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The Fraternal

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Temporary Editorial Board — J. R. EDWARDS,

W. CHAS. JOHNSON, SYDNEY G. MORRIS.

EDITORIAL—CAREY'S COBBLING.

IT was heard by all and sundry as they passed the cobbler's shop in Moulton—the sound of Carey's cobbling. Doubtless many lingered on their way, especially the children, to take a peep at the little man so intent upon his work. Carey's vocation was that of shoemaking; he was called to be a Cobbler. He had, however, a mind for other things and, as we know, he used a bit of his leather to make a map of the world, which was in the reckoning of many a sorry waste of good material. Thus the cobbler viewed the world from his workshop, and, wondrous to relate, it has come to pass that now, from the world over, men and women look in at the cobbler's door, as did the children in the cobbler's day.

Carey would, of course, occasionally make a pair of shoes for himself, cobbling them as required; and in these said shoes he tramped the country roads, a load upon his shoulder and a volume in his hand. In Livingstone's cottage at Blantyre—would that Baptists had done for William Carey what Congregationalists have done for David Livingstone!—there is to be seen a tattered coat which was worn by the missionary in Africa. What a find it would be if somebody came across a pair of Carey's shoes, which could be placed beside the snuff-box of Andrew Fuller!

The best "pair" that Carey ever made was composed of the twin exhortation: "Expect great things from God! Attempt

great things for God!" These carried the pilgrim-preacher across the seas to India and half-way round the world. In them, also, he has come marching down the ages, their soles almost as immortal as is the soul of their maker.

Now, all this is merely introductory to saying that the Editorial Board has been, as it were, poking about in the cobbler's workshop, and from bits of material lying around has cobbled this memorial issue. Needless to say, the Board was embarrassed by the wealth at its disposal. More had to be left in Carey's shop than could be crowded into the compass of the "Fraternal." Such as it is, however, it is sent out in the hope that the reader may find herein a pair of shoes in which to stand in his pulpit on the great anniversary day and minister in the name of Jesus Christ—Carey's Lord and ours—to the everlasting advantage of the hearers and to the notable advancement of the Kingdom of Heaven.

CAREY'S COUNTRYSIDE.

MOULTON.

"TO me it has been worth while coming all the way from America to pay this visit. It has been a great thrill; and what a story, illustrated by photographs, I shall be able to tell when I get back home." So said a chaplain with the American Expeditionary Force to the writer a few days ago. Expressions of a similar kind have been given utterance by scores of visitors from all parts of the world whose names are on record in our visitors' book, and whose souls vibrated in response to the touch of an unseen hand, as they stood with a deep reverence on the historic spot where William Carey lived, laboured, preached, studied, dreamed dreams, saw visions, planned mighty conquests for Christ, and threw open his mighty head and mightier heart to that most glorious combination in the world, the love and power of Christ his Saviour.

THE VILLAGE.

I have often tried to imagine what Moulton was like in Carey's day. It is not easy, even for one who knows the environment, to form an accurate picture, for many changes have taken place during the last 15 years. Scores of picturesque thatched cottages have gone, hundreds of modern houses have been built, the population has grown five or six fold, while, instead of its being a village almost unaffected by traffic, now buses and cars ruff to

and through it in all directions. The general lay-out of the village, however, has not changed, for we still tread the paths that Carey trod. The fields have not changed, for we still gaze upon them and see them clothed with the green and brown and gold and white that Carey saw. The glory of the sun and moon and stars that were looked up at by him are looked up at by us. The "sweet bells of Moulton" to which Carey loved to listen are waiting for the time when once again they can liberate their joyous strains; and the fine old Parish Church stands as it did in Carey's day, like a sentinel let down from heaven to draw our eyes away from the muck-rakes of this world and point them to the skies.

THE CAREY BAPTIST CHURCH.

At the west end of the village, in a beautiful and picturesque setting, is the Carey Baptist Church, as our notice-board gives it. It is the church in which Carey found an entrance to the ministry when every other door was closed. It is the church in which he was ordained, at which ordination John Ryland, Andrew Fuller, and John Sutcliffe preached sermons. It is the church in which he started unknowingly on what was to prove one of the greatest missionary careers since the days of St. Paul. It is the church in which Carey's brain and heart and lips were touched by the Angel of the Lord with coals from the heavenly Altar. It is this church in which the Baptist Missionary Society's roots are to be found, no matter where its branches have spread.

The building itself is unpretentious in style. Its chief glory is its setting and its grand old stones, that are wrinkled and scarred with age, though wonderfully preserved. Inside there is nothing ornate. But there is something infinitely better and more desirable. What it is I cannot define, except by the word atmosphere. If one goes in with reverence this something drops down upon you at once, clothing you with a mystic robe which conveys to you a spiritual glow lovelier than a sun bath on a June morning. We have two Carey relics—the pulpit from which he preached and the minutes of the church meetings during his pastorate, which he kept and recorded in his own handwriting; but we have something much more worth while—we have the living spirit of Carey himself. I have felt it when sitting in the church. I have felt it when conducting our devotional services. Visitors from all over the world have felt it as we have talked in hushed voices, as though it would be sacrilege to talk too loud. It is true

that the building has been altered and extended a little since Carey's day, but the fact remains that the building we worship in is the building in which Carey worshipped, preached, and glorified his Saviour as few have done or can ever hope to do.

THE CAREY COTTAGE.

The cottage stands at the roadside, close to the church. On its wall, there is a tablet, so that all who pass may read the fine inscription to his memory. The only entrance is at the back, and all who go there tread a worn, narrow, rough, and cobbled path which must have been trodden by Carey thousands of times. Inside the cottage there is nothing to be seen except the living room, which Carey used as a workroom, and the trough in which he soaked his leather. The room is small, the ceiling is low and held up by oak beams which almost touch one's head. The cottage window faces fields, upon which I am gazing at this moment, and it was through this window that Carey looked forth to "the uttermost parts of the earth." In this room itself it was that Carey's brain soaked in geography, horticulture, languages, a knowledge of the Word of God, and, more than all, water from the well of the Water of Life which is the risen Christ.

To conclude :

My space is almost overrun, but before I finish this article I would have us behold just one of the wonder workings of God :

1. Before coming to Moulton Carey sought a recommendation to an academy, and failed to get it.
2. He came to Moulton and worked at his trade in this little cottage.
3. While working at his trade he was invited to supply the pulpit of the little dilapidated meeting house.
4. After 12 months or so of supplying the pulpit he was invited to become the minister of the church, which invitation he accepted.
5. Having become the minister, he got the church into membership of the Association.
6. This membership resulted in his being asked to preach the Association sermon at Nottingham.
7. A result of the preaching of "the deathless sermon" was the meeting in the parlour of Widow Wallis in Kettering.

8. At that meeting the Baptist Missionary Society, conceived at Moulton, came to birth.

Truly God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.

Carey, we say, has long since gone to his reward. But has he? I like to think otherwise. I like to think he is still here, and getting his reward here. When I preach on Sundays from his pulpit he looks me straight in the face as I stand in mine, and again and again I have felt the touch of his hand upon my head in encouragement and blessing. I see also his eyes roving the world and filling with tears of joy as he sees the amazing fruits of his small beginnings: and as I see these and other things I lift up my heart in gratitude and praise to Carey's Saviour, and say to myself concerning "one of the greatest of the Earth":

"Nothing of him hath faded,
But hath suffered a change
Into something rich and strange."

L. EDGAR DRAKE.

CAREY'S CONVERSION.

JOHN WARR, *the winner of Carey for the Kingdom of God.*

THAT was certainly one of the most exciting afternoons of my life when I travelled back to the Isle of Wight from London with a never-dreamed-of new packet of Carey letters, which had just been, during the last War, entrusted to Dr. Shakespeare for their better security, and which had that noon been loaned to me. I reached my point of supreme excitement when, in one of these letters of Carey's, I found the name and the Christian name and the name of the native village of the fellow apprentice who had won him in his 'teens for Christ. It had long been known that he owed this all-transforming experience to a fellow apprentice; but who he was, and whence he came, and how he sought and strove was all quite hidden and lost. I had myself endeavoured all I could through seven years to penetrate to the secret, but in vain.

Here, however, in Carey's own handwriting, and with Carey's own recognition and valuation of the essential facts, were the long-coveted data. The fellow apprentice was a certain *John Warr, of Potterspury*, next village to Carey's Paulespury, and not

just interested in Carey but "*importunate*" with him. I vividly remember how, in that South Western train, in those moments of discovery, I felt "caught up even to a third heaven."

Yet it might not have meant more than just a youth's name, and a place, had I not remembered that amongst my Northamptonshire treasures I possessed an old printed account of the Free Church beginnings in *Pottersbury*, with another *John Warr* figuring quite notably amongst them. So the fast train and the paddle steamer and the Island train seemed vexingly slow till I was in our manse once more and could unearth the *Pottersbury* pamphlet, and assure myself that the whole heart-moving story was in my hands.

Like Browning with "The Old Yellow Book" that blazed his imagination, and gave him the full story of Guido and Pompilia, and, as Browning himself tells, like Elisha communicating his own life's warmth to the Shunammite's dead child, I felt a worth-while page of the past come to warm life again in my spirit. And what a romance it proved to be!

In Oxfordshire, where one might have expected things to be proudly conservative, a Rector, after long travail, had reached at last, in 1690, the compelling conviction that Free Churches in a Free State would be fitter and likelier to express and fulfil the passion and purpose of the Redeemer than a State-privileged and State-bound one. So, though he needed to shelter and succour his loved wife and little family, he *ejected himself* from his safe country "living" and went forth into the wind-swept world to bear his new witness. But one other went with him, as the sharer of his yoke—a skilled shoemaker from the rector's village, unusually studious and thoughtful, and courageously Christian, "No precipice is too steep for two" sings Ibsen. And these two climbed this precipice together. Amongst their goods and chattels they carried in their wagon a pulpit—still to be seen—that could be set up anywhere in a few moments, from which the ex-rector preached on village greens. At length, where they found their best response, some thirty miles from whence they started, they abode, and made it the centre of a fervid evangelism, and taught many, as I have said in my book, "The Urgency of Scripture, the Saviourship of Jesus, the Joy of the New Birth, the Demands of Discipleship and the Camaraderie of Christian Love," the ex-rector blazing this new track before the days of John Wesley. And, before long, their following was such that

they were able to build in that hamlet its first Free Christian Church, which has ever since been sustained by the devotion of the descendants of the lay companion of the self-ejecting clergyman, this layman himself being none other than the John Warr who was the grandfather of the young zealot who won Carey for Christ.

Now Carey was not easily won. Indeed, his indifference to things spiritual through his absorption in the biological and botanical, and his confident contentiousness in argument, and his scorn for those not Anglican, and his over-weening self-righteousness and pride gave Warr, and God's Spirit, a hard shell to break through. His mate might excusably have been chilled and cowed and silenced. But he was determined to prevail. He laid siege to Carey's spirit, and lent him weighty books, of which his home possessed many; and his integrity and earnestness, his courage and patience commended and confirmed his witness, till, after some three years of Warr's praying and wooing, Carey was really won for his Saviour and Lord.

Carey himself was in after years often called to labour and wait very long for his spiritual victories. Perhaps his own slow yielding to Christ helped to make him patient with others.

In my *Carey* I say: "John Warr was the Andrew who first led this more gifted Peter towards Christ. A youth of Potterspury did this immeasurable service for the youth of Paulerspury, though in no wise apprehending that in thus urging his fellow apprentice to Jesus he was helping to add India's jewel to the diadem of Christ."

If Andrew brings his brother Peter, and Philip brings Nathanael, his friend, and the woman of Sychar her husband, and John Warr brings his workmate William Carey, that's the great way whereby the Kingdom comes. So there could not be wiser nor weightier words than those of this year's President, Ronald Bell, of London's Baptist Missionary Union:

"During this memorable year the name of the Northampton shoemaker-preacher will be often in our minds and on our lips; but let us at the same time spare more than an occasional thought for his apprentice colleague, the one whose flame kindled Carey's torch. We cannot all be Careys, but we can and we ought to be men and women with the spirit of John Warr—Christian evangelists and missionaries at the desk, the workshop, at the counter, in the home, and on the road." S. PEARCE CAREY.

CAREY'S CALL.

SOMEBODY has left the door open, so that whosoever is so inclined may peep into the parlour of Widow Wallis's house and see and hear all that is going on. A remarkable scene it is—a dozen or so young men brooding, debating, resolving over their pinches of snuff, their pipes of tobacco, and their glasses of — water, and ultimately coming to their great decision. There had been no such scene in Church history since Antioch, where another batch of young men eagerly debated a similar call until the Spirit said: "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." "Separate me William Carey unto the work to which I have called him," said the Voice, and consequently, while all the others put their money in the box, William Carey placed himself therein, or rather, I should say, he placed himself in the hands of the Lord. Late at night or in early morning the meeting separated, and these young men went streaming forth with the fire of God in their hearts and £13 2s. 6d. in the snuff box, and set out to win the world for Christ.

The founding of the Baptist Missionary Society was essentially a young man's endeavour, and one wonders whether it may not be in the purpose of God to move the young ministers and others of our Baptist Church in these tremendous days to lead a movement which may be comparable even to that initiated 150 years ago. It too often happens that in our denominational councils there is little opportunity for youth to take the leadership. We are glad to think, however, that here and there groups of young ministers and others meet from time to time in the counterpart of Widow Wallis's parlour to think out the problems which press upon our own Church and the whole Christian world in this veritable Day of the Lord. We know of two such groups, in one of which the average age would be about 30, and in the other, say, a decade more. We hope that similar groups will be multiplied throughout the country. Of such are the men and women whose privilege and duty it will be to lead the Church in seeking to bring about the New Order of which we hear so much, and which is so urgently necessary.

We trust that to them will be given an understanding of the times, a knowledge of what Israel ought to do, and that they will speak and act accordingly, in the name of the Lord.

SYDNEY G. MORRIS.

CAREY'S COLLEAGUE.

TWO names are at once suggested by this title—Marshman and Ward; and reflection evokes a host more—Fuller, Ryland, Thomas, Pearce. But something at least is said of all of these by every biographer of William Carey. May we not then be forgiven if for once we neglect them and concentrate attention on a layman who, in the stirring days of our B.M.S. origins, did what Baptist laymen have done so often and keep doing still—invest a deal of money, of faith and encouragement in a young minister—and find rich dividends as a result.

All who have read the story of Carey will remember how that he engaged himself, when at Moulton, to make boots for one Thomas Gotch, of Kettering, an Army boot contractor who was one of Fuller's deacons. Every fortnight he would bring his finished work to the Gotch establishment in Lower Street, there to receive payment for work done and further supplies of raw materials. One such visit has been recorded. Fuller had spoken to his deacon about the young minister at Moulton: Gotch's interest was aroused. "Let me see, Mr. Carey, how much do you save a week by your shoemaking?" "About nine or ten shillings, sir." Then said Gotch, with twinkling eyes, "Well, now, I've a secret for you. I don't mean you to spoil any more of my leather, but get on as fast as you can with your Latin, Hebrew and Greek, and I'll allow you from my private purse weekly ten shillings." [S. P. Carey—*William Carey*, p. 49.]

In this arrangement, joyfully accepted by Carey, lies Thomas Gotch's claim to be considered Carey's colleague. With true insight, with rare appreciation, with a proper recognition of his own stewardship in regard to his considerable wealth, he at a stroke emancipated Carey from the hard pressure of economic necessity and gave him the opportunity of laying the foundation of the linguistic knowledge which was destined to stand him in such good stead in later years. Who, then, was this Thomas Gotch?

He came of a family which traces its ancestry back to one Hugh Gowch of East Langton, near Market Harborough, who died in 1522. Little is known of the successive generations beyond the bare record in the parish register, until the time of John Gotch, who was christened according to the custom of the Church of England in 1715, and who died in 1784. He was buried in the graveyard of Fuller Chapel, Kettering, of which church he

was evidently a member. His tomb bears the epitaph :

“Death’s dreadful advent is the mark of man,
And every thought that writes it is blind.”

Thomas Gotch was this man’s eldest son. He was born in Kettering in 1748, and by his outstanding ability he rose to a position of considerable influence in his native town. It was he who first started the manufacture of boots and shoes in Kettering, and by so doing provided one of the staple industries by which that town has grown. But he had more than one iron in the fire. He joined a private banking house, which, beginning as Keep, Gotch and Cobb, finally became Gotch and Sons, one of the principal private banks in the district for threequarters of a century. He was a member, in due course a deacon, of Fuller Chapel. He married Ann Cooper; the only child of the marriage to survive was John Cooper Gotch, who inherited and enlarged his father’s business interests and became an outstanding personality in the business and political life of Northamptonshire. He was a keen supporter of the B.M.S., serving it as auditor from 1816 to 1820, and as a member of the General Committee, 1830-43. But perhaps his greatest claim to fame lies in the fact that he was the father of Dr. F. W. Gotch, of Bristol, known to every Baptist historian.

Not much material exists to enable us to fill in the detail of the portrait of Thomas Gotch. The family records, however, do preserve a few personal notes. He was a kind-hearted man, anxious about the welfare of his wife, his son, and his business, and friend of them all, particularly of his son. He was public spirited and keenly interested in affairs, as witness an old handbill which survives : “A respectable meeting of the inhabitants of this parish, held at the White Hart Inn on August 5, 1803, Mr. Gotch in the chair, when the following resolution was passed :—‘That in the present awful and alarming crisis, when our country is menaced with invasion by a powerful, ambitious, and implacable enemy, we feel it to be our incumbent duty to unite in defence of our King and country, that under the blessings of Divine Providence we may hand down to our posterity those invaluable privileges of civil and religious liberty for which our ancestors bled, and which we now possess under the Government of our Most Gracious and Beloved Sovereign.’ ”

One outcome of this meeting was the foundation of a corps of volunteers of which J. Cooper Gotch was made captain. So,

140 years ago, the Home Guard was anticipated! When the news of the Peace of Amiens reached Kettering none was so anxious as T. Gotch that his own home be well illuminated, lest uncharitable tongues should say that the Army contractor was sorry for the peace.

“After an active and useful life,” as his epitaph says, he died in 1806 and was buried with his father in Fuller graveyard. He would never have claimed for himself the proud title of Carey’s Colleague, but we may with justice claim it for him. He is prototype of the great succession of consecrated and enlightened laymen through whose gifts and devotion our society has maintained its work these 150 years, and without which even the constant devotion of missionary and minister would be ineffective.

H. V. LARCOMBE.

CAREY’S COMPANIONS.

WHO were the women who helped to shape William Carey? Who were those who stood closest to him during the great adventures, achievements and trials of his life, encouraging and sustaining him, and keeping him braced for the conflict? And what was his attitude towards them? It is about these intimate and searching questions that the Editorial Board bids me write. Carey himself, ever honest, loyal and generous, would, I think, have admitted his great debt to women. Ruskin’s words were true of him, as of others: “The soul’s armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman’s hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails.”

Social conditions have changed greatly since the eighteenth century, particularly as regards the position of women. Two hundred years ago families were often very large, and the mortality of both infants and mothers was appallingly high. Second, third and even fourth marriages were fairly common. Milton’s lines still described what many in England regarded as the ideal relationship between man and woman:—

“For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, she for God in him.”

William Ward, on his way out to Serampore, put a most revealing note in his diary, to explain the inability of the mis-

sionary party to have their usual Saturday evening conference:—"The wind is too cold to send our sisters on deck, and we don't like to tell each other of our faults before the women." Nevertheless, there lived in the eighteenth century women as remarkable as Susanna Wesley, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon and Hannah More. Carey's *Enquiry* was printed by a Leicester business woman, about whom we may yet hope to learn more. All these facts must be kept in mind in reading what follows. It will be seen that in his relationships with the other sex, as in so many other matters, Carey was ahead of his time.

We know relatively little of his upbringing. Carey's widowed grandmother lived in the home where he was born, but she died when he was about three years old. His mother is said to have been keen to know what sort of a preacher he would make, but she passed away the year he was ordained at Moulton. We can probably best estimate these early influences by considering his sisters, Ann and Mary. Very strong bonds of affection existed between the three of them. Mary became paralysed about the time Carey moved to Leicester, and for half a century lay in pathetic suffering and helplessness. Hers is one of the most moving stories of faith triumphing over affliction, and her patience, trust and unselfishness deeply affected her brother all through his life. Ann married, and had seven children, two of whom made their way out to Bengal. After the death of her husband, she devoted herself to her invalid sister, Carey regularly sending money home to them.

He was himself married three times: for twenty-six years to Dorothy Plackett, then for thirteen years to Charlotte Rumohr, and for the last twelve years of his life to Mrs. Grace Hughes, who survived him. Dorothy Plackett came of Hackleton Dissenting stock. She was his helper throughout the formative English years. None dare blame her for feeling unable to start for India with him. Her sixth child was coming. He wrote revealing words to her from Ryde: "You wish to know in what state my mind is. I answer, it is much as when I left you. If I had all the world, I would freely give it all to have you and my dear children with me, but the sense of duty is so strong as to overpower all other considerations; I could not turn back without guilt on my soul." Then came the dramatic change of circumstances which took the whole family to India. No one paid a heavier price in the grim early years of the enterprise than Dorothy Carey. Slowly her health gave

way, and most tragic of all, her mind became unbalanced and poisoned towards her husband. How true and deep their relationship had been is shown by Carey's unremitting care throughout the sad period till her death in 1807.

In frail Charlotte Rumohr he found an ideal intellectual and spiritual companion, and she was his helper during what were perhaps the busiest and most exacting years of his life. He was forty-seven when he married her, and sixty when she died. He thus described her to his son Jabez:—"Your dear [step-]mother truly feared and lived for God. Next to that she lived for me. [Note the change from Milton.] She never did a thing during the thirteen years we lived together without consulting me, even though she was sure of my consent. She watched every change in my countenance with the utmost solicitude, and often was full of anxiety, if she perceived the least sign of weariness, illness, grief, or distress. Often has she come to me and requested me to forgive her anything in which she had unknowingly offended me. She certainly had no occasion for such a request, but her heart was exceedingly tender upon that point. My loss is irreparable."

In the months that followed her death Carey was a very lonely man. Grace Hughes was a widow of forty-five, when he married her, and had a grown-up daughter. Her loving care helped Carey through the severe illness that followed his accident of 1823, and gave him much quiet happiness during the closing years of his life, when many difficulties beset the mission and the missionaries. A story told by Culross shows that Carey remained uncompromising as ever. The wedding was fixed and the guests invited. Three or four days before, Carey found that to get the necessary licence he would have to take an oath. To this he had conscientious objections, so he postponed the wedding for three weeks and had the banns published.

To each of his wives Carey owed much. And side by side with them we should set, not only his sisters, but Hannah Marshman, the very remarkable wife of his colleague. They all contributed to his sustained and deepening faith in God, and to the ideals of conduct he set before himself and others. This may be clearly seen in his dealings with his children and grandchildren. In 1814, when Jabez was starting out for Amboyna, Carey wrote:—"You are now a married man. Be not satisfied with conducting yourself towards your wife with

propriety. Let love to her be the spring of your conduct towards her. Esteem her highly and so act that she may be induced thereby to esteem you highly. The first impression of love arising from form or beauty will soon wear off, but the esteem arising from excellency of disposition and substance of character will endure and increase. . . . A gentleman is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former." He was most solicitous about the domestic happiness of his sons. That his standards were high and exacting may be seen in occasional comments on those whose conduct he disapproved. Jabez's wife later caused him anxiety because of her "love of finery and her tawdry appearance," but he confesses himself "fully sensible of her good qualities," and he did his best, sometimes in difficult circumstances, to help her. Jonathan's marriage to Anna Pearce gave him great joy.

Lucy and Dolly, the children of wandering Felix by his first wife, were brought up in Carey's home. In one of the few touches of humour found in his letters, he tells how Dolly, after her marriage, became, like her Gunn grandmother, "so corpulent as to be cumbersome," but he was deeply interested in her little daughter Martha. Felix's posthumous child, Margaret, was born in the Serampore household and was a great delight to her grandfather. "Kiss little William for me" occurs again and again in letters to Jabez. This devotion to children, and not least to little girls, was not so common a trait a century and a quarter ago. It was surely something Carey had learned from the women-folk of his own family and from those with whom he had been brought into close association.

He was obviously deeply interested in the schools for Indian and Eurasian girls started by the missionaries in Serampore and Calcutta, and he writes approvingly of the part taken in the work by Lucy and Dolly, and by his step-daughter, Charlotte. This interest is to be set beside his abhorrence of the cruel practice of widow-burning, and the famous story of the Sunday he spent in 1829 translating the long hoped for edict against it.

Gentle towards women, yet determined in his own convictions, always chivalrous, yet undoubtedly expecting much of them, needing their company and support, owing much to them, and looking always towards their increasing emancipation—such was Carey. He would, I think, feel at home with the modern woman far more easily than would most of his col-

leagues and contemporaries. But because of her new opportunities and freedom, he would confidently ask a great deal of her in the service of the Kingdom.

ERNEST A. PAYNE.

CAREY'S COMPASS.

LANTERN lectures are out of fashion nowadays. Yet they need not be, and the B.M.S. lecture about William Carey ought not to be. Five hours' hard work re-arranging the slides and re-imagining the story, and you can abandon the manuscript and fire away for a full hour in the dark. And young and old alike will be intent upon the screen. For, despite the standing pictures, they will hear a moving tale.

I have used the lecture many times and am booked to use it many more. Every time I give it I am impressed afresh by one thing. That is, the amazing distance between the point at which Carey began (a point without position or magnitude) and the circumference at which he ended. He was a living illustration of the passage from Isaiah on which he based his deathless sermon. He enlarged the place of his tent, he stretched forth the curtain of his habitation, he lengthened his cords, he broke forth on the right hand and on the left. The twin biddings of his sermon remind me of a man about to use a compass. "Expect great things from God"—with that Carey stretched the compass out. "Attempt great things for God"—with the stretched compass he began to draw a circle as big as the world. Sydney Morris suggested the title "Carey's Compass." The fact of it, if not the name for it, had already become present to my own mind.

Think of CAREY THE LINGUIST. He left school at the age of twelve. He did not, I believe, tackle any language other than his native tongue until he was converted at seventeen and a half. Contact with Christ quickened his mind, and signs appeared of linguistic skill. In a New Testament commentary on his employers' shelves he found words in an unknown script. He copied the letters and showed them to Tom Jones, a weaver who had once been a highly educated man. Jones led him into the mysteries of Greek. Thereafter he was a Columbus discovering new worlds. Latin and Hebrew opened up before his mind and he entered in. He received from the Holy Spirit the gift of tongues. Not the counterfeit gift, through which men lose self-mastery and burst into gibbering speech. But the real gift, by which men gain mastery of languages and serve the Master and

Saviour of every kindred and people and tongue. It must have been a great day for Carey when he first touched Greek. It was a greater day when, on Thursday, 5th March, 1801, at Serampore, after seven and a half years of his own toil and nine months of Ward's printing, he laid on the Lord's Table the first people's book ever produced in Bengali, a bound Bengali New Testament. Carey entered Serampore in 1880. He died there in 1834. In those thirty years he gave the word of God or the most vital parts of it in thirty-four languages to the mixed peoples of the Indian Empire. There is a lantern slide of the village school where he began in England. There is another of some of the languages in which he worked in India, from classical Sanskrit to humblest vernacular. The two slides leave you breathless. The village lad, borrower of books, has become the giver of books to half a continent.

Consider CAREY THE EDUCATIONIST. Born in the dullest part of the dullest century England has ever known, his educational background was the village school. When grinding poverty forced him to add teaching to cobbling and preaching, his school was his own Moulton cottage. Yet Heaven's divine expansions began in him at his conversion to Christ. The Creator Spirit came to him as he brooded over the else formless deeps of knowledge. He developed both the passion and the power for learning. The stars above, the flowers beneath, the insects and birds between, mankind and the massive earth—all these he studied until in astronomy and botany, in entomology and anthropology and geography he was fairly master. Thomas Scott, the vicar of Hackleton, used to call Carey's cottage "Carey's College." The compass was half opened already, that compass of which the full sweep was one day to pass through the famous colleges of Fort William and Serampore.

The Fort William College was opened in India in 1801. Young Britishers coming out from England to the service of the East India Company formerly had no further educational discipline, no training in Indian language or outlook. Frequently, leaving their religion behind at the Cape, they degenerated into useless and even vicious idlers. Mostly in their 'teens, they were a wild lot, often insubordinate and indifferent, given to expensive entertainments, to practical jokes with one another, to the use of catapults and peashooters on passers-by. They came from Britain's aristocracy, from her public schools. Almost to a man they were of the "old school tie" brigade. Fort William College

was built to knock folly out of them and sense into them, to teach them India's ways with herself and Britain's real ways with India. The Governor-General asked Carey to become their Lecturer in Bengali and, a year later, in Sanskrit. He accepted. He became more than their professor. He taught them, disciplined them, made his rooms a rallying place for their eager spirits, strove to lead them to Christ. For twenty-nine years he put the salt of Christ into the well of Britain's manhood in India. The man who had once been at home in the centre of Britain's shoemaking was equally at home in the circle of Britain's Empire-building. He would, in fact, have been at home with men of any calibre anywhere, for in mind and manners, in heart and soul, in that quality of life which needs no livery, he was God's basic Englishman, ennobled—because humbled—by a living faith in the Son of Man.

Carey and his comrades founded the Serampore College themselves in 1819. He felt that India could never be won by educated Englishmen. Only Indians could unlock her heart. So Serampore was built. They opened its doors to converts from all denominations and every caste, and to unconverted Hindus and Moslems also. It has sent out into India's life a stream of men—writers, schoolmasters, doctors, lawyers, preachers—whose hearts and minds God had touched. In 1827 authority was conferred upon it to grant degrees in all faculties. It is still the only college in India with power to confer divinity degrees. The magnificent buildings may be seen in the B.M.S. lantern slides and then compared with the tiny Paulerspury school of Carey's childhood. Some men never outgrow their early background. Carey did, as Serampore bears witness. The curtains of his habitation were stretched forth until, hanging in a circle as wide as the purposes of God, they were daily drawn aside by the hands of India's youth in quest of knowledge and of Christ.

Of CAREY THE ÉVANGELIST the same is true. We find him, first, a timid preacher trudging to his village appointments, sought for after a while to preach more regularly: in one place considered later as a potential candidate for the full ministry, but put back for twelve months' more probation, blazing out presently in a sermon that flung kindling sparks into the heart of Christ's Church in Britain. Then the scene changes and he is in India. "To set an infinite value on men's souls" was the first bond in the Mission's Covenant. Because of that he went on for seven heart-aching years, seeking until he found the first

soul for Christ. Then from that centre he swung his compass again. What a circle it traces! Lall Bazar Chapel, opened for the criminals and harlots at Calcutta's heart; the Danish Church at Serampore, spiritual birthplace of cultured Europeans; the chapel at their own home, where Adoniram Judson and Henry Martyn drank afresh at the living fountain before they ventured on the agonies of Burma and the stony indifference of Moslem India; last, but not least, the lovely chapel in Serampore College itself. The B.M.S. lecture has a picture of the Communion Table there. The altar cloth, as if to claim for Christ the past and present and future of India, bears in India's mother Sanskrit the words "In Remembrance of ME." I compare it with another picture—a composite of Carey relics—where can be seen the little cup, clumsy and crude, from which in the Moulton chapel the village believers drank in memory of the same Saviour and Lord. And I marvel. Yet why should I? For it was as he drank from the Moulton cup that Carey felt in full force the constraining love of Christ for the world, and turned from the trudging circuit of a village cobbler to the sweeping compass of an ambassador for Christ.

W. D. JACKSON.

CAREY'S COLLEGE.

ONE of the many proofs of the greatness of Carey is the founding of Serampore College in 1818. He had then been 25 years in India. Already great achievements had been made in Bible translation in 17 languages, and in printing much other literature at the Serampore Press, both before and after the fire of 1812.

About 600 baptisms had taken place in this quarter of a century and a few thousand pupils were attending mission schools. Thus early did the Serampore missionaries envisage the gathering of a great Indian Christian community which would need the leadership of University trained men. Carey himself had been a teacher of Oriental languages in Fort William College since 1801. It was his unselfish purpose to devote his professorial earnings to the promotion of Christian education. He and his colleagues, Marshman and Ward, were clearly convinced that the evangelisation of India required adequately trained Indian Christians. They resolved to establish a college which should be a centre of sound learning, where students might enter of any caste or creed or tribe. It was to be indubitably Christian in its basis and as broadly generous in its

spirit as their own Christian sympathies. Professorships were to be open to those who held to the Divinity and Atonement of Christ. Christian students were to live and study alongside Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, or followers of any other religion who were prepared to accept the discipline and instruction of the College. The theological training of those who were prepared for the ministry of any of the churches of India was to be closely related to the general literary and scientific training given to lay students. This was an astonishingly bold and far-sighted project for those days. From the first, pupils were attracted from widely distributed areas of India.

The King of Denmark, under the protection of whose flag the Mission had been planted at Serampore (or Fredericksnagar), encouraged the scheme and conveyed some of the royal lands for the purpose of the College. The British Governor, the Marquess of Hastings, himself gave 1,000 rupees, and many of the men in the Civil Service contributed. Some donations were received from home. But the bulk of the £15,000 which the College building cost was earned and devoted by the missionary founders themselves—Carey with his professorial salary, Marshman with his school, and Ward with the printing press. The very architecture they adopted expressed their liberal minds. The central structure as it stands to-day, with its Ionic portico, double staircase, and pillared hall is still one of the noblest of its kind in the country. The later additions since 1910 have maintained a fitting harmony of style—Leechman House, the Principal's residence, and the Quadrangle which provides rooms for the tutors and students, and the Science block, and, latest of all, the residential flats for tutors, erected with funds from the Indian Colleges Appeal a few years ago. The original College House, in which Carey lived in his later years, has been adapted to provide quarters for several tutors. The whole compound of the College, including its sports grounds, has a broad frontage to the River Hooghly, which is here more than half a mile wide. On the opposite bank is Barrackpore Park and the country house of the Governor of Bengal, from which Lord Hastings used to say he could see the light burning in Carey's study to a late hour of the night.

Serampore town still contains a number of Danish buildings—St. Olaf's Church and the Court House. Some of the trees Carey planted stand in the College grounds, but the garden which he made his own botanical plantation ceased after his death, and the

land on the west side of the College football field was acquired by an industrial company, who have covered it with an unsightly and noisy jute mill.

But Serampore has its amenities, and there are many advantages in such an educational centre being 15 miles from the great city of Calcutta. Many visitors from many lands make their pilgrimage to Serampore to see Carey's College and his library and his grave.

In 1827 Joshua Marshman visited Denmark and received from H.M. King Frederick VI. the Royal Charter which incorporated the College and gave to its Council University powers to confer upon students, "native Christians and others, degrees of rank and honour according to their proficiency in as ample a manner as any other such College." This Danish charter was specifically recognized and confirmed in the treaty of 1845, whereby the settlement of Serampore was transferred from Denmark to Britain. The College is, therefore, unique in India as the only institution with powers to grant degrees in religious subjects, all the other universities in India being religiously neutral and having no Divinity faculties.

These powers of the Charter were not exercised by the Council until after the College had been reorganized in 1910 and an Interdenominational Senate had been established, making the College available for all the Christian Churches of India, both directly in providing for students coming into residence at Serampore from any part of India, Burma, or Ceylon, and indirectly through the affiliation of seminaries in other provinces and examinations for external students.

The College is also affiliated with Calcutta University. Its Principal is himself a Fellow of that University and a member of its Senate. Serampore students take the Calcutta examination in Arts and Science. The degree of B.D. and the diploma of Licentiate in Theology are granted under the Serampore Charter. The number of students at Serampore in the present year 1942 is—for the Arts course, 175; for Science, 133; for Divinity, 24—a total of 332. The number of candidates, internal and external, who sat for the Serampore theological examinations in 1941 was 116. The total who up to the present year have graduated as B.D. is 275, and the number who have qualified for the L.Th. is 182. These are members of all the chief denominations of Christians in all parts of the Indian Empire, with a few from lands as far as Fiji. There are Baptists,

Anglicans, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, and a notable body from the Syrian Churches of South India.

Students who live in the Serampore locality are able to attend the College lectures daily and to share in the College fellowship and athletics. The Quadrangle provides residential accommodation for 100 students, of whom the majority are Christians and the rest are Hindus. The seniors and leaders of the College life are from the ranks of the Divinity students. Opportunities of evangelism and Church work are used by them in Bengali and several other Indian languages in Calcutta and the Hooghly district. There has been much encouragement recently in evangelism among the groups of Telegu speaking mill workers. There is a vigorous Christian Fellowship in the College, a strong Union Society, and a very healthy athletic tradition has been established. This intimate mingling of men from so many sections of Indian life and so many religious circles is of immense importance and has already given Serampore a place of great influence in India.

When the first Indian bishop of the Anglican Church was consecrated in the Calcutta Cathedral, he sent a special request to Serampore that he might go there with some young candidates for baptism, and that he might immerse them as believers in the river where Carey baptized Khrishna Pal, and that he might hold Communion service there, and so link himself in his new responsibilities with the tradition of Carey and Khrishna Pal.

The present Vice-Principal of the College is a distinguished scholar of the Syrian Church and a former student and graduate of the College. He is the promoter of the Church History Association of India.

The first holder of a newly established research scholarship at the College is a graduate who came from the Khasi hills and is now devoting his year of post-graduate study to the preparation of Biblical helps in the Khasi language for his own people. The present leaders of the Indian Baptist Churches in Bengal, Orissa, and North India, on whom rests the hope of the future, are men who have been trained in Serampore.

The weakest feature of the College is its finance, which, considering its primacy and its significance as the central of theological study for India, ought to be more adequately endowed. The institution is being maintained with scrupulous economy. Five of its professors are missionaries whose support and cost of

furloughs is received from their own societies, the B.M.S. or the Church of Scotland. In addition, the B.M.S. makes an annual grant to the Council. Last year it was £1,000. Other missionary societies' contributions, the grant from the Senate, and personal subscribers provide another £500. The invested funds of the College, some of them dating from the time of William Ward's appeal, and others more recently received, as the Baptist Endowment Fund and the capital of sundry scholarships, realize an annual income of £1,500. The Bengal Government gives an annual grant of £1,000, besides certain special extras for the maintenance of the library, which is one of great historic and literary value. Students' fees amount to £2,000 a year.

In the list of the principals and professors of the past are many names which are honoured, not only among British Baptists, but in other sections of the Church of Christ and among the people of India—*e.g.*, Mack, Trafford, Summers, Sutton Page, T. H. Robinson, A. C. Underwood, C. H. Watkins, W. W. Winfield. The present Principal, the Rev. G. H. Christopher Angus, M.A., B.D., has completed 25 years of most distinguished and devoted service at the College.

Only twice has the Council exercised its prerogative in granting the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the first instance recognition was given to the unique work of Dr. George Howells, to whom the reorganization of the College in 1910 was chiefly due, and whose 23 years as Principal opened a new chapter in the history of the College. In the second instance the honour was fittingly bestowed on the retiring secretary of the National Christian Council of India, Dr. J. Z. Hodge.

The history of Serampore College is closely interwoven with the best traditions of British Baptist life and the ministry of our own churches. Its staff and students should have a special place in the prayers of the members of the Fellowship.

One of the great "attempts" with which this historic year of the B.M.S. could most appropriately be celebrated would be the more worthy establishment of Serampore College finance.

It has great expectations of yet wider and grander service for the cause of the Gospel in a United Free India than ever in the past. The substantial endowments of professorships, lectureships, or scholarships would provide, not only for the greater efficiency of this unique institution, but would afford a means of keeping in honoured memory those who share Carey's vision and Carey's unconquerable faith.

C. E. WILSON.

CAREY'S CHARACTER.

I HAVE been studying the face of William Carey, looking at one or two portraits of him. It is a fine, sensitive face.

The eyes are the most noticeable feature. They are the eyes of one who sees visions and dreams dreams. There is a look of "far distances" in those eyes.

The Bible contains the record of many inspired and heroic dreamers. Carey is in that succession. Yet he was no mere visionary, no cloudy idealist. He was cobbler as well as preacher; statesman as well as saint; missionary as well as mystic. He was a translator, not only of languages, of words; he translated his visions into deeds, his dreams into actions, his ideals into realities.

He was intensely practical. His life was one of amazing industry. After "the deathless sermon" at Nottingham he laid hold of Andrew Fuller, demanding passionately, urgently: "Isn't something going to be done?" Something to be done! Yes, to think, to read, to study, to preach, to pray, with no result following, with nothing *done*, could not satisfy Carey. Something must be done, even if there was no one to do it but himself. He was the commanding officer, and he was also the first volunteer. He sounded the call for the missionary enterprise, and himself answered the call. Something was *done*.

If there is one characteristic in the life of Carey that stands out more than another it is his unwearied patience. As a boy he said to his mother: "If I begin a thing, I must go through with it." At the end of his life, when he was being praised for his great achievements, simply and smilingly he said: "I can plod."

How he endured, through deadening discouragements, through bitter controversies, through deep sorrows, through crushing disasters, through complete financial losses! "Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

For years he laboured in India without winning a single convert. He saw his hopes fade, only to reappear more sure, more great. His early faith, disappointed in the slowness of India's response to the Gospel, never wavered, but was calmly adjusted to the real situation. In a letter to American Baptists he wrote: "We are ready to think that our labours may operate

on the people more slowly than we once expected, but in the end more effectually. . . . This may not be so encouraging, and may require more faith and patience; but it appears to have been the process of things in the Reformation. . . . Should the work of evangelizing India prove thus slow and silently progressive; still the grand result will be our recompense. We are certain to take the fortress, if we can but persuade ourselves to sit down long enough before it. 'We shall reap, if we faint not.' "

That verse was often on his lips. Of course the text associated with Carey is Isaiah, c. 54, v. 2: "Lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes," with his most famous epigram: "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God." But we feel that the text that was most personal, the word that ran through his own life, that sustained and comforted his soul, that was exemplified in his character, was this quotation from Galatians: "We shall reap, if we faint not." He was never faint-hearted, and the harvest has been abundant.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh"—to us, for this is a word that we may take to our own souls in these testing days, as we wrestle "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Pearce Carey has a fine phrase in his fascinating biography of this great man: "The utmost patience of efficient strength." That was his possession; that is our need.

Look at that portrait again. What a noble head! Not the head of a man destined to remain a village cobbler. It is the head of a thinker.

Others have written of his scholastic attainments, and I must not trespass. But take one or two glances at the man who bears that head. See him, with a shoe in one hand and a hammer in the other, and a map on the wall in front of him. See him in the kitchen, poring over "Captain Cook's Voyages." See him studying the New Testament in Greek, and the Old Testament in Hebrew. See Latin, Italian, French, Dutch, and missionary biographies, and always the Bible slowly ousting the cobbler to make way for the missionary! See him later, Professor at Fort William College—and then, Serampore.

Here was a man who loved and served the Lord with all his *mind*.

If one were asked to describe the portrait of William Carey in a single phrase, one might fitly describe it as "a benign countenance." Kindness and tenderness are in that face. Like Our Lord, he was moved with compassion for the multitudes—yes moved; it was the motive power of his life again and again. The passion for souls and compassion for men are closely akin. His heart yearned over them. Only a man of world-wide sympathy could undertake a world-wide task. Carey's vision was not limited by India; it was, indeed, world-wide. His linguistic attainments are an indication of his varied interests and far-reaching sympathies. Working in India, he also thought of China. He accepted the Master's commission extending "unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Compassion, sympathy, love—they are there in this portrait. How gentle he could be, how meek he was! But that gentleness was wedded to firmness, that meekness was indomitably strong. Nothing could turn him aside from his purpose. He acted with determination. He was steadfast in all his ways. With all his kindness and tenderness, compassion and meekness, he was a man of granite.

It is clear that William Carey was no ordinary man. He is to be numbered among the great, and yet he had all the humility of true greatness. "He is a very superior man, and appears to know nothing about it," wrote a friend. He called himself a plodder, yet with that quality, he combined the brilliancy of genius.

His self-chosen epitaph is most revealing:

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

Do not call that morbid, nor say that it is grovelling. Do not dismiss it as an exaggeration, or you will insult the memory of a saint. William Carey really felt the truth of that couplet.

One of the most impressive scenes of all is the visit of Dr. Duff to Carey as he lay dying. The younger man talked for some time about the wonderful missionary achievements in India, and finally prayed. As he was leaving the room Carey said to him: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey; speak only about Dr. Carey's Saviour!"

I take a final glance at that portrait. Is it my imagination? Is it only my admiration? But there seems to be a light shining from that face—an inner light, something transfigured and transfiguring. There is a touch of saintliness there, more than a touch. We do not paint halos round the heads of our saints, but a halo would not ill befit this man. At any rate, we feel that there is an invisible halo there.

H. E. STICKLER.

CAREY'S CHALLENGE.

THE title of William Carey's *Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen* sufficiently presents and describes his challenge, while the fact that he spent over forty years in India, implementing his own urgent and balanced appeal, cogently fills out its words and meaning for all time. During the last one hundred and fifty years Christians of all denominations have found themselves confronted by this quondam cobbler, and pressingly and persuasively challenged by his demands and example. The trumpet he sounds calls all who hear it to faith in the evangelical purposes of God; to a world-wide vision of His Kingdom; and to the surrender of themselves at once and for ever to His claims.

By his appeal to faith in the evangelical purposes of the Living God for all the world, Carey touched the springs of the Churches' deepest life, and the river of "living water" began to flow. He drove both Baptists and other Christians back to the pages of the New Testament, and bade them face the peremptory challenge of "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He saw that a gathered Church (which is what Baptists claim to have) could save itself from Pharisaism only by persistent and glad evangelism. He would have understood and welcomed Oncken's later slogan, "Every Baptist a missionary," because he knew that non-witnessing converts and churches inevitably become superior in temper and stagnant in life. In his great motto, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God," a whole theology found brief expression, and this memorable phrase had explosive power sufficient to shatter in many ministers' minds the forbidding fortress of hyper-Calvinism. He stimulated not only his fellow-members in the

Baptist churches, but also the other denominations: 1795, the year of the formation of the London Missionary Society, followed hotly on the heels of 1792, the year when our own Society was founded.

At a time when European traders were beginning their invasion of the East, and necessarily, therefore, precipitating military and political issues, William Carey introduced into this vigorous and long-continued struggle a different note. He sought something other than profit-making ventures; his books were neither ledgers nor ready-reckoners, and he carried no national flag. At the very outset of the commercial and colonising movement of the nineteenth century, with all its covetousness and resulting brutalities, there arrived an Englishman in India prepared to prove to the utmost of his power the love of God for men and women of all castes, colours, and tongues. In William Carey Europe exported to this great continent a witness to the real secrets of her highest civilisation, her finest tradition in literature and education, and her deepest faith. Overseas missions in 1792 issued from Europe's soul.

Carey also called for a world-wide vision of God's Kingdom. With Wesley he could say: "The world is my parish," and the globe he had made for himself from leather fragments was the companion of all his studies and his prayers. He was one of those who was stimulated by the voyages of Captain Cook; but while the scientific mind immediately busied itself with rainfall, density of population, movement of the tides, etc., etc., all Carey really cared about was human beings and their spiritual condition. As he read the log-books of newly-charted seas and the journals describing newly-discovered peoples, he saw them as an endless and pathetic procession of heathen and unsaved. While others conjured up visions of trade and empire, Carey's horrified eyes and stricken heart saw only an abyss into which vast masses of ignorant and superstitious men and women were being abandoned to destruction. Obviously, as a good Calvinist, he was prepared to believe that hosts of these multitudes were non-elect; but he knew that no dividing line could ever be drawn between country and country, and land and land, no shore could ever bar a man from conversion, for the colour of his skin and the place of his habitat were entirely irrelevant to his salvation. At the time when Rousseau was romancing about the noble savage, extolling primitive life, and seeking to find a basis of natural right for

civilised man in a far-off paradise of ecstatic innocence, William Carey was demonstrating to the tragic masses of India their value in the sight of God, and their rights as those for whom Christ died. Against the Frenchman's myth Carey set the fact of Calvary. Carey, therefore, claimed Cook's newly-discovered world for Christ. By the grace of God a little provincial in a back street in a Midland town of England found it possible to stretch his sympathies to cover the globe. His love was sufficient to include all human-kind. India, despite the fact that he spent his life there, was never more than his starting point. His imagination was in China while his feet were in Serampore. His mastery of Sanskrit was a conquest of the fountain-head of many languages. His Serampore College constitution was a standard intended for every educational institution in the East. A local man, Carey was a universalist. A village lad, the world was in his heart and upon his conscience. He was also a man of his own time, capitalising for Christ its discoveries and opportunities. He belongs to the Napoleonic age, and the era of the Industrial Revolution. He was inventive and industrious, seizing every possible agency for the conversion of his neighbours. How he would have leapt at the opportunities of the modern world—its wireless and its aeroplanes; its hospitals and schools; its "socially responsible Governments"; and its increasing concern for education; and its ecumenical vision!

Carey's third demand is for committed Christians and a surrendered Church, and his argument is reinforced most strongly by his own example. Well might we say: "God's answer to a big job is a big man," for His supreme gifts are always persons. Christianity is a religion of inspiration and its perennial proof lies in men and women who reveal in their own lives the grace of God. How different were the two men who faced India together in 1793, though so identical in deepest passion! Thomas, gifted and educated, but wayward, impulsive, and erratic, an evangelist in fits and starts, a missionary with "missings"; and Carey, who said of himself to his nephew: "I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything." What a contrast between these two evangelists—Thomas, intending to arrive at Widow Wallis's house on 2nd October, 1792, but forgetting the time of the meeting; and Carey, preparing and planning for nine or ten years by reading and writing, study and prayer, and then himself ready to implement, at the request of his brethren,

his own protestations of God's supreme call. He, who at Nottingham in May, 1792, after preaching on "Expect great things from God: attempt great things for God," seized Fuller's arm and said, imploringly: "And are you, after all, going again to do nothing?" was himself prepared when the time came to give instant and lifelong obedience. It was in the Lord Christ that God received his perfect opportunity; but in the discipleship of William Carey, cobbler and translator, there were few reservations. He immersed himself in God's purpose as it was revealed to him. What he gave, he gave humbly and gladly. Through the instrumentality of his friends and himself the B.M.S. was formed in 1792, but it was a second best. It was all the denomination would rise to, but there were ministers and churches who declined any interest. They hugged their prejudices to their cold bosoms and shivered with pride within their theological fastnesses. It was not given to Carey, Fuller, and the other pioneers to see their brethren rise as one man to follow the missionary lead. What they got was a marvellous remnant; and it is all we have now. We have still to see the whole denomination springing unitedly, with corporate and individual obedience, to serve God's greatest call. Carey is for all time a living testimony to the truth of the Parable of the Talents, where five initial gifts become ten developed abilities, and to the ten another was added. He was student and translator, missionary and preacher, teacher and evangelist, business man and botanist, administrator and reformer; above all, an outstanding statesman of Christ's Kingdom. His evangelism was strategic as well as personal, for his translations of the Bible were to be well-springs of intelligent and individual faith. He sensed from his earliest life the importance of literacy and literature, not only for the cultivation of civilised values and the humanising of life and manners, but also for the salvation of men's souls and for the enlightening of their inner eye.

The scope of Carey's formidable personality is a dangerous area. The fire of his faith is scorching; the range of his limitless vision stretches unbearably all our narrower views, while his dedication takes away our breath and hurts our self-esteem. He was a veined and precious pebble flung by the fingers of God into the lake of the world, and the ripples he made will never cease breaking, not only on the confines of the furthest seas but on the shores of men's hearts.

J. B. MIDDLEBROOK.

CAREY'S CHRONICLERS.

INTEREST in William Carey has probably never been so widespread and intense as it is to-day. On a recent free Sunday I worshipped in a Congregational Church, as there was no Baptist Church in the town of my sojourn. Its minister made effective use of Carey's life and work to enforce the message of his sermon. Applications for material and pictures to illustrate articles are arriving from all sorts of people. We shall do well to make great use of Carey this autumn, particularly around October 2nd. The subject is well-nigh inexhaustible. The more it is studied, the greater the man appears and the more impressive his utter consecration becomes.

Unfortunately the most authoritative and most moving biography of Carey—the one written by his great-grandson, Samuel Pearce Carey—is out of print. Many ministers have copies, however, and they will turn to them now for their own profit and for the advantage of those whom they serve. For the rest, it is possible that copies can be borrowed. This book is the fruit of life-long study and of passionate devotion on the part of the writer. In it the life of Carey is traced from its beginning to its close by one who has been at pains to go over the ground in this country and in India in order to obtain the right local colour, and who has examined all the documents in order to arrive at the facts. We see not only the outward acts of the man, but the man himself. And Pearce Carey succeeds in communicating his enthusiasm to the reader until he, too, catches fire.

Happily, Pearce Carey has written another life of Carey. This is shorter and its tale is told from another angle. It contains material which the larger and previous volume does not include. It has the same glow and the same measure of justifiable hero-worship. The author claims that it is "more of a study of Carey than just his story," and notable Indian and British estimates of him have been weighed before the preparation of the manuscript. This book is *Carey*, and it is published by Marshall, Morgan and Scott. Copies, of which few remain, can be had from the Carey Press, 1s. 6d. net (by post 1s. 9d.). I hope it will be possible for the Carey Press to publish a new edition shortly.

Dr. Dakin has come to the rescue with a fresh and vigorous treatment of Carey. When the manuscript reached me, I sub-

mitted it to such competent judges as Townley Lord and Ernest Payne, and both declared it to be of the first order. Here, as elsewhere, the facts of Carey's life are told, this time in Dr. Dakin's forthright style, and they are set against the background of the times in which he lived. More important still, we are given Dakin's re-action to Carey, and a careful, balanced study of the development of those mental and spiritual powers which made him the man he was. This book is published in form similar to the *Penguin* series, and, because of its worth and the cheap price of sixpence at which it is published, it should have a wide sale.

There is much of Carey in Townley Lord's *Achievement* (2s. 6d. net), now in a second edition, and in W. E. Cule's *Bells of Moulton* (3s. 6d. net), the story of the Society told by a master for older boys and girls. *Blue Peter*, by J. R. Evans (2s. 6d.), introduces the reader, though everything is based on facts, to Carey's boyhood in a deft and imaginative way that will give pleasure and profit to the children for whom it is intended. Like W. E. Cule's book, it will provide material for children's addresses. Both ought to be in every prize list.

Finally, here, the men who stood by Carey in the homeland while he was venturing in India should be remembered, and, in particular, Andrew Fuller, one of the greatest figures and most powerful forces our denomination has ever produced. No man among us to-day knows him better than Gilbert Laws, and it is a pleasure to introduce his *Andrew Fuller, Pastor, Theologian, Ropeholder*, which the Carey Press has just published at 2s. 6d. More must be said about this book later, but I would say this now. A few days before his sudden death, I sent Robert Glennie a proof copy for his judgment. He returned it with the comment, "This has been a means of grace to my soul." You will find it to be the same.

H. L. HEMMENS.

CAREY'S COMRADES.

WE surely are in the spiritual succession; we are Carey's Comrades. These Secretarial notes are, I like to think, "Of Interest to You," William Carey, as well as to those for whom they are more especially written.

The Pastorate. A. J. Barnard, after good work in the L.B.A., goes to Windsor; S. G. Bush removes from the Doncaster Fellowship to Bradford; J. E. Compton, after a pastorate

of nineteen years at Colchester, is removing to Faversham; and Percy Flanders, with twelve years to his credit in the Todmorden valley, has accepted an invitation to Sunderland. James Macavoy, of Jarrow, is rendering help to our church at Stockton; and John MacBeath will be welcomed in London as he follows in the good succession at Haven Green, Ealing. Another lengthy term of pastoral and association service is terminated by the removal of F. Everett Thomas to Wokingham. W. H. Wills concludes his pastorate at Kettering to take charge at Dagenham; a great but exacting opportunity, with a suitable man to shoulder the burden. Anglicanism receives yet another recruit, L. R. Kingsbury, whose name was inserted on our probationers' list in 1940.

Putting off the Armour. A. Collie and J. H. Malins Johnson have resigned from the pastorate, each with a splendid record of some thirty-six years in pastoral and denominational service. They take with them the love and esteem of the brethren. We deeply regret that recurrent illness has compelled F. C. Filewood to resign. We are not without hope that, even yet, a renewal of health may make a return to full duty possible.

Our Mutual Burdens Bear. Our loving sympathy goes out to Alfred Butler, Harry Edwards, and D. J. John in their heavy bereavement, consequent upon the loss of their life partners; also to Norman Hurst on the death of his mother. A. J. Symonds, of Halifax, Chaplain in the Far East, is posted as Missing; we share the concern of church and family. E. O. Clifford and A. C. Davies are laid aside by illness, as are Mrs. Wilfrid Brown and Mrs. Franklin Chambers. We think of them in their anxiety and wish them well.

"Rejoice with them . . ." Congratulations to Greig Douglas on the Silver Jubilee of his wedding; and to John Haydon on the completion of fifty years of happy wedded life. Best wishes to our well-beloved Sam Hughes on his marriage to Miss Walker, of Walgrave, an event which maintains his long and intimate association with this well-known Baptist family.

On the Air. G. W. Byrt recently put across some splendid talks in the "Lift up Your Hearts" series. Crisp, practical, vividly and simply expressed, they were a model of what a wireless talk should be, and must have helped many. We join in the cheers for an encore.

Blitzed but Brave. Hats off to Gilbert Laws, William Blunt, and Clifford Robbins for the way in which they are carrying on, undaunted by the fierce results of enemy action. Wadham Street, Weston, is in ruins; so is St. Mary's, Norwich, reopened only a few months ago. His home demolished, Clifford Robbins was seen surveying the remains, neither uttering complaint nor asking pity, but delving amidst the debris to rescue the Minute Book of the Norfolk Association, of which he is Secretary. Others of our men have borne the dangers and discomforts of the "blitz," quietly lending helping hands. These examples are well noted by the man in the street, and the Gospel, plain writ in such deeds, commends itself to every beholder. We rejoice with Fred King and Mrs. King on the miraculous escape of their son, Dr. Gordon King, from enemy hands. The story of the deliverance must await publication until a more convenient season.

Carey's Convert. J. O. Barrett writes concerning the Kettering meetings: "Among applications for baptism is one from a Grammar School boy of 14, who writes: 'During the celebrations of the 150th Anniversary I listened to men and women who had given their lives to Christ, and were working for Him. They had a great effect on me, for I realised that there was some Almighty power working within them, and that this could be none other than faith in God.' He is a very promising lad."

Carey's Contrasts. We earnestly request men whose subscriptions are in arrears to send dues to our Treasurer, W. H. Pratt, 17, Rickmansworth Road, Watford. Usually the number of such men is from 100 to 150. It can be seen that, with the cost of the Magazine at 2s. a member, the small balance of profit is absorbed in postal applications. If it is desired to terminate membership the Secretary should be notified. Thinking of how Carey subscribed to the Society which he founded, we suggest that the sub-title of this paragraph is justified.

Committee. R. W. Thomson and A. J. Westlake have been elected to the Committee, vice A. J. Caldwell and W. H. Jones; the change is brought about by alterations in the E.M.B.A. Committee. We welcome our brethren and thank the two retiring members for valued services rendered during the reorganisation of our Fellowship. The next committee is fixed for Monday, October 19th, at 3 o'clock, at the Baptist Church

House. We hope for a representative attendance, but regret that travelling expenses cannot be offered.

Acknowledgments. In a brochure entitled "A Picture of India" (by Edwin Haward), setting forth the offer of self-government made by the War Cabinet, a chapter is devoted to Social Welfare. From this semi-official document we quote the following:—"The Baptist missionaries at Serampore in the beginning of the nineteenth century were the first to provide English education in India." (p. 31.) It is good to note that in a publication of this kind Carey's work receives just acknowledgment.

Carey's Comrades, Indeed. In correcting an error in our July issue, for which error we apologise, J. Rigden Green reminds us that it was his elder son, D. Rigden Green, who was recently married, and who is now a Chaplain in the R.A.F. He adds an interesting paragraph of family memoranda. His elder daughter, Ivy, is a B.M.S. missionary in India; his younger daughter, Dr. Joy, has been accepted for medical service in India with the B.M.S.; and his younger son, Paul, now at Regent's Park College, Oxford, is a candidate for the B.M.S.

By a coincidence, almost the same post brought to light another family record. Ishmael Jones has recently retired from active ministry; his son, T. Roy Jones, is pastor of our church at Bugbrooke; Mrs. Roy Jones is the daughter of T. R. Williams, whose late brother also was a Baptist minister, and whose sister was married to the late Howell Rees. Of this marriage there were twin daughters, one of whom is married to G. C. Batten, of Stafford, and the other to A. J. Craig, of Abergavenny.

Brethren, Pray for Us. Our Sunday morning service of mutual intercession is a vital part of our Fellowship. The foregoing items are published, not only because of their personal interest, but also that they may find a place in our prayers.

Well! the memorial issue is Cobbled. The critic will pardon some inevitable overlapping, which could have been avoided only by a preliminary conference of contributors or a general exchange of MSS. The Editorial Board lays this tribute at the feet of the great Pioneer, with the prayer that it may be of service, and thus, by the blessing of God, be a means of adding yet more jewels to—

CAREY'S CROWN.