

Lucyabel Schuman

"HAZARDED LIVES"

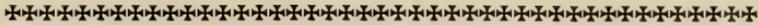
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The Correlated Missionary Study Book
for 1942-1943



“*Hazarded Lives*”

by

Edith P. Goodnow

*“Men that have hazarded their lives for
the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”*

Acts 15:26

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INTRODUCTION

We are happy to commend this book to the attention of all students of missions. It is designed as a study book for the use of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of the Nazarene, and other organizations that are interested in missionary study. But it will profit richly any who read its pages.

The first part of the book deals with the price in human life which was paid to establish the cause of Christian missions in the days when the church in America began to feel its first concern for such matters. One cannot escape the conviction, as he reads this story, that Christian missions is the most heroic undertaking on the face of the earth. The second half of the volume tells the same story of heroism in terms of our own Nazarene missions from the first martyr who fell in our ranks to the latest one who has laid down his life for Christ. This treatment accomplishes two purposes: On the one hand, it demonstrates conclusively that the martyr spirit still lives in the church. On the other hand, it demonstrates the solidarity of this great missionary undertaking in all churches, in every land, and in whatever age. Mills and his associates led the way, and we follow in their train.

The author is eminently qualified for her task. To the careful research of the scholar she has added a singularly clear and readable literary style. We commend her work to all who love the cause of missions.

J. GLENN GOULD, *Chairman,*
Commission on Foreign Missionary Study
Literature.



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FOREWORD

Probably there is no true missionary who especially likes to think of the time when he will be forced through age or failing health to give up the work to which he has been called and to say goodby to the people for whom he has given his life and come back to the homeland as a retired missionary.

This book is about a group of missionaries who did not have to do that. God took them directly to heaven from the mission field. That, of course, is not to say they were any better or more faithful than those who have lived on for years after they returned to the homeland. Undoubtedly God needs retired missionaries at home for the sake of the rest of us. But to these included here God granted the crowning glory of a direct translation from the mission field to heaven.

Probably the first thing you will notice about the second part of this book, dealing with our own Nazarene missionaries who have died on the field, is the omission of a chapter on either Esther Carson Winans or Harmon Schmelzenbach. They certainly died on the field and they deserve recognition if any missionaries ever did. Why, then, were they omitted? The reason for leaving them out is simply this: your Committee felt that with so much already written about both of them this book might better be devoted to less well-known missionaries.

To Mrs. Olive M. Gould, General Superintendent of Study of the W.F.M.S. belongs the credit of the general plan of the book. She furnished that—I merely filled it in.

To Mrs. Amy Hinshaw, author of "Messengers of the Cross" series, our W.F.M.S. study books of several years ago, belongs special thanks.

I would also like to express my deep appreciation to the following persons who have given invaluable help in the writing of the book: Rev. and Mrs. L. S. Tracy, Mrs. Olive Rife, Miss Mary Cove, Mrs. Mary M. White, Miss Margaret Stewart, Miss Rhoda Sherman, Miss Mary Pannell, Miss Catherine Flagler, Mrs. Ann Sutherland, Mrs. Catherine Wiese, Mrs. Ruth Bicker, Rev. and Mrs. Ira Taylor, Mrs. Ruth Berry, Mrs. Zylphia Hertenstein, Miss Aileen King, Mrs. Hester Shields and Mrs. Cora Mann.

EDITH P. GOODNOW.

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PART I.

"HAZARDED LIVES"

CHAPTER ONE

SAMUEL MILLS

HIS MOTHER PRAYED; HE WORKED; GOD ANSWERED

The Mother of American Foreign Missions

Mrs. Esther Mills was the wife of a poor Congregational clergyman who lived in Torrington, Connecticut, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. That she would be used of God to mother the foreign missionary movement in America seemed highly improbable, for in that early day women had practically nothing to do with church government or policies. The cause of foreign missions was virtually unknown, and even where known through reports of English or Moravian missionaries was more likely than not dismissed on the spot as impractical and visionary. When you said "Missions" in those days, nine times out of ten you meant work among the American Indians, possibly even as far west as Ohio.

Mrs. Mills' missionary interest began there, too, through a report she read of missionary work among the Indians on the western frontier. The Holy Spirit used this to move her heart; she became profoundly interested and read every missionary letter and report that came her way. You notice that no mention is made of missionary *books*, for the simple reason that back in 1780 there were practically none. Frontier workers wrote letters back home telling of their work, and these were occasionally published as reports and sent to the

various churches whose pastors were spiritually minded enough to be interested. Mrs. Mills' husband was.

But Mrs. Mills did more than read with great interest what scanty missionary news came her way. She prayed earnestly that God would send forth more reapers. For some years it seemed that her participation in missionary activity might end right there. In a way it did, but in a far greater way it did not.

A Son Dedicated to Missions

In course of time, like Hannah of old, she bore a son, and like Hannah she named him Samuel and lent him to the Lord all the days of his life. Months before his birth she dedicated him to the missionary cause. Earnestly and fervently and unceasingly did she pray that the Lord would use him. In her thinking and praying she always pictured him as carrying the gospel message to some unreached tribe of Indians, possibly on the western frontier.

Little Samuel Mills grew, and among his first recollections were those of his mother leaning over the back fence and telling a neighbor woman how she had dedicated the little lad playing in her yard to be a missionary. Doubtless at first little Samuel had very little idea as to what that might mean. But as Samuel grew he comprehended that being a missionary meant leaving his home and all his relatives and going to an unknown country and an unknown people, trying to give them a message they might not want to hear and very likely being killed in the end. (For in those days the idea was widespread, and not without great basis of fact, that missionaries generally met with a tragic end.) The prospect became more and more distasteful till whenever his mother remarked anything about his becoming a missionary his own mental retort was, "Oh, no, I won't!" After awhile he even ventured to laugh

at her, and do it openly enough that she knew he was laughing. Samuel's mother was a wise woman as well as a devoted one. She said no more of his being a missionary, but she kept on praying.

Samuel Mills Meets God

The years passed by. Samuel was eighteen years old and had never really met the Lord, and now he was ready to start away for school. On the morning that he was to leave his mother had a heart-to-heart talk with him. Tenderly she questioned him as to his religious life. Samuel remained silent as long as he could, then burst into sobs and finally exclaimed, "I wish I had never been born!"

"But, my son, you are born, and you cannot throw off your existence nor your everlasting accountability for your conduct," gently replied his mother. She feared he had never fully realized his own lost state and the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but he assured her that this was not so. "I have seen to the very bottom of hell," he said. But deal with him as she would his mother could not reach the difficulty, the thing that was holding him back. All too soon it was time for him to leave, and he set out with a heavy heart, leaving behind him a mother with a burdened heart. As soon as he had gone she went to her room and there prayed earnestly and long that God would help her boy and bring him from darkness into glorious light. Her prayer was answered more quickly than perhaps she thought possible.

As Samuel rode along on horseback he was pondering the old Calvinistic doctrine of the divine sovereignty of God. Up till now it had always filled him with gloom and fear. The doctrine of "Divine Sovereignty" led for all Calvinists to "election"—some were elected by divine sovereignty to be saved and others to be lost. Samuel's glimpses of the wickedness of his own heart had left him with little or no hope that in such a con-

dition he could be among the elect. But as he rode, God answered that mother's prayers, and gave Samuel such a marvelous vision of the mercy and love of God that he cried out, "Oh, glorious sovereignty!" God's sovereignty became for him not merciless and dreadful, but as he expressed it, "holy and amiable." So tremendous was the revelation that Samuel stopped his horse by the roadside and, after tying it to a tree, went into the woods to pray and give himself over completely to gazing on the splendor and majesty of the divine character. At length he went on his way still exclaiming, "Oh, glorious sovereignty!"

The Call Is to the Foreign Field

From that day on old things had passed away and all things had become new. What he once hated he now loved, which in Samuel's case was the call to be a missionary. We are told that his own father, though a clergyman, did not realize how complete had been the change till Samuel, on his return from the Academy, told him he "could not conceive of any course in which to pass the rest of my days that would prove so pleasant as to communicate the gospel of salvation to the heathen." After that his father realized that something really had happened. Before this, however, Samuel had written home to his mother that he had answered the call to *foreign* missionary work. This was an overwhelming surprise to his mother. When she had dedicated him to missionary work she had always supposed that would mean work among the Indians on the western frontier. She took his letter to an intimate friend and with the tears streaming down her face exclaimed, "Little did I know when I dedicated this child to God what it was going to cost and whereunto it would lead!" Together they prayed until the mother's heart was comforted, though she still marveled, "How little did I know what it was going to cost!"

For Samuel, answering the call meant further preparation and he began at once to fit himself for entering Williams College. In this he had the encouragement and tutoring of his father who was a graduate of Yale University and a thorough classical scholar of the old school.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS REACH TO WILLIAMS COLLEGE AND A HAYSTACK

A Man Led of God

When Samuel Mills entered Williams College at the beginning of the nineteenth century Williamstown, Massachusetts, the home of Williams College, was a secluded country village with mail only once a week. The town was noted for its high moral character, and many students were sent there to avoid the temptations toward extravagance and dissipation that assailed the students of Harvard, near Boston, Massachusetts, and Yale in New Haven, Connecticut. Expenses, moreover, were decidedly less. This latter reason undoubtedly had much to do with Samuel's choosing Williams rather than Yale, his father's alma mater. The sum total of his cash payments to the college during his course was eighty-eight dollars and nineteen cents.

In April, 1806, Samuel Mills entered Williams College as a freshman, and within a few weeks was recognized as having great influence and being a remarkable leader. How did this happen? *Not* through his striking appearance, for we are told that he was quite ordinary looking; in fact, his looks were so ordinary as to border on the inferior; not through his brilliant scholarship, for he had to do his best to keep his standing what was in those days considered "respectable." He was not even a fluent speaker. But he was deeply spiritual, and deeply moved by his missionary zeal. We

are told that he threw himself into the religious life of the college from the day he arrived.

The year before he entered, Williams had been visited by a genuine revival of religion which, while it had not reached many unsaved, had greatly quickened the professing Christians. Their spiritual leader was a junior, Algernon S. Bailey. It is told of him that so fervent were his prayers for the unsaved that "the baser sort among them" threatened to mob him. Nothing came of this, however, and conviction continued to deepen on the unsaved till, by the time Mills appeared on the scene, the whole school was deeply moved. Mills found the time ripe for personal work among the unsaved and so wisely and lovingly did he go about this that he soon became sought after throughout the college by all who had spiritual problems. Not content with helping those already alive to their spiritual needs he also spent much time trying to arouse the indifferent. Soon instead of being able to say, "No man cared for my soul," practically every unsaved man on the campus was made to feel "Samuel Mills careth for my soul." As was only natural, Mills was the leader in the prayer-meetings that flourished in such a revival atmosphere. Much good was accomplished, until by the summer of 1806 Mills felt free to turn back to his missionary interest that, because of the pressing spiritual needs of his schoolmates, had been pushed from the center of his thinking.

He and others in the prayer group also had their interest forcefully turned toward foreign missions at this time by their study of geography. Dr. Jedediah Morse, who later was one of the ministers participating in the great ordination service at Salem, was their teacher in this new college subject. It is interesting to note that geography, now generally regarded as a grammar school subject, was first taught as a college subject by Rev.

Jedediah Morse, "the father of American geography." These zealous Christians were impressed with the large sections he marked on globes and maps as "savage," "barbarous," or "half-civilized," in contrast to the "enlightened" sections which, over eighteen hundred years since Christ, were still stretching out their hands for aid, like the man of Macedonia, and saying, "Come over and help us."

The Haystack Prayermeeting—"We can do it if we will."

That summer the prayermeetings were held twice a week, on Wednesday afternoons under some willows and on Saturday afternoons in a maple grove in what was then called Sloan's Meadow, half way between the college and the Hoosic River.

One hot, sultry, Saturday afternoon in August the group was unusually small—only five were present—Samuel Mills, James Richards, Francis Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green. As they prayed, a heavy thunderstorm came up and they ran to a nearby haystack for shelter. As they sat under the hay their talk turned to Asia that most of them had been studying in their college course of geography. The work of the East India Company which was just opening Asia to trade came in for its share of the discussion, and from this it was but a step to the moral darkness and misery of the people. Of course, that was Mills' opportunity—with deep feeling and enthusiasm he pointed out that they themselves knew the one and only remedy for these awful conditions, the gospel of Jesus Christ, and, consequently, it was their duty to carry this gospel to those who needed it so much. He closed his appeal with the words destined to echo down through all the years since—"We can do it if we will."

The others all agreed and shared his mounting enthusiasm with the exception of Harvey Loomis. He

raised the objection that the time was not yet ripe—the missionaries would all be killed, he said; what should come first was a new crusade and then, after the heathen were all nicely subdued, it might be safe to send out a few missionaries. The others with one accord rejected this view and several pointed out that God was always willing to have His cause and plan of salvation advanced, and if Christians would do their part God would do His. The time seemed ripe to clinch the matter so Mills said, "Come, let us make it a subject of prayer under the haystack, while the dark clouds are going and the clear sky is coming."

One by one they prayed that their vision might become a reality, till only Harvey Loomis and Samuel Mills had not yet prayed. Loomis refused to pray: why should he pray for something he did not believe possible? he asked. That left Mills alone to pray, but his faith had been mounting till this rebuff only served to intensify it. He laid hold on God and prayed mightily till God's glory fell on him and he was through to a clear sky spiritually just as the thunder clouds rolled away and left the sky blue, the air fresh and the westering sunlight golden. And so possibly the most momentous prayermeeting in American history came to an end.

Prayermeeting in a Kitchen—Missionary Letters

The haystack prayermeeting marked the beginning of definite praying for foreign missions. The group continued to meet in the grove till the weather became too cool, when a good woman, living nearby, offered her kitchen for the meetings. It is told of her that before many meetings had been held, she was leaving the sitting room door ajar so that she might hear those boys pray, and she ended by asking in all her neighbors.

The long college vacation at that time came in the fall, and after it Mills found the interest down somewhat—students were busy with their studies, and other interests crowded in till he realized fresh fuel was needed to rekindle the flame of missionary zeal. This he found in the reports and letters now being sent out by the London Missionary Society to the Missionary Society of Connecticut. These were published in the *Connecticut Evangelical Magazine* and in this form reached the college. Mills gathered the boys, not only to pray for missions, but also first to read the latest news from the mission field. This proved the divinely ordained method of rekindling and fanning missionary interest. The boys crowded in by the dozen to read and discuss these missionary letters and then to pray over the needs set forth in them.

To many of the most sincere lads among the Christians this missionary interest and vision was something entirely new. They listened seriously, thoughtfully, prayerfully. Always Mills was the leading spirit. He went out for those who did not attend and talked with them wherever he found them till he succeeded in winning their attention and then their support. Over fifty years later Abner Philips, who was a senior when Mills was a freshman, told in these words of the effect this personal work had on him: "His thoughts were new to me, and uttered with so much self-devotion and piety they made a lasting impression on my memory."

Mills Organizes "the Brethren"

But Mills soon saw that something more even than missionary information, invaluable as it was, was needed for the small inner group willing, not only to pray for missions, but also to go themselves. For these he organized a group who called themselves "The Society of the Brethren." This was the original Student Vol-

unteer group in America, though, of course, they never called themselves that.

Mills attempted to draw up the constitution for the new society, but could not seem to get his ideas down on paper. After some effort he gave it up, burned its draft which had failed to satisfy him and called on two of his friends, James Richards and Ezra Fisk, to work out the details at their leisure. They produced the following constitution which was adopted as it stood:

Article I. This Society shall be distinguished by the appellation "Brethren."

Article II. The object of this Society shall be to effect in the person of its members a mission, or missions to the heathen.

Article III. The government of this Society shall be vested in a President, Vice-president, and Secretary, who shall be annually chosen, and shall perform the ordinary duties of their respective offices.

Article IV. The existence of this Society shall be kept secret.

Article V. The utmost care shall be exercised in admitting members. All the information shall be acquired of the character and situation of a candidate which is practicable. No person shall be admitted who is under any engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen. No person shall be admitted until he expresses a firm belief in those distinguishing doctrines commonly denominated evangelical. No person shall be permitted to see this constitution until from personal acquaintance it is fully believed by at least two members that he is a suitable person to be admitted, and that he will sign it, and until he is laid under the following affirmation: "You solemnly promise to keep inviolably secret the existence of this Society."

Article VI. Each member shall keep absolutely free from every engagement which, after his prayerful attention and after consultation with the Brethren, shall be deemed incompatible with the object of this Society, and shall hold himself ready to go on a mission when and where duty may call.

Article VII. Any member on application shall be released from this Society; and the Society shall have power to dismiss any member, when satisfied that his engagement or character or situation renders it expedient.

Article VIII. No alteration shall be made in this constitution without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members of the Society.

Mills chose the name "Brethren" only after several others were rejected: Sol Oriens (the Rising Sun), proved unsatisfactory because it had been taken by the Masons, Unitas Fratrum (Union of Brethren) had been used by the Moravians, so at last the simple title "Brethren" was unanimously adopted. The original signers in 1808 were: Samuel Mills, Ezra Fisk, James Richards, John Seward and Luther Rice.

The first entries by the Secretary were:

Williams College, Sept. 7, 1808.

The members met and signed the constitution.

Chose Mills President, Fisk Vice-president, and Kinney Secretary.

M. Kinney, Secretary.

Nov. 9, 1808. Resolved, That we will, every Sabbath morning at sunrise, address the Throne of Grace in behalf of the object of this Society.

E. Fisk, Vice-president.

May 8, 1809. Resolved, To spend Friday, 28th inst., in fasting and prayer in behalf of this Society.

E. Fisk, Vice-president.

Why Secrecy?

The minutes as well as the constitution were written in cipher. Many questions have been asked as to why all the secrecy enjoined on the members. The answer seems simply to have been that they did not wish to be thought crazier than necessary. Public opinion of the day placed foreign missionary zeal under the heading of fanaticism—wildfire—impractical enthusiasm—rash folly, and Harvey Loomis, the sole dissenter at the Haystack Prayermeeting, actually represented general opinion when he said that the time was not yet ripe for foreign missionary enterprise, and if any missionaries did go out they would probably be killed at once for thus tempting providence. Mills was keenly aware of this hostile and scornful attitude, and he met it wisely and well. This secrecy was just one precaution against antagonizing the public unnecessarily.

“Old Men for Counsel”

The next step was to secure backing by interesting prominent ministers Mills thought were spiritual enough to be won to the cause. The Brethren, under Mills' leadership, wrote out a list of leading evangelical ministers, including Doctors Worcester of Salem, Massachusetts; Griffin of Newark, New Jersey; Morse of Charlestown, Massachusetts; and Spring of Newburyport, Massachusetts; whose interest they felt could be won, and sought them out, spent their college vacations with them and did all in their power to interest them in the cause of missions. Under the blessing and guidance of God they were remarkably successful in this. Mills' view of his dependence upon God and his own awful stupidity stood him in good stead now. They approached these older men not in the spirit of self-sufficiency and youthful pride, but in humility and meekness and desire for needed help and advice. They got it. These older

men gladly gave of their time and wisdom, threw open their churches to them as they found them worthy, and generally did for them what they could not do for themselves. More of that later.

Plans that Failed

Another plan, which met with less prompt response and apparently had less of the blessing of God on it, was to scatter out through other colleges and form groups of like missionary zeal and aim. One left Williams and entered Middlebury College in Vermont to start a group there. He started it, but as far as the records show that was all. Nothing more came of it. One went to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire and another to Union College in New Jersey, but both failed even to start an organization. Mills went to Yale in his junior year. His outstanding achievement while there seems to have been to form the friendship of Asahel Nettleton, a deeply spiritual young man who readily agreed to offer himself "to go to the heathen whenever God in His providence should prepare the way." God had other plans for young Nettleton, however, and in due time called him into the evangelistic field where he became one of the leading evangelists of his day. But he never lost his deep interest in foreign missions, and doubtless turned many toward the foreign field who otherwise might never have heard the call.

Mills' Learning Used of God

Interesting parallels may be traced between the Brethren and their methods, the Society of Jesus organized at the University of Paris by Ignatius Loyola in 1534, and the Holy Club at Oxford University organized by John Wesley.

We know that Mills was fully acquainted with the organization and history of both. When discussion arose

among the Brethren as to whether the dedication to foreign missionary work should be for life or for some shorter period he said, "It is a free dedication to a work the very nature of which implies perpetuity. So by the constitution of the Jesuits, which is an admirable system, every member is dedicated for life." But to this dedication he would add the tone of personal piety and emphasis on holy living that marked the Holy Club. Consecration is necessary and good, but to it must be added the pure motives and holy life without which the consecration may become a curse rather than a blessing—as with the Jesuits whose very name in too many instances came to stand for relentless cruelty, and the false philosophy that "the end justifies the means."

From yet another source Mills probably derived his policies for propagation of missionary zeal. The Illuminati was a secret society organized by Adam Weishaupt, a university professor in Germany. Though started as a reform organization it became skeptical and rationalistic and ended by exalting the rights of men, while denying the power and rights of God. The Illuminati spread rapidly through Germany and France and came to America at the time of the Revolutionary War with the French troops. Mills was acquainted with the Illuminati and had seen their workings. To his friend Seward he wrote, "Among the instructions given to the initiated by the hierophant of the Illuminati is the following: 'Serve, assist and mutually support each other. *Augment our members.*' And when our members shall be augmented to a certain degree, when we shall have acquired strength by our union, let us hesitate no longer, but begin to render ourselves formidable to the wicked. If the devil has put an engine into our hands (trusting in God for assistance) let us turn it against him and wield it like skillful engineers." How he wielded it and taught others to wield it we have seen in some

measure and shall continue to see more fully as the missionary center shifts from Williams College to Andover Seminary.

ANDOVER SEMINARY

Mills Wins Gordon Hall

After his graduation from Williams College in 1809 Mills entered Yale as a graduate student in Theology. Next to Williams, Yale seemed to be the center in which Mills was most burdened to see missionary interest planted. But again, as during his previous stay during his junior year in college, his labors seem to have been largely in vain. It was at Williams that God was working and continued to work even though Mills had gone on. Mills followed the work at Williams through correspondence, and in this way at this time he won an outstanding recruit in the person of Gordon Hall. Hall had been much attracted toward the Brethren before this, but had not yet cast in his lot with them. In December, 1809, while at New Haven, Mills wrote of Hall to his friend Robbins as follows: "I send you a letter from Brother Hall. I call him Brother because I deem him one, although he has not signed the constitution (of the Brethren group). I trust he has had some compunctions of conscience that he did not sign the constitution when he had an opportunity. He appears, as far as we can judge, to be ordained and stamped a missionary by the sovereign hand of God."

This year was to be the crisis year with Hall, for now he must decide what his future work was to be. He had a flattering call to the pastorate at Woodbury, Connecticut, and to a tutorship at his alma mater, Williams College. Which should it be? Perhaps you have guessed: it was neither he accepted, but a call to the mission field. To rightfully answer this call Gordon

Hall entered Andover Seminary only a few months after Mills had gone to Yale. Perhaps Mills felt he should not be outdone by his erstwhile pupil; at any rate, we find him at Andover himself within a few weeks.

The Mother of American Foreign Missions Translated

Here word reached Mills of his mother's serious illness. He started home, but travel in those days was slow, and at Hartford, Connecticut, the news met him that she had died. Hoping against hope that it might not be true he hastened along on horseback. The road led past the village cemetery, and there he saw a newly made grave in the family lot. Dismounting from his horse he entered the cemetery and wept by the grave of her who had given him not only physical life, but also, under God, had been his spiritual mother and the inspirer of all his missionary love and zeal. All down through the years her prayers had followed him. How can we know how much her prayers were responsible for the Haystack Prayermeeting? for the little group at Williams College called "the Brethren"? for the larger group so soon to gather at Andover Seminary? All this we can never know till the books of God are opened on that day, but we do know that back of them all were the prayers of Samuel Mills' mother. He knew this, too, and wrote to a friend, "I wept not that my mother had gone to glory, but that I should see her face no more, no more should hear her warning voice, no more share her prayers." Mrs. Mills indeed rested from her labors, but her works followed her—her son, after comforting his father, hastened back to Andover to press even harder the work to which she had dedicated him.

Mrs. Mary Norris' Part in the Founding of Andover Seminary

Andover Seminary was founded by the evangelical group in the Congregational Church in New England to

provide the spiritual atmosphere and encouragement so lacking in the institutions under control of the other group, soon to commit themselves definitely to the Unitarian position. It is noteworthy, however, that the cause of missions had an unexpected place in Andover's beginning. Back in 1806 Dr. Samuel Spring, who later became the first president of Andover Seminary, was trying to raise funds to launch the new school. He approached a Mr. John Norris, a rich merchant of Salem, Massachusetts, with an appeal for financial aid. Mr. Norris hesitated. He had made his money in the East India trade and wished to give it back to the Lord to carry the gospel to India. He had *seen*, with his own eyes, the awful need of spiritual enlightenment in heathen lands, and besides that awful need the appeal of a school, even with a good spiritual one, in this country seemed relatively unimportant. So Mr. Norris went home to his wife, and here again the influence of a godly woman made itself felt in the missionary enterprise. Mr. Norris came back to Dr. Spring the next morning a changed man. "My wife tells me," he said, "that this plan for a theological school and the missionary enterprise are one and the same thing. We must raise spiritual ministers if we would have the men to go as missionaries." Having thus spoken he went down to his bank and drew out ten thousand silver dollars which he turned over to the amazed and deeply grateful Dr. Spring. So Andover Seminary became a reality, and if the worthy Mr. Norris could have lived to see the work of the Judsons in Burma, the Samuel Newells, Gordon Hall, Luther Rice, and a score of others from Andover he doubtless would have gladly acknowledged that his wife had spoken even more truly than she knew.

"The Brethren" at Andover

When Mills entered the Seminary in 1810, only two years after it opened, he found a group of his classmates and members of the Brethren from Williams College already there. James Richards and Luther Rice were original signers of the constitution of the Brethren. Robert Robbins, Ansel Nash and Cyrus Gray were members of his class (1809) at Williams and all intensely interested in missions.

By the time Mills arrived this group had contacted three other young men among the student body who were destined to play a large part in the cause of missions, not only at Andover, but also to the ends of the earth. They were Samuel Nott, a graduate of Union College who had felt the pull toward the foreign field while studying theology with his father in Franklin, Connecticut; Samuel Newell, a graduate of Harvard University also definitely called to the foreign field; and Adoniram Judson from Brown University, who had not yet answered the call when Mills arrived, but who did so within a few months.

Twenty years later Adoniram Judson summed up the matter in a letter to his old friend, Luther Rice, in these words: "I have ever thought that the providence of God was conspicuously manifested in bringing us all together from different and distant parts. Some of us had been considering the subject of missions for a long time, and some but recently. Some, and indeed the greater part, had thought chiefly of domestic missions, and efforts among the neighboring tribes of Indians, without contemplating abandonment of country and devotion for life. The reading and reflection of others had led them in a different way; and when we all met at the same seminary, and came to a mutual understanding on the ground of foreign missions and missions for life, the subject assumed in our minds such an over-

whelming importance and awful solemnity, as bound us to one another and to our purpose more firmly than ever. How evident it is that the Spirit of God had been operating in different places, and upon different individuals, preparing the way for those movements which have since pervaded the American churches, and will continue to increase until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Anointed!"

Samuel Mills' Part at Andover Seminary

As at Williams College, Samuel Mills made a great impression on the student body at Andover. His roommate, Timothy Woodbridge, wrote his brother thus of his new roommate: "I had no conception when I first met him of his being such a man as I very soon found him to be. He has a great heart and great designs. His great thoughts in advance of his age are not like the dreams of a man who is in a fool's paradise, but they are judicious and wise."

Soon after Mills arrived at Andover the constitution and records of the "Brethren" were moved to Andover from Williams College and Newell, Nott and Judson were admitted as members. Mills was still their leading force. The meetings were held every Tuesday noon, and usually in one of the members' rooms. As they prayed and considered means of reaching others in the Seminary they were led to organize the "Society of Inquiry on the Subject of Missions." Any student might become a member who had attended the Seminary three months, was a Christian and was interested in missions. They met every three weeks on Tuesday evenings for discussion and prayer. It is interesting to note their first subject. It was "What are the peculiar signs of the times which call for missionary exertion?" Sounds remarkably modern, does it not?

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN
MISSIONS AND ITS FIRST MISSIONARIES

*Mills Influences the "Brethren" to Look to America
Rather than to England for Help*

By April, 1810, several of the young men were casting anxious eyes toward the foreign field. Here another obstacle presented itself: there was no organization to send them out in all America. The Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York Missionary Societies had functioned among the Indians and pioneer settlements, but whatever had been done for foreign missions had been done through the British societies, especially the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society (organized 1792), and the London Missionary Society (organized 1795). The rest of the missionary group turned naturally toward the London Missionary Society since they were not Baptists. Indeed Judson was on the point of offering himself as a missionary under that society when Mills raised vigorous protest. He wrote the following emphatic letter: "What? Is England to support her own missionaries and ours likewise? Oh, shame! If Brother Judson is prepared, I would fain press him forward with the arm of a Hercules if I had the strength, but I do not like this dependence on another nation, especially when they have already done so much and we nothing. I trust that each of the Brethren will stand at their several posts, determined, God helping them, to show themselves men. Perhaps the fathers will soon arise and take the business of missions into their own hands. But should they hesitate, let us be prepared to go forward trusting to that God for assistance, who hath said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world'."

But "the fathers," with some assistance in the way of tactful prodding from the indefatigable Mills, did arise. First he approached the professors at the Sem-

inary, Doctors Griffin, Stuart and Woods, with this latest problem. Doctors Samuel Worcester and Samuel Spring were also invited to sit in on the meeting. They all advised submitting the young men's case to the General Association of Massachusetts which was to meet the very next day at Bradford and which Doctors Spring and Worcester were to attend as delegates. The next day "four young gentlemen from the Divinity College" were introduced to the above august body and presented a paper setting forth their problem modestly and closing as follows:

"The undersigned, feeling their youth and inexperience, look up to their Fathers in the Church, and respectfully solicit their advice, direction and prayers.
(Signed)

"Adoniram Judson, Jr.,
"Samuel Nott, Jr.,
"Samuel Mills,
"Samuel Newell."

It adds a touch of humor to learn that James Richards and Luther Rice would have liked their names to be included, but heroically withdrew them at the suggestion of Dr. Spring who feared that six volunteers might be more than "the Fathers" could stand! Then, as now, expense bulked large and to think of the expense of sending out six young men might prove too great a strain. Four was considered the safe limit, so four it was.

Four proved safe, for the Committee chosen to consider the proposition brought back a favorable report the next day, recommending the formation of a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions "for the purpose of devising ways and means for promoting the spread of the Gospel in Heathen lands." The students were advised to put themselves "under the patronage and direction" of the Board, and to "humbly wait the open-

ings and guidances of Providence in respect to their great and excellent design." Needless to say, the four promptly did this. And so the first American foreign missionary society came into being as the direct result of the prayers, faith and works of one young man, Samuel Mills, whose mother had dedicated him to the cause of missions.

The Ordination at Salem

The men were ready and waiting, the organization was perfected and functioning; but one thing was needful and that was the money. Then, as now, that took time to "pray in" and to gather in. To be exact, eighteen months went by after the organization day at Bradford before the Board saw its way clear to ordain and send out its first missionaries. They had then only twelve hundred dollars in the treasury, but Mrs. Mary Norris, the widow of John Norris, who gave the ten thousand silver dollars to help found Andover Seminary, had left them a legacy of thirty thousand dollars, and on the strength of this they went forward. Five young men were the chosen candidates for ordination: Gordon Hall, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott and Luther Rice. The service, probably the most momentous in missionary history since the Haystack Prayermeeting, was held in the Tabernacle Church in Salem, Massachusetts, on February 6, 1912. This is the account Mills wrote to his sister: "Thursday of this week five of my brethren were ordained missionaries to the heathen, at Salem, in Mr. Worcester's church. The assembly was large and solemn. Dr. Griffin made the introductory prayer. Dr. Wood preached the sermon. Dr. Morse made the consecrating prayer. Dr. Spring gave the charge and Mr. Worcester the right hand of fellowship. A collection of \$220 was made after the exercises. Christians in this country begin to feel upon the subject of

missions. They begin to contribute liberally and pray fervently. God be praised! The brethren ordained were Messrs. Nott, Judson, Hall, Newell and Rice. Precious brethren they were. They need your prayers."

Why Did Not Mills Go?

The question at once arises as to why Mills himself, the first volunteer and the moving force of the whole enterprise under God, was not among this number. The answer seems to be clear: he was such a valuable man in the work he was doing that all felt he could not be spared even to go to the field. Many years later the question was asked one of the Brethren, "Why did not Mills go with the first missionaries?" He replied, "It was decided by 'the Brethren' that it was all-important for the interest of the cause that he should remain at home. It was their thought that *the very life of the cause* was connected with his instrumentality."

What this sacrifice of all his own dearest plans and holy ambitions to work on the foreign field may have meant to Mills himself we do not know. We do know that he subordinated every personal wish in the matter to the interest of the cause, and labored on so faithfully and successfully in winning others, especially young college students, to the work that his influence was multiplied a hundredfold, and through the ones he sent out he accomplished far more than he ever could if he had gone to the foreign field himself. We do know that his greatest desire was to have God place him just where God could use him to the fullest capacity. This was granted him, and the fact that he was in that place was constantly established by the testimony of "a cloud of witnesses." He never did come to the place where he could be spared to go to the foreign field himself as a missionary, but at the very end of his life he did at last reach the foreign field. More of that later.

Frontier Journeys and What Came of Them

In 1812-1813 and 1814-1815, Mr. Mills made two long journeys through pioneer settlements in the West and South to ascertain and report on the need of missionary work on our own American frontiers. The first trip he made under the direction of the Connecticut and Massachusetts Missionary Societies. The second he made independently. As outlined, "the principal objects of this mission were to preach the gospel to the destitute, to explore the country and learn its moral and religious state, and to promote the establishment of Bible Societies and other religious and charitable institutions." From Ohio he journeyed through western Kentucky and Tennessee, down to New Orleans, thence across to the Mississippi Territory and back through the western parts of Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia, a distance of more than six thousand miles. Rev. Gardiner Spring thus summarizes the work Mills accomplished:

The beneficial results of these two missionary tours can never be duly appreciated. By these means the whole extent of our western and southern territory was explored, and an accurate disclosure of its moral and spiritual desolation made to the churches—the Gospel of the grace of God was preached to a vast multitude of the dwellers in the wilderness—no less than ten or twelve missionaries were sent among them, the very first year after the information of their wants was circulated, and more the second, and still more the third—five or six Bible Societies were established in different states and territories—thousands of Bibles were forwarded from the Atlantic Societies to the people of the West—and besides these many thousands of religious tracts have gone . . . into every section of the country; and . . . our own wilderness begins to blossom as the rose.

Largely as a result of this renewed interest in Bible distribution and Mr. Mills' own unceasing labors the American Bible Society was organized in 1816. Just as in all his earlier endeavors, Samuel Mills cared absolutely nothing for the honor of being acclaimed its founder. But in 1820 his close friend and the collector

of his Memoirs, Rev. Gardner Spring, D.D., wrote, "Though he concealed the hand that moved it forward he was himself the principal mover of the design, and a principal agent in inducing others of greater weight to become its abettors."

Last Journey—to Africa

As Samuel Mills had journeyed through the South he had been much touched by the misery and degradation of the Negro slaves. Shortly after his return to the North he was influential in founding the American Colonization Society whose purpose was to colonize freed Negroes on the west coast of Africa. He was at once appointed Agent for the Society to visit Africa and bring back a report on the best place to establish the colony. He was commissioned to choose an assistant and selected a friend who shared his zeal, Ezezezer Burgess. The two sailed from Philadelphia, reaching Africa on March 12, 1818. Here, as well as going about the task for which he came, he had the supreme joy of preaching Christ to several groups of English-speaking natives. Having faithfully carried out his mission, he sailed from Africa a little over two months later, May 22, 1818. He had just finished writing up his report for the American Colonization Society when he took a heavy cold which rapidly developed into pneumonia. He died June 16, 1818, at the early age of thirty-five, and was buried at sea. And so at the end of his life he did reach the foreign field. He preached to the heathen. He died on the high seas. We cannot escape the conviction that the end of Samuel Mills' life was just as he would have wished it, and his African trip a gift of God to "a good and faithful servant" just before the final word, "Well done, enter thou into the joy of the Lord forever."

CHAPTER TWO

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

"ENDURANCE IS THE CROWNING QUALITY"

God Speaks to a Restless, Pleasure-loving Girl Named Ann

While God was calling and preparing this group of young men at Williams and Andover His hand was also on a young girl named Ann who was destined to become one of the greatest missionaries of them all, whose name and work today are known to thousands who have never heard of Newell, Nott, Hall or Rice. Ann Hasseltine was born in Bradford, Massachusetts, on December 22, 1789. Her father, though not a minister, was an unusually strong, religious character, whose home was often visited by ministers and all those spiritually minded. Her mother was also a devout Christian. Ann as a girl was high-spirited, restless, ardent in all she did or thought. Her restlessness distressed her gentle mother who reproved her for it with these words, "I hope, my daughter, you will one day be satisfied with rambling." These words were almost prophetic, for the day came many years later, half-way round the world in Burma, when, as the worn and exhausted Ann toiled after her prisoner husband who was moved from one place to another by his heartless jailers, she thought of her mother's words of so long ago, and acknowledged herself "more than satisfied with rambling."

She attended Bradford Academy, then a small co-educational high school, where she became intensely fond of society—parties, dancing, all that came her way

in the nature of worldly pleasures. This distressed her mother even more, who feared lest Ann be suddenly cut off in the midst of all her wild gaiety.

But God had not forgotten Ann, though she had forgotten Him. One Sunday morning when she was sixteen, she carelessly opened a book by Hannah Moore, and the first words that caught her eye were "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." In her *Journal* she tells of their effect on her: "They were written in italics and struck me to the heart. I stood for a few moments amazed at the incident and half-inclined to think that some invisible agency had directed my eye to those words. At first I thought I would live a different life and be more serious and sedate." She tried to stay away from parties and to stop dancing, but she loved them both so much that her good resolves lasted only a few weeks. Her failure was soon complete and, "At last," she tells us, "I thought those words were not so applicable to me as I first imagined, and I resolved to think no more of them."

But she found it as impossible to keep this last resolve as she had her earlier good resolves. God was still talking to her through the voice of conscience, and it was not till she yielded to Him several months later that she found peace.

God Prepares Ann for the Future by Her Reading and Teaching

Her conversion was at once worked out in her everyday life. She wrote, "I attended my studies in school with far different feelings and different motives from what I had ever done before. I felt my obligation to improve all I had to the glory of God. Since He in His providence had favored me with advantages for improving my mind, I felt that I should be like the slothful servant if I neglected them. I therefore diligently

employed all my hours in school in acquiring useful knowledge, and spent my evenings and part of the night in spiritual enjoyments. Such was my thirst for religious knowledge that I frequently spent a great part of the night in the reading of religious books." A friend says of her, "She thirsted for the knowledge of gospel truth in all its relations and dependencies. Besides the daily study of the Scripture with Guise, Orton and Scott before her, she perused with deep interest the works of Edwards, Hopkins, Belaney, Doddridge, *etc.*" Pretty solid reading for a sixteen-year-old girl! But we have an added touch of explanation from this friend that makes her seem human once more: "When reading Scripture, sermons or other works, if she met with anything dark or intricate, she would mark the passage and beg the first clergyman who called at her father's to explain it to her." How evidently to us, though unconsciously to her, was her heavenly Father thus fitting her for the work He had for her to do. "Had she known that she was to spend her days in instructing bigoted and captious idolaters in God's true way she could not have trained herself for the task more wisely than she was thus led to do."

Several months after finishing her academy work she was invited to teach in a small school for a few months. The prospect terrified her. She did not feel equal to the task and yet did not feel that it would be right to refuse either. Through the words of long ago we can see this Christian girl of seventeen facing her first school. She says, "I felt very unqualified to have the charge of little immortal souls; but the hope of doing them good by endeavoring to impress their young and tender minds with divine truth, and the obligation I feel to try to be useful, have induced me to comply. I was enabled to open the school with prayer. Though the cross was very great, I felt constrained by a sense of

duty to take it up. O may I have grace to be faithful in instructing these children in such a way as shall be pleasing to my heavenly Father."

God Guides a Young Man to a Deacon's for Dinner

The providence of God, meanwhile, was shaping events in a way in which Ann, conscientiously going on with her teaching, little dreamed. In the newly founded Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, a group of young men were beginning the missionary history of America (though unaware of it at the time). The now famous Haystack Prayermeeting had taken place at Williams College in western Massachusetts. The group calling themselves "the Brethren" and pledged to go as missionaries to the non-Christian world had been organized. In June, 1810, four of these young men, Samuel Mills, Samuel Nott, Samuel Newell and Adoniram Judson, presented a petition to the General Association of Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, then meeting in Bradford, Massachusetts, the home town of Ann Hasseltine. They asked to be sent on a mission to the heathen world. On June 29, after prayerful deliberation, their petition was granted and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized "to devise ways and means of promoting the spread of the gospel in heathen lands." The first victory for which "the Brethren" and their friends had prayed and worked had been won.

At noon that day a group of the ministers attending the convention, including Adoniram Judson, was invited to have dinner at Deacon Hasseltine's. Ann waited on the table. She had been hearing nothing else for the past few days, but the young men from Andover Seminary and their request to be sent as foreign missionaries. She had heard that young Mr. Judson was often considered their leader because of his eloquence,

his enthusiasm and his pleasing personality. Now here he was, the battle won, sitting right at her father's dinner table. What a chance for Ann to listen to him talk and to look at him to her heart's content as she served her father's guests. He might even look up and notice her. (Stranger things have happened, especially since she was considered "personable" herself.) But he did not. Ann knew because she watched him every minute. He did not even talk. All he did was keep his eyes fixed on his plate and eat his dinner. How disappointing—and even surprising, for the eloquent Mr. Judson to behave like that! History fails to tell us what Ann thought of his conduct. Did she wonder why he was so quiet? Probably. Some months later she found out: he had been composing a sonnet in her honor. For them both it was a case of love at first meeting. A month later he asked her to marry him.

What It Meant to Ann to Accept Adoniram

Now Ann was truly faced with a momentous decision. Marrying this young man carried with it more than the usual responsibility, for if she married him she would have to share with him his call to the mission field. From her diary we learn that the struggle (in her mind), centered not so much in her being *willing* to go, as it did in *knowing* whether the Lord wanted her to go. For September 10, 1810, she wrote, "For several weeks past my mind has been greatly agitated. An opportunity has been presented to me of spending my days among the heathen in attempting to persuade them to receive the gospel. Were I convinced of its being a call from God, and that it would be more pleasing to Him for me to spend my life in this way than in any other, I think I should be willing to relinquish every other object and in full view of the dangers and hardships, give myself up to the great work. O Jesus,

direct me and I am safe; use me in Thy service and I ask no more. I would not choose my position of work or place of labor; *only let me know Thy will and I will comply.*" It was well that she looked to the Lord rather than to man for direction, for as usual the advice of friends was contradictory. A few refused to venture any opinion, a few advised her to go, but the majority were against it. Here are a few of their cheerful comments:

"It is altogether preposterous for a woman to consider such a rash undertaking."

"It is utterly improper," judged one.

"It is wild and romantic," said another.

In the face of such a storm of criticism Ann wrote in her diary on October 28, 1810, "My mind has still been agitated in regard to the above mentioned subject. But I have at all times, felt a disposition to leave it with God and trust in Him to direct me. I have, at length, come to the conclusion that if nothing in providence appears to prevent, I shall spend my days in a heathen country. I rejoice that I am in His hands—that He is everywhere present and can protect me in one place as well as in another. . . . Jesus is faithful: His promises are precious. Were it not for these considerations . . . I should sink . . . in despair, especially as no woman has to my knowledge ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen, nor do I yet know that I shall have a single female companion. But God is my witness, that I have not dared to decline the offer that has been made me, though so many are ready to call it a 'wild, romantic undertaking'. If I have been deceived in thinking it my duty to go to the heathen, I humbly pray that I may be undeceived, and prevented from going. But whether I spend my days in India or America I desire to spend them in the service of God."

An entry about a month later reads, "Nov. 25. Sabbath. Have spent part of this holy day in fasting and prayer on account of the darkness of my mind."

(A year later) Nov. 23, 1811. "My heart has been quite revived this evening with spiritual things. Had some views of the excellent nature of the kingdom of Christ. Longed, above all things, to have it advanced. Felt an ardent desire to be instrumental in spreading the knowledge of the Redeemer's name in a heathen land. Felt it a great, an undeserved privilege to have an opportunity of going. . . . My hope in Christ's powerful protection animates me to persevere in my purpose. If He will condescend to make me useful in promoting His kingdom, I care not where I perform His work, nor how hard it be. Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

Ann Hasseltine and Adoniram Judson were married at Bradford on February 5, 1812. The next day Mr. Judson and the Messrs. Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, Jr., Gordon Hall and Luther Rice were ordained as missionaries in the Tabernacle Church, in Salem. On February 19, Rev. and Mrs. Adoniram Judson and Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Newell sailed from Salem, in the brig *Caravan*, for Calcutta, India.

The Judsons Change Their View on Baptism and What Came of It

Their trip to India, though around the Cape of Good Hope, was outwardly uneventful. Actually, however, events of the trip were to shape the whole course of the Judson's missionary career. Mr. Judson, aware that he would meet the English Baptist missionaries in India with William Carey at their head, and would also have to explain to his converts the difference between the Congregational and Baptist point of view, made a special study of all references to baptism as he was en-

gaged in translating the New Testament. Before the end of the journey he was practically convinced that the Baptist position was more in harmony with the Scriptures. On landing in Calcutta they were delayed for several weeks, and since Mr. Judson had very little to occupy his mind, he went on with his study of baptism and finally became fully convinced that the Baptists were right and that, therefore, he should join them. Here we are reminded that truly "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." If the Judsons had remained with the group of Congregational missionaries, they might indeed have served God acceptably, but it is doubtful if they would ever have accomplished the tremendous pioneer work God had for them. God, through this providence so dark and trying to their faith and courage at the time, was setting them apart for their peculiar work for Him. In a letter to her parents, dated February 15, 1813, Ann Judson writes:

It was extremely trying to reflect on the consequences of our becoming Baptists. We knew it would wound and grieve our Christian friends in America—that we should lose their approbation and esteem. We thought it probable that the Commissioners would refuse to support us; and what was more distressing than anything we knew we must be separated from our missionary associates, and go alone to some heathen land. . . . We were baptized on the sixth of September in the Baptist Chapel in Calcutta. Brother Luther Rice was baptized several weeks after we were. It was a very great relief to our minds to have him join us, as we expected to be entirely alone.

They were at once invited to visit the settlement of English Baptists at Serampore, a town twelve miles from Calcutta.

Adoniram Judson had already been one of the leaders in the missionary awakening among the Congregationalists—now in the providence of God, he was to accomplish an even greater work of missionary awakening

among the Baptists of America, and he and his wife, together with Luther Rice, were to become their first foreign missionaries.

The British East India Company Enters the Picture

This step did not clear the path before them, however. "Being in the way, God led them," but it took some time for Him to work out the way before them. The British East India Company was violently opposed to the coming of American missionaries to India at this time. They were unfriendly enough to any missionaries at any time, but in 1812 England and the United States were not at all on friendly terms; in fact, they were engaged in the War of 1812, so one could hardly expect the British East India Company, who hated *all* missionaries to welcome missionaries from America. What they did do was to tell them to move on at once. From Serampore they were ordered to Calcutta where they were ordered back to America. The Judsons asked permission to go to some other part of India and were refused. They they asked permission to go to the Isle of France. This request was granted, but since the only ship sailing had room for only two passengers and Mrs. Newell's state of health made a change of climate desirable for her at once, the Judsons gave their places to the Newells. After more delay and trouble they finally reached the Isle of France in January, 1813. Here they remained for the next four months, and here Luther Rice, who up to now had journeyed with them, left to return to America to engage in a missionary crusade among the Baptist people, who were proving slow to catch the missionary vision. We might digress to add that he was marvelously used of God to this end and from his labors the First Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia in 1814. One of the first acts of this convention was to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Jud-

son as their first missionaries and to grant them the privilege of choosing their own field of labor. Mr. Rice himself was appointed as a missionary, but was urged to devote his time and efforts to the homeland for yet a little while. He was especially successful in organizing new missionary bands and in raising funds. The Judsons hoped to go on from the Isle of France to the island of Madagascar, but this door was closed. Next they considered Prince of Wales Island.

*God through Circumstances Guides the Judsons to
Burma*

Since they could not find direct passage, they decided to go first to Madras and from there to the Prince of Wales Island. One June 4, 1813, they reached Madras only to learn that because of the war between the United States and England they were in danger of being sent to England as spies. To escape this fate, Mr. Judson knew they would have to leave Madras before the authorities in Calcutta heard they were there. Only one ship was leaving quickly enough to guarantee their safe departure, and that was bound for Rangoon, chief port of Burma. The very name of Burma today (and for many years past), has been so linked with that of the Judsons that we think at once, "Burma; yes, the very place where God wanted them; how marvelous that through such untoward circumstances God should guide them to the exact place He had for them." That is how it seems to us today, but it surely did not appear that way to the Judsons themselves in 1813. Then it appeared a providence past finding out. Mr. Judson had already considered and rejected Burma as a field of labor. The government was too unfriendly. The emperor of Burma was an absolute monarch, a despot fanatically opposed to foreigners of any class and especially to missionaries. It was a crime punishable

by death for a Burman to become a Christian. In her diary for June 20, 1813, Mrs. Judson voices their feelings thus:

We have at last concluded in our distress to go to Rangoon. . . . O our heavenly Father, direct us aright! Our only hope is in Thee, and to Thee alone we look for protection. . . . I have been accustomed to view this field of labor with dread and terror, but I now feel perfectly willing to make it my home the rest of my life.

Through Perils by Sea

Their voyage to Burma was trying and dangerous in the extreme. It began with a tragedy—Mrs. Judson's companion, a European woman provided for her by the kindness of her friends in Madras, though apparently in normal health when the vessel sailed, was taken with terrible convulsions only a few hours later and died in spite of all the Judsons and the rest aboard the ship could do. The ship itself was dirty and unseaworthy and with no quarters for passengers other than a canvas spread over a corner of the deck. Mrs. Judson fell ill, due partly to the shock of the woman's death and partly to exposure and poor food. The pitching and rolling of the "crazy old craft," as Mr. Judson described it, aggravated her condition till she was dangerously ill. Then came further trouble. The captain missed the port where he intended to stop, due to adverse winds, and was in danger of being driven on the Andaman Islands which were said to be swarming with cannibals. The only way of escape was a narrow, unexplored channel between two of the islands. The channel was made doubly dangerous by many huge jagged black rocks. It was the last place any on board the ship would ever choose to go, yet even in this crisis the hand of the Lord was on them for good, and instead of disaster they found blessing. The inland passage was perfectly quiet and sheltered from all trying

winds, and the ship sailed through as quietly and gently as a drifting cloud. The change brought almost instant relief to Mrs. Judson and from then on she began to improve. On July 13, they reached Rangoon.

The Place to Which God Called Them

The first view of the city of Rangoon was enough to dishearten the bravest. "Reaching away from the water's edge was a vast swamp, 'a sludgy, squalid creek' with tumble-down bamboo huts raised on poles above the ground. Everything in sight was dilapidated, neglected, filthy." Mr. Judson writes of it thus:

We had never before seen a place where European influence had not contributed to smooth and soften the features of uncultivated nature. . . . I went on shore, just at night, to take a view of the place and the mission house, but so dark and cheerless and unpromising did things appear, that the evening of that day after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such was our weakness that we felt we had no portion left here below. . . . If ever we commended ourselves sincerely and without reserve to the disposal of our heavenly Father, it was on this evening. After some recollection and prayer, we experienced something of the presence of Him who sticketh closer than a brother; something of that peace which our Savior bequeathed to His followers.

The Judsons were not the first to attempt missionary work in Rangoon. Six years before in 1807 a group of English Baptist missionaries had begun a work, only to decide that other fields were more promising. Only one, Felix Carey remained and he, as his famous father so aptly put it, "from a missionary had driven down into being an ambassador," to the royal court of Burma. He had married a native wife who could speak no English. When the Judsons reached Rangoon he was away in the interior, and his wife with her brood of half-caste children, all speaking nothing but Burman and living ex-

actly as the other natives, were occupying part of the house built for the first missionary party. In the rest of the house the Judsons were supposed to live. Not an especially pleasing prospect to the young couple from New England with their clearcut opinions of the propriety of Felix Carey's conduct. But it seemed to them their duty to live there, so live there they did.

*Higher Mathematics plus Sanskrit plus Hebrew Equal
Burman*

For the next two years the Judsons worked unceasingly with the language. They had not yet been accepted by the American Baptists, for the epochal Convention of 1815 had not yet taken place. Mr. Judson wrote during this time, "Respecting our plans, we have at present but one—that of applying ourselves closely to the acquirement of the language, and to have as little to do with the government as possible." Mr. Judson's native language teacher refused at first to teach Mrs. Judson, because in Burma it was an insult to a teacher's skill to waste it on a woman. After considerable persuasion he relented, however, and from seven in the morning till ten at night, with only brief intermissions for food, the two toiled on together over the Burman language, which as a study has been described as "worse than higher mathematics, Sanskrit, and Hebrew put together." In order that her husband might have as few distractions as possible Mrs. Judson took over all the household management. Thus she had to put into practical use all the Burman she learned, while her husband had more time for formal study. In a short time the results began to show: while he was accumulating the formal grammar, she was outstripping him in actually speaking the language. Their life was quiet and monotonous. Mrs. Judson was the only woman in all Burma who could speak English, and there were no

other Christians in the whole country. For two and a half years they had no word from America. Yet in her *Journal* for August 8, 1813, Ann Judson wrote:

We both unite in saying we never were happier, never more contented in any situation than the present. We feel that this is the post to which God hath appointed us; that we are in the path of duty; and in a situation, which, of all others, presents the most extensive field of usefulness."

While Her Husband Studies Mrs. Judson Pays a Visit

In December of the same year Mrs. Judson paid a formal visit to the wife of the viceroy. She describes her visit as follows:

I was introduced to her by a French lady who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the government house she was not up, consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, etc. At last her highness made her appearance, richly dressed in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching position without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat and herself by me. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented my cap. She was very inquisitive: whether I had a husband and children, whether I was my husband's first wife—meaning by this whether I was the highest, supposing that Mr. Judson like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country. When the viceroy came in I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked whether I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her highness took my hand again, told me she was happy to see me, and that I must come to see her every day. She led me to the door, I made my salaam and departed.

My object in visiting her was, that if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the viceroy.

Mrs. Judson Visits Madras for Her Health—"Journeying Mercies"

This period of quiet study was in 1815 broken by an illness of Mrs. Judson that refused to yield to their own simple medical treatments. They felt the climate might be aggravating her condition, so after much prayer and with great reluctance they decided that she should leave Mr. Judson in Rangoon and go alone to Madras for medical attention. You can perhaps imagine her feelings as she entered the ship and left her husband absolutely alone in that heathen land. Of this trip she wrote to her parents as follows:

I was obliged to leave Mr. Judson here alone, without a single associate to animate him in his arduous work. . . . But though I was separated from him, and felt for the first time in my life that I was entirely alone in this wide world, yet I could but trace the kind dealings of God in inclining everyone with whom I had any concern to favor and assist me in my way.

This special favor and blessing of the Lord was manifested even before she left Burma in the kindness of the viceroy in allowing a native woman to accompany her as a companion without any expense to her. This was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that there was a law against any Burman woman leaving the country. Then the captain of the ship refused any pay for her passage, though carefully providing her with every comfort needed by a person in poor health. In Madras she was entertained by old friends who now delighted to honor one who had dared follow the leading of the Lord even to Burma, the place considered impossible for missionaries to live or work. After six weeks her health was so much improved that she began to prepare for the return trip. She sent seventy rupees to the physician who had treated her only to have him return it to her with word that he was happy if he had been of service to her. The trip home was uneventful and

prosperous. She found her husband just as she had left him—well and hard at work.

Soon after this the Judsons received the welcome news that the Baptist churches of America had accepted them as their first missionaries and taken over their support from the English missionaries at Serampore, who, all this time, had been supporting them out of their own meager funds. This encouraged their hearts mightily to press on in their efforts to master the language enough so they could begin their actual missionary work among the Burman people all around them. Mrs. Judson's health, which had begun to improve so definitely during her stay in Madras continued to mend.

Their Little Son, Roger Williams

On the eleventh of September, 1816, Ann Judson became the happy mother of a little son. They named him Roger Williams after Roger Williams of early New England fame. We can imagine the hopes and ambitions of these earnest young parents for this child. He was their one comfort outside each other and God during these weary months of continual struggle with a difficult language and an indifferent people. In a letter to her parents Mrs. Judson thus describes him:

He was a remarkably pleasant child—never cried except when in pain; and what we often observed to each other was the most singular, he never, during his little existence, manifested the least anger or resentment at anything. This was not owing to the want of intellect; for his tender feelings were very conspicuous. Whenever I or his father passed his cradle without taking him, he would follow us with his eyes to the door, when they would fill with tears, his countenance so expressive of grief, though perfectly silent, that it would force us back to him, which would cause his little heart to be as joyful as it had been before sorrowful. He would lie hours on a mat by his papa's study table if he could only see his face. When we had finished our study, or the business of the day, it was our exercise and amusement to carry him round the house or garden; and though we were alone, we felt not our solitude when he was with us.

But after six months of unclouded delight with their new treasure fear began to chill the parents' hearts: every night the baby was seized with a touch of fever followed by violent perspiration. For almost two months the parents anxiously watched over Baby Roger. He appeared so well and happy during the day time and was growing so plump that surely it could not be anything serious they told themselves—a touch of malaria possibly that would wear off after teething time. In all the country there was no European doctor the parents could consult. All too soon their darkest fears were realized: after only four days of acute fever little Roger "was not, for God took him." The frantic parents had at the last sent for a Portuguese priest who had some slight pretensions of medical knowledge, but the case was far beyond his power to help. After his death Mrs. Judson wrote:

We do not feel a disposition to murmur or to inquire of our Sovereign why He has done this. We wish, rather, to sit down submissively under the rod and bear the smart till the end for which the affliction was sent shall be accomplished.

The grief of the parents found sympathy in unexpected measure among the degraded, indifferent people they had come to serve. Forty or fifty Burmans and Portuguese followed them to the little grave they prepared under the mango trees in their garden. Several days later the Vicereine herself, the same personage Mrs. Judson had visited in state months before, came to offer her sympathy, followed by a retinue of two hundred officers and attendants. This long procession following her was with the Burmans a special mark of respect, honor and desire to show sympathy.

Language Study and a Consistent Life

For the next few months after little Roger's death his parents threw themselves uninterruptedly into their language study. At last they were reaching the point

toward which they had been laboring so long—when they would be proficient enough to begin preaching to those all about them in their own Burman language. Already Mr. Judson was beginning to converse with his language teacher on the subject of the Christian religion. During this period Mrs. Judson wrote of their progress as follows:

You doubtless are expecting to hear by this time of the Burmans inquiring what they must do to be saved, and rejoicing that we have come to tell them how they may escape eternal misery. Alas, you know not the difficulty of communicating the least truth to the dark mind of a heathen, particularly those heathen who have a conceited notion of their own wisdom and knowledge, and the superior excellence of their own religious system. Sometimes when I have been conversing with some of the women they have replied, "Your religion is good for you; ours for us. You will be rewarded for your good deeds in your way—we in ours." At other times, when Mr. Judson had been telling them of the atonement of Christ, they would reply that their minds were stiff, that they did not yet believe, etc. We confidently believe that God, in His own time, will make His truth effectual unto salvation. *We are endeavoring to convince the Burmans by our conduct that our religion is different from theirs; I believe we have succeeded in gaining the confidence and respect of those with whom we have any concern, so that they tell others who know us not, that they need not to be afraid to trust us, for we do not know how to tell falsehoods as the Burmans do.* We are very particular to pay at the appointed time for whatever we purchase. The Burmans are surprised to see us always employed, particularly me, as the Burman women never think of doing any work if they can get their rice without.

Too close application to study at length affected Mr. Judson's eyes. Yet even while unable to read he worked on, preparing a grammar of the Burman language. He did this so, if he should have to leave the field, future missionaries would benefit from all his language study. All his eyes needed was a good rest, however, and when he gave them that they promptly improved, and he was able to resume his work. This interruption proved a great blessing in disguise, for without it he might never have taken time to compile the grammar that proved

such a blessing and time-saver to all the missionaries who came after him.

New Missionaries and a Printing Press Arrive

In October, 1816, came long-hoped-for reinforcements in Rev. and Mrs. George H. Hough from America. They were sent out largely through the efforts of Luther Rice, who, since his return to the United States, had worked without ceasing to arouse the Baptists there to send out reinforcements to the Burman mission. The Houghs brought with them a printing press, types in the Burman characters and other printing materials all sent as a present from the English Baptist missionaries in Serampore. As Mr. Hough was a skilled printer and as Mr. Judson had the translated material all ready and waiting, Christian literature began to roll off the press at once. First came two tracts, one entitled "A Summary of Christian Truth," which Mr. Judson had prepared to answer the question often asked him by the natives, "Where are your religious books?" and the other a brief catechism. One thousand copies were printed of the first and three thousand of the second. These were followed at once by an edition of eight hundred copies of the Gospel of Matthew. These tracts and Scriptures were scattered widely and less than six months later began to bear fruit when, as a result of reading them, the first earnest, intelligent seeker came to Mr. Judson for further instruction in the Christian religion.

Mrs. Judson Decides to Stay in Rangoon Alone

Shortly after this, Mr. Judson, whose general health had begun to suffer because of his close application first to language study, then to translating, formed the plan of visiting Chittagong, a coastal city between Rangoon and Calcutta where the English Baptists had begun a work a few years previously only to abandon it after

baptizing a few converts. His thought was to combine the relaxation of a sea voyage with the procuring of one of the abandoned Burman-speaking Christians to help him in preaching the gospel. This whole project, unfortunately, proved a failure. Contrary winds drove his ship far off its course till it never did reach Chittagong. Then Mr. Judson was unable to find a ship sailing back to Rangoon, till a trip originally planned for perhaps three months dragged out over nine months. In Rangoon, meanwhile, Mrs. Judson and the Houghs were having their first taste of government persecution. The friendly Viceroy, whose support had been so constant and helpful, was recalled to Ava, and the new Viceroy "knew not Joseph." Mr. Hough was summoned to the courthouse by a threatening message and subjected to long-drawn-out petty questioning. Only Mrs. Judson's skillful negotiations, which she was able to carry on in the Burman language, saved the day and finally won his release.

Then came the awful scourge of cholera which soon completely disrupted normal life in Rangoon, and at the same time the first rumors of war between England and Burma added to the panic. The English ships in the harbor began to slip away one by one till it seemed that escape soon would be cut off. In this crisis, with the native population so demoralized that missionary work seemed hopeless, Mr. and Mrs. Hough prevailed on Mrs. Judson to flee with them to Bengal on the last ship. Mrs. Judson agreed only with the greatest reluctance. Mr. Judson had now been gone six months and she had learned that his ship had never reached Chittagong, but no other word had ever come and his fate remained a mystery. Reasoning failed to solve her problem. She reasoned first against going, then against staying. If she went, Mr. Judson might return only to find her gone, but if she stayed, he might not be able

to reach her, because no ships were now coming to Rangoon; instead, they were leaving and there was now only one left and the question was, *should she take it?* The Houghs urged and begged and at last she yielded and went on board with them. But this decision brought no relief. Rather, she felt now that she had made a mistake in allowing herself to be persuaded out of her original intention to stay. But now it seemed too late—the ship was already sailing down the wide river toward the sea. Mrs. Judson nowhere tells us that she prayed in her distress, but the Lord surely helped her and gave her the one more chance she needed. Just as the vessel reached the mouth of the river the captain discovered trouble with the ship and turned back to the nearest harbor. Here was her one more chance to go back and she took it. This was the right decision and brought peace and confidence. In her diary for July 14, she wrote:

I know I am now alone and surrounded by dangers on every hand, and I expected to feel much anxiety and distress, but at present I am tranquil, and intend to make an effort to pursue my studies as formerly and leave the event with God.

“The event” abundantly proved God’s guiding hand in the matter, for only about a week later a ship sailed into the harbor with Mr. Judson on board. The Houghs’ removal to Bengal which seemed such a blow to the work, especially since they carried the printing press with them, was soon offset by the arrival of reinforcements, two new missionaries and their wives from Boston. Their names were Coleman and Wheelock. Both men were in extremely poor health, suffering from what today would be at once diagnosed as tuberculosis, but a hundred years ago was called simply “bleeding from the lungs.” Mr. Coleman settled in Arrican, where his untimely death two years later stirred the entire Baptist Church in America and led directly to George Dana

Boardman's call to the foreign field. More of that later. Mr. Wheelock became so ill that he tried a sea voyage for his health—a common expedient in those days. While delirious with high fever he leaped overboard and was drowned. Thus the Judsons were again left to work alone in Burma.

The Judsons Open a Zayat

Though Mr. Judson had failed to bring back with him a Burman-speaking Christian from Chittagong as he had hoped, he felt, nevertheless, that the time had come to begin public worship among the Burmans. Six years of laying the foundations had now passed. Adoniram Judson without doubt ranks among the greatest missionaries of all ages, yet it might be well for us to bear in mind that he worked and prayed for six years before he held a public Christian service. The Judsons both felt that this should not be attempted in their own home because it did not face on a public highway. After much prayer and consideration they were able to buy a piece of ground next to their own house, but facing on a well-traveled public road. The little chapel, or *zayat* in Burman, was built in accord with Burman custom: it contained three rooms: the first, with one side entirely open to the road, was the place where the new religious teacher, Mr. Judson, sat all day long ready to engage in religious conversation with all who passed by who would listen; the next enclosed with doors and windows served a double purpose—on Sunday as a place of worship and on weekdays as a study room. The last room, enclosed like the middle room but smaller, was to be used as a study room for the women. On April 5, 1819, the first public service was held in the *zayat*, and on June 27, less than three months later, the first convert, Moung Nan, was baptized. After seven years of seed-sowing the reaping time had at

last begun. Years before on the back cover of a book he was using in compiling his Burman Grammar Adoniram Judson had written this brief stanza:

In joy or sorrow, or health or pain,
Our course be onward still
We sow on Burma's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill.

Truly down through the years they had "endured as seeing him who is invisible." Shortly thereafter, two other Burmans who had been attending the *zayat*, professed faith in Christ, and after a period of careful instruction and of proving themselves, were baptized. Great was the Judsons' joy; interest was growing, everything seemed to point to a great and speedy ingathering of precious souls when the black clouds of persecution began to gather.

God Sustains Through Persecution

The local government in Rangoon soon became so unfriendly and threatening that Mr. Judson as a last resort appealed to the king in Ava, only to be met by a crushing repulse. He returned so discouraged that he thought it best to close the work at Rangoon, and instead make another effort to revive the work at Chittagong. But here, at the darkest hour of the work, God's hand guided and preserved them—the three converts themselves that the Judsons feared might now become faint-hearted, instead begged them to remain, at least till the number of believers had increased to ten and a teacher could be set over them. The threat of persecution and even death could not move them, and so the Judsons, satisfied that they were constrained of God, stayed on and the Spirit continued to work in hidden ways. In spite of all hindrances the work continued to grow till nine men and one woman had been baptized. Again they seemed on the verge of a great ingathering.

A new Viceroy proved friendly and fear of persecution from the government was at an end for the time being at least. But again trial was in store.

God Uses Mrs. Judson in America

Mrs. Judson was attacked by a tropical disease that made necessary return to a temperate climate till she could throw it off. Quite naturally they decided on America. This parting, probably for several years at least, was one of the greatest trials yet encountered by Mr. and Mrs. Judson. She wrote of it, "Ardently as I desire to see my beloved relatives and friends of America, I cannot prevail on myself to be any longer from Rangoon than is absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life." She reached Calcutta in September, 1821, only to find that captains of American ships demanded such exorbitant prices that it seemed best for her to return to America via England. This she did reaching New York a full year later, after a pleasant visit in England. "The influence which she exerted for the cause of missions during her brief residence of eight or nine months in the United States is hardly possible now to estimate." So said Dr. Wayland, a leading Baptist minister of the period. She compiled a history of the Burman mission from documents and letters which had been published from time to time, but never before as a continuous account. Her attendance at the Fourth Meeting of the Triennial Convention held at Washington, D. C., in May, 1823, and her many speaking engagements both in the North and in the South brought her such public recognition and popularity that her story of the Burman mission sold tremendously both in America and in England. A most vivid character impression of her has come down to us through the pen of Dr. Wayland. He says of her:

I do not remember ever to have met a more remarkable woman. To great clearness of intellect, large powers of comprehension and intuitive womanly sagacity, ripened by the constant necessity of independent action, she added that heroic disinterestedness which naturally loses all consciousness of self in the prosecution of a great object. These elements, however, were all held in reserve and hidden from public view. To an ordinary observer she would have appeared simply a self-possessed, well-bred and very intelligent gentlewoman. A more intimate acquaintance would soon discover her to be a person of profound religious feeling, which was ever manifesting itself in efforts to impress upon others the importance of personal piety. The resources of her nature were never unfolded until some occasion occurred which demanded tact; unflinching courage, and the power of resolute endurance. As she found herself among friends who were interested in the Burman mission her reserve melted away, her eye kindled, every feature lighted up with enthusiasm, and she was everywhere acknowledged to be one of the most fascinating of women.

Everywhere she went she awakened and stimulated vital missionary interest and on her return she was accompanied by a newly appointed missionary couple, Mr. and Mrs. Wade.

What God Had Done in Burma

She arrived in Rangoon with health restored in December, 1823, after being away a little over two years. She found that while she was gone her husband had been joined by Dr. Price, medical missionary from America, and had returned to Ava, the capital of Burma, where he had met with a much more favorable reception than on his first visit; and had even, with the signal help of God, obtained a little plot of land for a home in the capital city itself. The church in Rangoon had grown to eighteen members and was in such good condition that the Judsons felt free to leave it in the care of the Houghs, who had returned from Bengal, and the Wades, the new missionaries, while they and Dr. Price pressed on into the interior to begin the new work in Ava. Little did they dream of the hardships that awaited them there.

CHAPTER THREE

ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON (continued)

The British-Burman War

On reaching Ava, after a prosperous trip up the Irrawaddy River by boat, the Judsons and Dr. Price first concerned themselves with building a house on the land given Mr. Judson by the king. In only a fortnight this was done and they were able to begin religious work. Rumors of approaching war between the English and the Burmans began to reach Ava, however, and in only a few days suspicion rested on all foreigners then at Ava. The English living in Ava were minutely examined. The Burmans knew very little difference between Englishmen and Americans—they looked alike, dressed alike and talked alike—no wonder the Burmans found it a little hard to distinguish between them, especially in the heat of war. Still Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were allowed to return home and might have escaped further molestation if, on examining the financial accounts of one of the jailed Englishmen the Burman officials had not discovered that he had paid both Dr. Price and Mr. Judson considerable sums of money. These were actually nothing but simple money orders from Bengal, but to the officials' ignorant and now acutely suspicious minds, it was positive proof that the missionaries were in the pay of the English and hence also spies.

Mr. Judson in Prison—Mrs. Judson in Distress
Mrs. Judson tells of the outcome thus:

On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer holding a black book, accompanied by one whom from his spotted (tattooed), face we knew to be an executioner, "You are called by the king," said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted-faced man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture, bound him tight and dragged him off, I knew not whither. Dr. Price, who was living with us, was also taken.

Mrs. Judson sent one of their faithful native Christians, Mounge Ing, after them to see where they went. He followed them to the court and from there to the death prison. Mrs. Judson continues her account:

What a night was now before me! I retired to my room and endeavored to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come onto the veranda and continually called me to come out and to submit to his examination. But previously to going out I destroyed all my letters, journals and writings of every kind. When this . . . was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate who inquired very minutely of everything I knew, then ordered the gates of the compound shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe and departed. . . . My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed.

In the morning their faithful disciple, Mounge Ing, went early to the prison, only to return with the news that all the white prisoners were in the deathhouse, each chained with three pairs of fetters to a pole to prevent his moving. "The point of anguish now was," Mrs. Judson continues, "that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for their release."

The day wore slowly away, and the second night, due to her skill in dealing with the guards, Mrs. Judson was allowed to remain undisturbed, though anguish over her husband's fate kept sleep mostly from her.

Christian Diplomacy

The third day she sent a message to the governor of the city asking to be allowed to visit him with a present. This piece of diplomacy was successful, and she was pleasantly received and assured that while he could not release the prisoners, yet it was in his power to make them more comfortable. He referred her to his head officer as the one to arrange the details for her. This person agreed, for the modest sum of "200 ticals (about \$100), two pieces of fine cloth and two pieces of handkerchiefs" to release Mr. Judson and Dr. Price to an open shed where Mrs. Judson would be allowed to send them food and mats to sleep on. The governor even relented to the point of allowing Mrs. Judson to visit them. Mr. Judson's wretched and filthy surroundings and his own shocking appearance as he crawled to the door of the prison to meet her (he was so loaded with fetters that he could not walk), made the meeting an unnerving one for them both, and they were rudely separated by the guards before they could say more than a few words. For the next seven months Mrs. Judson literally worked day and night for her husband's release. She visited all the various government officials, and members of the royal family in order. She accomplished nothing, except that this activity kept her from despair, and she did win friends who sometimes helped her with food and other necessities.

The whims and caprices of the jailers added to her misery. Oftentimes she was forbidden to visit the prisoners during the day and so must visit them by night. She wrote of it afterward to her brother-in-law:

Oh, how many, many times have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair you and Deacon S. provided for me in Boston, and endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. The acme of my distress consisted in the awful un-

certainty of our final fate. The consolations of religion in these trying circumstances were neither few nor small.

Grace to Help in Time of Need

In the midst of all this distress a daughter was born to Mrs. Judson, and before she gained strength to resume her visits to the prison, British victories over the Burman army threw the city into confusion and caused the prisoners to be more severely treated than ever before. She soon learned that her husband had been thrown into the inner prison again and loaded with five pairs of fetters. After more heartbreaking effort and after he had been stricken with fever she finally won consent to have him moved to a little bamboo hut in the prison yard. More reverses to the Burman army soon led to the greatest suffering of all they were called on to endure. While Mrs. Judson was detained by some trifling pretext, the white prisoners were moved from Ava to beyond Amarapoora, a town about thirty miles away. It was only after frantic questioning from street to street that Mrs. Judson found where they had been taken. This was some relief as she suspected they had been killed. As soon as she could pack and make arrangements she followed them, almost dead with fatigue and suffering. It was one of the hottest months of the year and they had been forced to walk barefoot through the burning sand till their feet were raw and bleeding. When the prisoners reached the dilapidated, roofless prison they all concluded they had been brought out there to be killed. Soon, however, they saw the jailers begin to repair the prison and knew that further suffering and captivity awaited them.

Oung-pen-la Prison

Their situation was now a lonely, wretched little village four miles from Amarapoora called, Oung-pen-la. When Mr. Judson saw his wife his first words were,

"Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow me, for you cannot live here."

Soon he found that her coming was ordered by Providence to make it possible for him to live there. She tells of her first night thus:

I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said, "No; it is not customary." I then begged he would procure me shelter for the night. He took me to his house in which he and his family lived; the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered me, and in that little filthy place I spent six months of wretchedness. Worn out with fatigue I laid myself down on a mat spread over the grain, and thus spent my first night in the village of Oung-pen-la. The next morning I arose and endeavored to find something like food. But there was no market and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price's friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amarapoora which together with a cup of tea answered for the breakfast of the prisoners, and for dinner we made a curry of dried salt fish. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, so you may judge what prospects were in case the war should continue long. But our heavenly Father was better to us than our fears; for notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered from want of money, though frequently from want of provisions, which were not procurable.

Mrs. Judson's ingenuity in providing for the captives in their wretched prison was never better shown than in the matter of the mince pies. These pies she compounded from Indian plantain leaves, spices, sugar cane and dried meat stewed together. The results, amazing to say, were reasonable facsimiles of New England mince pies. With thanksgiving and joy she sent them up to the prison by a faithful servant.

Mr. Judson and Dr. Price received them incredulously. Pies? Could it be possible? Eagerly they sampled them. *Mince* pies. It seemed like a miracle. That touch of home was too much for Mr. Judson. His wife had often wept as she visited the chained and mis-

erable prisoners, but the only record we have of Mr. Judson's weeping was when he discovered they were mince pies. Then the miracle of his wife's love and devotion that out of even "almost nothing" could produce mince pies for the prisoners moved him as nothing else had.

Smallpox and Fever

Though Mr. Judson had suffered with fever, up to this time Mrs. Judson's health had been good. Now her own physical sufferings began. One of the little Burman girls she had adopted, and who had been caring for her own baby daughter while she procured food and comforts for her husband and the other white prisoners, took the smallpox. Mrs. Judson at once inoculated her own baby and the children of the jailer. All escaped but the baby, who had such a severe case that it took her three months to recover. The mother's greatest comfort, next to that of religion, was that Mr. Judson gradually threw off the fever that had racked him for so long and was more comfortable in this rural prison than he had ever been in the city jail at Ava.

Mrs. Judson had no sooner nursed her little family through the smallpox than she, worn out with overwork, wretched food and still more wretched living conditions, was stricken with a native ailment that often proved fatal to Europeans. She had no medicines and no food supply for a long illness, so set off in a cart to Ava to bring back their medicine chest and staple foods. In her weakened condition she could barely get back to Oung-pen-la, where she felt sure she would die. She doubtless would have and possibly Mr. Judson and Dr. Price as well if the Lord had not raised up help in the person of the Bengalese cook she had hired to prepare the prisoners' food while she was away. Usually one of these Bengalese cooks will do nothing but the

simple business of cooking; but this one seemed to forget his caste and even his own wants in his efforts to serve Mr. and Mrs. Judson. He would provide, cook and carry Mr. Judson and Dr. Price's food to them, and then return and care for Mrs. Judson.

Mrs. Judson, afterward described their condition thus:

Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be found in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtain leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated little creature around the village to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night, when it was impossible to supply her wants, were heart-rending. I now began to think that the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me and in such distress was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailers seemed a little softened by our distress and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be iron-hearted as though we were free from sufferings and in affluent circumstances.

Mr. Judson as Interpreter

At the end of six months Mr. Judson was sent to the Burman war camp, where his services were needed as a translator and interpreter. Mrs. Judson returned to Ava where she wrote of this development:

For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previously since the beginning of our difficulties. I knew the Burman officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson's services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was.

Actually he suffered as much discomfort as when in prison except that he was not in chains. He worked

steadily for six weeks at the translating after which he was sent back to Ava with the note, "We have no further use for Yoodthan [Mr. Judson's Burman name]; we therefore return him to the golden city."

Sorrow upon Sorrow

Mrs. Judson, meanwhile, had been stricken with spotted fever. The very day she came down with it a Burman nurse appeared and offered to care for the baby. This circumstance filled Mrs. Judson with gratitude and praise to God, as she had hunted for a nurse constantly, but in vain. Now in her hour of need one appeared at her door as if by a miracle. The disease progressed so violently that she was soon delirious. Again a miracle happened, for Dr. Price was released from prison, heard of her illness and rushed to her bedside just in time to apply the treatment that under the blessing of God saved her life. She was so low that a Burman neighbor said, "She is dead; and if the King of Angels should come in, He could not recover her." Not the "King of Angels," but "the Lord of lords and King of kings" touched her wasted body and "the fever left her." The fever had raged for seventeen days, however, so it was more than a month before she was strong enough to stand on her feet.

While in this helpless condition she received the unexpected and alarming news that Mr. Judson was in the city in prison and about to be sent back to the Oungpen-la prison. Again as at the very first of his imprisonments she sent the faithful disciple, Moung Ing, in search of Mr. Judson. Her own feelings she describes:

If ever I felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me," and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I be-

came quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

They were indeed, and that right early, for the next news was that Mr. Judson was at the home of the governor of the north gate, who had stood surety for him and obtained his release. Here he was treated with great kindness, and here Mrs. Judson was moved as soon as she was strong enough.

Release

The ill-fated Burman war was now drawing to an ignominious close. Defeated in every battle, the Burman troops were driven back almost to Ava and there was nothing to do but to make terms with the advancing British. These terms included the giving up of all the white prisoners. The Burman king now, in contrast to his attitude at the beginning of the war, was perfectly able to distinguish between English and Americans, and refused to give up the Judsons. He had learned that Mr. Judson was extremely valuable as a translator. But the British were in the position to enforce their terms, and did so—every foreigner who wished to leave the country must be permitted to go, or the British troops would keep on marching toward Ava. The king next resorted to flattery and promised to make Mr. Judson a very great man if he would only remain. Mr. Judson politely replied that since his wife had often expressed a desire to leave, she must be allowed to do so, and he, of course, would find it necessary to accompany her.

Dr. Price remained in Ava. Though offered deliverance, he felt constrained of God to carry forward the mission. His medical skill was just beginning to be appreciated by the Burmans, and he felt this might prove "the entering wedge" for the gospel to become established in the capital city. His growing reputation as a

learned man (to the medically ignorant Burmans his cures made him seem superhumanly wise, a miracle man, indeed), soon brought him a school of thirty-five young men, many of them sons of the highest Burman officials. They listened gladly to all he had to say. He was just beginning to preach to a small congregation when he was suddenly cut down by tuberculosis, the scourge that carried off so many of the pioneer American missionaries. Thus died one who, had he but lived, might have become for Burma what Dr. Peter Parker was to China and Dr. John Scudder to India.

But to return to the Judsons. Mr. Judson goes on with the story:

It was on a cool moonlight evening in the month of May that with hearts filled with gratitude to God and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy River and, after twenty-one months of misery, were free. I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be ever since.

The next morning they saw the masts of a steamboat at the British outpost, the first signs of civilization. They were received with overwhelming kindness by the British officers. General Archibald Campbell, Mrs. Judson said:

Treated us with the kindness of a father. . . . I presume that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days this single idea occupied my mind—that we were out of the power of the Burman government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like this: *What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits toward us?*

The Banquet

The entertaining of a lady, especially one whose fame, to some extent, had gone before her, was a great event in the English camp, and led to one incident the Judsons at least found amusing. General Campbell had ar-

ranged a dinner for the defeated Burman officials. Knowing the power of unfamiliar ceremony to impress the oriental mind, he made it a very formal affair indeed. The officials marched in two by two (and he took care to make it a long, slow march), to the ornately spread banquet table. Here they remained standing for a few moments, all looking around to see what was coming next, until General Campbell appeared with the guest of honor, Mrs. Judson, on his arm. Slowly and with great dignity he led her to the place of honor at his right hand where he carefully seated her. Then he told the officials they could sit down. Most of them were only too glad to. They recognized Mrs. Judson, remembered how they had treated her and her husband not so long ago, and thought their last hour had come.

General Campbell knew nothing of all this, but he looked around and saw his official guests looking very ill indeed. Some were actually trembling. The light dawned and he turned to his guest of honor. "I fancy these gentlemen must be old acquaintances of yours, Mrs. Judson," he said, "and judging by their appearance you must have treated them very ill that they are now so afraid of you." Mrs. Judson only smiled in reply, so he went on, "What is the matter with the owner of that pointed beard? He seems to be seized with an ague fit."

"I do not know," answered Mrs. Judson, "unless his memory may be too busy."

She then told how, when Mr. Judson was lying in the inner prison chained with five pairs of fetters and suffering with fever, she had walked several miles to this man's home to beg him to help her. He kept her waiting all morning and then at noonday was turning her away roughly when he spied her silk umbrella. He had never seen one before. Snatching it from her,

he began to play with it. She saw he intended to keep it, so politely asked him to give her a cheap paper shade, such as the Burmans themselves used, to protect her from the noonday sun. He refused. She explained to him that she had no money with which to buy one, and feared a sunstroke if she walked several miles home without any protection from the scorching heat. Then he laughed at her, and told her only stout people had sunstrokes—the sun could not find such as she, and so turned her away.

Before the end of this recital the English officers were glaring at the wretched Burman in such a way that he felt his last moment had come. He knew that if their positions were reversed he would now ask for his enemy's head—and get it within the next few minutes. His face, instead of its usual sleek brown, was a ghastly gray, covered with cold perspiration and drawn with terror. The other officials, all of whom but one had something nearly as bad or even worse on their consciences, sat dumb with fear waiting for their turn to come. Mrs. Judson looked around at them and was touched with compassion. She addressed the first culprit in Burman, telling him he had nothing to fear, and then repeated the remark to General Campbell. He took the cue and did his best to reassure his miserable guests and change the subject, but with little success. There sat Mrs. Judson as guest of honor; not a man of them but knew too well what he would have done had he been in her place. "I never thought I was vindictive," Mr. Judson used to say as he told the story years later, "but really it was one of the richest scenes I ever beheld."

Mrs. Judson summed up their experiences thus:

A review of our trip to and adventures in Ava often excites the inquiry, "Why were we permitted to go? What good has been effected? Why did I not listen to the advice of friends in

Bengal, and remain there till the war was concluded?" But all we can say is, *It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.* Our society at home have lost no property in consequence of our difficulties, but two years of precious time have been lost to the missions, unless some future advantages may be gained in consequence of the severe discipline to which we ourselves have been subject. We are sometimes induced to think that the lesson we found so very hard to learn will have a beneficial effect through our lives, and that the mission may, in the end, be advanced rather than retarded.

How little did Mrs. Judson dream of the effect of their sufferings on the church at home. She never knew in her lifetime. That must have been for her one of the wonderful surprises of heaven. Dr. Dowling, a prominent clergyman of her time, writes thus:

Previous to the commencement of these sufferings, though a few American Baptists were partially awake to the salvation of the heathen . . . yet the contributions for the mission were meager, and the interest it had excited was comparatively small. Something of a thrilling, exciting character was needed to arouse the churches from their indifference and lethargy; something that should touch their hearts by showing them somewhat of the nature and extent of the sacrifices made by those devoted missionaries whom they were called on to sustain by their benefactions and their prayers.

Such a stimulus was afforded when, after two years of painful suspense, during which it was not known whether the missionaries were dead or alive, the touching recital of their unparalleled sufferings for Christ's sake and of their wonderful deliverance, at length burst like an electric shock upon the American churches.

Amherst

After the treaty of peace it seemed best for the missionaries to move the work from Rangoon to the newly won Burman territory under British mandate. Here they would be sure of a complete religious freedom and of civil protection at all times. They chose Amherst, the newly founded capital city of British Burma. Shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Judson (accompanied by several of their most faithful native converts from Rangoon), had begun the new work Mrs. Judson received a gift

of 300 rupees from a friend in England which she used to build a commodious mission house in which she also planned to hold a little school for native women and children.

Mr. Judson just at this time received a pressing invitation to join the party who were to conclude the articles of the peace treaty at Ava, as their translator. For an inducement he was offered the opportunity of including an article securing religious toleration in Burma Proper. As this would insure the safety and continuance of work he had labored so long and hard to found in both Rangoon and Ava, after prayer and consideration he accepted the offer and began the trip on the fifth of July, 1826.

His journey, unfortunately, was totally unsuccessful, and, what was even more tragic, it prevented Mr. Judson from being with his wife through her last sickness and death.

Journey's End

After her death he wrote to Mrs. Judson's mother thus:

I left your daughter, my beloved wife, at Amherst, the fifth of July last in good health, comfortably situated, happy in being out of the reach of our savage oppressors, and animated in prospect of a field of missionary labor opening under the auspices of British protection.

We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes that a separation of three or four months attended with no hazards to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted, therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy reunion. . . . After my return to Rangoon, and subsequent arrival at Ava, I received several letters from her, written in her usual style, and exhibiting no subject of regret or apprehension except the declining health of our little daughter, Maria. Her last was dated the fourteenth of September. She says, "I have this day moved into the new house, and for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things are rather of a favorable aspect. Mounng Ing's school has com-

menced with ten scholars and more are expected. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up and points toward the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about anything, excepting you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God preserve and bless you, and restore you in safety to your new home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann."

Early in the month of October she was attacked with a violent fever, but it was not until about the twentieth that Dr. R. began seriously to expect danger. Before then the fever had abated at intervals, but its last approach baffled all medical skill.

It seems that her head was much affected during her last days, and she said but little. She sometimes complained thus: "The teacher is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming: I must die alone, and leave my little one; but as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in His will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was more violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns." When she was unable to notice anything else, she would still call the child to her, and charge the nurse to be kind to it until its father should return. The last day or two she lay almost senseless and motionless, on one side—her head reclining on her arm—her eyes closed—and at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language, she ceased to breathe.

The news of her death came to Mr. Judson in Ava in an especially sad way. The baby girl, Maria, had been ill for so long and Mrs. Judson so concerned over her that for some time Mr. Judson had expected news of her death. So when a black-sealed letter was handed him by a person saying he was sorry to inform him of the death of the child it was not a surprise. But when he opened the letter and read of the death of his wife it was an almost unbearable blow.

Today Ann Hasseltine Judson's name and life are known and revered throughout the whole Christian world, but it is interesting to note that it was not so at the time of her death. Like the mountain range that looms up into the sky as we leave it behind till it towers

high above us, so with her life. At the time of her death this tribute was paid her by the *Calcutta Review* of 1848:

Of Mrs. Judson little is known in the noisy world. Few are acquainted with her name, few with her actions, but if any woman since the first arrival of the white strangers on the shores of India . . . rightly earned for herself the title of a heroine, Mrs. Judson has, by her doings and her sufferings, fairly earned the distinction—a distinction, be it said, which her true woman's nature would have very little appreciated.

Thus, at the comparatively early age of thirty-five died one who had followed Christ faithfully from the time she found Him in Bradford, Massachusetts, down through the years and across oceans, through perils by land and by sea, through fires of persecution and through waters of grief. She rests from her labors, but her works do follow her.

In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
Her course was onward still.
She toiled on Burma's plain,
She reaps on Zion's hill.

CHAPTER FOUR

GEORGE DANA AND SARAH HALL BOARDMAN

TWO SENT OF GOD TO THE KARENS

God Uses a Poem

When Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson was in this country for her health in 1823 a great missionary service (today we would call it a missionary rally), was held in her honor in the First Baptist Church in Salem, Massachusetts. One high point on the program was a poem written and read by a young girl of twenty whose name was Sarah Hall. She had been interested in missions for years, and had written her first missionary poem seven years before when she was only thirteen. She wrote this first poem on the death in Burma of little Roger Williams Judson, the eight-month-old son of Adoniram and Ann Judson, and the first child of American missionaries to die on the field. The poem she read at this missionary rally was on the sudden and untimely death of Rev. James Coleman in Arrican, Burma. Until this time she had considered going herself as a missionary to the North American Indians, but had never thought of the foreign field. As she began this poem, lamenting the taking away of a worker with his task only well begun, the thought suddenly gripped her that God must have *someone* to complete that work, and that she herself was the one. Now Sarah Hall, though only twenty, was not an immature Christian. She knew the voice of God, and she knew something of how to "try the spirits" and all her conclusions were that "this thing is of God." These thoughts she expressed freely in her poem.

We have no record of the effect of the reading of this poem on the audience as a whole that day, but the effect on one young man was tremendous and for good reason. His name was George Dana Boardman. He was a graduate of Waterville College in Maine and was serving as a tutor there, but his heart was not in teaching. He had been wonderfully converted during his first year in college, and from that time on his constant prayer had been, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He had considered the ministry, then work among the North American Indians. He was outstanding as a student and of such forceful personality that the trustees of the college were already considering him for president. All this did not move him, however, from his fixed purpose to become a missionary. He expressed himself in a letter to a friend thus: "I can think of no station of ease, or honor, with which I could be satisfied. There is not a situation, either civil or ecclesiastical, in America, which presents to my mind any temptation. My whole soul is engrossed with the desire to be preaching to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ."

His call was general rather than particular till the news reached him of Coleman's death. He felt a moment of keen grief that such an ideal missionary should have thus been cut off from such a promising field. This led to the thought, "Who will go to fill his place? The answer," he tells us, "came in the twinkling of an eye—I will."

What wonder then that the poem by Sarah Hall expressing practically the same thought should grip young Mr. Boardman to the point where he could not rest till he had met this young lady whose thoughts seemed to run so exactly parallel to his own! He found her a young woman who seemed to possess every desirable quality. Here is his description of her written in the style of a hundred years ago: "A young lady agreeable

in person and manners, of ardent and active piety, of superior talents and excellent literary taste and good education which she acquired by her own energy and perseverance against obstacles which to an ordinary spirit would have been insurmountable. She was refined, gentle and affectionate, yet of a strong, energetic spirit." And as the perfect climax from Mr. Boardman's point of view, when she found he had a call to complete Coleman's unfinished life work she was as attracted to him as he to her. Both felt that "this thing was of God." As Samuel Mills would express it, "Having been signed and sealed" for one another "by the sovereign hand of God" they delayed not, but were straightway married.

God Leads Them Along

George Dana Boardman and Sarah Hall took their marriage vows on July 4, 1825, and saying goodbye at once to their friends in New England, journeyed to Philadelphia. On July 16 they sailed for Calcutta. On arriving there on December 2 they found the war between England and Burma made entering their chosen field of Arrican impossible, and so they settled at Chitapore, a village near Calcutta, for "the duration," which proved in this case to be fifteen months. They spent the time happily and profitably, though, of course, they were anxious to begin work on their own field.

As the war had brought about many changes in the mission work it seemed wise for them to go to Amherst, the station where Mrs. Ann Judson died, in the newly formed British Burma territory. Life here proved hard: the first work Mr. Boardman did on reaching Amherst was to build a coffin for little Maria Butterworth Judson, who had just died only six months after her mother, and to try in some measure to comfort her father, Adoniram Judson, who was now left, bereft of wife

and children, alone in a heathen land. Mrs. Boardman was taken seriously ill within two days after they arrived; their baby daughter, Sarah, was soon taken even more critically ill, and for weeks hovered between life and death. Thus in sorrow and anxiety and illness the Boardmans commenced their real missionary labors.

Some time was yet to pass before the Lord finally led them to the place and people He had chosen for them. Amherst as a native center was rapidly declining and Moulmein, the new capital, was fast growing, so it soon appeared wise to follow the people they had come to work among, and remove to Moulmein. This they did, though Mrs. Boardman was still so weak she had to be carried to the boat in a litter. Prospects seemed to be bright, and for the first time the Boardmans felt really established. Mr. Boardman wrote home, "After nearly two years of wanderings without any certain dwelling place, we have reached a little spot which we call our earthly home." Mrs. Boardman added, "We are all in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible for mortals to be. It is our earnest desire to live and labor and die among this people."

God's Protecting Hand

They might have done the last-mentioned in only a few weeks if God's protecting hand had not been over them. In order to reach the natives, they were living outside the city proper in a remote section the English governor warned them was infested with robbers. Their house was of native construction and so frail that, as Mrs. Boardman described it, "It could be cut open anywhere with a pair of scissors." Sure enough, one morning they awoke to find everything in confusion—the house had been entered during the night and every box, trunk and drawer opened and rifled. But what made them realize most keenly the protection of God

during the night were two great slits through the muslin curtains of their bed. (These curtains were drawn at night to protect them from insects.) Through these slits the evil eyes of the guard had watched them as the other robbers ransacked the house. If they had stirred in their sleep, if the baby had cried out, they would have been murdered as they slept. But God had given His angels charge over them, and so preserved their lives. After this experience they were willing to accept the Sepoy guard the governor had offered them. The section was soon built up with the rapid growth of the city and this danger was over.

The spiritual tide was encouraging. Crowds began to come, not to argue, as was so common among the Burmans, but to inquire and to learn the way of life more perfectly. Mr. Boardman gathered a school of the more promising boys, and Mrs. Boardman did the same for the girls. Soon the work had increased so that reinforcements were needed, and since so many natives had left Amherst for Moulmein, with the trend still continuing, it was decided to abandon the Amherst station and concentrate on Moulmein. And so the two missionaries there, Adoniram Judson and George Wade, came as reinforcements bringing with them many of the Christian families yet remaining in Amherst including practically all of Mrs. Wade's School for Girls.

God's Call to Holiness

At this juncture we have some significant developments recorded in Mr. Boardman's spiritual life. We find from entries in his journal that as one author expressed eighty-five years ago, "God was deepening the work of grace in his heart, and thus preparing him, not only for the early death to which he was destined, but also for the important work which was to occupy the remaining years of his life." Early in 1828 he writes

in his journal, "An important defect in any Christian character consists in not aiming at sufficiently high attainments in holiness. I am fully convinced that, as a creature of God, I owe him my all, everything I am or can be or can do, and when I also consider that I am a redeemed creature, my obligations seem increased a thousandfold. And yet I hesitate to live—rather to try to live—as holy as I possibly can the rest of my days. Why do I not press forward and join those who have taken the highest ground, who live so near the throne? Is there anything in my outward circumstances to prevent my being as much devoted to God as Edwards, Brainerd, Pearce or Baxter? I am constrained to say there is nothing. I ask myself again, am I not under as solemn obligation as these men to be holy? I surely am. But a great difficulty remains. Who can successfully contend with all his spiritual foes? Who can of himself live as holy as God requires? My past experience teaches me that I have not the strength requisite for the desperate undertaking. I fear to engage. Is there a helper at hand? One on whose strength I can lean, and be supported? *There is, there is, I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.* It is written, 'My grace is sufficient for thee. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength'." Later he wrote, "This evening I have felt an unusually sweet sense of supreme love to God, as the holiest and best of beings, indeed as the only source of true holiness, the infinite fountain of excellence and goodness. Everything else has appeared in its comparative insignificance."

Shortly after this, three years from the time they left home, God again directed the Boardmans' steps, this time to the field He had chosen for their greatest work. This was Tavoy, capital city of the province of Tavoy, about one hundred and fifty miles down the coast from

Moulmein. Mr. Boardman was chosen to open the new work here because of his pioneer experience at Moulmein. He brought with him besides his family a Siamese boy who had recently been baptized, four boys from his school, and the first Karen convert. He found Tavoy much more pleasant than most Oriental cities—it was so closely planted with the banyan, mango, and other tropical trees that it seemed more like one continuous grove than a city. But in sad contrast to the beautiful surroundings was the spiritual darkness and gloom of the people. For a population of nine thousand there were over a thousand pagodas in honor of Guadama, a most repulsive idol. There were fifty monasteries and hardly a corner of the city lacked a temple, a shrine with its image, or some other reminder of heathen worship. Crowds soon came to the new *zayat*, but their motive seemed to be mainly curiosity.

God's Promise to the Karens Fulfilled

The time was now ripe for God's providences to open a door "great and effectual" but in a wholly unexpected direction. Mr. Boardman's first Karen convert was a slave, Ko Thah-byu, ransomed by the missionaries. Ko Thah-byu's heart had been so moved by this unexpected kindness that he had been quickly reached by the gospel and wonderfully converted. The salvation of his own people then became the burden of his heart.

The Karens were a simple, childlike people very different from the proud and self-satisfied Burmans. They had been driven back into the mountains of the interior by the Burmans who despised them and enslaved them whenever they could. They lacked a priesthood or any form of worship, but did have some hazy ideas of one supreme being and future rewards and punishments. They also had a legend that their redemption was to come through white teachers from across the

sea. Ko Thah-byu, then, had only to find a few of his people in Tavoy and send them back into the mountains with the marvelous news that one of the white teachers had at last reached Tavoy and the legend was all true, for one of their own number, he, Ko Thah-byu, actually had been redeemed both literally and spiritually. The response was marvelous. Parties of Karens began streaming into Tavoy from several days' journey in the interior to see and hear the white teacher for themselves.

Mr. Boardman found these Karens very different material from the Burmese population with which he had been working. The Burmans were rather superficially curious about the new religious teacher and a few heard gladly, but the majority drifted away again, uninterested, with their curiosity satisfied. But these people from over the mountains were eager and earnest. Moreover, they had that appealing childlike faith that claimed their own—this blessing had been promised them many years ago and they had waited patiently for it; now the white teacher had come to give it to them and they had come to receive it. It was that simple. What could any missionary ask more? Mr. Boardman found himself preaching to the most receptive listeners he had ever seen.

The Sacred Book

Mr. Boardman soon learned from one group who came in that there had been a sacred book among them for about the last twelve years. A man who had visited one of their villages had left it with them saying that it was the way of life, and they must guard it well. They had faithfully carried out his directions. They appointed a man to do nothing else but watch over the book, and guard it with a great cudgel. They had no idea what the book said, so now they came to the white teacher for his help. Would he kindly inspect this book

for them and give his opinion of it? Mr. Boardman said he would be glad to if they would bring it to him.

Within a short time a long train of Karens appeared. In their midst was the watchman carrying the sacred book well wrapped. Eagerly they all gathered round as Mr. Boardman took the package and removed layer after layer of covers. At last, the book came to view—"The Book of Common Prayer with the Psalms," printed in Oxford, England. "Yes," said Mr. Boardman, "it is indeed a good book. It teaches that there is a God in heaven, whom alone we should worship. I, as most of you know, have come to teach you how to worship this God." And so he preached to them and they heard him gladly. The old watchman, instead of being angry that his position was gone, threw away his cudgel and sat down with the rest to listen to the white teacher the true God had sent.

God's Next Leading—to the Mountains

After this the Karens continued to come in increasing numbers, but their greatest desire was to have the missionary visit them in their own villages. As soon as he could Mr. Boardman went, with a group of Karens to guide him. He found the way even more impassable than he had expected: it led through the nearly trackless jungle for many miles, then over almost impassable mountains and through tortuous gorges. When he finally reached the first Karen village high up in the mountains he found a crude meeting house, *zayat*, already built and waiting for the white man sent of God to begin preaching. Moreover, they had expected everybody in the village to come, for they had made it large enough to hold them all. Most of them did come, and some were so eager to learn they stayed all night. The next day was Sunday and he preached three times, with the services lasting all day. Such was the response

that by nightfall five persons asked for baptism. He promised them they should have it as soon as they had learned the way more perfectly. From this Karen village he pressed on to several others even higher up in the mountains where he was as gladly received. He returned from this first journey among the Karens feeling much encouraged. In fact, he concluded "his going was of the Lord" and that God had set before him an open door, "great and effectual."

Through the Dark Valley

But affairs were not going so well among the Burmans in Tavoy. From indifference many had passed to open opposition so fierce that several among the little flock of believers yielded to the pressure and apostatized. This was a great grief to Mr. Boardman whose tender conscience caused him to fear this might have been due to some failure on his part. Lest he might be too much cast down, however, the Lord added others to the little church till it was prospering far more than before the persecution.

Next came suffering and sorrow. The fact is that Mr. Boardman probably had had tuberculosis for years. Today he doubtless never would have been allowed to go to the mission field at all. He had had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs the winter before, but had kept right on working. (Think of that, nurses and all, and consider the changes a little over one hundred years have brought in the treatment of tuberculosis.) Now, however, his health began to fail alarmingly. Mrs. Boardman and their baby son were both taken ill. The only one in the family who was not sick was the little two-and-a-half year old Sarah. "Sarah," wrote the mother, "is as plump and rosy-cheeked as we could wish. How I wish you could hear her prattle." She was rather precocious as well, and their greatest earthly comfort

in tribulation. Less than a month later her broken-hearted father wrote, "Our firstborn, our Sarah, after an illness of more than a fortnight, has left us. Our anxieties about her are now over, but how our affection still clings to her and often sets her ruddy, beautiful form before our eyes. It grieves me to think that I was so sinful as to need such a stroke. George, our only surviving child, is very ill and we scarcely hope for his recovery. Mrs. Boardman's health, as well as my own, is also very low. However, all is peace within, and I think I can say, Thy will, O God, be done." Slowly the rest of the family recovered and took up their work once more.

God Moves in a Mysterious Way—the Rebellion

Then came a rebellion among the natives that but for the mercy of God might have taken their lives several times: the mission house was in the range of fire and bullets flew through it. The Boardman family left hastily. At last, after a series of narrow escapes, they reached a wooden building on a wharf. This place contained six rooms, about three hundred and fifty people, and six hundred barrels of gunpowder. This last caused them no little concern, but they put their trust in God and He delivered them, gunpowder or no gunpowder.

The danger over, many Burmans before indifferent or hostile began coming to the little chapel, and a large party of Karens, anxious for the safety of their teachers, came from the interior to stay awhile. Three of them came especially for baptism, and with great solemnity and joy Mr. Boardman baptized his first Karen converts. The turning point had been reached, and the work began to prosper as never before.

To the Villages

Mr. Boardman, not content with his work in Tavoy, began visiting the villages around Tavoy systematically. Taking with him a few native Christians and boys from the school, he would visit three or four villages a week, going from house to house, talking with all he met and "sowing the seed beside all waters." Occasionally he was able to travel by boat when visiting the villages along the many watercourses, but more often he traveled on foot. This was hard enough work for any well man; for a man suffering from advanced tuberculosis, which was now manifesting itself by repeated hemorrhages and an incessant cough, it must have been much harder and undoubtedly hastened his death. (We must remember, though, that so little was known of tuberculosis in those days that what today might be suicidal folly back there was merely ignorance.)

His journeyings were cut short, not by his own weakness, as you might have expected, but by Mrs. Boardman's severe illness. When she was able to travel, he had her moved to the seashore and then to Moulmein where he joined her. First, he made arrangements with the Karens that he would visit them in the mountains after the rains if he were able. He set as their meeting place a great pass in the mountains where they promised to build a *zayat* and gather from all directions to listen to what all of them felt might be his dying message.

During his stay in Moulmein Mr. Boardman, though in fast-failing health, was not idle. He preached three times on Sunday, twice in English and once in Burman, once during the week in either, held catechism class every other evening, corrected proof for the press and in addition ran the mission station while the two resident missionaries, Judson and Wade, were away.

When the Boardmans returned to Tavoy they found the work had prospered even without them, and as soon as the news of their return reached the jungle the Karens began to come in by parties. Of the first group five asked for baptism, but Mr. Boardman urged them to wait till the rest arrived. Forty came the next day, and at last eighteen after close examination were found ready for baptism. After the baptism Mr. Boardman administered the communion to thirty-seven Karen members. Together they praised the Lord for His wonderful grace and mercy in thus almost doubling their number in a single day.

The Last Journey

Mr. Boardman's strength was now rapidly going, and the Karens, anxious to have him make the visit he had promised them, yet concerned lest he tire himself too much by the trip, offered to carry him to the meeting place in a cot on their shoulders. Since he was now so weak it seemed impossible for him to go otherwise, he consented and the procession set out. Through the jungle they went—the great band of redeemed Karens carrying their dying teacher in a cot on their shoulders—and over the almost impassable mountain ranges and through the deep valleys. Mrs. Boardman went too. She had let her husband go alone on all his pioneer trips and she had stayed at home alone and kept the mission station running smoothly, the schools open, the *zayat* functioning and had done all the one hundred and one other things that needed to be done. Now her husband needed her, and so she went with him. The Lord had also sent reinforcements and comfort just at the time most needed in the persons of two new missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Mason, who arrived in Tavoy just as the party was starting out. They went along also, and a tremendous introduction to their missionary labors

it must have been for them. At last they reached the great pass in the mountains and there, as the Karens had promised, stood the *zayat* waiting for the teacher God had sent them, and soon the people were gathering from all directions to hear his last messages.

The *zayat* was a crude shelter for a dying man. The mountain fogs swirled through it by night, the piercing mountain winds blew through it by day, but Mr. Boardman was supremely happy. He said over and over, "If I live to see this one ingathering I may well exclaim with happy Simon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace'."

The Last Ingathering

He was sinking so fast, however, that it became plain he could not finish examining all who wished to be baptized. Thirty-four had been examined and approved, and they were straightway baptized in a nearby mountain stream by Mr. Mason. Twenty-six remained who promised to come to Tavoy and be baptized within a few weeks. Then, after the evening meal, they gathered around the cot for one last message from their beloved teacher. That message has not come down to us, but it might well have been the words of John the beloved apostle, "Little children, love one another, for love is of God."

The next morning the procession started home, all hoping that Mr. Boardman might at least live to reach there. This was not to be, however, for about noon that day he died. He was barely thirty years old. His life was short in years, but great in achievement. He was buried in Tavoy, and years later his son wrote this epitaph for his monument:

Sacred to the Memory of
George Dana Boardman
American Missionary to Burma
Born Feb. 8, 1801 Died Feb. 11, 1831

His epitaph is written in the adjoining forests. On the reverse side of the monument are these words: "Ask in the Christian villages of yonder mountains, Who taught you to abandon the worship of demons? Who raised you from vice to morality? Who brought you your Bibles, your Sabbaths, and your words of prayer? Let the reply be his eulogy."

His Helpmeet

Mrs. Boardman was a true helpmeet to her husband in all his labors. She was almost idolized by the simple Karens. The story is told that they kissed her shadow as she passed, and often stroked her slippers to express their humble love and devotion. Her English friends in India considered her "the most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman" they had ever seen. She translated *Pilgrim's Progress* into the dialect, and edited their first hymn book, called the *Chapel Hymn Book*, as well as writing about twenty of the hymns in it.

For three years after Mr. Boardman's death she remained at Tavoy carrying on her husband's work "with unyielding devotion" and "blessed success."

The Later Years

Then, three years after Mr. Boardman's death, she was married to Adoniram Judson who had labored on alone for eight years after the death of Ann Hasseltine Judson. Their marriage was peculiarly happy and blessed of God. Both had suffered years of hardship, bereavement and loneliness. Now the Lord granted them eleven years of happy, successful work together for Him in Moulmein; with children growing up around them and, best of all, God's marvelous blessing on their labors till the number of Christian believers exceeded a *thousand*. These golden years ended in 1845 when

Mrs. Judson fell seriously ill. Accompanied by her husband and three older children she started home to America hoping there to regain her health. But she grew weaker from day to day till it seemed that she must die and be buried at sea. God spared her life till they reached the island of St. Helena (famous as Napoleon's place of banishment), where she passed peacefully away. She spent those last days of her life praying for the salvation of her children.

And so the girl who read her missionary poem telling of her call in a church in Salem, Massachusetts, lived to use her talents in bringing salvation and blessing to the Karens in the mountains of Burma and the Burmans on the plains.

CHAPTER FIVE

GORDON HALL

GOD USED HIM TO OPEN THE DOOR TO A GREAT HARVEST
FIELD AND TO SOW SOME PRECIOUS SEED

A Country Minister Finds a Likely Lad

Gordon Hall, a member of the early missionary group at Williams College, was born on a farm near Tolland in western Massachusetts. He had a praying mother and how much of what came later in his life is due to her prayers we cannot know, but God does. He worked for his father on the farm till he was nineteen, when, under the Rev. Mr. Harrison, their minister, he began preparing for college. It was the common practice in those days for the more zealous and kindly ministers to seek out promising lads in their parishes who were poor and had no one else to help them, and, after inspiring them with the desire to go to college, to tutor them in Latin and possibly Greek until they were ready "to offer themselves for entrance examination." Then, with words of encouragement and many times a little financial aid, the good ministers would send them off, praying that God would bless them and make them a blessing.

So with Rev. Mr. Harrison. Gordon Hall had early showed himself a leader among the boys in Mr. Harrison's parish. He was extremely observant and witty, and it must be confessed that the other young people often gathered round to hear and see him "take off" the more eccentric characters of the town. Then, too, he was always working on some new mechanical contrivance that attracted all the other boys like a magnet.

When he was fourteen he tried to construct an air balloon from a description of one he had read. He was always reading, and had a photographic memory. Better yet, what he read and remembered he really understood. Rev. Mr. Harrison was entirely correct in choosing Gordon Hall as "a likely lad for college."

He matriculated at Williams College in 1805, three years before Mills, and did so well that Dr. Fitch, the president, said of him, "That young man has not studied the languages like a parrot, but has got hold of their very radix (root)." His whole college career justified this praise, as he took first honors straight through and was graduated valedictorian of his class.

Gordon Hall's Conversion and Call to the Foreign Field

It was during his college years at Williams that he was converted, and called to the mission field. We cannot doubt that his mother's prayers followed him to college, for when he entered in 1805, though there was a revival spirit in the town, it had not yet reached the college and French infidelity together with the prevailing political excitement was rife. That he was not swept into either infidelity or politics can well be attributed to the work of the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer. The next year (1806), the revival reached the college and Gordon Hall. He was profoundly moved and sought the Lord earnestly but without obtaining clear evidence of salvation till the beginning of his third year. When the Spirit had borne witness to his spirit that he was a child of God he took his stand firmly and yet so wisely that even most of the infidels and politicians admired him, and he was called "the Christian scholar."

We have no record of when he first was directed to consider the claims of foreign missions, but probably soon after his conversion, for Samuel Mills and the rest of "the Brethren" at Williams were instant in season and out of season bringing the cause of foreign missions

before all who were willing to listen; and we know Hall was an eager listener, for in 1809 Mills wrote of him, "He appears, as far as we can judge, to be ordained and stamped a missionary by the sovereign hand of God."

After his graduation in 1808 Gordon Hall commenced the study of theology with Dr. Porter of Washington, Connecticut. Dr. Porter later testified especially to his "intellectual strength and discrimination, steadfast piety, persevering industry, sobriety of judgment and inflexible decision." In less than a year he was licensed to preach and went to Woodbury, Connecticut, to supply the pulpit of the Congregational church. The people there soon became greatly attached to him and begged him to settle with them permanently. His answer has come down to us as a classic expression of a missionary call: "No, I must not settle in any parish in Christendom. Others will be left whose health or pre-engagements require them to stay at home; but I can sleep on the ground, can endure hunger and hardship; God calls me to the heathen; woe to me, if I preach not the gospel to the heathen."

Feeling that he should make even further preparation, Mr. Hall left in 1811 and came to Boston to attend medical lectures. These proved so helpful that he and Samuel Newell went to Philadelphia together for further medical work.

On February 6, 1812, the first great foreign missionary ordination service (described earlier in this book), took place at Salem, Massachusetts, and Gordon Hall was among those ordained. Adoniram Judson and Samuel Newell sailed from Salem, Massachusetts on February 9, and Gordon Hall, Samuel Nott and Luther Rice from Philadelphia on February 18.

Three Against the British East India Company

On reaching Calcutta they found the British East India Company most unfriendly to American missiona-

ries (to put it mildly), and after many unsuccessful efforts to obtain permission to do missionary work in India, Newell, Judson and Rice found their way to the Isle of France to await further developments. Hall and Nott expected to go likewise, but God ordained otherwise—He had work for them to do for Him in India, work for which Hall was especially fitted by both disposition and training. We have mentioned before the independent and granite-strong side of his nature. Now, through no wish or action on his part, he found himself challenging the right of the British East India Company to bar American missionaries from their territory. That appeared preposterous: two little, unknown, unimportant would-be missionaries trying to change the richest, haughtiest, most powerful trading company of the world. The odds, humanly speaking, were a million to one against their ever accomplishing anything. The deciding factor, however, was that God was on Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott's side, and "the battle was not theirs, but the Lord's." It was a long-drawn-out fight that would fill a book, (and an intensely interesting one), if told in detail. The fate of Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott became a test case. Whether they were to be allowed to remain in India or sent home became a matter of public concern and prayer with the Christians in both England and America. The East India Company became more and more embarrassed. None of the officials wanted to take the responsibility of either expelling them or letting them stay. They passed the case along hoping to wear out the missionaries. They did not know Gordon Hall. At length the case reached the Governor-general of India, Lord Moira. Gordon Hall finally wrote Lord Moira. (He was not doing anything either.) That letter has become a classic: it is simple, dignified, fearless.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

That exercise of civil authority which, in a manner so conspicuous and determined, is about to prohibit two ministers of Christ from preaching His gospel in India, can be of no ordinary consequence, especially at the present moment, when the Christian public in England and America are waiting to hear how the religion of the Bible is welcomed and encouraged among the pagans of this country. Our cause has had so full and conspicuous a trial that its final decision may serve as a specimen by which the friends of religion may learn what is likely to befall those evangelical missions which they are laboring to support in India.

Your excellency knows perfectly well that whenever human commands run counter to the divine commands they cease to become obligatory. By all the dread of being found on the catalog of those who persecute the Church of God and resist the salvation of men we entreat your excellency not to oppose the prayers and efforts of the church by sending back those whom the church has sent forth in the name of the Lord to preach His gospel among the heathen. But should your excellency finally disregard the considerations we have presented, should we be compelled to leave this land, we can only say, Farewell, till we meet you, face to face, at God's tribunal.

That stating of the case was too much for "His excellency, the Governor-general of India." Like all his lesser officials, he now devoutly wished he had never heard of two missionaries named Samuel Nott and Gordon Hall. But he *was* sure he was not going to take any such responsibility as that set forth in the letter. He sent the case on to London to the Court of Directors of the East India Company. Let them decide it. After six months more had gone by, the court came to this, in their minds, petty and insignificant case. They were about to deny it arbitrarily when Sir Charles Grant, a venerable and most highly esteemed Ex-Chairman of the Court, presented a strong and scholarly written memorandum proving that the British East India Company had assumed powers not conferred by the law of England. God so used this argument coming from such an influential personage on the minds of the directors that they voted to allow, not only Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott to remain, but also all other missionaries "as long

as they conduct themselves in a manner agreeable to their office." Thus God, in answer to prayer, gave the missionaries the victory, and by a formal public act India was opened to all Christian missionaries. While many others prayed and worked and deserve a share in this notable victory, yet in great measure Gordon Hall was the human agency through which it came. God used those qualities his old tutor, Dr. Porter had named, "intellectual strength and discrimination, steadfast piety, persevering industry, sobriety of judgment, and inflexible decision" to move aside even the mighty British East India Company. Without doubt this was Gordon Hall's greatest achievement. Yet his spirit was so true and humble that he gave God all the glory, and looked on himself as merely a channel through which the blessing came.

Three Brethren, Hall, Nott and Newell, Begin Work in Bombay

As soon as the door was open the missionaries made haste to enter it and to begin work in Bombay. Samuel Newell soon joined them, and they began their missionary labors in full measure. Gordon Hall was the linguist of the three. In less than two years he could preach in Marathi, no simple language, and before long his eloquence in speaking and preaching was so great that the Brahmins, most critical and discriminating of his listeners, were deeply impressed. He sowed the precious seed of the gospel beside all waters. Humanly speaking, the immediate results were meager and discouraging. One entry in his journal is typical:

This day addressed about seventy persons, and in the course of the past week have spoken to more than eight hundred. Blessed be God for the privilege! I have noticed a few persons who seemed desirous to hear all I had to say, so much so that they have even followed me from one place to another. But, alas! when I fix my eyes only on the people, all is dark as night; but

whenever, by faith, I am enabled to look to the Son of Righteousness, all is light as noon. How great, how precious are the promises! Blessed is he that can trust in them!

Toward the close of the second year Mr. Nott's health failed and he was forced to return to the United States, leaving Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell alone. Shortly after this Mr. Hall married Margaret Lewis, an English girl living in India. She proved a great blessing to him as she knew God, the people, and Hindustani.

Village Schools and Printing Work Begun

The year before this (1815) Mr. Hall had started an educational venture which he hoped might be a means of reaching the people; he hired teachers, whether Hindus or Mohammedan, wherever he could find them to open free village schools for the poor. The two missionaries, Hall and Newell, directed what books should be used, and by frequent examination made sure they were faithfully taught.

By 1816 the missionaries were beginning publishing work. A third missionary joined them from Ceylon, Mr. Bardwell, who knew how to do printing. This led to the purchase of a press and types and the printing of several books of the New Testament and several tracts in Marathi. This material Gordon Hall had already translated. He went on with this work of translation till by 1817 he had finished a Harmony of the Gospels. He introduced this at once in his free village schools which by now had an enrolment of two hundred and fifty.

Early in 1818 two more missionaries joined the group, bringing the number up to five. With these reinforcements they were able to increase the free schools to eleven, with an attendance of six hundred. By 1819 interest in Bombay had so far increased that preaching services were held several evenings a week. The num-

ber of schools had increased to twenty-one with fifteen hundred students, and it seemed that at last the reaping time after the years of seed-sowing was about to begin.

A Last Goodby

It was a time of fierce personal trial, however, to Gordon Hall. He and his wife had been blessed with two little sons, and their home life was ideally happy. Then both lads fell ill, and before long it became apparent that only a change from the trying climate of India could save their lives. Friends urged the parents to take them to America, and to enjoy a needed rest themselves while finding a suitable home for the boys. Mr. Hall had been in India twelve years working almost day and night without rest, and his wife and fellow workers urged the trip upon him. He could not see his way clear to leave the work, however, and felt that Mrs. Hall and the boys should go alone. She continued to beg and plead till, as she tells us in her own words, one day after they had once more discussed the question with the usual deadlock of opinion he turned to her with deep solemnity and said, "I am in good health; I am able to preach Christ to the perishing souls all around me. Do you think I should leave my Master's work, and go with you to America? Go then with our sick boys. I will remain and pray for you all, and here labor on for our Master's cause, and let us hope God will bless the means used to preserve the lives of our dear children."

"From that time on," adds Mrs. Hall simply, "I ceased asking him to accompany us."

And so with heavy hearts the father and mother and two little sick boys said goodby and parted on the wharf of Bombay. They were never to meet again in this world.

For a short while on the voyage both boys rallied, and the mother's hopes were high. Then, almost without warning, the older lad suffered a relapse, died and was buried at sea.

The Last Journey

And what of the father separated from his remaining loved ones at this time of grief and need? He worked on, with even more earnestness, hoping and praying that the ingathering time might come. Apparently he had no presentiment that his own life was almost at an end. Less than two months before his death he wrote, "That the truth of God is affecting the minds of this people to a considerable extent there can be no doubt. I trust that righteousness and salvation will spring up amidst this prevailing sin and death. I never felt more encouragement and satisfaction in my work than at present."

On the second of March, 1826, Mr. Hall set out on an extended trip to a place called Nassick, over one hundred miles from Bombay. He arrived there on the eleventh only to find the cholera raging so fiercely that preaching or Christian work was out of the question. Over two hundred people died the day after he arrived. He gave out what medicine he had and started home, reaching a place called Doorlee Dhapoor about thirty miles on his way late that night. Tired to the limit of his strength he reached a heathen temple and decided to spend the night on the veranda. The night was so cold, that, after sleep refused to come to his chilled body, he sought shelter inside only to find two men within who were very ill. One soon died, and it became evident that they both had been stricken with cholera. Hall administered to the other till he had practically exhausted what little medicine he had left. About four o'clock in the morning, feeling he could do no more for

the sufferer, he called his native lads who were traveling with him and was preparing to go on his way when he, himself, was seized with the cholera in such a violent attack that he fell helpless to the ground. The boys laid him on his native mat, and the initial spasm having passed, he attempted to treat himself with what little medicine he had left. But alas, the help he now needed so sorely himself he had given away to others. Not enough medicine remained to check the disease. He realized probably from the very first that this was true, and having proved it, he calmly told the native lads that humanly speaking his case was now helpless, and committed himself into the hands of God. He gave them directions as to what to do with his watch and other scanty possessions. The disease progressed rapidly and at noon he died, only eight hours after he had been stricken. The sorrowing native boys wrapped him in his blanket and after great difficulty gained permission to bury him in a Mohammedan cemetery nearby. Today his grave is marked by a simple, beautiful monument.

Thus ended the life that began so humbly in Tolland, Massachusetts, forty-two years before. Gordon Hall did not live to see the ingathering for which he had worked and prayed. He had sowed; others reaped. But to him God gave the privilege of forcing entrance to the harvest field without which entrance there could have been neither sowing nor reaping.

CHAPTER SIX

SAMUEL AND HARRIET NEWELL

IT WAS GIVEN TO THEM TO DIE FOR CHRIST

God Leads an Orphan Boy to Boston

Samuel Newell, the fourth member of the original Andover group, was also privileged to reach his chosen field of India, to labor there for a few brief years and then to go direct from India to heaven.

Samuel Newell's life differed greatly from the other members of the Andover group of "Brethren." Most of them came from comfortable ministerial homes where they received a strict, but careful and loving upbringing. Most, if not all, of them were diligently supervised at every step of their education. Always their parents or interested family friends were there, perhaps more or less in the background, but always there to advise, furnish financial aid, and fall back on generally if necessary. But Samuel Newell was an orphan boy, who set out to make his way in the world with no one to help him but God. How God did help him to rise from nothing, humanly speaking, to an ambassador for Him to the proud and ancient land of India is the story of his life. He was born in Durham, Maine, a small town just north of Portland, in 1784 the youngest of nine children. His mother died when he was two years old and his father eight years later. Four years after that when he was fourteen Samuel set out to make his own way in the world. Portland, twenty-six miles away, was the nearest city, so he set out for Portland on foot.

No record has come down to us of who it was that prayed for him—the mother so soon to leave him, his father, his grandparents or some Christian friend or relation, but the hand of God was on him so markedly that we may well suspect that “somebody prayed.”

God Uses a Sea Captain

When Samuel finally reached Portland the water front drew him like a magnet as it does every normal boy. He wandered from one ship to the next, examining each with increasing delight. Undoubtedly he had never seen so many ships at one time in all his life.

Before one especially fine and large vessel he lingered on and on to admire it to his heart's content. The captain came by and saw him standing there on the wharf. Something about the lad and his open admiration of the beautiful ship impressed the captain and he asked him kindly, “What is your name, my boy, and what do you want?”

This brought Samuel back with a start to why he had come to Portland and he replied promptly, “My name is Samuel Newell and I came here to seek my fortune.”

This frank and unexpected statement amused and pleased the captain so much that he said, “Well, I sail tomorrow for Boston; how would you like to try your luck with me?”

There was nothing Samuel would have liked better than a chance to sail on that ship, so the next day he sailed, not to Augusta or Halifax or “the Banks” as so easily might have been the case without the guiding hand of God, but to Boston, “Hub” of New England learning and religion.

Here again God opened the way before Samuel. His new friend, the captain, met an old friend of his, Judge Lowell, who was looking for a boy to work for him.

"I have just brought your boy with me from Portland!" exclaimed the captain, and on seeing Samuel, Judge Lowell agreed and took him home with him to Roxbury (then just outside Boston). So Samuel obtained his first position with no delay, no effort on his part—in fact, without even stepping off the ship.

Mr. Ralph Smith Discovers What Samuel Is Good For

Judge Lowell was a kind employer and Samuel spent two pleasant years with him till his death in 1802. Again death had robbed him of his best earthly friend, but God had not forsaken the lad and now directed his steps to a man who was to do even more for him than had Judge Lowell. Mr. Ralph Smith, also of Roxbury, was his next employer, and now Samuel encountered someone who really recognized his abilities. Mr. Smith was a keen observer and also had a good sense of humor. He had agreed to provide Samuel with three months' schooling a year, but he soon found that Samuel was a most unusual boy—he actually wanted to study more than he had to. He was often discovered reading a schoolbook when he should have been working. Instead of annoying his new employer this amused Mr. Smith. He slyly investigated and discovered that while Samuel had a remarkably good mind he had little manual ability. This also failed to annoy Mr. Smith but amused him still more. Mr. Smith now considered he had all the facts of the case and knew just what to do about it. He went to his friend Dr. Nathaniel Prentiss, the master of the Roxbury Grammar School, and told him, not without a twinkle in his eye, that he had a boy living with him he had decided to put in the Roxbury Grammar School (the equivalent of our present day high school), since the lad was good in books but in very little else. Mr. Prentiss expressed himself delighted, and Samuel began his career as a scholar.

God Uses a Preceptor and a Scripture Text

Everything went smoothly but Latin, but since it was his most important subject, Latin soon became "the lion in his way." Samuel's preceptor, who, of course, knew the story of his coming to the Roxbury Grammar School, kept him after the Latin class one day and asked him if he were really willing to pay the price of an education. For Samuel this price would be the thorough mastery of Latin. Samuel replied that he feared he never *could* learn Latin. The preceptor encouraged him by saying that he was sure Samuel had the ability, but his perseverance needed improvement. "*Can you persevere?*" he asked, and, without giving Samuel a chance to reply, sent him away to think it over for a week.

At the end of the week Samuel's answer was brief and to the point: "I will try; for I cannot bear to live and die in ignorance."

"Very well," replied the preceptor, "nothing that I can do for you shall be wanting. But remember, you have put your hand to the plow and must not look back."

Samuel did not "look back" and found that, as his preceptor had told him, perseverance for him was the one thing needed to remove every difficulty from his study of Latin. He had no more major trouble with it.

Samuel Struggles with Theology

While still in the Roxbury Grammar School Samuel took up the study of the Greek New Testament. He soon showed an inclination to study more than the text—to concern himself with the interpretation of various passages. He sometimes heard John Murray, a famous Universalist preacher, and this further stimulated his interest in exegesis. He asked his Latin preceptor to help him again, but the preceptor flatly re-

fused. "When you get to Cambridge you will have a professor of divinity more capable than I am," he said. This did not deter Samuel, however; he studied on with such aids as he could obtain. This was providential, for later this theological groundwork helped save him from Unitarianism.

In two years from the time he entered the Roxbury Grammar School he was ready for Harvard. Mr. Ralph Smith had been right—Samuel "had what it takes to make a scholar," for we are told, "his preparation was thorough and exact and his standing excellent."

He Rang His Way Through Harvard

He entered Harvard in the fall of 1903 as the "Regent's or Butler's Freshman," which somewhat imposing and probably to most of us quite incomprehensible title, simply meant that he was given the opportunity of ringing the bell for classes to earn his way through college. This bell that called the hours for classes hung in the chapel steeple and was rung just like any church bell. So Samuel could literally say that he rang his way through college. (By the way, a churchlike bell still peals out class hours at Harvard today just as it did in 1803.) Soon after entering college he showed much interest in religious matters and frequently attended the First Baptist Church in Boston.

Impact of Unitarianism—Samuel Returns a Favor

The next fall he united with the First Congregational Church in Roxbury. Later he regretted this step—his own experience did not satisfy him and neither did the theological views of his pastor. It was just before the great schism in New England over Unitarianism. Ten years later the line was drawn, and the Roxbury Congregational Church was on the Unitarian side. But Samuel's close study of the Greek New Testament had fortified him to some extent against the error of Uni-

tarianism and rather than go along with his pastor he began to stay away from church. His old preceptor, who was a member of the same church and still followed Samuel's career with affectionate interest, remonstrated with him, and quoted his famous Latin verse, "No man that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is fit for the kingdom of heaven." But Samuel now showed that he had "a mind of his own" by declaring that following the plow of Unitarian belief was *not* the way into the kingdom of heaven. So well and fervently did Samuel present his case that he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his old preceptor give up the Unitarian position and join him in the evangelical faith.

God Leads Him to Andover and a Call

After being graduated from Harvard University Samuel taught school first in the grammar school in Roxbury and then as principal of an academy in Lynn. He intended to remain in Lynn, but, as we are told, "his thoughts were turned toward the Christian ministry," and in 1809 he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. Here he soon became a moving force religiously, met Mills, Judson, Hall, Nott, Rice and all the others, joined "the Brethren" and shared with them their consuming interest in foreign missions. After leaving the Seminary he preached in Rowley near Newburysport, Massachusetts, till, with Gordon Hall, he went to Philadelphia to study medicine in order better to prepare himself as a missionary.

He had, meanwhile, met Harriet Atwood, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, a beautiful Christian girl of eighteen, "of remarkable devotion and intelligence," who was a close friend of Ann Hasseltine, and, like her, was soon forced to choose or reject for her husband a young man expecting soon to go abroad to carry the gospel

to the heathen. Like Ann, she chose to follow her beloved to the ends of the earth, being fully persuaded that this was God's will for her.

Like the Judsons, the Newells were married only a few days before they sailed together on the ship *Caravan*. For the next few months their paths ran together, and Ann and Harriet often must have been a comfort to one another as together they faced the new country and language and customs of India. But as we know from the life of the Judsons, their stay in India was to be brief and troubled by the British East India Company's demands that they leave the country at once. Both the Judsons and the Newells decided on the Isle of France as the best place for them to go in this emergency. They would have gone together if they could have found sailing accommodations. But the vessels clearing for the Isle of France were all small trading ships with hardly any provision for carrying passengers. The first ship to sail had room for only two persons and the Judsons gladly agreed to remain behind till they could follow the Newells on another ship.

God's Ways Are Past Finding Out

For the Newells the journey proved disastrous: the winds were contrary and for almost a month the little sailing vessel was tossed about in the Bay of Bengal without making much progress. Then the boat sprang a leak and put into the tiny port of Coringa where it remained a fortnight longer. Two weeks after they again set sail a baby daughter was born to the Newells. For a few days all went well and the young parents rejoiced that the ordeal was safely over and mother and daughter were safe and prospering. Then came rain and heavy storm and in spite of all the anxious father and mother could do to protect her, the baby caught cold, grew steadily worse, died—and was buried at sea.

The shock and grief of the baby's unexpected death prostrated the young mother, already worn by the seasickness, scanty food and wretched living conditions on the long ocean voyage. She took cold also, and by the time the ship reached the Isle of France, about two weeks after the death of the baby, her condition was serious, with her symptoms all pointing toward advanced tuberculosis, or, as they called it then, "quick consumption."

Harriet Newell—the First Missionary to Die on the Field

There were medical aid, comforts and good food available on the Isle of France and all were put at Harriet's disposal, but they came too late—she died in less than a month. She was only nineteen years old. Mr. Newell wrote her mother the following letter telling of her death:

I would tell you how God has disappointed our favorite schemes, and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness with an intimation that He has nothing for us to do there. I would tell you how He has visited us all with sickness, and how He has afflicted me in particular, by taking away the dear babe which He gave us, the child of our prayers, our hopes, our tears. And I would tell you—but oh, shall I tell it or forbear? Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial. Come, then, let us mingle our grief and weep together, for she was dear to us both; and now she is gone. Yes, Harriet, your lovely daughter, is gone, and you will see her face no more! My own Harriet—the wife of my youth, and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell, and left me to mourn and weep alone. Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale face while we traveled together, down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she passed through and took her upward flight, and ascended to the mansions of the blessed, but I sit weeping here.

Your son,

SAMUEL NEWELL.

Thus less than a year after the first of the pioneer missionaries sailed from America was one of their number called up higher. Harriet's early death under

such sad circumstances profoundly stirred the Christian Church at home. To others it was given to toil long years on foreign shores for the cause of Christ, but to Harriet it was given to die for His cause.

The pathetic letter of the grieving young husband brought home to thousands what it had cost for one couple to be missionaries.

The End of the Way

After delays and trials Mr. Newell finally made his way back to Bombay where he rejoined Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott. He threw himself into the work so completely that as an early missionary writer* says, "His individual life seemed swallowed up in the common enterprise, leaving no personal record that is not part of the mission history. In loving conjunction with Mr. Gordon Hall, he concerned himself in preaching, translating, teaching and stirring up their brethren at home to give to the work to which they were commissioned. 'I have so little time for writing,' he says, 'that, except my letters to the Board, I can do little more than to tell my friends that I remember them and love them.' He had a presentiment that his time would be short, which he often expressed." The motto of his life seemed to be, "Work for the night is coming, When man's work is o'er." An epidemic of cholera came, and he was one of the first victims, dying in only a few hours.

His epitaph written in the full-rounded, quaint-sounding (to us, at any rate), style of a hundred years ago sums up his life and character thus: "His manners were prepossessing, his demeanor modest, his habitual temper earnest, affectionate and confiding. He had in a large measure those engaging qualities which

*Lucius Smith—"Missionary Heroes and Martyrs."

lie at the basis of enduring friendship, and the ties which bound him to his chosen associates in his earlier and later life were of the nearest and most tender kind. His intellect was strong, and diligently cultivated, and his acquired knowledge was extensive, the fruit of unremitting and judicious application, but his estimate of himself was humble. He labored with unyielding energy, but without ostentation. All his aims and efforts were subordinated to the sense of Christian duty, and pervaded by habitual piety. In his early removal the church lost a faithful servant, the world a wholehearted philanthropist, a wide circle of friends their hope and joy, and heaven gained a jewel such as earth does not often present to adorn the holy city."

PART II.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ELLA WINSLOW PERRY

"A Type of Good, Heroic Womanhood"

A MINISTRY OF HEALING

She Visits Her Grandmother and Meets the Supply Pastor

In the year 1871 a fifteen-year-old girl named Ella Winslow, who lived in Woodstock, in central Vermont, went to spend the summer with her three aunts and her grandmother who lived in Ludlow, about thirty miles south of Woodstock. There was nothing especially unusual or significant in that, at least on the face of it, as she had often visited them thus. When she reached Ludlow, however, she found an unusual air of interest in her grandmother's home. The Methodists, among whom were her grandmother and aunts, had organized a little "class" in Ludlow some time ago, and now the "Methodist Divinity College" in Boston (known today as the Boston University School of Theology), was sending them their first supply pastor, a young theological student who was to preach for them during his summer vacation. Of course, an event like that could hardly fail to create a stir in a small town like Ludlow, especially in the little Methodist class itself. Ella, along with everyone else in town, soon found out that the young student's name was Nathan Perry and that he came originally from "down East."

Young Mr. Perry arrived in due course of time and found some extremely fine people in the little class at Ludlow. From the first his heart went out in particular

to one young man about his own age named Albert Riggs, so spiritual and congenial in every way that they soon became "brothers" of the David and Jonathan type. He also noticed that Ella Winslow was an exceptionally fine Christian girl and very attractive.

He did so well that first summer that he was sent back the second summer and then the third. The third summer, 1873, he and his friend, Albert Riggs, decided to go to campmeeting together, over to the great Methodist Camp at Round Lake, New York. They went and heard William MacDonald, that mighty pioneer holiness preacher of Methodism, preach on holiness. Both sought the experience and received it.

*Amusing Interlude—Nathan Perry Passes Judgment on
Albert Riggs' Call to Preach*

So marvelous was the change in Albert Riggs' life that he very shortly confided to his preacher friend that he believed he had a call to preach. This thoroughly dismayed Nathan Perry. Albert Riggs was a painter by trade and his educational advantages had been much limited. To the mind of the young theological student this was an unsurmountable obstacle. Gently and tactfully Nathan Perry labored with the would-be preacher, closing his remarks with the words, "You will spoil a good layman and make a poor preacher!" That settled it with Albert Riggs—for the time being. Several years later another preacher friend of his, a young Methodist evangelist, named Hiram Reynolds, thought differently of it; in fact, he was so moved by the Spirit to consider Albert Riggs "a vessel chosen of God" that, in his own words, he "prayed him into the ministry." What came of that is another story, already known to thousands in the eastern part of the United States. Enough to say that Nathan Perry had been mistaken in relying on his own judgment rather than on the mind of the Lord in the matter. God saw that while Albert Riggs might never

become a great preacher by homiletical standards, yet he could become a truly great pastor and spiritual leader, "a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost," whose influence on the holiness work in the East was inestimable and continues to this present day.

Methodist Minister's Wife

When it came to Miss Ella Winslow, however, young Mr. Perry made no such humorous mistake as he had made in the cause of Albert Riggs. He wisely continued to cultivate her acquaintance during the summers he spent in Ludlow. He did well with the little "class"; God blessed and prospered his efforts till the Presiding Elder was able to organize it into a full-fledged Methodist Episcopal Church with Nathan Perry as their first regular pastor. Then in 1875 he was graduated from the Boston University School of Theology and felt free to take unto himself a wife. Since his choice was already made and the young lady was of willing mind, Nathan Perry and Ella Winslow were married that same year, and were sent by the Presiding Elder to a new charge in Brattleboro, Vermont. Here a little son was born to them, whom they named Ernest. Then on to another charge in Springfield, Vermont, where a daughter, Gertrude, joined the family circle. Then on to Bellows Falls and St. Albans, Vermont. After three successful years in St. Albans the unexpected happened—the young preacher husband was suddenly taken by death. And so at twenty-eight, Ella Winslow Perry was left a widow with two little children, Ernest, age eight and Gertrude, age five, to bring up.

One of the first effects of this crushing blow on Mrs. Perry was to drive her closer to the Lord. She had indeed loved and served Him from her youth up, but up to this time the truth of sanctification had been more or less a closed book to her, even though her own

husband professed, possessed and preached it. But now, in her hour of need, it became a living reality in her life. Christ became her "all in all," and from that time forth her life was radiant with the beauty of holiness.

Seamstress—Soul-winner—Intercessor

She began to take in sewing to support her family; for the next seventeen years of her life ran quietly on there in St. Albans. Her work was confining, yet all down through these years God used her to be a blessing to many. She could not leave her sewing to go to them, so they came to her, and told her their troubles and problems, both temporal and spiritual, as she sewed on. Then they would pray together until the burdened one found victory and peace. Her son-in-law, Rev. L. S. Tracy, says of these years, "Some have gone to glory and some are still active in the Lord's work who prayed through in her home—often beside the kitchen stove." Probably the greatest secret of her usefulness was that she consistently "took time to be holy." She "prayed without ceasing." Years later she often said of this period that she prayed every time she drew the needle up through the cloth as she sewed. No matter how her sewing piled up she always took time for prayermeeting; no matter how the finances pressed, the little family took their vacation at camp meeting regularly every summer even if their budget would cover only two or three days' sojourn.

Then her boy was ready for college, and, following in his father's footsteps, set off for Boston University. Here he made a fine record scholastically but much more important, kept a deep, steady experience spiritually. His mother's prayers followed him and guarded him from unnumbered pitfalls. Years afterward she often told of how the Holy Spirit would lead her from her bed many a night to pray for her son in Boston.

Matron at Old P. C. I.

Just at the time her son was finishing his college course at Boston University, and her daughter was beginning hers at the University of Vermont, Mrs. Perry came in touch with another school, a tiny one indeed this time, named the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute and then located in Saratoga Springs, New York. A young couple named Carroll and Lois Lanpher, friends of theirs from nearby Fairfield, Vermont, had attended this school the year before. It was "out and out for holiness," and delighted the Lanphers so much that through their influence and the direct leading of the Lord the opening of the next school year found "Mother Perry" beginning her work as Matron at "Old P. C. I." Even better, the Lord had opened the way for both her children to be with her. Ernest taught Greek, German and science, while Gertrude taught English, French and music.

The second year found the little school transplanted to North Scituate, Rhode Island, and the Perry family along with it. Ernest Perry now gladly turned his Greek classes over to a young woman, a new addition to the teaching staff who had made Greek a specialty. Her name was Olive M. Winchester. Ernest Perry found enough to keep him busy without the Greek classes, as this second year he was made Assistant Principal of P. C. I. Then at the beginning of their third year at P. C. I. tragedy again struck the Perry family—Ernest was drowned while boating on a lake near the school. All who knew him agree that he was a young man of exceptional promise: clean-cut, well-educated, keen of perception and intellect, deeply spiritual; that he should have thus been taken so early in life remains one of the mysteries we may not solve in this world. Even many years after his death those who knew him still regret his loss as one of the heaviest blows "Old P. C. I."

ever suffered, and speculate, "If Ernest Perry had only lived—"

After that ending to so many of her dearest hopes and prayers, now bereft of husband and only son, Mother Perry went faithfully on, serving the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Not one of the boys and girls attending the school escaped her loving, motherly care. Her son-in-law, Rev. L. S. Tracy, says of these days, "Many remember when 'Mother Perry' gave them counsel at a critical time in their lives, prayed for them, nursed them to health or plied her needle in their behalf." Then he goes on to tell the tragi-comic story of his own brown trousers; for Leighton Tracy himself was one of the many who remember when she helped him in time of need. He was then a poor, hard-working student with not a cent of money for a new pair of trousers. "Mother Perry," as all true mothers, knew of his need and so she darned those brown trousers for him with brown silk till they were, as she expressed it, "a work of art," and could be darned no longer. But then their owner had an inspiration; he could get along without a vest. Joyfully he carried his vest to "Mother Perry"; she cut it up straightway and used great pieces of the vest on those trousers just where needed most. So skillful was her operation that the seams hardly showed, but the brown trousers took on a new lease of life and served their owner till he was able to buy a new pair. And so her life at "Old P. C. I." was filled with quiet, loving deeds known in whole to no one but God.

Missionary Applicant Extraordinary

In 1904 this quiet round of her duties was broken by an urgent and pressing call sent out by the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America for missionary volunteers for India. Sister Perry's daughter,

Gertrude, at the ripe age of eight years, had expressed a desire to become a missionary. As she grew older she lost sight of this early ambition, but when, after coming to P. C. I., she began to seek the experience of holiness, there was her call again clear and strong. She yielded to it with the promise that she would go as soon as God opened the way. This He was now doing, and after much prayer and waiting on the Lord for guidance, "Mother Perry" felt constrained to volunteer also as a missionary for India.

This application was rather an embarrassment to the Missionary Board of the Association, with Rev. H. F. Reynolds as its secretary. Mrs. Perry's Christian zeal and devotion and sterling worth were so well known she could not be turned away lightly; yet at the same time she *was* almost fifty years old, and India is one of the most trying climates in the world for missionaries. Then Mrs. Perry was such a tiny woman, only a little over five feet tall and now thin and worn till it seemed a vigorous wind might blow her away. Marathi, moreover, the language spoken in Western India where the mission was located, is said by lexicographers to be the most difficult language in all India. (This is because it is the most directly descended from the Sanskrit; and Sanskrit, in turn, is considered one of the most difficult languages in the world.)

So we can almost see the good leaders shaking their heads sadly over Mrs. Perry's application to go as a missionary to Western India. We can also imagine their comments. The first one speaks, "Mrs. Perry is a wonderful little woman, but she couldn't last a month in that climate, at her age."

The next one adds, "Sister Perry is a fine Christian worker, but you all know she never could learn the language, at her age."

The third brother questions, "Sister Perry is doing a most worthy work right where she is; now why should she want to leave it, at her age?"

It is even possible that, since this was a meeting of the brethren, one added, "Well, if that isn't just like a woman. But you might think a woman like Sister Perry would have more sense, at her age."

At length they made the proposition that Sister Perry might go to India if she would pay her own fare, support herself on the field for two years, and deposit a sum sufficient to cover her return passage in case her health gave out and she had to leave the field. Probably after that they never expected to hear anything more about Sister Perry's desire to go to the foreign field.

Mrs. Perry, however, still felt sure that the Lord had called her to India, and if He had, He would see her through every obstacle, financial, climatic, linguistic or otherwise. He did. She was enabled to meet every financial demand so that when the missionary party sailed from New York in 1904 she was among the number, which also included her daughter, Gertrude, Leighton Tracy, Julia Gibson and Priscilla Hitchens. "Old P. C. I.," if you will note, was well-represented, indeed, with two faculty members (Mrs. Perry, Miss Gertrude Perry), and two students (Mr. Leighton Tracy, Miss Julia Gibson), in the party. You might add that our Nazarene colleges have been missionary-minded from the start, even before some of them were Nazarene colleges.

Before this time Mother Perry and her daughter had joined one of the Pentecostal Churches of America, located in Lowell, Massachusetts. It is perhaps worth noting why they joined a church in a city where neither they nor their relatives lived. It was simply because of the pastor in Lowell, who was none other than Rev.

Nathan Perry's "David-and-Jonathan" brother of long ago, Albert Riggs. Yes, he had found his way into the ministry and then into the Pentecostal Association which was soon (in three years, to be exact) to unite with the Church of the Nazarene. It must have been an unusual pleasure for Rev. A. B. Riggs to receive the wife and the daughter of his dear friend of years ago into his own church as members not so long before they sailed as missionaries for India.

Medical Missionary

When at last the missionary party reached their goal in India, the town of Buldana, Berar, Central Province, Mother Perry settled down to her work with an adaptability that might have surprised a person who did not know her background. She stood the climate better than some of the younger missionaries. She learned the language, perhaps not well enough to carry on a philosophical discussion of pantheism, but well enough to find out where a person felt bad when he was sick, and to tell him about Jesus. Again her son-in-law, Rev. L. S. Tracy, says of her:

Possessing a natural inclination toward medical work, and being sympathetic as well as practical and sensible, it seemed natural that she should take up that department of the work. She became highly proficient in this medical work. She gathered very many of the ordinary expressions of the people, particularly those pertaining to disease and medicines, until by means of "signs and wonders" as she often expressed it (to which I would add a remarkable intuition), she understood the people very well and made them understand her. She studied the medical books available, compounded her own remedies from the drugs, carried them to the people, sometimes for long distances and at all times of the day or night and in all kinds of weather, following up the treatment with good nursing and prayer until she had gained the confidence of the Indian people in a manner that a regular physician might envy. Indeed their confidence was so great that they often brought cases that she felt were too difficult for her. Then she would direct them to the government hospital, but in the majority of cases the patients would keep begging and insisting that she treat them,

until she consented to do the best she could for them—often with remarkably gratifying results.

In return for her untiring, loving care for them, the Indian people loved her deeply. They called her "The Old Mother," a name which to them signified the greatest respect and affection they could show anyone. They listened to the old, old story as she told it to them simply and prayerfully while she ministered to their physical needs. Only God knows all the good she accomplished in this way. So Mother Perry worked on for seven years until it was furlough time. Many changes had come during those seven years. The year after they reached India, Gertrude Perry and Leighton Tracy were married, and two little granddaughters had come to brighten Mrs. Perry's life as well as the lives of their own parents. The work had seen vicissitudes in full share; there had been setbacks and trials and problems, progress and victory, and through it all God's help and blessing in every time of need. There had been sickness: both Sister Perry and Brother Tracy had had typhoid fever; Brother Tracy so severely that his recovery partook of the nature of a miracle in answer to prayer. They had gone out in 1904 under the Association of Pentecostal Churches of America, but in 1907 this eastern Association and the western Church of the Nazarene, and in 1908 the southern Holiness Church of Christ, had united, forming the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. Thus they returned to the United States in 1911 as missionaries of a far larger denomination, that now extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Mrs. Perry's furlough was spent about as quietly back there in 1911-1912 as our present-day Nazarene missionaries spend their furloughs, with probably more emphasis on visiting campmeetings and less on zone rallies.

"At Home and Abroad"

In the later part of 1912 Mrs. Perry and the Tracys sailed for their second term in India, this time from San Francisco across the Pacific Ocean to Calcutta. During this second term Mrs. Perry had even greater success in her medical work, for her fame "had spread abroad through all the land," and she had many calls from far-off points and even from other missions. The Lord so blessed her ministry of healing that she often worked day and night answering all calls for help that came in.

The extent of her work may perhaps best be realized by a glance at the report she turned in to the government for the year 1918, the year before she died. This gives the number of cases treated, not the number of treatments for each case, which in most instances was a goodly number:

Syphilis	11	Digestive system	171
Anaemia	3	Dyspepsia	12
Inflammation of lymphatic glands	3	Liver and spleen	9
Generative system	2	Skin diseases	151
Paralysis	1	Urinary system	2
Ulcers	32	Local	13
Opium poisoning	1	Injuries	35
Malaria	87	Nervous system	4
Eyes	20	Rheumatism	7
Ears	26	Respiratory system	141
Diarrhoea	12	Pneumonia	11
		Dysentery	5
		General	98

Fallen at Her Post

During the latter part of 1918 she was not at all well, though she still kept on with her medical trips, visiting several other missions in addition to her regular work. A peculiar glow and radiance was on her life; several of her friends noticed this, and after her death remarked that they had felt she was "ripening for heaven."

Brother Tracy tells of her translation thus:

On January 24, 1919, after a trip to Bombay with us the day before, she was resting in her room about four o'clock in the afternoon when a native man came to the door asking for medicine. She arose, got the medicine for him, and went out on the veranda to give it, and while in the act of holding it out to him dropped on the floor at his feet in a faint before he could take it from her hand. We got her back to the bed and she regained consciousness, when symptoms of cholera began immediately to develop. There were no other white people within fourteen miles, and the nearest doctor was twenty-one miles away, so we wired for him, but the message was delayed until too late, and the doctor did not come at all. We did the best we could, treated and nursed her, but believed she could not live until morning. The native Christians were faithful in such help as they could render, and came in to say the last goodby, but she rallied and lived until the evening of the 25th, when she quietly passed away after an illness of twenty-eight hours.

Though suffering intense pain, she spoke of Jesus and the certainty of soon meeting Him. Her request concerning her burial was that if she should not recover she wanted to be buried in Khardi like the natives. But knowing that that would mean wrapping her in cloth and burying her in an open field, we said we would bury her in Igatpuri where we could secure a coffin and there was a European cemetery. This seemed to satisfy her.

Sister Perry was the first of our India missionaries to be translated. Unselfish devotion to God and to humanity were her outstanding characteristics. Brother Tracy says:

Never a sorrowing or sick person crossed her path but that she was ready to give her last copper and last ounce of strength to help. Indeed, we often had felt it necessary to point out that she gave to others what she herself needed, but it was her unselfish way of rendering service. . . . Her last act was to hold out some medicine to a poor sick native man; she dropped at his feet with the medicine still in her hand, which was truly typical of her life of sacrifice and service. She literally dropped at her post—which was just as she had wished.

But among the Indian people the influence of "The Old Mother" still lives on. She rests from her labors, but "her works do follow her."

CHAPTER EIGHT

IDA VIEG

She Was Called to the Old Women of China

"A Church Tramp"

Years and years later, across the ocean in China, in talking to a fellow missionary Miss Vieg thus characterized herself at the time the Lord met and saved her. She had been baptized and confirmed a Lutheran. Her parents were Scandinavians who came to this country soon after the close of the Civil War. Following "the course of empire" they moved westward and then westward till by the time Ida Kristen, the youngest of their seven children, arrived they were living in Fort Dodge, Iowa. After finishing high school Miss Vieg taught for several years, then attended Augustana Business College (Lutheran) in Rock Island, Illinois. In 1907, feeling the pull of the far West, she went to the state of Washington, where she again taught school for several years. It was during this period of her life that she began her "tramping" from church to church. She had been confirmed when she was fourteen years old, but this had failed to satisfy the longing of her heart after God. She wanted "something more" than she possessed. What this was she did not know, but she set out to hunt for it in the other Protestant churches. She tried all that she could reach, but none of them met her need.

But God was faithful; His eye was on her, though she knew it not, and at length He led her to the place where He could speak to her in a new way, and meet that persistent longing of her heart. He directed her

steps to a little Methodist Church in Centerville, Washington, where they were having a revival. Here she heard the doctrine of regeneration, "the new birth"—its possibility and necessity—preached clear and strong. The Holy Spirit was faithful and whispered, "This is what you have been seeking; this is what you need." She lost no time in seeking and receiving the experience.

The song of her heart from that moment was:

Hallelujah! I have found Him
Whom my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings;
Through His blood I now am saved.

At once she was filled with a great desire to serve the Lord in some special way. She gave up her teaching and went to Portland, Oregon, where she found a place of usefulness in city mission and rescue work. Here her ability and faithfulness soon won her the responsible position of Matron in the Louise Home for Girls in Portland.

Called and Sent

But God who had so wonderfully guided her footsteps in the past continued to direct her steps, and now led her into contact with "the holiness people." In 1910 she attended her first "Holiness Campmeeting," where she sought and obtained the wonderful experience of holiness. In a few months she united with the Church of the Nazarene.

One evening a short while later, as she sat in her room in the Louise Home, after a season of Bible reading and prayer, quietly meditating on the things of God, the Lord spoke to her clearly and definitely calling her to go as a missionary to China. This was unexpected indeed, and seemed so impossible and even unreasonable to her that for a time she tried to argue back to

the Lord and tell Him He must have made a mistake. Of course this got her nowhere; so at last she agreed to follow as the Lord led on. Then there seemed no possibility of her going for years, if ever, but the Lord proved the validity of her call by opening the way, so that within six months from the time He first spoke to her of China she was in Shanghai studying the language while assisting in a boarding school under the auspices of the National Holiness Association. It took real consecration, though, and "burning all her bridges" (or was it "umbrellas"?), to bring this about. Down through the years, especially when she was teaching school, Miss Vieg had saved a little money that was to be her "umbrella" for the proverbial "rainy day." Now the Lord spoke to her about that money. It was just enough to pay her way to China. She took the last step of faith, spent all her savings for her fare to China, and never regretted it. To the glory of God and the encouragement of others we might add that all down through her life the Lord supplied her needs, and she never "starved to death" nor became "an object of charity" as faint-hearted relatives and friends had warned her might happen. Rather, at the end of her life she went home to heaven praising the Lord for the wonderful way He had proved Himself faithful as her Banker who supplied all her needs.

With the N. H. A.

Miss Vieg, though a Nazarene, had affiliated herself with the National Holiness Association because at the time she went out in 1913 the Church of the Nazarene had no organized work or field in China. Imagine her joy when Dr. Reynolds, accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. Peter Kiehn and Miss Glennie Simms, appeared in China to open a Nazarene work and to arrange for a territory! Since the National Holiness Association was then re-

sponsible for a much larger area than they were able to care for, after much prayer and consideration Dr. Reynolds was able to make satisfactory arrangements with them whereby they ceded to the Church of the Nazarene a large strip of their territory north of the Yellow River in Shantung Province. And so we have these good people, Dr. Reynolds, the Kiehns and Miss Glennie Simms, at last ready to set off for the interior of China to open the new work, and Miss Vieg eager to become "one of them." First, though, there was opportunity for patience to have her perfect work. On Dr. Reynolds' advice that "all things be done decently and in order" Miss Vieg sent at once to the Nazarene Board of Foreign Missions in Kansas City for missionary application blanks. She received and filled them out in January, 1914, but the China mail was going through even worse just then than it has been since "the new order in Asia," for they did not reach Headquarters till October, nine months later, which was at least seven months late. While waiting for an answer, Miss Vieg taught Rev. and Mrs. Woodford Taylor's children and also kept on with her own study of Chinese. Since the Taylors (National Holiness Association missionaries) were stationed in Shantung Province only a comparatively short distance from Chao Cheng, where the Kiehns and Miss Simms were now working, Miss Vieg was able to keep in close touch with them.

Miss Vieg's fellowship with the Taylors and other N. H. A. missionaries was always most pleasant, but since she was a member of the Church of the Nazarene she longed to be one of its missionaries as well. After waiting over a year for a reply to her missionary application she finally wrote again in July, 1915, this time to Dr. Reynolds. In reply she received what she had been waiting for, notice of her acceptance by the

Board. She also received an explanation of the long delay.

Nazarene Missionary in Chao Cheng

In May, 1916, Miss Vieg began her work with the Nazarene Mission in Chao Cheng. Here she worked for the next four years, and here she began her labor among the women which was to be hers in a peculiar sense for all the rest of her life. As in all heathen lands, in China Miss Vieg found that human misery reached its climax in the lives of the women. Outside of the highest class she found that practically none of them could read or write, knew anything of sanitation, or, in short, had any hope in life whatsoever. Of course, with a new work, such as the Nazarene Mission at Chao Cheng, the first crying need is always for native preachers and teachers. Those are practically always men because men are quickest to train. But from the very first of her work the Lord put on Miss Vieg's heart the burden for a group of native Christian women who could take their place in the home and in the work as literate, intelligent, Spirit-filled Christians. And so she began to gather the women first into Bible classes and later into training classes for Bible women. God blessed her marvelously in this work. Miss Vieg had many of the qualifications of the ideal teacher. She was patient; she was calm, relaxed and self-controlled always, yet at the same time firm and purposeful. She was kind. Best of all, she could truthfully say to the women she gathered around her, "Follow me, as I follow Christ," for her own life was blameless. After her death Sister Wiese said of her. "She was a great teacher of the Word and her life an example of the Word. She is the only missionary of whom I never heard a word of criticism by the Chinese. They all loved her. One said, 'As we see it she should live to be a hundred'."

As time went on Miss Vieg found that one group of women were still very largely neglected: the older women. The girls and younger women were soon responding in large numbers and learning to read and write and even going on to a higher education with surprising ease and profit. But the older women seemed hopeless. Most of them thought themselves they could never learn enough to read their Bible (which was their highest ambition), and so did all their relatives and friends, and even all the other missionaries but Miss Vieg. To everyone else it seemed a sheer waste of time and energy even to try to teach them to read. But not so with Miss Vieg. The Lord had put the burden of their need and helplessness on her heart, and filled it so full of love and compassion for them that she could not rest till she had done something special for these older women. And so she began by gathering a few of those "old grandmothers," who seemed the most eager to learn, into a little Bible class and working with them. We have said before that two of Miss Vieg's outstanding characteristics as a teacher were persistence and patience. The Chinese are famed as a patient and persistent people themselves, but even the native Christians marveled at the love and patience Miss Vieg showed to her class of old grandmothers. As time went on and results began to show at last, they marveled still more. Mrs. Cheng, who must have been at least seventy, actually *learned to read her Bible*, and before long so had Mrs. Lee and then Mrs. Wang. (For the benefit of those of you who have not yet read *Thinking Yellow*, that means they practically all were learning, since those are the three commonest names in all China.)

As Mr. Yu (today one of our respected native workers in China, graduate of our Bible School and assistant business manager in Bresee Hospital, but back there a

small boy whose own relatives were among those in Chao Cheng reached and taught by Miss Vieg), summed up the situation from the point of view of the Chinese themselves:

If anything tried one's patience it was to try to teach these old women something. For sixty or even seventy years their brains had hardly ever been used except to follow the line of least resistance, and to try to teach them something that they should try to remember was a most difficult task. But Miss Vieg did not seem to mind it. She had love and patience in helping the old women, and would take pains to teach them when they were so slow. Just to think of such love for our people!

As the years went on Miss Vieg's loving service to these old women moved the whole native church as nothing else could. "She loves us all, even the old women! She even teaches the old women to read their Bibles!" became to the Chinese the highest proof of Miss Vieg's Christlike love to them.

Furloughs—Welcome and Unwelcome

In 1920 Miss Vieg was given a short furlough. She spent one semester in Pasadena College taking Bible courses to enrich her background for her Bible school work. Then in 1921 she returned to China and her work among the women. As before, her greatest burden was for the older women, but as the work grew and other stations were added it finally became the older women of a whole missionary district she carried on her heart instead of the older women of a single station. In 1927 local war conditions and anti-foreign sentiment were so threatening in North China that the American consul ordered most of our missionaries to the coast. After a stay in Tientsin Miss Vieg and several others of the party were furloughed home. Again Miss Vieg seized the opportunity for more Bible work, this time in Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho.

After she had had a year of study here, the situation in China was less threatening, but that in this country was more so, for the depression had set in. She found her chances for a speedy return to China growing less and less as the depression tightened in the homeland. Missionaries were just not being sent out. After some time in deputation work she turned again to city mission work, this time in Oakland, California. Here she said of herself, "It is hard for me to be contented on this side of the Pacific Ocean when my heart and interests are so largely on the other side of the Pacific."

Anxiety—Solution

And what of the ones she had served for ten years "on the other side of the Pacific"? For some time the older women, and the younger ones too, waited patiently for her return. Most of them had learned enough about the strange ways of missionaries to understand what a furlough meant; and they were glad that Miss Vieg could have her much-needed rest in her own land. But time went on until even the most ignorant and stupid among them knew that it was long past time for her to be back. "Why does not Wen Chiao Shih [her Chinese name] return to us?" they began to ask the other missionaries. "Surely she has not forgotten us; surely she remembers how much we need her to teach us the Word and help us to have hot hearts."

At first the other missionaries more or less put them off by saying Miss Vieg did not return, not because she had forgotten them or had changed her mind and did not wish to come back, but because the Missionary Board of the Church in America had not sent her back.

But the Chinese women were not too stupid or old for the inevitable next question, "Why?" Surely it could not be because the Board in America did not think Miss Vieg a good and successful missionary. They

dismissed that at once as fantastic, but perhaps it might be because the Board, so far across the ocean, did not know how much she was still needed in China. Yes, they concluded, that must be it. The Board thought she had done so well and won so many to Christ and even taught so many of the old women to read their Bibles who no one else thought could learn that now her work was done and she was no longer needed.

Soon these women and more, too, were back again. They asked this time that the missionaries write a letter to the Board and tell them how much she was still needed: how hundreds of women wanted her back, longed and yearned for her back, prayed for her to come back, and had found no one else among the remaining missionaries, already burdened far beyond their strength by hospital work, evangelistic work, Bible school work and many other pressing needs, to take her place with them. If the missionaries now would only write all this out for them and send it to the Board, surely the Board would understand and send her back to them at once.

It seemed then that the time had come for further explanations. The Board *could* not send her back because it did not have the money, and the missionaries tried to explain just a little to these old Chinese women of what a depression was and how it affected the work of the church. To people who had never known anything else but what we mean by a depression, only perhaps ten times worse, this was rather uphill work, and it is doubtful if the Chinese women ever did make much sense of that phase of the question. But one fact did emerge: if the Board had the money it would send Miss Vieg back to them. That gave them some real encouragement, for each one handled some money, small in value though it might be, and pitifully small in quantity. The news spread like wildfire and on the instant

the great resolve was born: the women would raise the money themselves and give it to the Board to use in sending Miss Vieg back to them! That was one collection that it did not hurt to take or give. Those who took it up were happy to be the bearers of such glad tidings. In fact, the only unfortunate ones on that occasion were those who had nothing to give. To finish the collection, however, took some time, for all felt it would not be fair to rob the women of the outstations that Miss Vieg had so faithfully visited, of their share in the collection. On the other hand, they agreed they could not delay too long; they were so eager to have Miss Vieg back with them. At last it was ready. Their representative handed it to Mrs. Wiese. Would she send it to the Missionary Board in America by the next mail to pay Miss Vieg's way back to them? She would—and did.

"Why Don't You Come, Miss Vieg?"

But still the months rolled by and Miss Vieg did not come. At last it was time for a week of study classes in Tamingfu for the women from all over the district. The last afternoon many of these country women came over to see the wonders of Mrs. Wiese's foreign house. She tells of some of the "marvels" they saw: the hot water tank on the stove, the baby's clean, dainty crib, the springs on the bed, the mattress, the large mirror and then one of them spied Miss Vieg's picture on the dresser. Mrs. Wiese says, "They took it in their hands and told her how they loved her, how lonesome they were to see her, how they had prayed for her to come, how they had given their money for her to come. 'Oh, why don't you come? Don't you love us any more?' they asked as the picture went from hand to hand, with the ever-repeated question, 'Why don't you come back to us, Wen Chiao Shih? Don't you love us any more? Why don't you come,

Wen Chiao Shih?" By this time Mrs. Wiese, who knew of the crushing burden on Miss Vieg's heart to return, was quite frankly in tears.

Home Again in China

And time rolled on till five years had passed since Miss Vieg left China. But just as God made a way for her back there in 1913 when He first called her to China, so now for the second time He "made a way where there was no way," and the second time opened the door for her to return to China. Miss Vieg said herself, "Surely God heard prayer, and opened the way where there seemed to be none." To come back to Chao Cheng seemed like returning home to her. And of a truth if being in the place where you are welcomed and loved by those who need you supremely constitutes being at home, Miss Vieg was now at home once more in China among the older women who had waited and prayed so long for her return. In her first report to the Board she wrote:

I have just returned from a trip of seventeen days in the southern part of our field, and I am impressed as never before with the greatness of our unfinished task as a Nazarene mission in China. Wherever one goes there are hungry hearts. I have wished many times that I could be in several places at once.

Called to the Neediest

But as during her earlier years in China, her work was again first of all with the pitiful, unloved old women. God gave her even greater success among them now in these later years. It almost seemed that her long absence and her return after many of them had almost given up hope of ever seeing her again had given her every word and deed peculiar power with these older women. After her death Miss Bertie Karnes wrote:

I had many occasions to observe her work with this class (the older women). She taught in the Bible School and gave herself conscientiously to it, but it was the other work to which

she gave most deeply of her time and strength. At her request, I gave a message one day to the old women in the church at Tamingfu. The Lord blessed us, and I remember saying to her afterward that now I could well understand her great love for these, who looked to her with such a helpless reliance on her love and ability to help them. To them her word was law.

Brother Wiese also added his word on the same subject:

Her life seemed to be wrapped up in these old women. She enjoyed being with them and helping them. Old women in China are so dull and slow to learn anything that it is a trial of patience to anyone who works with them. But Miss Vieg seemed to prefer them. It must be that God saw their need and thus put it on her heart to work more with them while others could give their time to other classes of people. She certainly proved to be an effectual worker with the women.

But Ministering to All

But Miss Vieg could not devote her entire time to them, for others needed her too. Miss Karnes says again:

The missionaries depended on her willingness to help everywhere; the Chinese pastors counseled with her frequently. And every day there was likely to be almost an unceasing stream, at times, of women coming for counsel and prayer; women with problems heavy and distressing, sometimes in great want; young girls and young men with school and personal problems. In all of these calls for help she spent herself gladly; any unselfish service seemed easy for her.

If the people were not coming to her, she could probably be found going to them. After her death Miss Catherine Flagler wrote:

It seems strange now to look out of my office window and not see her coming or going to a class, a meeting, to visit the hospital or some Chinese home. She was always "on the stretch," pouring out her life for these her people.

Faithful Unto Death

In 1934 Miss Vieg developed cancer. After prayer and consultation she was rushed to Peking, where she had the benefit of the best medical skill available there

through the Rockefeller Foundation. An operation was performed which appeared entirely successful and she was soon back at Tamingfu again. Two years later she had a severe fall from a high veranda which resulted in several broken ribs. When she failed to recover her usual health an X-Ray showed a recurrence of cancer, this time in inoperable form. Much prayer was made on her behalf that she might be raised up according to James 5: 14, 15. Mrs. Sutherland says:

Noticing how thin she was becoming the Chinese people used to pray she might be given strength to carry on her work; it was some time before they realized that she could not live unless God rebuked the disease and healed her. Then they began to pray fervently, and no one could count the times many of them have fasted and prayed for her and agonized in prayer that she might be spared. The missionaries prayed and fasted also and our hearts were wonderfully blessed as God met us in a comforting, precious way. But each time she became worse and it seemed to be His will to take her home. She was eager to live and continue her work, but when it became evident that she was not going to be restored she showed a beautiful submissive spirit to His will. Her favorite song was " 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus."

She continued her work as long as her failing strength would permit, though often urged by the other missionaries to take more rest. Even after she was unable to be out she continued to carry the burden of the work and counseled and prayed with all who came to her. Mrs. Wiese wrote of those last days:

The last talk we had she said, "Be sure they [the women] learn 'What Can Wash Away My Sins?' I feel it is so important to exalt the blood." Then she said, "Do your best to impress the preachers and Bible School students that they must be *teachers of the Word* as well as preachers." And often she would say, "It's line upon line. The entrance of His Word giveth light. Our native Christians must get His Word, and His Word will lead them to see the need of a higher experience." She continued to ask about the work and her Bible classes up to the last.

"No One Could Love Us Better"

As news of Miss Vieg's illness went out over the district the women all over the district who loved her so dearly fasted and prayed for her, and many came in to see her. They would go away sad and heart-broken over her thinness and weakness. All wished to do something for her. Mrs. Sutherland tells one incident typical of many. It was the night before she died and Mrs. Sutherland and one of the native Christian women, Yu Ta Sao, were watching with Miss Vieg to allow the regular nurses to rest. Mrs. Sutherland says:

Yu Ta Sao and I sat in the dim light watching the light breathing and the dear face now so thin and white. Taking the thin hands that were extended to the edge of the bed near us, Yu Ta Sao took them in her own, and rubbed them tenderly and with tears trickling down her cheeks said to me, "Lan T'ai T'ai (my Chinese name), Wen Chiao Shih is a good woman; she has a loving heart. Truly no one could love us better than she has!"

Goodness and Mercy Follow Her All the Days of Her Life

A week before she died, Brother Wiese visited her, and among other things told her how glad he was that the Lord had opened the way for her to return to China in 1932. She said:

Yes, Brother Wiese, God has been so good to me. I wanted so much to get back to China, the place where He called me to work, and He granted my request and I have been able to do a little more for the Lord here in this needy land.

Before he left he prayed with her, and then she in turn led in prayer after this manner:

Lord, I want to thank Thee for being so good to me. Even in this sickness Thou hast blessed me by sparing me the suffering that usually accompanies this disease. Thou hast given me so many friends to wait on me and care for all my needs. Thou hast not forsaken me. I am glad that Thou didst open the way for me to return to China and labor these last years. There is yet

so much to do, and I would be so glad to be well to help do the work. But I am resigned to Thy will. Whether living or dying I want the Lord's name to get glory. To some it might seem hard to die out here in China, but, Lord, I am willing. It seems that Thou hast been better to me than many of my own relatives. Some of them have not known the peace that I have enjoyed. They have not known what it means to have all one's sins forgiven and to enjoy God's richest blessings.

And so she prayed on for some time for her own loved ones, for all the work and especially for the old women; her requests interspersed with overflowing praises to God.

Heaven Came Near as She Entered in

The last few days of Miss Vieg's life the church and Bible School at Tamingfu were holding a special meeting with a Chinese evangelist, Mr. Chao. Many came in from the outstations, and on learning how low Miss Vieg was, all were heavy-hearted. Mrs. Sutherland writes:

Our hearts were bound together with a common sorrow, and from the first there was the most beautiful spirit of fellowship between the Chinese Christians and us and the different bands of Chinese Christians that I have ever witnessed in China. . . . Monday morning, May 3, the evangelist preached on "Faith," reading Revelation 21: 2, "And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any pain: for the former things are passed away."

The thoughts of all turned to the one they loved so well, who had loved them so faithfully down through almost twenty years of service for them, and who was now almost at the gates of that city. As the evangelist read on he would pause now and then to ask, "Do you believe it or not? Is it good or not?" With tears in most of the Christians' eyes and with joy in their faces they shouted back, "We believe! Praise the Lord!" Then the evangelist reached his climax: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things. . . . Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into that city. . . . And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come." His audience followed him in their Bibles as he read, the old women perhaps far behind,

but following patiently and persistently, till for the whole audience the New Jerusalem lay in sight, beautiful beyond earthly description, with the way to it marked plain and shining through the holy life of her who was now entering it before them. In the solemnity of that moment all felt the pull heavenward, the saved and the unsaved, the hot-hearted and the cold-hearted, all felt the desire to enter that Holy City. The meeting closed with many remaining to pray, for themselves or for others. Then praying could be heard in both the boys' and girls' dormitories and down in the front compound among the people.

At eleven o'clock that evening Miss Vieg entered into the joy of her Lord. When the gathered people heard the news they mourned indeed, but with hearts at the same time uplifted and comforted by the blessing of that service of the morning only a few hours before when they had caught just a glimpse of the glories prepared by the Lord for His own "Where all the redeemed of all ages sing glory around the white throne."

Whom the People Delighted to Honor

The funeral was such a long one with so many wishing to speak that finally Brother Wiese announced that he had chosen certain men and women to represent the rest and speak for them. But even after that, one woman not scheduled to speak arose and asked permission to say only a few words. They were:

I have not known Miss Vieg so well as most of you, but have these two months here in these classes received much help from her. She has not been able to be with us in the regular class work, but outside of classes even in her sickness she has helped us. And then I have had others tell me of the great blessing Miss Vieg has been to them through the years. When I first heard of Miss Vieg's death I said at once that it was too bad that I could not die for her, that would be much better for all concerned. If I should die no one would suffer a great loss, but Miss Vieg passing from us has caused us all to suffer a great loss. If someone like myself could have died in her place she could have continued to be a blessing to many.

To attempt to quote all the tributes paid Miss Vieg by the Chinese themselves and her fellow missionaries

would fill the rest of this book, but here are four representative ones. The first was given by Mr. Yu, the assistant business manager of Bresee Hospital:

I have been thinking much today of Miss Vieg's love for the old women. Many a young man goes abroad to America for advanced education and comes back to China and looks upon even his own mother with a feeling of shame and disgrace. The dirt and untidiness of the home are *resentful* [meaning "repulsive"] to him. The uncultured status of his parents tends to repel him from them. But here is a missionary, born in America, having never known anything but the fine things of that land. She comes to this land, a foreign land to her, and adopts these old women as hers; she does not consider them too dirty or uncouth to associate with. She worked with them constantly, and seemed to delight to be with them. She has at times even slept with them. I visited her when she realized that there was no hope and something was said about being way out here in China. But she was glad to die in China. Just to think of such love for our people, ready to die out here away from relatives and native land; she certainly considered us her people.

The second is from Mrs. Katherine Wiese:

How empty words sound when trying to tell of the life and work of Miss Vieg. As a young missionary I was greatly impressed by the influence she was having on the Chinese. Our older Bible women were in her classes and continually we hear the older preachers speak of how she helped them with verses of scripture.

Mrs. Judson has been my heroine among the dead, but for twelve or thirteen years Miss Vieg has been my heroine among the living. Her quiet way and her everlastingly being on the lookout to be a help caused me to look to her as a pattern of the Great Missionary. She was a great teacher of the Word and her life an example of the Word.

Miss Vieg was a born teacher, and it was her teaching ability, combined with her patience, that caused her to be the missionary she was. She was always teaching either classes or individuals. Teaching them characters so that they could learn to read their Bibles. Teaching them Catechism or Bible, and the older folks whose eyesight hindered them from learning to read she helped in memorizing scripture. Then she would explain the meaning and was sure to make an application for that particular person. No one realizes except those who have tried how hard it is to teach women who have never studied a day in their lives. It takes time and patience, but Miss Vieg always had the patience.

One of the Chinese preachers said he always marveled at her patience.

Miss Vieg trained many of our Bible women, taking them before they could read and leading them on till they were able to teach others. Often she would listen to them and then tell them how they could improve. It was these women she carried a burden for until she died. Often she would say, "I am ready to go, but I would like to stay and help, the need is so great."

Throughout her life Miss Vieg was a woman of much Bible study and prayer. She prayed about everything. Once many years ago I remember a car was coming to the station where we were. She was asked to come with the party. She came, but on arriving found two carfuls had also come from another station. We had only two beds, so that night we had guests on the floor in every room. Miss Vieg said, "You know last night when I prayed and asked the Lord if I should come I never got real clear on the matter, and this is why." She was quiet and retiring, yet a woman of strong convictions. To be in her presence one would feel in the company of a saint. And yet her dry wit would often put the whole missionary body in an uproar. She was always able to see the funny side of life—a redeeming feature in any missionary. Often she would laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks. She was honest with her friends and would tell them how she felt even if she did not see as they. She was always an optimist and one song she often sang when things were going hard was, "If all were fair, if all were bright; where were the victory, where the fight?"

Miss Vieg loved her work and her people. It was the happiest day in her life when she was permitted to return to China, and she wanted to spend the rest of her life there, which she was permitted to do.

Many paid especial tribute to her faithfulness. Miss Pannell said:

In thinking of Miss Vieg's life here in China one thing that impressed me most was her faithfulness in preaching and teaching the Word to these people. She made opportunities many times. When we had to evacuate and she was staying a short time at the coast, she noticed that a group of factory women passed near our place, so she went out to meet them and got acquainted with them and had a meeting on the street as they returned home each day. Folks are not in too much of a hurry to listen to the gospel in China. These women, though tired and weary and probably hungry, were ready to hear the message of Jesus.

At the Mission Station she had many callers, and as time meant nothing to them, they would often have stayed on for hours, but Miss Vieg had a method which was a blessing to

them and kept her from using too much time. Her practice was to have prayer with the people as a rule, so when her visit was through she would suggest, "Now we will have prayer," and after that they felt their call was profitable and were ready to go.

Mr. Yen, a native preacher who as a boy worked in the missionaries' home said:

It was my privilege to know Miss Vieg very personally since she first came to China. One of the first things that impressed me about her was the many poor people who came to beg of her some little help, and to all that came she gave something. She always gave something that would in one way or another help meet the need. She was not always able to give all they asked, but she never turned one away empty-handed.

She was always helping people with the Word of God. She did not have time for conversation on other subjects very long. She helped me very much in the Word of God those first two years that I helped about the house.

Since she helped me so much in understanding the Bible she certainly can be rightly called my teacher. Speaking in an ordinary language she was my friend, in a Christian sense she was my older sister, and in yet a deeper sense she was my mother.

Miss Vieg always took an interest in my spiritual welfare and when she saw a mistake she was as quick to take it up with me personally as she was to commend. This was evidence of her being a real friend.

Mrs. Sutherland wrote of the burial:

A sorrowing, yet triumphant procession accompanied the casket as it was carried to a corner of the Mission Compound and sang as it was being lowered into the ground, "Up from the grave He arose." The locust trees were in bloom and the nurses had placed a covering of the fragrant blossoms on the casket with a cross of roses down the center. Many loving hands had helped to prepare the casket, lining it with a delicate lavender and covering it with gray outside and a number of silken tassels. Everyone thought it looked beautiful. So there in that quiet spot, under the locust trees, lies the first soldier to fall in our China mission field since it was organized almost twenty-five years ago.

And thus even in her death Ida Vieg was not separated from the Chinese people whom she loved so well.

Mrs. Sutherland adds (in January, 1942):

Her grave is the favorite spot for the Bible School students to go for prayer. Summer before last (1940), the student nurses from Bresee Memorial Hospital gathered by her grave every evening about seven for prayer and Bible study. Often, too, we in the missionary home would be awakened late at night or in the early morning hours by some student who had a particular burden or problem pouring out his heart in prayer beside Miss Vieg's grave.

Mrs. Wiese adds further:

Her grave became a place to which those seeking to get alone with God or who had problems to solve would retreat for prayer. Night and morning and noonday you could hear voices lifted to God from her grave. Nothing, I think, could be more beautiful or fitting. Within the Bible School the classrooms stand as a monument to her memory, built in large part with the money she left in insurance. Truly, she, "being dead, yet speaketh."

Changes many and fierce have come to the quiet compound in Tamingfu since that little company left her earthly tabernacle there under the locust trees. War has now swept that way. Japanese bullets and shells and Chinese bullets and cannon balls have gone screaming past. There have been sad and hurried leave-takings as part of our missionaries left, driven by threat of bombings and all the hazards of war. There have been joyful reunions as they returned months later. And then there have been more farewells even sadder as they left again, this time some leaving their husbands behind to "carry on" while wives and children set out on the long, hazardous journey to the coast and then across the ocean to America.

And now that war has come between America and Japan, what of our few American missionaries remaining there at Tamingfu? And what of our native Christians? How will they fare in the months and years ahead? Only God who knoweth the end from the beginning can tell the future of our Nazarene missionary work in China. That it has faced and now faces "trou-

blous times" no one can doubt. That God's guiding hand will continue to be upon His own children there, whether American or Chinese, no Christian can doubt.

We can be certain, too, that Miss Vieg's influence will live on. The Bible School students and the hospital nurses and even those nameless humbler others may no longer be able to gather at her grave for prayer, but deep in their hearts will live on her holy influence pointing them to her Christ and Lord. For through her faithfulness Miss Vieg's God has become their God, who is "a very present help in *every* time of need."

CHAPTER NINE

VIOLA WILLISON—ELTIE MUSE

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH IN INDIA

Two Girls from Olivet in India

They had both attended Olivet College, these two young Nazarene missionaries who once for a year, 1920-1921, worked together in the town of Murbad in Thana District, India. Miss Willison had preceded Miss Muse at Olivet by several years, yet it is only reasonable to suppose that they had many Olivet friends and acquaintances in common; yet even if by some strange chance they had not, we can still be sure that they spent many happy moments "reminiscing" together of days gone by at Olivet—how they had done it ("it" meaning "everything"), back when Viola was there and then how they did it when Eltie was there.

Miss Willison was the teacher of the pair; she had taught four years after receiving her A.B. from Olivet in 1914, before she came to India in 1918. Miss Muse was the preacher girl, for she had been ordained in 1919 just before she sailed for India and as a girl preacher had held services in brush arbors, groves, schoolhouses and "other places" as opportunity offered. With regard to Olivet Miss Willison was "a local girl," as she had been born and brought up in Ridge Farm, Illinois, only three miles from Olivet College; Miss Muse, on the other hand, came from Trimble, away up in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, and had attended Kingswood College for a year before entering Olivet.

Probably Miss Muse often told Miss Willison of her early life in the beautiful Kentucky mountains. Hers

had been a real pioneer home, for like Abraham Lincoln she had been born and brought up in a log cabin. Hers was a better one, though: it had two rooms. She was number five in a family of eight children, and such a sickly child that her mother never expected to raise her. She had "one thing after another" all through childhood. Several times she lay at the point of death and neighbors gathered to comfort the sorrowing mother and to watch her breathe her last. Each time she rallied, however, and all agreed the Lord must be sparing her life for some particular purpose.

"Where Miss Muse Got It"

When she was only seven years old her father died, and from that time on all the older children had to help their brave mother in her struggle to keep her family of eight together and more or less clothed and fed. Those were hard and strenuous times for the Muse family. Years later in India Miss Muse was often praised and sometimes even almost envied for her resourcefulness under primitive, trying conditions and the ease and calm peacefulness with which she adapted herself to everything that came her way. "She is one of our most efficient missionaries," volunteered her missionary superintendent in India.

"An all-round missionary if ever there was one!" agreed the other missionaries.

"How do you do it? I'd give anything if I had the poise and resourcefulness you have!" exclaimed a friend.

Miss Muse probably said nothing. Also probably she thought something like this to herself, "If you had been through all the experiences that I have in my life you would know a whole lot more about a great many things than you do now. But it's not your fault that you do not, of course. The Lord was just especially good to me, that's all, and gave me the training I needed."

"Saved and Sanctified" and Used of the Lord

But to return to her early life. The hand of the Lord was clearly on her. She said of herself later that she could not remember when she did not want to be a Christian. In common with many children she liked to play "church," but for her this act had a peculiar sacredness, and she always "played church" all by herself (in spite of seven more or less available brothers and sisters). She would slip off by herself and preach her own sermon, sing her own invitation song and kneel at her own altar.

When she was twelve years old the Lord led her to an old-fashioned Methodist revival and she was gloriously converted. At once she wanted to join the church, and since her mother was a Baptist she became a Baptist. Not realizing the vital necessity of prayer and Bible reading she soon lost the joy of salvation, though she was careful to keep away from worldly companions and outward sin. Her heart was still tender and hungry for the Lord and spiritual things. After five years she was reclaimed, but though she now had learned the secret of keeping in touch with God, her Christian life failed to measure up to what she wanted it to be. Her church held strongly to the Calvinistic "every day we sin in word, thought and deed" position, and poor Eltie found that thesis a truthful description of her own life, but not of her own desires. She wanted something better.

God was faithful and sent a faithful holiness evangelist, Rev. Benjamin Talbott, her way to hold a tent meeting. His setting forth of the experience of holiness shortly revealed to Eltie Muse why she had not been satisfied with her Christian life, and what she and the Lord could do about it. She did her part, the Lord did His, and the results were marvelous, though her family and friends were frightened almost to death.

They thought she surely had gone crazy over religion now, though they had to acknowledge that she seemed happier than ever before and much easier to live with. She kept on urging them all to get what she had, and after watching the change in her for a little while they began to want it. To cut a long and interesting story short, we will skip to the happy ending: before long her mother, three brothers and many of her old friends were enjoying the same blessing she had, and, needless to say, Eltie Muse was happier than ever.

Almost from the moment the Holy Spirit had witnessed to her sanctification Miss Muse realized that she needed more preparation for whatever service the Lord had for her. She had been so blessed and rewarded in witnessing to her own loved ones that she thought perhaps the Lord was calling her to the ministry. Accordingly, she entered Kingswood College to take theological work. She had to finance herself, and soon was alternating in teaching district school a term and attending Kingswood College a term. But wherever she was, she was preaching on Sundays in groves, schoolhouses; in short, anywhere that opportunity offered. The Lord blessed her and gave her the approval of the people and many souls at her altars; so she felt confirmed in her call to the ministry. After a season at Kingswood the Lord opened the way for her to attend Olivet College, where she held the position of a regular student minister while she went on with her theological studies, thus gaining both the practical and the theoretical side of her training at once. But God had further plans for her, and it was some time during these years that she volunteered to preach the gospel, not in the homeland as she had expected, but in India. The Board accepted her application, and only a few months after her ordination in 1919 she sailed for Bombay, reaching there on

December 30, 1919, just in time to begin a New Year and her work in India together.

Our Work in Murbad

After a brief period of language study she was sent to Murbad, a town of about 2,500 population, approximately sixty miles south of Bombay, in the Thana District, to work with Miss Viola Willison, who was there alone. Miss Willison had gone to Murbad the year before to work with Miss Jessie Basford who, in turn, had been working in Murbad alone until Miss Willison came. Miss Basford had pioneered in opening the Murbad station, and her work had been so blessed of the Lord that when Miss Willison went there she found two schools, a high school for high caste boys and a primary school for low caste children, three Sunday schools and forty-five surrounding villages where Miss Basford had already preached that were waiting for further evangelism. In eight of them weekly services were held. Miss Willison found that truly the harvest was plenteous and the laborers few. She learned the language very quickly. She prayed every day that the Lord would help her, and He did so to a remarkable extent. Probably the fact that she was a teacher herself helped some; probably she also had high language aptitude. Add to these two factors of training and ability the signal help and blessing of the Lord, and you have what Miss Willison was able to accomplish with the Marathi language. Her progress is still remembered today by those who knew her on the field as something unprecedented and amazing.

Miss Willison and Miss Basford had worked together only a few months when Miss Basford was furloughed home. This left Miss Willison, a new missionary still learning the language and the people, entirely alone except for her native helpers in Murbad, to run the two

day schools and the three Sunday schools there, to say nothing of carrying on the evangelization of the forty-five villages Miss Basford had already visited, and to say nothing of attempting to reach the over 255 villages yet unvisited! In view of all this work to be done for the Master we can be sure that she welcomed Miss Muse' coming with great pleasure. Miss Muse was still learning the language and customs of the people, but now she was to "learn by doing" with Miss Willison, boasting a whole year's experience on the field, as her guide and teacher. Miss Willison still classified herself as "a new missionary," but Miss Muse was still newer and together they must have learned many lessons both amusing and serious during the year they worked together in Murbad.

One Year Together

During this year Miss Willison wrote nothing for *The Other Sheep* telling of her work. She was the "senior missionary," you remember, and doubtless often felt the responsibilities of the work press heavily. Probably those 255 villages still waiting for her to come to them with the gospel were often on her mind. Miss Muse wrote very little that year either, though in later years she contributed articles frequently to *The Other Sheep*; in fact, only one piece of writing dealing exclusively with their work together, has come down to us. That was written by Miss Muse and appeared in *The Other Sheep* for April, 1921. She headed it *A Sunday in Murbad*. Because it gives such a vivid picture of what details go to make up missionary life in India, and because it gives us such an intimate picture of the life and work of these two young missionaries who are both now in heaven with their earthly work all done, we include it here practically entire:

Sunday again, and here come the Hindu children for Sunday school. Take a peep at them just as they are, some half-dressed, some not so well as that, and yes, there is one with a heavy blanket wrapped around him. Bless their hearts! Now they are seated, and Loibai is telling them Bible stories. May God sink the word into their little hearts; fourteen in this class today and bright little youngsters, too. Now class is over and they are going.

Dinakar Master has come from his class in the village, and Manjulabai from hers in another part of the village, and we are now starting our Christian Sunday school. The song service has begun. What is that hideous noise just outside our gate in front of our landlord's door? And why are those children gathering there? Oh, I see; it's a "holy man" (looks more like an imp from the pit), playing for money; now he is going away. (Got what he wanted, I imagine.) Our singing continues. What's that coming in at the gate? Why, it is that English-speaking doctor we met the other day! He has come onto the veranda and is staying for class. He listens attentively. He must be interested, we think. But who is this late comer? Just a little native boy whose left side is partially paralyzed. He has been coming to the bungalow for medicine for a long time. The lesson is over, and reports are being given. Dinakar's class, ten; Manjulabai's, twenty-one; Loibai's, fourteen; and the Christian school, nineteen, making a total of sixty-four. Not bad for Murbad.

The benediction is pronounced, but the doctor lingers, and we are talking to him. Oh, he belongs to the class who think education a substitute for Christ! He thinks only the low and illiterate classes need our message, and tells us as much. We tell him plainly that Christ is the Savior of high and low, rich and poor. With Him caste is not recognized, and without Him is no salvation; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Do we convert the doctor? No, but we have the privilege of preaching Christ to him, and we leave the results to Him who said, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Well, the doctor is gone. But who is that standing outside waiting? Only a poor beggar woman. She wants rice and a little money. We have supplied her now, but the end is not yet. What does this boy want? Why, mother is sick, will "Auntie [Miss Willison] come and see her?" "Yes, after we dine." It is time now, but wait, here is another face turned in our direction. Ah, that's our old friend, the beggar to whom Miss Willison gave a coat and a dhotee but he packed them away in a box and still wears his filthy rags. He is sorry to trouble us so often, but he only wants rice, tea and sugar, yes, and a paisa to buy some milk for his tea. He has them now, and away he does. The bell has rung and now we will eat breakfast (our noonday meal here).

My! here comes the mail; *home* mail, too! Letters for both; and what are those packages? A remembrance from the Board! Books! How nice of them to think of our needs.

Now we will take a little rest, read, and be fresh for the evening services. My, how time flies! It is past 4:30, time for the service. The people are here again. Wonder if we are going to have any outside folks? Ah, here comes our little lame woman. She comes to us daily for food and medicine. See her crawling up the bungalow steps. She can't walk, and her knees are drawn and covered with sores till she can't even crawl on hands and knees. God bless her; she is only one of India's hundreds who are similarly afflicted. What is Dinakar going to talk about? Hope it is something she will understand. Ah, he is reading Matthew the eighteenth chapter! How our hearts go up to God for His blessing. The atmosphere seems clouded, and we feel keenly that we are in the enemy's territory. It is hard to pray, and the service seems so dry. Well, it's over now; may God get some glory from it.

Going to see the sick woman now, Miss Willison? Then I'll dress this woman's sores while you are gone. Come along, little woman. You remove the bandages while I prepare the medicine. Did you understand the message? Yes? Has Jesus forgiven you? Does He give you peace? Yes? The look in the eyes is one of hunger rather than peace, though, and our heart goes out in tender longing that real peace may be here. Here's your rice and some money to buy something else, little sufferer. Salaam!

Oh, you are back, Miss Willison; can't we take a little walk? Yes? Come along, then. Let's hurry. How refreshing the air seems outside the village. Wish we might climb this small mountain to our right, but no, there's another sick one waiting for help, and it's late now. We must go back. Here we are home and not unnoticed, for we heard a cry, "Auntie's coming," and our little orphan girls come running to us. Bless their hearts; they are the joy of our lives in this land of darkness.

Now the day's work is over. Tired? Yes, but let us seek rest by reading the Word and waiting on God for His blessing upon the day's labor. How comforting the precious Word seems to our hungry hearts. Help us, O Lord, to lay hold of it that today's labors may redound to Thy glory; bless us and fill our hearts with a greater passion for the darkened hearts around us. Bless "our people," these to whom Thou hast called us; pour out Thy Spirit upon them, and call out from the Indian church laborers to reap in these whitened harvest fields. And now we would remember Thy work in the homeland; bless Thy people who are laboring for the spread of Thy gospel; superintendent, pastor, evangelist, teacher—let Thy Spirit come on them all. Especially bless our dear ones in the old Illinois and Kentucky homes. Ah, how our hearts go out in longing unspeakable as we name them one by one to our Father and invoke His blessing upon

them. And the homeland, fellow-laborers, and the old homes seem near as we visit them by way of the throne. But an hour has flown since we began; and we arise, with peace in our hearts, to retire for the night.

From Touring to Heaven

But Miss Willison and Miss Muse did not spend all their time thus by any means. There were those more than three hundred villages to be reached, and it was from this work of touring that Miss Willison was summoned by her Lord early in 1921. For some weeks they had been out "touring," with a tent pitched in one of the farther villages as their headquarters. In this way they were able to reach many of the farther villages without the long trip back and forth to Murbad every night. The first of February, however, as the hot season was coming on, they moved back into the bungalow in Murbad and were working in the villages closer at hand. A week later Miss Willison developed a high fever one morning while out with the tonga (a cart drawn by two ponies), and stopped work about noon. They sent for Miss Seay, the trained nurse in charge of the Khardi dispensary, who came over at once. She found Miss Willison was suffering from a severe attack of malaria, and wired Bombay for a doctor, but did not get even a reply. For a few days Miss Willison seemed much better, but on Sunday night, February 13, she was taken worse again, so by Monday Miss Seay thought she should be taken to a doctor in Bombay, since getting a doctor to her was so uncertain.

They had some difficulty in finding anything at all suitable to carry her in, but finally after sending some distance they were able to hire a car with a long body (something probably on the order of a present-day light delivery truck), and in this she was comfortably wrapped on a mattress and reached the hospital in Bom-

bay only three and one-half hours later. (Record time for those days, twenty-one years ago), having stood the trip nicely. Miss Muse and Miss Seay both had come with her, and they remained at the hospital with her. "Malignant malaria," said the doctors, and a few days later as she grew steadily worse they added, "and a weak heart." She had everything done for her that the human skill of the three doctors and three nurses, including a "special" could do, and prayer was made for her continually, but in spite of all she "fell asleep in the Lord" on February 19. She was too weak to talk much toward the end; the last words she said to Miss Muse were, "I want you to pray that God may have His way. That is what I want."

Miss Muse added, "As in life and health the will of God was most precious to her, so in the closing hours of her life that will was yet her supreme desire. We bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, and say 'Amen, Thy will, not ours, be done.' We weep not for her, but for the work she has left behind, but even this is in the hands of our great Lord of the harvest, and He is able to provide."

The funeral services were held in the hospital chapel, and were in charge of Rev. F. Arthur Anderson, who had been on the field only a few weeks at the time. Most of our Nazarene missionaries were present, as well as several missionaries from other denominations and a few other friends. Her body was laid to rest in the beautiful Protestant cemetery in Bombay, there to await the resurrection of the just.

Seed Sowing in the Villages

Miss Muse went back to Murbad to carry on the work alone. That must have been hard. She did it and did it faithfully, however, for over a year. At the Western India District Assembly of 1922 she was placed

in charge of the Bible Women's work at Buldana, while a married couple, the Prescott Beals, were sent to Murbad. She also assisted in the Girls' School in Buldana. In February, 1923, she wrote of her work:

God is blessing and giving us some very encouraging services among the people in the villages. On the whole the people listen with great earnestness—seemingly so at least—and several have followed us to the tents, asking to hear more about Christ. While one gets hungry to see the old-fashioned altar services and accompanying results such as we have at home, yet it is encouraging to see the reception of the Word and to know that it shall not return to Him void. The village work is mostly a time of seed sowing and we often see the definite results of the sown seed in our campmeetings.

There are a number of people in this vicinity who are believers and have been asking baptism for some time, but as yet it has not been thought wise to administer it. I think Brother F. A. Anderson plans to examine them soon and, if they pass, to baptize them. We are holding meetings in as many of their homes as we can reach from our camp. My work is chiefly among the women. The assembly gave me charge of the Bible Women's work, but since there is no other missionary in the party we often hold mixed meetings, and then have a separate service with the women. On every trip to a village we go to several parts of the village and preach. The caste system makes it impossible to reach all castes unless we do this.

I love the district work, and except for the four months that I spent in Murbad in the work, I have never been as contented and happy as I am out here in this jungle with the people. I wish I could spend about nine months of every twelve in evangelistic work, but rain and sun are two great barriers to tenting.

At the end of 1925 Miss Muse was furloughed home after spending six years in India. This was during the period of retrenchment, and she was not sent back to the field till after the General Assembly of 1928. Back in India, she was stationed at Murbad once more. Six months after her return she wrote Brother and Sister Codding:

As you no doubt know I am in Murbad—don't know if I would think I was in India elsewhere—at least not where my chief burden is, though of course all India is *India* when it

comes to spiritual needs. I believe these last six months in India have given me a deeper insight into her need than I got in the six full years before. I cannot explain how, but I see in a clearer light. Even her educated few are in awful bondage to a *system of religion corrupt in itself*.

God has especially blessed in the distribution of His Word. We have sold about 2,500 Gospels, some Tracy booklets, and about 50 copies of Genesis, and distributed tracts and given away some Gospels. In some of the villages interest has been intense, and hearts touched to an extent I've not seen in my previous labors. In many ways my heart has been encouraged—in other ways almost in despair, for in Murbad itself those who once seemed nearest the kingdom now seem almost farthest. That God is talking to many I am sure, but oh, for a break! I feel at times I can't go on if it doesn't come. And yet when I feel most desperate God encourages me most in prayer. And we have taken time to wait on God—special times together as well as the entire fifteenth day of each month, which is mission prayer day.

The Brahmans and a few high caste folks are not very accessible, but on the whole even they treat us courteously, and many buy Gospels. Three Brahmans refused even to accept a Gospel as a gift, and one very angrily informed me not to come to his house any more, that they did not want Jesus Christ there. God blessed me in replying that I was sorry he felt that way, etc., until he almost apologized, and bade me good day. The patil's old blind mother is seemingly really seeking Jesus. I've prayed with her a number of times, and she says she has renounced all idols and prays only to Jesus. I believe she is afraid to confess Him to her people, else she would get clearly saved. Pray for her and for the family. The daughter, too, is hungry.

Reaching Three Hundred Villages

During the next two years the Lord wonderfully blessed and prospered her in her work for Him. You remember those 300 villages around Murbad which were waiting for our Nazarene missionaries and native workers to bring them the gospel? You remember how Miss Jessie Basford began the task of visiting them away back when she opened the work in Murbad in 1912? In eight years' time she had visited 45 of these outlying villages (in addition to her day school work, Sunday school work, famine relief, and innumerable other tasks.) About six months before she died Miss Muse reported

again on those 300 villages, and at that time *over two hundred* of them had been reached at least once, and many of them again and again. This was encouraging indeed, but of course no real missionary would be satisfied even with over two hundred visited when almost one hundred were yet unvisited. She closes her report, which is really an appeal for reinforcements, with the words, "The often-repeated statement of the distant villages, 'We never heard of Jesus before,' is still ringing in our ears. Our hearts are crying out for ways and means to answer the Macedonian call, but we are only three (Miss Muse and two native workers) against a hundred thousand."

The Lord answered her call for reinforcements long before it reached the homeland by sending Miss Amanda Mellies to Murbad to help her especially in this touring work. (Miss Mellies was a new missionary who up to this time had been spending most of her time in learning the language.) In June, 1929, she stayed a month with Miss Muse, and in November she returned to spend the whole touring season from November 15, 1929, to March, 1930, with her. Together they visited over one hundred and sixty villages, *and Christian workers went to all the three hundred villages*. This was a marvelous victory. After eighteen years of patient, never-ending faith and works on the part of our Nazarene missionaries at Murbad the villages had *all* been covered—once. The precious seed had been sown—once. It must have been a wonderful moment for them when Miss Muse and Miss Mellies could say, "The villages have *all* been reached."

But though a notable victory had been won, the two missionaries felt that it was only the completed beginning, the laying of the complete foundation, as you might say, for the work the Lord wanted built. Now they longed to see a revival quicken the whole district.

In one of Miss Muse' last letters she wrote, "Mercy drops round us are falling, but for the showers we plead.' The real break, for which we long and trust and pray, tarries. Please join us in fervent prayer that it may come speedily."

Faithful unto Death

Only a few weeks later Miss Muse was taken ill. She was alone, except for the native Christians, for Miss Mellies had left for the hills and the Language School the day before. She thought she had malaria and that the native women could care for her. On learning of her sickness, however, Brother John McKay went for her and brought her to Khardi so that Mrs. May McKay could nurse her. The next day a rash identified her disease as smallpox. Sister McKay said, "Then she manifested her usual spirit and thought first of others. She thought of me, and feared the care of her would be too much for my strength. (Mrs. McKay had a new baby only six weeks old.) She feared lest our precious baby, John T., should take the smallpox. I assured her that God would make my strength sufficient, and take care of our little son, and that I counted it a privilege to care for her."

That last was not to be, however, for with Miss Muse the disease progressed rapidly into one of its most virulent forms, confluent smallpox, and the doctor thought she should be taken to Bombay where she could receive more care than was humanly possible in Khardi. Here she was given every care. Brother Tracy says, "The nurses were very attentive, the doctors were interested, and numbers of missionaries in India who loved her were praying for her, as well no doubt as her friends at home who had learned of her illness through our cables; but it seemed the will of the Lord to take her home."

Even before Miss Muse was taken to Bombay she began to feel that she might not live, and again her first concern was for others. She had Sister McKay list the items of her business matters that would have to be attended to, and several other like details. Then she gave Mrs. McKay messages for her loved ones: to her mother, "Tell her not to grieve for me, for I am all ready to go"; to her unsaved brother, "Tell him his sister prayed for him while life lasted"; to the Colorado and Kentucky Districts of the Church of the Nazarene who had assumed her support on the field, "Tell them it has been a willing sacrifice"; and last, a message to the Indian preachers and Bible women, "Tell them to preach Jesus above all else—Jesus crucified, risen, living, and able to save to the uttermost; and tell them that neither life nor death nor anything else matters but this."

In the hospital at Bombay she continued to think of other details which should be attended to. These she intrusted to Brother Tracy who with Sister Tracy had returned from America less than two months before, just in time to "stand by" during Miss Muse's illness in Bombay. After her death Brother Tracy found that her desire to leave everything in good order had been granted her in one significant detail. She had made up all the financial books and statements of the Mission to the day she was taken ill, March 1. He says:

Mrs. Tracy and I visited the hospital twice every day and talked with the nurse and the matron, and once I talked with the head doctor. We provided extras, such as fruits, flowers—anything that could add to her comfort. We saw her through the window and spoke with her nearly every day, and four times I put on hospital clothes and went to her bedside to talk and pray with her.

Immediately after her departure at 10:20 Sunday morning, I sent telegrams to our mission stations in the hope that some of them might get here in time for the burial (in this country required by law within twenty-four hours of the death), but,

as telegraph service is poor to our stations on Sundays, none of them got the word in time to catch a train here early enough. Two Methodist ladies from the mission home where we were staying went with Mrs. Tracy and me to the cemetery. Amid our tears we sang, "My Jesus, I love Thee." I read 1 Corinthians 15: 39-57, and gave a short message from Revelation 14: 13. As the body was being lowered into the grave we tried to sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." I read the committal service, and pronounced the benediction. She is buried in the Protestant cemetery in Bombay, in the sixth grave from that of Miss Viola Willison of Illinois, also stationed at Murbad, who died in Bombay in 1921.

Miss Muse lived among the people as a sincere, devoted Christian, a good representative of the gospel she preached and the Lord whom she loved. She was greatly loved by both the missionaries and the Indian people. She was especially devoted to her work. She has had the honor of giving the best she had: her heart, her labor, and her life to her Lord.

No words could be more fitting as a final tribute than those of Mrs. May Tidwell McKay, so soon to give her own life for India:

As I looked at her face and hands, hard and brown by sun and wind, India's sun and wind, deep within my heart I said, "A soldier indeed and in truth." For she was a soldier, and she has now gone to her rich reward. She died as she lived, *victoriously*, and her ministry of love and self-sacrifice in all India will live on. At the last great day of rewards, I fancy I can hear the Master say, "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Come, ye blessed of my Father." And, too, many from India, this land of heart hunger, will rise up in that day to bless her for bringing to them the bread and the water of life.

CHAPTER TEN

MAY TIDWELL MCKAY

“A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT”

“What Could I Do in India?”

May Tidwell was born near Chattanooga, Tennessee, of earnest Christian parents who reared her carefully in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Looking back over her early life years later she said, “I do not remember a time when God did not talk to my heart, even in the earliest years of my childhood.” When she was only five years old she was converted so clearly and definitely that the influence of that early experience held through all her girlhood years, though at times she lost the joy of the Lord through childish disobedience.

When she was fourteen the Lord spoke to her again, this time with the unexpected question, “Will you go to India for me?” Her first reaction was the practical question, “What could I do there?” Since she had never felt any special urge or call toward preaching or teaching or even medical work and could not think of anything else in the way of missionary endeavor, she reached the apparently logical but mistaken conclusion, “No, Lord, I can’t go, for what could I do for Thee in India even if I did go?” There she made the same mistake as have hundreds of older and wiser persons: the mistake of relying on her own necessarily limited judgment and wisdom instead of trusting God’s infinite wisdom and love to direct her.

For the next five years she tried to push the whole matter of her call out of her mind. But in order to

do this she had to banish as well all thoughts of Him who had called her and this of necessity resulted in spiritual darkness and misery and condemnation.

At last, when she was nineteen the Lord sent one of His children to her help. Mrs. Olive Rife, a Nazarene evangelist (now church missionary in Rev. W. M. Tidwell's church in Chattanooga, Tennessee) came to hold a meeting in Liberty Methodist Church in Chattanooga to which May Tidwell and her parents then belonged. May was away from home at the time and knew nothing of the meetings. One day, to her surprise, she had the sudden strong impression that she *must* go home at once. She went—and found revival meetings just beginning. This profoundly moved her: she felt that the Lord had called her home expressly to talk to her and she had better listen. Within a few days she had renewed her vows to God, and at once began to seek the blessing of entire sanctification. She went to the altar time after time but failed to “get through.” At last it became plain that two things stood in her way: the first was the unsaved young man she had started “going with” while trying to get away from her call. The second was the same old question that had turned her aside five years before: what could she do for the Lord if she did go to India? She struggled on and finally disposed of the first obstacle, the young man; she gave him up. That left the second question, and here we surely see an illustration of the fact that the devil is the father of lies. May Tidwell McKay became one of the most effective missionaries we ever had in India—she preached with burning zeal, and worked in all directions incessantly till other missionaries were almost worn out trying to keep up with her, and yet the devil held her in bondage for years over the question of what she would find to do if she went to India!

But the time of her deliverance was now at hand, and the Lord accomplished it once and for all through a simple illustration Mrs. Rife was led to use. Mrs. Rife was staying with May's parents half a mile out in the country and every night Mr. Tidwell lighted their way to the church with his lantern. One evening in preaching on the work of the Holy Spirit, Mrs. Rife used this illustration of the guidance of the Spirit:

Now here is Brother Tidwell who so faithfully lights our way to church every night with his lantern. But suppose he held it up one night and said, "Wife, I can't see the church a half a mile away with this lantern, so what shall we do? We might as well stay at home, for this will never light us there." No, you would all laugh at that; you know that Brother Tidwell fills, polishes and lights his little lantern every night, takes it in his hand and it lights our way to the church, not in one blinding flare of light, but step by step till the half mile is covered and we are safe at church.

With that simple, homely illustration the light broke into May's heart, and she saw that that was what the Holy Spirit was waiting to do for her—light her way in India not in one dazzling flash, but step by step. She yielded her heart to the Spirit's guidance in absolute confidence, and how well He led her the whole Church of the Nazarene and many outside it know today.

Preparation at Trevecca (Including Course on Love and Courtship)

For three years after this her way of life ran on without drastic outward change as she worked on in the railway express office in Chattanooga, Tennessee. But as time passed she began to grow restless. God had called; she had yielded, but now it seemed that God required her to try to fit herself more completely for this unknown work in India to which He had called her. And so she resigned her business position and entered Trevecca College in Nashville, Tennessee. Here

she took the Bible course, finishing it and receiving her appointment to India both in 1920.

Here is a description of her as a student written by a friend then at Trevecca, Mary M. White, who knew her well.

She was very serious about her call, though she was not what you would call a "serious" young person. In fact, she was full of life and fun. I think the two characteristics that impressed me most about her, though, were her devotion to God, and her intense enthusiasm for anything in which she was interested. The adjective "vital" describes her to me better than any other. She was attractive in appearance, though not particularly pretty. She was well liked by the other students: a normal, active girl. She was more extrovert than introvert and was always sympathetic and devoted to her friends. When you talked over your problems with her, you felt that they were hers.

If one chief function of our Nazarene colleges is to furnish suitable husbands and wives for our young people called to special Christian work or to Christian life in any capacity for that matter (and who can doubt it who had had any privileges of observation or experience in that direction), then Trevecca College did not fail May Tidwell, for it introduced her to a fine young man from Scotland, named John McKay, who also had a call to India. She characterized their love as "perfect"—so why go on? Just finish the story for yourselves. Their story did have a few variations from the norm, however, that many might have found somewhat less than perfect. She was all ready to go and, in fact, under appointment while Mr. McKay was just beginning his preparation. Miss Tidwell solved this problem in her own characteristic way: she went right on with the missionary party ready to sail to India, leaving her fiance to follow as soon as he was ready. The group for India with which she sailed was made up of Rev. and Mrs. Prescott L. Beals, Rev. and Mrs. F. Arthur Anderson, Miss May Bursch, Miss Ruth Rudolph, Miss

Amber Tresham, Miss Lou Jane Hatch and Miss Ruth Williams.

"India as She Found It"

Miss Tidwell, meanwhile, found life in India unusually trying. Only four weeks after landing she contracted malignant malaria. Other sickness followed and then a series of major operations. It began to seem that the Lord had called her to India to suffer for Him rather than to work for Him. Yet her faith failed not, but rather mounted up till she found the time she spent apart shut in with her Lord the most blessed of her whole life, for through these trying experiences the Lord was preparing His child for the work He had for her to do. In due season the Lord restored her to complete health, blessed her in her language study and gave her great favor in the eyes of the Indian people.

Miss Tidwell began her missionary career in Vasind, Thana District, where she worked with Miss Ruth Rudolph, the missionary trained nurse who had sailed with her for India and who nursed her through her first serious illness after she reached India. From Vasind she was transferred to Buldana, Berar, where she began her touring work among the myriad smaller villages surrounding Buldana. From Buldana she went back to the Thana District to Khardi, which was to be her chief field of labor. Here she worked with Miss Bessie Seay, a trained nurse who for several years had been carrying on the medical missionary work begun in Khardi by Mrs. Ella Perry eight years before. It was here in Khardi in this same little dispensary now presided over by Miss Seay that Mrs. Perry had been stricken with cholera, and in Khardi that she had died, the first of our Nazarene missionaries to die on the field. Here again Miss Tidwell engaged extensively in touring and evangelistic work, in which work she was remarkably successful.

"How Can I Leave Them Even for a Year?"

In 1925, after five years of eager service which she regarded as "mostly beginnings," Miss Tidwell sailed from Bombay with a party of missionaries homeward bound on furlough. In spite of the fact that she was returning to her own dearly loved family and to her fiance, John McKay, she could hardly bear to lay down her work in India. A group of native Christians had come down to Bombay to bid the party "Godspeed," and their farewells were too much for Miss Tidwell's self-control. Miss Ruth Williams of our Eastern India work who had come out with May Tidwell in 1920 and who was now furloughing home with her described the parting:

I was standing by her side when the ship pulled away from the shore. She leaned over the rail and cried like her heart would break. She was coming home to the man who had waited for her during all her first term and to her own parents and friends, yet the thought of parting with her people in India even for a year when they needed her so much was almost unbearable to her. If ever a follower of Christ put first things first, she did. And because of this devotion, she made an impression on the Indians that few missionaries have made.

"Back Home Again in India"

She spent almost a year in the United States. Mr. McKay had now finished his ministerial studies and was ready for India, so they were married in March, 1926, and in November sailed for India. They began their married life in India back in Khardi, where Mrs. McKay took up her many missionary labors once more while her husband struggled with the language. Before long, comparatively speaking, he was ready for the battle, and side by side they labored together for the Lord as they must so often have dreamed of doing. In January, 1930, a little son, John T., soon called "Buddy" by almost everyone, came to make their married life, which Mrs. McKay always called "perfect,"

infinitely more complete. Mother and baby son were hardly back home from the hospital in Poona when Miss Eltie Muse, one of their fellow missionaries, was brought to their home from Murbad very ill with what shortly proved to be confluent smallpox. Of course, the mother's first thought was of her little son, but she reassured Miss Muse that the Lord could and would take care of the baby, and continued to nurse Miss Muse till her condition became so grave that she was taken to a hospital in Bombay in the hope that the best medical care available in that great city might yet save her life. That was not to be, as Miss Muse died in Bombay, but the Lord did preserve the lives of all the other missionaries and little John T., as not one of them took the smallpox.

"The Heart of a Missionary"

For the next two years the McKays' life ran on in about the same general pattern. Perhaps a few quotations from an article Mrs. McKay wrote for *The Other Sheep* will give you a more vivid idea of what that pattern was. She called it "A Day of Evangelism at Khardi."

It was an unusually hot day in the latter part of February. Early in the morning we climbed into the bullock cart (this was before the days of the little red Ford), and started out on a day's work. We drove four miles, then left the *tonga* and took a footpath and walked two miles, reached our village and had two meetings. But the people were inattentive and showed plainly they would be pleased when we moved on, which we did before long. We walked two more miles and reached the second village, and there our message was welcomed and our hearts were made glad. After the service we walked another mile and reached the third village, and though we had only fifteen present, yet I never felt the presence and power of God more than there. I never had been in this little village before. The people were eager to hear, and showed such an inexpressible heart hunger.

Just near me sat a dear little old woman. As I spoke she drew nearer to me. When I ceased speaking, this is the substance of what she said: "I never have heard this story before,

but I know it is true. And oh, I am so glad to have heard it. I am old, and have only a few days left to live, and I want to go to a place of happiness when life is over. You tell me that I do not have to make weary pilgrimages and bring huge offerings, but that if I forsake sin and accept this Savior, Jesus, I shall be saved." And I assured her that was my message to her, that in Him is light and life and salvation and heaven. And then, as though speaking to herself, she went on saying, "He loves *me* and died for me." Thinking of our Indian village people, I often feel I must see them come to the Light, or I shall die. But I do praise God for every one that has come, is coming and will come, until He comes again.

We walked back the five miles we had come from the *tonga*, sat down under a tree, ate our lunch, and had a season of prayer. God met us and renewed our strength, and we turned our faces to the other side of the road. To reach this village we had to climb a small mountain, and then go a long way. But we reached our village, and had three good services: one with the men, one with the women and one among the children. After we reached the top of the hill, though, and before we entered the village, we sat down under a mango tree to get our breath. Here we had another season of prayer, and the Holy Spirit gave us an unusual anointing. As we entered the village, we were never more conscious that we had a message to deliver, and that our message was from God, and that our message was Christ, and the supreme need of the people.

It is needless to say that we have a big task. But as one has said, "I like my missionary job because it is hard, tremendously difficult, it is needed, it is hopeful, it is worth doing, and it is God's work."

After Mrs. McKay's death, Rev. L. S. Tracy, one of our senior missionaries to India, paid special tribute to Mrs. McKay's effectiveness as an evangelistic preacher among the Indian people. In another article entitled, "A Day in Vasind," Mrs. McKay herself gives us an example of how she dealt with them.

Miss Bursch was busy with her medical work at the church, so the Bible woman and I went to the village to have services with the women. In one place I do not know how much good we did, but by quoting the following beautiful verse I provoked a great argument: "Neither is there salvation in any other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Two men were present. One became cross because of that verse and said, "That is why I do not like your religion." Looking at him and sending up a silent prayer, I said, "And that

is why I do love our religion, because I have found the One of the matchless name, and He has become my Savior." The other man took my side and said, "You are right, and I agree that therein lies the mighty difference; your religion has a Savior; ours has none." The one who had spoken first, being slightly peeved, walked off to the railway station, putting on his outer garments as he went.

In the other two meetings we had no arguments. But in the second meeting we had tears, from my eyes and from theirs, as I tried to make real one truth: "*He died, and He died for you.* But unless you accept Him, so far as you are concerned *that agonizing death is in vain.*" My simple illustration was this: "If I were hungry, and starving, you put before me delicious food, and I looked at it, would my hunger be appeased?" Shaking their heads they said, "We understand. We must accept Him if His death is to mean anything to us." We bowed our heads; I prayed and then left them.

We might multiply these vivid glimpses of her work a hundredfold if it were not for the space limits of this book. But since these are definite and inflexible we shall have to bring to an end this glimpse into Mrs. McKay's missionary labors and methods with one more quotation from her article, "A Trip to Murbad":

We left Khardi in the little red Ford in the early morning, but because of some rough road we did not reach Murbad till a little past noon. I then ate a small lunch, took a short rest, and informed our Indian preacher there that I was ready for action. The Bible woman and I had two very precious services with some hungry-hearted women, then the three of us held a bazar meeting—the best bazar meeting in my experience in India. After the meeting closed dozens of people stayed on, and many bought scripture portions and stood reading them there in the main street.

After the bazar meeting we had a service with the children. Then followed our evening meal, of boiled rice and milk. After the meal two men—earnest seekers they are too—came to see me. We had a long talk. They declared themselves thoroughly convinced that Christ alone could save, and that they were ready to identify themselves with Christians and be baptized. But there was one thing lacking, an *essential*: *they had not been born again.* My message to them was, "What then shall I do with Jesus?" Both men answered, "We will not crucify Him again; we will accept Him." We had a season of prayer. I tried very hard to get them to pray, but they insisted that they did not know how. Oh, how the devil contested every inch of

ground! They wept as we prayed, but did not pray. But the next morning they both came back and both prayed, and they prayed in the name of Jesus. As I looked at their faces, which spoke so clearly of heart hunger and unsatisfied longings, I prayed that at any cost they might be saved. Their souls are worth worlds.

In 1932 the McKays returned to America on furlough. Both were exhausted in body and since the depression was slowing down the whole missionary schedule of the Church of the Nazarene, it was two years before they again set sail for India. They wrote a farewell message to the Church in the homeland which appeared on the front page of *The Other Sheep* for October, 1934. In part it read:

Dear Ones in the Homeland:

We leave tomorrow noon on the Steamship *Caledonia* for dear, dark India.

Our furlough has been wonderful, beyond our dreams. Our health has been perfectly restored, and we turn our faces India-ward, with our faith strong in God and the church we represent. We are ready to *dare* and *do* and *die* if need be, that India may know the amazing grace of Jesus Christ.

Think of us as your representatives. Your field is here, ours there, but the task is one and it's for all.

We go, but as we go we are giving *you* the other end of the rope. Don't fail us. Don't fail India. Above all, don't fail Jesus, whose cause it is.

Christ's for India,
JOHN, MAY AND "BUDDY" MCKAY.

"The Great Awakening" Indian Style

Back in India once more, the McKays were much encouraged and even thrilled again and again by the way the Indian people were at last beginning to respond to the gospel. All down through the years India had been known as the oldest field and probably the hardest field in our Nazarene missionary work. In proportion to the years, labor and money expended the results had been meager and often disheartening indeed. Some had even advised closing our work in India and concen-

trating instead on the fields where our missionaries were "really getting the results"—tangible, numerical ones that you can report in the statistics they meant by that, you know. But in spite of all that, our missionaries hung on. Brother Beals treated the whole subject so vividly and dramatically in his missionary study book of only two years ago, *India's Open Door*, that doubtless you all remember the marvelous changes that have taken place in just the last ten or twelve years on our Indian field. Probably you remember one of his chapter headings, *Plowing the Rock*, which figure expressed pictorially what our missionaries, and those of many other denominations as well, have been doing down through the years in India. The McKays had had their share of this rock plowing themselves, but, unlike many other faithful plowmen, now they were privileged to see the rock springing into life and beginning to bear a harvest before their very eyes. Such a miracle could not fail to thrill any true missionary's soul. Over and over Mrs. McKay praised the Lord for what she saw happening all over our field in India. Here again it would take too long even to begin to picture this in detail. Brother Beals has done it all so recently and so well in his book, *India's Open Door*, that we pass on with only one quotation from Mrs. McKay's writings to illustrate this. This was written about seven months after their return to India and only about two months before her death. She was reporting on the Basim Bible Institute and closed her report with the account of what to her was the most remarkable feature of the whole meeting—the attendance and response of large numbers of Hindus.

In connection with our Bible Institute, evangelistic services were held each Sunday evening, which proved a great blessing to the people, but each evening Hindus crowded in and packed the building. I do not mean a restless crowd that came and

went, but individuals and groups came, and sat throughout the sermon and altar service, which was often long, for some real battles were fought and some real victories won there, and until the benediction was pronounced. They were as attentive and reverent as though they had been Christians.

To see Hindus attending a Bible Institute like this was remarkable, but to see some of them actually seeking and finding the Lord was a real miracle. Truly "Jesus breaks every fetter."

Sudden Death—Sudden Glory

Two months later on November 29, 1935, Mrs. McKay and little John T. were almost instantly killed in an automobile accident. Less than a week before Brother and Sister McKay and Brother Beals had finished doing the preaching in the Basim Campmeeting. Mrs. McKay's voice had given out part way through the meeting and she did not recover it enough to preach again before the last Sunday night of the camp. Brother Beals says, "Little did we dream then that it was her last message to us. God blessed her wonderfully as she preached to the people and numbers of souls found Christ at the altar."

They were on their way back to Basim from Buldana, where they had gone to spend Thanksgiving with Brother and Sister Ralph Cook and the Beals. On their way back to Basim they stopped in Chikhli a few minutes to see Miss Margaret Stewart and to attend to some business, then left about ten-thirty. They had gone only about fourteen miles from Chikhli when a front tire blew out, and before Mr. McKay, who was driving the car, could regain control, they crashed head-on into an acacia tree by the roadside. Mrs. McKay and little John T. were thrown from the car by the tremendous impact. Buddie died almost instantly and Mrs. McKay a few minutes later. Mr. McKay was seriously, though not critically injured.

In many ways Mrs. McKay's totally unexpected death was the greatest shock the India work had ever

suffered. "Mother Perry" had indeed died suddenly on the field after only a few hours' illness, but she was a comparatively old woman whose failing health for several months had warned her missionary friends that her time of active service at least might soon be over. Miss Willison and Miss Muse had died on the field in comparatively early life, but only after serious illnesses that had prepared the rest that the end might be approaching. But Mrs. McKay was gone to be with the Lord in a moment, with no warning. Less than a week before Mrs. McKay had preached that stirring last Sunday night sermon of the Campmeeting at Basim. Only the day before they had had Thanksgiving dinner with the Cooks and the Beals in Buldana. At ten o'clock that morning the McKays stopped in Chikhli at the Girls' School to greet Margaret Stewart. She at once urged them to stay with her for the noonday meal, but Mrs. McKay replied, "No, we cannot stop for lunch this time, for I have a W.F.M.S. meeting this afternoon with the Basim women." Then she added, "You know if we are going to do the job, we must be on the job!" Miss Stewart replied, "That is so," and urged her no more.

Little Buddy, meanwhile, was amusing himself in Miss Stewart's new pigeon house catching a pure white dove in his chubby little hands and taking it out into the open where he placed it on his little palm and watched it fly away. His mother called and called, but "Aunt Margaret's doves" were so engrossing that at length to make parting with them easier Miss Stewart promised him a pair for his very own. And so at length his mother persuaded him into the car and they drove away.

Half an hour later the driver of the crude passenger motor that runs between Basim and Chikhli knocked hastily at Miss Stewart's door with the tragic news

that there had been an accident fourteen miles down the road and little Buddie McKay had been killed. Instantly a cry of anguish rose in Miss Stewart's heart, and she found herself saying, "O Lord, how can Sister McKay live without Buddy?" She immediately wrote a wire to Buldana and sent the native preacher with it on his bicycle to deliver it to the telegraph office, and to bring back a car to take her to the scene of the accident. In the meantime she packed her grip and medicine case and called the native Bible woman to accompany her. They were ready as soon as the native preacher returned with the car. They had gone only a short distance, however, when they met another returning passenger motor whose driver hailed them with the sad news that Sister McKay had died as she was being carried to an Indian dispensary, and that Brother McKay was at the dispensary in an unconscious condition. They hastened on to the dispensary, where Miss Stewart rendered what aid she could as a trained nurse and summoned the other missionaries.

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows"

None of our Nazarene missionaries there in India at the time will ever forget the shock of that news. Looking back later the other missionaries remembered sentiments they had passed over lightly at the time. Coming home from the hills in July, four months before the tragedy, the McKays had purchased a small red bicycle for Buddy which was to be carefully hidden away as a Christmas surprise. A few weeks later Miss Stewart happened to be in Basim and looking out the window saw little Buddy just outside busily learning to ride the little red bicycle. His mother exclaimed, "I just couldn't wait till Christmas to give it to him. What if something happens to him before Christmas? Then he would never get to enjoy his bicycle. Somehow I just couldn't withhold it from him."

At another time they were all talking of heaven and Miss Stewart heard little Buddy say, "Mummie, I don't ever want to go to heaven and leave you here. Let's go to heaven together. Wouldn't that be nice if we could both go together?" Smilingly his mummie agreed that it would be ideal indeed if they could both go to heaven together.

At family prayers with the Cooks in Buldana only a few hours before the accident Sister McKay drew this verse from the Promise Box: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21: 4).

Hindus and Christians Sorrowed Together

Brother Beals in *The Other Sheep* describes the funeral thus:

The funeral services were held at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, November 30, in the Buldana church. Brother Cook assisted by reading some scripture and Brother and Sister Cook sang some songs. Also the Indian people sang some songs and prayed. I did not see how I could get through my part of the service. But I knew that Sister McKay would want me to go ahead and take the service, since she and Mrs. Beals and I had been associated together for so long. I first spoke a few minutes from the text in the "Song of Solomon"—"My beloved is gone down into his garden to gather lilies." After speaking from the text for a few minutes concerning little John T., I then turned to the words of Paul the Apostle: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing," and spoke from the text concerning Sister McKay. I have never seen more people gathered in and outside the church than on this occasion. It took about thirty minutes for people to pass by the caskets to view the remains. There were nearly as many Hindus as there were Christians.

What She Did in India

Brother Tracy wrote the most complete tribute to Mrs. McKay's character and work that has yet ap-

peared. He entitled it *Mrs. John McKay as a Missionary*, and it is as follows:

It was not my privilege to have known Mrs. McKay in America, but Mrs. Tracy and I were closely associated with her in India. To know her was to value her. She had a way with everyone that was appealing.

As a missionary she was always intense. To keep pace with her was not an easy task. This quality made her a very effective evangelistic preacher especially among the Indian people, numbers of whom she led to a definite experience of salvation and holiness. Ordinarily, a woman in India has influence chiefly among women, but Mrs. McKay had a remarkable faculty of leading the Indian men also to the Lord. In this respect she was very successful in the Bible School, where she built much into the lives of our coming Indian preachers and Bible women.

With the Indian women she was splendid. She had the faculty of understanding their difficulties, getting into their lives, praying them through, and inspiring them to better things.

Always clear in her testimony, her teaching and her preaching, she was one of our best missionaries. By her passing, our Western India mission field lost one of its most faithful and fruitful laborers.

In closing, let me remind you that all this was said of the girl who so many years ago had asked, "But, Lord, what could I do for Thee in India if I did go?" and who had sadly concluded, "No, Lord, I cannot go to India, for I could do nothing for Thee there." How mistaken she had been! God had made no mistake in calling her to India; He had "a great door and effectual" open for her there. How patiently the Holy Spirit had dealt with her, and once she abandoned herself to His leading, back in Chattanooga, Tennessee, how faithfully He led her step by step! (Like the light from that lantern of the homely illustration.) Then, when God in His infinite wisdom saw of her work that "it was enough," He took her home, almost in the twinkling of an eye, with the commendation, we may well believe, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



CHAPTER ELEVEN

CLIFFORD BICKER

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER IN PERU

"Chums for Christ"

Clifford Bicker was born in a preacher's family in Whittier, California, on May 8, 1906. His father, Rev. S. F. Bicker, now retired after more than forty years in the ministry, was a pastor in the Holiness Church of California. His parents "looked well to the ways of their own household," for Clifford was converted when he was only five years old, and gave such convincing evidence of a genuine change of heart and God's grace in his life that he was baptized shortly afterward and admitted as a member of the church of which his father was the pastor. Like most ministers' children, Clifford early became used to frequent changes of environment. He was graduated from Burbank High School, and began his college work at the Los Angeles Pacific College. It was here that he and five other young men formed a little gospel band which they called "Chums for Christ." They went wherever opportunity presented itself to hold services, taking turns preaching, leading the singing, conducting Bible classes and young people's meetings. No wonder that with this practical experience demonstrating the need not only of thorough training, but also of enduement with power from on high, Clifford Bicker soon made a complete consecration of his life to the Lord and His work and began careful preparation for Christian service. That little group of zealous young men might remind us more than a little of that other small group of earnest young men calling

themselves "the Brethren" that once met at Williams College. Out of these six "Chums for Christ," today three are in the Christian ministry in the homeland, one is a medical missionary in India, another is preparing for missionary service, while one, Clifford Bicker himself, has, after almost five years of missionary labor in Peru, already finished the course and entered into the joy of his Lord.

It might be of encouragement to other young people to know that as a student Clifford Bicker was somewhat bashful. (As other big, six-foot-plus men have been known to be.) One of his classmates at Los Angeles Pacific College, Rev. Harold Broughton, said of him:

Clifford Bicker was a genuine fellow who was deeply consecrated. I personally know what anguish of soul he endured to overcome his bashfulness. It was the grace of God that made of that clean, though retiring, life an eager and fearless man of God.

After Los Angeles Pacific College, Mr. Bicker attended Pasadena College and then, in company with a number of other California young people, went East to Greenville, Illinois, to attend Greenville College (Free Methodist). He was graduated from Greenville in 1930 with the B.A. degree. The next fall he entered the University of Southern California for graduate work in the Department of Religion.

The following May Mr. Bicker attended a Young People's Conference in Hollywood. In one of the evening meetings a special call was made for young people to dedicate themselves to God's service *wherever* He should lead.

Ruth Smith

Clifford Bicker, along with many other young people, responded to this call. Out of this group one young

girl, whose name he afterward learned was Ruth Smith, impressed him deeply because of her radiant joy and enthusiasm in responding to this deeper consecration to the Lord.

Ruth Smith had cause to rejoice indeed, for it was only a few months before that she had found the Lord. Up to then, religion had been a secondhand affair to her. Though she had been brought up in a deeply spiritual and missionary-minded family in Toronto, with two older brothers in the ministry and apparently everything to draw her to the Lord, yet she had not known for herself the joy of sins forgiven till the November before. She had gone to California to visit a married sister, Mrs. John C. Depew (now a missionary to Haiti under the West Indies Mission), and there in California she found the Lord. She says herself:

Strange that I had waited so long and gone all the way out to California before I realized my need of salvation. One of the first things I did after I was saved was to write individual letters to my family and friends back in Toronto telling them the good news. Immediately my life was transformed, and my interest was centered around Christ and the things pertaining to Him.

The friendship of these two earnest young Christians developed happily till by the time Ruth Smith went back to her home in Toronto she had much to tell her family of the tall, fine young minister who would be coming East to visit her there in Toronto before long. He came the next October and when he returned to California Miss Ruth Smith accompanied him as Mrs. Clifford Bicker. They were married in November, 1931, in the People's Church in Toronto with the bride's two brothers, Dr. Oswald Smith and Rev. E. Gilmour Smith, officiating.

Providential Leadings

The young couple expected to take a pastorate in northern California, but, at the end of their wedding

journey, they reached their new charge only to find that the little church and surrounding homes had burned to the ground just at the time they were being married in Toronto. God had another plan for them, and He now revealed this plan to them through bringing a crying need to their attention. They learned that the Holiness Church of California Mission School in Peru would have to be closed unless someone with a collegiate degree arrived on the field within a few weeks to act as principal. Mr. Bicker had the degree and the additional specialized training in Religious Education from the University of Southern California that fitted him to fill this need. After praying earnestly that God would make His will clear through providential leading, they offered their services for Peru and were accepted. Before the few weeks were up they were on the field, the little mission school had its desperately needed principal with a degree and so remained open, and the Bickers were rejoicing that the Lord had been mindful enough of them to place them just where He needed them most.

As they began work, Mrs. Bicker remembered that she had been named "Ruth" for Ruth Goforth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jonathan Goforth of China, and "Isabel" for a missionary friend who had worked among the Indians, and she endeavored by the help of the Lord to live up to her missionary name.

The Lord blessed and prospered them in their work in the mission school. The next year, 1933, a little son, Malcolm Gilmour, was born to them, the first white baby their Peruvian students and people had ever seen. When the little fellow was two days old the mission children and young people who had been patiently waiting for a good look at him were satisfied by all filing past in turn and inspecting the wonderful new missionary baby.

After three years with the Holiness Church Mission the Bickers transferred their membership to the Church of the Nazarene and were at once appointed as missionaries in the Nazarene work in Peru. The year after this (1936) a second son, David Calvin, was born to them in Monsefu, our Nazarene headquarters in Peru.

Peruvian Journey

David made his first missionary journey when he was only six months old. One of the Bible School boys carried him wrapped in his poncho (Indian blanket), on muleback and his parents reported that little David at once proved himself a good missionary; he enjoyed his ride, and spent most of the time looking all around at everything he could see. His daddy carried his "big brother" Malcolm on muleback and his mother was kept busy simply driving her own mule. The Ira Taylors and their two children, Naomi and Buddy, both also little tots, and a group from the Bible School completed the party. Their destination was Mollepampa, a mountain station, where the annual Bible Conference was to be held that year.

You might be interested to hear of this trip in some detail, as it is representative of the many journeys our missionaries in Peru make into the mountainous interior district that lies between the coastal country and the deep jungle interior in which Aguarunaland is located.

The first day the party traveled by truck through the desert, where they saw great dry irrigation ditches and remains of old roads that dated back to Incan civilization, all bearing mute witness of the time when that desert country was irrigated and "blossoming as the rose" for the Incas. But today it lies barren and desolate because the Spaniards came looking for gold and thinking only of gold. They murdered the Incan leaders and thousands of the people, and thus brought to an

end Incan civilization with its elaborate irrigation system. The country reverted to desert, and the miserable survivors remained either in pagan darkness or in Catholic superstition almost equally dark and wretched.

To the little missionary party traveling on through those inhospitable wastes with their evidences of long-vanished prosperity that whole sad history was a challenge. They had come there to bring the true water of life to the people who for so many hundreds of years had wandered on in a spiritual desert just as real as this physical one.

That night they stayed in El Izco at the end of the truck road. Here they enjoyed the luxury of a "hotel" with fairly elaborate sleeping accommodations; that is, elaborate for that part of the country. Their "beds" were quickly set up for them by placing sheets of corrugated iron on saw-horses and then straw mattresses on the iron. Here baby David fared best of all, for he slept in his own little hammock swung over his parents' "iron bed." There were the usual minor incidents: Whole armies of fleas were everywhere, and in trying to escape them Malcolm, the three-year-old, rolled off his saw-horse bed cutting his lip and making his nose bleed. He was so sleepy, however, that even that failed to keep him awake more than a minute or two.

The next morning they had arranged for their animals to be on hand early, but as usual, they had to wait several hours past the set time and, even worse than usual, when the men did come with the beasts there were only half the number ordered. There proved to be nothing to do but to travel on by shifts; so the Taylors went on and the Bickers waited over for the men to return with the animals. Finally, after more delays, they too set out as recorded before and in due time reached Mollepampa, at seven o'clock the next night.

Dinner was ready when they arrived; it consisted of goat meat soup, dry rice and parched corn. In the morning they breakfasted on tortillas made of coarse flour and a strange-tasting clear drink that might have been either coffee or chocolate. These two menus are given in full because they were to be the standard meals for the whole convention, and were served for the whole week without variation. This does not indicate that the cooks lacked either the ability or the initiative to serve anything else, but merely shows there was not anything else in the whole country to serve. They grow no green vegetables, potatoes or fruit in that part of the country, raise no chickens, and there was no milk to be had anywhere.

Dietary Problem and Solution

All accepted this somewhat monotonous fare and survived on it nicely but Mrs. Bicker, who was nursing the baby. By Thursday of the week of convention she had reached the condition where she *had* to have more nourishment. The only thing seemed to be for her to go home at once. When this was explained to the native Christians, however, they rose to the emergency and sent a man off that very night after a cow. He finally succeeded in bringing one back alive and then set out again, this time on horseback, for some potatoes and other luxuries. He succeeded in this hunt also and so the crisis was passed, and Mrs. Bicker was able to finish the week with the rest of the party.

Peruvian Tithing

The Lord blessed in the convention, and every night gave numbers of souls at the altar. The believers also were much blessed and strengthened. Some twenty-three men promised to tithe all God gave them. This of necessity would be mainly foodstuff, as these moun-

tain people handle very little actual cash. They eat only what they can raise themselves or barter from their neighbors or neighboring settlements. But when the Lord works in their hearts they have the desire and find the way to have a part in His work. They can tithe their corn and their goats and even their meal and coffee. God blesses them in this kind of tithing just as He does tithing everywhere, thus proving that it is not *what* you tithe, whether corn or cash, so much as *that* you tithe which counts with the Lord.

The trip back after the convention was over somehow seemed a great deal shorter and easier to the missionaries, for God had wonderfully met them and given them "souls for their hire."

Clifford Bicker as a Missionary

Evangelism was the key motive in all Clifford Bicker's work in Peru. Rev. C. H. Wiman wrote of him:

Brother Bicker was our mission treasurer almost from the time he came to us and was always scrupulously honest and careful in all his accounts and dealings. He had a clear insight into Peruvian nature and ways, and was purchasing agent for the mission, and handled many of the business details of the mission. But it was not in these things that he found his chief delight or field of activity.

He came to us especially to teach in the Bible School as assistant to Brother Taylor, and in this work he succeeded well, winning a large place in the hearts of his students and leaving many valuable lessons in their minds and hearts. But with all his other activities, his passion for evangelism never dimmed, and it was in this work that he found his chief delight and success. Having a strong voice and very ready use of the language, he made an excellent outdoor preacher and delighted in going to the market places and preaching there. He seemed actually to suffer if for any reason the car had to stand in the garage on Sunday. He longed to be away with a group of the native boys distributing tracts, selling Bibles and portions, and holding services where an opportunity offered.

The Bible School, in which he and Ira Taylor labored together, of necessity took much of his time, but

for him it was always a means to an end, and that end was the evangelization of souls.

Last Convention

Early in the summer before he died Clifford Bicker proposed a joint Conference of the Nazarene Bible School at Monsefu and the Holiness Church of California Mission School at Chiclayo to be held the three days just prior to the opening of school.

As plans were discussed, it was thought best to give the conference a wider scope than merely that of considering the needs and problems of the Bible School work. Accordingly, workers and pastors of the two churches were invited and urged to attend, and so there grew out of the joint desire of the missionaries to help the Bible School students, a joint conference for speedy and mutual advancement of the work of the two churches, which was attended in every service with such depth and power of growing conviction as none present shall soon forget.

Through each successive session the Spirit of God came into their midst, forcibly pressing home to the heart of every missionary, every native worker, the great and solemn obligation of bending and blending all desires and purposes toward the one imperative need, the speedy evangelization of this field. Through early morning prayer services, through morning, noon, and night messages, and through the direct, faithful, probing ministry of the Holy Ghost, there were great searchings of heart, great enlargements of vision, through all the ranks, leaving none "at ease in Zion." A steadily growing conviction on missionaries and national workers made all to acknowledge that in spite of the years of labor on the part of the two churches on this field, very little was yet under way, as compared with the multitudes inland who are still perishing in the dark.

The concern settled daily deeper on hearts that a genuine revival, a true outpouring of the Spirit and grace of God should sweep over all this field.

God worked in mysterious ways to prepare His children for what was so soon to come upon them.

The closing night of the conference came on with the missionary who was to bring the message strangely perplexed, strangely checked, as to the message that should be brought to

the people. A prayerfully contemplated message from Hebrews was completely laid aside, and then just as the meeting hour drew near, the text came strong and clear, "Truly, as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

And yet the veil was still drawn as to between whom and death the final step lay. On Saturday afternoon Aurelio Obando, for five years the missionary carpenter, came to Brother Wiman and confessed that he had been professing a spiritual victory he did not possess. He made a complete confession and then, as Brother Wiman goes on with the story:

We got on our knees and dear Obando poured out his soul in humble prayer until God came and lighted up that dingy room like heaven, and Obando gave a beautiful testimony to the glorious joy that had again come into his heart. The next morning he came to my door to get the little folding organ. He was accompanying Brother Bicker on an evangelistic trip to Motupe, his old home, to bear testimony to his newfound joy. And how radiant his face was!

After Obando had prayed through I hurried to the Taylors' house where the missionaries were having dinner together. After a pleasant meal we retired to the living room and had a very unusual time of worship together, in song and prayer and testimony. It seemed just about the end of a perfect day for us. Mrs. Bicker tells of retiring to their room and spending such an unusual evening just in "family communion," staying awake until late in the night talking over many things together. Early Sunday morning Brother Bicker was at our kitchen window completing final arrangements for the trip for the day, arranging the crowd that should be taken, etc. He seemed unusually anxious to help some of our weaker students if possible. About nine o'clock they left. Just beyond Chiclayo Brother Bicker fell ill while driving, and they stopped and had quite a long season of prayer. But still he evidently did not feel like driving, and asked Obando, who had had a little experience, if he would take the wheel. They had gone only a short distance when the car went out of control and overturned; killing Brother Bicker and Obando instantly.

Just as we had announced the closing hymn for Sunday school here in Monsefu, one of the boys rushed in with countenance pale as death, with the announcement that Brothers Bicker and Obando had been killed. You will have to imagine the rest. Mrs. Bicker was present in the service, as were the wife and mother of Obando.

A Soldier Fallen

Brother Taylor goes on with the story:

Church service was broken up and the worshipers with sorrow and tears were grouped here and there discussing it. Unsaved people began coming in from the street. To one such group of curious persons mixed with a few comforters a young man directed himself. He told of the accident, the mission on which the party was bent, and then in a broken voice said that just three nights before this man who had ceased to be came to him at the back seat of the church and through his words he saw that he was lost and must repent. At the altar "Pastor Bicker" prayed and dealt with him until the light of pardon came. "He is dead," he said, "but three nights ago I began this way, and I am going to continue faithful in it." This young man is one of promise, with college training, whose family in years past has bitterly opposed the gospel. He himself has attended school for years in the plantel and attended services with some regularity. Yet he was not reached until the love of God so possessed dear Brother Bicker and the Spirit so led him that this precious soul was completely won.

It seems hard to have thus cut short in its apparent prime of usefulness the life of one we loved so much. Yet we trust the infinite love and wisdom of Him whom we serve. Another episode I shall relate to indicate that in his death the Lord is honored. While he and his Peruvian brother lay together side by side on the edge of the highway many people stopped to see them. All were visibly moved and many expressed a more than mere passing sentiment. One army officer seeing the havoc wrought seemed curious to know, strangely, not of the cause of the accident, nor any such concern, but what he was doing in Peru, etc. Seeing the disarray of tracts and books by the roadside he picked up a tract, "King Jesus Lives," and another, "Redeeming Love." "What was he doing with them?" he asked, and the reply was, "Giving them to all whom he met." He then picked up a song book, "Hymns of Glory," and he seemed to repeat the name over to himself several times. Then he picked up a Bible, and asked what it might be. One of our boys said that it was the "Word of God." "Yes," said the officer, "a missionary—and he has come from his own beautiful country far away to us, to bring us the Word of God. How courageous a missionary! And they go even to the savage Indians with their gospel." Looking intently at the still form he voiced simple words of the greatest tribute he could give—he an unsaved army officer, "He died as a soldier dies, while engaged in the battle, with his arms at his side."

After hours of delay, official permission was finally granted to move the bodies and they were taken to Chiclayo where the double funeral was held the next day in the Holiness Church chapel. It was very largely attended by the business men of the town.

The greatest tribute, perhaps, of the many paid Brother Bicker was that given by his first convert in Peru, Mariano Lint, a young business man. He began with the poignant words of King David, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan" (2 Samuel 1: 26). Then in eloquent, beautiful Spanish he continued. The following is an almost literal translation which retains much of the feeling and phraseology of the original:

I am not going to preach a sermon; I shall make only a brief but grateful and deserved narration of him who was Clifford Bicker.

He gave himself for others. The sorrowful event which took place on Sunday, the fourth of the present month, is the cause of the solemn moment of mourning in which we now find ourselves. A youth yet, he left Pasadena, California, with a true Christian spirit, a missionary to the extent of giving his life that life would begin in others.

I am certain that he is with our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, enjoying His presence, and that life for which others is no earthly equal, yet this does not make us indifferent to the human pain from such a tragic loss of a being with whom we were united by the highest and dearest bonds of Christian love.

I became acquainted with Brother Bicker in the year 1932 here in Chiclayo. He, with his beloved wife, had just arrived. I began a friendship with him in an evening church service.

Later, being interested in English classes, which he also opened, I was his pupil, taking advantage not only of being his disciple, but through him a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ as well.

He had a passion for the lost. Clifford Bicker was a blessing to me. He was a friend and brother here, then in Costa Rica and after my return here again. I am keeping his letters to me. In them all can be seen reflected his passion for the truth, his loyalty to his Lord and his interest in our co-operating together in the extension of the kingdom of God. He ever had a jovial and a fervent spirit; his sympathy and faith are things to be held in remembrance. The vision he had for the triumph of the gospel brought him to understand the idiosyncrasy of the

Peruvian people. His was an exemplary Christian home which called for admiration. His wife, likewise youthful, was ever the faithful companion in his concerns, and he was ever the noble man who watched over his wife and children. In a word, he held his home under the charm of his unblemished love.

Chiclayo owes to him a great debt, an unpayable account, and remains with a vacancy, with a broken heart sprinkled with the blood of a faithful soldier who gave his life in the struggle for the royal banner of the gospel of Christ.

Thou art lifting up the pennon high, up there in the heavens, brother of mine. Anguish I feel that thou hast gone away, but thy vision of carrying the gospel to this land will continue alive, pointing hearts in the direction of the place where thou dost await us. Thou hast died, but thy ideal lives; unfortunate indeed is the man who lives on, but his ideal is dead.

One of his students in the Bible School said:

My appreciation for Pastor Bicker as my beloved teacher in the Bible School is inexpressible, because as a servant of God he left his influence in my life in those more radiant forms which give credit to a missionary such as he. As a teacher he revealed the personality of Jesus Christ to help us live holy lives in this world, being an example in everything.

And more, I will never forget one of the greatest days which it is possible for one to experience, when he taught the class in homiletics. It was that day that, with tears coursing down his cheeks, he asked the class one by one, if they had the true call to win souls and to suffer for them as Christ suffered. That question opened wide my heart to seek more wisdom from God so that I might serve my Redeemer better.

E. DEL WIDES V.

Brother Ira Taylor, his coworker in the Bible School, said:

For a year and a half we have marched and fought side by side in a battle that is as real as any physical combat in which man has ever engaged. In the school, in evangelistic campaigns, in coping with innumerable problems in a missionary's daily life, he has been a true comrade. No task has been too great nor none too small for him to undertake and carry through with a characteristic good will and energy.

Now he has fallen at his post—a soldier fallen in the thick of the fight. He was on his way with an evangelistic party for a Sunday of intense evangelism. The day following, Bible school classes were to begin. The week before we had engaged in a

Student-Workers Conference in which he was deeply under the burden of the work. He brought one message during the convention in which was revealed the great passion of his heart for the lost and for our workers that they might catch the heavenly vision. Each night also he led bands of young people to the street corners to hold brief services, giving invitations to the services. We are amazed now to see how many persons were dealt with by him faithfully and personally during those last few days.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; . . . and their works do follow them."

Brother Bicker and Brother Obando were both laid to rest in the Chiclayo Cemetery.

They do not lie side by side, for an early convert of Brother Bicker gave a niche in his family vault as his last resting place. Brother Obando was also placed in a niche in another vault. Brother Bicker gave his life for the Peruvians, and in his death was with them in a peculiar way.

Mrs. Bicker bore wonderful testimony to God's help in time of her greatest need. She says:

Twice during those last days in Peru, I distinctly felt the power of prayer on my behalf. The first time was the day of the funeral (the very next day after Cliff was taken.) Just before I entered the chapel I was convulsed with grief and felt I couldn't go into the service, when suddenly a great calm came over me and it was as though I could see the hundreds of people back home praying definitely for me. God gave me a wonderful peace that I can never forget. The second time was just before I said goodby to our dear Peruvian people and the other missionaries, not knowing if I would ever see them here on earth again. My heart seemed to be breaking and I cried out to God to give me strength for that hour. Over at the airport that wonderful peace came to me once again, a peace that passeth all understanding, and God gave me grace to smile even through the tears as I said goodby. After going through experiences like these I shall never cease to thank God for those in the homeland who are "holding the ropes" in prayer. May they ever be faithful in their service!

I am glad God called us to Peru. I would do the same thing all over again, had I the opportunity. If it is not God's will for me to return to the mission field, then I can serve Him by telling others of the great need, and helping them to catch the vision He has given me.

On reaching this country Mrs. Bicker and the two boys spent some time in California and then returned to her people in Toronto, Canada, where they are at present.

Clifford Bicker left his little family and his church the greatest possible heritage—the memory of his life as a Christian soldier, who, in the words of the Peruvian official, “died as a soldier dies, while engaged in the battle, with his weapons at his side.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

GLENN GROSE

A MAN FOUND FAITHFUL

Who Was Glenn Grose?

On December 3, 1941, the entire Church of the Nazarene in the homeland was shocked and saddened by the cable from Africa, "Glenn Grose drowned in river near leper colony." That was all; no further details were given; and at once, all over the country Nazarenes began to recall all they could about the one who had been promoted so unexpectedly from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant. Since Brother Grose had been on the field only a comparatively short period at the time of his death, very naturally he was not so well-known as our older missionaries. Many knew that he was from Olivet, married and the father of a baby girl and the only white man on our Portuguese East Africa mission field after Brother Jenkins' return to America on furlough, and that was all. To augment this scanty knowledge of Brother Grose and his wife is the purpose of this chapter.

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Glenn Grose was born on October 1, 1903, in Virginia, Illinois, a small city a few miles west of Springfield, Illinois. His mother was a member of the Church of Christ. When he was six years old she died, and Glenn was sent to live with his grandparents. Their godly lives made a lasting impression on their little grandson. His heart grew so hungry for a vital, living experience of salvation like theirs that the first time he

ever attended a Nazarene service and heard "the way of God expounded more perfectly," (which did not occur until he was eighteen years old), he was converted and shortly thereafter was sanctified wholly and joined the Church of the Nazarene. It was some time during this period that he received his call to Africa and met a young girl, Bessie Lenore Preston, who was also a wholehearted Christian and called to Africa. The fact that they both had been clearly called to the same field before they ever met each other made a deep impression on them; in fact, instead of calling all this an interesting coincidence they called it a divine providence and the next year, 1923, they were married.

"Married Students" at Olivet

Glenn Grose received his education at Olivet College, Olivet, Illinois, and the State University at Urbana, Illinois. He was graduated from the Academy at Olivet in 1929, and from the Bible College in 1932. In 1934 he received His A.B. degree from the University of Illinois at Urbana, where later he also took graduate work. Mrs. Grose finished her college course at Olivet and then took graduate work at Bradley Polytechnic Institute at Peoria, Illinois.

During this period of their lives, in common with hundreds of other young people called to Christian service who have worked or are now working their way through one of our Nazarene colleges, the Groses had plenty of experience of "plain living and high thinking" and the wonderful art of "making two ends meet on almost nothing." To hundreds if not thousands of our Nazarene preachers, missionaries, teachers and good Christian laymen in practically every walk of life the story of the Groses' student years will evoke a thrill of recognition mingled perhaps with a trace of longing for "days of auld lang syne" and former classmates now scattered to the ends of the earth.

Ingredients of a Happy Home

Their story included all the familiar elements: the tiny attic apartment (farther west it might just as well have been basement as attic), the used furniture picked up here, there and everywhere, including, of course, the inevitable handmade bookshelves. Glenn Grose was ingenious and clever with his hands and added several original features in the way of semi-built-in kitchen cupboards and shelves, till Mrs. Grose never lacked a place to put things, even though at times she might not have had any overabundance of things to put. The next necessary ingredient after the clever carpenter husband in this unfolding picture of domestic peace and happiness in the face of financial pressure is a clever, indomitable wife whose specialty is "making something out of nothing," keeping her husband and herself reasonably well-fed and happy on an amount generally considered impossible, the apartment neat and clean and cozy and everything else running smoothly while she works full time herself. Mrs. Grose did all this, even as hundreds of other young wives have done before and since in our Nazarene colleges. While Glenn Grose studied and worked, Bessie Grose served as principal in the Olivet grade school. Here "her great patience, fair treatment, wise judgment and understanding spirit endeared her to the hearts of the children and the other teachers alike." Saturday, of course, was her one day off from school work, and again like so many other young student wives, it was her one day exclusively for housework: washing, ironing, mending, cleaning, cooking, baking and whatever else needed to be done. Of all her housework she liked best to cook and bake; and every Saturday, if humanly possible, was bake day with her. She was a good cook; people whom she entertained paid her the ultimate tribute of describing her meals as "always tasty."

But even more important than this atmosphere of temporal, painstaking care and love is the atmosphere of spiritual contentment and blessing. Mrs. Zylphia Hertenstein who frequently visited in that cozy attic apartment says, "We were constantly made to feel that truly Christ was the unseen guest in this humble but happy home."

Meet Glenn and Bessie Grose

Mrs. Hertenstein goes on to describe the Groses thus:

Glenn was tall and trim, while Bessie was of moderate height and modest appearance. We soon came to learn that Glenn was a deep thinker, a student in every sense of the word. He had such a kind, patient way, and never let an opportunity slip to do a good deed for another. He, like his wife, had a very humble spirit, never pushing himself forward, yet always alert to his Christian duty as he understood it. And *always* they were quietly preparing themselves, year after year, for their work in Africa, and the great hour in their lives when this cherished goal should be realized.

Well-spent Waiting

It took them fourteen years from the time they first came to Olivet to reach this goal in Africa. Of course these delays, expected and unexpected, were sometimes real tests of faith and patience and consecration. It took as much consecration for the Groses to stay at home from Africa these years as it would take most people to go to Africa. Mrs. Ruth Berry, another friend of the Groses at Olivet, said, "To make my consecration complete I had to be willing to go to Africa, but Bessie Grose had to be willing to stay at home from Africa." Mrs. Hertenstein says:

Through these years of waiting their only prayer for themselves was that God would hold them steady and give them grace to be willing to remain at home if the way never opened for them to go to their chosen field.

That God did thus hold them steady is the testimony of yet another friend, Miss Aileen King. She says:

While they held to their call, and always expected to serve in Africa in the future, yet they always lived in the present, and made use of every opportunity to be of service and help to humanity where they were. I never saw a more self-sacrificing couple. They did it all freely and willingly. They *met ANY SITUATION well*.

Then she goes on to tell of how Mrs. Grose nursed several people, including the minister's wife, through severe illnesses, gladly responding to any call, day or night, though carrying on her own school work through all this. Her attitude always was that it was a privilege to be able to help anyone in need. Mrs. Hertenstein says:

The Groses were always faithful attendants at all means of grace and contributed their part in every way. They were strict tithers, and many times even went without the necessities of life in order to give offerings beyond their tithe. During revivals they were always to be found at the altar helping to pray souls through.

Throughout his college career Glenn Grose maintained excellent perspective; in all his devotion to the work of the Lord all around him he never lost sight of his fundamental reason for being in college, which was to prepare himself to the best of his ability for his future work. He was always an outstanding student, at the head of his classes at Olivet, and one of the ten in the highest grade at the University of Illinois. Truly he gave of his best to the Master. One who knew him at Olivet said of him, "He was loved by his fellow students, trusted by his elders, and had the respect of everybody."

Farewell at Last

Twelve years after they entered Olivet in the providence of God the long-looked-for hour finally arrived. It was a beautiful spring night in March, 1936, when the college community at Olivet gathered outside the parsonage to bid Glenn and Bessie Grose Godspeed and fond farewell. These missionary farewells are another

point of vivid recognition for those of us who have attended our Nazarene colleges. These are the unforgettable moments that bind us to the mission field in a peculiar way: many of us may never reach the mission field ourselves, but in these farewells we send our own—the persons we have worked and played and rejoiced and sorrowed with through years of school life. Never after that can the mission field seem far away, with those we have known so well there. We can imagine that the emotions of this crowd were at an even higher pitch than is usual on such occasions, for the Groses had waited longer and had become more a part of the life of the college than is usual—more people knew them and had been following their progress with affectionate interest. We all like to see the persons “get there” who have had the hard struggle and the long fight. The Groses certainly had, but here they were at last; doubtless they had watched many others go, but now at last their turn had come. Just a few moments of farewell and it was all over; the car drove off toward the railroad station and the Groses were on their way to Africa.

Africa via Portugal

But even now they experienced more delay than is customary. Since they were under appointment to Portuguese East Africa they must needs go first to Portugal to master Portuguese, the official language of the country, and to meet the specialized requirements for teaching in Portuguese East Africa. They spent almost two and a half years in Portugal studying the Portuguese language and doing school work in the Portuguese school system in order to procure accredited secondary certificates. God blessed and prospered them marvelously in this preliminary to their missionary work.

On September 3, 1938, they bade farewell to their newly made friends in Lisbon and sailed for Lourenco

Marques, P. E. A., by way of London. Mr. Grose wrote of the trip from England:

To our surprise, we met eight other missionaries on board this ship. With them we enjoyed blessed times of fellowship, having daily Bible study and prayer together, and on Sunday evenings preaching to the passengers. As a result of these services many were stirred to think of the Lord and several received definite soul victory.

Welcome to Portuguese East Africa

They were met at Lourenco Marques, by Brother Jenkins, the Mischkes and the Elmer Schmelzenbachs. The next day they left with Brother Jenkins in his Ford truck for Tavane, their new station of Ebenezer in GAZALAND. About noon the following day they reached the station and a grand reception. Brother Grose described it as follows:

Natives lined up on each side of the entrance, waving palm branches and singing songs in Portuguese; after which followed a series of welcome speeches by the missionaries and the natives and the response by ourselves. Then and there we had our first experience of speaking through an interpreter. The natives told how they had seen our pictures hanging up in the church and how they had prayed for us while we were in Portugal and how happy they were now to greet us in person and welcome us to their midst. They reasoned that surely the Lord loved them because He was now sending new missionaries to them.

At Work in Africa at Last

The Groses arrived at Tavane (Ebenezer Station), the same day as Brother Penn, Missionary Superintendent, who came to open a five-day Quarterly Meeting. Thus they found themselves in the midst of the work at once as they met the native preachers, workers and Christians from the various outstations as well as the local constituency. During this quarterly meeting they each preached twice through an interpreter. In writing of his impressions in an article for the February, 1939, *The Other Sheep*, Brother Grose says:

Truly this was a time of spiritual blessing. We could not help wishing you were here to listen to them testify and sing. They have no need of a musical instrument to keep them singing in harmony, for it seems natural for them to make the place literally ring. We were well impressed with this fine group of native preachers and workers.

Due to their period of training in Portugal they were able to begin teaching the Bible School students at once in the Portuguese language, while they themselves studied the Shangaan, the native language of Gazaland.

Brother Jenkins wrote of this time:

Then came the adjustments necessary in becoming missionaries. What a beautiful spirit the Groses showed in everything. Very soon we learned to love this missionary couple "with pure hearts fervently." For living quarters we gave them the best we had, two rooms and a kitchen. (No doubt Glenn and Bessie Grose knew just what to do with them; remember that attic apartment at Olivet.) Immediately the Lord gave them a great love for native people, and it took little imagination to see that they were destined to fill a large place in our African work. As time went on Brother Grose and I often went to the outstations together. We became well acquainted and the better I knew him the more I appreciated him. As he became more accustomed to the work, greater responsibility was laid upon him until the day we left for furlough in America this last February (1941). His letters since then have been full of faith and courage.

"Shi Gazanyana"

On October 18, 1939, a little daughter, Jane Adelle, was born to the Groses. She was the first white missionary baby born on our Gazaland field. Her arrival was a momentous event, not only to her parents who had been married seventeen years before she arrived and who undoubtedly welcomed her with extra delight on that account, but also to the native Christians. As the first Nazarene white missionary baby they gave her the highest honor they could confer: they named her "Shi Gazanyana," which means "Little Gaza." The natives in this part of Africa love their country (in this instance Gazaland) with especial fervor, and a baby given

this name by the people has been uniquely honored and taken into their hearts as their own forever.

Increased Responsibility

The return of the Jenkins to America on furlough in February, 1941, left the Grose the only missionary couple on our Portuguese East Africa field and Mr. Grose the only man. Naturally this increased his responsibilities and burdens manifold. As Brother Grose took over the supervisory work that had been Brother Jenkins', an even greater part of the responsibility of the Boys' and Girls' School fell on Sister Grose. She became the principal, and doubtless many times thanked the Lord for all the previous experience she had had as principal of the little Grammar School at Olivet.

Sick and He Visited Them

The work among the lepers was always especially on Brother Grose's heart; and so when the way opened for him to go on a much-needed vacation during the hot season in December, 1941, it was only natural that he should wish to pay the lepers one more visit before he started. On December 1, Brother Grose, Miss Minnie Martin, Anna, a native Bible woman, and Antonio, a native Christian, set out on the sixty-mile trip to the leper island. They reached the river about noon, and after a picnic lunch in the shade of a tree safely crossed the wide river in an old flat-bottomed boat manned by a native oarsman. They were warned that they must return by 2 or 2:30 p.m., as there had been heavy rains up river for two days, and the current would be very strong and high later in the afternoon. They were welcomed by the Christian lepers, who now number almost a hundred, and the usual crowd of onlookers. The rest of their audience was quickly gathered by a whistle blown long and loud as the regular call to the service, which was to be held outdoors under the trees.

His Last Service

Brother Grose had charge of the service and also led the singing. After a prayer and testimony meeting Anna, the Bible woman, spoke on the coming of the Lord. God honored her message, and at the close as Brother Grose gave the altar call twelve lepers responded. Under much burden Brother Grose led the altar service to a victorious climax. Testimony and praise for new-found victory followed, and then the lepers asked him to teach them two new songs before he left. This he did gladly and then the meeting was closed. After bidding those "goodby" who were unable to walk to the landing, the party set out, and as they walked along the Christian lepers told Brother Grose of their joys and sorrows since he had visited them last. Three of the Christians had died, but they sorrowed not as those who have no hope; rather they rejoiced that their loved ones were now safe in Glory with their earthly sufferings and tests all over.

"Some Through the Waters"

The company reached the landing in good season, by two o'clock. The boatmen soon appeared, last goodbys were quickly said and the party set out. The water seemed quiet and all went well till they reached the swift current. Then the current seized the boat with unexpected force and before the oarsmen could regain control of it the boat was swept into a violent cross current. Here the conflicting forces beat against and into the boat till in addition to shipping considerable water the poor old craft began to leak badly. Brother Grose bailed out the water as fast as he could, while urging them all to sit perfectly still. By this time the native boatmen were so frightened they had lost all control of the boat and one now lost an oar which in their demoralized state prevented their regaining control. Brother Grose encouraged them all to trust in God. He had

just said, "God will care for us," when the next second the cross currents grew more violent and overturned the boat. Anna, the Bible woman, managed to seize the boat, but the others were swept away in different directions by the raging currents. Antonio, the native Christian, and Miss Martin were whirled down together some distance from the boat and were saved. Anna clinging to the boat saw Brother Grose being swept in yet another direction. In vain he tried to break through the current. He could neither help any of the others nor himself, and she saw him no more. He was a good swimmer but the counter currents proved too strong for human resistance and God saw fit not to save him, but rather to take him to Himself. In these same treacherous flood currents of another African river, Brother Schmelzenbach had almost lost his life years before. Though an unusually strong swimmer Brother Schmelzenbach acknowledged that without God's miraculous help he never could have survived. That of course was reckoned a providence indeed, but surely this must likewise be reckoned a providence, though a dark and mysterious one, which we cannot understand now, but which we shall hereafter.

How God Helped Mrs. Grose

Let us see further, brighter manifestations of God's loving hand. That evening back at the mission station while Miss Tallackson was praying she felt strongly impressed to get up from her knees and go to Sister Grose, who she knew was eagerly waiting for her husband and the rest of the party to return from their day's visit to the leper colony. She delayed not, but went at once, finding Mrs. Grose just ready to give baby Jane Adele her evening bath. With Miss Tallackson's help the bath was given in almost half the usual time and the baby tucked safely away for the night just as they heard a

car drive into the yard. They hurried out to meet it. They reached it just in time to see Miss Martin alight from the car with such a look on her face that they instantly knew something terrible had happened. She went to Sister Grose, threw her arms around her, and so told her what had happened. What made it hardest of all for Mrs. Grose to bear immediately was the fact that her husband's body had not been recovered from the river. With the river fairly swarming with crocodiles all knew in all probability it never would be. A few minutes later John Mazivilia, one of the ordained native preachers, came in to comfort and pray with Sister Grose. As he prayed the Lord marvelously answered and blessed, and the seal of the spirit rested unmistakably on his petitions. And in that prayer he prayed that Brother Grose's body might be found. As a native of the country he knew as well as any of those listening that unless God performed a miracle this was impossible. No one else had faith to believe over what they all knew so well: that the river was full of crocodiles. But God had not only set His seal on that prayer; He had also inspired it. The next evening the Portuguese Administrator at Manjacaze sent word that the body had been found, and requested Mrs. Grose to come and make what arrangements she desired.

This was of necessity a most sad and trying journey, but again God helped in every special problem and need. The Portuguese Administrator did everything he could to help them, even to having his native carpenter work during the night to finish the casket. When they reached the riverside where the body had been kept over night they found that a crowd of natives had gathered to watch with the native male nurse that is hired by the government to serve in such emergencies. The people said they were Catholics, so as is their custom they had kept a light burning all night by the body. Surely strange surround-

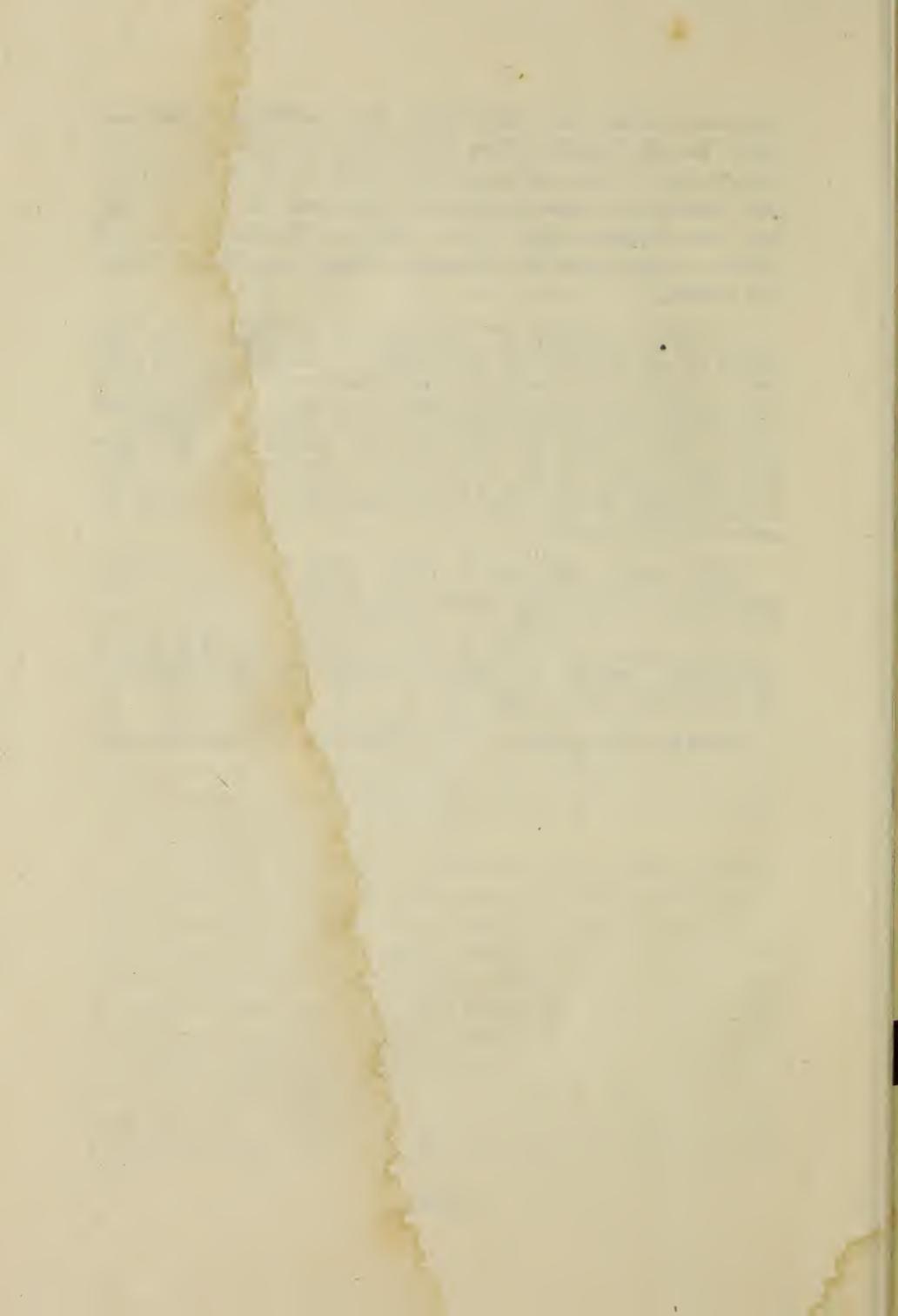
ings for a Nazarene missionary but, as Miss Tallackson said, "In all sincerity they had done the best they knew how to do." A hymn book was found in Brother Grose's coat pocket; it was the one he had used in the service with the lepers a few hours before. The car keys and all his money were also found. Indeed, as Miss Tallackson added:

It would be difficult to enumerate all the many ways God helped as we went on our sad errand. It seemed that the Lord had a way out for every problem that arose. Before leaving the riverside we had an opportunity of witnessing to the Portuguese driver and the many Catholic natives who had gathered. . . . As we neared home we felt God had indeed answered John Mazivilia's prayer of the night before. This first grave of our Gaza missionaries stands as a testimony to all, for he gave his life in the service of the Master. His last work was bringing the gospel to the lepers.

They were sick and in prison and he visited them, and twelve found the Lord in that last service.

In her deep sorrow Sister Grose rejoiced that God had so wonderfully worked in making it possible for her husband to be buried here at the Mission.

And in Africa today Mrs. Grose is still "carrying on."



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