MODERN BUILDERS OF THE CHURCH

TWENTY-FIVE LESSONS FOR THE DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

PREPARED FOR USE IN THE INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

BY
PAUL PATTON FARIS

PHILADELPHIA
BOARD OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
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LESSON I

A TINKER WHO PREACHED FROM PRISON

Read: Acts 16: 16-34.

Memory Verse: "I have chosen the way of faithfulness:
Thine ordinances have I set before me."
—Ps. 119: 30.

WHEN BOYS PLAYED AT THE KING'S COMMAND

On a Sunday afternoon, about the year 1648, a group of boys were playing ball on the village green in Bedford, England. Near them were other boys, and also many men, shooting with bows and arrows, playing leapfrog, dancing around an old-fashioned Maypole, and playing other games. Few of them were afraid of being reproved for playing on Sunday, for it was the king himself who had ordered them to play. Charles I foolishly thought that if the people did not play games on Sunday, they might get so tired of the day that they would want to go back to the Catholic Church. This was in the days when England had only recently left the Catholic Church, and become one of the lands of the Protestant Reformation.

Most of these men and boys were undisturbed over the fact that they were playing games on Sunday, but not all. One of them, a boy named John Bunyan, believed not only that it was wrong to play ball on Sunday, but also that it was wrong to play ball on any day.

He had heard so, very often, even from his playmates, who had been brought up by the overstrict Puritans of his time. That very morning, moreover, he had shivered in church service when the minister spoke of the awfulness of the sin of Sunday afternoon sports. Yet he had gone out and joined in the playing.

Suddenly, as he played, John heard a strange voice. As he was about to bat the ball, he thought he heard some one say: "Will you leave your sins, and go to heaven? Or will you have your sins, and go to hell?"

Startled, the boy looked up, and as he looked he thought that he saw Christ in the sky, looking down on him. In an instant the vision was gone. John's conscience hurt him painfully, but he refused to stop playing ball. "It's too late for me to be good now," he said moodily to himself. "So I may as well have a good time while I am alive."

Yet the boy's conscience refused to leave him alone. Day after day, even when he was with the other boys, cursing and telling lies and swearing that these tales were true, he thought of his vision of Christ

One day John was standing by a shop window, swearing as usual, when a woman put her head out of the window, and sharply scolded him. "You will spoil all the boys in the whole town!" she said.

That was too much for John. In silence he hung his head, for he had nothing to say to the rebuke. But he stopped swearing at once. "It was a great wonder to me," he said years later. "Whereas, before, I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before and another

behind, to make my words have authority, now I could without it speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

TINKER AND MINISTER

From that day John Bunyan was a better boy. He was the son of a tinker, a mender of pots and kettles, and he himself soon began to follow this lowly and despised trade. In his own town, and in near-by villages, he made broken pots whole, and he always did the task well. While he sat at work over his tinker's fire, he often thought of his past evil-doing, and longed for a peaceful heart. Then he began reading the Bible. A day came when, while traveling in the country at his trade, he thought of the one Bible verse that seemed to be just what he needed. This was it: He hath "made peace through the blood of his cross." John Bunyan acted on these words, and accepted Christ; and gradually peace came into his heart.

When the young tinker had become a man, he united with the Baptist Church, and later he became a minister. He could not preach in fine churches, for most of these belonged to the Church of England, which had tried to forbid any preaching except its own. Yet Bunyan, in spite of much opposition and danger, did preach the gospel. He preached wherever he could—in the woods, in barns, on village greens, and in some small chapels.

Great success came to the humble minister; the people listened to him eagerly, for he spoke both simply and eloquently. Then trouble began to arise. He was

slandered by persons who were envious of his fame, or who disliked what he said, for, while his preaching was very simple, it was very plain and rather stern. Bunyan was called a witch, a Jesuit, and even a highway robber, all of which charges of course were quite untrue. Yet the minister kept on preaching.

WHEN MEN PREACHED AGAINST THE KING'S COMMAND

After a time still greater troubles faced the fearless minister. The Government of England, which had been favorable to Puritans, Baptists, and other dissenting Christians, came under the control of King Charles II, and under him it forbade any religious meetings except those of the Church of England, or the Episcopal Church. It would not even permit a minister of a dissenting organization such as the Baptist Church to live within five miles of a city. All of the dissenters' chapels and churches were closed.

This was a time when it would have been easy to feel that it was wise and safe not to have church services at all for a while. But many ministers and many churches, including the Baptists at Bedford, were unwilling to find safety in any such way; and John Bunyan was unwilling to stop preaching at any earthly king's command. The Bedford Baptists went into the woods for their meetings, and Bunyan went with them. In the woods he preached the gospel to them.

Spies were there, also, however. After Bunyan's first preaching service in the woods, these spies hurried off to the officers of the law, to tell them that Bunyan

had broken the king's commandment. A friend of Bunyan's hearing the news, told the minister of his danger, and urged him to flee. But Bunyan refused; to run away would discourage the congregation, he said. He stayed, and before the day was over, the constables came to the house where he was living, and put him under arrest. The next day the judge, before whom the brave minister was taken, offered to release him on bail if he would promise not to preach until his trial. But Bunyan would make no such promise. So he was put in the Bedford jail.

IN PRISON AND OUT

Bunyan's imprisonment was very long. More than twelve years passed before he finally was released. Yet at almost any time he could have gone free, as he very well knew, if only he had been willing to consent to stop preaching. After six years he was, indeed, let out of jail, but because he began preaching at once, he was again lodged in prison. Six years later the same thing happened; back to jail the persistent preacher went.

It was not much longer, however, before the government was changed again, and all the dissenting ministers, in consequence, were allowed to preach wherever and whenever they chose. And so, at last, John Bunyan went free.

The very next day Bunyan became pastor of the Bedford Baptist Church, and the remainder of his life was devoted to preaching, to opening new churches,

and to writing books. The fame of Bunyan went all over England and Europe and even distant America. He became famous for two reasons. First, he was noted for his power as a preacher. At one service in London, on a cold winter morning, twelve hundred persons were present at seven o'clock to hear him, and in the city of Southwark the church sometimes was so crowded that Bunyan had to be lifted to the pulpit over the heads of the congregation. Yet he was even better known as a writer, for John Bunyan was the author of that famous book, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

A BOOK THAT PREACHED THE GOSPEL

It was in Bedford jail that Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress." The story's beginning sounds like it: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world," the allegory opens, "I lighted on a certain place where there was a den [the Bedford jail], and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back."

This is the beginning of a story about how a man named Christian made his journey through life to heaven. It is a story so interesting, so clear, and so powerful, that it has helped millions of people since Bunyan's day to live a better Christian life. "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been the most widely read book ever printed in English, except the Bible. Even now

the missionaries in heathen lands are glad to have John Bunyan's great story translated into the languages of the people among whom they work, and the book is found extremely helpful there.

No doubt, the judges who kept Bunyan in prison twelve years thought that they were keeping him from preaching the gospel, yet the book he wrote there gave him the opportunity of preaching through it as effectively as ever he could have preached outside of prison. He was in jail, but he preached from jail by writing "The Pilgrim's Progress."

A PRESERVER OF THE REFORMATION

Bunyan lived at a time when the Reformation of Luther, Calvin, and Knox was so new that in England there was still danger that the people would either return to the Roman Catholic Church or else lose their Christianity altogether. But the preaching and writing of Bunyan did a very great deal to prevent both these disasters. The common people of England, with John Bunyan's help, learned to follow Christ, and in time the Reformation became firmly established in every land where the English language was spoken. This explains why John Bunyan is widely known as one of the leading "preservers of the Reformation."

Suggestion: On a world map trace the history of the Christian Church—first in Asia, then in Africa and Europe. We are now in England, and soon will go to America, and later across the Pacific Ocean.

Read extracts from "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Books Suggested

Froude, "John Bunyan."

Thaine, "History of English Literature": Biography of Bunyan.

Brown, "Bunyan: His Life, Times, and Work."

Venables, "Great Writers Series": Biography of Bunyan.

LESSON II

A MINISTER WHO STIRRED ALL ENGLAND

Read: II Tim. 1: 3-8.

Memory Verse: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

WHEN ENGLAND WAS LAWLESS AND GODLESS

When John Bunyan died, England was in a distressing state. Except among the followers of such dissenting preachers as Bunyan, there was little real religion in the land, and little respect for the law. In London and Birmingham mobs often burned houses, threw open the jails, and robbed and killed almost as they pleased. The way to make gin was discovered in 1684, just before Bunyan died, and this liquor was so cheap and so intoxicating, that drunkenness soon was seen everywhere.

In the country the people were becoming poorer and poorer, and wilder and wilder. They had practically no religious training of any kind. Long afterwards, a religious worker, in one large district, found only one Bible, and this was being used only to prop up a flowerpot.

These wretched conditions seem to have been the result of war, of disputes between the Church of England with dissenting leaders like Bunyan, and of a real lack of religion among many of the clergy of the Church of England. It was a time when rich people were so selfish and so fond of pleasure that the needs of other persons were quite forgotten. So the poor became poorer, the ignorant became more ignorant, and lawbreakers became more lawless and brutal.

A BOY WHO MADE ENGLAND BETTER

But there were better times ahead for England. Not all of the people were bad. In the middle classes a fine love of religion was to be seen. This was evident in such movements as the Puritanism that afterwards did so much for America, and that even then was keeping the fear of God alive through the preaching of earnest men like Bunyan. From among people of this godly sort there was born in 1703, fifteen years after Bunyan's death, a boy whose life was to turn England upside down. This boy, John Wesley, became the greatest helper that his country had had for many a long year, a man whom all the world has honored from his day until our own.

Somewhat like Timothy, to whom Paul wrote in two books of the New Testament, John Wesley was fortunate in having excellent parents and grandparents. His father and his grandfather had been ministers, and his father died, while yet a young man, as a result of imprisonment for his faith. Wesley's grandmother was a

Puritan, and his mother, Susannah Wesley, was one of the best mothers that a boy ever had. Though she had eighteen children besides John, she trained each of them carefully in reading, in courtesy, and in knowledge of the Bible. Once a week she had an hour's talk with each child about God and religion; every Thursday evening came the hour for John, an hour that did much to prepare him for his future career

When John Wesley went to school, he remembered his religious training, and prayed and read the Bible regularly. He needed religious help, indeed, for at school his life was very hard. At Charterhouse School in London, the older boys were rough and domineering. John tasted no meat there for years; the big boys always ate his share. Later, in college at Oxford, he found almost no religion, yet he did what he felt was right, and God took care of him. When he was graduated, he determined to become a minister, and so at the age of twenty-two he was ordained a deacon in the Church of England.

For several years Wesley was a lecturer in one of the Oxford colleges, and curate, or assistant minister, with his father at Epworth, his birthplace. Then he returned to Oxford as a lecturer in Lincoln College. Here a new and important experience came to him. A group of young men, members of the Church of England, had formed one of the religious societies that were rather common at that time in England. John and his younger brother Charles joined this society, and John soon became its leader.

A NICKNAME AND THE REASON FOR IT

This society at Oxford early received a nickname. It was usually called the Holy Club, but the Oxford students and lecturers who did not like it, called the young men "Methodists." They made fun of the strict methods that Wesley and his friends used in learning how to live a godly life. These were some of the methods: The young men met regularly in John Wesley's room, at first two or three times a week, then every night. They studied Latin, Greek, and the Bible. They helped one another by discussing what they read. They rose at five o'clock every morning, and prayed three times a day. Once a week they went to a jail to call on men imprisoned for debt. They also visited sick persons. They gathered together children, and taught them the Church catechism. All their money, except just enough to buy food and clothing which they really needed, they gave to purchase food and medicines for the poor. Indeed, all that they possibly could spare, in money and time, went to other people.

One would not suppose that other people could dislike such methods as these, and make fun of them; yet these young "Methodists" were constantly ridiculed and even persecuted. The fact is, their cleanness and unselfishness reproached the consciences of the irreligious students and lecturers; and in those evil times men did not like to have their consciences aroused.

When John Wesley was about thirty-two years old, he came over to Georgia to be minister to the new colonists there, and to preach to the Indians. He did

a great deal of good, but after two years he returned to England. As soon as he reached London, he met a certain Moravian gentleman, who was on his way to America as a missionary, and the Moravian gave Wesley a great deal of help, just the help he needed.

At this time Wesley felt that he was not a real Christian, although he was a minister. He felt that he needed to get closer to God. The Moravian reminded him that God receives everyone who comes to him in faith. "Only believe in Christ," said the missionary. Wesley at once knew that he had heard the one message that his heart required just then. Like Luther and Calvin, the great Reformers, Wesley, the great Methodist, learned that salvation and power come simply from faith in the love and mercy of God in Christ.

From about that time John Wesley became a powerful preacher of the gospel. He preached wherever he had the opportunity—in inns, on horseback, to people whom he met by the roadside, in chapels, in homes, and in churches. Everywhere he urged people to have faith in Christ.

A NICKNAME THAT BECAME AN HONOR

After a time Wesley, who once more was the leader of the old Holy Club, now meeting in London, determined to organize a larger society. He was not ashamed of the nickname that had been given him and his friends at Oxford, so his new society was frankly known as a society of Methodists. It was only an organization of the Church of England, yet in time, after Wesley's

death, it became a Church in itself, the great Methodist Church that now is found in every part of the world.

The first society of Methodists was divided into bands of five to ten members each, which met separately twice a week, all the bands meeting together every Wednesday night. As a result of these gatherings and of their Bible-reading and prayer, the Methodists gained deep happiness in their lives, and did much good among the people around them.

By this time the clergy of the Church of England were becoming much disturbed over the success of Wesley and his friends. This kind of preaching and teaching was so new to them that they considered it wrong. One by one, they began to refuse to permit the Methodist ministers to preach in their pulpits; in a short time practically every church in London was closed to the Methodists, and few churches in other parts of England were open to them.

A PREACHER IN ALL OUTDOORS

So Wesley commenced preaching out of doors, as one of his friends had been doing for some time. He went to Bristol, and there on a hill outside the city he preached one day to three thousand persons, who heard him with eagerness. Day after day he preached wherever he could find an audience, until within a month he had addressed a total of forty thousand persons.

Wesley had found his life work. From now on he preached to multitudes of men and women in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Inside of six months, he had

organized six new Methodist societies, with hundreds of members, practically all from the lower classes, who sadly needed his help. Gambling, profanity, drunkenness, lawlessness, and even ignorance diminished. Churches were built and schools were established, supported by the poor people, and by gifts from Wesley's richer friends. Some of these new converts to Christ themselves became preachers; in a few years scores of lay preachers were at work, helping the common people to understand the power of the religion of Christ.

For fifty years Wesley himself continued to preach in every part of the British Isles. He crossed the Irish Sea fifty times, traveled on land 250,000 miles (as far as ten times around the globe), and visited remote fishing villages and distant mining towns. Most of his traveling was done on horseback. Once his horse fell, bruising him, yet the next day he was able to preach to six thousand people. In the fifty years he preached more than forty thousand times, an average of fifteen sermons a week, to millions of persons.

Great dangers faced Wesley and his preachers throughout all their lives. Though most of the poorer people were friendly when unmolested, many an uprising was stirred up by the upper classes. In the last ten years of Wesley's life he and his preachers were mobbed almost every month. In one town a mob drove cows into the congregation while preaching was going on. In other places rough men disturbed the services by blowing horns, ringing bells, sending the town criers to bawl in front of the preacher, or hiring fiddlers and

ballad singers to drown out the preachers' voices. More than once, attempts were made to kill Wesley and his helpers.

AN ENGLAND THAT WAS CHANGED

Yet the work went on, went on with remarkable power and success. When Wesley died in 1791, at the age of 87, 100,000 persons in the British Isles were Methodists, and now the Methodists throughout the world are numbered by many millions. Beside this, the labors of Wesley and his followers produced a notable change in the Church of England; new ideas crept in because of Wesley's activities, and the Church grew kinder, more unselfish, and truer to Christ. In fact, the preaching of Wesley had the effect of arousing all England to a higher and better life.

John Wesley was one of the great men in a century of many great men. His life was pure, generous, and fearless, but his chief glory lies in the fact that "he taught thousands of his fellow men to know what the religion of Jesus Christ really means."

Suggestion: Read some of the stories of Wesley's fearlessness, as in Winchester's book named below.

Books Suggested

Winchester, "The Life of John Wesley."

Green, R., "John Wesley, the Methodist."

Green, J. R., "The World's Great Events" (Vol. V): Biography of Wesley.

See also "Encyclopœdia Britannica" and the new Schaff-Herzog "Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge"—for Wesley and many men of the later lessons.

LESSON III

AN EARLY EVANGELIST TO TWO CONTINENTS

Read: Matt. 3: 1-12.

Memory Verse: "Our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he pleased."
—Ps. 115: 3.

A JEERING CROWD AND AN INDIGNANT BOY

One Sunday morning in the year 1734, a young man of nineteen stood near the entrance of St. Mary's Church at Oxford, England. His eyes were turned toward the town, over the heads of most of the student body of Oxford University, who were massed in front of the church, leaving a narrow lane open in their midst.

A stir of excitement was evident as a new group of students, all soberly clad, appeared down the street. "Here they come," cried voices in the crowd. "Give them a welcome."

The young man by the church door watched intently, and with rising indignation. He saw the thirty newcomers advance into the lane prepared for them. Then he witnessed what made him tingle with shame for his college mates. He saw the newcomers pushed and jostled, heard jeers, hoots, and howls of ridicule, and caught the deriding shouts of some of the mob: "Here he is—the 'Father of the Holy Club.'" "Here's the leader of the 'Methodists.'"

But he thrilled with admiration as he saw the young

man indicated by this scornful shout pay no heed whatever to the jeers, but with his companions proceed calmly through the crowd into the church. They were going to Communion, and to Communion they would go in spite of the ridicule of all Oxford.

It was a sight that the young man who looked on was to witness many a Sunday morning thereafter, a sight that never left him unmoved and that finally led him to join this same band of derided fellow students. These brave men were the members of Oxford's club of earnest seekers after a holy life; their fearless leader was John Wesley; and the young man who admired them was some day to be one of the most famous of them all—George Whitefield, an evangelist to two continents.

A LIQUOR SELLER WHO BECAME A MINISTER

Whitefield had only recently come to Oxford. He was the youngest child of a widow, who for years had been keeper of the Bell Inn at Gloucester, George's birthplace, and in this inn George had worked for some time behind the bar, drawing beer and ale for his mother's customers. He had not been a very religious boy in those days. Indeed, with some of his wild companions he had run more than once into one of the Gloucester churches on a Sunday morning, and in the midst of the service had shouted in derision, "Old Cole, Old Cole!" at the faithful minister in the pulpit.

Once he had gone to Bristol, and there had felt a longing to be a really good boy and a noble man; but on his return to Gloucester, his former companions had

quickly drawn him back into his old habits. When he was eighteen the opportunity had come to go to Oxford, where he could pay his expenses by being a servant to other students, and he had gone with eagerness, for he longed for an education. At Oxford he had heard almost at once of the derided "Holy Club," and before long he had formed a habit of standing near the church every Sunday, to witness that weekly scene of shame and bravery. That experience always called forth his deep respect for the persecuted young men, and in time it produced a longing to join them. They had a courage and a desire for better things that he himself wished to have.

Not many months passed before Whitefield's interest in the Methodists came to their knowledge, and John Wesley invited him to join them. Wesley lent him a book, "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," that led Whitefield to give his heart completely to Christ. Then the newer student gladly united his fortunes with those of his admired friends of the Holy Club; he, too, became a Methodist.

FROM PERSECUTION TO POPULARITY

On Whitefield, too, now descended the ridicule and persecution that had been given to his friends. Other students threw handfuls of dust at him as he passed; the men for whom he worked declined to pay him; friend after friend deserted him. The master, or president, of the college threatened to expel him if he ever visited the poor again, as he must do as a loyal member

of the club. Yet the next poor person Whitefield heard of he called on at once. He was not expelled, but the opposition of teachers and students persisted; nevertheless, Whitefield courageously continued doing what he considered his duty. He called on the poor, visited prisoners in the jails, urged people to accept Christ, and began preaching to small groups of persons whenever he had an opportunity; he was a young man who would not be terrified.

When Whitefield was only twenty-one years old, he was ordained a deacon in the Church of England, and the next Sunday he preached his first formal sermon. Two different ministers invited him to preach in their churches during their long absences. One of these churches was in London. In each place the younger minister preached with such power that immense congregations came to hear him. At the same time he visited the sick, the poor, the imprisoned, and soldiers in their barracks, bringing them relief from their troubles of body, mind, and heart.

Almost at once great fame came to Whitefield. When it was heard in Bristol that the young minister was on his way to that city, huge crowds went out of the town to meet him. When he preached in Bristol, the congregations "filled the pews, choked the aisles, swarmed into every nook and corner, hung upon the rails of the organ loft, climbed upon the leads of the church; as many people had to turn away disappointed as had gained admission." It was a remarkable greeting for a young man to receive.

OVER THE SEAS TO AMERICA

At the height of his early fame, Whitefield followed the example of John and Charles Wesley, and went to Georgia. He stayed there much longer than had the Wesleys, however, who were back in England before he sailed; and he went to America, not once, but seven times. In Georgia he was sent to the village of Frederica as pastor to a congregation of only forty persons. Yet Whitefield ministered to these few as helpfully as he had ministered to the thousands who had greeted him in England. The people of Frederica heard him eagerly; practically every person in town attended his services. Such was the beginning of his remarkably useful life in America.

Whitefield went back to London after a year, in order to get a grant of land in Georgia for an orphans' home. He received the land, with money to build the home, and the orphanage became a great blessing in America for many years. But the most interesting part of his long stay in England had to do with his preaching. Whitefield found that during his absence conditions had changed greatly. Ministers of the Church of England objected to the preaching of Whitefield and of the Wesleys; they seemed to be afraid of the Methodists' power over the common people. So most of them refused to let the young ministers preach in their churches. Finding this state of affairs in London, Whitefield went to Bristol, where the people had welcomed him so gladly the year before; but even here he found no church open to him.

PREACHING OUT OF DOORS

Accordingly, Whitefield went where the people were. In the coal-mining town of Kingswood, not far away, he preached on a Saturday afternoon to two hundred miners. A day or two later he addressed two thousand of them, and in two days more four thousand. Before long he was preaching out of doors to crowds of from fifteen to twenty thousand. Because of this astonishing experience Whitefield realized then, as never before, that the common people of England were hungry to hear the gospel.

After a short while, a gentleman of Bristol offered Whitefield the free use of his bowling green as a preaching place. Here from the time of Whitefield's first sermon immense crowds gathered. Next, the preacher went to his old home at Gloucester. Here he preached, also, and here "Old Cole," the minister at whom as a boy he had jeered, welcomed him heartily as a fellow minister of God. Everywhere in that section of country Whitefield preached, by the roadsides, in town halls, and in the fields. In three months' time he had established a custom of preaching to the common people that has not died out in England to this day.

When the preacher returned to London, his fame preceded him. If he could not preach in London's churches, he would preach in London's streets. This he did, preaching to more than twenty thousand persons the first Sunday. One of his London outdoor congregations numbered more than thirty thousand people, including some on horseback and others in coaches and

carriages. The clergy of the Church of England were astounded and alarmed at the success of Whitefield, but the people heard him gladly.

A FRIEND OF ALL AMERICANS

From these scenes of the triumph of gospel preaching, Whitefield returned to America, where similar experiences met him. Up and down the colonies he traveled, from Georgia to Massachusetts and back, preaching God's Word to willing listeners. Sometimes there was opposition, because it was a new thing to find people by the thousands longing to hear the gospel, but gradually most of the objections disappeared. For God's blessing was on Whitefield's labors. Benjamin Franklin became one of Whitefield's most loyal supporters, and even staid old Puritans like Jonathan Edwards of Massachusetts acknowledged his power and his consecration to God.

In New York the churches in which Whitefield preached were crowded night after night. Of his work in Pennsylvania, Franklin's paper, The Pennsylvania Gazette, printed this news item: "On Thursday last, the Rev. Mr. Whitefield left this city and was accompanied to Chester by about 150 horse, and preached there to about 7,000 people. On Friday he preached twice at Willing's Town to about 5,000; on Saturday, at New Castle, to about 2,500; and the same evening at Christiana Bridge, to about 3,000; on Sunday at White Clay Creek, he preached twice, resting about half an hour between services, to about 8,000, of whom about

3,000, it is computed, came on horseback. It rained most of the time, and yet they stood in the open air."

Marvelous accounts such as this were related of Whitefield's work in most of the America of that day, as well as in England, Scotland, and Wales. Thousands of persons were converted by his lifetime of preaching. Most of his converts, especially in England, united with the Church of England, but he established the work that later became the influential Calvinistic Methodist Church of Wales, placed the Presbyterian Church of Virginia on a firm basis, aided the churches in New England and New York, and put new life into the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches of America and Great Britain. From his time to our own, the Church of England has been broader, kinder, and more powerful, largely because of the work of George Whitefield and the Wesley brothers.

WHEN AMERICA MOURNED

One day in September, 1770, Whitefield preached two hours in the open fields at Portsmouth, though he was ill, and must have known that he had not long to live. It was, indeed, his last public appearance; in less than two days he was dead, worn out with his labors for his Master. When news of his death was carried abroad, the bells in the city were tolled, and the warships in the harbor of Portsmouth fired a salute, and hung their flags at half-mast. Funeral sermons were preached in his honor in all the principal cities of America, and the whole nation, together with much of Europe, mourned.

Suggestion: Point out London, Bristol, Philadelphia, centers of Whitfield's work; and Boston, the scene of the next lesson.

Books Suggested

Gladstone, "George Whitefield, M.A., Field-Preacher."
Newell, "Life of Rev. George Whitefield."
Ryle, "Christian Leaders of the Last Century."

LESSON IV

THE PATHFINDER OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Read: Rom. 14: 7-13.

Memory Verse: "Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—I Cor. 16: 13.

A MAN UNABLE TO BE AFRAID

Rhode Island, the very smallest of all the states in the American Union, has one of the most stirring stories of American history. It is the story of a man who did not know how to be afraid. Roger Williams was absolutely fearless. He boldly faced judges, governors, the king, the Indians, and many a breaker of the law.

Roger Williams founded his colony as the first place in all the world where every man could worship God with complete freedom. America and the entire world as well have been freer and nobler as a result of his policy.

Roger Williams of Rhode Island makes us think of John Bunyan, for he loved God; he reminds us of Wesley and Whitefield, for he preached even when he was persecuted; and he makes us remember also the bold

American leaders who came later, Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. What he believed, he believed with all his heart; and for this belief he fought and suffered and conquered.

A YOUNG MAN WITH MANY FRIENDS

It is strange that we do not know when or where Roger Williams was born. Probably he was born in Wales, about the year 1604. We do know, however, that he went to school in London, and later attended the University of Cambridge. Then he formed one of the strong friendships that helped to make his life remarkable for his friends as well as for his enemies. He became the friend of Sir Edward Coke, a noted authority on law, with whose name all lawyers everywhere are familiar. Through the kindness of this famous man Williams became his pupil and began to study law.

After a time, however, other friendships seem to have turned Roger Williams from law study. One of these friendships was that with the blind poet, John Milton, whose powerful writings were telling the world of the Christian faith of English Protestants who opposed the Church of England. The great Oliver Cromwell, military leader of English Puritans, was another firm friend of Roger Williams.

Of course, a man with the bold spirit of Roger Williams could not hold friendship with such men as these without soon desiring to live a courageous and purposeful life. So it was not long before his thoughts turned

from the study of the law toward the study for the ministry. Only a little while later he turned from a persecuted religious life in England to what he felt was the free religious life of the new America. In 1631, Roger Williams landed at Boston, in the New World.

A FREE LAND THAT WAS NOT FREE

A great surprise met Roger Williams when he reached the new land. Though he was only a young man, he found that already he loved religious freedom more than most of the colonists of Massachusetts loved it. He believed, as we all believe now, that anyone has a right to live in America, whether he is a Puritan or a Presbyterian or a Quaker or a Jew. But the Puritans of Massachusetts and New Haven welcomed no one who did not believe in God in the same way as they believed in him.

A person who brought a Quaker into the New Haven colony, for example, was fined fifty pounds. Moreover, Quakers who persisted in trying to live there were branded on the arm with the letter H, as heretics, and even had their tongues pierced with a red-hot iron.

Such persecution was wrong, Roger Williams asserted, and he asserted it almost as soon as he landed at Boston. He asserted it so often and so forcefully that soon all the Boston leaders, from Governor Endicott down, were deeply incensed against him. When the church at Salem wanted him to be its pastor, there was so loud an outcry at Boston that the governor prevented his accepting the office. Instead, for two years

Roger Williams was associate pastor at Plymouth. Here he worked bravely and helpfully, part of the time laboring for the Christianizing of the Indians living near by.

PERSECUTED FOR WHAT HE BELIEVED

Yet not even at Plymouth was he let alone. The government at Boston, with other opponents, made the life of the young minister so unpleasant that he determined to go to Salem after all. Perhaps he felt that if he were to be persecuted for his beliefs, he might as well be working for the church that wanted him. But this was the very church from which the governor was trying to exclude him. To Salem he went, therefore, and there he continued for about two years more, preaching and teaching, and disputing constantly with the government.

Some of the government's objections to Roger Williams would seem very foolish nowadays; but one of these was very clear, and more important. The courageous minister told the people plainly that the courts had no right to punish men for breaking the first four of the Ten Commandments. If a person broke one of these, he said, that person was guilty before God, and the Church perhaps, but not before the courts.

What Roger Williams meant, of course, was that no government has a right to interfere in Church affairs; and in this we know that he was quite correct. But Massachusetts did not agree with him, and the government and the courts sternly objected. Every time the

General Court met, it reproved the young minister, or summoned him to appear before it, or commanded him to cease making his statements.

EXILE, PRIVATION, AND A NEW HOME

Matters came to a crisis in 1635, only four years after Williams had come to the new world. On advice of other ministers of the colony, a decree of banishment was issued against bold Roger Williams. The decree began with these words: "Whereas, Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders at Salem, hath broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of the magistrates . . . it is therefore ordered," et cetera. He was to leave the colony within six weeks.

So Roger Williams went into exile for his faith. He fled into the wilderness, and experienced a terrible "fourteen weeks, in which he knew not what bed and board did mean," though some of the time he was befriended by the Indians. After his situation had become almost desperate, he and four or five faithful companions reached the Seekonk (Blackstone) River and sailed on it until they landed at a rock that nowadays is held in high honor on this account. A little later he journeyed farther, and reached a spring of clear, fresh water. As an evidence of his steadfast faith, he called his new home Providence—which is the city of Providence, Rhode Island, of to-day.

Here Williams bought land from the Indians, and established the colony that afterwards became the State

of Rhode Island. After a few years he received a charter from the English king, but soon after his arrival at Providence he and twelve friends drew up a covenant by which the colony was to be governed. This covenant contained four very impressive words. "We whose names are here underwritten," says the compact, "promise to obey the will of the majority, but only in civil things."

PERFECT FREEDOM AT LAST

Those four words, "only in civil things," made Rhode Island different from all other colonies and states established before that time in the history of the world. Roger Williams and his freedom-loving friends were willing to obey one another when they made civil laws for the colony, but they absolutely refused to promise obedience in religious matters. Each man was to be completely free in religion. Church and State, as we say now, were to be absolutely separate. They have remained separate in Rhode Island from Roger Williams' time on, and now are separate in each of the forty-eight states of this land.

This first free colony early became a place of refuge for persecuted and oppressed persons from the other colonies. A famous woman, Anne Hutchinson, banished by Massachusetts, found a refuge in Rhode Island. Several noted men, whose beliefs were not satisfactory to the Massachusetts authorities, followed her, and numerous men whose ideas of government were considered wild and unsafe soon came, also. All

of these were welcomed; they were required to obey the civil law, but in religious affairs they were left completely free to serve God just as they thought right.

A COLONY FOUNDED ON FREEDOM

Roger Williams' Rhode Island became one of the foremost colonies of America in its love of liberty. It was the first to pass laws against slavery, and the first to declare independence from Great Britain; this was in May, 1776, about two months before the national Declaration of Independence was adopted.

In all its history since, Rhode Island has been known as a state that has loved freedom for itself and its people, and that has preserved freedom for other states and other peoples. Much of the credit for this attitude is due to the brave life of the Roger Williams of three hundred years ago who was a champion of freedom for the hearts of all men.

Suggestion: Refer to such similarities between Roger Williams' life and that of William Penn as the persecution in England, the purchase of land from the Indians, and the establishment of a colony granting freedom of worship.

Books Suggested

Straus, "Roger Williams, the Pioneer of Religious Liberty."
Carpenter, Elton, Sparks, Biographies of Roger Williams.
Faunce, "Pioneers of Religious Liberty in America," Chapter on Williams.

LESSON V

THE FIRST APOSTLE TO THE RED MEN

Read: Psalm 91.

Memory Verse: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day."—Ps. 91: 5.

A NOTABLE BOOK OF LONG AGO

In the year 1663 a book was printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which was greeted with delight by the Puritans, and which has been held in high honor by Americans ever since. Of this book one of the Puritan leaders spoke with enthusiasm. "Behold, ye Americans," said he, "the greatest honor that ever ye were partakers of—the Bible printed here at our Cambridge. And it is the only Bible that ever was printed in all America from the foundation of the world!"

But to us the remarkable fact about this Bible is not so much that it was the first edition of the Scriptures printed in this country as the fact that it is written in the language of a tribe of Indians now extinct, a language that is no longer spoken or read. Nor was it the only book printed in that language. It was preceded by an Indian catechism, and by the New Testament in the tongue of the red men; and it was followed three years later by an Indian grammar.

Each of these books of historic importance was prepared by John Eliot who, for nearly sixty years, was minister of the church of Roxbury, Massachusetts, and

the first "apostle of the Indians." His Indian books, it is true, cannot be read now. The Indians for whom he wrote are gone, but the name of John Eliot lives on.

John Eliot is honored to-day as a man of deep learning, as one of the first missionaries of modern times to a heathen people, as this country's first well-known worker among the Indians, and as the forerunner of America's hosts of home missionaries—men who, for hundreds of years, have combined religious zeal with most exalted patriotism.

FROM PERSECUTION TO FREEDOM

In England, where John Eliot was born in 1604, he had been willing to labor as minister, but he was a Puritan and lived in the days of the tyrannical Archbishop Laud, under whom no one could preach in safety other doctrines than those of the Church of England. Eliot, therefore, followed the example of many other persecuted Puritans, and in 1631, the same year in which Roger Williams reached Boston, found in Massachusetts a land where a Puritan could serve God according to the dictates of his own conscience. For the new colony there was governed absolutely by the Puritans, as we learned in our study of Roger Williams.

First of all the important deeds of John Eliot in the new world was his preparation of "The Bay Psalm Book," in association with two other religious leaders, and the hymn book was published in 1640, the first book of any sort printed on this side of the ocean.

As minister of the Roxbury church, Eliot early came into contact with the Indians of the colony. Soon he felt a consuming desire to preach to them. For two years he spent much of his time in studying their language. Then, regardless of dangers from the arrows and tomahawks of the savages, he gave the best part of his later life to the evangelization of the red man, and so became famous as a missionary to the Indians.

"GOD IS WITH ME—I SHALL GO ON"

It was in 1646 that the apostle to the Indians preached his first sermon to the Indians. He delivered this Christian message to an Indian assembly at Nonantum, now Newton. Almost from the beginning of his labors he met with opposition, both from the sachems or chiefs and from the powwows or medicine men. Often his life was in great danger. Yet he continued preaching fearlessly to the Indians. "God is with me," he told the hostile savages. "I fear not all the sachems in the country! I shall go on in my work; touch me if you dare!"

Great was the Indians' fear of their powwows. These medicine men were believed to have a close connection with invisible forces, and to possess magic powers of curing disease. Some of the men to whom Eliot preached, asked him a question one day that showed their dependence on the medicine men. "If we once begin praying to God," they said, "we must give up our powwows; and then when we are sick or wounded, who will heal us?"

OPPRESSED BY THE SACHEMS

Eliot encouraged the Indians both to leave their powwows and also to oppose the power of their chiefs, which was unlimited. These sachems had the right by tribal law to take for themselves whatever possessions of the Indians they fancied. When the missionary urged the red men to plant their fields and raise corn, they objected. "What is the use of our laboring all summer," they asked, "just to raise corn for the sachem to seize for his own use?"

Gradually, however, they realized that God makes no man to be a slave, and that they had rights of their own. Then they began to speak for themselves; and then, unfortunately, the sachems joined the powwows in violent opposition to the Indians' white friend. Some of the red men who trusted Eliot were banished by their chiefs, and some were even put to death.

Nevertheless, the number of Christians or "praying Indians" slowly increased. Eliot was tireless in his work for them. Year after year he traveled into the wilderness to carry his messages of Christian good will. Often he suffered great privation, as on one famous trip into the wilds.

On this journey he encountered bad weather continuously, and of course, he had no protection from the rain. From one Tuesday to the following Saturday he was never dry. At night he pulled off his boots, wrung the water out of his stockings, put them on again, and went to sleep, if he could. The rivers were over their banks, swollen by the heavy rains, and in fording these

he was drenched again and again. Yet this trip ended as many another hardship ends; when at last he reached home, he was in perfect health, and, besides, he had the consciousness of a hard duty faithfully done.

A SACHEM WHO SURRENDERED

One of the most bitter opponents of Eliot was Wannalancet, sachem at Wamesit. Yet even he at last surrendered to the fearless preacher of Christ, and this is the way he announced his conversion. Rising before the assembly to which the missionary had been preaching, in stately Indian fashion he announced: "All my life have I been used to pass up and down in an old canoe. Yet now you wish me to leave my old canoe, and embark in a new one. Hitherto I have been unwilling, but now I surrender myself to your advice. I enter into a new canoe, and do promise hereafter to pray to God."

Wannalancet proved to be a faithful and consistent worshiper of God. Many of his people, offended at his stand, left him, but he remained true to the religion of his white friend and of the "praying Indians."

MARTYRS FOR THE WHITE MAN'S SAKE

To the Puritans, and to their friends in England who helped pay the costs of Eliot's work, a reward came in the cruel days of King Philip's war between the Indians and the English. At this time the number of "praying Indians" was about thirty-six hundred, and the fear-

less and unselfish life of Eliot had won the respect and esteem of very many more. When their fellow Indians made war on the colonists, therefore, most of the Indians in that part of New England came to the aid of the English. Instead of having around them a blood-thirsty nation of foes, who might have exterminated the colonists, the English found themselves surrounded by red men who were friends—friends because of the work of John Eliot, the Christian missionary.

Bitter was the cost to the Indians, however, of their faithfulness to the white men. In that terrible war they suffered so severely and such numbers of them were killed that the nation never recovered. Before long they were quite extinct. As history shows plainly, they gave their lives for the protection of the white man.

FAITHFUL TO THE END

After the war, Eliot was in feeble health the greater part of the time. He could no longer go among those of his Indian friends who were yet alive, nor could he even preach to the white men. So he did what he could. He sent out into the neighborhood, and persuaded many families to send their Negro slaves to his home once a week that he might talk to them. His last years were spent in this simple service for Christ—teaching the black man, as he had taught the red man, of the peaceful and uplifting ways of Jesus, the Master of all men who believe in him.

Suggestion: The white man's friendship to the Indian has been rewarded often by freedom from Indian troubles; com-

pare the experience of Penn. Tell of the beginning of Negro slavery in this country, and speak of the missionary work of to-day among the colored people.

Book Suggested

Sparks, "John Eliot."

LESSON VI

AMERICA'S PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN

Read: Acts 5: 17-29.

Memory Verse: "In God have I put my trust, I will not be afraid."—Ps. 56: 11.

IN AMERICA, YET IN JAIL FOR PREACHING

In old New York, in the year 1707, a strange incident occurred. Two itinerant ministers had been caught in the very act of preaching, had been arrested for this "crime," and were brought before the governor, a man who was a member of the Church of England.

"How dare you preach in my colony without my license?" the haughty governor demanded.

Calmly the spokesman of the two accused men replied that they had licenses to preach in Virginia and Maryland, and that the new religious toleration law in England made such licenses good in all the English colonies, including New York.

But the governor would not be appeased by any such argument. "The Act of Toleration applies only to England, not to the American plantations," he insisted, "so your certificates are good only in Virginia and

Maryland. As for my colony, you shall not spread your pernicious doctrines here!"

Nevertheless, so courageously and so convincingly did the two ministers plead their cause, that at length the governor offered to give them their liberty on one condition. They could go free, he said, if they would pledge themselves to do no more preaching in his colony.

The brave response of the persecuted ministers was like a famous reply made by two early apostles, "If your lordship requires it," said their spokesman, "we will give security for our behavior, but to give bond to preach no more in your excellency's government, when invited by any people to do so, we neither can nor dare do."

To a man with the intolerant spirit of the governor, only one course was left; he sent the ministers to jail. For a number of weeks they lay in prison, martyrs to the cause of religious freedom in America for which Roger Williams himself had suffered. When finally the leader of the two was brought to trial, he presented his case so clearly that under the law the jury could do nothing but acquit him, which it proceeded to do; yet it required him to pay the costs of the case, amounting to eighty-three pounds.

A MARTYR, AND A MAN OF ACHIEVEMENTS

A year after his unjust imprisonment this brave man died. Undoubtedly the privations of his prison life hastened his death, for when he died he was only fifty

years old. Yet what a life of accomplishment he had lived! For more than a quarter of a century this man, Francis Makemie, the pioneer of American Presbyterianism, had lived a life of toil for himself and of inspiration for others.

Makemie was not the first Presbyterian minister in the land, but he was the one who established its first strong churches, and who gave it such power that in time it developed into the magnificent Presbyterianism that now stretches from New England to Florida and from western Canada to Mexico, and that is blessing the nations of the whole world with its foreign missionary enterprises.

When Francis Makemie, a Presbyterian foreign missionary from Ireland to America, came to the colonies, Presbyterians on this side of the Atlantic were few and scattered. The Massachusetts Bay Colony, which had come to Massachusetts in 1628, and with which John Eliot, the "apostle of the Indians," was connected, was largely Presbyterian, but most of it in time became merged with the Congregational Church. Other Presbyterians came later from England, Ireland, France, and Holland, most of them settling in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland.

By 1680 there were large numbers of Presbyterians in America, but they had no ministers. They could have family worship without ministers, of course, and they could hold religious services in schoolhouses, but they had no one to baptize their babies or celebrate the Lord's Supper in regular form. Some of them,

therefore, sent to the Presbyterian Church of Ireland for help. The Presbytery of Laggan, in Ireland, then commissioned Francis Makemie as a minister to the needy Presbyterians of the American colonies. This was in 1682.

Makemie was educated at the University of Glasgow, in Scotland, having been led to Christ as a boy of fourteen by an earnest school-teacher. On this side of the ocean he worked for a short time in the Barbados, an island of the British West Indies; then he came to our own colonies. In 1684 he organized his first church, at Snowhill, Maryland, and this became the center from which he worked for twenty-six years. He lived at Accomac, Maryland, but traveled far and wide, visiting the people and establishing churches.

AN ITINERANT APOSTLE TO AMERICANS

The self-sacrificing life of Makemie was devoted to giving the gospel to as many communities as he could reach. Resolutely and self-sacrificingly, he journeyed from place to place; for six years he had no one place that he could call his home, so seldom did he linger long at any one point. Always he was pushing on, to help the needy people somewhere else.

Much of Makemie's time was spent on horseback, and during most of his nights he slept in rough log cabins, or out of doors beneath the stars. Amid perils of savages, perils of storm and swollen rivers, perils of the wilderness, and perils of persecution, he traveled from New York to the Carolinas, gathering the people

for preaching wherever opportunity offered. Cheered by the welcome of the eager colonists, Makemie was undaunted and persevering, whatever hopeful circumstance or unexpected hardship might meet him.

In order to avoid interference from governors and magistrates, Makemie erected a building for Rehoboth church on his own land. He wrote a catechism, which was attacked by an opponent, but Makemie wrote so spirited a defense of his book that this was praised by the same Puritan leader in Massachusetts who about this time called on the colonists (whom he called "Ye Americans") to honor John Eliot's translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue.

"COME OVER AND HELP US"

Constantly Makemie was sending earnest appeals to England and Ireland for help. He felt that the needs of the colonists were too many and too great for any one man to meet. "Sundry places," he wrote at one time, "are crying to us for ministers." Liberal gifts came from England, his churches grew strong, new churches were organized, but of ministers to serve them there were practically none except himself.

At length Makemie determined to carry his appeal to England in person. His journey across the water was more successful than his letters had been, for when he returned he was accompanied by money to support more workers, and also by two more ministers. These were Rev. George McNish, a Scotchman, and Rev. John Hampton, an Irishman. These two men joined heartily

in his labors. It was John Hampton who shared Makemie's later imprisonment in New York.

The Presbyterian churches soon grew so rapidly in number and in strength that after a time a permanent organization was made that bound these close together. This was a presbytery, which was formed at Philadelphia in 1706, and which chose Makemie as its moderator.

WHAT GOD HAS WROUGHT IN AMERICA

Ten years later there were four presbyteries. In 1717 these presbyteries formed a synod. After seventy years, in 1789, America's Presbyterians had become so numerous that a General Assembly was organized. Like the first presbytery, the synod and the General Assembly held their first meetings in Philadelphia.

When Makemie closed his life there were only about 1,500 Presbyterians in America, but when the first General Assembly met, the number had increased to 18,000. A century later the number connected with the General Assembly organized in 1789 had become 775,000, and now it is almost two million. The one presbytery of Makemie's time has become more than three hundred presbyteries.

Besides this General Assembly, which is that of "The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America," this country has assemblies or synods of ten other Presbyterian denominations. In all these, with the larger Church of which we have been speaking, there is now a total membership in this country of more than three

million Presbyterians, besides a host of Presbyterian converts from heathen religions and from Catholicism in foreign lands.

All this mighty force of Christians is a direct result of the unselfish and perilous labors of Francis Makemie, the pioneer among American Presbyterian ministers.

Suggestion: Review the settlement of the colonies, particularly as regards religion; Massachusetts and Connecticut were settled by Puritans persecuted in England; Maryland, by persecuted English Catholics; Pennsylvania, largely by persecuted English Quakers; Rhode Island, by religious leaders and their followers persecuted in Massachusetts; Georgia, by English debtors and persecuted Protestants from Austria; and New York, by emigrants from Holland whose Church was of the Presbyterian type.

Books Suggested

Miller, "Heroes of the Church."
Thompson, "Presbyterians."

LESSON VII

A PASTOR WHO ROUSED NEW ENGLAND

Read: Neh. 8: 1-10.

Memory Verse: "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Isa. 30: 15.

A SINGULAR BOY AND A NOTABLE MAN

In 1703, the same year that saw the birth of John Wesley, there was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, a remarkable boy who became a remarkable man, perhaps the most notable man that America ever has

known. Not all of his astonishing deeds as a boy are of the kind that boys of to-day ought to do, if they could, yet they are both interesting and inspiring; and not all of his great achievements as a man are either possible or desirable to men of to-day, yet they have helped decidedly to make America the mighty nation of freedom-loving and God-fearing people that it is to-day. This mighty man of God was Jonathan Edwards.

Jonathan Edwards came from an old Puritan family, and was the son and grandson of ministers. When only a small boy he joined his sisters, with some young men outside the family, in studying under his learned father. At the age of six he began to study Latin and other difficult subjects; and already he had learned to act on a good suggestion of his father, a suggestion that he write out his thoughts on paper so that he could test them and remember them better.

By this and other means he became a deep and accurate thinker while yet a very small boy. When he was ten, one of his friends told him that he did not believe we could live after we died, either in heaven or in hell; for this was at a time when people thought more about hell than they do now. Jonathan believed otherwise, and he argued so carefully and so powerfully that he convinced that boy that people's souls do live forever. That was a hard thing to do, but this remarkable boy did it.

When Jonathan was twelve, he wrote an excellent and interesting essay on the habits of the wood spider, and before he was thirteen he had advanced so fast that

he went to college. His college was Yale, which at this time did its work in three different towns—New Haven, Wethersfield, and Saybrook. Young Edwards studied at New Haven. The president lived in one of the other towns, and, because the president was away, the teaching at New Haven was done mostly by tutors.

Under these conditions it was hard to learn much, but Edwards loved knowledge so intensely that he worked with all his might and mind. He studied every subject down to the bottom, and mathematics, science, and astronomy he mastered through and through. In fact, he studied so well that when he was graduated, before he was seventeen, he received the highest honor in his class. Indeed, he was the only member of the class who received any honor whatever.

WHEN BOYS BUILT A "DEN" AS A CHURCH

All this time Jonathan was not only deeply studious; he was also deeply religious. When about eight years old, he was greatly impressed by his father's preaching, and at once he began showing his interest in Christian things. He prayed five times every day, talked to his boy friends about religion, and persuaded some of them to build a "den," or hut, in a retired spot, and in this the boys held many religious meetings. After a few months, however, his early religious interest gradually wore away.

But while he was in college, when he was about fifteen, Jonathan had a long talk with his father about

religion, and from this time he was a real Christian. "I used to be struck with terror when I saw a thunderstorm rising," he said afterwards, "but now . . . it rejoiced me. I felt God, at the first appearance of the thunderstorm, and used to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder."

As soon as young Edwards left college, he determined to become a minister, and before he was nineteen he was licensed to preach. For a time he preached to a new Presbyterian church in New York City. About this time he formed some resolutions for his life, and wrote these down. There were seventy of these interesting life purposes. Here are four of them:

"Resolved, never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God.

"Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

"To live with all my might, while I do live.

"Always to do what I shall wish I had done when I see others do it."

"TO LIVE WITH ALL MY MIGHT"

Very well indeed did Jonathan Edwards hold to these resolutions throughout his later life. For the next few years, while studying theology, preaching, and teaching at Yale, he worked with all his strength. His health always was poor, yet ordinarily he studied thirteen hours a day. He took daily exercise as a sacred duty,

and ate as little food as possible. He made himself do much horseback riding; yet always he took pen and ink and paper with him. If a good thought came to him while he was riding, he got off his horse, and wrote the thought down, copying it out carefully when he reached home.

At the age of twenty-four, Edwards became the associate of his grandfather in the pastorate of the church at Northampton, Massachusetts, and he remained in this church twenty-three years, until long after his grandfather had died. Here Edwards preached powerful and helpful sermons, and he saw the church slowly grow. Yet this was a time of general carelessness about the religious life, both in America and in England, and there was much evil in Massachusetts.

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT REVIVAL

One year Edwards preached some sermons on the power of God, and on Luther's favorite subject, salvation by faith. Almost at once a mighty revival of religion broke out in his church and town. Within the next six months, practically every person in Northampton over fourteen years of age was a Christian.

But the greatest revival that America ever had known came five years later, in 1740. Edwards was preaching the power of God with all his might, and the same great subject was being preached in other colonies by such ministers as Rev. Gilbert Tennent, Rev. William Tennent, and the famous George Whitefield. Everywhere God's power was shown in the leading of men and

women, boys and girls, to Christ. Whitefield in his travels went to Massachusetts, to see Jonathan Edwards, of whose remarkable life and preaching he had heard, and from Edwards' pulpit he preached five sermons. This year an immense number of new Christians once more was added to Edwards' church.

That God honored the revivals of Edwards' time is shown by the impressive results of the work of Whitefield, of the Tennents, and of Edwards himself. Probably 25,000 persons joined the churches of New England in those years, though New England's population was only about 250,000. In less than twenty years more than 150 new Congregational churches were organized, and the number and membership of Baptist and Presbyterian churches were largely increased.

MISSIONARY TO INDIANS AND COLLEGE PRESIDENT

Like John Eliot, Jonathan Edwards became a missionary to the Indians. Ten years after the second revival in his church he removed to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to be pastor there, and also to preach to the neighboring Indians. He continued to be successful in his preaching to the white people, but the Indians were so badly corrupted by the liquor that evil white men sold them that it seemed impossible to convert many of them to "the white man's religion."

After seven years of this work, Edwards' fame as a preacher and thinker was so great that he was elected president of Princeton, the Presbyterian college in New Jersey. A brilliant future seemed to be opening before

him as a college president, but Edwards had been inaugurated only five weeks when he died. He and two of his daughters, one of them the wife of Rev. Aaron Burr, who preceded Edwards as president, had been inoculated with smallpox, for this was before the days of vaccination, and smallpox was a much dreaded disease. As a result of this severe treatment, Jonathan Edwards and Mrs. Burr died, within a few days of each other. One of Mrs. Burr's two children was the Aaron Burr who later became Vice President of the United States.

A LIFE "TO THE GLORY OF GOD"

Jonathan Edwards died when he was only fifty-five years old, yet in his short life he had become famed in America and Europe as an eloquent preacher, deep thinker, sincere teacher, and forceful writer. His printed sermons and lectures had great power for good during scores of years after he was gone, and even today men and women look back on him as one of the greatest builders of the Church of Christ that the world has known since the Reformation.

Suggestion: Trace the ancestry and the posterity of Edwards, a mighty line of men and women, the fruit of Christian education and Christian consecration. Edwards' father was a clergyman, his grandfather a merchant, and his great-grandfather a clergyman in England. Of his descendants of seven generations (up to about 1905), ten were college presidents, two presidents of law schools, two presidents of theological seminaries, three presidents of railroads, one a bank president, two prominent scientists, one a prominent author (Winston Churchill), one a Vice President of the United

States, and one the wife of a President of the United States (Theodore Roosevelt). See the leading article in Munsey's Magazine, June, 1906.

Books Suggested

Sparks, "Jonathan Edwards."
Allen, Biography of Jonathan Edwards.
Walker, "Ten New England Leaders": Biography of Edwards.

LESSON VIII

A PRESIDENT OF YALE WHO STARTED A REVIVAL

Read: Acts 17: 1-12.

Memory Verse: "Being ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you."—I Peter 3: 15.

A BOY WHO WOULD BE GREAT

Probably the world never has known another so strange a combination of astonishing boyhoods as those of Jonathan Edwards and of his grandson, Timothy Dwight. Astounding as were the exploits of Edwards as a boy, these were even surpassed by those of his noted grandson, and the work of Dwight as a man was only less helpful to America and to Christianity than that of his famous grandfather.

Timothy Dwight's early years form a story that is hard to believe, in spite of its having been accurately reported. Born in 1752, at Northampton, Massachusetts, where his grandfather and great-great-grandfather had been pastors, Timothy began to study books

almost as soon as he could talk. At one lesson he learned the alphabet, and before he was four years old he could read the Bible easily.

Soon afterwards, while listening to the conversation of certain noted Americans of his time who came to call on his father, and while listening also to his father's comments on these men, Timothy formed a life purpose. This purpose was to be "equal to those whose talents and character he had heard extolled." From this time to his dying day Timothy Dwight held with unflinching will to that high ambition, a tireless purpose to become worthy of fame.

STUDYING LATIN BY STEALTH

When Timothy started to school, at the age of six, his father told him that he was too young to study Latin, but the boy was so eager to learn that while his schoolmates were at play, he took their Latin books from their desks, and studied these. Long before he was eight, he had learned Lily's Latin Grammar thoroughly. When his father found him out, he was permitted to go on, and before he was nine he could read Latin and Greek almost as well as English.

For about three years the boy was out of school. His mother, who thought it better for him just then to study history and geography than to toil over Greek and Latin, taught him at home, so while he was nine, ten, and eleven he reveled in numerous books of geography, travel, and ancient and modern history. Then he went on with his Latin and Greek.

Like his grandfather, Timothy entered Yale College at the age of thirteen. But unlike Jonathan Edwards, he knew so much Greek and Latin that he did not need to study much during his first two years in college. Instead, therefore, he used to do a great deal of card-playing, and to sit up late at night, attending parties and midnight suppers. At the end of his sophomore year he saw how foolish he had been, became an earnest Christian, and settled down to hard work.

During his junior and senior years at college, and for a time later as a tutor in Yale, Timothy Dwight studied as perhaps no college man ever studied before or since. In those days it was a custom for Yale students to attend chapel exercises at 5.30 every morning, but this was not early enough for Dwight to begin the day! He would be up early enough to read one hundred lines of Homer in Greek before the chapel service opened. At this time, we are told by those who knew him, he studied fourteen hours a day.

TOO AMBITIOUS TO BE CAREFUL

Even then the young man was not satisfied. He wanted to get still more studying done. So he did something that hurt all his later life. He determined to save the time that he had been giving to physical exercise. To do this safely, as he thought, he decided to stop eating so much, so that he would need no exercise. Accordingly, he ate less and less, until at length he found that he could make a meal on eighteen bites of food. How foolish this was, he was soon to learn. In

a few months he looked like a skeleton, his health broke down, and he had to leave Yale and go home.

At home Dwight's physician gave him a much needed scolding. The young man took his doctor's scolding and his advice, and in time, with good food, much rest, and a great deal of outdoor exercise, he recovered much of his health. From that time on he seems to have been sensible, and even while working intensely hard, he took enough proper food and sufficient wholesome exercise. Yet all his life he was subject to terrible headaches, and his eyes were so weak that never again could he use them for more than fifteen minutes during an entire day; he was almost blind.

A DETERMINATION THAT OVERCAME A HANDICAP

An ordinary man would have found this handicap sufficient reason for living a life of comparative ease thereafter, but Timothy Dwight was not an ordinary man. He employed other persons to read to him, he thought intensely, and he cultivated his memory until he seemed to forget nothing that ever he heard. He hired men to write his notes, sermons, lectures, and books, and, because this was before the time of shorthand, he thought so carefully that he could keep two and even three amanuenses busy taking his dictation at one time.

By this careful and ceaseless labor, Dwight became not only well informed, but one of the very best informed men of his century in politics, industry, education, and religion. The tales that are told of his in-

formation on almost any subject are enough to make us all ashamed of our own slowness to learn, and of the ease with which we forget.

During his life of sixty-five years, Dwight was at different times tutor at Yale, chaplain in the army during the Revolution, member of the Massachusetts legislature, pastor of the Congregational church at Greenfield, Connecticut, and president of Yale. One of the most impressive stories told of him is in connection with his first years as Yale's president.

WHEN CHRISTIANITY WAS ASSAILED

Just then religious interest in America, and at Yale, was low. When France came to the aid of the American colonies in the Revolution, she brought with her much of the infidelity that was seen during her own Revolution. Deism, atheism, and other forms of belief or disbelief opposed to Christianity, rapidly swept over our young nation. As a consequence, even some of our ablest men, for a time, began to feel that Christianity was not true at all; they, too, commenced believing that the Christian religion was merely a superstition, to be accepted only by ignorant people who knew no better.

At Yale most of the college students were of this class of men. When Dwight went there as president in 1795, he found the young men calling themselves, not by their own names, but by the names of noted atheists. This was to show their admiration for these unbelievers in Christianity. Tom Jones, for instance, called him-

self Tom Paine, John Smith was known as Voltaire, and others bore other anti-Christian names. Some of these young men, who were sure that they knew all about Christianity that was worth knowing—and they thought that this was very little—one day as a joke suggested that the subject for their next senior class debate be this: "Are the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments the Word of God?"

WISE YOUNG MEN WHO LEARNED THEIR IGNORANCE

To their astonishment, President Dwight accepted the subject, and told the wise seniors that all of them who cared to do so might take the negative side, and do their best to overthrow the authority of the Bible. After due preparation the debate was held, with most of the class upholding the negative. The president listened attentively to all that they had to say, and then began calmly to discuss their arguments. Kindly, clearly, and distinctly, he pointed out mistake after mistake that they had made, and in a short time he had shown the dumbfounded young men that they really knew practically nothing about this important subject.

Then came the climax. President Dwight, drawing on his immense fund of information and on his deep love of God, proceeded to prove to his students that the Bible certainly is the Word of God; that what it says is true; and that there is salvation offered to men only in the Jesus of the Scriptures. It was a proof that could not be contradicted.

One by one, as their president talked, the young men

became convinced that what he said was true. They had come into the room anti-Christian, they left it Christian. The story was carried to other students, into the town, and into surrounding country, and as a result many a long year passed before anyone again dared to say that Christianity was not a religion worthy of the belief and the service of men and women of the highest intellectual power.

"THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION"

A revival broke out; not one revival, indeed, but many. Yale became one of the most godly colleges in all the land. From 1800 to 1837 seventeen distinct revivals of religion visited the institution. During that first movement of this kind, the number of professing Christians in the college increased from twelve to nearly ninety, including practically every student. Forty-five of the young men determined at once to enter the Christian ministry. The entire institution was filled with the power of Christianity.

That religious upheaval, known as "the great revival of 1800" spread to other states, and led to numberless conversions, to widespread home missionary work, to the founding of countless Sunday schools, to the organization of Bible societies and tract societies, and to the system of outdoor religious gatherings called camp meetings that have led tens of thousands of persons closer to the Christ of the Old and New Testaments, and to the Christ of Jonathan Edwards and Timothy Dwight.

Suggestion: Tell some of the stories of Dwight's early days, found in Sparks's biography.

Books Suggested

Tyler, "Three Men of Letters."
Sprague, "Annals of the American Lutheran Pulpit."

LESSON IX

AN ITINERANT BISHOP OF AMERICA

Read: Acts 2: 37-42.

Memory Verse: "Preach the word; be urgent in season, out of season."—II Tim. 4: 2.

A FAMOUS MAN AND HIS FASCINATING DIARY

Few persons nowadays keep diaries very faithfully, but there was a time when it was the custom to do so. In those days men and women were very likely to keep a "journal" of their lives, sometimes, perhaps, with the thought that after they were gone, the world might eagerly read what they had written. One such journal that has come down to us is well worth looking into, for it was written by a man famous in his own time and even more famous since. This man, Francis Asbury, lived a long life of thrilling adventure, repeated peril, and vast accomplishment.

Before we look into this fascinating life story, let us learn something about the man who wrote it. He was born in 1745, in Staffordshire, England, went to school to a teacher who beat him so cruelly that the boy refused to go back to him; and later became apprenticed

to the saddler's trade, which he followed for seven years.

When he was only a small boy, Asbury began to think about God, and by the time he was fifteen, he was an earnest Christian. Even before he was fifteen, he had heard of some Methodists in a near-by town, and had asked his mother about them. She, though not a Methodist, praised these followers of the Wesleys so highly that Asbury went over to see some of them. In the neighboring town he was deeply impressed by the interesting sermons of the Methodist preachers, and by the hearty singing of their people, for he himself always liked to sing.

A PREACHER AT SIXTEEN

With this beginning, it is not surprising that the boy Asbury became a local preacher for the Methodists at the age of sixteen. When he was twenty-two he became an itinerant, or traveling, preacher. When he was twenty-six he felt so strongly the need of Methodist preachers in the American colonies that in that year he persuaded John Wesley to send him to this country.

Asbury sailed in 1771 from Bristol (the city famous for the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield), whose Methodist people found him so poor that for his journey they gave him a suit of clothes and ten pounds in money. Even so, he and his companion, Richard Wright, fared poorly on the ship, for they had not known enough about sea voyages to take beds with them, as was customary in those days, and so the two

young men were compelled to get what comfort they could with two blankets and only hard boards for beds.

On the ship, in spite of seasickness, Asbury preached to all who would listen, and so he continued to do as long as he lived. In America he went everywhere preaching the gospel. From the beginning to the end of his long career, he was subject to repeated attacks of illness, yet these seemed never to lessen his determination to "preach the word . . . in season, out of season."

In America, Asbury became what the great Wesley was in Britain, the head of the nation's Methodism. Wesley soon made him the first American Methodist bishop and under his superintendence the Methodist societies grew into a mighty Methodist Church.

SICK, COLD, WET, YET WORKING

Now read some of the interesting entries in Asbury's "Journal," beginning soon after his arrival in this country, and observe how tirelessly he labored, and how under God's blessing his work grew:

"April 16. I rode through a heavy rain to Philadelphia, and preached the next morning."

"April 30. I preached to a great number of people under the jail wall" [Chester].

On May 25 Asbury went to Burlington, where he preached in the evening, "though very sick, and next day while still very ill visited a prisoner sentenced to death."

"June 1. Preached this morning at 5 o'clock."

"June 23. Though very weak, weary, wet and low, while it rained very hard I preached."

"Oct. 19 [Trenton]. A drunken sailor had locked up the courthouse, so I was obliged to preach in a schoolhouse." Some time before this, Asbury reports he went to Winchester, New York, to preach in the courthouse there, but the bad behavior of the drunken "keeper" caused much confusion. In the afternoon, being given warning that the courthouse was closed to him, he preached in an upper room at the tavern.

"Nov. 1 [Chester]. I intended to preach in the courthouse, but it would not contain half the people, so I stood at the door, and the people without."

"Nov. 19. A poor unhappy man abused me much on the road; he cursed, swore and threw stones at me. But I found it my duty to talk to him and show him his danger."

WHEN PEOPLE WERE EAGER TO GO TO CHURCH

"Dec. 6. The house had no windows or doors, the weather was very cold. . . . Putting a handkerchief over my head, I preached; and after an hour's intermission (the people waiting all the time in the cold), I preached again." How eager to hear the gospel those early Americans must have been!

"Dec. 7. My travels have been perhaps as much as 300 miles in about six weeks."

"Feb. 21. I rode six or seven miles to preach . . . but never felt colder weather. . . . However, after preaching to a few people, I returned." "Only a few

people," yet he was willing to journey in the bitter cold, in order to minister to the few!

"March 24. I went about twenty miles, through wet weather and bad roads. The night was very dark."

"July 14 [1774]. I have now been sick ten months, and many days closely confined; yet I have preached about 300 times; and rode near 2,000 miles in that time; though very frequently in a high fever."

Of all his life a similar story could be recorded. No doubt much of Asbury's illness was due to exposure from repeated sleeping in the woods without sufficient coverings. Yet he seems never to have thought of abandoning his work because of its danger.

A MAN OF FAITH, AND A MAN OF WORKS

"April 28 [1777]. I rode fifty miles in going and coming to preach that sermon, but hope it was not altogether labor lost." Asbury was a man of constant faith and persevering prayer. One of his fellow ministers said to him: "He prayed the best, and prayed the most, of any man I ever knew."

"Jan. 13 [1793]. I have now had the opportunity of speaking in Washington [a very new city at that time]; most of the people attended to hear 'this man that rambles through the United States.' "

"Dec. 20 [1794, when Asbury was nearly 50 years old]. It snowed as powerfully [to-day] as it rained yesterday. However, we set out for Salem about 9 o'clock, and forded two creeks, but the third we swam."

"BISHOP TO ALL AMERICA"

So he journeyed, year after year, from Maine to Georgia, to Kentucky, to Ohio, and back to New York, swinging annually around his immense circle. Once on the prairies of Ohio, Asbury met a man who, after the free custom of the frontier, asked genially, "Where are you from, stranger?"

The bishop's response was half humorous but wholly true. "From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or almost any place you please," he replied.

Tireless zeal and unflagging energy marked the forty-five years of Bishop Asbury's labors in America. He visited Massachusetts twenty-three times after he was forty-five years old, New York State fifty-six times, New Jersey sixty-two times, Pennsylvania seventy-eight times, Virginia eighty-four times, and the Carolinas, Georgia, and the western states and territories many times each. This "bishop that could not get tired" traveled altogether in this country 270,000 miles, every four years going almost far enough to circle the earth, preached an average of a sermon a day, and ordained more than four thousand ministers.

Rapid growth of the Methodist Church in America was a natural result of the persevering activity and consecration of Bishop Asbury. His journal under a July date in 1807 records that after thirty-six years there were 144,000 Methodists in this country, though England itself after seventy-seven years of work, mostly under John Wesley, had only 150,000; and this was in spite of the fact that America had only 5,000,000 in-

habitants, while Great Britain had six times as many. And when Asbury died, nine years later, the number of Methodist Church members in the United States was not 150,000 but 214,000. Mightily had God blessed the labors of his faithful servant.

FAITHFUL TO THE END

A fitting close did Bishop Asbury give to his illustrious life. On Sunday, March 24, 1816, he preached for nearly an hour at Richmond, Virginia, though he was suffering from an advanced stage of tuberculosis. All week after that Sunday, until Friday, he traveled; but on Saturday overpowering weakness forced him to keep to his bed. Next day, at the usual hour for morning service, he called the household to come into his room for family prayers. A few hours later he passed peacefully from his earthly labors to the activities of heaven.

Suggestion: Many a story worth retelling is in Asbury's "Journal."

Books Suggested

Tipple (Editor), "The Heart of Asbury's Journal." (Insufficient of itself.)

Janes, "The Character and Career of Francis Asbury."

Briggs, "Bishop Asbury."

LESSON X

FROM LAW OFFICE TO CHRISTIAN PULPIT

Read: I Kings 18: 20-39.

Memory Verse: "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—II Cor. 6: 2.

A MEETING THAT NO ONE HAD CALLED

One evening, early in the nineteenth century, one of the most unusual meetings in the memory of the people of Adams, New York, was held in the Presbyterian church of the town. No one had called the meeting, and it had no leader, yet the church was crowded. Everyone knew why they all had come together, however. It was because an astounding thing had happened in Adams that day. Charles Finney had been converted. This was the startling news that had brought this unannounced assembly into the church.

Everybody in Adams knew Charles Finney. He was a promising young lawyer, a clever sportsman skilled in use of the rifle and in sailing a boat on the lake, and a favorite with the town's young people, but a scornful opponent of Christianity. He sang in the church choir, indeed, and was even its leader, but always his influence was against the church, and he was persistent in his ridicule of persons foolish enough to believe in such things as faith and salvation and prayer. So strong had his influence become, in fact, that even his pastor's faith in the power of prayer was becoming weakened. "There is no use in praying for

the conversion of Finney," the minister had asserted. "And my choir members never will become Christians so long as that man is living in this town."

And now it was said that this unbelieving young lawyer had become a Christian! Not only that, but he had actually been trying to get other persons to accept Christ. That very day this scorner of Christianity had gone to several of his best friends, and urged them to turn to Christ for salvation; moreover, it was reported that two or three actually had accepted his advice, and at once had come to the Saviour. He who before had persecuted Christ now was preaching the faith—this was the astonishing word that had spread like wildfire through the town, and that had attracted this leaderless throng to the church.

HOW A PERSECUTOR BECAME A BELIEVER

After the congregation had sat there in silence for a time, waiting for what might come, at length the young lawyer himself arose in his place. Quietly and humbly, but quite frankly, he told the meeting just what had happened to him. When he had finished, everyone present knew the whole story. And this is what they knew:

Finney as a boy had lived in the frontier region of northern New York, and had heard little gospel preaching until he was almost a grown man. Never had he read the Bible until after he began to study law. Then the many references in his law books to the laws of Moses aroused his interest, and he bought a copy of

the Scriptures. Almost at once he recognized the Bible as the Word of God, and soon he realized that he needed the salvation which he had been ridiculing.

Yet the young man was unwilling to give himself unreservedly to God. Instead, he tried to keep out of the way of the minister and of other Church people, for of course, seeing them would remind him of the duty that he did not want to perform. Still, he could not keep away from his own thoughts.

On the day before the momentous meeting, in the morning, Finney was walking along the street when suddenly he thought that he saw Christ himself before him, inviting him to become a Christian. Finney stopped dead still, stood motionless a few moments, and then yielded. He determined to accept Christ that day, "or die in the attempt," as he expressed it.

All that morning he spent in the woods, fighting against his will. Once, as he fought, it occurred to him that what was keeping him from Christ was fear that the woods were full of people ready to ridicule him, as he himself had ridiculed other persons who were trying to follow Christ. So at once he shouted, at the top of his voice: "I will not leave this place though all the men on earth and all the devils in hell, should surround me!"

Then he began to pray, and soon he rose from his knees a Christian, and not only a Christian but also a man determined to give up the practice of law and become a minister of the gospel. Immediately he began to prepare to preach. He closed up his law work at once,

and went out on the streets to lead his friends to Christ.

This was the story that the leaderless meeting had assembled to hear, and it heard the recital with intense interest. When it was finished the pastor arose, and in genuine repentance confessed that his faith had been rebuked; after all, he had not known the mighty power of God to save.

LIKE THE TIMES OF WHITEFIELD

Quietly the meeting adjourned, but it was followed by a prayer meeting the next night, and the night following, and every night for many weeks. The church and town were deeply stirred. Finney went to all the young people whom he had prejudiced against Christ, and shortly all but one were converted. The former lawyer later went to his country home, and there led his father and mother to Christ. Soon, from his home and from the town of Adams as centers, a widely extended revival spread over the entire county.

From that time on, for nearly fifty years, Charles G. Finney gave himself to the work of preaching the gospel, and from his preaching there developed the greatest revival of religion that America had known since the time of Timothy Dwight and George Whitefield.

Even before he was ordained as a Presbyterian minister, Finney was a preacher of the duty of immediate surrender to Christ. While yet a young Christian, he became a home missionary at Evans Mills, a

rough frontier town of lawless people, and nearly all of them were converted in a few weeks.

A town not far away called Sodom was almost as evil a place as the Sodom of Bible history, and its one deeply religious man had been nicknamed Lot. Here Finney preached a sermon against the sins of the people that was so powerful and so true that it first angered his hearers and then sobered them; in a few minutes the prayers for forgiveness among the congregation were so loud that the evangelist's voice could not be heard. Putting "Lot" in charge of the meeting, Finney went to keep another engagement, but he left behind him a power at work that quickly produced a complete and permanent change in the community.

Throughout all that part of New York State similar experiences were met. Town after town was moved from circumference to center. For months at a time no social parties were held, the young people spending their evenings in prayer for the unconverted; and countless conversions were traced directly back to such prayers.

A JOURNEY THAT NEVER WAS FINISHED

After two or three years of such work near home, Finney had to go into Central New York to attend a synod meeting. He seems never to have reached the synod's gathering, however. On the way he preached one sermon that aroused an interest so great that he stayed long in that neighborhood, preaching the message that God gave him. Before he left central

New York, three thousand persons had been led to Christ.

After this the list of places in which the evangelist held successful meetings reads like a roll of the important cities of the land. He led revival movements in Auburn, Troy, Philadelphia, New York, Rochester, Boston, and numerous other cities. At Philadelphia one sermon excited an attention so profound that it was preached on seven successive nights in seven Philadelphia churches; he remained in the city more than a year, with no falling off in the religious interest.

A year and a quarter were spent in New York City, where many leading business and professional men accepted Christ under Finney's preaching. At Rochester the turning to God was so general that the city ever since has been noted for its high moral tone, strong churches, earnest ministers, and frequent revivals.

Even after Finney had taken up other ministerial work, he continued his remarkable evangelistic labors as he had opportunity. In 1849, and again in 1858, he went to Great Britain, where the gathering of immense congregations reminded the people forcibly of similar scenes during the careers of Wesley and Whitefield a century before. Finney did not give up his evangelistic work until 1867, when he was seventy-five years old.

PREACHER, PROFESSOR, PRESIDENT

Charles G. Finney is famous not only as a preacher but also as a teacher and as a college president. In 1835, Mr. Finney, then a Congregational minister, was

called to be professor of theology in a school in Ohio that later became Oberlin College, of which he was president from 1852 until 1866.

Oberlin, Ohio, was settled by New England Congregationalists, whose earnest Christian lives and devotion to God have made the city known far and wide as an influence for righteousness. Oberlin College, during all the time Finney was connected with it, and since, was an institution of high educational attainments, of strong Christian spirit, and of persevering opposition to such evils as slavery and the liquor traffic. Its fame early went into all the world. Four years after Finney went to Oberlin, David Livingstone, the famous Scotch missionary explorer, sent his younger brother from Europe to the Ohio college for an education, and there the brother was graduated in 1845.

During Finney's forty years at Oberlin, twenty thousand young people went to college there, and came under his powerful influence. As they later emigrated into all parts of the West, many of these young people carried the Christian power of President Finney into Iowa, Minnesota, and other states, while these regions were still territories of the nation and still a savage wilderness.

"NOW IS THE ACCEPTABLE TIME"

Yet, in the history of the Christian Church, Charles G. Finney is more easily remembered, not for his real power as an educator, but for his acknowledged supremacy in his time as a preacher of the power of God

to save to the uttermost, and of the duty of every unsaved person to turn to God at once. Such preaching by Finney was responded to during his lifetime by perhaps fifty thousand persons, old and young, who became Christians.

Suggestion: After hearing of Bunyan, Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, Dwight, and Finney, it will be surprising if some of your boys and girls are not thinking seriously about accepting Christ for themselves. Can you help them?

Books Suggested

Wright, "Charles Grandison Finney."
Hills, Biography of Charles Finney.
"Autobiography of Rev. Charles G. Finney."

LESSON XI

AN AMERICAN CHRYSOSTOM

Read: Jonah, ch. 3.

Memory Verse: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

WHEN THE WAR THREATENED PHILADELPHIA

It was in the critical period of the war between the states. Lee's army was pushing its way from the south. It had reached the neighborhood of Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, and was clearly becoming a menace to the populous and wealthy city of Philadelphia. Yet, to all appearances, Philadelphia was

making absolutely no preparations for defending itself against invasion. The mayor and the city fathers seemed quite heedless of the city's danger.

In this time of peril there was one man in Philadelphia who saw the city's danger, and had the patriotism and courage to take a fearless step to protect the people. The man was not a great statesman or a veteran soldier, but only a young minister, the rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. This young man, who was only four years out of school, did a seemingly curious thing.

To defend the city against the invader, he called together, not a body of citizens able to bear arms, but a body of ministers like himself. "We cannot carry rifles, of course," he acknowledged, "but we can shoulder shovels, and dig trenches. We can help throw up earthworks against the army of Lee."

One day, therefore, Philadelphia witnessed a novel sight. It saw a company of more than one hundred ministers marching through the streets to the mayor's office, bearing shovels and spades, and headed by the young Episcopal rector, Rev. Phillips Brooks, and the aged Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Albert Barnes.

Their boldness and devotion to their city and country served its purpose. Shamed to a consciousness of the city's peril, the mayor and the other local officials quickly took steps to save Philadelphia from the foe. Fortunately, Lee was turned back before ever reaching Philadelphia, yet no one could have been sure of that

in advance. At any rate, Phillips Brooks had been instrumental in awakening the city to its danger.

A PREACHER OF SAFETY FOR ALL

During all his life Phillips Brooks was doing that one thing—awakening the people of the land to the danger of their souls, and showing them how to secure protection. As a preacher of salvation through Christ, he was one of the most eloquent and powerful public speakers that America ever has known. He was not a famous evangelist, like Whitefield and Finney; he was a faithful pastor and far-famed pulpit speaker, week after week, and year after year—an American Chrysostom.

Nothing so remarkable has been told of the boyhood of this famous preacher as has been told of the early years of Jonathan Edwards and Timothy Dwight; when he was a boy, he had much the sort of life that any other American boy might have had. He was born in 1835, the year in which Finney went first to Oberlin, Ohio. At this time Phillips Brooks's parents were members of a Unitarian church in Boston; four years later they became Episcopalians, and Phillips Brooks was an Episcopalian throughout his life. The members of his family attended church service twice every Sunday, but spent part of each Sunday at home learning hymns, which they recited at family prayers in the evening. By the time Phillips was sixteen years old he knew two hundred hymns by heart, and these stayed with him and helped him as long as he lived.

When he was sixteen Phillips went to Harvard College, where the noted scientist Agassiz and the famous poet Longfellow were among his teachers. After graduation he became an instructor in the Boston Latin School, but he did not succeed there, so he resigned after one term. He did not succeed because he was unable to maintain discipline among the older and more unruly boys; Phillips Brooks was not the sort of man who enjoys scolding and punishing, nor one who does it easily; words of good cheer and good will for every person were more natural to him through all his days.

After he had been graduated from the theological seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, Brooks took charge of the small Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, but in two years' time he was called to be rector of the important Holy Trinity Church. In each of these churches he was listened to with keen attention, and soon he began to attract the interest of persons far and near as an unusually appealing preacher of the gospel. The people back in his home city of Boston heard of his success, and called him, after eight years more, to the pastorate of Boston's famous Trinity Church. After doing a remarkable work there, in 1891 he became bishop of all Massachusetts.

THEY "HEARD HIM GLADLY"

Some of the stories told of Phillips Brooks's power as a preacher are intensely interesting. When he was only twenty-four years old, one of his professors at Alexandria, after having known him less than three

years, said of him, "That young man is fitted for any position the Church has to give him."

Brooks served the Church and the entire nation excellently in 1865 when, following the death of the war President, he preached an eloquent funeral sermon on Abraham Lincoln. "I charge his murder where it belongs!" said Brooks in that famous sermon. "I charge it on slavery. I bid you to remember where the charge belongs, to write it on the doorposts of your mourning houses, to teach it to your wondering children, and to give it to the history of these times—that all time to come may hate and dread the sin that killed our noblest President." America never has forgotten that lesson; it was the sin of slavery that caused our war between the states, and that eventually caused the death of our first martyr President.

In Boston the fame of Brooks was still greater than it had been in Philadelphia. Within a year after he went "back home" to Boston, his church there was crowded to its doors every Sunday. No religious event in all Boston's history had created such excitement as the preaching of Phillips Brooks. People in such large numbers came from all parts of the land to hear him that the regular attendants at the church often were unable to obtain admittance. One very hot day in the summer a stranger from another city went to the service a full half hour before time for it to begin —only to find the church already filled; and this experience was repeated in the case of many other persons.

Other cities heard of the eloquence of the Boston

minister, and invited him to visit them and preach for them. Numerous invitations of this kind were accepted, over all America, to the great delight and profit of his hearers everywhere in the land. One winter Brooks preached every noon in Trinity Church, New York City, and every day his services were thronged by the most successful business men of the nation, men who had their offices in the noted Wall Street financial district of the city.

Soon after Brooks went to Boston, a great Scotsman one Sunday wrote to his wife in Great Britain as follows: "I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I have ever heard in my life, from one Phillips Brooks. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted."

One year the noted minister went to England, and there he preached time after time to similarly electrified audiences. He was summoned to Windsor Palace, the home of Queen Victoria, and there he preached to the ruler of the British world. Among his countless friends were many noted Englishmen, including the poets Tennyson and Browning.

IN MOURNING FOR A FRIEND

Brooks died at the early age of fifty-eight, leaving a land in consternation of grief. Boston closed many of its offices and stores, in order to attend the funeral. Many men and women of all denominations mourned the loss of a great man and a good friend. Of the multitudes that flocked to Trinity Church for the service, only a small proportion could get in; a second funeral

service was held outdoors in Copley Square, and this was attended by about fifteen thousand people. In more ways than one, the public grief at this time reminded people of the mourning over the death of Lincoln, whose life and work Brooks himself had praised with ringing eloquence.

Phillips Brooks was remarkable both as a preacher and as a man. He was a man of humble and unselfish life, and of deep sympathy with men and women and little children. Once, after he had preached a sermon to comfort people who were in sorrow and trouble, one of his friends expressed surprise that the minister could speak so helpfully, though he himself never had experienced the troubles to which he referred. Brooks laughed gently, as he responded, "But don't you suppose a man can put himself in other people's places?" This is what Brooks was able to do; and because he could do it, and did do it, he preached with unusual helpfulness to men and women who needed to know of the sympathy of other people, and of the sympathy of Christ.

"I HAVE ONLY ONE SERMON"

Always it was of Christ that Brooks liked best to speak. Once in England he was asked what sermon he would preach on the following Sunday, whereupon he answered, "I have only one sermon." He had many sermons, indeed, but all of these centered around the greatest subject that any man can preach—salvation in Christ for everyone who will receive it.

This gifted preacher published many books, and wrote many poems, including the Christmas hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." He was a helpful force at Harvard College in his later life. Yet his fame rests less on all these achievements than on his simple preaching of what people believe everywhere and always are eager to hear—how to live happy and useful lives as followers of Jesus, the Son of God.

Suggestion: Refer to the brilliant career of the great Chrysostom, see encyclopedia, or Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," Vol. III, or Lord's "Beacon Lights of History."

Books Suggested

Allen, "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks."
Howe, "Phillips Brooks."
Faris, "Winning Their Way." (Especially for stories of Brooks's boyhood.)
Brooks, A., "Phillips Brooks."

LESSON XII

AN EVANGELIST TO ALL THE WORLD

Read: Acts 4: 1-13.

Memory Verse: "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."—Acts 4: 13.

THE END OF A NOTABLE CENTURY

Here is a strange fact: In 1867 Charles G. Finney, because of old age, stopped holding revival services, and in 1867 another American began holding revival services, a man whose fame as an evangelist became almost greater than even that of Finney. His name is

Dwight L. Moody. God raised up Moody to carry on the work that Finney was laying down. And here is another curious fact: A man named Dwight L. Moody continued his evangelistic labors to the very end of the nineteenth century, a century that began with the great revivals of 1800 led by a man named Dwight, and that had revivals all the way until its close.

Have you noticed that the men whom we have been reading about so far have been ministers, all of them? Yet here is one who was only a layman. Moody became the most famous Christian layman of his time in his work for Christ. Let us look back at his childhood and young manhood, and see the many interesting ways in which God prepared him for his great work.

TWO RULES WORTH OBEYING

Dwight L. Moody was the son of a laboring man, who died when Dwight was four years old, leaving the family penniless. So the boy received very little schooling, and he had to go to work when very young. But poor as they were, the children were well brought up by their fine mother. She led them to obey two excellent rules: First, never to speak faultfinding words about their neighbors, even when these neighbors were living in comfort, while they themselves were almost starving. Second, always to keep their promises, however hard these might be to keep.

One winter, when Dwight was only ten years old, he agreed with a neighbor to work for room and board, while he was going to school. The neighbor gave him

such very poor board that at length Dwight went home. He told his mother that for nineteen successive meals he had been given nothing to eat except corn-meal mush and milk. But his mother reminded the boy of his promise to work for this man and when she learned that his food, while monotonous, was quite enough for his needs, she persuaded him to return to the neighbor and fulfill his unpleasant contract.

When Dwight was about seventeen years old, after much hard work near home, he went to Boston. There his uncle offered him a job in his shoe store, on several conditions. One of these was that the young man would attend his uncle's church and Sunday school. Dwight accepted these conditions, and from this time forward he was always deeply interested in Church and Sunday-school work.

One day, some months later, Dwight's Sunday-school teacher called on him at the store, and urged him to become a Christian. Moved by the man's interest in him, and by a realization that he really needed Christ in his life, the young man accepted Christ immediately. At once a tremendous change came over him; he became intensely devoted to the service of his divine Master, and he labored for him with increasing consecration from that day forward.

SUCCESSFUL IN SELLING AND IN SERVING

Dwight Moody was a good clerk in his uncle's store. His consecration to Christ made him a still better salesman. People now found that they always could take

his word for the quality of the goods he sold, so they preferred to deal with him rather than with the other clerks. He prospered in a business way, first as a clerk, then as a traveling salesman for his uncle, and later as a salesman for a shoe house in Chicago, a city to which he moved in the year 1856.

Chicago is where the young man's hardest and most successful religious work began. When Dwight united with the Plymouth Congregational Church there, he reserved a full pew in the church, determining to bring in outsiders to fill it. He went to boarding houses, to street corners, and even into saloons, inviting young men to go to church with him and help fill that empty pew. His earnestness and enthusiasm were so successful that almost at once the pew was filled from end to end. Then he reserved another pew and another; before long he was filling four pews every Sunday morning with young men who a few weeks before had been utter strangers to him.

INTO THE STREETS AND BYWAYS

This work kept Moody busy Sunday mornings, but because he had nothing useful to do in the afternoon, he thought that he would teach a class in a mission Sunday school near his boarding house. But Sunday schools seem not to have been very popular in that neighborhood; the school had sixteen teachers ready, but only twelve scholars! Moody was calmly told that he could have a class the next Sunday on one condition—that he bring his own scholars.

It was a strange invitation, but not too strange for Moody. The next Sunday he went out on the streets, and when time came for Sunday school he marched to the mission school, leading eighteen boys whom he had collected. These he later turned over to the other teachers, while he himself gave his time to gathering more boys. Week after week he kept at his outdoor service for Christ and the Sunday school, until finally the building was crowded.

Even this success was not enough for the ambitious Moody. After a year or more he and some friends rented a hall over a public market, and this they soon filled with boys and girls brought in from the streets and the neighboring homes. Once he led into the Sunday school the members of a real boys' "gang," whose names sound very unlike those of the boys who are in most of our Sunday schools to-day. These are their names: Red Eye, Smikes, Madden the Butcher, Rag-Breeches Cadet, Jackey Candles, Old Man, Giberick, Billy Blucannon, Darby the Cobbler, Butcher Lilray, Greenhorn, Indian, and Black Stove Pipe.

This Sunday school grew very rapidly, until it had 1,500 scholars and was the largest Sunday school in the country. After a time it developed into a church that is still alive and active to-day, and that is known over all the world as the Moody Church, of Chicago.

A BUSINESS MAN WHO GAVE UP A FORTUNE

All this time the young man Moody was busy during the week with his business, in which he was doing very

well; already he had accumulated $7,000. He had determined to gain a fortune of $100,000, which in these days would be equal to perhaps a million dollars. But, successful though he was, Moody never got the fortune. For in time he had an experience that made him glad to give up his business, and devote all his energies to religious work. This is how the experience came about:

One Sunday Moody called on a man who was the teacher of a Sunday-school class composed of gay and frivolous young women. The teacher was so ill that that very day he realized that he must go back to his home in the east to die. Yet he felt desperately sad because not one of the young women was a Christian, and he dreaded leaving them while they still were away from Christ.

Touched with sympathy for the man, Moody urged the teacher to go with him at once, and call on the young women one by one. They went, with the result that the pleading of Moody himself, in the presence of their sick teacher, led several of the young women to accept Christ, and in ten days they all had become Christians. The teacher went home to die, but to die with joy.

Following this first experience of leading so many persons to Christ, Moody devoted himself completely to Christian work. For several years he gave all his time to Young Men's Christian Association work, to Sunday-school work, and to work among the soldiers of the Civil War between the states.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FINNEY

In 1867 came an eventful journey to England. Moody went there in order to visit two well-known Christian men of England. While in that land he heard some one use words that became a wonderful inspiration to him. The words were these: "The world has yet to see what God will do with and for and through and in and by the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to him."

Immediately Moody said to himself, "I intend to try my utmost to be that man!" That he did try exceedingly well, all of us must confess who remember his life thereafter.

Moody at once began to hold prayer meetings and evangelistic meetings, which from the first were greatly blessed by God. From England he came home, and here he continued his Young Men's Christian Association work and Sunday-school labors. Through them all God was preparing him for the tremendous successes of his later years.

Six years after his first visit to England he went again, this time to hold remarkable revival services in all of England and Scotland. In Glasgow, thirty thousand persons heard him preach at one outdoor meeting; in Edinburgh, twenty thousand attended one service; at Aberdeen, he spoke to the same number of persons on one day. During eight days, 100,000 persons heard him in Birmingham, a city in which John Wesley one hundred years or so before had been cruelly mistreated by a mob.

Similar fame and success greeted the American evangelist in London, where seventeen thousand persons attended his first meeting, with thousands unable to press their way into the building. In this British capital Moody held two hundred and eighty-five meetings, which were attended by two and a half million people. In London, and in all the other cities where Moody spoke of Christ to the people, hundreds and thousands of persons were converted.

Moody came back to the United States as the most famous evangelist the world had heard of since Finney's time. Everywhere in the country from east to west, and north to south, for twenty-five years, he conducted evangelistic campaigns, speaking to millions, leading tens of thousands of Christians closer to Christ, and persuading countless thousands to accept salvation in Christ for the first time.

MEETINGS FOR ALL THE WORLD

Perhaps the most notable of all Moody's campaigns was conducted at Chicago in 1893, in connection with the great World's Fair held to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America. All denominations united with the famous evangelist in holding meetings in eight or ten or a dozen different parts of the city every Sunday, and in many places every week night.

Attendants on the fair from all over the world flocked to these gatherings in Chicago. Once Moody rented a circus tent that had seats for ten thousand

people, though the circus manager let Moody know that he did not expect to see three thousand attend. In fact, eighteen thousand men, women, and children came, and the tent was filled with a seated and standing multitude.

During that summer and autumn, Moody held meetings for all sorts of people, and all were remarkably well attended. He had meetings for men only, for women only, for children only; for soldiers; in jails, in the open air, in private homes; meetings for Germans, Poles, Bohemians, French, Jews, and Arabs; he conducted all-day meetings and all-night meetings. Ministers from every quarter of the globe were there to assist him—men from Britain; Russia, from Silesia, France, Germany, from Australia and the islands of the sea.

On several Sundays the evangelist directed as many as one hundred and twenty-five different meetings, in each of which the people were told of the love of God and urged to come to Christ for salvation. And hosts of them came.

THE JOY OF COMPLETE CONSECRATION

For years before his death, Moody knew that he had heart trouble, and that if he continued at his hard work for Christ, in time this surely would kill him. Yet he kept on. And he ended his life as he had expected to end it. In 1899 he was conducting meetings in the crowded Convention Hall at Kansas City, when suddenly his heart gave way, the meetings were handed over to an assistant, and Moody himself went back to

his eastern home to die—just as the Sunday-school teacher had gone years before. There, at his birthplace, Northfield, Massachusetts, during Christmas week of 1899, Dwight L. Moody gave up his life. Like that old-time Sunday-school teacher, he died happy in the knowledge that through him God had led to himself the people whom God had committed to his charge—not merely a few young women, indeed, but thousands of young women, with thousands of children, and many thousands of grown men and women.

Why did God give such mighty success to the life of D. L. Moody? Maybe there are many reasons, but surely this is one of them: This man of God did his utmost to show the world what God can do through a person who is fully and wholly consecrated to him.

Suggestion: Lesson X led up to thoughts of acceptance of Christ; this lesson leads naturally to serious thoughts of complete consecration. It is not too early for Intermediate-age boys and girls to feel at least the first stirrings of deep life purpose.

This account of Moody's life is necessarily incomplete; his son's biography includes helpful incidents of the evangelist's Northfield work, for example.

Books Suggested

Moody, W. R., "The Life of Dwight L. Moody."
Ogilvie, "The Life and Sermons of D. L. Moody."
Williams, Biography of D. L. Moody.

LESSON XIII

THE FOUNDER OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Read: Deut. 6: 4-9.

Memory Verse: "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."—Luke 11: 28.

WHEN SUNDAY SCHOOLS WERE UNKNOWN

Nowadays there are so many Sunday schools that it is hard for us to realize that once there were none. The first modern Sunday school was opened about the time of our Revolutionary War. It is very curious that there were not Sunday schools through all the history of the Christian Church, for certainly the apostles used to teach the Bible much as it is taught in Sunday schools now, and we know that there were Christian Sunday schools in Egypt and Armenia about fifteen hundred years ago.

But when the Dark Ages came, and when the Church lost much of its power and purity, it lost its Sunday schools, also. Of course, when the Church regained its strength, it was sure to find the need of Sunday schools, yet centuries passed, even after the days of Luther and Calvin, before it really saw the necessity clearly, and proceeded to meet it. Meanwhile, the people of Europe and America were in a sad state because they had no such general knowledge of the Bible as the Sunday school provides.

When John Wesley was alive, he found the people of England in a wretched condition. "A total ignorance

of God is almost universal among us," he said. People "high and low—cobblers, tinkers, hackney coachmen, men and maid servants, soldiers, sailors, tradesmen of all ranks, lawyers, physicians, gentlemen, lords—are as ignorant of the Creator of the world as Mohammedans or pagans."

In those days few boys and girls except the children of rich people could read and write; a workman's fifteen-year-old son or daughter who could read was almost as rare then as a fifteen-year-old boy or girl who cannot read is now.

"The children are terrible bad," people used to say one hundred and fifty years ago. In the towns and cities of England, we are told, the boys, and even the girls, fought and lied and stole, and were dirty and unkempt. People's property was unsafe because of the thieving of organized gangs of wild and ignorant boys, who made the streets at night hideous with their shouts and curses. Half-starved, living in huts and hovels, and neglected, these poor children were scorned by people of wealth and culture, and most well-clothed persons would not let the town's children come within reach of them.

It was a sad time for children. What they needed was to be cared for, and not scorned, to be educated, and especially to be taught how to live a clean, orderly, and happy life. The day came, indeed, when they received just this sort of help, and the man who was most responsible for getting help for them is known to us as Robert Raikes, the founder of our Sunday schools.

A MONUMENT, AND THE MAN IT HONORS

If you were to walk on the embankment along the River Thames, in London, England, you would see at a certain spot a monument that bears the name of Robert Raikes. This was erected in memory and in honor of the man who gave us our Sunday schools, a man who loved boys and girls, and who, because he loved them, gave them the mighty institution that we know as the Sunday school.

This friend of the children of the eighteenth century was a printer and newspaper man who lived in the city of Gloucester, England. About the time of the beginning of our French and Indian War, he became the publisher of the city's paper, The Gloucester Journal. But Raikes was not only a newspaper man; he was also a friend of men and women who were in jail. He used to visit these poor people, and in his paper he printed appeals to other people to help them.

Raikes used to do a good deal of thinking about the persons who had been sent to prison because they had broken the law. No doubt he soon began to think in this way: Why did these people break the law? Some of them broke it, surely, because they were bad, but most of them because they were just ignorant; they knew no better. When they are dead, who will fill the jails then? The ignorant boys and girls of Gloucester, of course, who by that time will have become ignorant men and women. But is there not some way to teach the boys and girls of the city a better way of living? Can we not have schools for them, in which they can

learn to read and write, and in which they can learn from the Bible how to live a useful and happy life?

In some such way as this, Robert Raikes came to a decision to open a school on Sundays, in which children who had to work on week days could study. So he persuaded a Mrs. Meredith to become superintendent of a school for street children, which he opened in Soot Alley, one of the worst districts of the city. This school did not live very long, but after a time he opened a school that survived.

A PIONEER SCHOOL, AND HOW IT TAUGHT

The first of all modern Sunday schools that became permanent was opened by Raikes near his own home in the year 1780. This was in a place called the Grey Friars, opposite the church of St. Mary le Crypt. Very different from our Sunday schools was this Grey Friars school. In the first place, all its teachers were paid for their work, just as day-school teachers are paid to-day. Then, these teachers taught the boys and girls not only about the Bible and the Church catechism, but also how to read. Suppose we see just how this first school spent its hours.

In the first Sunday school the work began at ten o'clock Sunday morning, and continued until twelve. Then the children went home to dinner, returning at one. In the afternoon they studied a lesson after which they were led to a church service. Raikes himself often marched through Gloucester streets with his children, taking them to the church, and later from the church

back to the school. While they studied the catechism, from about four until half-past five, Raikes used sometimes to teach them himself, and even to punish the worst boys. At five-thirty he or the superintendent dismissed the children, warning them to go straight home, to go quietly, and by no means to stop on the way home to play.

It is really remarkable how quickly the boys and girls responded to the affection and the care that Robert Raikes and his helpers gave them. The change in their lives was so marked, and their interest in the school so great, that Raikes speedily realized that he had really found exactly what the children needed, and what the Church needed: it was the Sunday school. Accordingly, the founder of the Sunday school wrote an article for his paper about the success of the Gloucester school, in order that people in other parts of England might learn of it.

A VICTORY FOR THE CHILDREN

Almost at once, practically all the Christian people of England became enthusiastic for this fine new movement. John Wesley said that the Sunday school was one of the best institutions seen in Europe for centuries, and the rapid growth of the Methodist societies and churches was largely due to his organization of Sunday schools wherever he could.

Perhaps the world never has seen so remarkable a growth as that of the Sunday school during the next few years. Within four years after Raikes told in his paper of the Gloucester Sunday school, nearly two

hundred and fifty thousand English children were attending Sunday school. One of Wesley's schools alone had an average attendance of eighteen hundred.

Everyone seemed to want to help. The king and queen publicly approved the Sunday schools. Lords and ladies, rich men and wealthy women, asked permission to teach in the schools without payment, for by this time most of the teaching was done free of charge. Nearly every week a new Sunday school sprang up somewhere, and soon there were dozens a week.

By this time the movement had reached America. Bishop Asbury in 1786 established a Sunday school in Virginia; five years later a school was opened in Boston, and in 1793 a famous Negro woman, Katy Ferguson, founded a Sunday school in New York City. Other schools sprang up here and there, though more slowly than in crowded England. Just as in England, the new Sunday-school movement produced a great change in America. It helped boys and girls to live better lives, raised the country's standard of morals, increased the people's respect for children, and enabled the children themselves to realize that the Church is not only for grown people; it is for boys and girls quite as much as for men and women.

Another notable fruit of Robert Raikes's Sunday schools is the growth of day schools throughout the world. After a time the Sunday school could stop teaching reading and give all its attention to teaching the Bible, for day schools grew up everywhere. In

fact, Robert Raikes is not only the founder of our Sunday schools, but also the indirect founder of our kindergartens, grade schools, high schools, academies, and colleges.

Our Sunday schools to-day are a vast improvement over the first efforts of Raikes; they teach not only boys and girls, but also men and women of all ages, and they teach them all to know the Bible through and through, and to live helpfully and happily as the Christ of the Bible would have them live. Yet all the countless thousands of Sunday schools of our own time are an outgrowth of the work in Gloucester, England, of Robert Raikes, the newspaper man who loved children, and who did his best to help them.

Suggestion: Here and elsewhere show how one new development of the Church's history depends on another; Wesley, Moody, and Chalmers (Lesson XIV), needed Robert Raikes's work for their success. We never know what great things God will do some day as a result of our own faithfulness to him.

Books Suggested

Trumbull, "The Sunday School: Its Origin, Mission, Methods, and Auxiliaries."

Lloyd and Gregory, Biographies of Raikes.

LESSON XIV

THE FRIEND OF SCOTLAND'S CHILDREN

Read: II Kings 4: 1-7.

Memory Verse: "Jehovah is good to all;
And his tender mercies are over all his works."—Ps. 145: 9.

LED TO CHRIST THROUGH AN ENCYCLOPEDIA

If you ever have read many articles in an encyclopedia, you may feel that this sort of reference book is not always extremely interesting. It has so many important facts to tell in a brief space that it has to leave out many of the more thrilling features of life that we like to read. Yet even in connection with such a weighty volume as an encyclopedia, we often run across some decidedly interesting facts. Here, for example is one:

About one hundred years ago a certain Scotchman, who was not very much of a Christian at that time, was told to write an article for an encyclopedia that was about to be published. Curiously enough, the subject assigned to him was "Christianity." When this man set to work on his article, he became so deeply interested in his subject that gradually his admiration for Christ and for Christianity greatly increased. The result was that by the time his encyclopedia article was complete, his conversion to Christ was complete, also, and he thus became fitted to be one of the outstanding leaders of the Christian Church in his time.

This noted Scotchman was Dr. Thomas Chalmers, whom we shall remember as "The Friend of Scotland's Children." Dr. Chalmers was an eloquent preacher, like Whitefield and Phillips Brooks, but he was more than this: he was also a remarkably successful pastor. And as a pastor, he did some magnificent things for the boys and girls of Scotland. Many of these deeds he was able to perform because Robert Raikes, whose Sunday-school movement formed a central feature of Dr. Chalmer's notable work, had lived before him.

A MERRY BOY WHO WENT TO COLLEGE

Tom Chalmers, a member of a family of fourteen children, was born in 1780 (just about when Raikes was opening his first Sunday school at East Anstruther, in Scotland). His father was a rich merchant, shipowner, town councilor, and elder in the Presbyterian Church. When Tom went to school he was known as one of the strongest, merriest, most generous-hearted, and also most idle boys in the whole school.

While he was in school, Tom decided on what he would be when he became a man. As he looked around him, he observed that in his town the man whom everyone most looked up to was not Tom's own rich father, nor a city judge or magistrate, nor a physician, but the minister of the church. So Tom decided that when he was a man he would be a minister.

Tom Chalmers was only eleven years old when he went off to college with his thirteen-year-old brother, William. In this college, which was St. Andrews

University, he evidently took high-school or even grammar-school studies for a while. At any rate, he led a rather careless life for two years or so. Much of his time he gave to golf and football. But when he became thirteen, he settled down to hard work, and kept at it the remainder of his life.

From the year Chalmers left college until he was twenty-two years old, he spent his time in tutoring the children of a wealthy man who lived not far from his home, in studying theology, and in teaching mathematics to a few pupils. He was a very bright young man, and he gave so much promise that he was licensed to preach when he was only nineteen, though the custom was to license only men of twenty-one or over.

A fine life of usefulness began for Chalmers when he was twenty-two. At that age he became both pastor of the church at Kilmany, and also teacher of mathematics in his own university, nine miles away. Persons who do not like mathematics may be surprised to learn that, at St. Andrew, Chalmers made the subject so interesting, and interesting in so novel a way, that his classrooms were thronged; he had all the private pupils he could care for, and the staid old professors of the university were astounded and even dismayed at his success.

Early in his pastoral work, Chalmers became greatly devoted to Christ and his work. Two factors had helped to produce this result: First, he had read a book by a famous American minister of whom we know, Jonathan Edwards, a book that gave him intense joy in God as his all-powerful Lord. Second, he wrote the

encyclopedia article on Christianity that led him close to Christ. In consequence, during his ten years as minister at Kilmany, he was a helpful pastor and eloquent preacher.

BREAKING INTO CHURCH TO HEAR THE GOSPEL

Yet it was not until Chalmers became pastor of the Tron Church in the city of Glasgow that the people of Scotland generally learned of his power as a preacher. Almost from his first Sunday in the Glasgow church, his preaching services were greeted by multitudes of eager hearers. All the seats were taken, and even the standing room was exhausted. Sometimes the huge crowds outside burst open the locked doors when he was preaching, and surged into the packed church.

Two years later, when Chalmers preached a few sermons in London, the enthusiasm of the people was boundless. Four hours before his first service was to begin, the church was filled to overflowing, and the congregation sat as if bound by a spell, while for an hour and a half the eloquent Glasgow minister preached to them the Word of God. At another London service a number of exalted lords and ladies had to climb into the church over a plank leading into a window, and even Chalmers himself had great trouble to get in, so immense was the throng in and outside the building.

About this time Chalmers published a volume of his sermons. It happened that a popular novel appeared almost the same week. To the astonishment of all England and Scotland, as many copies of Chalmers'

sermons were sold as were sold of the novel. Twenty thousand volumes were paid for the first year.

AT WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

All this time, however, Chalmers was thinking less of the eagerness of the rich and comfortable people to hear him preach than of the poorer people who never came to hear him preach—and who never went to any church. He thought of the weavers and factory workers and other working people, and of their families, and especially of their children.

Chalmers knew that the number of boys and girls in his city who could neither read nor write, and who never had any religious instruction whatever, was uncounted. Tirelessly he called at the homes of these children, and because he could not get their parents to come to his church—which they considered only a rich people's church—he held Christian meetings for them in cottages and tenements. Week after week and year after year, these meetings went on, and hundreds of boys and girls, and their fathers and mothers, were shown God's love for them.

Even this success nevertheless, was not enough for the friend of Scotland's children. Chalmers had heard of the helpful Sunday schools of Robert Raikes, and he determined to open one of these for his own boys and girls. He sent an officer of his church into one neighborhood, and with his help visited all the families there and gathered their children into a Sunday school.

During the week his church officer made "pastoral

calls" on the families of these girls and boys, doing all he could to help them in their minds and souls and bodies. Soon another Sunday school of this kind was opened by Chalmers, and then another. Then schools grew up on every hand, until the minister had under his direction almost fifty Sunday schools in his large parish.

Still Chalmers was not satisfied. He appealed to the leading men of the city, and they helped him to build a new church in the largest and poorest part of the town. This new church, St. John's, quickly became the center of a surprisingly effective Christian work. The minister divided his parish into twenty-five districts, each with five hundred to one thousand people, and in each district he placed an elder and a deacon, and in each he organized a Sunday school. The elder was to help the people's spiritual lives, and the deacon to relieve their bodily needs. The hungry were fed, the poorly clad were comfortably clothed, the ignorant taught, and all of them were instructed in the truths of the Bible, and of Christ and the Christian life.

Because the people did not like to attend a church filled with rich people, Dr. Chalmers held a special service every Sunday just for them. He told the better dressed people that they would be welcome Sunday morning and afternoon, but that they must stay away at night; at night the church was mostly for his poorer people, he said, just as his Sunday schools were mostly for his poorer people's children.

It is not surprising that when Dr. Chalmers later felt

called to leave Glasgow to become a professor in his university, at a smaller salary than he was getting in St. John's Church, his poorer people, and his richer people, too, were overwhelmed with grief. At his farewell service the crowd that streamed into the church, and that filled the streets and pressed against the doors, was so huge that soldiers had to be called to guard the property from destruction by the affectionate throng. The entire city seemed to have come out to say good-by to the minister who was loved by rich and poor, grown people and countless children alike.

STILL THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN

But Chalmers did not forget the children of Scotland. He was professor at St. Andrews and later at the University of Edinburgh, and always great men were appealing to him for help in solving the great problems of the country, and always immense crowds pressed toward him whenever he gave an address. Yet through it all he thought of Scotland's poor and of Scotland's children.

After a time Chalmers found an opportunity again to help his people. He became chairman of the Presbyterian Church's new Committee on Church Extension, and as chairman he raised large sums of money—a total of about a million and a half dollars—and in seven years he built new churches in Scotland to the remarkable number of 220. And of course each of these was prepared to house a Sunday school for Scotland's children.

Some time after this, Dr. Chalmers became the head of a new Presbyterian denomination, the Free Church of Scotland. One of his first deeds as head of this church was to do in Edinburgh what he had done in Glasgow. He entered a district of poor people and of neglected children, established a Sunday school and church, and in four years he saw the entire district transformed. From ignorance it changed to knowledge, from poverty to comfort, and from godlessness to godliness. What God had done in Glasgow, through Thomas Chalmers, he did in Edinburgh, too; for always God glorifies the work of anyone who loves the Lord and loves his people, also.

Suggestion: Let the children try their hand at gathering from encyclopedias information on the life of William Booth (Lesson XV). Draw out responses to such suggestions as these: name three noted preachers of whom we have studied; two noted revivalists; two noted travelers in Christian work; two noted friends of children.

Book Suggested

Oliphant, "Thomas Chalmers."

LESSON XV

A GENERAL OF THE CROSS

Read: Mark 6: 30-44.

Memory Verse: "The poor have good tidings preached to them."—Matt. 11: 5.

A BOY WHO GAVE BACK A GIFT

Here are two stories of a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age who became a man that all the world has delighted to honor. The incidents happened about eighty years ago in England.

William had recently become a Christian, but he was a very unhappy Christian. In the corner of a room beneath a Methodist church he sat one night at eleven o'clock, trying to make up his mind to do the one thing that he felt was necessary if he would be true to Christ.

He had been unfair, he knew. He had taken advantage of some of his boy friends. He had persuaded them to let him transact a small business affair for them, and he had done this business so well that they were all pleased, and out of gratitude had presented him with a silver pencil case. Yet in shame William acknowledged to himself that he had cheated his friends; he had made a big profit for himself out of the affair.

That pencil case must be given back, the boy knew, and he must own his treachery. After a long and bitter fight, he surrendered. He rushed out of the church, found the leader of the other boys, confessed

his meanness, and handed back the present that he had not deserved.

Then William went home, to a calm sleep, and to a happy life as a servant of Christ. From that time he made it the business of his life to be active in the service of both God and man.

The second incident refers to events that took place a few months later. William fell seriously ill, and he was still close to death when he received a visit from a boy friend. This boy, also a Christian, appealed to William to get well quickly, so that the two could hold Christian meetings together in the slums of the city.

As soon as he was able to be out, William joined his friend at a meeting at night in the slums, and he continued to help him night after night. The boys used to take a chair into the street, and one of them, stepping up on it, would announce a hymn, which the two sang, with the help occasionally of three or four other persons attracted to the scene. Then William talked to the people who had gathered around, and invited them to go with the boys to a meeting they were to hold immediately in some near-by home.

A HARD BUT HAPPY LIFE

It was a laborious and tireless life that the two boys lived in those days. They worked for a living all day until seven o'clock, then visited one or two sick persons among the poor. By eight o'clock or so, they opened the street meeting, which was followed by the cottage

meeting. This often resulted in the conversion of some hearers. After the cottage meeting the boys called on one or two more sick people before they went to bed. But by seven o'clock next morning they were again at work.

Even William's lunch hour was a busy time. He was allowed only forty minutes but he used the time well. From work he rushed to lunch, and from lunch back to work, all the time reading either the Bible or a book on revivals, written by the famous American revivalist, Charles G. Finney.

It is very clear that this boy, William Booth, was doing his level best to live up to his determination of months before—to be active in work for both God and man. And always he worked for people who were poor—poorly clothed, poorly fed, poorly educated, and poorly cared for in every way.

A "HALLELUJAH BAND"

A year after he began his meetings for the poor, William Booth was licensed as a Methodist lay preacher. He tried to model his preaching after three men in particular; these were Wesley, Whitefield, and Finney. For years he held meetings in the country, in London, and in other cities. Once he was in a town in Wales, working for poor men who had been sent to jail for their crimes, and who there or later had been converted by Booth's help. Some of these men Booth organized into a band of gospel witnesses which became known as a "hallelujah band." Night after night these

"hallelujah" men used to rise in Booth's meetings and tell of the love that Christ had shown to them.

Much of Booth's work had unusual features like this "hallelujah band." For one thing, his meetings were held in unusual places. He used a tent for a while. Then he utilized a dance hall, a frail shed that had been a storehouse for old rags, some old theaters, even a few decayed and discarded church buildings, and, after a while, a saloon that had been burned almost to the ground.

But the poor people for whom Booth labored did not seem to care how old and dilapidated his meeting places were. They attended in large numbers, and, especially when he spoke out of doors, hundreds heard him gladly.

AT WORK FOR LONDON'S POOR

By this time Booth had left the Methodist Church and was an independent preacher. Like Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, he found that the poor of his city were unwilling to attend the stately and comfortable churches of well-to-do congregations, but were ready enough to respond to Christian meetings held in theaters and other buildings not known as churches. Greater success than ever greeted Booth when he began holding meetings in a hall that he rented in Whitechapel Road, the People's Market Hall.

That was a curious part of the city. A popular center in it was a broad strip of unpaved ground known as the Mile-End Waste, a sort of fairground. On Saturday nights and Sundays, the Mile-End Waste was the scene of much cheap fun and noisy amusement. Old-

fashioned merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judy shows, stalls for selling bad songs and books, speakers' platforms from which men attacked the government of both God and man—these were features of the holiday life on the Mile-End Waste.

All around, also, there were saloons of a low type, with loud, coarse laughter and vile language coming out through the often-opened doors into the confusion of sounds outside. Among the persons inside, drinking poor ale and beer, there were many women, accompanied by babies and by their children too small to be left at home.

Here was a scene of intense activity on the part of Booth, his wife, and his other assistants. Every noon he conducted meetings in front of his People's Market Hall, and on Sunday nights five or six or even ten groups of his speakers led street meetings in different parts of this gaudily gay region. Following these meetings the groups of speakers marched to the hall in the People's Market, which often was filled with a crowd of a thousand or twelve hundred persons, and which witnessed many a sight of deep attention to Booth's preaching, and of conversion to the Saviour of whom Booth spoke.

As the busy years passed by, the number of Booth's converts increased so rapidly that he began sending groups of them to other parts of the city, and to other cities; and in many of these places he was able to establish permanent centers of Christian work, each with its growing number of Christian converts.

AN ARMY TO FIGHT FOR CHRIST

There came a time when Booth looked about him for a good name for his converts and workers, a name that would be unusual and yet descriptive of the hard fight that he and his new Christian friends were waging in behalf of God and God's neglected people among the poor. He remembered the "hallelujah band" of years before, and he accepted this nickname as one of the many names used in his organization. His centers of work, which now numbered eighty, he called corps; his workers and converts he called Christian soldiers and officers, and at last he called his entire organization the Salvation Army. This was the term, he felt, that best expressed the desire of his heart—to have men and women fighting through all their lives for Christ, their spiritual King.

From that day to this, the Salvation Army has been famous in Europe, America, and in all the world. It reached the poor, brought them to Christ, and then sent them out to bring other persons to Christ. Faster and faster it grew. In two years the number of corps, or centers, had increased from 80 to 162. Six years later the United States alone had 238 such corps. In time other organizations than the Salvation Army, but somewhat like it, sprang up in various countries, and these also have prospered; they also have brought the gospel to the poor, and brought the poor to the gospel. Yet all the time the Salvation Army organized by William Booth, its general, has continued to grow and to be glorified by God.

WHEN PERSECUTION WAS IN VAIN

Sometimes nowadays a few people foolishly ridicule the Salvation Army; yet ridicule does not stop its work or its growth. In those early years on Whitechapel Road the Army faced not only ridicule but also open opposition and even persecution, but the courage and consecration of the Army's general, officers, and soldiers kept up the fight, and continued to win victory on victory.

When the bands of soldiers marched from Mile-End Waste to the Salvation Army hall, they often were pelted with dirt, stones, and garbage. Sticks and clubs were used on them. On numerous occasions the police, instead of protecting them, gruffly bade them "move on." They did move on, but it was because the ringing command of General Booth was in their ears. "Go straight on!" was the constant rallying cry of the general to his persecuted followers.

At one time many a city organized an "Opposition Army," or a "Skeleton Army," to oppose the Salvation Army, and these organizations became violent in their attacks on the brave soldiers of the cross. In one city fifteen hundred police were called out one day to protect the Christian soldiers from what threatened to be their death. During one year 669 Army officers and soldiers including 251 women and 23 children, were brutally assaulted, simply because they insisted on their right to march through the streets singing hymns and playing tambourines and drums.

Opposition and persecution, we know, have seldom

harmed a good cause. Persecution in the days of the early Christian Church only increased the fame and strength of the Church, and so it did with the Salvation Army. The number of convert soldiers multiplied rapidly. So in time the opposition died away, died because it accomplished nothing and because the Army by its successful work had won its right to live.

MEETING THE NEED OF THE NEEDY

Story after story of thrilling power could be told of General Booth's work, of his converts and of his successes. But perhaps the most interesting of all would be a complete account of the astounding number of activities the Salvation Army was performing when the famous General Booth died in 1912, most of which are still carried on.

Here is a list of only the more noteworthy of these labors of the Army for the neglected people of the world: Free and cheap breakfasts for children, midnight soup and bread for the homeless, cheap food stores, old clothes for families of the slums, hotels for poor men, rescue work for drunkards, offices for finding work for the unemployed, night shelters for men and women without homes, relief for discharged prisoners, first aid and nursing in the slums, hospitals for the poor, injured, weak, and wounded, hospitals for lepers of the Orient, and meetings on the streets, in halls, in homes, and everywhere, to lead the poor to Christ.

Much magnificent work is being done in these days

by countless churches and organizations for the help of the poor, but the way to do it and the need of doing it were first adequately pointed out by William Booth, friend of the poor and neglected, and "a general of the cross."

Suggestion: Read a biography of Booth, and then tell some of the stories of the early days of his labors.

Books Suggested

Railton, "Authoritative Life of General Booth."

Coates, "The Prophet of the Poor: The Life Story of General Booth."

LESSON XVI

A FRIEND TO THE WORLD'S YOUNG MEN

Read: I John 2: 14-17.

Memory Verse: "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."—I John 2: 17.

AN ACCIDENT THAT CHANGED A LIFE

One day a farmer's boy in Somerset County, England, met with an accident. George Williams at the age of fifteen was spending his days in doing work about his father's prosperous English farm, and he seemed destined to grow up on the farm, and to end his days there. But the accident changed this course of events.

One day, as a storm was approaching, George, leading a loaded horse-drawn hay wagon along a lane to the farmyard, was hurrying to get the hay safely home before the rain fell. In a moment of carelessness he

led the horses into a rut, and in an instant wagon, hay, horses, and boy were piled in a confused, kicking heap in the deep ditch by the roadside.

Fortunately, no damage was done, except to incur the wrath of George's father and older brothers. These men held a family council, and passed a judgment of exile on the careless boy. Not fit to be a farmer, they decreed, George must be taken to the nearest city, and there apprenticed to a trade.

The next day George Williams began his career as an apprentice to a dry-goods merchant in the city of Bridgewater. Moreover, he did very well in the business. Although he seemed to have failed as a farmer, seldom did anyone have occasion to find fault with his ability as a merchant. After four years as an apprentice, he became a clerk in the London drapery house of Hitchcock and Rogers, at a salary of forty pounds, about two hundred dollars a year. This was about the year 1840.

At first, young Williams worked behind the counter. In time, however, he was promoted, and he became buyer, floorwalker, partner, son-in-law of the senior member of the firm, and finally, on the death of his wife's father, head of the house of Hitchcock, Williams, and Company. Under this new name the firm became one of the famous establishments of London, and one of the richest and most important of its kind in the world. George Williams is one of history's finest examples of a clean, cultured Christian, and successful business man.

RULES THAT MADE A MAN

The secret of the success of this notable merchant may be found in a set of life rules that were discovered in the private drawer of his desk, after his death in 1905. Five of his resolutions were as follows:

"That I determine to get an alarum [alarm clock], and when it goes off, that I am out of bed before it has finished."

"That I have certain days and times for certain things, and strive to be regular and punctual."

"That I read and meditate upon a portion of God's Word every morning, and spend some time in prayer."

"That I strive to live more in the spirit of prayer."

"That I do not parley, but resist at once the various temptations which befall me."

From these rules we see clearly that George Williams was a man who was devoted to duty, hard work, regular habits, clean purposes, daily Bible-reading, and prayer—a business and Christian "workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Any person who lives such a life is certain to find it successful and satisfying.

In George Williams' room hung a framed card bearing the words, "God First." "First" is where he always tried to place God. He put him first in his thoughts, in his prayers, in his work, business, and expenditures. In those early years, when his salary was only two hundred dollars annually, he actually gave away one hundred and twenty dollars and all his life he was exceedingly generous in his gifts both to men whom he thought needed help and to the work of God. When

it was hard to spare money, he gave it liberally to all kinds of religious work, and in his lifetime he gave away altogether an immense sum. Yet so richly did God prosper him that he died a rich man.

GIVING "HIS MONEY AND HIS LIFE"

We should naturally suppose that a man so generous with his money would be generous also with his time. This was certainly true of George Williams. From the time when he first went to London he was an earnest, hard-working laborer for God's cause. Most of his labors were for the young men of London, of England, and of the world, for this successful business man later became the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, the world's most influential and powerful friend to boys and young men.

One day, not long after George Williams went to London, he was walking in the city when he saw a dust-covered, friendless, and poverty-stricken young man standing under Highgate archway. Williams stopped and spoke to the stranger, learning that the young man had just arrived in the city and was looking for work, but had no acquaintances there and no idea how he could find employment.

At once George Williams led the stranger to a business friend of his, and stayed with him until he saw the newcomer given a position that provided him with money for food and clothing. That young stranger never forgot this kindness, though he never saw George Williams again.

This is the sort of thing that Williams of the Young Men's Christian Association was used to doing. He tried to give assistance to every young man who needed his help.

At first the help he gave young men was not so much for the body, but as it was for the soul; and this is how the Young Men's Christian Association really began. Very soon after he commenced work for Hitchcock and Rogers, George Williams persuaded one of his fellow clerks to join him in holding a prayer meeting in their room. Soon other clerks joined them, and it was not long before twenty-seven young men were attending the meetings.

FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF LONDON

Each of these prayer meetings seems to have had two purposes. The first purpose was to study the Bible and the second was to lead other young men to Christ. George Williams felt that the one hundred and forty clerks employed in the store needed this help. Their hours were very long—from seven o'clock in the morning to nine or even ten o'clock at night—and they were so tired after work that many of them spent their short leisure hours before bedtime in the saloons, drinking and gambling.

One after another the clerks for whom Williams and his friends prayed were brought to Christ, some in one way, some in another. Once the young Christians were praying for a clerk who made much fun of the praying young men, and who responded to none of their

efforts to speak to him of Christ. So Williams and his associates, learning that this clerk, Edward Rogers, was very fond of oysters, invited him to an oyster supper. Rogers accepted, and had so pleasant an evening that later, in return for their hospitality, he consented to attend one of their prayer meetings. He went once, and he went again. Before long he surrendered to their pleadings and became a Christian. This man, Edward Rogers, was one of the twelve young men who afterwards organized the mighty Young Men's Christian Association.

All this time the activities of George Williams and his friends were working a complete change in the business house of their employers. It was said in later years that "when he joined Messrs. Hitchcock and Rogers, it was almost impossible for a young man in the house to be a Christian, and that three years afterwards it was impossible to be anything else!"

It all began simply, in those prayer meetings. Of these George Williams once modestly wrote: "We met, and our numbers grew, and the rooms were soon crammed. In answer to prayer, the Spirit of God was present, and we had conversion after conversion." Williams set the converts to work to lead their friends to Christ, and later they all were formed into an active Christian "Young Men's Society."

THE BIRTH OF A MIGHTY MOVEMENT

On a Sunday evening George Williams was walking across Blackfriars Bridge in company with a clerk

whom he had brought to Christ, when suddenly he turned to the friend, and asked, "Teddy, are you prepared to make a sacrifice for Christ?"

"If called on to do so, I hope I can," was the reply.

Then Williams outlined a plan in which he needed his friend's help. He wanted to extend the work of the Young Men's Society to include some of the 150,000 clerks in the other stores of London.

The friend consented to help, with the result that about a month later these two met with ten others in Williams' own bedroom and formed the Drapers' Evangelical Association, which afterwards changed its name to the Young Men's Christian Association. This organizing meeting was in June, 1844, less than three years after Williams had entered London, and when he was only twenty-three years old. Yet more than half of these founders of the Young Men's Christian Association had been led to Christ as a result of his own powerful efforts.

First, the Young Men's Christian Association met in a cheaply rented room in St. John's Coffee House, then in a large room in Radley's Hotel, five years later, in a large headquarters building in Gresham Street, and in time, in the magnificent Exeter Hall. Nowadays, Young Men's Christian Association buildings that cost even hundreds of thousands of dollars each are found in many cities throughout the world.

Even in those early days the Young Men's Christian Association had its library, reading rooms, and classrooms—those centers for young men that now have

developed into reading and game rooms, gymnasiums, shower baths, plunges, study rooms, dormitories, and all the other features of Young Men's Christian Association work with which all of us are familiar. Yet the main interest of the first Young Men's Christian Association, as it is of the Young Men's Christian Association of to-day, was not the helping of young men's bodies and minds, but the helping of their souls. All these attractions for physical comfort and pleasure are worth while, but George Williams and the Young Men's Christian Association workers of all times have realized that these are less important than the Association's efforts to lead young men to know Christ, and to love and serve him.

Since the time when it was begun, the Young Men's Christian Association has won a noteworthy success in making the organization not only a Young Men's Association, but also a Young Men's Christian Association. It has brought thousands of boys and young men to Christ, enabled them to see the nobility and the manliness of Christ, and aided them in a helpful and happy service of Christ and their fellow men.

HONORED BY MEN AND GOD

Honors piled upon honors greeted George Williams before the end of his notable career. Kings, queens, princes, and presidents rejoiced to sound his praises. When he visited the United States in 1876, his journey through the states was like a triumph of a victorious Cæsar of ancient Rome; everywhere he was hailed as

a benefactor of the men of the world. Queen Victoria in 1894 made him a knight, for his "distinguished service to humanity," and from that day on he was known to all the world as Sir George Williams.

Yet none of these honors of men, neither his knighthood nor his riches, nor yet the praises of men, was equal to the peace in his own soul with which Sir George Williams died. This was due to the realization that he had been enabled to put "God First" in all his life, and that the God whom he had put first had honored his work as a friend to the world's young men. He had put God foremost in his life, and God put him foremost among the men of earth who live for the good of humanity.

Suggestion: Try to have a sympathetic World War veteran tell of what he experienced of the war work of the American Young Men's Christian Association. Thirteen thousand Association secretaries worked among the American soldiers at home, and the same number among American soldiers abroad. Nearly $155,000,000 was spent in war work by the American Association. Invite a Young Men's Christian Association secretary to tell of the boys' work of the local Association.

Book Suggested

Williams, J. E. H., "Sir George Williams: The Father of the Red Triangle."

LESSON XVII

FROM COBBLER'S BENCH TO INDIA'S STRAND

Read: Matt., ch. 28.

Memory Verse: "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

A BOY WITH A WILL TO WIN

In an English village, about the time of the beginning of our French and Indian War, there lived a boy whose hobby was collecting birds, birds' eggs, and insects. Many an adventure he had in obtaining the specimens that were caged for a time in his room, displayed on its shelves, or fastened to its walls. More than once, indeed, he had risked his life in climbing perilous heights for the birds and eggs that he prized.

One day he spied a birds' nest in a particularly remote part of a tree that was hard to climb, yet he determined to get the nest. Up the tree he climbed, higher and higher, only to fail after all. Worse than that, he fell from the tree and picked himself up shaken and bruised.

But he did not give up. As soon as he was able to go out of the house again, back he went to that very tree, climbed it, and this time obtained the coveted nest. He was a boy who objected to giving in to any obstacle.

Forty years later there lived in India a man who was superintendent of a printing plant. In this office a translation of the Bible into one of the native languages was being printed, a translation that this man had made

with much toil and perseverance. One night a fire broke out, and the printing office, press, type, and even the precious translation, were destroyed. Fifty thousand dollars' worth of property was burned; the fruit of years of labor seemed utterly gone.

But this man refused to be dismayed. He called in some workmen and with them set to work in the ruins, from which he recovered some melted metal. From this he fashioned new type, and in two months the printers were once more at their work. Meanwhile, he had appealed for money to buy more material, and in two months all that he needed was given. He began to translate the Bible over again, and because it was easier the second time, in seven months the work was done. Within about a year the great disaster, which at first had seemed fatal, had been completely conquered.

The man, like the boy in the English village, objected to giving in to any difficulty or obstacle in his way. It is no wonder, for the man was the boy grown up. He is known to history as William Carey, the father of modern missions.

A SHOEMAKER WHO STUDIED GREEK

All his life long Carey faced immense difficulties, and all his life he kept conquering them. He was the son of a poorly paid schoolmaster, and he had to go to work at fourteen years of age, with only a little schooling; yet he got himself an education, and became one of the famous learned men of his time. After boyhood he was a shoemaker, or cobbler, always poor and under the

necessity of working hard and long; yet even while he worked he continued studying and learning.

One day Carey, then a very young man, saw a commentary on the New Testament that contained many Greek words. What these were he could not imagine, for he knew no Greek. Laboriously he copied some of the queer-looking words, and walked nine miles and back in order to ask a learned man what they meant. From that time on he studied Greek and other languages, even while he was at his cobbler's bench. He kept Greek and Latin books on his bench, and while he cobbled he studied.

With all his difficulties, Carey became in time one of the noted naturalists of his day, and also one of its most famous authorities on the languages of the world, especially those of the people of Asia. Yet in the Christian Church his fame rests not so much on these remarkable attainments, as on his work as a foreign missionary.

WHEN FOREIGN MISSIONS WERE UNKNOWN

To be a missionary took all the determination and will power that Carey possessed. He lived in a day when foreign missions were practically unknown. Christians seemed to have forgotten that Christ's last command to his disciples was, "Make disciples of all the nations." Indeed, the subject seems never to have been mentioned in those days.

But Carey mentioned it. After a while he became a Baptist minister at the same time when he was a cobbler

(his salary at first was only ten pounds, about forty-nine dollars, a year), and as a minister he saw in his Bible the command of Jesus. He came in a short time to believe that the Christian Church ought to send missionaries to the heathen people of the world. He made a large map of the world, using big pieces of paper that he pasted together and hung on the wall of his cobbler's shop. On the part of the map representing each heathen land, he wrote all the information that he could gather, from other persons and from his reading, concerning the religion and customs of the country. Always he was thinking of the subject of foreign missions.

Time after time Carey mentioned the matter to other ministers, but he was laughed at or even scolded for his pains. Once he asked a meeting of Baptist ministers to answer the question whether it is not the duty of all ministers of the gospel to "make disciples of all the nations," but they refused to answer it.

Yet all the time Carey's talk about the subject was having its effect. One year he preached a stirring sermon on the duty of missions at a meeting of the ministers of his district and they were visibly impressed. In this sermon he used these two ringing challenges: "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God."

THE FIRST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

At once the ministers voted to take steps to send missionaries to foreign lands. Soon a new organiza-

tion was formed, the Baptist Missionary Society. The motto of the society became the two famous clauses of Carey's famous sermon. At once Carey offered himself as a missionary, and he and another man were directed to prepare to sail for India. At last the cobbler preacher had overcome the greatest obstacle in the way of modern missions.

Even now, however, his difficulties were not over. India was under the control of the East India Company, which was violently opposed to Carey's project. He and his friend went aboard one of the company's ships that was about to sail to India and paid their fare, but at the last moment they were set ashore and the ship left without them; Carey did not even get all his passage money refunded.

Within a few days, however, a ship sailing under the Danish flag was about to leave for India, and the two missionaries, having solicited missionary gifts to pay their more expensive passage on this boat, were accepted as passengers. They sailed at last, on June 13, 1793, the first modern Protestant missionaries to heathen lands.

"DISCIPLES OF ALL THE NATIONS"

Arrived in India after a tedious five months' voyage, the missionaries at once faced opposition from the government, together with poverty, illness, and other troubles, yet courageously they began work. Carey studied the languages of India, founded schools, traveled in the country preaching the gospel to the people, trans-

lated the Bible, and set up a printing press, much of the time supporting his family by working in an indigo factory and by killing wild game with his gun.

After about six years of patient work that seemed to have no results, Carey and his assistants were joined by four more Baptist missionaries. Then the work was redoubled. Two by two the workers went about the streets and into the bazaars and heathen temples, singing Christian hymns that Carey had written, and inviting the people to come to their homes to talk about Christianity.

On the day after Christmas, seven years after Carey reached India, he baptized his first Christian convert. This man, Krishnu, boldly broke the rules of caste, the religious and social laws of his people, by eating a meal with the missionaries in order to prove his complete giving up of his heathen religion. As soon as news of this meal reached his fellow countrymen, Krishnu was seized by an enraged mob, and haled before a magistrate. But the man in justice released the courageous Christian.

Other conversions followed rapidly. Before long several hundred persons were being baptized every year, and later thousands. Of the new Christians in a heathen land, an overwhelming proportion remained true to their Saviour in spite of persecution, privation, and peril.

A MAN OF MIGHTY LABORS

Most impressive of all Carey's achievements was his work in translation of the Bible. Within twenty-five

years he and his helpers gave the Bible, or parts of the Bible, to peoples who spoke forty different languages and dialects. The names of these tongues may seem strange to us. These are some of them: Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindustani, Mahratti, Oriya, Kurnata, Telugu, Burman, Assamese, Tibetan, and Malay.

Yet the obstacles to making these translations were so great that only a man of Carey's resistless determination could have conquered them. He had no books to help him; grammars and dictionaries were unknown, and had to be made by himself; and printing was unheard of by the natives of India. Yet Carey succeeded, and received the gratitude of the people of Asia, who later read his translations, and of all the Christian world.

The labors of William Carey in India seem beyond belief because of their intensity and variety. The great surprise regarding them all is the fact that Carey was naturally indolent and realized his indolence. He worked incessantly, nevertheless, and he accomplished an imposing array of successes.

Carey established a botanical garden, and published a standard work on the plant life of India. He founded an agricultural society, and started a magnificent museum of natural history. He founded a college, and translated a Sanskrit poem, which was published in three volumes. He opposed the cruel custom of killing babies, and saw it abolished; he appealed against the murderous custom of burning widows to death after their husbands died, and he lived to see the practice

forbidden. Best of all, he preached the gospel to the people of India, and beheld them turning to his Master by the thousands.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF SUCCESS

All this was done by a boy who had the will to win, by a cobbler who had the determination to learn, by a minister who had the courage to plead for missions, and by a missionary who, though naturally fond of ease, had a Christian consecration to labor as few men have labored, for the cause of Christ and his Church.

It is a long road from a cobbler's bench to "India's coral strands," but William Carey traveled that road with determination and with abounding success.

Suggestion: Sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." In this lesson, and in Lessons XVIII to XXII, show the class such simple curios of the land mentioned as you can almost certainly obtain in your own community. Describe some old-India customs, such as suttee, infanticide, the Juggernaut, and the caste. To "break caste" in India is still often equivalent to exiling oneself from friends and relatives, from the respect of one's countrymen, and from one's livelihood.

Books Suggested

Walsh, "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field," page 31-62.
Myers, Culross, and Smith, G., Biographies of Carey.

LESSON XVIII

THE FATHER OF CHINESE MISSIONS

Read: Ps. 107: 1-13

Memory Verse: "As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us."—Ps. 103: 12.

A HARD TASK, AND WHY IT WAS DONE

In the quiet of a certain room of the British Museum a man sat reading. Looking up from his book, he happened to see near him a young man studying a volume written in letters the like of which the older man never before had seen. "In what language are you studying, may I ask?" he inquired, approaching the busy student.

"Chinese," was the quiet reply.

"And do you understand it, then?"

"I am trying to do so," responded the student, "but it is curiously difficult."

"Why, then, are you toiling so hard on it?" came the question.

A strange reply was made by the young man. "I do not know," he said. "All I know is that I feel that I must do so. If this difficult language can be learned by a European who puts all his zeal and perseverance into the task, then I mean to learn it."

The young man was laboring over the hardest language in all the world; he did not know whether it was possible to learn it; and he did not know why he was doing this extremely difficult task. But God knew.

It was God who had led him to the decision to study Chinese, and who had given him the perseverance to stick to the task.

For God had great things for this young man to do. The young student was Robert Morrison, who within about two years was to be the first Protestant missionary to the Chinese. In China he was to be a mighty power as a translator of the Bible. For this reason God was leading him in a way that the young man did not then understand.

LED BY GOD

All his life Robert Morrison was led by God. Even while as a boy he was working for his father at the trade of making lasts for shoes, he was learning how to be a hard worker. When his uncle sent him to school for a little while, God helped him to learn fast, and to cultivate his memory to a remarkable degree. When he was twenty-one years old, he gave himself to God, and almost at once God led him to decide to be a foreign missionary, though this was only about ten years after the first foreign missionary, Carey, had sailed for India.

In those days Morrison did not know to what foreign country he would go. For a time he thought that he ought to work in Africa, yet he seemed to care little just where he should go. What he did pray for earnestly was that God would send him where the difficulties were the greatest. While he prayed, he waited and worked.

A new missionary society had been established in England three years after the formation of Carey's

Baptist Missionary Society, and to this organization, the London Missionary Society, Morrison offered himself. The organization accepted him, and sent him to its academy at Gosport, England, there to prepare for foreign missionary service; but it could not tell him to what foreign field he ought to go.

In time, however, the London Missionary Society determined to send Morrison to China, and it so informed him. Only then did the young man understand why he had felt impelled to try to study the Chinese language. Now that he knew, he doubled his efforts. For two years he studied not only Chinese, but also medicine, mathematics, astronomy, and other sciences, in order to minister to the people of China's ancient and highly developed civilization.

WHAT GOD COULD DO FOR CHINA

On his way to China, Morrison stopped at New York City. There a shipowner, with whom he was making arrangements for sailing, rather sneeringly inquired, "Mr. Morrison, do you really expect to make any impression at all on the idolatry of the Chinese empire?"

"No, sir," replied Morrison, with dignity. "But I expect that God will do so."

Well it was for the young missionary that he depended not on his own efforts, but on God's, for when he reached Canton, China, in 1807, he found himself confronted by tremendous difficulties. The people and the government were bitterly opposed to foreigners and to Christianity, and they did all they could to

hinder his work. He needed Chinese teachers and other helpers, but these were hard to obtain for they served him at the risk of their lives.

For a time all of Morrison's work had to be done in secret. He lived in a cellar under the street, with a dim earthenware lamp and a huge English book propped up before him, the latter to keep the prying eyes of Chinese enemies from seeing his work of translating the Bible. Those prying eyes were everywhere. They peered into his work, into his food, into his manner of dress, and they did their best to pry into his very thoughts.

Yet Morrison was thinking less of the suspicious opposition of the people just then than of their later frank friendliness, to which he looked forward with faith and confidence. These people of Canton might antagonize him for a while, he realized, but he looked beyond the present, and beyond them all.

A LAND THAT TEEMED WITH NEEDY SOULS

Morrison saw not only the men who thrust themselves uninvited into his cellar home, those who in a ceaseless stream passed along the dirty, dark, and narrow street over his head, and those that lived in the thousands of house boats that plied up and down the river near by. He thought also of the people in the villages farther up the river, in the cities, in the mountains, and on the rich plains of inner China, and in the towns and cities to the north, extending in an apparently endless chain to Peking itself, the capital of this

teeming mass of yellow-skinned, slant-eyed people. Morrison saw their need of God, and he knew that God would bless him in his labors for them.

There were years during which this missionary in a strange land adopted all the customs of the people among whom he lived. He cut off his hair, and wore a queue; he let his finger nails grow long and pointed; he ate strange native foods, and ate them with chopsticks; he walked about the crowded city clad in Chinese robes and awkward, shuffling Chinese shoes of cloth. Even after he had given up his Chinese dress because it seemed both inconvenient and needless, he lived constantly with two Chinese men servants, talked Chinese with them, prayed in Chinese with them, and spoke his own private prayers to God in their own singsong language.

By these means, coupled with untiring labors and a constant dependence on God, Morrison grew in knowledge of the people's speech, and slowly he grew also in favor with the people themselves. After seven years in China, he had the happiness of baptizing his first convert, a man named Tsae Ako; and as the years passed God added other converts. One of these, Leang Afa, became the first Chinese preacher of the gospel.

A BOOK FOR A HALF BILLION PEOPLE

Ceaselessly the missionary worked on his translation of the Scriptures, and it was in this work that he won his greatest triumph. With difficulties like those of Carey in India, Morrison within seven years had put the New

Testament into Chinese, and within five years more he had published the whole Bible in the native tongue.

This was a remarkable success, for it meant that Morrison has given the Bible to more people than has any other translator. The written Chinese language is read with ease not only in China but also in Korea, in Japan, and in Formosa, by people who number quite five hundred million. So when Morrison's Chinese Bible was in print, the Scriptures had been made ready, for the first time, for one third of all the people on the face of the globe.

Giving the Bible to the Chinese, Koreans, and Japanese was the remarkable achievement of Morrison for the benefit of the people of the lands that he influenced, but it was not the end of his labors. Much of his life in China was spent in preparing for the missionaries who were sure to come after him. For their help he wrote, with intense toil, an immense dictionary of the Chinese language, a book that contained forty thousand queer-looking Chinese characters, with their meanings, and that was so huge that it cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars to print it.

Every missionary who ever has served Christ in China has depended for his success upon the work of Morrison in preparing both this dictionary and his translation of the Bible. And these missionaries have been exceedingly numerous. First they were only one or two; then they were a half dozen; then a hundred, a thousand, and many thousands. They have gone to China from Europe, America, Australia, New Zealand,

and even from Korea, which now is a land that has a mighty host of earnest Christians. None of these missionaries in China could have worked with any power at all if it had not been that Robert Morrison, the father of Chinese missions, had gone there before them.

CHINESE CHRISTIANS BY THE MILLION

We all know that the missionaries to China have worked with success—success that is a marvelous proof of the power of God to bring even the strange people of China to the Saviour of all men. By 1914 that first Christian convert of the year 1814 had become nearly half a million Protestant Christians, besides a million or more enrolled Catholic converts. In these days the number is growing by the tens of thousands almost every year. Chinese Christians are influential in the business and in the government of the Chinese republic, and in many a city and country home and church they are living a conquering life of love for God and of zeal for the souls of men.

Robert Morrison's life was hard but not long; he was only fifty-two years old when he died, worn out by his tireless labors for Christ and his Church. Yet he labored cheerfully. "It is my duty," he often said. He toiled with a constant sense of dependence on God; "look up! look up!" was another expression often on his lips. He looked up to God in faith, and God looked down to him in blessing and in gifts of strength for all of Morrison's labors as the triumphant father of Chinese missions.

Suggestions: Use a map of the world with Lessons XVIII to XXIII. To-day point out India, the field of Carey, and then show that Morrison's work combined with his to cover practically all the far east of the mainland of Asia. Show also the great extent of China and the region in which the written Chinese language is read—all of China and all of Japan's dominions, including Korea, Formosa, and the Loochoo Islands.

Books Suggested

Morrison, Mrs. E., and Townsend, Biographies of Morrison. See also Walsh (Lesson XVII), pages 95-118.

LESSON XIX

AMERICA'S FIRST FOREIGN MISSIONARY

Read: Isa. 43: 1-9.

Memory Verse: "Ye are my witnesses, saith Jehovah."—Isa. 43: 10.

CAPTURED BY A FRENCH MAN OF WAR

Great excitement broke out one day in the year 1811 aboard the English sailing vessel, Packet, *en route* from Boston to an English port. A French man-of-war had been sighted, and as France was at war with England, capture by the French vessel seemed certain. Dismay was on the faces of officers, crew, and passengers, and particularly on that of a young American. This young man, Adoniram Judson by name, was on his way to England on an important errand, and he could not afford to waste any time in a French prison.

Yet this proved to be his future. The war vessel, L'Invincible Napoleon, seized the English ship as a prize of war, and confined in its own dark and noisome

hold most of its captives, including young Judson. After some days, through the intercession of the ship's doctor, he was rescued from that brutal confinement, and given an upper cabin berth. The doctor's attention had been drawn to Judson by seeing the young American translating his Hebrew Bible into Latin.

Arrived in a French port, Judson attracted the interest of an American there, while the captives were being marched to prison, by shouting aloud his American citizenship in English for the benefit of any American who might be within hearing. His new friend soon afterwards visited him in his prison dungeon, and contrived to effect his escape. For weeks Judson lay in hiding in France, before he made his way to England, performed his errand, and at last returned in safety to his native land.

ON AN ERRAND FOR THE CHURCH

Adventures similar to this, some even more thrilling, occurred often in the eventful career of Adoniram Judson, who was later to be America's first foreign missionary. His errand in England was to try to persuade the London Missionary Society, which had sent Robert Morrison to China, to aid the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of this country in sending Judson and three of his friends as missionaries to Asia.

As it turned out, however, Judson's voyage to England was unnecessary, for the new interest in foreign missions in the United States grew so rapidly that the help of the English society was not required.

The year before Judson went to England, he and five of his friends, all students in Andover Theological Seminary, had requested the Congregational Church to send them out to the foreign field, with the result that the Congregationalists, together with some Presbyterians, organized the first American foreign missionary society. This organization, formed in 1810, was the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which sent out numerous Presbyterian missionaries, along with representatives of the Congregational churches themselves, until the organization, in 1837, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The first missionaries of the "American Board" were Judson and three of his friends, who in 1811 were appointed to serve in some land in Asia; just what country of Asia was not decided until later.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A THRILLING LIFE

Numerous interesting things are told us of the early life of Judson. He could read when he was three years old. By the time he was ten, he was singularly skilled in solving hard problems in mathematics. When he was graduated from college, he led his class. After leaving college he taught school, became an actor, and toured the country in search of excitement. Only the unexpected news that his chum, an unconverted man like himself, had died the night before in the room next his own in a country hotel, checked Judson in his wildness and brought him to Christ. From that time onward he was an earnest, zealous Christian.

After his preparation for the ministry in Andover Seminary, Judson made his memorable voyage to England, and the same year he sailed with his wife for India. Here he was a fellow laborer with the famous William Carey, for by this time Judson, too, had become a Baptist. During nearly all his thirty-seven years in Asia, Judson was a representative of the Baptist Missionary Union, another American missionary society organized about this time.

Just where Judson and his wife were to do their work was not determined until after they had arrived in India. They might have labored in India itself had not the always hostile East India Company ordered them to leave the country. So they decided to go to the neighboring land of Burma. To Burma they went, but they had many adventures before they reached their destination.

ON THE WAY TO A LAND OF PERIL

To avoid the watchful eye of the East India Company, the new missionaries got themselves smuggled aboard a vessel sailing from Calcutta. They were discovered and forced to leave the ship. Once more they got on board, and this time the vessel sailed with them. Arrived at Madras, they learned that their coming had been reported at once to the company's representative there, so they were compelled to leave immediately in order to escape being sent back to America.

The only ship they could get at once was a wretched little vessel, on which they came close to shipwreck on a

coast where if they escaped the waves, death from the natives was a certainty. However, after weeks of peril and suffering from the rough seas, the Americans safely reached Rangoon, to begin their useful life as Christian ambassadors to Burma.

Of that thrilling and abundantly useful career we can now consider only one or two of the most interesting features. The Judsons were in a land of heathenism, slavery, lawlessness, and danger. The ruler was a despotic tyrant; and the people were in constant fear of his cruelty and of dangers from their fellow countrymen. Murders and robberies were of frequent occurrence, in spite of the fact that on the execution grounds, close to the missionaries' home, robbers were being put to death every little while.

It was indeed a land of peril, but it was also a land of need of the gospel, as the missionaries realized; so in spite of their own danger, they began their Christian labors for the Burmese. Through illness, privation, and constant danger of expulsion or death at the hands of the despot, the Judsons patiently and courageously preached and taught the gospel. Gradually they won a few converts, and slowly their own condition was improving, when suddenly startling and dismaying news was brought to them: England had opened war on Burma!

COURAGE IN PRISON AND OUT

As was to be expected, the tyrant vented his rage on the only foreigners within his reach. Though Judson was an American, while the tyrant was at war with

England, the latter seized the American and threw him into prison, together with another missionary and some English merchants. Mrs. Judson was not harmed, but her anguish over her husband's probable fate was intense. She knew that he was in "the death prison," bound with three pairs of iron fetters, and chained to a long pole.

For weeks and months Mrs. Judson labored with all her power and with all her courage and tact to help her husband. By her intercession, his life was spared, but he was shut up during the summer's greatest heat with a hundred Burmese robbers in a small room that had no window.

Later, by means of more entreaties, Mrs. Judson contrived to have her husband placed in a better prison. More than this, she kept up a secret correspondence with him by writing messages on flat cakes concealed in bowls of rice that she sent to him as food.

PRESERVING A PRECIOUS BOOK

During his continuing imprisonment Judson let his wife know that he was afraid that the despot would seize and destroy the missionary's translation of the Bible. He suggested, therefore, that she put this into a pillow and send the pillow to him. This she did, and on this pillow, which was covered with native matting, the suffering missionary laid his head nightly in peace and contentment. He had great joy in realizing that as he slept his head was pillowed on the precious Word of God.

After some months, unfortunately, Judson was transferred to another prison, and as he limped painfully toward it, on bleeding feet, he thought with sorrow of the translation of the Bible that he had been compelled to leave behind. But God was caring for his Word. The jailer, finding the discarded pillow, kept the mat cover for himself and threw the pillow itself away. One of Judson's converts, always on the alert, discovered the valuable pillow, and took it to a place of safety. Long afterward its priceless contents were brought to light, and by their aid the people of Burma received the Bible in their own language.

One day, two years after he had first been imprisoned, a stirring message came from the despot to Judson in his prison. The victorious English were approaching, and Judson, as a man skilled in the languages of Burma and England alike, was to go to the victors to plead for peace. The American missionary went, and he discharged his task so well that one of the conditions of peace laid down by the English conqueror was the immediate release of Judson. Thus triumphantly did God bring his faithful missionary out of his two years' undeserved captivity.

IMMORTAL FRUITS OF FAITHFUL LABORS

Later in his life Judson worked among the Karens, a race of people who were treated as slaves by the Burmese, though in many ways they were greatly their masters, superiors. Gratifying success greeted him from the first. Soon he had two hundred and forty-

eight Christian converts, and not long afterwards one of his fellow missionaries said of the Karens' land, "I eat the rice and fruits cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, and see no homes but those of Christian families."

Mightily did God bless the labors of Judson for both Burmese and Karens. Once in his early years in Asia, Judson had said that he would be quite content if while he lived he could convert one hundred Burmans and translate the Bible into their language. But before he died, he did far more than this. He saw the Bible translated, much work done on a huge Burmese dictionary, sixty-three Christian churches established, and more than seven thousand Burmese and Karens living a Christian life. Indeed, Judson laid the foundation of Christianity in Burma so firmly that they have never been shaken to this day.

Suggestion: Compare the delivery of Judson from prison with that of Joseph in Egypt; each was needed by the ruler of the land, and each won honors because he was prepared to serve. Joseph later saved the Egyptians from starvation, and Judson saved the Burmese from spiritual starvation. Note similarities between the boyhood of Judson, Jonathan Edwards, and Timothy Dwight.

Books Suggested

Judson, E., "Life of Adoniram Judson."
Walsh, pages 63-94.
Hubbard, "Ann of Ava."

LESSON XX

A PIONEER OF AFRICAN CIVILIZATION

Read: Acts 8: 26-39.

Memory Verse: "They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."—Isa. 9: 2.

ATTACKED BY A MADDENED LION

On a certain memorable day a young missionary in Africa left his home to hunt lions that had been attacking the village of some native friends of his. Suddenly the man caught sight of a lion on a small hill only a hundred feet or so from him, and he hastily fired. While he was quickly reloading, he heard a shout and, half turning round, saw a lion just in the act of leaping upon him.

The maddened beast seized him by the shoulder and shook him as a dog would shake a rat, biting into his arm and shoulder and crunching the bone into splinters. Certain death seemed to stare the missionary in the face.

Yet his life was spared. One of his African converts, Mebalwe, attracted the attention of the animal, which dropped the missionary from its clutches, and turned to face the new danger. Terribly mangled, the white man later recovered from the eleven teeth wounds in his arm, but the splintered bone never recovered. For thirty years afterwards, all his labors and adventures were carried on while he was suffering from an arm so crippled that to raise a gun to his shoulder caused extreme agony.

Does it not seem strange that this man should continue to live in a land where dangers like this were likely to occur at almost any time? He could have gone home to Scotland, and there practiced successfully and honorably as a physician, yet he stayed on amid peril and privation. Why did he not go home? For numerous reasons, some of which are suggested by the following facts that we know about him.

A BOY OF BOLDNESS, HONOR AND DETERMINATION

As a boy David Livingstone was brave and adventurous. It is related of him that he once climbed far up on the ruins of Bothwell Castle, in order to carve his name higher than any other boy dared to carve his. He did not fear danger, so the perils of life in Africa did not alarm him.

Livingstone was born in a Scottish family that had a tradition, handed down from father to son for generations. This tradition said that in all the family history there was no record of a dishonest man. David lived up to the family standard of honor. He promised God to serve him in Africa as a missionary, and not all of Africa's trials could force him to break his word. Once he wrote home, concerning a perilous adventure that he felt must be undertaken, "So powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of God that I should go, I will go no matter who opposes!"

One of the well-known stories about Livingstone tells how when he was a boy working in a factory he was completely determined to get an education, even

though he had to work for a living at the same time. So he used to put a book on a part of the spinning jenny at which he was toiling, and as he worked he read and studied. Late in the evening, after working fourteen hours during the day, he went off to a night school, and then studied at home until his mother put out the candle. In such ways he managed to get his education.

Determination like this, a sense of honor like this, and a courage like this, helped make David Livingstone the valiant missionary that he was. No lion or elephant or hippopotamus, nor even all the pestilence that walked in the darkness of Africa, could keep Livingstone from doing his duty to Africa and to God.

ADVENTURING IN AFRICA FOR CHRIST

Whoever wants to read a book of the most thrilling adventure will find what he seeks in any well-written life of David Livingstone. The life of this brave physician, the pioneer of African civilization, is crammed full of excitement, achievement and inspiration. Let us think, as a typical chapter from this thrilling life, of his momentous journey across the Dark Continent. This was in the days when no one knew how to get from the interior of the continent to the coast; indeed, Livingstone was the first white man who is known to have made that perilous journey.

Let us see why he undertook that great adventure. From 1840, the year in which Livingstone began his work in Africa as a representative of the London Mis-

sionary Society, he was saddened by the awful slave trade in the Dark Continent. He believed that if Africa could be opened to lawful trade with the outer world, the traffic in slaves would gradually disappear. For the sake of Africa's own people, therefore, he determined to make a clear path from the interior to the coast, and so enable the natives to go on trading expeditions to the sea, and to make it possible for white men to go on similar trips to the interior.

It was a noble purpose, and it was nobly fulfilled, but a terrible experience of endurance came to Livingstone in the carrying out of it. He realized that he must march from Linyante, where he began his famous journey, to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of fifteen hundred miles through unknown territory. Hostile tribes, malarial swamps, and pathless forests lay ahead of him. Through these he must lead his twenty-seven African "boys," or servants, keep them supplied with food and drink, and protect them from attacks by savages. Floods, fevers, wild beasts, and the deadly tsetse fly would be encountered.

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE DARK CONTINENT

Boldly the expedition set out, on November 11, 1853. It began in misfortune. Livingstone was suffering from fever and throat trouble, and most of his invaluable medicines had just been stolen. Yet the start was made. So rapidly did the expedition travel that to the amazement of ordinary travelers, including the traders among the Africans, who were content if they made seventy

miles in a month, Livingstone covered about two hundred miles each month. Six months and more he traveled, always surmounting great obstacles and conquering unexpected difficulties.

Once for two whole weeks the sun did not shine. Livingstone's tent, wet by the excessive and constant rains, began to rot. The all-important guns grew rusty, and the travelers' clothing was covered with mold. Part of the way lay through forests so dense that paths had to be cut with axes. The river was crowded with hippopotamuses and alligators, yet the river must be crossed. Once Livingstone was flung from his riding ox in midstream, and was saved only by his unusual skill as a swimmer.

Supplies ran low, and some of the food was stolen by marauding savages. Once two guides turned traitor, and decamped with a large part of the missionary's store of beads, used for buying supplies from the tribes whom the explorer encountered on the way. War with a savage tribe on one occasion was avoided only by Livingstone's telling the hostile chief that if there was to be bloodshed, the chief himself must begin it, and that the blame would rest on him, not on the white man.

Disease fastened itself on the body of the intrepid explorer. Twenty-seven times fever attacked him, reduced him to a skeleton, and brought on a tropical disorder that made him so weak he could sit on his ox only ten minutes at a time.

Nevertheless, Livingstone finished his course. On

May 31, 1854, the haggard, weary traveler entered the Atlantic coast city of Loanda, with each of his twenty-seven "boys" safely behind him. He had opened the way from the heart of the Dark Continent to the door of civilization, and on all the journey he had kept the peace and preached the gospel of peace.

Never had the world seen anything like this mighty triumph of the Christian missionary. Livingstone had struck a death blow to the slave trade. Yet even now he would not rest. Almost at once he turned away from the ocean, and from the opportunity to go home, in order to retrace his steps.

For one thing, Livingstone had promised to lead his "boys" safely back to their own homes, and he intended to keep his word. So back he went, all the long weary way. Not only this, but he kept on going, and did not stop until he had reached the eastern coast of Africa on the Indian Ocean. He did not halt until he had made for all the world a route across the continent from west to east.

FROM HONORS IN EUROPE TO HONOR IN AFRICA

Then, and not until then, Livingstone consented to go home. For two years he was in Great Britain, where he was honored by governments, churches, and people as few men ever were honored in any age of the world's history. Urged to remain, he refused, preferring the life of a lonely missionary and traveler in Africa to that of a man of fame in Europe. Once more honor itself called him back. He had told "his people," his people

in Africa, that only death could keep him from returning to them, and he kept his word. Family, friends, and civilization he put behind him once again, that he might be true to Africa and to God.

Of the remainder of the life of Livingstone little can be told here. Fourteen more years he spent in Africa as explorer and missionary, a period of time broken by only one short visit home, and marked otherwise by repeated exhausting and courageous expeditions through the heart of Africa for preaching the gospel, opening up the country to civilization, and combating the slave traffic. He won great triumphs, and endured tremendous sufferings and sorrows.

At length Livingstone's body broke down completely under its incredible load of privation. By December of 1872 he was absolutely worn out, and certainly a man of less determination would have died before the beginning of 1873. Yet Livingstone pushed on. His sufferings were almost unbelievable. All this time he was bleeding to death, and was in intense pain, but he compelled himself to go on.

On April 21 the explorer forced his boys to put him on his donkey's back, but he was so weak that at once he fell to the ground. After this his faithful boys carried him in a hammock slung from a pole. Still on he went, but he was growing constantly weaker. At last he could go not a mile farther, and on April 30 he lay down to die. Next morning the boys, when they entered his hut, found the pioneer of African civilization dead, but kneeling beside his bed in his last prayer

to God. A hero of the Church had gone home to his eternal reward.

TO A GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

With a love for their white friend such as the world has seldom seen, the boys of Livingstone embalmed his worn body, and with tremendous difficulty and intense suffering carried it safely to the sea coast whence it was conveyed by ship to England.

In England a special train was in waiting at Southampton, and in this special railway conveyance the remains of David Livingstone were carried to London. There they were honored as the body of no other missionary ever had been honored; they were laid in Westminster Abbey itself, where England lays the bodies of its great and hero dead. Over the grave so signally honored there stands a plain slab, which bears the following inscription, a tribute to a mighty man of God:

Brought by Faithful Hands
Over Land and Sea,
Here Rests
DAVID LIVINGSTONE
Missionary
Traveller
Philanthropist
Born March 19th, 1813
At Blantyre, Lanarkshire
Died May 1, 1873
At Chitambo's village, Ulala.
For 30 years his life was spent
in an unwearied effort
To evangelize the native races

To explore the undiscovered secrets
To abolish the desolating slave trade
OF CENTRAL AFRICA
where with his last words he wrote
"All I can add in my solitude is
May Heaven's rich blessing come down
On every one, American, English or Turk,
who will help to heal
This open sore of the world."

Suggestion: A striking proof of the power of Christianity to transform the lives of black men of Africa is found in the marvelous story of "the nine-months-long funeral" of Livingstone, the hazardous journey of his "boys" to carry his body to his English friends. Can you not tell it to the school to-day? See, for example, Horne (below), pages 218-226.

Books Suggested

Horne, "David Livingstone," Walsh, pages 281-314.

Kumm, "African Missionary Heroes and Heroines," pages 174-192.

Biographies of Livingstone are numerous.

LESSON XXI

UGANDA'S MISSIONARY MECHANIC

Read: Acts 18: 1-4.

Memory Verse: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."—Matt. 10: 39.

A SUCCESSOR TO LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA

"This day of last year Livingstone died—a Scotchman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbor in the heart of Africa. Go thou and do likewise." This

is an entry dated May 1, 1874, in the diary of Alexander M. Mackay, also "a Scotchman and a Christian." His advice, "Go thou and do likewise," was meant for himself, and he took it. Within less than two years he, too, was in the heart of Africa as a missionary, and he did not leave it until his death fourteen years later.

Livingstone opened Africa to civilization, and Mackay took civilization to it. What he tried to do was to train Africans in such mighty civilizing works as building roads and railways, opening mines, and manufacturing machinery, and all the time to preach the gospel of peace and freedom, and so to complete the task that Livingstone had begun—that is, to use Christianity and civilization to drive slavery from the Dark Continent. Nobly and effectively did Mackay labor to this end through all his eventful career in Africa.

PREPARED BY GOD FOR AFRICA

See how God made Mackay ready for his civilizing work in Africa. As a very small boy, Mackay was a rapid and deep reader of the Bible, and of geography, history, and mathematics, all of which helped him greatly as a man in Africa. At the same time he liked to work with his hands. When he was three years old, he imitated stone masons whom he had seen at work, and at nine years of age he bought a printing press. From eleven to thirteen he worked on a farm and tinkered with machinery.

Thus, even as a boy Mackay combined two forces that made him a success later in life—mental education

and mechanical training. When he was still a little fellow, he went one day, as usual, to play where some masons were at work. "Well, laddie," one of them asked him, "going to give us a sermon to-day?" And the boy replied: "Give me a trowel; I can preach and build at the same time." Just this he did in Africa.

As a young man, early interested in foreign missions and in Africa, Mackay taught school three hours a day to pay his expenses at college, where he won high honors in his study of the Bible, and in geography and drawing. After this he spent four years in studying engineering and surveying, becoming so skilled that later he had a well-paying position in Germany as a chief instructor in engineering. When at length he was appointed by the Church Missionary Society, of the Church of England, as a missionary to Uganda in Africa, he gave considerable time to intensive study of astronomy, coal-mining, and even medicine.

MECHANIC AND MISSIONARY

Thus prepared for his life work, in 1876 (100 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in the United States, and three years after the death of Livingstone in Africa) Mackay sailed for the Dark Continent. His destination was Uganda, on the northern shores of the huge Lake Victoria, but it was not until after many a long day that he reached it. Two of his associates proceeded to the northwest, taking with them a vessel, the Daisy, for use in crossing the lake, while Mackay himself stayed behind, partly in order to

build a long road to the lake through the untraveled interior.

Those first months were toilsome in the extreme. Mackay explored two rivers, led his caravan into the interior, built a bridge, laid his road, repaired his own tools, and on Sundays preached the gospel. He waded swamps, crawled through the jungle on trails made by hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses and crossed salt and waterless deserts.

Often he was thirsty, often starving, and always imperiled by leopards, lions, elephants, and deadly scorpions. One by one his companions left him, usually on account of ill health, and two of them were murdered, yet ever he toiled laboriously and bravely onward toward the great lake.

ON THE BOAT THAT ANTS HAD EATEN

Two years had passed before the road was finished and the missionary reached the longed-for lake, but even then his difficulties were not over. The Daisy left on the shores of Victoria by his murdered associates, had been attacked and riddled by huge, voracious white ants, trampled by hippopotamuses, and dried into bits by the scorching African sun, and it was an almost complete wreck. Weeks went by while with great toil the missionary patched and remade the vessel, and got it ready for the voyage across the broad lake, next in size to our own Lake Superior, and as large as all Scotland, Mackay's native land.

At length all was ready. Confidently Mackay and his

party set out across the waters to his future home. But one of the storms for which Victoria Lake is ill-famed, seized upon the Daisy, and within a week from the sailing it had made of the vessel an utter wreck. Two months passed while it was being repaired, two months of tireless exertion. But the time came to an end at last, a second embarkation was made, and this time the voyagers made the passage of the lake in triumph. In November of 1878, two and a half years after leaving England, Mackay landed on the shores of Uganda.

"WHITE MEN KNOW EVERYTHING"

Strange was the missionary life that the bold Mackay then entered upon. Either to win the friendship of the king and his people, or else to help them live useful, happy, and godly lives, the missionary performed a great many feats that astonished all who saw them. He made a sort of cart so constructed that it enabled him with one hand to move a huge log that two hundred men had not been able to stir from its place. He dug a well equipped with a pump of his own making, that gave the people pure water. For the king he erected a monster flagstaff, and constructed a royal coffin as large as a house and requiring many workmen and a month of Mackay's time in the making.

Greatly impressed was the king by a statement that Mackay made to him one day, when they were discussing the power of civilized man over the forces of nature. "My forefathers," said the missionary, "made

the wind their slave; then they put water in chains; next they enslaved steam; and now the terrible lightning is the white man's slave."

Always the missionary was exhibiting the vast extent of the knowledge of white men, men whose religion was quite as good as their skill. Finally the king gave in. "Surely there is nothing left for white men to learn," he cried. "They know everything."

SUCCESSES, DISCOURAGEMENTS, AND FINAL TRIUMPH

We can realize how powerful were Mackay's deeds in the eyes of the black men, who looked on them as miracles, when we discover how rapidly the missionary's Christian influence grew. The summer after Mackay reached Uganda saw the king ordering his chiefs and soldiers to learn to read. Three years later five converts were baptized. Within another year nearly ninety had been baptized as Christians.

All was not smooth sailing, however, either for the missionary or for his converts. Arab traders and Roman Catholic missionaries told the king lies about Mackay. Persecution broke out. In 1885 three converts were burned to death. The noble Bishop Hannington, one of Mackay's associates, was murdered that year, and Mackay's own life was spared at that time only because of the "miracles" that he could perform as a mechanical missionary. A little later fifty converts were killed, and all the others soon fled, leaving Mackay alone in Uganda.

Finally, in 1887, Mackay himself was expelled from

the country, having to carry on his work after that at a distance. He died in 1890 as a result of an attack of the white man's greatest foe in Africa, the fever that countless times had prostrated the famous Livingstone.

Mackay died, but his work went on. The foundation of Christian civilization that he, with the coöperation of other missionaries, had laid endures to this day. We can see what a change he and they wrought in Uganda by reading two reports of the country's condition, one written by the noted explorer, Stanley, the other by one of Mackay's successors, Pilkington, of Uganda.

In 1876, the year of Mackay's sailing for Africa, Stanley described Uganda as a land of "thievish knaves," where "violence is rife, human life cheap, tortures frequent," and where "bloody superstitions abound."

But only twenty years later Pilkington wrote, "A hundred thousand evangelized, half [of them] able to read for themselves; two hundred buildings for worship; two hundred native evangelists and teachers supported by the native church; ten thousand copies of the New Testament in circulation; six thousand souls eagerly seeking daily instruction; the power of God shown by changed lives."

"MACKAY, YOU ARE A MAN!"

Mackay of Uganda was one of the remarkable men of all time. He was brave to the point of not knowing danger when it was all around him. He was so de-

termined that once the king of Uganda, seeing him push on to victory over overwhelming obstacles, suddenly exclaimed, "Mackay, you are a man!" He was so winning in his ways, and so friendly as a Christian man, that two murderers of white men, two kings, and a multitude of other black men and black children freely gave him their friendship. He was a man of prayer. In danger, difficulty, and discouragement, he trusted in God, who never deserts those who trust in him, and who always gives strength and power.

At one time Mackay was urged to return to England for needed rest and restrengthening, but he refused, in great surprise. "What is this you write?" he demanded. "Come home? Surely, now is not the time for me to desert my post!"

And desert his post Mackay never would. He was a man of consecration, a man who stuck to his work as long as there was any work to do, or any strength with which to do it. When at last he did leave Africa, it was because his strength was gone; and even then it was not to go home to England, but to go home to God. For he had finished his course; he had kept faith with the needy souls of Uganda to the very end.

Suggestion: Point out these facts:

1. Africa is the continent of the famous early Church fathers, Cyril, Cyprian, Athanasius, and Augustine.

2. The last remnant of old African Christianity of any note died in 700, when Cahina, Christian queen of the Berbers, was executed by the onsweeping Mohammedan power because she would not give up her faith in Christ.

3. More than 1,000 years went by before the Christian

missions of the modern Church began to rescue Africa from the barbarism into which Vandals and Mohammedans had plunged it, and from the paganism that Mohammedanism never influenced for good.

4. A "white and black" map of Africa of to-day shows three white spots, where the people are predominantly Christian—Abyssinia, South Africa, where British influence is paramount, and Uganda. A score of American churches and societies have missionaries in Africa, and so have about fifty European and about twenty international and interdenominational societies, besides a score of Roman Catholic organizations. Africa is girdled with Christian mission stations, and they go also in a direct line from east to west across the middle of the continent—the route that Livingstone opened to civilization and to Christianity.

5. Yet between the Niger and the Nile, a distance of 1,500 miles, there is to-day no Christian missionary work being done. This vast territory, lying far north and northwest of Uganda, is considered by many authorities to be the world's most strategic and most needy missionary field of the present time.

Books Suggested

Harrison, "A. M. Mackay, Missionary Hero of Uganda."

Fahs, "Uganda's White Man of Work."

Beach, "Knights of the Labarum," pages 89-109.

Kumm, "African Missionary Heroes and Heroines," pages 130-158.

LESSON XXII

A MISSIONARY WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Read: Prov. 1: 1-8.

Memory Verse: "The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of knowledge."—Prov. 1: 7.

A STRANGE OBJECT AFLOAT ON THE SEA

Bobbing up and down on the waters of the ocean, one day, a small book attracted the attention of a Japanese nobleman. He was governor of the district that included the beautiful city of Nagasaki, in the harbor of which an English fleet lay at anchor. This was in 1854, the year after the historic United States naval expedition under Commodore Perry had prevailed on the Japanese Government to open its ports to trade with other nations; and the British fleet was in harbor to make easier the beginning of such trade. No doubt the little book that floated on the waves had been lost overboard by one of the English sailors.

Rescuing the book from the sea, Wakasa, the governor, examined it with great care. It was different from any volume he ever had seen before—different in binding, in printing, and even in language; for of the words in the small book Wakasa could read not one.

His curiosity aroused, he determined to learn what might be the message of this tiny volume, that seemed to have come to him direct from the powerful foreign nations across the sea. Yet Japan was still opposed to adopting things foreign, so Wakasa had to proceed

cautiously, if he would avoid losing his important post as governor.

By discreet and diligent inquiry, Wakasa in time learned that the book told of the Creator of the world, of one Jesus who taught the truth concerning the Creator, and also much of morals and religion. But this little information only deepened the governor's curiosity. Accordingly, he dispatched one of his men to an island in the harbor, to visit the dozen or so Dutch merchants who lived there and ask them what they knew about his little book and its message. When the man returned, he brought the gratifying word that there was in existence a translation of the book into Chinese, a language that all educated Japanese could read.

So eager was Wakasa to read the book that he next sent a man over the Yellow Sea to China, to buy a copy of this translation. In due time the messenger came back in triumph; in his hand he bore a copy of the New Testament in the Chinese language.

At once Wakasa began to read the New Testament. The more he read, the more interested he became, and also the more puzzled he grew. They were strange words which he read, and strange truths which he found taught in the book. He read on, and as he read, he began to long for some one who understood the Testament to come and explain it to him.

Wakasa in his longing for a teacher of the New Testament was a sort of representative of all Japan, though of course he did not realize it. As a matter of fact, all Japan was waiting for some one to come from

the great West and explain the Word of God. God saw this need, and God saw the longing of Wakasa himself. Even while the governor read on in interest and bewilderment, the world's Creator was preparing a man in the West to come to the Japanese nobleman's help.

PREPARING TO CARRY AID TO WAKASA

Just about the time when Wakasa espied the Testament floating on the sea, a young man lay on a bed in Helena, Arkansas, very ill with fever. This young man Guido F. Verbeck, promised God that if he recovered from his severe illness, he would dedicate himself as a foreign missionary. He did recover, and after a time he made his promise good.

It was rather natural for Verbeck to think of becoming a missionary. Back in his homeland of Holland, he had lived in a missionary atmosphere while he was attending a Moravian school there. Teacher after teacher left the school in order to become a missionary to Labrador, or Greenland, or the West Indies.

Moreover, Verbeck could easily learn to speak foreign languages, so an obstacle often in the way of a would-be foreign missionary did not trouble him. As a boy he spoke not only Dutch, but also German, French, and English. His English was so carefully learned that later, when he lived in the United States, he spoke it without the accent that usually lets us know when a person we hear talking was not born in America. One way in which he trained his tongue to say, "this," and

"that," instead of the easier "dis," and "dat," was to repeat over and over such sentences as this: "Theophilus Thistle thrust three thousand thistles into the thick of his thumb."

When Verbeck was twenty-two years old, he came to the United States, where some of his relatives were living. Not long after his recovery from fever in Arkansas, he entered Auburn Theological Seminary, in New York, as a student for the ministry. While he was there, something happened in Asia that eventually meant the granting of the wish of Wakasa, the Japanese governor.

A Presbyterian missionary in Shanghai, China, having visited Japan, wrote to the Dutch Reformed Church in the United States, requesting it to send to Japan as a missionary some man of learning who would be acceptable to the Japanese. Because for years the Japanese had known Dutch merchants such as those living on the island in Nagasaki harbor, the China missionary suggested that the new missionary to Japan be an Americanized Dutchman. Quickly the Dutch Reformed Church Board of Missions began looking about in the country's theological seminaries for a learned Hollander who had lived for some time in the United States. Very shortly it learned of G. F. Verbeck, a student in Auburn Seminary. Verbeck was chosen.

He accepted the appointment, and in May, 1859, he sailed for Japan by way of China. Six months later he landed in Japan. The city in which he first set foot

on Japanese soil was Nagasaki itself, and here he made his home for many years.

WHEN WAKASA CAME TO VERBECK

At first Wakasa did not learn of the arrival of the "teacher" from the West who could help him to understand the New Testament. It was well that he did not, for at first Verbeck had to spend his time in learning the difficult Japanese language. But not a great while after he had become skilled as a speaker of Japanese, Verbeck was told one day that a member of a Japanese family of nobility had come to see him. His visitor was not Wakasa, but Wakasa's younger brother, who had been sent by the former governor to study the Bible with Verbeck's help, and to carry the information that he gleaned back to Wakasa who was now living some distance away.

Back and forth between Nagasaki and the home of Wakasa went a messenger of the nobleman, this envoy at first being his brother, later one of several other ambassadors whom Wakasa dispatched to the city of the American missionary.

For three years or more this long-distance instruction continued, and then at length Verbeck had the greatly anticipated pleasure of welcoming in person the earnest seeker of the truth. Accompanied by numerous relatives and many retainers, in great state Wakasa came to Nagasaki, the city where twelve years before he had found the Word of God floating on the sea.

Extremely interesting to all who heard them, were

the conversations between the Japanese nobleman and the missionary from the West.

"Sir," said Wakasa to Verbeck one day, "I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and quite taken captive."

With ease and power Wakasa quoted from the Bible which he studied during his long years of waiting. Then he requested the missionary to baptize him as a Christian.

THE FIRST OF MANY CONVERTS

Verbeck was moved with admiration of the Christian character and courage of Wakasa, and this feeling was only increased when he had warned the nobleman that baptism would put the new Christian in peril of his very life. The Japanese replied that he was prepared to face any sort of persecution for his faith; he was determined to be baptized as a Christian.

On the following Sunday, therefore, the missionary gave Christian baptism to Wakasa and also to his younger brother, Ayabe, who had been his first messenger to Verbeck, and Motono, another messenger of Wakasa's. The three Japanese Christians then partook of Communion, and shortly afterwards went home together in deep happiness. These were Verbeck's first converts to Christianity in Japan.

As the years passed by, Wakasa lived a comparatively peaceful life at his fine home at Saga. Many of his relatives became Christians, and nowadays the

records of the Christian Church in Japan show that children and grandchildren of the great man have become Christians to the fifth generation, and of course the end is not yet. Wakasa's last years were spent in translating the Bible from Chinese to Japanese, and when he died, at the age of sixty, he died praying for the triumph of Christianity in Japan.

GIVING CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION TO THE JAPANESE

Mighty triumphs, indeed, came to Christianity in Japan during Verbeck's long career there. When he died, in 1898, he passed away with a realization that the foundations of the religion of Jesus Christ had been firmly fixed in the Japanese empire. He had seen Christians rise to high influence in business, education, and government in the empire; had beheld the old anti-Christian laws entirely removed; had watched Japan advance from a minor position among the nations to a leading place in the world; and always he had felt in his own life the esteem of the Japanese Government and people for him.

When the Japanese Government, early in Verbeck's life in the Orient, made him principal of its new college at Nagasaki, it started him in his illustrious career as an educator of the Japanese. In 1869 it called him from Nagasaki to the new capital, Tokyo, there to help establish the Imperial University, the national institution for training Japan's young men in the civilization of the West. Two years later the university had thirteen teachers and a thousand eager students.

For several years Verbeck was the salaried advisor of the Japanese Government, as an unofficial member of the imperial cabinet, and in this exalted position he helped to organize the navy and army of Japan, which during the past forty years have won tremendous victories for their nation.

But even earlier the famous missionary had initiated the historic embassy to the West that resulted in making Japan safe for Christian missionaries and converts. When the ambassadors saw in the United States the influence of Christianity, they realized that the religion of Christ is the greatest of all forces in real civilization; and this realization led to a safe and open road for Christian missions into the heart of the empire.

Verbeck's evangelistic and educational labors as a missionary worked decisively to help make Christianity a power in Japan, as it long had been in America and Europe. How much of the honor that the Japanese Government paid to him can be ascribed to its appreciation of his preaching, we do not know, yet to the Christian Church of Japan, of America, and of Holland, it is very clear that he labored mightily for Christ in Japan, and prevailed.

HONORED BY AN EMPIRE, AND BY THE WORLD

Japan's honors to Verbeck were of a sort and of a distinction such as the nation never before had known. In 1873 the emperor decorated the missionary with the insignia of the Third Class of the Order of the Rising Sun. But it did more than this; it did for him the

unique thing of saving him from living out his life as a missionary without a country, as he had been living since 1859.

When Verbeck had lived in the United States, his life here was too short to enable him to become a naturalized American citizen, great though his love for this country undoubtedly was. At least twice he applied to the United States Government to make him a citizen, but our laws seemed to forbid the action. At length the government of Japan, learning of his peculiar and undesirable status as a man without a country, issued to him, without money and without price, a special passport, the equivalent of a notification to all the world that Japan took the great missionary under its own protection.

Never had Japan done such a thing before, but Japan did it now, and gladly. It thus honored G. F. Verbeck, not as a Dutchman, not as an American, but as a faithful, devoted friend of the people of Japan. And all the world knows that as a missionary of the cross of Christ, "Verbeck of Japan" deserved all the honors that the imperial government could bestow upon him.

Suggestion: 1. Suggest how important Morrison's work (Lesson XVIII), as a translator of the Bible became. If he had not put the Bible into Chinese, no one knows how long Japan and Wakasa must have waited for a knowledge of God's Word.

2. On a map show the progress of the gospel over the world. Carey (Lesson XVII), took it to India; Judson (XIX), to Burma; Morrison (XVIII), to China; Verbeck and

others, to Japan and Korea; other missionaries, whom we have not had time to study, took it to Syria, Persia, and Arabia. Livingstone and Mackay, with the coöperation of others, carried Christianity to Africa. Much Christian work is being done in South America, also. This leaves little of the world unvisited by Christian missions.

Books Suggested

Griffis, "Verbeck of Japan."

Greegan, "Pioneer Missionaries of the Church," Pages 90-101.

Speer, "Servants of the King," pages 75-87.

Faris, "Winning Their way," pages 326-333.

LESSON XXIII

A CHRISTIAN HERO OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Read: II Cor. 11: 24-28.

Memory Verse: "The isles shall wait for me, and on mine arm shall they trust."—Isa. 51: 5.

A MODERN CHALLENGE OF A NEW ELIJAH

Excitement and terror ruled the island of Tanna in the South Seas. Missi, the Christian missionary, was about to be put to death by black magic; the sorcerers had said so, and Missi himself had dared them to the awful deed! As the three magicians arose and approached one of the island's sacred trees, the people fled in panic, crying: "Alas for Missi! Alas for Missi!"

It all had happened because at morning worship that day the three sorcerers had interrupted Missi's preaching by crying out that they had no need of the power of Jehovah. They had power of their own, they asserted,

power great enough even to kill Missi himself by means of their magic arts.

At once the missionary determined to challenge them to exert their boasted power against that of Jehovah, the Protector of the white man in his Christian work. Let them do their worst, Missi said. Arrows and spears, clubs and muskets, they must not use, of course, but they were free to employ all their professed powers of magic against the defenseless white man.

The test began. The sorcerers kindled a fire at the foot of the sacred tree, and into it thrust several of the tree's leaves, in which they had rolled some fruit that the missionary had half eaten and then given to them; such fruit partly devoured by him was sure to put Missi into their power. These leaf-rolled fruits, now set ablaze by the sacred fire, the sorcerers whirled above their heads. They blew on the leaves with their mouths, all the time muttering their incantations, and constantly glancing at Missi, to note the expected signs of his approaching death.

Yet the missionary still lived, and he seemed indeed in no way harmed. Instead, he was so much alive that several times he taunted them, like Elijah of old. "Be quick!" he called out to them. "Stir up your gods to help you. I am not killed yet. See, I am still perfectly well!"

At length the socerers arose, and asked for more time. "Give us only until next Sabbath," they requested. "By next Sabbath Missi will be quite dead!"

Back to his home went the missionary, to await the

Sabbath. Morning after morning the people sent timid messengers to his house, to peer about and see if the signs of nearing death were visible on him. Yet every day the word went back that Missi still lived and seemed to be well, and every day the sorcerers redoubled their cruel efforts.

A MAN OR A SPIRIT

At last the Sabbath dawned. All the island gathered on the public ground in dreadful expectation. Would Missi appear, or was he even then lying in his lonely home in death? Suddenly the exciting news was passed from lip to lip: Some one was coming up the hill from Missi's house; was it he, or was it his spirit?

Closer and closer came the apparition, the natives staring at the figure in terror. But their fear was turned into relief when the voice that they were used to hearing came to them: "Good morning, friends. Once more I have come to talk to you of the worship of Jehovah."

Instantly the eyes of the people turned to the sorcerers. Almost at once, also, one of the three devotees of the black arts made a full confession. "We have failed," he said. "Missi still lives. But why? It is because Missi's God is stronger than our gods."

"Yes, truly," spoke the well-known voice of Missi. "My Jehovah God is stronger than your gods. Your gods cannot answer prayers, but my God can and will hear. He has protected me."

From that day onward two of the three sorcerers

were firm friends of the missionary; they had tested the power of Missi's God, and Missi's God had prevailed.

LIFE IN THE LAND OF BLOODSHED

This bold missionary was John G. Paton, and the incident recorded above occurred about the year 1861. Paton was a Scotch Presbyterian who had been a home missionary for ten years in Glasgow, a man who knew that the South Sea islands were peopled by cannibals, and who had nevertheless gone to them with the gospel of Christ. He went because he loved God, and because he knew God could protect him even from man-eating savages of the islands of the distant seas.

Well was it for Paton that he carried to the New Hebrides Islands a firm faith in the power of God, for countless times his life was in the direst danger, and murder and cannibalism were all around him. Even while he was building his first house, soon after his arrival on Tanna, a war broke out between the bush and the port tribes, and the bodies of six slain warriors were eaten by the victors less than a mile from his home.

Next day Paton heard a wild cry from the villages near by, and soon he learned that a man wounded in battle had died, and that his widow had just been strangled to death, in order that she might keep him company in the spirit world.

Time after time Paton intervened between hostile tribes and prevented wars, and many a war that broke out he brought to an early end. Yet heathen hatred and love of bloodshed oftentimes proved too strong for

him, and war after war waged about him, to his sorrow and to his peril.

FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH

In time the people even objected to Paton's interference with their customs; he opposed their wars, their cannibalism, and their murder of widows. So their dark hearts turned to plans for putting him out of the way, in order that they might go on with their heathen practices without annoyance.

At dawn one morning, when Paton awoke he discovered that the house was surrounded by armed men. "We have come to kill you, Missi!" called out a native chief, who had caught sight of him at the window. Paton knelt down in his room and, for what seemed the last time, gave himself once more to Christ, body and soul.

Then he rose from his knees, and boldly walked out of his house, and into the midst of the savage throng. Before any of them could open the attack on him, he began to talk quietly with them of the wickedness of their plot against him. As he talked, one or two men stole away, then others, and after a while only his better friends remained; and these swore to him that they would protect him with their own lives.

Nevertheless, Paton's peril persisted. Not long afterwards, at a time when a large number of natives were near his home, a man dashed at him with an ax. On the instant a friendly chief leaped forward, seized a spade with which the missionary had been working,

and warded off the wild man's blows until the latter turned away defeated.

One night Paton heard a hostile chief and his men trying to break in his front door. But he also heard the barking of his own small dog, and realized that his pet was driving the would-be murderers away; so he calmly went to sleep. Three times this happened before daybreak came at last.

Another day brought still greater danger. Paton was working near his home when quickly a chief and a large body of painted savages surrounded him, each one aiming a musket at his head. No escape was possible. Even to try to speak seemed likely to let death loose upon him. Silently he prayed for protection, and as calmly as he could kept on working. All the time each of the savages seemed to be waiting for some one else to fire the first shot, yet no one dared be the first to fire on the undefended white man. So at length they all dumbly stole away.

Finally the attacks grew bolder, however—bolder and more numerous, and by larger bands of men. In the end his enemies drove Paton from his house, and at once looted it of his prized possessions, reminders of home and civilization. All that he contrived to save was his Bible, and his translation of parts of the Bible into the language of the people who now were seeking his life.

Taking refuge in another house, with his precious Scriptures, the missionary was awakened at night to find the natives had set fire to the building, expecting

to kill him as he fled from the flames. Yet suddenly a typhoon swept over the island, put out the fire, and drove the savages to shelter far away.

But this was close to the end. After the storm the bloodthirsty horde returned in redoubled fury. Death was very near once more, when the welcome cry rang out: "Sail, ho!" It was a ship sent to carry the white man away to safety.

To safety went the missionary, after more than three years' labor for the people of Tanna. Years more went by before any more missionaries were sent to the island, yet in time Christian missions were resumed on Tanna, and many of the one-time foes of Jehovah became his friends and loyal followers.

WHEN "RAIN" CAME UP FROM BELOW

From Tanna, Paton went next to the island of Aniwa, where all his labor had to be started over again. He had to learn a new language, build a new house, make new friends, prevent new wars, meet new foes, and oppose new heathen customs. For a long while dangers like those on Tanna faced him, but he came safely through them all, and in time he saw the people turning to God.

A rather curious event marked the beginning of the triumph of Christianity on Aniwa. Little rain fell on the island, and the dangers of drought were great and frequent, so Paton decided to dig a well, hoping to reach an unfailing supply of fresh water. But when he mentioned his purpose to his native friends, they were

filled with amazement, and then with grief. "Who ever heard of rain coming from the earth?" they demanded. "How can you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?"

But when the missionary persisted, and actually began digging in the ground in search of "rain," the people said sadly to one another: "Poor Missi! That's the way with all who go mad; there's no driving a notion out of their heads." They thought that any one was surely insane who would try to get water from the earth.

After a time the white man gained their coöperation, however, by paying them a precious fishhook for every time they carried three baskets of earth out of the hole in the ground. The work went on rapidly thereafter, and one day a marvel of marvels happened. Water ran up into the hole in the ground, and it was good to drink!

"Rain! Rain! Yes, it is rain!" cried the astounded people. "But where did you get it?"

"Jehovah my God gave it out of his own earth," came the simple and true reply of the missionary.

One by one the people looked down at "Jehovah's rain," in the bottom of the well, and then one chief voiced the feelings of them all.

"Missi, wonderful indeed is the work of your Jehovah God!" he exclaimed. "No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way!"

Next Sunday, when worship time came, this chief made a remarkable address to the people. He thrilled

them all as he told them of the power of God to bring rain from the earth. "Why should he not also send us his Son from heaven?" he demanded. And all the people began to wonder after him, "Why not, indeed?"

The success of the well, and the chief's address, marked the beginning of the end of heathenism on Aniwa. Idols were given up, cannibalism was abandoned, Christians were baptized, schools were opened, and in a short time every person on the island willingly called himself a Christian.

THE ISLES THAT WAIT FOR JEHOVAH

Similar victories for Christianity marked the work of missionaries on other islands of the New Hebrides. Others of the group became almost or completely Christian. Within twenty years after Paton landed on Aniwa, about 12,000 natives of the New Hebrides had given up idols and cannibalism, and had turned to Jehovah, the God of Paton and of all other "Missis" who had worked among them. And when Paton died in Australia, in 1907, he died in the knowledge that Christianity would soon win a complete victory throughout all his beloved group of islands.

Suggestion: 1. This is essentially a South Pacific lesson, a suitable completion of our foreign missionary survey. Much of the work of Paton was supported by the churches not of Europe or America but of Australia. Australia, peopled largely by emigrants from Christian Great Britain, is so largely Christian itself as to be able to carry on its own aggressive foreign missionary work—not only on the islands, indeed, but also in China, Korea, and other lands of Asia.

2. Any boy who likes thrills will enjoy a life of Paton. A young folks' edition of his autobiography is procurable.

Books Suggested

Paton's Autobiography.
Genung, "John G. Paton."

LESSON XXIV

A CHRISTIAN MARTYR AMONG THE INDIANS

Read: Gen. 11:31 to 12:8.

Memory Verse: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."—Rev. 2:10.

WISE MEN FROM THE WEST

On the streets of the frontier town of St. Louis there appeared one day in 1832 four Indians, worn and weary from a long journey. To the wondering townspeople they explained that they had heard in their distant home of the white man's Book of Life, and had come in search of it. Like the Wise Men of the East who sought in Palestine for the King of the Jews, they had come from the West, over mountains and plain, to find the Book that tells of Jesus, that King.

General George Clarke, commander of the military post at St. Louis, treated the "Wise Men from the West" with extreme courtesy. How their quest ended was related by one of the Indians at a farewell banquet given them by the kindly general.

"You took me to where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours—and the Book was not

there," said the Indian, sadly, in the banquet speech. "You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles—and the Book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond—but the Book was not among them. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them—but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people that I did not bring the Book, one by one they will rise, and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness."

"TO SAVE THE PEQPLE THAT SAT IN DARKNESS"

These pathetic words, published throughout the United States, awakened the churches to the spiritual needs of the Indians of the unknown Northwest. Among the younger men of the nation who were stirred by the appeal was a physician of Rushville, New York, named Marcus Whitman. Fired with a love of adventure, a love of God and a pity for the red man, in 1835, Marcus Whitman entered on his memorable life of labor in behalf of the American Indian.

This career was only twelve years long, yet it had momentous results. It began the work of giving the gospel to the copper-hued Americans of the Northwest. It carried civilization to the Indian. It spread the fame of what is known as "the Oregon country" over all the states east of the Mississippi River. And it had a large part in deciding whether Oregon and Washington were to be a part of the United States or to belong to Canada.

Like many another missionary of the Church, whether home or foreign, Whitman was a pathfinder for civilization as well as for Christianity.

Three journeys from the East to the Northwest were made by Whitman; the first was an exploring trip, to discover the prospects for missionary work; the second was his first trip on which he reached the Oregon country; and the third was his return journey from an historic expedition to Washington, D. C. The second of these transcontinental journeys was rendered more difficult than the first because on it he was accompanied by his bride, and because his companion, Rev. H. H. Spalding, also took his wife with him. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were the first white women ever to cross the Rocky Mountains. But difficult as it was, the journey was accomplished with success, though not without great hardship and danger.

From New York to Council Bluffs, Iowa, the journey was by sleigh and canal boat to the Ohio River, thence to Cairo, Illinois, down the Ohio; to St. Louis on the Mississippi; and to Council Bluffs on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Having joined a large company of fur traders at Council Bluffs, the pioneers thereafter accompanied the merchants along the Missouri and North Platte Rivers to the base of the Rockies.

Trouble grew up about them almost from the first. Before leaving Iowa Mr. Spalding for example had been drenched in rivers, had experienced having his tent blown down by a cyclone while he was in it, and had been repeatedly attacked by fever and ague.

Whitman's purpose was to take with him a wagon, and in spite of seemingly insuperable obstacles, he succeeded. One night he rejoined the caravan, after having been separated from it all day, trying to find a passable road for his precious vehicle. He came into camp utterly exhausted but in good spirits, for he reported that his wagon had been overturned only once during the day. He effectively demonstrated on the journey that a wagon road over the mountains was practicable, a feat that later prevailed on thousands of settlers to make the journey to Oregon after him.

"FOR GOD AND NATIVE LAND"

The Fourth of July of that year, 1836, was a great day for the missionary pioneers. It was a holiday marked by both patriotism and Christian loyalty. That day saw the travelers on the summit of the Rockies. With his companions, Whitman walked over to the Pacific side of the slope, the party carrying a Bible and an American flag; there they fell on their knees, and took possession of the Pacific coast lands as a home for Americans and as a realm of Christ. And they afterwards so lived as to make their taking possession stand, not for mere zeal, but for actual fact. Because of them, the Oregon country in time became both American and Christian.

From the mountain top to Walla Walla, the pioneers encountered the most hazardous part of their journey. Through a wilderness of glens and precipices, volcanic wastes and rushing streams, they made their perilous

way. Their cattle grew footsore and had to be shod. Their flour was exhausted and they were forced to live on buffalo meat, which, while nourishing, quickly became a monotonous diet. Incompetent guides misled them, and lost them many a weary mile. Swamps and swollen streams impeded their progress, swarms of mosquitoes and pests of fleas annoyed them, and always dangers from untrustworthy and even hostile Indians surrounded them.

In the Bear River valley a few friendly Indians started some antelope one day, with their usual yells and flying flags. The commotion frightened the mules attached to a cart, and the animals consequently ran into the horse on which Mrs. Spalding was riding, threw it down, and with the cart ran over both the horse and its unfortunate rider.

Another day her horse, having stepped in a wasps' nest, swerved quickly, and threw her from its back, her feet hanging in the stirrup. Much of this time she, like others of the party, was quite ill. Only heroic determination kept each of the party to his purpose of pressing on despite illness, mishaps, and perils known and unknown.

In time, however, the dangerous journey came to its end. On September 1, six months after leaving St. Louis, the pioneers drew in sight of the fort at Walla Walla. Refreshed by a taste of frontier hospitality at the fort, the missionary families shortly afterwards separated. The Spaldings went to Clearwater River, to work among the Nez Percés, and the Whitmans to

Waiilatpu, twenty-five miles from Walla Walla, for a life among the Cayuse Indians.

AT WORK FOR THE RED MAN

At Waiilatpu Dr. and Mrs. Whitman lived for eleven years. They established there a flourishing station of civilization and of missions. A garden, a mill, blacksmith shop, and thriving fields of corn and wheat were maintained. Within a few years a visitor from the East told of seeing wheat grown by the Indians under Dr. Whitman's instruction that was seven feet high, and corn that towered nine feet in the air.

Mrs. Whitman established and taught a school. Inside of three years she was instructing fifty Indian children. Religious teaching was given, also, and many of the Indians became firm friends of the missionaries and loyal servants of God in spite of their tribesmen's opposition.

Dr. Whitman was tireless in his medical work for his Indian friends and Mrs. Whitman was faithful in her nursing of the sick and injured. After a while a tragic break was to come in their relations with the Cayuses, but in the meantime a community of Christian Indians lived in the station who looked up to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman as to their own fathers and mothers.

Into the midst of this prosperous life there came news that meant much for Dr. Whitman, and indeed for the entire nation. He learned that the famous Daniel Webster, at Washington, D. C., was negotiating a treaty with Great Britain that was said to contain

provisions for giving Canada all the Oregon country. So intense was Dr. Whitman's love for his country that such a possibility seemed to him incredible. He believed that if the Washington Government could be given first-hand information as to the resources of the Northwest territories and of their general desirability, there would be no further thought of surrendering the Oregon land. Whitman determined to be the man to carry this information to the national capital.

WHITMAN TO THE RESCUE

With winter approaching, a journey east would be extremely hazardous, but Whitman set out. He would need to detour to an unfamiliar route, yet he went on. Instead of a large company of fellow travelers, he could have only one, a young companion named Lovejoy, yet he set out with all speed and energy.

Winter broke on the two travelers. Snows were blinding and deep, and they cost Whitman and Lovejoy much precious time. In a deep ravine they were snowed in, without shelter, for four days. Countless times, in fact, they were in peril from the cold. They swam streams between floating cakes of ice or crossed on a coat of ice so thin that it bore Whitman's weight only because he spread himself flat on his face and crawled to the other bank at the pace of a snail. Time after time Whitman was lost in the snow, and often he was close to starvation. Mule meat, dog meat, and unsavory food of other kinds was eaten in order to keep him alive on his weighty errand.

Once more St. Louis was astonished by the appearance of an unexpected messenger from the West, not an Indian this time but a white man. Dressed in buckskin breeches, fur leggins, and boot moccasins, with a four months' growth of beard on his face, and with fingers and nose frozen, Marcus Whitman entered St. Louis on a mid-winter day. When the city learned that he had come all the way from Walla Walla through blizzard and torrent its surprise was unbounded.

But Whitman had no time to appease the wonderment of the citizens. On to Washington he pressed his speedy way, arriving there five months after leaving Walla Walla, having made a remarkably swift journey. At Washington he saw Daniel Webster, President Tyler, and members of Congress, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that his mission was not in vain. The Oregon country would not be abandoned to any foreign power. Emigrants in considerable numbers were ready to move to the new territories, and the United States Government would protect them with the nation's flag.

Probably a deciding factor in the success of Whitman's mission was his conclusive proof that a wagon road could be built over the Rockies. He proved it by telling the story of his now famous wagon, conveyed by him over the mountains with immense toil but with historic triumph. That wagon, and the resistless will of Whitman that took it across the Rockies, and then carried him on his momentous journey back to Washington—the wagon and the will saved the rich

and now populous Oregon country to the United States.

Back to his mission at Waiilatpu went Whitman, this time in the easier summer time, and accompanied by several hundred pioneer settlers whom he piloted across the plains and mountains. Restored to his wife and to his family of Indians after more than a year's absence, Whitman settled down once more to his work of Christianization and civilization in the Oregon country that he now had won for the nation.

THE MAKING OF A CHRISTIAN MARTYR

About four years after the famous journey to Washington tragedy came to the mission station. Opposition to labors of the missionaries, never entirely absent, grew to an acute stage in 1847. Some leaders of the Indians determined to put a stop to the work, and even to kill the faithful missionaries themselves. A pretext arose in an unexpected and pitiful manner. An epidemic of measles broke out among the red men, and death stalked among them. In superstition, the foes of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman claimed that the missionaries were responsible for the fatal disease, yet throughout the epidemic the physician and his loyal wife were toiling with all their strength, skill and resources to save the Indians' lives and to lighten their sufferings.

A crisis arose when a half-breed Indian boy, who, like many others of the Indian children, had free entry to the missionaries' home, told the Indians a terrible falsehood. This boy asserted that he had overheard

Dr. Whitman planning to poison the red men with his medicines, instead of curing them, in order to get the Indians' lands for the white race. Even firm friendship might have given way before such a base but apparently convincing lie as this, and the leaders of the Indians were not friends, but foes. They stirred up their followers with the slander, roused them to fury, and instigated a pitiless massacre.

The massacre was carried out. The "braves" fell on the defenseless mission, burned the buildings, took fifty men, women and children captive, and killed fourteen others, including the heads of the mission themselves, the faithful and unselfish Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

So closed the earthly labor of Marcus Whitman. It ended as it had been carried on—with an accompaniment of courage and consecration that thrill every reader of the story. That story, a tale of martyr death after a journey that won the Oregon country, is told in some of our histories. It is glorified in the annals of the Church. It is celebrated in motion pictures. To every Christian, and to every American also, the life of Marcus Whitman is a story that inspires to a greater loyalty to America and to a deeper consecration to Christ.

Suggestion: 1. Note the parallel between the career of Whitman and that of Livingstone. Each opened a road across a vast continent for civilization and for Christ.

2. The work of Christian missions among the Indians, combined with the humane attitude of the American Government, has saved the Indian. Some years ago it appeared that

the red man was doomed to extinction, but now census figures show that the Indians in the United States are surely increasing in numbers. And where Christianity is working among them, it is leading them into a Christian life that means contentment and a prosperity worth far more to them than even the advantages of an enlightened American civilization that are theirs.

Books Suggested

Eels, "Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot."
Faris, "Winning the Oregon Country."
Craighead, "The Story of Marcus Whitman."
Humphreys, "Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians," pages 121-183.

LESSON XXV

THE EARLIEST APOSTLE TO THE ALASKANS

Read: Isa. ch. 55.

Memory Verse: "All the nations shall come and worship before thee."—Rev. 15: 4.

A PIONEER SUNDAY IN FROZEN NEW YORK

Any boy who lived on a farm in New York State about the year 1845, was likely to know a good deal about the hardships of country life. One such boy was Sheldon Jackson, who knew privation but who also knew real religion. A biography of this boy tells us of a typical Sunday spent by his family, at a time when they lived ten miles from town. Here is the way Sheldon Jackson the boy spent a winter Sunday.

Aroused while it was still dark, the boy joined his father and the others in doing the farm chores; then all sat down to a hearty breakfast, which was con-

sumed before daylight ever had peered over the eastern hills. After breakfast the team was hitched to the sleigh, into which were put buffalo robes, blankets, straw, an ax, a shovel, a heated soapstone to keep the feet warm, and also a well-filled lunch basket.

On the road to town snowdrifts were encountered so deep that the ax was used to cut down a fence, and the sleigh traveled in the fields until the worst of the snow was past, when once more the road was followed. Reaching town, Sheldon's father shoveled a path from the church barn to the church door, then built a fire, got the building warm, and rang the bell for morning worship.

After the long service, lunch was eaten, and then the sleigh was brought out, and the homeward journey began. Soon after dark, or perhaps a little while before dark, the farmhouse was reached again. Evening chores were completed, supper was eaten, and the tired family went to a well-earned sleep.

Those days of hardships, which doubtless did not seem especially hard to the boy Sheldon, helped to prepare him for his toilsome and often dangerous later life as one of the best known missionaries of the Presbyterian Church. Crammed with adventures and privations was that illustrious life, yet Sheldon Jackson appears to have passed through them all with no realization that he was doing unusual deeds. Like other "Builders of the Church" in home and foreign lands, Jackson labored hard, long, and victoriously as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

WITH STATES FOR A PARISH

Jackson began in 1858, his fifty years of work as a home missionary. He had wanted to go as a foreign missionary to Asia, but instead he was sent to the red men of Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. For a time he preached seven sermons a week, and traveled seventy miles each seven days, then he was transferred to the North.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin, Jackson had a "parish" supposed to be only about forty miles long, but he saw around him a need so great that in no time at all he was covering a circle of three hundred and fifty miles in circumference and including eighteen counties, a region as large as all the State of Maryland. In his first six months he walked four hundred miles, and traveled hundreds more by sleigh and on horseback. One day he rode home in a temperature twenty-eight degrees below zero, and another day came home from a twenty-two mile walk with an arm and one side of his face frozen.

When, in 1869, Jackson was transferred to Iowa, he had organized twenty-three churches, obtained twenty-seven ministers for his large field, and collected $13,500 for home missions. But this record only served as a prophecy of much greater things that he was to do in the West and Northwest.

AT PRAYER ON A HILLTOP

One spring day in 1869, Jackson and two other ministers who were attending a meeting of the Presby-

tery of the Missouri River at Sioux City, walked to the top of a hill near the town. From the crest of the hill they looked west and north, seeing parts of Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Minnesota, and with their minds' eyes seeing also the vast stretches of more distant territory belonging to the presbytery's field.

That territory went all the way west to California, and in all this region churches were few. The men realized that on the new Union Pacific Railroad, the only railway to the West, there was no Presbyterian church between Omaha, Nebraska, and Sacramento, California, and that in the extensive territories to the Northwest, including Wyoming, Washington, and Alaska, the Presbyterian churches numbered only eleven.

Moved to the depths of their souls by the need and the Christian possibilities of this limitless region, the three ministers fell on their knees. On their knees they cried to God for help to take this land for Christ. And from this outdoor prayer gathering, which is known to history as "the hilltop prayer meeting," the three men went to a momentous session of presbytery.

That session, in the inspiration of the hilltop vision, took decisive action. The presbytery appointed Jackson superintendent of missions, for "as far as our jurisdiction extends." And Jackson setting to work at once made his task as great and as exacting as possible. He did not stop with Iowa, or Colorado, or even Wyoming, but pushed on to Washington, and then even to distant Alaska. Thus in time he became the earliest Christian apostle to the Alaskans of the far Northwest.

ADVENTURING FOR CHRIST IN THE FAR WEST

Jackson worked like a locomotive—swiftly, powerfully, and over a vast region. Inside of three days he had put three ministers to work on the Union Pacific line of frontier towns, and in a few weeks more he had added four others. His first month at work saw him dashing from his home in Iowa to the base of the Rockies in Wyoming, a land of the uncivilized frontier.

When Jackson went out of his hotel in Cheyenne, Wyoming, one morning, he found lying on the ground the body of a man who had been stabbed to death during the night. He learned that the first seven graves in Cheyenne's cemetery were those of men who had died violent deaths. As he traveled about in the huge West, he discovered that practically all of his fellow passengers on stagecoaches carried weapons on their knees or close by their sides, so constant was the fear of hostile Indians and of avaricious highway robbers.

To change this terror into trust, and a savage waste into a land of Christian civilization, Jackson labored diligently. One month he journeyed 2,300 miles by rail and 1,200 by stagecoach, and in two weeks of this time he organized seven churches in Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana. In all that first year the new churches that he formed totaled twenty-three. When his first church was established in Wyoming, it was the only Presbyterian organization within a thousand miles in any direction.

One perilous trip by stage is worth describing. For four nights and five days the coach dashed on, with stops only for changing horses and for some meals, for it was thirty-six hours behind schedule. The day after it had rushed through a dangerous camp of Snake Indians, a cry of "murder" was heard in a white men's camp. But when the passengers leaped from the vehicle, they were met by revolvers thrust into their faces and an order not to interfere in the fight then going on between two men. Helplessly, they looked on until the loser was carried away by his friends, with broken ribs and bruised head, a physical wreck.

Here the stage was abandoned, the passengers going on in a lumber wagon. Through a cold and drizzling rain they pushed on, only to be stopped by a rushing torrent; the bridge had gone down in the flood. Little daunted the travelers made a raft of logs, and in several trips contrived to carry wagon, horses, and passengers safely to the other side. After another cold night, spent mostly in camp out of doors, the weary travelers safely reached their destination, Helena, Montana.

Amid perils of Indians, perils of robbers, perils of floods and storms, and snow and ice, for eight years the fearless home missionary, Jackson, pursued his tireless work for Christ. Everywhere he established churches, encouraged Christians, and always pushed the frontier of civilization farther into the mighty West.

At length the church had grown so rapidly that this "Bishop of the Outside World," as he sometimes was called, found only one large and quite neglected region

left to his adventurous and consecrated soul. This was Alaska, so to Alaska Sheldon Jackson went.

PIONEERING IN FROZEN ALASKA

To Fort Wrangell, in 1877, Jackson took Mrs. McFarland as a permanent missionary to Alaska, then returned to the United States to get more workers. For many months Mrs. McFarland was the town's nurse, doctor, undertaker, preacher, school-teacher, and even mayor. Tribes of Indians heard of her presence, and came to her for help, always eager to gain knowledge of the love of the Great Spirit for them.

Within two years five other missionaries had been sent by Jackson to Alaska, including another woman worker, to join Mrs. McFarland in her lonely labors. Others followed as the years passed by, and the work of Christian missions in Alaska prospered mightily.

Honors and added duties came also to Jackson himself. In 1885, President Cleveland appointed him director of education in Alaska. Opposed by other American officials there because of his effort to educate the ignorant Indians of Alaska, Jackson was arrested and thrown into prison. But when the president learned the facts he removed the offending officials, including even the United States judge; and Jackson's later work met with much less obstruction. Alaska's system of education, which lifted countless thousands of natives and Americans from ignorance to civilization, was the direct result of the magnificent labors of this home missionary.

REINDEER TO THE RESCUE

Many remarkable deeds were done by Jackson for the uplifting of the Alaskans, but the most famous achievement was in connection with reindeer. On his first voyage to the part of Alaska lying north of the Arctic Circle, the missionary found the native tribes there on the verge of starvation. As a means of insuring them a perpetual source of livelihood, Jackson determined to make an unthought-of experiment. He proposed to change the natives from hunters to herders, by importing for their use a herd of reindeer.

The project was laughed at in Congress, but Jackson kept his faith in it. Even when Congress did appropriate funds for the experiment, however, the difficulties that Jackson faced were apparently insurmountable. Yet this resourceful home missionary fulfilled his purpose. He crossed over to Siberia, brought back herd after herd of reindeer, lent these to the Alaskans, saw the deer prosper in their new home, often traveled in sleighs drawn at lightning speed over the snow and ice by fleet reindeer, and even established for the United States Government America's first reindeer postal route.

The ridiculed project had succeeded. The reindeer changed the Alaskans from poverty-stricken people always in peril of starvation, to self-supporting and self-respecting reindeer proprietors. The imported animals now provide their owners with food, clothing, and shelter. Alaskan natives eat reindeer meat, drink reindeer milk, use reindeer skins to make garments, beds, tents, and shoes; of the antlers they make bows and

knife handles; of the sinews they manufacture thread; and the fat they burn as fuel. Probably never in the history of mankind has any one person given greater material benefit to any one race of men than Sheldon Jackson gave the Alaskans by his importation of Siberian reindeer.

REMEMBERED FOR THE GOOD HE HAD DONE

In his fifty years Sheldon Jackson journeyed year after year in eight states and territories besides Alaska. In thirteen consecutive years he traveled more than 26,000 miles a year. In his deer-importing activities he made one trip to the capital of Kamchatka, and thirty-two trips to Siberia, eight of these being to points north of the Arctic Circle. He traveled altogether one million miles—on horseback and foot, by rail and stage, buckboard, army ambulance, lumber wagon, mule team, oxcart; on bronchos, reindeer sledge, freight and construction trains; by steamship, dugout, launch, and canoe, revenue cutter, war vessel, schooner, and cattle ship.

Perils were almost an expected affair with Jackson. So often was he in danger on steamers and in dugouts and canoes, amid ice floes and dangerous ice packs of the far North, that three different times the newspapers of the United States told of his death in the frozen wastes. Yet when he died, it was not in Alaska, but in Asheville, North Carolina. This was in 1909, when Jackson was seventy-five years old, an old man, full of good deeds.

For what shall we remember Sheldon Jackson? For his work in Indian territory? His pioneer labors in Minnesota? His hilltop prayer meeting? His countless churches organized in Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana? His reindeer importations? His opening of that farthest north of all missionary stations, at Point Barrow, Alaska, a frontier station still valiantly maintained? We cannot say which of these is held in highest account by his divine Master and ours. But one thing we can be sure of—that all the United States, all Alaska, and even all the world, is better for the life lived by Sheldon Jackson, the earliest of the ambassadors of Christ to the Alaskan people.

Suggestion: Whitman gave civilization to the despised Oregon country; Jackson gave it to equally scorned Alaska. And on the foundation that they laid, men and women, consecrated to God as were Whitman and Jackson, just now are carrying forward the work of God. To-day God needs other Christian leaders like them and like all other "Builders of the Church"—in cities, in the country, in the West, in Alaska, and in every foreign land. Who of the members of this daily vacation Bible school will be numbered among these future ambassadors of the cross?

Books Suggested

Stewart, "Sheldon Jackson."
Faris, "The Alaskan Pathfinder."

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