical work.—Wait a moment, though. We now have missionaries at Ntondo, working with the American Baptists in a large district far from our nearest stations. But our missionaries at Bolobo were accustomed to visit Ntondo in an annual tour."

Gerald found his shorthand extremely useful at this time. When the pause came he showed that he had also found time to think.

"The Mission is spread over from 1879 to 1939," he said. "Sixty years."

"Yes. It has been steady growth. And the story is full of romance—sometimes the romance of success, sometimes the romance of the unexpected. Look at Kibokolo, for instance. For years missionaries worked and waited there without a sign of response. It took eight years to win the first convert. Then came an epidemic of influenza, and it was found that where the missionaries had helped the people there had been very few deaths, in other places many. In an hour, as it were, the scene was changed, and in 1923 there were eighty-one baptisms. The people carried forty thousand stones eight miles to build their church, and the pillars of the church came from a grove sacred to the fetishes.

“Then there is Yalamba, Grenfell’s last station. In his little group of followers, on his steamer *Peace*, he had a boy, Disasi, whom he had taken over from a trader. The boy had been stolen as a child by the slave-raiding Arabs, and no one could tell where his home was. But the little *Peace* touched at many points, and one day Disasi saw a man whose face bore a tribal mark like his own. He had found his own people, and Disasi’s early home, after a time, became a new station for the mission. To-day Yalamba is one of the glories of our Mission in Africa.”

“I needn’t even make a note of that. I couldn’t forget it,” said Gerald.

“Every station has its story. I may give you one or two more. But now, I think, we should have one which I should call a key story of the Congo Mission—the story of the *Peace*.”

Gerald wrote it down. “I know some of it,” he said. “Once, at the Mission House in London, I saw the bows of the *Peace*. I was surprised that such a little ship could have gone so far.”

“Yes. She was always the ‘little *Peace*’.”

Then they went over the story together, Alan filling in the gaps in Gerald’s recollections. They saw the little group of missionaries at San Salvador busily building up the new work, but always with their eyes on the great river, with the uncounted peoples upon its banks and in the forests behind. The Lower Congo, nearest San Salvador, was broken up by rapids, but Stanley Pool, more than

two hundred miles up, was the key to a great inland waterway which ran a thousand miles into the heart of Africa before the next break in its flow was reached. Between San Salvador and Stanley Pool were hostile tribes suspicious of the White Man, but the missionaries tried again and yet again (they made thirteen attempts in all) and at last Mr. Bentley and Mr. Crudgington won their way through. But when the way was open it was necessary to have a steamer, and once again that rich man in Leeds, with Brother Carey's Dream, came to the rescue. He bore the cost of a small river steamer which could be built in sections for her trial trip on the Thames, then taken to pieces and packed into eight hundred separate packages for shipment to Africa and transport by carriers to its destination at Stanley Pool. It was a four months' journey.

"The Missionary Society sent out engineers to meet the little ship at Stanley Pool and re-build her," said Alan. "They died before they could do it, for in those early days the Mission had a heavy death-roll. So Grenfell brought his carriers to Stanley Pool with their eight hundred packages to find that there was no one there to build the *Peace*. He was the only missionary likely to be there for a long time to come."

"Was he anything of an engineer?"

"He had had no training whatever, and though he had seen the little ship built, and had a great delight in her, he knew how difficult the task

was, even to a skilled workman. But he was a man of many gifts, like Saker of Cameroons. So, with the help of the coastmen who were in his party, and natives living near who were willing to lend a hand, he set to work.

“In after years he said that his success was something of a miracle. He had an untrained hand, a tremendous task, and helpers who had to be taught everything; but, within him, a conviction of the need, and a mighty faith that since he was the only man there the task must be for him. So at last, after months of anxious, eager labour, a strange little steamer plunged her bows into the great waters which were to be her home.

“It was a great day for her captain and builder,” said Alan, “that thirteenth of June, 1884.”

Gerald made a note of the date. “I suppose I shall never get a greater thrill than Grenfell had on that day,” he said.

“No. Few people ever will. But there were other thrills very soon. Less than a month after, the little *Peace* set off on her first voyage. On that first voyage she travelled twelve hundred miles, and the missionaries chose sites for the first three stations on the Upper River. What shall we say of that, Gerald? The Dream of Brother Carey had taken ship, and was claiming the Heart of Africa. It was planting the cross in the very citadels of Darkness.”

“The very Citadels of Darkness,” wrote Gerald.

“Well, the little *Peace* ran her voyages on the Congo for many years,” Alan went on. “She was Grenfell’s child, very dear to him. With her he entered unknown waterways, and gained fame as an explorer while he won for his Master the friendship of peoples dwelling along thousands of miles of river frontage. With her he chose the sites for the mission stations that now mark the Congo all along its course. They passed through many dangers together, and the *Peace* was with him at Yalamba in 1906, when his last illness came upon him there. There was no doctor near, so the two Africans who were at his bedside, Disasi and Luvusu, carried him on board his little ship and hastened down river to Basoko, where there was a Belgian hospital and a doctor. It was from there that the Captain of the *Peace* went down to that Last River which every human soul must cross.

“Only one more voyage the *Peace* made. It seemed that her story must end when her Captain no longer needed her. Perhaps no other man could have kept her afloat so long.—But there is one thing I want you to notice here. The first ship used by Brother Carey’s Dream was called the *Dove*, in the early days in West Africa; the second was the *Peace*; the third was called *Goodwill*; and the fourth *Endeavour*. Then, when the *Peace* was gone, they had another little ship to replace her, and they called her——”

"The *Grenfell*. I've heard of it!" cried Gerald.

"Yes. The *Grenfell*. There is also now a fine motor boat at Yalamba called the *Friend*. But what glorious names—Dove, Peace, Goodwill, Endeavour, Grenfell and Friend."

"Yes," said Gerald. "These names might have been chosen here at Serampore, by Brother Carey himself, William Ward at his elbow, with his Patience, Fortitude and Zeal. They are all there." And after a pause—"What is the next headline? Are there any other names?"

"There are many missionaries' names, but it would be difficult to mention any without claiming place for all. How would you like to hear of some Congo converts instead?"

"Some Congo converts," Gerald wrote.

"Then," said Alan, "write the name of Mantu, who was the first to be baptized in the Congo Mission, and came to England with Mr. Comber, and went to school in London for a time. That first baptism was in March, 1886. Then you must also write the name of Nlemvo, also of San Salvador, and descended from the family of a chief. He became a follower of Jesus while still a boy, and grew up to become the right-hand helper of Dr. Holman Bentley, the translator, the Carey of the Lower Congo. Nlemvo also came to England, and showed the people at home what Christ could do for a Congo boy. He was one of the leaders of the church at Wathen for

many years after, and a chief helper of the missionaries. Then there was Ntetela, also of Wathen, who went out to a village to preach, and never came back. Years after it was found that he had been thrown into the river because he had continued to speak of Jesus. So Ntetela was the first Christian martyr in Congoland. Then in Bolobo there was a man called Lonkoko, who offered to take the Gospel to a cannibal village, though it was known that certain death would be the result. No one expected to see him again. He walked into the cannibal village and said: 'I come to tell you the wonderful story that has reached our village—the story of God and of His Son Who died for us.' They placed him in a prison hut and set a watch over him; and presently the watch brought the news that when he entered the hut he fell on his knees and talked to someone he called 'Father': and afterwards, instead of looking for means of escape, he lay down and slept in peace all night. 'This must be a good man,' they said. 'He does not fear death.' So by his meekness he opened that village to Christ."

"Then I think you should put down the name of Motala, who was a missionary's personal boy at Yalamba for five years. The time came when the missionary was to go home, and Motala was eager to go home too, that he might tell his adventures to his friends. But a chief came to Yalamba, asking for a teacher for his village. He

was the chief of Basoko, and, sad that he could not have a teacher, he told his need to Motala. 'If the heart of these people thirst for God, is it well to refuse them?' said Motala. 'Send me.' So he gave up the joy of his home-going and went to Basoko: and a large number of men and women joined the Church from that village, because he loved his Master more than himself."

"All this is a bit like a chapter in the New Testament," said Gerald. "And Serampore is just the place for writing it. But I fancy you have another story or two?"

"The Congo record is rich in great stories. I think the first shall be a San Salvador story. Call it 'What the King said'."

"What the King said," wrote the Eversharp: and when it was written:

"When the *Peace* was seeking out sites on the Upper River," said Alan, "there was some talk of the Mission leaving San Salvador for the new sphere of operations, where there was certainly enough work waiting to be done. The first station was remote from the main stream of our work, it was in Portuguese Congo, and the Roman Catholics claimed the first place because the Romanists had opened a Mission there ages before. They could still show the ruins of an old cathedral. But when the King of Kongo heard of this proposal, he said: 'If you leave us, and we are not found at God's right hand

at the Day of Judgment, whose fault will it be? Will it not be yours, because you taught us a little, and, just when we were beginning to understand, went away and left us? The sick man dies because the doctor leaves him in the middle of his sickness, instead of waiting till he is quite well. If you must build up the new work on Stanley Pool, one of you must stay here.'

"There was only one answer to that," added Alan. "The removal plan has come up at other times, but the King's plea is still before us. To-day the Mission at San Salvador has two thousand members, with ninety teacher-evangelists working a wide area.

"The next story," said Alan, "might be head-lined 'I Became a Coward.' It is the story of Linvaka, a convert at Upoto, who was paddling his canoe down the river one day and was pelted and insulted by the people because he had joined 'the Tribe of God.' Afterwards Linvaka, paddle in hand, came to the missionary and said: 'Were I not a Christian I should have killed some of those youths who were mocking and cursing me. Being a Christian, I became a coward for Jesus' sake'."

"William Ward would have liked this Linvaka," said Gerald.

"Yes. Perhaps the next story is a companion-story to Linvaka's; perhaps it is a kind of explanation of it, though it is about one of the first missionaries, and the scene is far away, at Kibo-

kolo, in the San Salvador district. The missionary bore the plain name of Lewis, and in his Welsh home he had been trained as a blacksmith. He was a strong man, and utterly fearless. He was a great missionary, for he began in the Cameroons with Saker, became a leader of the Mission at San Salvador, where he built the first church, and was selected to become first Principal of Kimpese, one of our Congo Serampores. Perhaps his best work, however, was at Kibokolo, seventy miles from San Salvador, in the country of the savage Zombos, where for ten years, as I have told you, he fought an apparently hopeless fight. This story comes from his Zombo days :

“ ‘ One day, when Zombo blood ran hot and excitement clouded common sense, he stood before a howling mob, calm and quiet. He was pleading, in that appealing voice of his, for sane thinking. He told the story of God’s love to man, but the crowd grew more and more hostile. Then some of the bolder spirits gathered up sand, and threw it into his face. This was done again and again, but without rebuke he took his handkerchief from his pocket and, wiping his smarting eyes, continued his story of his Saviour’s love.’ ”

“ And after that I think I may give you a few more figures,” said Alan. “ In 1880 there was not one Christian among the eleven millions of the natives of Congoland. To-day the B.M.S. alone has thirty-nine thousand church members,

and the total number of native Christian Church members is over two hundred and fifty thousand."

## CHAPTER NINE

### SOME HELPERS A QUESTION AND THE CAREY TREE

"**T**O-DAY we shall do much in little space," said Alan. "The subject might be 'Three Helpers of Brother Carey's Dream.' But when we speak of a society or organisation as a helper, we use a more imposing word."

Gerald, on his mettle for the "right word," began with "Co-operator," but then his improving memory came to the rescue, and he followed quickly with "Auxiliary." He had seen the word in the missionary papers sent to his father.

"'Auxiliary' it is," said Alan, "not the easiest of words, but dignified as well as useful. Well, our Society has three Auxiliaries, and it is interesting but not surprising to find that they all begin with Carey. You will remember that one of Carey's fellow workers in the early days at Serampore was Joshua Marshman, and Mr. Marshman had a very gifted wife. Do you remember anything she did in those early days?"

Gerald turned quickly to an earlier page of his notes. "It was a Girls' School," he said. "Anglo-

Indian girls. The school was a great success, and was for some time the chief support of the Mission."

"The pupils were Anglo-Indian girls at first. It was difficult to reach the native girls and women. There were a thousand obstacles in the way, and even Brother Carey's Dream could not work in defiance of custom and religion. You would make enemies where you needed to make friends. The approach must be prudent and gradual. If you remember, the missionaries had to fight the awful custom of *Suttee* for many years before they could get the Government to put it down, though that custom was murder of the most cruel kind. Nevertheless, through Mrs. Marshman the Mission was the founder of education for women in the East. It showed the way, and some years afterwards a missionary's wife, a Mrs. Sale, took the next step. It was impossible for a man to set up work for India's women—they were shut away, closely secluded and guarded in the zenanas. But Mrs. Sale felt that a woman might, and made the attempt. She obtained entrance to zenanas at Jessore and Barisal, in Bengal, and so opened the new work. And Mrs. Sale was not alone as light-bearer. She had a friend and colleague in Calcutta, a Mrs. Lewis, also a missionary's wife. They saw more and more clearly that missionary work was hindered everywhere because work among the Indian women had been neglected. Work among men was

hindered by untaught wives and mothers, work among the children was often undone in the homes of those children."

"That seems very clear—now," said Gerald.

"Yes, now. So we must honour the pioneer women who saw it then. Well, in 1867, when both Mrs. Sale and Mrs. Lewis were home in England, they spoke to a company of Baptist ladies which they had called together in a London church, and a new Society was formed—a Society of Baptist women at home for the service of women abroad."

"'Gospel Inn' once more."

"In five or six years this new Society had workers at most of our Indian stations, and in ten years more there were over thirty women missionaries in India, with fifty Bible-women and teachers. In another ten years the new Society had reached China, and the next step was the Congo Mission. The missionaries' wives in Africa had always carried on work for the native women and children, but the new Society took over the responsibility for that work, and organised it, sending out unmarried women as teachers and nurses. Then in Ceylon, as I think you will remember, women's work for women plays an important part."

"Yes, I remember that," said Gerald. "I told you how a Sinhalese lady had come to our church."

"And gave you an interesting report. But similar work is now being done everywhere in

our Mission. The Women's Missionary Association has done great things with schools for every kind of girl in India, China, Africa, and Ceylon : and thousands from its schools go out to be Christian wives and mothers. In patience and fortitude and zeal, these women who go abroad have not been behind the great men of our story. Nor have they been behind the men in that 'Something Else' which is the source of Patience, Fortitude and Zeal. With that, all great and good things were possible."

"It is the same secret all the time," thought Gerald. And Alan continued :

"Two other very helpful Auxiliaries grew out of the Women's Movement—the Girls' Auxiliary, for the girls of our churches, and the Home Preparation Union, to help those who hope to be missionaries some day, and are willing to prepare themselves. Of our present missionary staff, one in every five was once a member of the Union, which offers its training to men and women alike."

"My mother belongs to the Women's Missionary Association," said Gerald. "They call it the W.M.A. Greta is Secretary of our Branch of the Girls' Auxiliary. I always thought their Motto a very fine one—'Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint'."

"It is a fine one. 'Whatsoever' and 'every creature' are magnificent words."

They went on, after a pause, to the story of

another Auxiliary or Helper, whose purpose or motto made another good headline—'Healing and the Gospel.' "Back to Carey again, or even before Carey," said Alan. "When the newly-formed Society was considering where to go or where to send—that was in 1792 and 1793—they had a first offer of service from a John Thomas, who had been a ship's doctor. This man was more of a preacher than a doctor, one may suppose, for he had done personal missionary work in Bengal, and was passionately eager to do more. He needed support, and he needed a companion, and, hearing of the new Society, got into touch with it. In him they found their first missionary, and when they sought for a companion for him, why, there was Brother Carey, with his Dream coming true, and as eager as John Thomas, or even more eager. So the first missionary to be sent out by the first Missionary Society was a doctor; and it was the doctor-missionary who won the first Indian convert. An Indian carpenter who was interested in religion came to Dr. Thomas for medical attention, and the missionaries gave him their Gospel as well. He saw in it Light and Truth, and was baptized."

"I know his name—Krishna Pal."

"Good! Well, you would think that a clear case of guidance, wouldn't you, for the policy of the Mission? It was the Master's way, for the Great Teacher was also the Great Healer.

Curiously enough, the missionaries did not follow it up. They were so intent on reaching men by the spoken and printed Good News that they did not perceive the importance of this other means, even when a great-grandson of Carey was in medical practice at Delhi, and even when the Women's Association had a woman doctor among the workers sent out to India. It was not until 1894 that the matter was seriously considered. A young medical man offered his services—and asked for a hospital. He was sent out as a missionary, but he did not get his hospital till eleven years after. The work of the B.M.S. was to build churches and preaching halls, not hospitals. But that young man said 'Hospitals also,' and after a time the Society accepted that view. So a new Auxiliary came into service."

"The Medical Mission Auxiliary—'M.M.A.,'" said Gerald.

"Yes. And like the other, it went out into all our fields, the medical men and nurses working side by side with preachers and teachers. To-day we have twenty-seven European doctors serving in seventeen hospitals and nine dispensaries, nineteen qualified native doctors, and thirty-nine European nurses. You won't always find a doctor, Gerald, but you will usually find a nurse, in any party of missionaries going out to the foreign field."

"There was one on our ship," said Gerald.  
"She was going out to Chandraghona, in the

Chittagong Hill Tracts. If we go up to the Lushai Hills, as we hope to do, we shall be passing Chandraghona."

"Yes. There we shall see a Mission Hospital at work. It is one of our leprosy centres, too, where we shall see mercy and pity at work on the world's most terrible disease."

After that Alan gave some stories. He showed how the Medical Mission on the Congo had battled with the dreaded sleep-sickness, winning the warm approval of Portuguese and Belgian authorities alike, and how in China the medical men and nurses had remained at their posts through civil war and revolution, giving selfless service to wounded of all factions and winning the gratitude of all. He spoke of two young doctors in China who had given their own lives, one at twenty-eight years, the other at thirty-nine, at Sianfu, where the Robertson-Jenkins hospital is to-day their memorial; and later, only yesterday, of Harry Wyatt, killed when travelling between two mission stations in a district where Japanese and Chinese were fighting a guerrilla war. He spoke of the life-long pioneer service of Dr. Ellen Farrer and Dr. Vincent Thomas in India (the man who had first asked for a hospital), of Dr. E. H. Edwards and Dr. Russell Watson in China, and of the benefits that had come to missionaries and natives alike when the first doctor, Mercier Gamble, had settled at San Salvador. Then he spoke of another

young doctor who could not go out as he had planned to do, but was obliged to remain at home : but he had found his work at home by accepting the Secretaryship of the new Auxiliary and giving his life to its service. So the last new hospital to be opened in India, at Udayagiri, in the Kond Hills of Orissa, was called after him "The Fletcher Moorshead Memorial Hospital." Fletcher Moorshead had visited the Kond Hills many years before, and had pleaded for the provision of a hospital there ; and this dream, too, had come true.

Alan was silent after that, while Gerald completed his notes. To-day they were not in Doctor Carey's study but outside, under the old tamarind tree which is such a beautiful feature of the south side of the College grounds. They had chairs beneath the tree, and from where they sat could see Dr. Carey's windows : and as the tradition ran that he had planted this tree with his own hands, Gerald felt that they were as much as ever under his benevolent shadow. Under his shadow also were these Associations or Auxiliaries, helpers of the great work he had founded.

There was one other, Alan said afterwards, with a equal share of his spirit in it. This was the Auxiliary which dealt with the Translation work of the Society, keeping up the tradition and work of Serampore for every other field which the Society entered. Always the missionary translator must be at work, always the revisers, using

new knowledge and experience to make perfect the early work. "But that," said Alan, "is a very long story which you must read for yourself." Then he went on, with a little smile :

"Perhaps if you sat here alone some day, and listened carefully in the Carey shadow, you might hear the murmur of the first printing press and paper mill in India, established here at Serampore by William Ward, with his Patience, Fortitude and Zeal. You might hear the voice of the Calcutta Mission Press, successor to that first Press at Serampore, which prints in many of the Indian languages, and which we have visited ; and if you listened still more carefully—in the Carey shadow—you might hear the murmur of other printing machinery from a long, long way off—from Cuttack, in Orissa ; from Bolobo, San Salvador and Yakusu in Congo ; and from the great house at Shanghai where Dr. Timothy Richard reigned as Press Director. You would hear the murmur of machines in England, too, where the work of the translators is brought to be edited and revised by a Committee of experts before being printed for the field. It has never ceased, that murmur, since it began in Carey's day.—But this is a flight of fancy, and you must forgive it."

It was then that Gerald took the plunge, after having lingered on the brink for days. Perhaps the old tree had something to do with it.

"I'll forgive you anything," he said, "if you

will answer one question. I'm a bit afraid to ask it."

"That's just a way of speaking, isn't it?" said Alan. "You know you needn't be afraid to ask me anything. Or at least you should know."

"But this is *so* personal."

"I don't think that matters. After all, I needn't answer it—if—if I may not."

"Of course not. Well, it is this. I wonder if you will tell me why you became a missionary?"

Alan smiled. "That's personal enough, but a good question. And, like most good questions, not easy to answer. But I'll try."

Gerald was rather relieved that the question had been so well received. He prepared to make mental notes.

"I was interested in missions from the beginning," said Alan. "There have been two missionaries in our family, distant relatives. We used to hear from them now and again, and would read about them. One was in the South Seas, and the other went to Kashmir. So there were links, you see. But that was not by any means the reason—it was not final."

There he paused. It was a long pause. Then he went on :

"Well, another reason. We all have to face the question some time or other—'What am I going to be and do?' But some fellows have a distinct call in a certain direction—quite early in

life—and there is only one thing for them to do.”

There was another long pause, while Gerald waited. Then Alan said :

“ This question, after all, is more difficult than I fancied. It requires an answer, and now : but I think some other people have answered it in better words than I can find. Wait a minute or two.”

He was back in less than three minutes with a note-book something like Gerald's, but not so elaborate. “ I use this for things I want to remember,” he said. “ One cannot keep all the books one reads, but one can always slip this into one's week-end case. There is labour in making the notes, but it is well worth while.”

He turned over the pages quickly. “ Here is the first,” he said. “ It is an extract from the diary of Cecil Robertson, that young doctor who died of typhus at Sianfu when he was only twenty-eight—young enough to be a companion of ours, Gerald, and to tell us his thoughts. Listen :

“ I feel the need of a truer knowledge of Christ, and a closer fellowship with Him. He seems to be the only certainty, but how to grow like Him—that is the difficulty. As I look forward to work in China, and think of having students under me, I feel how tremendous is my need, both of a closer fellowship with Christ and a definite knowledge of God's plan for men.

“ We must learn to look upon men as Christ did, and to be spent for them as He was ’.”

Alan paused, and turned to another page. "And here is Harry Wyatt," he said presently. "Wyatt was killed in Shansi in May, 1938, by Chinese soldiers, through a misunderstanding. From a little book by Ernest Payne, giving the story of his life, I have taken this paragraph. It was in an address he gave to Boy Scouts one day at Bridgewater before he left for China :

" ' You know that many thousands of people have given their lives as martyrs for Christ. Why? As boys they were ordinary, normal fellows like you, with exactly the same thoughts, feelings and wishes : but do you think you would be likely to die for Christ, whom you have never seen and have not yet felt as being present with you? The fact is that something changed them, took hold of them : and that something may change you from an ordinary, healthy, honest chap to—a Christian. That something is called " the Love of Christ," but exactly what that is I really (Scout's Honour !) can't tell you, although I know. For it is one of the things that can't be brought into words.' "

" That was just my difficulty ! " said Alan.

" And there is one more," he went on ; " another young doctor, Janet Hoare, who came out here to India after long thought and earnest preparation, and died before she had really begun her work. I met her once and admired her greatly. After she had died I found some of her beautiful sayings in a little book prepared by a friend of

hers. Among them was this prayer, written in her own hand :

“ ‘ O Thou Who art heroic love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety so that Thy Will be done. For so only, O Lord, shall we be worthy of those courageous souls who in every age have ventured in obedience to Thy call and for whom the trumpets have sounded on the other side.’ ”

“ But the Leader does not wish everyone to go overseas for Him, you know,” added Alan. “ That would be rather absurd, wouldn’t it? You could serve Him just as truly in your House, either in London or Calcutta. He will show you what He wishes you to do.—Now, have I answered your question? ”

“ I should say so,” was Gerald’s reply.

Then they strolled through the grounds for half an hour, and presently stood beneath that other tree which tradition ascribes to Doctor Carey, a tall, leafy tree, standing between the Doctor’s house and the main College building. It was probably one of the many trees which that master-botanist had gathered from the ends of the earth. It had a narrow pod with bright crimson, bead-like seeds.

“ Children love this tree,” said Alan. “ They pierce these seeds and make necklaces of them.”

They picked up a few of the pods, and Gerald took a handful of the seeds. “ I will take some

of these home," he said—"seeds of the Nameless Tree. But I shan't call it that. I'll call it the Carey Tree."

## CHAPTER TEN

### BROTHER CAREY SETS A LIGHT ON EVERY HILL

THEY were in the train, on the way from Calcutta to a place called Goalundo. It was the first stage of their long-planned journey into the hills of Eastern Bengal, where Gerald expected to find many things of thrilling interest. He was watching the Indian countryside now—he was never tired of watching it—but he was also listening to the conversation between his father and Alan Field.

"We have seen a good deal of the work in Bengal," Mr. Staines had begun. "We haven't lost many opportunities, and everything has been splendidly worth-while. But I have always wished to see something of this special work. I have read a good deal about it, and it seems to be entirely different."

Some impressions passed swiftly through Gerald's mind, followed by one or two questions. His father had returned from his tour three days ago, with an interesting report of the mission work which he had seen in various places, but with

little to say with regard to the business side of his journey. It certainly was curious to notice how "the House" had fallen into the background. He would not neglect its interests, of course—Dad never neglected anything—but of late he seemed to be definitely putting other things first. He had scarcely mentioned the House since he had returned, not even to Gerald, who was proud of it and intelligently interested. And he did not seem likely to mention it to-day. All his concern was their present expedition, and he was "getting his background" with his usual thoroughness from an excellent guide. "No, not exactly a guide," thought Gerald, "a Minister of Information!"

So he ceased to wonder, deciding to wait and meanwhile taking full advantage of the talk. He, too, must be equipped.

The Lushais, he heard now, were a people of the Assam border, living in hill-top villages far away from the plains and cities of official and commercial India. They had lived their own life in their lofty fastnesses without interference, but they had not allowed their more peaceful neighbours to do the same. For ages they had been accustomed to raid the villages of the plains, taking toll in cattle, slaves, and human heads. As "Head-hunters" they had been a terror to the Chittagong Hill Tracts, and continued to be a terror long after a British Commissioner had been placed in that region. At last the Govern-

ment of India had to take decisive action, and a large force was collected to march into the Hills."

War? Gerald listened carefully.

"But when the troops gathered at Kassalong," Alan went on, "at the very Gate of the Hills, it was found that others were there, too. These others were two young men, missionaries from England. They had been refused permission to enter the Hills, so they had waited at Kassalong until the way should be opened for them. They had spent the two years of waiting in missionary work among the tribes, and in learning the Lushai language; but they had never dreamed of giving up their plan."

"Two years," thought Gerald. "Two years! Patience and fortitude!" Then he listened again, to hear how the two young men went into the Hills of the Head-hunters, taking their lives in their hands: and the wild hillsmen heard for the first time of a Prince of Peace. Strange to say, they had loved the story, and it had spread swiftly from village to village. Then the missionaries' village school became a boarding school, to which the chiefs of distant villages sent their sons, and soon in almost every village there were little groups of Christians. Before those two men left Lushailand two-thirds of the people were Christians; there was a church in almost every village, there were Christian schools in many places, and the boys' boarding school at the central mission station, for training teachers and preachers, had

been joined by a girls' boarding school. The one-time Head-hunters had become a Christian people !

“So Brother Carey's Dream came true,” thought Gerald.

They stopped at a station, and the talk ceased. There are so many quaint and surprising things to see at any Indian railway station, so many quaint and surprising travellers, that all talk ceases for a while.

That amazing journey took them ten days after leaving Calcutta in the cool of that Tuesday morning. The rail journey to Goalundo took several hours, and then there was a journey by river-steamer to Chandpur. That evening they took another train, and a comfortable night journey ended next morning at Chittagong, far up on the north-east coast of the Bay of Bengal. Then the real trials of the expedition began, for a tiny little river steamer packed with chattering and perspiring Indian passengers took them on the next stage towards Rangamati, in the Chittagong Hill Tracts. They broke the journey, however, at Chandraghona, to visit the B.M.S. station there and to enjoy the hospitality of the doctor and his household : and it was the hospital motor boat which took them next day to Rangamati, the end of the second stage of their journey and the centre of the Hill Tracts, with a missionary hillside bungalow, and a tiny mission church near at hand.

The rest of the journey was by dug-out native

boats on the upper reaches of a mountain river of many rapids. In these boats they lived for three days and nights, feeling themselves very fortunate if they had room to sit upright. It was only then that they found themselves at the real threshold of the Lushai country, at a place called Demagiri.

To Gerald, of course, it was all sheer joy, even the squatting in the dug-out boat with its queer oarsmen. To Alan Field it really was a dream coming true, and naturally the discomforts of the journey were less for him than for either of his companions. But Mr. Staines was neither so young nor so slender as he had once been, and his Vauxhall driving-seat had for years been his favourite means of travel. Gerald was rather uneasy about him at first, but the uneasiness soon gave place to surprise and admiration. Dad took it all exceedingly well—even the limited space in the river boat. Mosquitoes were accepted as a necessary evil, perspiration was nothing at all, and he never failed to find the best side of everything. He did not utter a word of complaint from first to last, but several words in appreciation of the missionaries who took all these little troubles in their stride.

“My word! I didn’t know Dad,” said Gerald to Alan. “He must be working well up to William Ward’s standard—patience and fortitude.”

And Alan smiled. “I don’t know what he used to be,” he said. “He is a brick now.”

At Demagiri they were greeted by Mr. Webber, one of the Lushai missionary staff, with six Lushai porters and two ponies. It was now only forty miles to their destination, but such was the nature of the country to be covered that the forty miles would take four days! The party had come all that distance to meet and welcome them. The leader's first greeting made them quite at home.

"Welcome, Mr. Staines! We don't get a visitor oftener than once a year, so three will be an event.—Your son Gerald, is it not? Come, Gerald, I have a boy at Serkawn, and you shall tell him all about school life at home. He wants to know.—Hullo, Field, so you have come at last! When you come next time it will be to stay.—And here are your porters, all members of the Lushai Church. So many offered to come that we had to draw lots."

The porters were dusky men with long hair and almond eyes and wearing ear-rings, the most sinewy and athletic set of men that Gerald had ever met. All their travel meant mountain climbing, the paths so steep that Government porters were forbidden to carry more than forty pounds' weight. The six came forward with six great smiles, and extended their hands. That was a bit surprising, but there was a great handshaking all round when it was found that they did it in the spirit of fellowship. For "they were Christians, too."

Then followed a new journey of four stages,

through forest and jungle, up steep hills and down again to the noisy little torrents that raced through the valleys. There were bears and tigers in the jungles, but their dislike of noise and people kept them away from the steep mountain paths, rather to Gerald's disappointment. A glimpse of "Stripes" would have given him such a line for his note-book, such a story for his return to school! He had to be content, instead, with the parties of porters, travellers or wood-cutters who met them or overtook them, or the groups of Lushais resting at the wayside, their baskets of cotton or rice placed on the ground, the bearers eating around a wood fire while they gathered strength for another climb. Both men and women, said Mr. Webber, could walk ten to fifteen miles with an eighty-pound burden, and end up with a smile.

Gerald noticed that his father looked at the cotton and rice with some interest, but he was certainly much more interested in the people. Nor did he turn a hair during that amazing last stage, but continued to smile and accepted every inconvenience as a matter of course. His son had never dreamed that he had such reserves of good humour. What a Dad to have!

He promptly placed that thought in his note-book.

At the end of the second day, from the rest-house which was their shelter for the night, they looked out across range upon range of mountains, and Mr. Webber showed them, on the farthest

and highest range, the spot that was their journey's end. Here he gave an agreed signal, three flashes of light from magnesium wire, and in a moment an answering flash appeared on that far-off summit. Their safe arrival at their half-way house was known. Another two days by jungle and torrent and hill, and they could see far off a crowd of men and boys, and a few women, who had come more than two miles to meet them: but before they had reached this group there came a cheer of greeting from no less than a hundred Lushai schoolboys, a cheer that called echo after echo from the hills. Soon they were in a great crowd of friends, all eager to welcome them: and a little later they were all going on together, to be met here and there by other groups, all of them with faces beaming with welcome.

Gerald had never seen anything like it, not even at school when the First Eleven or First Fifteen had come home victorious after an important match. Once or twice he glanced at his father, to see how he was taking it. "Dad has never seen anything like it either!" thought Gerald. But he could not make further mental notes just then, for he had other things to do. The Lushai schoolboys had come so far especially to see him, for English schoolboys were rare birds in those hills. They crowded about him, only restrained a little by the watchful Mr. Webber. They wanted to shake hands, and some of them

would have kept on shaking hands. They chattered to each other and to him, lighting up the darkness of their unknown language by the beam of their smiles. He had to try to answer all those smiles, and knew that he had never smiled so much in his life. He knew, too, that if it were not for the barrier of language he could have found chums in this excited crowd. There was one of about his own age, who seemed to be asking him a question, and was in mingled laughter and distress because he could not get an answer. At last the boy beckoned to Mr. Webber, who consented to be his interpreter.

“Thanga wants to know if you like Euclid,” he explained. “He has just begun it.” And Gerald won the lasting affection of Thanga by his emphatic “No !”

Another hundred yards brought another group, and another boy friend, one who could speak English. It was Ernest Webber, aged twelve, who could not disguise his delight in this visitor from home. “Hullo !” he said. “Hullo !” answered Gerald, in the manner of boys all over the world. “I’m so glad you’ve come,” said Ernest. “I wanted to ask you lots of things. I’m going home to school next term—to Eltham College, the School for Sons of Missionaries.”—“Yes, your father has told me,” said Gerald. “Isn’t it great !” And Ernest replied, “Yes, isn’t it !” Then he added : “But isn’t it strange that you should come here now, just when I

wanted you. Just as if you'd been specially sent." And in that brief talk began a friendship which will last for many days.

The next event on the road was the appearance of a company of girls, all dressed in a very striking school costume and all wearing the Lushai smile of welcome. When Gerald saw them he was sorry that Greta had not come to India with him. There was a pause for greetings, for the girls had been brought by the two lady missionaries in charge of the school : then, as the march was continued, a tall Lushai girl came to walk beside him. She spoke in excellent English. "Do you know how many stations there are on London's Underground?" she asked. And when he had managed to answer "No," she went on : "I don't, either. I tried to count them, but always got different answers. But how I loved the escalators ! There is a lovely one at Chancery Lane Station, just by the Mission House. When my missionary was busy sorting out our luggage at the Mission House I would slip out to Chancery Lane and get half an hour on the escalators. I could have stayed there all day."

"So you have been to England?" cried Gerald.

"Three times. Our last visit was two years ago. I am now a teacher at the Girls' School here. We were all so pleased to hear that you were coming."

"I should think so!" said Ernest, from the other side.

It was a long walk to Serkawn, but with such company as this it was all too short. So they came to the summit of the last hill, where two large bungalows side by side stood with their doors wide to welcome the new guests, and with the mission ladies waiting on the threshold. Near at hand were other mission buildings, the Boys' School, the Girls' School and Hostel, the headquarters of the Scout Troop. A handsome new church, a medical ward, and the houses of some of the preachers and teachers, had been built on summits near, which had been levelled to make room for them. The crowd of welcomers bore the travellers to the very door, and the boys did not go before they had given three ringing cheers for the visitors.

By that time Gerald had learned one new word and its correct pronunciation. It was the Lushai salutation "*Damem?*"—"Are you well?"

That was the beginning of a stay that filled five days with thrills of every kind. Their guides allowed them to miss nothing in a new world full of interest and wonder. The mission station itself was a very hive of interest, for they saw all its varied activities in full working order. Then one of the staff was spared to take them on "conducted tours" to the nearer native villages, when they travelled by paths which would have been quite impossible for them if they had not been specially cleared of the jungle growth. They were only a foot or two wide, and they scaled mountain-

sides, wound their patient way through miles of bamboo jungle, and at last brought the strangers, exhausted but triumphant, to another mountain-top village.

Gerald loved those villages, formed of bamboo huts built on piles but firmly based on the rock to withstand the fiercest gales and heaviest rains, as well as the frequent earthquake tremors. In most of them there was a tiny church, and there was always a welcome, led by the village Christians. They had to visit the hut of the chief or chieftainess, and the special hut in which the young men lived, and the village log platform adorned with its array of skulls and bones of animals killed in the chase. ("In the old days," whispered their guide, "human heads would be there, too.") They saw the women water-carriers bringing water from far away springs, carrying it in a basket filled with the large bamboos which were their water vessels: and they saw a creature they had never seen before, the gayal of the Lushai Hills, a kind of buffalo, but tame and gentle, with splendid horns. The gayals browsed in the jungle all day, and their only cost to their owners was the little salt which tempted them to come home at night. Pigs and goats and fowls in plenty were familiar creatures, but the gayals—well, they were unique.

"Can you do any business here, Dad?" asked Gerald once, when they were watching a basket-weaver at work: but Mr. Staines had to think

for a moment before he shook his head in reply. Again Gerald reflected that his father had little mind for business "this trip." There was certainly plenty else to think of.

Then he set himself to think a little, and he saw what these things were. Behind and beneath all the thrills of a new land and a new people lay the greatest thrill of all. Many years ago, when there was peril in every mountain path, men had ventured into these fastnesses with their message of Peace and Goodwill. That message had been received as great Good News by a people who had loved robbery and murder, and their chiefs had sent their sons to the newly-opened missionary school on this hill top to learn the way of life and peace. Now the boys of that early day were young men, who had returned to their distant villages as pastors and teachers, bearing the message in their hearts and upon their lips, and living it among their own people. So two-thirds of the Lushai people were Christian, and, as he had seen, there was a little Christian church in almost every village.

Yes, that was the greatest thrill of all! Brother Carey's Dream had made its way into these inaccessible hills, and it was a light on every summit.

When he had seen this, everything else took a lower place in his interest—even his games with the Lushai schoolboys—they actually played hockey and loved it, these grandsons of wild head-hunters! —and the strange, puzzling customs of the native

villagers. Things took on a new meaning for him, and the schools, the medical hall, the scout hut, the church, the training classes for teachers, the translation work still going on, and the hostels, all became part of a great adventure, the greatest ever, the adventure of winning a world. Here a strange little world was being won against long odds, and the faith of the Dreamer was being justified. Oh, if he could only write it all, what letters he would send home !

He could only write a little and keep the rest in store.

Every day was a great thrill, but the last day was the greatest of all. It was a Sunday, and there was to be a baptismal service. The church was filled with worshippers, and a still larger number were gathered outside. After morning worship there was a procession to the baptistry, cut out of the solid rock a few hundred yards away from the mission bungalows and fed by the spring that supplied the station with its water. There twelve young people, some of them from the schools, went down into the water to show their resolve to lead a new life and follow a new Master.

Gerald saw it all, but said little even to his friend Alan.

After the baptism there was a Communion service, just as at home, and then the people in the church flowed out so that a larger meeting might be held in the open ; for many of the

Lushai Christians had come from villages far and near to witness the baptisms and to greet the guests. The schoolboys were there, and the schoolgirls, and a group of the teachers who happened to be at the station for a special course of training. Hundreds sat on the grass, behind them stood a deep fringe of hearers, and others found places up and up the hillside on either hand. And the singing! These people had many hymns in their own language now, and one of the earliest Lushai Christians had learned music during a visit to England long ago. So there was a choir, led by a young missionary music lover, and though the words were different, some of the tunes were the home tunes. The difference was in the faces of the singers, both in the choir and the congregation. How different a Sunday service would be, Gerald thought, if the home people could only look like that! Afterwards he said this to his father, and Mr. Staines agreed: "The pity is that we have lost so much," he said. "We must try to find it again."

It was just at this time that Gerald had a curious experience. He sat with Alan on his right and with Ernest Webber on his left, but a little behind him. They did not speak to each other often, there were so many interesting things to watch and hear: but once there was such a long silence behind him that Gerald wondered if Ernest had left his seat. But he did not turn to look, for the thought brought another. What if

Ernest had left his seat and someone else had taken it? What if he turned to find Brother Carey at his elbow, watching that wonderful scene—the little cobbler-teacher-preacher, his eyes all aglow with his wonderful Dream!

Gerald did not turn to make sure that Ernest was there. He remembered that the Dream was not Brother Carey's Dream—it was Someone Else's. What if that Someone Else had come to this wonderful meeting? Why, He was supposed to be here! But in that seat? . . .

No, Gerald could not turn to see. He sat very, very still. Then Ernest spoke, and the spell was broken.

There were some speeches afterwards. Gerald could not understand the Lushai words, of course, but he knew they were very good by the signs all about him. Mr. Webber spoke, and a colleague of his, and the leaders of the schools, and two stalwarts, Chauatera and Challiana, who had been the right-hand men of the first missionaries and to-day were trusted leaders. Then Alan was asked to speak, and he spoke in English at first, slowly, so that Mr. Webber could turn it into the Lushai tongue. Gerald felt sure that those dusky faces lighted up when they heard that he meant to come again, perhaps to stay, but they beamed still more when he spoke a few words in their own tongue, which he had been learning for several months. Then Mr. Staines, at a sign from Mr. Webber, rose to give these Lushai

Christians the greetings of the Committee in London: and in his words the busy men and women who did the Society's work in London clasped hands across the sea with those tribesmen in the hills of Assam. For they were all one in Christ.

The meeting was nearly at an end, then, but somebody asked Mr. Webber a question which broke into the programme. After a moment he turned to Gerald.

"The boys and girls would like to hear a message from you," he said.

Gerald would have liked to sink through the solid rock of the mountain. He looked appealingly to Alan and his father, but only received encouragement. "Go on," whispered Alan. "'God bless you' will do, or 'Thank you and Good-bye.' You can do it!"

A rising murmur from the people was followed by a cheer from the schoolboys. Gerald clung to his chair, but found himself upon his feet. Alan had given him a life-line, and once more memory helped him out.

"Will this do?" he stammered. "To-morrow we shall be saying 'Good-bye'; but I should like them all to remember that 'Good-bye' really means 'God be with you!'"

"Of course," said Mr. Webber. "What could be better?" He turned to the people, and gave the message with a few words of explanation; and hundreds of faces showed that it had found

a welcome. Almost at once an elderly man rose and said a few words which were received with general agreement. When he had sat down—"He agrees with me," explained Mr. Webber. "He asks what more can they need in the Lushai Hills, what more can they wish, than the presence of God. You have given the right word, and they will value it all the more because you found it so difficult to speak at all. Thank you."

Some time afterwards Gerald wrote "his speech" in his note-book. Though it was so brief, so easy to write, he took some time over it, for it brought back a very vivid memory of that strange scene. It also brought back the words of that Lushai Christian—What more can we need, what more can we wish, than the presence of God?

These were words that could not be dismissed in a line.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### WHAT THE BELLS OF MOULTON SAY

IT was afterwards, months after Mr. Staines and Gerald had reached England by a hurried and thrilling journey in the first weeks of the War. Now Gerald was home from Taunton for the Easter holidays, and Alan Field was there too, on his first furlough from India. He had lost no time in making his way to the Staines'

home in Finchley, where he had recovered his story of Serampore and had found Greta even more attractive than her photograph.

This evening they were sitting round the fire after supper, Mrs. Staines in the left corner chair, with Greta next, then Mr. Staines in the centre of the half circle with Gerald and Alan on his right. Mr. Staines had spent an hour in reading to the group from a handsome leather-bound notebook with "Notes" in gold on the cover. Gerald had taken the seat next to his father, so that he might assist the reader, but the book had been written with great care: besides, Mr. Staines had gone over it one morning on his way to the City, and it was the first reading that had led him to arrange the second. After the first reading he had said, quite seriously, that he thought very well of his son's "First Book."

To-night, when he had finished it, he turned back to the first pages, and read once more the title written there: "Brother Carey's Dream: Notes on the History of the Baptist Missionary Society: By Gerald Staines and Alan Field, B.A." "I understand that Gerald insisted on placing Alan's name on the title-page," he said, "and that Alan only consented on condition that it came second, not first."

"It ought to be first," said Gerald, firmly.

"I never wrote a line of it," said Alan, with equal firmness.

"Anyway, the matter is settled, with credit to

both," said the reader, "and I think we all agree that it is a good book."

When Mother was present the family always waited for her to speak first. "I am very, very proud of it," she said warmly. "I never dreamed that I had such a wise brother," declared Greta, with a glance at Gerald that gave Alan a thrill of—well, perhaps it was something like the Serampore thrill, and it moved him so much that he stammered a little in giving his own opinion. "I—I call it jolly good—except for one name on the title-page. It is so good that it ought to go up to the Mission House."

Gerald tried to hide his embarrassment. Never had the family been so unanimous in its approval of anything he had done! "It is certainly a splendid record," said his father, "and I like to think that the work was done so carefully and so resolutely even during the thrills and alarms of our war-time voyage home. For I see a kind of parable in that."

It was clear that Mr. Staines had something more to say. They waited, but he seemed to turn aside to another subject.

"Alan," he said, "I have something to tell you, at Gerald's request. A few hours after he came home from school last week he told me that he had been thinking of preparing himself for missionary service. We have had a good talk, and I know that he has thought the matter out as seriously as he should do. You will speak to

him about it, and I am sure that you will help him all you can."

"I am awfully glad, sir," said Alan. "I hope you are, too."

"Well, we meant him to go into the House," Mr. Staines replied. "It was regarded as practically settled. I had looked forward to it very much indeed—up to a short time ago. But things that have happened since have caused me to change my opinion, and now I am quite content to leave the decision to him."

From her corner chair Mother said gently: "I am more than content."

Mr. Staines nodded.

"The House is a big thing," he said. "It has held a great place in commerce, and I have always regarded its work as service to the community and the nation and the world. But for that I should not have been so proud of it. So the young men of the Staines and Phillips families have gone into the business as a matter of course, and Gerald was to do the same. My change of mind began when the war-clouds gathered last year, and I was warned that we must organise our Indian branches for what might be a life-and-death struggle. Then I saw that our world was not safe for anything that was worth while. There was no security, for evil forces were too powerful. It was not good enough, for Gerald or anybody else.

"Then," he went on, slowly, "I wondered how

things had gone wrong, and why they had always gone that way : the work of years thrown to the flames, great ships sent to the bottom of the sea, the voices of peace and progress drowned in a clamour of hate and pain. It was plain that somewhere we had made a terrible mistake, had taken the wrong road. Could it be that when we had put Business First—the House—we had made a wrong choice? The world's first need was not Business, but Christ. Then our Missionary Committee began to plan for the Hundred and Fiftieth Year of Brother Carey's Dream, and at the same time I had that question from Denzill Phillips—'Who was this Carey?' I fancied—my eyes being partly opened now—that these things might be closely connected. Carey thought of men as individual souls to be saved, and dreamed of reaching every creature with the means of being saved. He did not think exactly of saving the world from itself, but we can see, now, that this was what his Dream would do. It has been realised only in part, perhaps because we have failed to take our share in it—we, the world's Christian people. We had forgotten that Carey's Master said 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.' Of those who bear the name of Christian, only a small proportion give active and earnest support to Christian Missions : and there are many who would ask, 'Who was this Carey?'

"So when I had to go to India," Mr. Staines continued, "I resolved to see Brother Carey's

Plan at work, and judge it by what it did. Then I decided to take Gerald. As a future member of the Firm he should meet some of the men in control of our Indian branches—I was still, by habit, putting Business First, you see—but I also wanted him to see the Dream at work, so that we could compare notes at the end of the journey. His eyes should help mine. So we went first to the Carey country at home—the cottages and attics, Gerald!—and when we reached India the kindness of Serampore made the rest easy. And you, Alan, by using the Lost Observatory, gave Gerald a view of the work in other lands—the story he tells us in this book.

“I have already told you one of the results. Gerald has made up his mind. The Kingdom First. And his Mother and I, and Greta too, are very happy about it. We see that for all of us now it must be ‘The Kingdom First’.”

Greta looked at Gerald again. The look reached Alan, for whom it was not intended, and he felt more glad than ever that he was a missionary!

“No,” said Mr. Staines. “We haven’t been doing enough in this effort to ‘save the world.’ If we had had Carey’s spirit, our troubled globe might not be in such mortal peril to-day. What if we had loved and given and worked only three times as much? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the Christian faith would have made conquests ten times greater, and that Christian thought and feeling would be ten times more powerful? Might

it not have been strong enough to make a difference—the difference? But it is not a matter of ten times. The results are often much greater than that. The harvest promised and given is fifty and a hundred-fold. I have seen it in India, and we know of it in other lands. It is here, in this book.”

There was a long silence after that. It might be called a painful silence. Then Mr. Staines said what they all felt.

“We had lost Carey’s vision of the world’s need of Christ. Now we must strain every nerve to make up for our neglect, to live the Dream as Brother Carey did—the Kingdom First. If it is not too late already. If it is not too late!”

Then Greta spoke for the second time, in her hand a letter which she had taken from her hand-bag. “Oh, Dad,” she cried, “I have an answer for that!”

“An answer?”

“Yes. Don’t you remember what you read just now from the Moulton page in Gerald’s book? The last line was your own question—‘What do the bells at Moulton say?’ Well, I can tell you what they say.”

She was so eager, so assured, and so delightful in her eager assurance. They all smiled, and their hearts were warmed. She explained:

“When Gerald showed me his book last Tuesday—he had taken it to Taunton with him, you know—I noticed that question, and asked him

about it. Then I thought about it a little, and decided to write to the minister at Moulton who had told you about the bells. It seemed to me curious that there should be an inscription upon one of the bells and not upon the other. If there was such an inscription it might be interesting to Gerald's book—and perhaps very important."

"Very good reasoning, my dear. Go on!" said Greta's father.

"He answered at once," said Greta. ("How could he help it?" thought Alan.) "The letter came by the second post to-day. When I had read it I thought I would keep it for to-night. I could not interrupt your reading when you were on the Moulton page, but it comes in much better now. Listen! Please listen!"

It was quite unnecessary to say "Please." She opened the sheet and read :

"The Baptist Manse,

"Moulton, Northants.

"April, 1940.

"MY DEAR MISS STAINES,

"I am glad to have your letter, because by answering it I relieve my mind of a curious little uneasiness. I remember the visit of your father and brother very well indeed. When I was telling them about the Moulton bells we were interrupted by a telegraph messenger, and when he had gone I had quite forgotten the subject we had been discussing. I went on to something else, without

completing the story of the bells. I remembered afterwards, and was sorry about the unfinished story.

“Yes, there is an inscription on the second bell, and it is a beautiful one. It runs as follows :

“Young People, Remember Carey !

Expect great things from God.

Attempt great things for God.”

Greta looked up, her eyes all aglow. “So that is what the Bells of Moulton say,” she cried. “And though they are silent now, they shall say it again : ‘Expect great things—Attempt great things !’”

Then Mother looked up. “My dear,” she said gently, “they are not silent now. Are we not hearing them to-night? And the whole troubled world is hearing them, all the more clearly for the cries of war and the voice of the guns.”

In the stillness that followed they all heard them. Then Mr. Staines said :

“We have had our answer. We know what to do. And may God grant us Patience and Fortitude and Zeal for the Great Undertaking !”

THE END