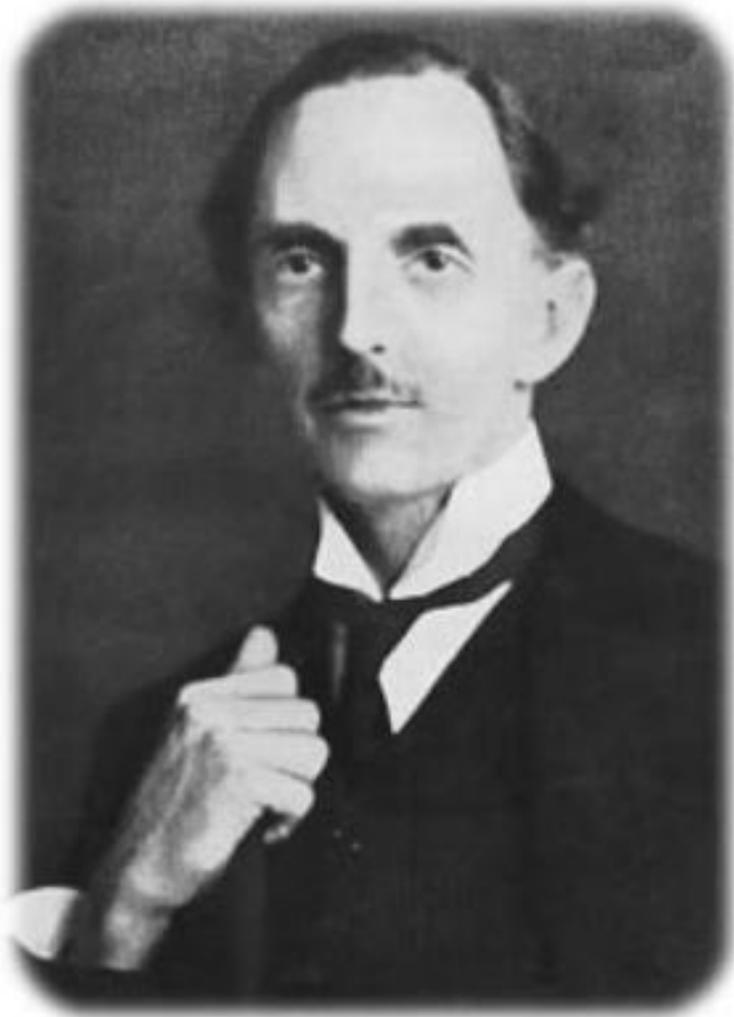


# C.T.Studd: Cricketer and Pioneer

By Norman P. Grubb



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## PREFACE

C.T. has left no written record of his life. However, his mother and wife did the next best thing by preserving all his correspondence from boyhood. My object has been to weld these letters into the nearest thing to an autobiography. My one qualification for attempting this work is that the convictions which dominated C.T.'s life are also my convictions, and that therefore this book has been written with my heart as well as with my head. He lived to glorify his Savior. The object of this book is likewise to glorify Him as He is seen at work in and through this surrendered life.--  
N.P. Grubb

## A Visit to a Theatre and Its Consequences

The [horse] races were over. Crowds were returning homeward [to England] from the famous Irish Derby by train and cross-Channel boat. Among them was a wealthy retired planter. He hurried to Kingston Harbor, but arrived five minutes too late to catch the boat. There was nothing else for him to do but to stay the night in Dublin. Not knowing how else to spend the evening, he took a stroll. He noticed over a theatre the names "D.L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey," wondered what vaudeville company this was, and went in to have the surprise of his life! He was amazed to find the place packed out, and on the platform a number of people in ordinary dress and a man singing. He had a wonderful voice, and was singing words such as he had never heard before. As the refrain came again and again with each verse of the hymn:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,"

...he stood absolutely riveted. The hymn over, he sat down and heard Moody preach, and instead of going home the next day, he stayed on. Finally, one evening he followed a great throng of people who rose to go into the Enquiry Room. Moody knelt beside him and simply said, "Mr. Vincent, do you believe Jesus Christ died for you?" "I do," he replied. "Then," said Moody, "thank Him." He did, and he left that room a transformed man.

Mr. Vincent had a great friend, Mr. Edward Studd, also a retired planter. He had made a fortune in India and had come back to England to spend it. He was very fond of sport of all kind, but above all he was an enthusiast on horse racing. He was passionately fond of horses, and when he saw fine horses he would buy and train and then race them. He kept a stud of about twenty horses at his place in Tedworth and won several steeplechases. But he achieved his greatest ambition when he won the Grand National.

After the Dublin Mission had finished, Moody and Sankey came to London. At that time nobody believed very much in a man getting up to preach unless he had two things--the title of Reverend and a white tie around his neck. The papers could not understand such a preacher as Mr. Moody, who had neither, and of course they printed column after column against him. But they could not help seeing that he could get more people to his meetings than half a dozen archbishops, and that more were converted than by twenty ordinary ministers. Mr. Studd read the papers day after day and these things tickled him immensely. One evening he threw the paper down and said, "When this man comes to London, I am going to hear him. There must be some good about the man, or he would never be abused so much by the papers."

At this same period Mr. Studd bought a horse that was better than any he had ever owned and entered him in one of the big races. A few days later he went to London

and met his friend Mr. Vincent. As they drove along in the carriage, Mr. Studd talked of nothing but the horse. Finally he invited Mr. Vincent to dine with him and told him to choose the place, since his own family was all in the country. Mr. Vincent suggested Drury Lane Theatre.

"What?" said Mr. Studd. "Isn't that where those fellows Moody and Sankey are? No, this isn't Sunday. We will go to the theatre or a concert."

"No," said Mr. Vincent, "you are a man of your word and you said you would go where I chose."

With very bad grace he went. On reaching the theatre, it was so crowded that there were no seats left except special ones. But Mr. Vincent was determined to hold on to his prey, so he wrote a note to an usher he knew: "Come to a certain door and get us in. I have a wealthy sporting gentleman with me, but I will never get him here again if we do not get a seat."

The man came, got them in by a side door, across the stage, and plunked them down just under Moody's nose. Mr. Studd never took his eyes off Moody until he had finished his address. Afterwards he said, "I will come and hear this man again. He has just told me everything I have ever done." He kept his word and went again, until he was right soundly converted.

"In the afternoon of that day," wrote one of his sons later, "Father had been full of a thing that takes more possession of a man's heart and head than anything else, the passion for horse racing; and in the evening he was a changed man. Of course he could not go on living the same life as before. His conscience told him so. So he decided to go and have it out with Mr. Moody. He went to him and said, 'I want to be straight with you. Now that I am a Christian, shall I have to give up racing and hunting and shooting and hunting and theatres and balls?' 'Well,' said Mr. Moody, 'Mr. Studd, you have been straight with me; I will be straight with you. Racing means betting, and betting means gambling, and I don't see how a gambler is going to be a Christian. Do the other things as you like.' Father asked him again about the theatre and cards, and Moody said, 'Mr. Studd, you have children and people you love; you are now a saved man yourself, and you want to get them saved. God will give you some souls, and as soon as you have won a soul, you won't care about any of the other things.' Sure enough, to the astonishment of his children and many others, he didn't care for any of these things any longer; but only cared about one thing, and that was saving souls.

"He withdrew from racing, giving a racehorse to each of his elder sons as a hunter, and then selling the remainder. He cleared out the large hall of his house, furnished it with chairs and benches, and used to get people down from London to preach the Gospel to the people. He used to ride around the country and invite and urge the people to come, and come they did in hundreds."

The coachman put what had happened in a nutshell. A guest remarked to him that he had "heard that Mr. Studd had become religious or something." "Well, sir," said he, "we don't know much about that, but all I can say is that though there's the same skin, there's a new man inside!"

Mr. Studd only lived two years after this. His death came about in a remarkable manner. He was on his way to one of Moody's meetings and stopped the carriage suddenly, as he had forgotten to bring one of his grooms to the meeting. It was late, so he ran all the way back and burst a blood vessel in his leg. He never recovered from this, but as the clergyman said who preached the sermon at his funeral, "He did more in two years than most Christians do in twenty."

2

### **Three Etonians Get a Shock**

His three eldest boys were at Eton, Kynaston, George and Charles. All three brothers got their XI (acceptance on the school cricket team, a high honor) the year of their father's conversion in 1877. They hadn't heard what had happened to their father, and so when, in the middle of the term, he wrote and told them that he had arranged for them to come and meet him in London, they thought he was going to take them to a theatre. They got a shock when he took them to hear Moody.

"Before that time," Charlie said later on, "I used to think that religion was a Sunday thing, like one's Sunday clothes, to be put away on Monday morning. We boys were brought up to go to church regularly, but although we had a kind of religion, it didn't amount to much. It was just like having a toothache. We were always sorry to have Sunday come, and always glad when it was Monday morning. The Sabbath was the dullest day of the whole week, because we had got hold of the wrong end of religion. Then all at once I had the good fortune to meet a real, live, play-the-game Christian. It was my own father. But it did make one's hair stand on end. Everyone in the house had a dog's life of it until they were converted. He used to come into my room at night and ask if I was converted. After a time I used to feign sleep when I saw the door open, and in the day I crept around to the other side of the house when I saw him coming."

A year passed. The boys were home for summer holidays. As usual, their father had men staying in the home each weekend to speak at the meetings on Sunday. One of them was named Mr. W., who spoke to all the boys individually on the same day and got them to surrender to Christ, each without the other knowing.

Charley wrote, "As I was going out to play cricket, he caught me unaware and asked, 'Are you a Christian?' I said, 'I am not what you call a Christian. I have believed on Jesus Christ since I was knee high. Of course, I believe in the church, too.' I thought by answering him this way, I would get rid of him; but he stuck as tight as wax, and said, 'Look here, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." 'You believe Jesus Christ died?' 'Yes.' 'You believe He died for you?' 'Yes.' 'Do you believe the other half of the verse, "shall have everlasting life"?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't believe that.' He said, 'Now, don't you see that your statement contradicts God? Either God or you is not speaking the truth, for you contradict one another. Which is it? Do you think God is a liar?' 'No,' I said. 'Well, then, aren't you inconsistent, believing one half of the verse and not the other half?' 'I suppose I am.'

'Well,' he said, 'are you always going to be inconsistent?' 'No,' I said, 'I suppose not always.' He said, 'Will you be consistent now?' I saw that I was cornered and I began to think, if I go out of this room inconsistent I won't carry very much self-respect. So I said, 'Yes, I will be consistent.' He said, 'Eternal life is a gift. When someone gives you a gift at Christmas, what do you do?' 'I take it and say thank you.' He said, 'Will you say thank you to God for this gift?' Then I got down on my knees and I did say thank you to God. And right then and there, joy and peace came into my soul. I knew then what it was to be born again, and the Bible, which had been so dry to me before, became everything."

Charlie said nothing to his brothers at the time, but on returning to Eton, he wrote and told his father. Then a few days later at breakfast in their room in Eton, he and his brothers received a joint letter from their father saying how glad he was to hear the good news. They got a big surprise as they passed the letter from one to the other and found that all three brothers had made his decision on the same day.

### 3

#### **An All-England Cricketer**

Charlie was one of those boys who goes all out for the thing he loves. He was tremendously keen on cricket, and he was determined to do well at it. And he did.

He played cricket at Eton, then went on to Cambridge, where he also distinguished himself at cricket. In bowling (the throwing of the ball in cricket), only one player in England--a professional--was ranked before him. More than once he was reckoned the leading all-round player in England.

C.T. never regretted that he played cricket (although he regretted that he had allowed it to become an idol), for by applying himself to the game he learned lessons of courage, self-denial, and endurance, which, after his life had been fully dedicated to Christ, were all used in His service. The man who went all out to be an expert cricket player later went all out to glorify his Savior and extend His Kingdom.

### 4

#### **The Crisis**

The three brothers created a record at Cambridge which has never been equaled by each being captain of the cricket team in succession, G.B. in 1882, C.T. in 1883, and J.E.K. in 1884. But the only one who was outstanding as a witness for the Lord at the time, as well as a cricketer, was J.E.K. Years later, C.T. wrote to him from the heart of Africa:

"I never forget the influence your life had upon me, and how I admired your courage and loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. ... Our cricketing friends used to call you 'The Austere Man,' because your life was true to God, and you were true to them; for you were ever faithful in speaking to them about their souls."

But it was very different with C.T. For six years he had been a backslider. He gave the reason himself:

"Instead of going and telling others of the love of Christ, I was selfish and kept the knowledge to myself. The result was that gradually my love began to grow cold, and

the love of the world began to come in. I spent six years in that unhappy backslidden state."

But as he rose to prominence in the cricket world, there were two old ladies who set themselves to pray that he would be brought back to God. The answer came suddenly. His brother G.B., to whom he was especially attached, was thought to be dying. C.T. was constantly at his bedside, and whilst sitting there, watching as he hovered between life and death, these thoughts started welling up in his mind, "Now what is all the popularity of the world worth to George? What is all the fame worth? What is it worth to possess all the riches in the world when a man comes to face eternity?" And a voice seemed to answer, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

He later wrote, "All those things had become as nothing to my brother. He only cared about the Bible and the Lord Jesus Christ, and God taught me the same lesson. In His love and goodness, He restored my brother to health, and as soon as I could get away, I went to hear Mr. Moody. There the Lord restored to me the joy of my salvation. Still further, and what was better than all, He set me to work for Him, and I began to try to persuade my friends to read the Gospel, and to speak to them individually about their souls.

"I cannot tell you what joy it gave me to bring the first soul to the Lord Jesus Christ. I have tasted almost all the pleasures that this world can give. I do not suppose there is one that I have not experienced, but I can tell you that those pleasures were as nothing compared to the joy that the saving of that one soul gave me. I went on working for some time, and then the cricket season came round, and I thought I must go into the cricket field and get the men there to know the Lord Jesus. Formerly I had as much love for cricket as any man could have, but when the Lord Jesus came into my heart, I found that I had something infinitely better than cricket. My heart was no longer in the game; I wanted to win souls for the Lord. I knew that cricket would not last, and honor would not last, and nothing in this world would last, but it was worthwhile living for the world to come."

After the Moody mission came to an end, C.T. wrote: "Mr. Moody left for America, and then I wanted to know what my life's work for the Lord Jesus Christ should be. I wanted only to serve Him, and I prayed God to show me. But here I made another mistake; for instead of trusting entirely to God to show me, I went to my friends. I tried to find out the Lord's guidance by common sense, and instead of getting into the light, I got into darkness. I got very restless and anxious, my health gave way, and I had to go into the country to recuperate.

"Having spent three months in reading my Bible and praying to God for guidance, I came back much better, but still not knowing what I was to do. I decided to read for the Bar (study law) until He should show me. I found, however, that it was absolutely impossible for me to conscientiously go into any business or profession. God had given me far more than was sufficient to keep my body and soul together, and, I thought, how could I spend the best years of my life in working for myself and the honors and the pleasures of this world while thousands and thousands of souls are perishing every day without having heard of Christ?"

The vision of souls had gripped C.T. and was to grip him still more; but he had another lesson to learn of infinite importance for his future work--that mere zeal

would not make him a successful worker for Christ. He must have *power*. "Ye shall receive power ... and ye shall be witnesses unto Me." As soon as C.T. saw this in the Scriptures, he received the Holy Ghost like a little child, by a simple act of surrender and faith. He was then divinely equipped to receive and obey the call, and to go through the tests that followed. In a few days it came:

"About three days afterwards a great friend of mine came back to town and asked me to go to a Bible meeting with him. I went, and after we had read the Bible for some time and spoken about it among ourselves, he said, 'Have you heard about Mrs. W.? You know she has been an earnest Christian worker nearly her whole life, and she has had a good deal of sorrow and trouble, which has naturally weighed upon her. But lately somehow God has given her such a blessing that it does not affect her at all now. Nothing, in fact, seems to trouble her. She lives a life of perfect peace. Her life is like one of heaven upon earth.' We began at once looking into the Bible to see if God had promised such a blessing as this, and it was not long before we found that God had promised it to believers--a peace which passeth all understanding, and a joy that is unspeakable. We then began to examine ourselves earnestly, and we found that we didn't have this. But we wanted the best that God could give us, so we knelt down and asked God to give us this blessing, and then we separated.

"I was very much in earnest about it, so when I went up to my own room I again asked God to give me this peace and joy. ... I found that the reason why I had not received it was just that I had not made room for it, and I found, as I sat there alone thinking, that I had been keeping back from God what belonged to Him. I had been bought with the price of the precious blood of Jesus and I had kept myself back from Him and had not wholly yielded.

"As soon as I found that out, I got down on my knees and gave myself up to God in the words of Frances Ridley Havergal's consecration hymn:

"Take my life and let it be,  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

"I found the next step was to have simple childlike faith, to believe that what I had committed to God, He was also willing to take and keep. I knew I had committed my soul to His keeping and He was able to keep that; how much more then was He able to keep me and what belonged to me in this world?

"I realized that my life was to be one of simple, childlike faith, and that my part was to trust, not to do. I was to trust in Him and He would work in me to do His good pleasure. From that time my life has been different, and He has given me that peace that passeth understanding and that joy which is unspeakable.

"It was not very long before God led me to go to China. I had never thought of going out of the country before. I had felt that England was big enough for me. But now my mind seemed constantly to run in the direction of the Lord's work abroad. ... I prayed to God to guide me by His Word. I felt that there was one thing alone which could keep me from going, and that was the love of my mother; but I read that

passage, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me,' after which I knew it was God's will, and I decided to go."

Then came the big test. He met with the strongest opposition from his own family. It had been shock enough to the whole family circle when his father had been converted, but that one of them should become a missionary was the last straw. Every persuasion was used, even to the extent of bringing in Christian workers to dissuade him. Even a relation, whose witness had been a great blessing to him, said to him one evening, "Charlie, I think you are making a great mistake. This is just breaking your mother's heart." But C.T. was not again to be moved by human advice.

"I said, 'Let us ask God. I don't want to be pigheaded and go out there of my own accord. I just want to do God's will.' It was hard to have this one, who had been such a help, think it was a mistake. We got down on our knees and put the whole matter in God's hands. That night I could not get to sleep, but it seemed as though I heard someone say these words over and over, 'Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' I knew it was God's voice speaking to me, and that I had received my marching orders to go to China."

Many said that he was making a huge mistake to go and bury himself in the interior of China. They pointed out the influence he would have with the young men of England. The Devil must have used a very similar argument on Moses, "What an influence you will have, if you stay in the palace." But Moses went God's way, renounced all, went into exile, and became the savior of the nation. C.T. did the same, and the first-fruits of that act, far from being the exerting of some vague influence, was the bursting forth of a Holy Ghost revival among students, the like of which had never been seen before, and which reached to every university in the English-speaking world.

How many fail at this point. God calls along some lonely path, but "my people are against it." Thank God, even the tears and beseechings of a devoted, loving mother would not move C.T. In the agony of the conflict, when he was almost wavering, he received one last word from God which finally settled the matter. He was standing on a station platform at night under the flickering light of the lamp, and in desperation asked God to give him a message. He took out his New Testament, opened it and read, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." From that moment he never looked back.

## 5

### **A Revival Breaks Out Among Students**

Having made his decision, he had an interview with Mr. Hudson Taylor, the director of the China Inland Mission (CIM), and was accepted as an associate member. His friend, Stanley P. Smith, the stroke oar (rower in a racing boat who sets the pace for the crew) of the Cambridge Boat, had also received the call and applied. In a few weeks five more young men had joined them. Someone gave them the name of the Cambridge Seven, and in a short time the whole press, religious and secular

alike, were broadcasting the news that seven young men were going out to China as missionaries, including no less leading lights in the athletic world than an all-England cricketer, the stroke of the Cambridge Boat, a Dragoon guardsman (cavalryman), and an officer of the Royal Artillery. In the history of missions, no band has caught the imagination of the public like these seven, and their going gave a new impetus to the whole cause.

Then began the revival among students, which spread all over England. Studd and Stanley Smith traveled from university to university giving their testimonies.

In Edinburgh over 2,000 assembled to hear them speak. One of the professors, Doctor D.A. Moxey, wrote afterwards:

"A wonderful work of grace has begun, and is going on, in our university. The event that has precipitated the shower of blessing which has, and is, falling in our midst is the visit of two young Christian athletes from Cambridge, who are now on their way to preach Christ to the Chinese. Students, like other young men, are apt to regard professedly religious men of their own age as wanting in manliness, good only for Psalm-singing and pulling a long face, but the big, muscular hands and the long arms of the ex-captain of the Cambridge Eight, stretched out in entreaty while he eloquently told the story of redeeming love, capsized their theory. And when Mr. C.T. Studd, a name to them familiar as a household word, and perhaps the greatest gentleman bowler in England, supplemented his brother athlete's words by quiet but intense and burning utterances of personal testimony to the love and power of a personal Savior, opposition and criticism alike were disarmed, and students and professors alike were seen in tears, to be followed in the after-meeting by the glorious sight of professors dealing with students (about their souls), and students with one another."

C.T. wrote: "We had a marvelous time. All day long men were coming for interviews restricted to a quarter of an hour, which consisted of, 'Well, are you a Christian?' 'No.' 'Would you like to be one?' 'Yes.' 'Well, let us pray,' and the fellow would get up full of joy--he'd got salvation. Then bands of these fellows were formed under good leaders and went all over the universities of England, Scotland and Ireland spreading the fire."

In their evangelistic tour Studd and Stanley Smith came to Leicester, where they met F.B. Meyer, who wrote later:

"The visit of Messrs. Stanley Smith and Studd to Melbourne Hall will always mark an epoch in my own life. Before then my Christian life had been spasmodic and fitful: now flaming up with enthusiasm, and then pacing wearily over leagues of gray ashes and cold cinders. I saw that these young men had something which I did not, but which was within them a constant source of rest and strength and joy.

"And never shall I forget a scene at 7 A.M. in the gray mist of a November morning, as daylight was flickering into the bedroom, paling the guttering candles, which from a very early hour had been lighting up the pages of Scripture and revealing the figures of the devoted Bible students, who wore the old cricket or boating blazer of earlier days for warmth. The talk we had then was one of the formative influences of my life. 'You have been up early,' I said to Charlie Studd. 'Yes,'

said he, 'I got up at four o'clock this morning. Christ always knows when I have had sleep enough, and He wakes me to have a good time with Him.' I asked, 'What have you been doing this morning?' And he replied, 'You know what the Lord says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments"; and I was just looking through all the commandments that I could find that the Lord gave and putting a tick against them if I have kept them, because I do love Him.' 'Well,' I inquired, 'how can I be like you?' He replied, 'Have you ever given yourself to Christ, for Christ to fill you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I have done so in a general way, but I don't know that I have done it particularly.' He answered, 'You must do it particularly also.'

"I knelt down that night and thought I could give myself to Christ as easily as possible. I gave Him an iron ring, the iron ring of my will, with all the keys of my life on it, except one little key that I kept back. And the Master said, 'Are they all here?' I said, 'They are all there but one, the key of a tiny closet in my heart, of which I must keep control.' He said, 'If you don't trust Me in all, you don't trust Me at all.' I said, 'Lord, I will be so devoted in everything else, but I can't live without the contents of that closet.' I believe that my whole life was just hovering in the balance, and if I had kept the key of that closet and mistrusted Christ, He never would have trusted me with the ministry of His blessed Word. He seemed to be receding from me, and I called Him back and said, 'I am not willing, but I am willing to be made willing.' It seemed as though He took that key out of my hand and went straight for the closet. I knew what He would find there, and He did too. Within a week from that time He had cleared it right out. But He filled it with something so much better! Why, what a fool I was! He wanted to take away the sham jewels to give me the real ones. He just took away the thing which was eating out my life, and instead gave me Himself."

## 6

### **C.T. Becomes a Chinaman**

The Seven sailed for China in February, 1885. They had a lively time on board ship, as C.T. wrote his mother:

"When we got on board, there were seven second-class passengers, and we trust that all are now God's own children. The case of one is truly marvelous. The man is a captain of an Indian steamer. He came home a few weeks ago and has been noted for his lying, drunkenness, swearing and blasphemy. He is well known throughout the ship. The man who looked after the refrigerator said, 'Well, I do not believe in religion or conversion or miracles, but if the captain is converted, then I will believe.' Well, thank God, He has brought even this man to know Jesus as his Savior, and now he is just as active for the Lord as he formerly was for the Devil. He has given his testimony publicly three times. His whole life is changed, and most of his day taken up with reading the Bible. Praise the Lord, it is quite lovely, and has produced a profound impression throughout the ship. Not only have these men been brought to the Lord but also several of the stewards, and they say that the principal part of the conversation is about these things. You can imagine what a change that means among a ship's company."

Three months later, and their own mothers would hardly have recognized these seven young men. From officers and university graduates they changed to Chinese with pigtailed, skirts and long-sleeved gowns, for according to the tenets of the China Inland Mission, they believed that the only way of reaching the Chinese of inland China was to become like them.

Another four months and they were scattered far afield in inland China, Charlie going north to Pingyang and Tai-Yuen. Immense journeys by mule, foot and houseboat, plowing through mud, sleeping in dirty Chinese inns, a month or two spent in this inland city and that, coming to grips with the language, and above all, many days and hours spent in close communion with God and His Word--such were his first 18 months of pioneering in China.

The outstanding lesson which he learned during this period was to become a man of one book. From this time onward it became a principle of his life to read the Bible, almost to the exclusion of other books, marking it copiously and receiving it in the attitude of a little child, in simple dependence on the Holy Spirit to illuminate the Word to him.

An extract or two from his letters to his mother gives an idea of his experiences. It is remarkable the joy he had under conditions which were a total contrast to the comforts with which he had been surrounded in his beautiful home.

"April 23, 1885. This is the first walk I have had in Chinese dress which even approached comfort, for Chinese feet are small, whereas you know mine are large, and I could not get a pair of shoes large enough. The first shoemaker called in said he had never made such a pair as I wanted and fled from the house, utterly refusing to undertake such a gigantic operation. However, another was found; but when he brought them, he said that he had made many, many pairs of shoes for many years, but he had never made such a pair as these before. It is a great joke amongst the people, and the Chinamen often point and have a good laugh at them in the streets.

"It is terribly hot, but that is most enjoyable. These clothes are delicious for hot weather. I am now sitting writing to you in nothing but a pair of white calico pajamas enormously loose everywhere, and a white limp calico native shirt. When we go for a walk we put on a blue thin calico gown something like a nightgown with very long loose sleeves. One does see the wisdom of bringing as few things as possible out here and using native things only."

"May 26. [writing to his younger brothers Reggie and Bertie at Eton] We were overrun with rats who during the night would take away our socks and our papers, putting them at the bottom of the boat in their nest. They caused us a good deal of annoyance, so we thought of setting traps for them; but we decided not to do so, but simply to ask the Lord to rid us of the grievance. Since that time we have had no further trouble with them.

"... I do not say, Don't play games or cricket and so forth. By all means play and enjoy them, giving thanks to Jesus for them. Only take care that games do not become an idol to you, as they did to me. What good will it do to anybody in the next world to have been even the best player that ever has been? And then think of the difference between that and winning souls for Jesus. Oh! If you have never tasted the

joy of leading one soul to Jesus, go and ask our Father to enable you to do so, and then you will know what real true joy is. The time is so short, such a little time to rescue souls from Hell, for there will be no rescue work in Heaven...."

Studd went to Hanchung, a distance of 1,800 miles by the Yangtse and Han Rivers, which took him three months. Then he went northward to Pingyang-fu by land, where he was to meet Mr. Hudson Taylor, a distance of several weeks. It was a rough journey, during which he showed amazing endurance through great suffering.

"We slept very comfortably on the bare boards, it being hot. Up at 2 A.M. to have a read with a candle, got everything ready at 3:30 to start at 4. We had two nice baths in the small river alongside the bank during the day. My feet got very sore.

"Next day my feet were so bad that I had to leave the boots off and take to sandals; but my skin not being made of leather like the coolies, the straw and string played havoc with me, and as each step cut deeper, it was not at all sugar for the 30 miles that day. Next day it was of course worse, and after I had gone 12 miles, I had to take off the sandals and go barefoot. When I got in, my feet were in an awful shape, seven raw places on the two feet; but, praise the Lord, it did make one appreciate one's rest in getting in. We generally walk eight miles before having breakfast, then we stop at an open shop or rather Chinese restaurant, consisting of a hovel with tables and the cooking place, at which we get some rice. Oh! We do enjoy our meals on the road. I am now quite a Chinaman and enjoy the rice immensely; in fact, I prefer the Chinese to the foreign food.

"On Saturday my companions, who were anxious to do the journey quickly, were bent on doing 40 miles. This was not a bright outlook for me with my feet. They wanted to get me a horse but could not. So bad were my feet that it seemed an impossibility to do such a distance; but the Lord did enable me, how I do not know. I know it was very painful indeed, and of course my feet got worse. Next day 38 miles. Euh! Each step was like a knife going into them, but I never felt the Lord's presence nearer the whole time. I was mostly alone, especially the last day, as I could not keep up with the others. But I do thank the Lord for it all, for He has taught me so many, many lessons by this suffering. One simply felt bursting with praise and wonder at how the Lord had enabled one to get there at all."

"Singan. Oct.19. I know you will be anxious to hear how my foot is, so I will tell you how it got better. Though I rested it, it would not heal, but got very puffy and discharged a good deal. So I asked Hogg if he would anoint me with oil in the name of the Lord, James 5:14 and 15, as I believed the Lord would heal my foot. He hesitated at first, but we read James 5 together and prayed about it, and then he said he could see no reason against it, and did so. Since then my foot has gotten most rapidly better. Next day in faith I took it as being well (though it looked anything but so), and walked a good deal on it. It was much less swollen at night. I have continued to do nearly 20 miles a day on it since, with the result that it has lost all swelling and is as fine as the sound one and there is no discharge. I do praise the Lord for this."

"Pingyang. Nov.3. Oh! Mother, I can't describe the longing to speak about Jesus to these poor souls....

"We have just been having a talk over Chinese hardships and we want to know where they are, for we cannot find them and they are a myth. This is far the best life,

so healthy and good, lots to eat and drink and good hard healthy bed, fine fresh air; and what else does a man want?"

"Pingyang. Feb.7, 1886. The Lord is so good and always gives me a large dose of spiritual champagne every morning which braces one up for the day and night. Of late I have had such glorious times. I generally wake about 3:30 A.M. and feel quite wide awake, so have a good read, etc., and then have an hour's sleep or so before finally getting up. I find what I read then is stamped indelibly on my mind all through the day; and it is the very quietest of times, not a foot astir, nor a sound to be heard, saving that of God. If I miss this time I feel like Samson shorn of all his hair and so of all his strength. I see more and more how much I have to learn of the Lord.

I want to be a workman approved, not just with a 'pass' degree, as it were. Oh! How I wish I had devoted my early life, my whole life to God and His Word. How much have I lost by those years of self-pleasing and running after this world's honors and pleasures.

"What a life the Spirit lives out in us when He possesses us. It is so simple too: just to remember 'I *have been crucified* with Christ,' I am dead. 'It is no longer I that live, but Christ that liveth in me.' My part is just to *let* Him live in me."

## 7

### **He Gives Away a Fortune**

Before C.T. left England, he had a private interview with Mr. Hudson Taylor. By his father's will he was to inherit a large sum of money at age 25, and the simple reading of the Scriptures had led him to definite and far-reaching conclusions on the matter. The words of Christ, "Sell all that ye have and give alms," and "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth"; the example of the early church at Pentecost, of whom it says, "All that believed sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need"; and finally, the story of the rich young man to whom Jesus said, "One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, take up thy cross and follow Me," seemed to be as equally binding on himself as a present-day disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ as on those to whom they were spoken. Therefore in light of God's Word he decided to give his entire fortune to Christ, and to take the golden opportunity offered him of doing what the rich young man had failed to do. It was no hasty decision, for Mr. Taylor pointed out that he did not actually inherit for two years, and that, therefore, he could delay the final decision until then. But this was no question of feelings of emotion to C.T., which time might alter. It was simple obedience to the black and white statements of God's Word.

Two years passed, and his twenty-fifth birthday found him alone at Chungking. He wrote:

"One day when I was reading the harmony of the Gospels, I came to where Christ talked with the rich young man. Then God seemed to bring back to me all the vows I had made. A few days later the post, which came only every half month, brought letters from the solicitor and banker to tell me what I had inherited. Then God told me what to do, and I learned why I had been sent [by Him] to Chungking. I needed to

draw up papers granting the power of attorney, and for that I had to have the signature of one of Her Majesty's officers. I went to the Consul, but when he saw the paper, he said, 'I won't sign it.' Finally he said he would give me two weeks to think it over, and then if I still wished it, he would sign. At the end of two weeks I took it back and he signed it and off the stuff went. God has promised to give an hundredfold for everything we give to Him. An hundredfold is a wonderful percentage; it is 10,000 percent."

So far as he could judge, his inheritance was 29,000 pounds. But in order to leave a margin for error, he decided to start off by giving 25,000 pounds. One memorable day, January 13, 1887, he sent off four checks of 5,000 pounds each, and five of 1,000 pounds. As coolly and deliberately as a businessman invests in some gilt-edged securities, as being both safe and yielding good interest, so C.T. invested in the Bank of Heaven. This was no fool's plunge on his part. It was his public testimony before God and man that he believed God's Word to be the surest thing on Earth, and that the hundredfold interest which God has promised in this life, not to speak of the next, is an actual reality for those who believe it and act on it.

He sent 5,000 pounds to Mr. Moody, expressing the hope that he would be able to start some gospel work in North India where his father had made his fortune. Moody hoped to carry this out, but was unable to, and instead used the money to start the famous Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, writing, "I will do the next best thing and open a training school with it, from which men and women will go to all parts of the world to evangelize."

5,000 pounds he sent to Mr. George Mueller; 5,000 pounds to George Holland in Whitechapel, "to be used for the Lord among His poor in London"; and 5,000 pounds to Commissioner Booth Tucker for the Salvation Army in India. This 5,000 pounds arrived just after they had had a night of prayer for vitally needed reinforcements. It was used to send out a party of 50 new officers.

To Miss McPherson for her work in London, to Miss Ellen Smyly in Dublin, General Booth of the Salvation Army, Reverend Archibald Brown in London, and Dr. Barnardo's Home, he sent 1,000 pounds each.

In a few months he was able to discover the exact amount of his inheritance. He then gave some further thousands, mainly to the China Inland Mission, leaving another 3,400 pounds in his possession. The next chapters tells of his engagement and marriage. Just before the wedding, he presented his bride with this money. She said, "Charlie, what did the Lord tell the rich young man to do?" "Sell all." "Well then, we will start clear with the Lord at our wedding." And so they gave away these funds as well.

## 8

### **An Irish Girl and a Dream**

Priscilla Livingstone Stewart arrived in Shanghai in 1887, one of a large party of new workers. She was Irish, from Lisburn, near Belfast; Irish in looks with blue eyes, lovely color and golden hair; and Irish in spirit. She had only been converted 18 months. A healthy, high-spirited girl, home life had given her the impression that

eligion was a long-faced affair, and thinking there was nothing in it for her, she had thrown herself into the amusements of her set. But Christ captured her. And from that day she gave Him the full allegiance of her heart and stopped at nothing to witness for Him.

On opening the Bible for guidance one day, she saw on the margin of the book these words in letters of light: "China, India, Africa." These prophetic words were to be literally fulfilled.

Charlie Studd had never heard there was such a person as Priscilla Stewart when he arrived in Shanghai just about the same time. He had come to the coast for a different reason. He wrote:

"In April I came down to the coast to Shanghai. My work in the West was done, and my road seemed to lie up the North of China again. I heard that my brother G.B. would be out in Shanghai just about the time I would be arriving there. I got there about a fortnight before him. There was no chance of doing Chinese work in Shanghai for me, for the language was quite different from what we had up in the North and in the West, so I occupied my time with sailors. Some ships of Her Majesty's Navy were in the port, and there was a Sailor's Home, where we had nightly meetings that became hotter and hotter.

"On arriving in Shanghai I found two ladies, one the superintendent of the home, a Miss Black, a delightful soul. Then there was Mr. Stevenson, the deputy director, a real father to everybody, and lastly there was a young lady. I heard she was unable to go into the interior at present because she had heart trouble. After a few days Mr. Stevenson asked me my opinion of her. I replied I thought she had made a mistake in coming out, for she seemed as though the life had been eaten out of her, and she could never stand the interior. It seemed a real effort for her to get upstairs. Later my opinion changed, as will be seen. One night she ventured to come to the soldiers' meeting; again she came, and then she became a new creature, becoming the life and soul of that meeting. But there was something else that had influence upon her.

"A few months previous to my getting to Shanghai, I had received a letter from Booth Tucker of the Salvation Army, who was working in India. It was no ordinary letter. He described the life of the English lads and lasses he was leading in the evangelization of India. It stirred my soul.

'My very dear Brother [he wrote],

'...We opened at Kandy, the capital of Ceylon, on Christmas eve. It has a population of 30,000. ... In the course of about two months we had at least 100 souls and were able to enroll about 50 regular soldiers [in the Salvation Army]. Many of the converts are especially remarkable.

'Our war is full of intense interest. We really never know what a day will bring forth. One hour we are fingering our food into our mouths (do you use chopsticks in China?), the next we are opening a letter from an anonymous friend with a donation of 5,000 pounds! (We often tell the natives that if we were to get a lakh [the number 100,000, used especially for referring to sums of rupees] of rupees given to us, we should not buy an extra suit of clothes out of it. Most of us usually carry our

wardrobes on our backs.)

'You would, I am sure, delight in roughing it with us, or perhaps after your Chinese experiences it would appear smooth enough to you. Of one thing I feel sure, that having put your hand to the heathen plow, you will never, never look back, but will say, like some of our dear Indian (English) officers, "We would rather have the hardest station out here than the easiest in London."

'...Our party have no salaries, get no money, and having food and raiment, they learn to be therewith content. No grumbling or arguing is heard in our camp. Both lads and lassies go barefoot (from preference). For meals they have rice water in the morning, rice and vegetable curries (no meat) at midday, and the same in the evening. The use of tea and coffee is quite given up as being too European! The floor of the quarters being well raised and dug, we have abolished beds. There are no chairs and tables in the camp. I am myself sitting squatted on a mat, with my papers round me on the floor. Nevertheless we really are very comfortable and as happy as possible. Most beautiful of all has been the spirit of unity, love, devotion and sacrifice which has motivated them all from the first. We have constant victory, and God is showing us how to manage and train these officers and manufacture them into real natives.

'We are praying and believing for you. The Lord of the Harvest abundantly bless you, and enable you to see and fall in line with His notions for a present-day salvation sweep. Oh, that we may see eye to eye with the Lord in His plans for saving men! I often think what fools we shall reckon ourselves to have been when we get to Heaven and see what we might have been and done with the aid of a little more salvation gumption!'

"One day at morning prayers I asked Mr. Stevenson if I might read the letter to those who were worshipping with us. There was not a soul in all that company that was not stirred by that letter. It told of the joy with which others were facing a very hard life in order to save the souls of the Indians. It created a sort of competition: Why not try and go one better?

"No doubt that letter stirred Miss Stewart. She became a nightly attendant at the Soldiers' Rest. These meetings abide in my memory chiefly through two persons. One was a quartermaster who was the leader of all the men from the *Sapphire*, which was the name of the boat. The other was Miss Stewart. Her messages were all fire--the fire that burns into people's souls. I think I led the meetings, and these two did all the work. Pretty well nightly there were souls converted, till there became quite a band of them. These would return to their ship, but not to their bunks. They loitered about the deck to look after any late arrivals who had imbibed a spirit other than their own; they would take charge of these, would get them to a quieter part of the deck, and one or two would hold them up while the others got down on their knees and prayed. Many of them they prayed sober, and got down to their bunks without any official observation. Not a few became converted and would be introduced to me the next night at the meeting.

"My impression of Shanghai in those days was a remarkable one. The Spirit of God seemed to have come down upon the place. You could go out at midnight on the streets and find even the police anxious to talk about their souls. Miss Stewart was getting visibly better. She would run up the stairs three at a time. She began to sing all sorts of songs she had picked up at the Salvation Army before coming out to China. It did not matter to us what other people thought; we praised the Lord with a loud voice, our hearts being filled with joy, for manifestly the Lord was working with us."

9

**United to Fight for Jesus**

Priscilla Stewart went to work with three other ladies in the inland city of Ta-Ku-Tang. C.T. returned to Taiyuen-Fu, in the far north. A lively correspondence went on between them which could only have one end, but Miss Stewart was not too easily persuaded, for the first letter dates from June 9, but the engagement was not until October 5. There was always a controversy as to how it came about. C.T.'s version is this:

"I think there is always a little difficulty as to how it came about. She said I wrote to her; I say she spoke to me, I do not say with her eyes, nor with her tongue--she was keeping that in reserve--she spoke with her acts. I did not marry her for her pretty face; I married her for her handsome actions toward the Lord Jesus Christ and those He sent her to save. In fact, I can well remember the afternoon when I was sitting, talking to a missionary in Taiyuen and he twitted me on being engaged to the prettiest girl in all Shanghai. Now that, I tell you in all truth, was an absolute shock to me, for certainly I had not thought of her pretty face. In fact, to this day I verily believe that of all God's many good gifts, the least of all is good looks."

Miss Stewart's version is this:

"If C.T. were here, he would tell you I had proposed to him. I did not; as a matter of fact, for certain reasons I refused him. And when I tell you his answer, you will see it is just characteristic of the man. His reply was, 'You have neither the mind of God nor the will of God in the matter, but I have. And I intend to marry you whether you will or not, so you had better make up your mind and accept the situation.' What was I to do? That is the reason I am Mrs. C.T. today."

Documentary evidence gives the verdict to Miss Stewart, for she kept his love letters. Remarkable love letters they are too, full of the consuming passion of his life, fuller by a long way of messages from the Bible and plans for spending their life for Christ, than of her. She, being a sensible woman, bound him over to burn hers, so only one has survived. Two of his, written when he was recovering from a serious illness, run into 68 and 69 pages respectively of tiny writing! Following are one or two extracts:

"July 25. It will be no easy life, no life of ease which I could offer you, but one of toil and hardship; in fact, if I did not know you to be a woman of God, I would not dream of asking you. It is to be a fellow soldier in His army. It is to live a life of faith

in God, a fighting life, remembering that here we have no abiding city, no certain dwelling place, but only a Home eternal in the Father's House above. Such would be the life: may the Lord alone guide you."

"Oct.8. Now before I go further, I just want to beseech you, darling, that we may both make the same request every day to our Father, that we may give each other up to Jesus every single day of our lives to be separated or not as He pleases, that neither of us may ever make an idol of the other.

"I must write and tell darling mother this mail, and others too, for I cannot keep it secret; only I do laugh when I think of how little I know of or about you, my own darling, not even your age or anything; only it is more than enough for me that you are a true child and lover of the Lord Jesus, that He has knit my heart to yours and yours to mine to work together for Him with all our hearts and souls and minds till He come."

"Oct.14. I remember at Pingyang two years ago four or five of us young bachelors were talking about marriage, and most of us (and I among them) were rather against it and for using the utmost caution--please don't laugh, don't roar--and then at last I said, 'Well, please God, I don't want to marry, but if I do, I want to marry a real Salvation Army Hallelujah Lassie,' which was received with much laughter. Well, here the Good Lord has taken me at my word! ...

"I love you for your love for Jesus, I love you for your zeal towards Him, I love you for your faith in Him, I love you for your love for souls, I love you for loving me, I love you for your own self, I love you forever and ever. I love you because Jesus has used you to bless me and fire my soul. I love you because you will always be a red-hot poker making me run faster. Lord Jesus, how can I ever thank Thee for such a gift?"

"Jan.10. My prescription for you is to sing daily:

'Jesus, I love Thee,  
Thou art to me  
Dearer than ever  
Charlie can be!'"

The official wedding was at the coast, whither they had to travel to find an English Consul to perform the ceremony. They had an unofficial wedding first, performed by the well-known Chinese evangelist Pastor Shi, at Miss Stewart's mission station

Pastor Shi was not a licensed man, but they let him marry them in order to please the Chinese and settle their minds. Pastor Shi insisted on Mr. Studd being rigged out in a new hat and a pair of shoes which the pastor produced. The shoes got so uncomfortable during the wedding that C.T. had to slip out of them. He was also exceedingly tired, since he had just nursed his bride through an attack of pneumonia (and had himself just recovered from pleurisy in both lungs, typhoid, and then pneumonia), and so he fell asleep during his own wedding address. The bride wore a long white sash and on it the words "United to fight for Jesus." At the end of the ceremony they both knelt and made a solemn promise to God, "We will never hinder one another from serving Thee." Then they traveled down to Tientsin, where they were married by the consul.

## **Perils and Hardships in Inland China**

The young couple went straight from their wedding ceremony to open work in an inland city, Lungang-Fu. They were accompanied by Miss Burroughes, Mrs. Studd's friend and fellow worker, and later by Miss Edith Bewes. It was a very different China from that of today; danger, insult, and in many cases martyrdom was the price paid for bringing the Savior to them. Priscilla writes:

"The first house we had was a haunted house. It was the only one we could get in that city. We were determined to go where there was no European. Of course there were no houses to be had by the foreign devils, but a wicked old man owned this house, and he let us have it, as it was haunted. It was just bare whitewashed walls and brick floors, but very unevenly bricked, with a fireplace in the center and a brick bed. Our mattress was a cotton-wool quilt about an inch thick. That was our bed for the first three years, until it became so infested with scorpions that we had to have it pulled down. Then we had a wooden sort of planking.

"For five years we never went out our doors without a volley of curses from our neighbors. Gradually we got on familiar terms with the people by allowing them to inspect our apartments, examine everything and pry into all our belongings at their own sweet will. Then when their curiosity was sated, our method of revising interest was a mixture of ritualistic practices with those of the Salvation Army--a banjo and a procession were combined."

In this apparently barren soil, they had wonderful evidences of the power of the Gospel both in melting hearts and in producing men of God whom no persecution could move.

C.T. wrote: "On one occasion my wife was speaking to a Chinese woman who had called, telling her of the Gospel. The woman seemed interested, so she showed her a picture of the crucifixion. As the woman heard the story of the sacrifice on Calvary, she burst into tears. ...

"[At the end of one of our services] after the congregation had left, a single Chinaman stayed behind, right at the back of the room. When we went to him, he told us we had been talking sheer nonsense. He said, 'I am a murderer, an adulterer, I have broken all the laws of God and man again and again. I am also a confirmed opium smoker. He cannot save me.' We laid before him the wonders of Jesus and His Gospel and His power, and the man was soundly converted. He said, 'I must go to the town where I have done all this evil and sin, and in that very place tell the good tidings.' He did. He gathered crowds, was brought before the mandarin, and was ordered to undergo 2,000 strokes with the bamboo, till his back was one mass of red jelly, and he himself was thought to be dead. He was brought back by some friends, taken to the hospital and nursed by Christian hands, till he was, at last, able to sit up. He then said, 'I must go back again and preach this Gospel.' We strongly dissuaded him, but a short time afterwards he escaped and started preaching in the same place. Once more he was brought before the court. They were ashamed to give him the bamboo again, so sent him to prison. But the prison had small open windows and holes in the wall. Crowds collected, and he preached out of the windows and holes,

till, finding he did more preaching inside the prison than out, they set him free, in despair of ever being able to move one so stubborn and so staunch."

A great deal of Mr. Studd's time was occupied by the opium refuge which he opened for the wretched victims of the drug. As many as fifty would be there at a time. "We started to take in and cure Opium Sots. Two came. A month saw them cured, a wonder unto many and unto themselves. Then they came in crowds. During the seven years about 800 of these men and women passed through the refuge, and some went away saved as well as cured."

Four children came to brighten their Chinese home; a fifth was with them only one day. They never had a doctor on any of these occasions, choosing rather to go on with their work and trust the Lord than go the necessary long journey and be away for so long a time. It was a direct touch of the Lord which saved Mrs. Studd at the birth of their first child in 1889.

C.T. wrote: "There was no doctor then within days, neither a nurse. The question came, should we leave our work three months before the time in order to have the skill of the doctor at our disposal and then wait another two months until Scilla was strong enough to travel--five months away from our work? It could not be done! Why not have Dr. Jesus? And so she settled it.

"The time came. Scilla had had two month's training in Queen Charlotte's Hospital in London. She found herself having to act not only the part of the would-be mother, but also that of her own doctor. ... I am sure I need not assure you that Dr. Jesus managed things perfectly. It was not till some days afterwards that a lady missionary turned up who was skilled in such matters as these. She at once relieved me of the greater part of the nursing, but alas, to our consternation, there was a relapse.

"Something went wrong [C.T. wrote to his mother], and poor Scilla suffered fearfully. Miss Kerr tried all she knew, but it was no use; poor Scilla got weaker and weaker, and it seemed she must die. Miss Kerr said to me, 'She is just breaking up altogether and can never live in China. You had better take her home, if she can come through this.' This seemed to rouse me from sleep, a sleep of sorrow and anxiety and fatigue, and I said, 'We will give our lives out here willingly, but we will not go home unless the Lord distinctly sends us home.'

"I felt the Lord must hear and heal, for we had trusted Him and He is so faithful; so I said, 'Let us anoint Scilla and ask God to raise her up.' Miss Kerr did not see her way clearly to do that, so it devolved on me only. Scilla was of the same mind, so I knelt down and in the name of the Lord anointed her with oil. Immediately the trouble ceased. So remarkable was it that in the morning, when Miss Kerr came to nurse her, she said, 'What has happened? Why, you are well.' Scilla told her I had anointed her and prayed, and she said, 'It is marvelous.' So, although we are poor sinners and nothing at all, the Lord nevertheless hears us when we cry."

In later years Mrs. Studd wrote, "I had five children and I never saw a doctor. God did wonderfully."

Four of the children (all girls) lived. One did not. Mrs. Studd wrote: "We lost one child, and on that occasion I was absolutely alone with Mr. Studd. Mr. Stanley Smith

came over when he heard I was desperately ill. He arrived just in time to help Mr. Studd, who had gone to the city and bought a little pigskin box to put the little figure in, and bury it. I was left alone in my room. I felt absolutely brokenhearted, and the question was whether I was going to give in and thus the whole of my missionary life be wrecked. Therefore, while Mr. Studd was with Mr. Smith, I made a covenant with my God that I was not going to let sorrow of any kind come into my life and ruin my life as a missionary. I was not going to let my husband see sorrow that would unhinge him. He never saw a tear when he came back."

We are not told by what means the Lord regularly supplied their needs these years, for when they left Tientsin on their wedding day, their worldly possessions were "five dollars and some bedding." But God proved that it is as easy for Him to supply the needs of His servants in the heart of China as in the middle of London, although not a human soul may know about it.

C.T. wrote: "My own family knew nothing of our circumstances, only that we were in the heart of China. The last of our supplies was finished, and there was no apparent hope of supplies of any kind coming from any human source. The mail came once a fortnight. The mail man had just set out that afternoon, and in a fortnight he would bring the return mail. The children were put to bed. Then my wife and I looked facts in the face. If the return of the postman brought no relief, starvation stared us in the face. We decided to have a night of prayer. We got on our knees for that purpose. I think we must have stayed there 20 minutes before we rose again. We told God everything we had to say in those 20 minutes. Our hearts were relieved; it did not seem to us either reverence or common sense to keep on talking to God as though He were deaf or could not understand our simple language, or the extremity of our circumstances, or the weight of the words of His Son, Who said that God knew everything before we told Him, or as He said Himself, 'Before they call I will answer.' And verily He did. The mail man returned at the appointed time. We were not slow to open the bag. We glanced over the letters; there was nothing, and we looked at each other. I went to the bag again, took it by the corners and shook it mouth downwards; out came another letter, but the handwriting was totally unfamiliar to us. I opened it and began to read. We were different after the reading of that letter than we had been before, and I think our whole lives have been different since. This was the letter: 'I have,' he said, 'for some reason or other received the command of God to send you a check for 100 pounds. I have never met you, I have only heard of you, and that not often, but God has prevented me from sleeping tonight by this command. Why He should command me to send you this, I don't know--you will know better than I. Anyhow, here it is, and I hope it will do you good.'"

### **On the American Campus**

They returned home in 1894, after ten years in China. The year previously, C.T. had almost died. Mrs. Studd scribbled the following on a few rough sheets:

"March 27, 1893. Charlie very ill all day--seemed as if the Lord about to take him.

We did all we could to relieve him, but in vain. About 4:30 P.M. he asked to be anointed. We anointed him. ... Morning much better.

"April 2. Tried to find out Charlie's heart's thoughts about going home or leaving China. He said the Lord had not told him to go home. It was a solemn thing to leave the station where God had placed you, unless you had a direct message from God to do so, and he had not received that message."

The guidance must have come next year, although we are not told how. The journey had to be made through China with four small children, Pauline, the youngest, still a baby in arms.

C.T. wrote: "The going home was no easy job with four children. Part of the journey was by sedan chairs carried by mules, another part by cargo boat on the river, where sleeping was accomplished on top of boxes of uneven height.

"At Shanghai we got on a German Lloyd steamer. Of course we traveled second class, but the stewards were all musicians and made quite a band, which performed every afternoon in our saloon. We appreciated that band more than most people ever knew, for our four children took seats to listen, so we could get a little rest. About the third day we heard the pitter-patter of feet coming to the cabin, and the three elder ones burst in in a state of considerable excitement, saying, 'We do not understand these missionaries at all, for they only play music, and they never sing hymns nor pray.' In their life in the interior of China they had never seen any white man or woman who was not a missionary!

"We arrived in London eventually, and were most royally entertained by my mother at her home in Hyde Park Gardens. The children did not know any English. My mother had most generously provided a nurse to look after them, so that we might have an easier time and see more of our friends. The nurse found she had bitten off more than she could chew on some occasions, especially when once she punished one of the four by locking her up in the bathroom. This was too much for 'The Clan,' who stood around her and would not let go of her skirts nor stop talking vociferous Chinese until the door was unlocked and the other member of the Clan rejoined them."

A spell at home was now a necessity. Both C.T. and his wife were doing very poorly. It was even feared lest his lungs were affected, although it only turned out to be due to severe overstrain and poor nourishment. But furlough to C.T. was only a change of battle fronts. If God ordered him home, very well, he would go out for souls at home just as he had gone out for them in China. Health should be no deterrent. He visited the universities, among many other places.

On one occasion he was invited to North Wales. He had always prayed and looked out for opportunities for winning members of his own family to Christ. Now he was to have a chance. Dr. Edwardes, the principal of a Theological College, had asked him to come and talk to the students and to be his guest. This news reached the ears of his cousin, Mrs. George Thomas, who was living nearby. She at once wrote to Dr. Edwardes and said that they could not think of allowing Charlie to come up there without staying with them, and so would he mind letting him come to them? He struck a very wise bargain and replied that he would, on condition that Mrs. Thomas

attended the meetings. Mrs. Thomas agreed, so when C.T. arrived, she accompanied him to the afternoon meeting. In the course of his talk he said, "True religion is like the smallpox. If you get it, you give it to others and it spreads." This was too much for Mrs. Thomas, and on the way home she said indignantly, "What an awful thing you said this afternoon, Charlie, comparing religion to smallpox. I thought it disgusting!" This led to a long talk.

According to her promise, she went with him again to the evening meeting. She was obviously hit and very silent on the way home. She made him a cup of cocoa and handed it to him as he sat on the sofa in the drawing room. But he went on talking, while she stood there holding out the cup. She spoke to him, but he still ignored it. Then she naturally got annoyed. "Well," he said, "that is exactly how you are treating God, who is holding out eternal life to you." The arrow pierced right home. She went to her room and accepted Christ. Two days later when back in London, he received this telegram: "Got the smallpox badly--Dollie."

C.T. gradually got fitter, but not Mrs. Studd, and there did not seem much hope of a return to China. But the Lord continued to provide for them wonderfully. One man, whom they had never met before their return from China, constantly sent them large checks; and when he very suddenly died, the Lord moved another to send them regular gifts for many years. That proved what all prove who put God to the test, that He never fails those who trust Him. Neither they nor their children throughout this period or the remainder of their lives ever once lacked the necessities of life.

Then a new opening came. The revival which had started among the students when C.T. and Stanley Smith visited Edinburgh had spread across the Atlantic. The connecting link had been C.T.'s brother, J.E.K. At Moody's invitation he had crossed to the States after the Seven had sailed for China, and there he toured the universities, telling the story of the Seven. Students in the USA caught the fire, and two of their number began the Student Volunteer Movement. Hundreds enrolled, and out of it grew in turn the worldwide Student Volunteer Missionary Union, and then the Student Christian Movement.

In 1896, C.T. was invited across. He remained 18 months. The time was simply packed with meetings, sometimes six in a day; indeed, it was too packed, and he was very tired toward the end. When they gave him a free hand, he seldom spoke under one hour, and sometimes as much as two. His spare time was an endless succession of interviews with students. We can only pick out an example of his meetings and interviews here and there from his letters.

"Knoxville Students' Conference, June 21. In the evening meeting I spoke for an hour and 40 minutes. We had a great time. The Lord was with us in power. Many of the fellows stayed to speak or arrange interviews. Two came that night. One medical student, uncertain about being a volunteer; he has a mother and sister dependent on him, and he wept as he spoke of leaving them. I took him over the old ground. He saw the love of God, surrendered and left bright. I don't tell these fellows to volunteer. I tell them to surrender to God and to go away rejoicing in Him, and He will in his own way make all plain. Oh, there is no joy in the world like being used of God to bless others. The place is now just on fire.

"Next day I had interviews all afternoon and evening, a real glory time. One man told me as I began to probe him--for something seemed wrong--that he had been converted, was saved, and was an Episcopalian. So I said, 'Are all your sins forgiven?' 'No, not all.' 'Do you want them forgiven?' 'Yes.' I explained a bit to him and then he got down on his knees to confess; he was going to confess out loud to me the sins he had committed, but I stopped him and told him I didn't want to hear them, but that he had better tell them to God. So we knelt and he told them to God, and then out loud he asked for forgiveness. Then he surrendered and asked for the Holy Ghost, and thanked, and afterwards when I had prayed, he rose up with tears in his eyes, pressed my hand and said, 'I never had such an experience as this before.' Glory be to God! You can imagine I went off to supper as full of joy as a gas balloon. Oh my, these souls are indeed more than diamonds. I'd far sooner save one soul than be Queen Victoria."

12

### **Six Years in India**

"That church is a place to be avoided unless a man means to get converted." The remark was made about Mr. Studd's church at Ootacamund, South India, where for six years, from 1900 to 1906, he went to be pastor of the Union Church.

From the time of his conversion, C.T. had felt the responsibility upon their family to take the Gospel to India. It had been his father's dying wish. C.T. had written to his mother from China:

"Georgie told me of how the people know the name of Studd in Tirhoot (North India) and how they flocked to see him when he was there: but what have they seen? Studd the indigo planter, Studd seeking wealth, but never Studd seeking the salvation of the souls of the natives. Are they not going to see Studd the ambassador of Jesus Christ?"

Now he was given the chance of going himself. Mr. Vincent, his father's old friend, urged him to fulfill his father's wish and go out to Tirhoot and hold meetings among the planters. C.T. accepted and was at Tirhoot for some six months. He then received the offer of becoming pastor of the independent church at Ootacamund under the auspices of the Anglo-India Evangelization Society.

His work lay among all types: the planters in the outlying districts of Mysore and Madras; the population of "Ooty," European and Eurasian; the soldiers in the neighboring soldier's home, with whom he was tremendously popular; the officers and their families, and government officials, who crowded to this lovely hill station in the hot months, including the governor of Madras and his wife.

As usual, he went all out for souls, both at the Union Church and among the planters, and found many responsive hearts. Mrs. Studd once wrote home: "I don't think a week passes here that Charlie does not have one to three conversions."

One outstanding conversion was that of a chief clerk in the military offices. He had not opened his Bible for 23 years, but was persuaded to go to the Union Church by his little son, who said: "You *must* come and hear Mr. Studd. Why, he talks about bread and butter in the pulpit"--referring to some incident which C.T. had told to

illustrate how the Lord supplies everyday needs. He went, and went again. Then he wrote Mr. Studd, "Each Sunday at the Union Church I get harder and harder. This last week I felt I had to make my decision. There was a big fight between God and me and the Devil. Thank God, He won." The change was so marked that his native boy's comment was, "What has happened to the master? He always talking plenty swear words; now he only doing plenty church work."

His simple, direct methods of giving the Gospel reached people's hearts. As he wrote to his wife: "'Why do not others,' say they all, 'put it as plain and simple as this?'"

But all this work was carried on against tremendous odds. Not only in India, but for some years previously, C.T. had been a martyr to asthma. He hardly slept except between 2 and 4 A.M. Night after night he was sitting up in a chair fighting for his breath. "Charlie is a wreck," wrote Mrs. Studd, "and almost the slightest movement brings on asthma." Yet this was the man who by faith stepped out later into the heart of Africa and lived there for 18 years. No wonder even his own wife was opposed at first. No wonder afterwards her favorite phrase was "The God of the Impossible."

Only one more thing needs to be added about their stay in India, and that was that C.T. never moved from his attitude of dependence on God alone for the supply of all needs. Although he received an allowance from the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society, when he accepted, he wrote his wife:

"Only now let us remember once more that God is to be our portion, and that knowingly and willingly we trust our lives and those of our children to Him. If He fails, we are done for; but How can He fail? It is blasphemy on my part to suggest such a thing. Glory be to Him for allowing us this second privilege; only it must be trust in Him and in Him only, not one little bit in any society. If they pay our expenses, well and good, but I am not going to trust in God *and* them. I shall trust only in God, and so will you."

### 13

### **A Man's Man**

Their return home in 1906 brought them yet another proof of God's faithfulness. Their girls needed schooling, of which none was to be obtained at "Ooty." A boarding school would be best, but how could the fees be paid?

Eighteen years before, this young couple had gone to the uttermost limit of surrender to God. They had staked all on God's faithfulness; they knew that unless the Lord supplied their need, they would have no hope of giving their children as good an education as they themselves had enjoyed. But they believed God, committed the matter to Him, and this is what He did. He gave the girls exactly the education which their father and mother themselves would have chosen for them, if they had had the means to do so. He moved someone to send three of them to one of the best girl's schools in the country and to see them through their whole education, and three of them to finish their education at Lausanne.

Wonderful though this provision was, it would have been as nothing to their parents if it had not been accompanied by the one great blessing that really mattered-

-the salvation of their souls. Two years later C.T. wrote:

"It is a great joy to see all my girls right out on the Lord's side. For that alone I feel I owe the Blessed Savior every drop of blood and affection in body and heart. I wish I could be like Him. He was clad with zeal as with a cloak."

Ministers and workers among men now seemed to have awakened to their golden opportunity of using an outstanding converted sportsman to reach men. YMCAs, Brotherhoods, Police Institutes and Central Halls booked and rebooked him. In those two years, 1906–08, he must have spoken to tens of thousands of men, many of whom never went to a religious service, but were drawn to hear him by his sporting reputation. He gripped and stirred his great audiences to their depths, and many were the decisions for Christ. His method of speaking dead straight as man to man, using the ordinary language of the people, made a tremendous appeal to men.

An instance of the way he started a talk to men was the following at a businessmen's luncheon:

"Gentlemen, you've had a rich dinner. You will be ready for plain speaking. I am not going to tickle you with a pulpit or an academic display of language. I shall speak in ordinary language, in that which we are all accustomed to use when engaged in the real battle of life or in heart-to-heart talking. I once had another religion: mincing, lispng, bated breath, proper, hunting the Bible for hidden truths, but no obedience, no sacrifice. Then came the change. The real thing came before me. Soft speech became crude salt. The parlor game with the nurses became real cricket on the public ground. Words became deeds. The commands of Christ became not merely Sunday recitations but battle calls to be obeyed. Instead of saying 'Lord, Lord' in a most reverent voice many times and yet continuing deaf to the simplest commandments, I began to look upon God as really my Father and to rely upon Him as a real Father and to trust Him as such. Instead of talking about fellowship, I enjoyed it. Instead of being unnatural and constrained, I became natural and unconventional. I talked of God and Jesus Christ as real, living, personal friends and relations. They have never chided me for it. If a man is willing to obey and sacrifice, he soon learns what is the blessed reality of the fellowship of God's Son Jesus Christ--familiar and social intercourse. In other words, I dropped cant and ceremony and became a Christian. Reverence, I observe in the New Testament, is not apparent politeness and manifest disobedience, but filial or childlike obedience, trust, and love."

14

### **The Greatest Venture of All**

We are now coming to the last and greatest era of Mr. Studd's life--China, then India, and now the heart of Africa. The call came very suddenly, while he was still contemplating returning to India. He was in Liverpool in 1908 and saw such a strangely worded notice that it immediately caught both his attention and his sense of humor: "Cannibals want missionaries." "Why, sure, they do, for more reasons than one," said he to himself. He went to see who had put up the notice and met Dr. Karl Kumm, and in that meeting God called C.T. to the great work of his life.

C.T. later wrote: "Karl Kumm had walked across Africa and was telling his

experiences. He said that in the middle of the continent there were numbers of tribes who had never heard the story of Jesus Christ. He told us that explorers had been to those regions, and big game hunters, Arabs, traders, European officials and scientists, but no Christian had ever gone to tell of Jesus. The shame sank deep into one's soul. I said, 'Why have no Christians gone?' God replied, 'Why don't you go?' 'The doctors won't permit it,' I said. The answer came, 'Am I not the Good Physician? Can I not take you through? Can I not keep you there?' There were no excuses; it had to be done."

But how to do it? He had no money. At fifty years of age, after 15 years of ill health, how could he face tropical Africa? Karl Kumm's first suggestion was that they should cross Africa together from the Niger side, and this was agreed to; but, as C.T. said afterwards, "This was the only time that God agreed with the doctors, for when I was, against doctor's orders, ready to go, the Lord put me in bed with malaria and plainly said 'No!'" The next plan was a journey of investigation to the Southern Sudan, a thousand miles south of Khartoum, in order to find out exact conditions. As C.T. presented this challenge and his willingness to pioneer the way, it was taken up by a group of businessmen who agreed to back the project--but on one condition. He must be passed by the doctor. Then things came to a dead stop. The doctor's report was absolutely against him.

Penniless, turned down the doctor, dropped by the committee of businessmen, yet told by God to go, what was he to do? Once more he staked all on obedience to God. As a young man he staked his career, in China he staked his fortune, now he staked his life. A gambler for God! He joined the ranks of the great gamblers of faith, Abraham, Moses, etc., in Hebrews 11, "Men who have hazarded [gambled with] their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 15:26). No wonder he once wrote, "No craze is so great as that of the gambler, and no gambler for Jesus was ever cured, thank God!" His answer to the businessmen was this: "Gentlemen, God has called me to go, and I will go. I will blaze the trail, though my grave may only become a stepping stone that younger men may follow." He carried out his Master's word to the letter, "He that shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall find it." The next 20 years were to prove the truth of that last phrase, "shall find it."

He was due to sail in about three weeks and had no money. What was he to do? The very next day he had a meeting in Birmingham, speaking on the same platform as Dr. Jowett. It had already been given out that he was sailing in a few weeks, and none knew of the crash of all his hopes from a human standpoint the day before.

"I landed on the platform without knowing what I would say under the circumstances. Whilst the chairman was speaking, a sudden thought came. It was the voice of God. 'Why are you not going?' 'Where is the money?' I replied. 'Can you not trust Me for it?' was the answer. It was like the sun bursting through the clouds. 'Of course I can,' I replied. 'Then where lies the difficulty?' came the answer. The chairman ceased speaking, and I got up and spoke exactly as I should have spoken had the committee not withdrawn the funds. The next day I went up to Liverpool for meetings, and when taking leave, a friend put into my hand 10 pounds. Imagine my excitement and joy. On the strength of that 10 pounds I booked my passage to Port

Said. Of course the 10 pounds would not take me to Port Said, much less to Khartoum and a thousand miles south and back again, but God sent in supplies in a wonderful way, with the result that I went."

He sailed on December 15, 1910. Even his wife did not approve, but the Lord stood with him and filled his soul with glory and with visions of the work which was to be. The very day he sailed, God gave him an amazing revelation. Just one man far past pioneering age, setting out on a forlorn hope with hardly a fellow Christian willing to back him, the most we might hope to hear is that the Lord assured him of the success of the venture; instead, the Lord gave him a staggering message.

"As I left Liverpool, on retiring to my cabin the first night, God spoke in very strange fashion. He said, 'This trip is not merely for the Sudan; it is for the whole unevangelized world.' To human reason the thing was ridiculous, but faith in Jesus laughs at impossibilities."

There seemed absolutely no connection between this man's going to a corner of the Sudan and the whole unevangelized world. Yet now we look back over 20 years and we see that the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, which was the outcome of his going, has already planted the Gospel in the hearts of three continents, Africa, Asia and South America. Can we not again learn the lesson of what God is waiting to do by the man who will utterly believe and obey Him?

On his journey, C.T. wrote his heart out to cheer, comfort and encourage his wife: "Dec.20, 1910. Somehow God tells me all my life has been a preparation for this coming 10 years or more. It has been a rough discipline. Oh, the agony of it! The asthma, a daily and nightly dying! The bodily weakness! The being looked down upon by the world folk! The poverty! And have I not been tempted? Tempted to stop working for Christ! Doctors! Relatives! Family! Christians! It has not been I; it has been Christ Who has carried me through. I know it. This is a poor weak worm of a creature that God has chosen to put into the fiery furnace and walk with Him, and bring him out again. And now He seems to be pouring strength and health into me, and a burning, consuming desire to live for Christ and men. Glory! Glory! Glory! It is Jesus, supreme. He is my chief love and my Chief. And now, Scilla darling, all this separation is for our good, and what is far better, it is for God's glory and Christ's honor. I believe this assuredly: (1) Your health shall be restored. (2) You shall become a bigger firebrand for Jesus than ever you have been, and a far greater power that poor, weak I could ever be. (3) Our girls shall be white-hot Christian warriors, and to God be all the glory. I think and think upon the same line--*A New Crusade*. Things simply surge through my mind and head, and God speaks to me every time I lie down, and assures me that He is going to do a wonderful work."

"Marseilles, Dec.23. Once again at the threshold of the greatest work for Jesus of our life and times, the doctors declare you weak and delicate, and more or less done for; and humanly speaking, it is, I believe, a fact. But *Jesus* can give you back life and health, and has a grand work before you. You need the touch of Jesus. Will you not leave the doctors, who can never make you strong, and consult Jesus? Darling, go to Jesus and give yourself to Him, and I fully believe you shall go round the world with me winning thousands to Jesus. But there is no other way for you and me to live than

by faith in Jesus. The doctors would have frightened me into my grave long ago, had I paid attention to them; but I live, and live by faith in Jesus and the power of God. You must do the same. I am going forward, trusting in Him."

At Khartoum he had a delay of some weeks. He spoke several times in the English church, at the invitation of Bishop Gwynne, the bishop in Khartoum, his unusual presentation of the Gospel gripping some of his audience and leading to the conversion of the son of a famous Scottish divine.

Finally, accompanied by Bishop Gwynne, he set off for Southern Sudan. Here they were met by Archdeacon Shaw of the CMS, and the three on mule and on foot went two and a half months' trek through the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The road lay through malarial and sleeping-sickness country and was so hard on the animals that 25 donkeys died out of 29; but in spite of it being the rainy season, C.T. was splendidly fit throughout the trek, until he got back to Khartoum, where he came down with a very severe attack of malaria. They found the people there very needy but very few, and the CMS were already operating in parts of the countryside.

But while trekking, information of yet greater importance had come to their ears. They were told that beyond the southern frontier of the Sudan, in the Belgian Congo, there were vast masses of people as depraved and destitute as those they had seen, who had never heard of Christ. That information was the basis of another message from God to C.T., and a commission to press yet further forward.

"Going down the Nile, on the return journey to Khartoum, God again spoke. 'Dare you go back to spend the remainder of your days in England, knowing of these masses who have never heard of Jesus Christ? If you do, how will you meet Me henceforth before My throne?' That settled the matter. After such a word it was impossible to have the pluck to stay in England."

\* \* \*

Eighteen months later two men, one over 52 and the other but 20, were pushing their way into the interior of Africa, across the frontiers of the Belgian Congo and into the very heart--the first pioneers of the Heart of Africa Mission, which was the first advance of a far bigger crusade.

C.T. had returned to England aflame with this new crusade, and had forthwith launched it. He wrote a series of booklets which were not only the foundation of the crusade but which blazed with the passion of Christ for the lost, and have been a call to arms that has sent dozens of men and women to the foreign field.

C.T. wrote: "We should go crusading for Christ. We have the men, the means and the ways--steam and electricity and iron have leveled the lands and bridged the seas. The doors of the world have been opened wide for us by our God. We pray and preach, we shout 'Onward Christian soldiers, marching on to war,' and then? ... we whisper, 'I pray Thee have me excused!' What glorious humbugs we are!

"Five hundred millions of heathen have not been evangelized, so it is computed. Yet our great missionary societies have reached high water mark, and if they have not already begun to retrench, are seriously thinking of doing so.

"Last June at the mouth of the Congo there awaited a thousand prospectors, traders, merchants and gold seekers, waiting to rush into these regions as soon as the

government opened the door to them, for rumor declared that there is an abundance of gold. If such men hear so loudly the call of gold and obey it, can it be that the ears of Christ's soldiers are deaf to the call of God and the cries of the dying souls of men? Are gamblers for gold so many and gamblers for God so few?

"When shall God be able to say to the Devil, 'Hast thou seen my Christians today? No longer do they seek for gold or pleasure, for honors or ease; from henceforth My Christians will spill their blood for the love and cause of My beloved Son and the salvation of the neediest of men.' When indeed shall we see a real 'Church Militant' here on Earth?

"Too long we have been waiting for one another to begin! The time for waiting is past! The hour of God has struck! War is declared! 'The God of Heaven, He will fight for us,' as we for Him. We will not build on the sand, but on the bedrock of the sayings of Christ, and the gates and minions of hell shall not prevail against us. Should such men as we fear? Before the whole world, aye, before the sleepy, lukewarm, faithless, namby-pamby Christian world we will dare to trust our God. We will venture our all for Him, we will live and die for Him, and we will do it with His joy unspeakable singing aloud in our hearts. We will a thousand times sooner die trusting only in our God than live trusting in man."

## 15

### **Through Cannibal Tribes**

The parting from his wife seemed even harder this time. But she was now with him in making the sacrifice, although the harder part was to be hers, to remain at home, never knowing from month to month what news she would receive of her husband, separated from her by seven thousand miles. The Lord spoke to her and gave her the victory a few days before he left.

"That night before I went to bed [she writes], I sat down by the fire and I began to weep. I do not often weep, but I wept sore that night. Then I thought, 'This will never do. I shall be ill tomorrow, and unable to help anyone.' Going up in the train that day to Waterloo, I had been reading a book in which there were two references: Psalm 34 and Daniel 3:29. I had decided in my first spare moments I would read those passages, so I opened my Bible. The very first words seemed almost to knock me down. The first was 'I will.' It means determination, grit, courage. 'I will bless'--I will make the Lord happy--and that was not to be attained by weeping. 'I will bless the Lord *at all times*'--now! And before I got to the end of that verse, the tears were gone and I got to the point where I could say, 'I will make the Lord happy *now*.'

"Then I read on. 'I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from *all my fears*.' 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of *all his troubles*'; and then the last was the most astonishing of all, '*He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken*.' Coupled with this promise I was given Daniel 3:29, 'There is no God that can deliver after this sort.' I just felt every fear was gone, all my troubles, all that 'left alone' was going to mean, all the fears of malarial fever and the poisoned arrows of the savages, and I went to bed rejoicing."

On the eve of their parting, in a flash of inspiration, C.T. put the thought of both

their hearts into a sentence, and that sentence became the motto of the crusade. A young fellow sat talking with them and remonstrated with C.T. He said, "Is it a fact that at 52 you mean to leave your country, your home, your wife and your children?" C.T. replied, "If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him."

From the ship he wrote to his wife:

"Feb.1, 1913. Well, my darling, God was good to keep us so busy that last night. He knew I could not stand much, and so He engineered us right through and gave the glory in our souls. ... Don't be anxious. The Lord will be the Victor, and He will bring us into a wealthy place. I have never felt the power of God more since those Shanghai days. Good-bye, my darling Priscilla. We began risking all for God and we will end as we began, loving each other utterly and only less than we love Jesus."

In a letter to Dr. Wilkinson he told of the fire burning within him in characteristic style:

"The committee I work under is a conveniently small committee, a very wealthy committee, a wonderfully generous committee, and is always sitting in session--the committee of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

"We have a multi-millionaire to back us up, out and away the wealthiest person in the world. I had an interview with Him. He gave me a checkbook free and urged me to draw upon Him. He assured me His Firm clothes the grass of the field, preserves the sparrows, counts the hairs of the children's heads. He said the Head of the Firm promises to supply all our needs, and, to make sure, one of the Partners, or rather two, were to go along with each member of our parties, and would never leave us or fail us. He even showed me some testimonials from former clients. A tough old chap with a long beard said on one occasion supplies had arrived and been delivered by black ravens, and on another, by a white-winged angel. Another little old man who seemed scarred and marked all over like a walnut shell said he had been saved from death times untold, for he had determined to put to proof the assurance that he who would lose his life for the Firm's sake would find it. He told stories more wonderful than Arabian Nights, of escapes and hardships, travels and dungeons, and with such a fire in his eye and laugh in his voice added, 'But out of all of them the Partner delivered me.' He said gambling for Christ was the best game in the world. He said the compulsory rest was rather hard on him now with the gambling craze still there, but the Chief Partner commanded it and said he must not be greedy and selfish about it."

C.T.'s one companion was Alfred B. Buxton, son of his old friend of Cambridge days, Rev. Barclay Buxton. Alfred had just taken his degree at Cambridge, but gave up the remainder of his medical course to come straight out with him. Together they journeyed through Kenya and Uganda to the shores of Lake Albert.

C.T. wrote: "Many were the difficulties and obstacles in our path. We had not passed this way hitherto. We had no acquaintance with the language of the natives among whom we would be traveling for some months. Whilst as regards French, the language of the Belgian officials, I knew but a little 'dog' and Buxton but a little 'cat' French, the small residue we had failed to forget of the meager stock accumulated at

school in days gone by. But we always interviewed officials together, and it was wonderful how often when the dog could not raise a bark, the cat was able to bring out a meow. Many were the lions in the way, all looking exceedingly fierce; however, we remembered that 'Christian' of old encountered lions, but as he dared to proceed on spite of them, he found they were invisibly chained.

"Some said, 'The Belgians will not let you in because you are British.' I replied, 'That remains to be seen, and I go to prove it.' Even the heroic Bishop Tucker gave it as his solemn opinion that we should be unable to successfully run the gauntlet of the many deadly fevers and dangers to which we would be exposed, and would never come out alive. Then we met the lion of fever. My companion was very young and not over-strong--his 21st birthday had not yet seen the light. Being still in British East Africa, we had not yet approached the real fever zone, but down he went with an obstinate attack which confined him to bed for a week. However, faith in doing only the reasonable is but a 'bastard'; the 'heir' is that faith which joyfully attempts the impossible in the will and by the power of God--so we proceeded.

"At Masindi there was a fire in the camp which destroyed one of our tents and other useful things, and also we were met by another lion, a real man-eater this one, who has had many victims in the past. My companion received a cable from relatives, who had been assured by another missionary that he was far too young and wholly unsuitable for pioneering in Congo Land, dissuading him in the strongest terms from proceeding. The boy had to face perhaps the most difficult and trying question of a lifetime, one which has caused many to turn aside and lose an eternal weight of glory. But to the loyal Christian there must be but one answer to the question as to which comes first--the Father in Heaven or relations on Earth. His decision to proceed was that of a true man of God. God has honored that decision in a very wonderful way. Many others of more mature age have entered the Congo and been the victims of fever again and again, but this stripling of faith never had an hour's fever during the next two years. God also honored those same relations by allowing them 12 months later to send another cable, this time to express their joy at the decision of a younger brother to come and join us in the Belgian Congo."

A three-day trek from Masindi brought them to the shores of Lake Albert. The crossed the lake and another lion had his mouth shut, for they had a good reception from the Belgian official and were allowed to enter the Congo. That night they camped on the lake shore to the sound of mosquitoes and lake flies and the grunt or barking of the crocodiles. Nevertheless, they were happy.

C.T. wrote: "I know I am God's. I know I only want His glory and the salvation of others, and I know He knows it. I never was better nor stronger for years and years, but best of all, I know God is with us. He talks to me, and His blessed Word means more than ever before, and makes me burn and dare and do for Him."

They journeyed on through the fierce Balenda tribe. "In these regions Mr. Buxton and I became separated one day from the porters; taking a wrong track, we traveled for three hours up and down exceedingly steep hills with densely peopled villages. We had neither food nor money, and no knowledge of the language. Dead beat and with a terribly clamorous vacuum inside, we found ourselves up against an

exceedingly tough proposition. Meeting a man with a basket full of raw corn cobs and sweet potatoes, we commandeered a small supply, but then were faced with the problem of how to pay for them. Necessity is the mother of revelation, and it came with a flash. Why do breeches have so many buttons? To be cut off and used as money in Central Africa, of course! A few sent our friend off as pleased as Punch, though how his wife would stitch them on his skin without causing him considerable pain is an enigma. At the next village an encounter with that rare bird, a man in clothes, proved a success; in a few minutes we had a fire, a cook, and much cheerful company. The cooking was commendably simple and unspoiled by any rich sauces. Having neither saucepan, grid-iron, frying pan or even a paper bag, our chef pitched the food into the fire and pulled it out, done to a turn, half an hour afterwards. Eating with considerable gusto, we soon found ourselves with revived strength, plus that comfortable after-dinner feeling which frequenters of the Ritz are said to enjoy. A few more buttons settled the bill. Their filed teeth declared our friends-in-need to be cannibals, but as both of us were lank, lean and tough, they were not tempted beyond what they were able to bear, so neither they nor we succumbed. Hence we departed the best of friends and amidst considerable applause.

"Kilo is a great gold-mining center, and there we were unavoidably detained for three months owing to transport difficulties. We became dwellers in tents and followed the simple life. With a tent, a bed, a box and a basin apiece, what more does anyone desire in the rainy season? Three stones in the open air made a range and a kitchen *deluxe*. You never know how much you can do without till you try.

"Here I was permitted to sample the African fever so frequently as to know it by heart, but without any increase of affection. It was like being ducked repeatedly by the Devil, and once I thought he had ducked me too much. But as I came up and sputtered out each time, 'Too bad, old chap,' he finally got annoyed and sat down in the sulks and left us alone.

"The worst ducking was an ugly affair; the fever mounted, the weakness increased, all the medicines had failed, and the time for disappearing seemed to have arrived. The darkest hour brought a brilliant flash of memory: 'Is any sick? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them anoint him with oil,' etc. There was but one 'elder' and he was in his twentieth year, but no matter. But where was the oil? Neither salad, olive, or even linseed oil did we possess! What's the matter with lamp oil? What, kerosene? Why not? It is oil, and that is all the Book says, and we cannot afford to be narrow-minded. The 'elder' brought in the lamp oil, dipped his finger, anointed my forehead, and then knelt down and prayed. How God did it I don't know, nor do I care, but this I know: Next morning, whereas I was sick, nigh unto death, now I was healed. We can trust Him too little, but we cannot trust God too much."

"From Kilo to Arebi, our track lay in the great Ituri forest, which Stanley passed through, justly famed for its precipitous and slippery paths, where the overhanging trees intercept the light of the sun and where you march to the tune of 'Drip! Drip! Drip! The drips are falling, and where the forest denizens are the invisible pygmies.

"From Arebi to Dungu the road was better and we were able to use our cycles a

good deal. At Dungu we had one great joy, that of meeting a real, true, faithful friend, though hitherto we had been perfect strangers--the Count Ferdinand de Grunne. Our debts to him were many and very great.

"If a man is faithful to God, he is bound to lose some friends, but God always raises up others and truer ones to take the vacant places. The Count de Grunne was a friend indeed and a friend in need--not merely in words but also in deeds. No trouble was too much, no kindness too great for him to do. To him under God we owe our concessions at Niangara and Nala, and through his kind expressions and introduction to others on our behalf, the other twelve concessions also. He died a hero's death at Dungu just twelve months later, but even on his deathbed he did not forget us, but dictated a letter which to me is worth more than its weight in gold."

From Dungu they went to Niangara, a three-day voyage down the Welle River by canoe. And so at last they had gained their heart's desire and reached Niangara, the very heart of Africa, after nine months' arduous traveling and living mostly in tents, during which, as C.T. said afterwards, "We got into so many tight corners, but always found God there, that we began to look out for, nay, even desire, tight corners to get into, that we might see how God would extricate us from them."

It was remarkable how God led them to this place, for it had not been their original plan. They had thought to start work at Faradje, ten days from Niangara; then, when this door closed, at Dungu. Then the closing of that door forced them on to Niangara. But now how thankful they were for these disappointments. All around Faradje and Dungu the country is dreary miles of grassland from 5 to 18 feet high, with scant population. But by Niangara the scene changes, vegetation becomes luxurious, grassland gives place to the great trees of the tropical forest, everywhere are little groups of grass-thatched huts, surrounded by plantations of bananas and palm trees. They had entered the fringes of the great tropical forest which contains, though unknown to them at the time, the biggest population of the whole of Congo. Added to this, God had in His own wonderful way given them favor with this Roman Catholic government official of high standing, who not only directed them to all these strategic centers of population in this forest region but enabled them to get concessions in them. The first stage of this venture of faith had been crowned with success beyond their dreams.

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### **The Very Heart of Africa**

Niangara was reached on October 16, 1913. Alfred Buxton wrote: "At the time we knew not whether our work would develop northwards or southwards, but we were inclined to settle our station to the south, near the great Chief Okondo's village. Then at the beginning of December, Mr. Studd began to feel we must have a place near Niangara as a headquarters station. The idea grew until we went out in search of a site. We were just giving up the search when we came to a beautiful grove of palm trees. We were so taken with the spot that the next day we went out and started to clear the brush. Alas, we had hardly begun when the headman of a nearby village appeared and told us we couldn't have the land. We were quite in despair when the

same native said he knew a better place to which he would guide us through the bush. It certainly was better! A fine spring, better elevation, good soil and an abundance of palms. Next day we started to clear. Again the same story, only more natives, hotter words, and stronger gestures to show we were not wanted and could not have the land.

"Our next step was a trip five days south to Nala. The place is a splendid center; nearby are the most densely populated places in the Congo. It is wonderful how God has led us down to this country *teeming* with people, which would probably not have been discovered if we had stayed with our original plans.

"Mr. Studd instantly applied to the government for a concession at Nala. The chief gave his consent to our occupation of the much-coveted site there, which promptly became ours. Thus God had forced us south, refusing to give us any concession in Niangara until Nala had become His."

Thus the first two mission stations were obtained. Work was started at Niangara immediately, clearing, planting and building. The first mission house was up in a few weeks at a cost of 6 pounds, and was named "Buckingham Palace."

While there, C.T. had a narrow escape from a snake. He wrote: "God's protecting hand is over us. This morning we had just finished breakfast when the 'boys' came saying, 'There is a snake in your bed!' I went and found underneath my blanket a thin green snake, which the natives say is death if it bites you. I had slept with it last night. It is impossible for me not to remember that wonderful episode last January of Psalm 91 and my having been given that Psalm at various places five times in two days just before I left. He had given His angels charge over me, and they had not fallen asleep."

After establishing Nala, C.T. took an extended trip to the south. He wrote: "We passed through people who had been at war two months before; all carried bows and arrows, even the young children, but they were quite friendly with us. Ten years ago the first white man came among them with 35 soldiers to subdue the country. He was told one night that if he advanced the next day, he would be killed; he advanced, and he and 33 of his men were killed, cooked and eaten. Less than five years ago the Medje Poste used to receive arrows nightly, shot by the natives into their settlement, and every new arrival had to run the gauntlet as he made his way along the track. Today they are quiet and friendly.

"Day after day they run along in front and behind our cycles, shouting, laughing and singing their chants; you never heard such a din nor saw so great enthusiasm. From dawn to dark they are with us and around us. One's head seemed like cracking, but it was only one's face that did that, through having to laugh and smile perpetually. This was a small matter, however, when one's heart was so full of joy at having found the people God had sent me after during these years.

"We had searched and searched, and here they were. In 1911 on the Nile God said, 'You must go and see and find them; they are there across the Sudan boundary.' How the Devil has fought for them, but God is stronger than he and has brought us two fools here. Here were these people receiving us in the friendliest of ways. They would carry our cycles gratis, across streams or rivers, across broken, dilapidated bridges, and up and down gullies and ravines. They would lead us by the hand. Men, women

and children ran along with us. One young lady held my hand pulling me up a gully, and another did ditto the other side. One even put her arm around my neck. And so we marched along amid the singing, laughing crowds, all as jolly as could be. And of course I thought of what some folks would say if they could only have seen our triumphal march. 'Shocking! Scandalous! And he a missionary! Did you ever?' Well, we are both living happily ever afterwards! They didn't speak Bangala and we didn't speak Swahili, so we had to talk by gestures.

"Here is our 'El Dorado.' Here is a land and people to whom the blessed Name has never been known throughout all time. Shall we leave them thus? We will not. We will declare the glory of God to this people."

One more long trek was taken to Poko, five days northwest of Nala, and then another six days to Bambili. Both were good centers for opening work, and at both concessions were applied for and granted. In two years the heart of Africa had been entered, surveyed, and four strategic centers chosen, covering some hundreds of miles and touching eight tribes. How wonderfully God had prospered the men who dared to obey the Holy Ghost and leave the consequences to Him. Now the time to occupy and evangelize had come. News had already reached them of a party of five on the way, so C.T. and his young companion separated--C.T. to continue the long trek overland, 1,000 miles to the sea and to England to enlist more recruits; Alfred Buxton to meet the new party, open the work at Nala, and continue the reduction of the language to writing.

During C.T.'s absence the first baptism was held on the river, where 12 were baptized, while another shot into the water with a revolver to scare away the crocodiles.

Each convert's testimony was remarkable. Alfred Buxton later wrote: "Each one is greeted, when they first come, with 'What have you come here for? Because I tell you frankly there is not much money to be got here. Our men have enough to live on, but all we really care about is getting men to learn about God and to read His Word.' In spite of such a greeting, one and all have answered, 'We do not care a snap about money; what we want is *God*.'"

Later, one of the early converts, who was an old soldier, put his experiences of cannibalism to practical use in quelling a rebellion amongst some canoe men from a wild river tribe, who were paddling C.T. down the Aruwimi, by shouting out to them, "Get on with your work! Remember, in my time I have eaten better men than you." And there was no further trouble!

\* \* \*

C.T. had many tests on his journey into Africa, but the severest of all came by news from home. Shortly after he sailed, Priscilla was suddenly taken severely ill. Her heart was found to have extended out several inches. For days she was only kept alive by stimulants, until after the prayer of faith, she turned the corner. But even then her recovery was partial, and she remained an invalid with no likelihood of further improvement. The doctor's verdict was that she "must live quietly in every sense of the word for the rest of her life." She had to go to her room each night at seven and not come down the next day till lunch time.

No doctor's verdict, however, could stop her from joining in the new crusade. She had the example of her husband before her, and his victory of faith over all bodily weakness. More than that, she had God's call. She knew that it was God who had led her husband to start the crusade, and that He was calling her to the fight side by side with him. So, regardless of her condition, she took up the reins at the home end. At first she nominally kept to the doctor's conditions of rising and retiring, but broke all rules in the amount of work she did. Later, as we shall see, she took the whole plunge.

From her bed and invalid couch she formed prayer centers, issued monthly pamphlets by the thousand, wrote often 20 and 30 letters a day, and planned and edited the first issue of the "Heart of Africa Mission" magazine. So when C.T. arrived home at the end of 1914, he found the home end of the work being carried on vigorously.

Certainly the foolishness of God is wiser than men. In two years the heart of Africa had been pioneered by a grandfather who was a physical wreck, while the home end of the mission had been established by an invalid from her couch. Such was the foundation of the HAM (Heart of Africa Mission). God's plan only requires one thing for its fulfillment--not education, nor talents, nor youth, nor strength, but *faith*.

For the last time on Earth C.T. went up and down England, pleading with God's people to rise up and fight and sacrifice for perishing souls, with at least as much zeal and heroism as they were displaying in the Great War (WWI) then at its height. He refused to spare himself. He was weak and wasted from his long travels. He had constant attacks of malaria. Sometimes he went up on the platform with the fever on him and preached his temperature down to normal.

He took the magazine in hand and wrote stirring appeals: "There are more than twice as many Christian uniformed officers at home among peaceful Britain's 40 million evangelized inhabitants than the whole number of Christ's forces fighting at the front among 1,200 million heathen! And yet such call themselves soldiers of Christ! What do the angels call them, I wonder? The 'Let's save Britain first' brigade are in the succession of the 'I pray thee have me excused' apostles.

"Christ's call is to feed the hungry, not the full; to save the lost, not the stiff-necked; not to call the scoffers, but sinners to repentance; not to build and furnish comfortable chapels, churches and cathedrals at home in which to rock Christians to sleep by means of clever essays, stereotyped prayers and artistic musical performances, but to raise living churches of souls among the destitute, to capture men from the Devil's clutches and snatch them from the very jaws of Hell, to enlist and train them for Jesus, and make them into an Almighty Army of God. But this can only be accomplished by a red-hot, unconventional, unfettered Holy Ghost religion, where neither church nor state, neither man nor traditions are worshipped or preached, but only Christ and Him crucified. Not to confess Christ by fancy collars, clothes, crosses, church steeples or altar cloths, but by reckless sacrifice and heroism in the foremost trenches.

"When in hand to hand conflict with the world and the Devil, one needs a man who will let himself go and deliver blows right and left as hard as he can, trusting in the Holy Ghost. It's the hot, free heart and not the balanced head that knocks the

Devil out. Nothing but forked-lightning Christians will count. A lost reputation is the best degree for Christ's service.

"I am more than ever determined that no limit shall be placed around us other than that of our Lord Himself, who said, 'To the uttermost parts' and 'to every creature.'

"The difficulty is to believe that He can deign to use such scallywags as us, but of course He wants faith and fools rather than talents and culture. All God wants is a heart--any old turnip will do for a head; so long as we are empty, all is well, for then He fills with the Holy Ghost.

"The fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost will change soft, sleek Christians into hot, lively heroes for Christ, who will advance and fight and die, but not mark time. Let us race toward Heaven. Don't be a luggage train.

"Christ wants not nibblers of the possible, but grabbers of the impossible, by faith in the omnipotence, fidelity and wisdom of the Almighty Savior who gave the command. Is there a wall in our path? By our God we will leap over it! Are there lions and scorpions in our way? We will trample them under our feet! Does a mountain bar our way? Saying, 'Be thou removed and cast into the sea,' we will march on! Soldiers of Jesus, never surrender!

"Such as look to Jesus become grasshoppers in their own sight, but giants in the estimation of the Devil.

"'But what if C.T. dies?' This frequent and foolish question must have its answer. Here it is from C.T. himself: 'We will all shout Hallelujah. The world will have lost its biggest fool, and with one less fool to handicap Him, God will do greater wonders still. There shall be no funeral, no wreathes nor tears. Congratulations all around will take place. "And I, if I be offered up, rejoice and congratulate you; do ye also rejoice and congratulate me" (Phil.2:17,18, Lightfoot's Translation). Our God will still be alive, and nothing else matters. The first Heart of Africa Mission funeral will take place when God dies, but as that will not be, cheer up all. Forward! Hallelujah! "To die is gain."

"Some wish to live within the sound  
Of church or chapel bell,  
I want to run a rescue shop  
Within a yard of Hell."

In July 1916, all was ready for his return to Africa. A party of eight were quipped. They included his daughter Edith, going out to marry Alfred Buxton. Neither he nor Mrs. Studd had the remotest idea that this was his good-bye forever to England, and almost his good-bye on Earth to her, for in the next 13 years they were only to meet for one bare fortnight, until they rejoined each other forever before the Throne.

### C.T. Amongst the Natives

The party traveled by the west coast of Africa to the mouth of the Congo River, 700 miles up by river steamer, and then another 300 miles through the forest by foot. The arrival at Nala was an amazing experience to C.T. Two years before he had left behind him just an unoccupied concession, a few deserted houses amidst a forest of palm trees.

He wrote: "We had a wonderful reception at Nala. It was a vast, delighted crowd. For two years they had waited. Hope deferred had made their hearts sick at times, but when hope deferred becomes hope realized, the heart gets wonderfully robust. The folks, natives and native Christians, came out a long way to meet us, with drums and bugles and shouting. We marched straight to the house they had prepared for me, and there all gave praise *fortissimo* to God in the Doxology."

Then came a quick visit to Niangara, and the first white wedding in the heart of Africa. Four years had Alfred Buxton remained at his post of duty in spite of urgent calls to come home and claim his bride.

C.T. wrote: "The wedding day was a full one. We went up the river in two canoes to our mission premises early in the morning for the English and Bangala service there. It was the first house we had possessed in Africa, 'Buckingham Palace,' which cost us no less than 6 pounds. We had breakfast there beneath the palm trees.

"The service was sweet, and not over long. My ordination--that of D.L. Moody and Dr. Torrey--was the authority for the performance of the ceremony. The chapel was full, and the bride and bridegroom were as handsome and pretty as if it had been a St. George, Hanover Square, affair. Then followed the native feast and congratulations, which occupied the time till our return in the canoes.

"It became a rush to get through in time for the legal service, which was attended by all the Belgian officials in their full-dress uniforms, with medals and orders. The commissioner stood beside the Chef de District, who, as he read the preamble, shook with becoming nervousness. For was it not the first white wedding ever performed in the heart of Africa? Twenty minutes sufficed for the ceremony, and then all came to tea, coffee, wedding cake, and the funniest French ever heard there."

With what joy C.T. now settled down to work, making Nala his headquarters and scattering his staff of missionaries to occupy Niangara, Poko and Bambili, the other three strategic centers of the Welle Province, thus manning the four corners of a very rough square of territory about half the size of England and containing some ten tribes.

C.T. wrote: "April 1917. The work here is a marvel, quite beyond my conception. The finger of God is writ all over it. We arrived here two strangers three and a half years ago, the natives sunk in sin, the medium of communication to be learned, yet there are now 100 baptized converts. Many chiefs are beginning to build schools and other houses at their centers, that we may go and instruct them and their people. Everywhere we have an open door for ourselves and our native Christians.

"Last January some 15 or 20 members of the native church went out to preach voluntarily in the regions around here. They were paid the princely sum of three

francs a head for board, keep, traveling expenses, and incidentals for three months, and yet some on their return to Nala handed back a franc to the church fund. This time 50-odd desired to go and preach. It was a lesson in how to evangelize these regions. We white evangelists have five porters each to carry our necessities; they carried their own. Each man or woman carried a bed, but this consists solely of a grass mat. The bedding consists of a thin blanket, if he has one at all. The only lunch basket he possesses is beneath his belt, from which hang a jungle knife and an enamel cup. A straw hat on the head of his own make, a loincloth, and you have the heart of Africa missionary complete.

"The last impromptu meeting was under the mango tree. Here's my final advice to them:

"1. If you don't desire to meet the Devil during the day, meet Jesus before dawn.

"2. If you don't want the Devil to hit you, hit him first, and hit him with all your might, so that he might be too crippled to hit back. 'Preach the Word' is the rod the Devil fears and hates.

"3. Three of the Devil's dogs with which he hits us are: Swelled head, laziness, cupidity.

"After final prayer and committal, they rushed up asking, 'How long are we to stay out?' 'If you are tired, return at the end of one month; if not, return at the end of two; if you can stick three months, very good!' 'Oh no!' said one beaming face, 'I shan't be back for a year.' Whilst another continued, 'You won't see me again for 18 months.' And off they went singing:

"I love Jesus Christ,  
Jesus loves me;  
And nothing else in the world matters,  
So abounding joy possesses me.  
Hallelujah!"

"October 10, 1918. The progress is simply wonderful; people are coming to us from every quarter and from very long distances. We are having pretty nearly weekly baptisms. The converts are evangelizing far and near. Many chiefs are imploring us to send them teachers and are even building chapels and houses for us.

"Four men came a 20 days' journey to Nala, and when asked why, said, 'All the world knows there is much knowledge of God at Nala.'"

On trek also, C.T. had grand times, not now spying out the land but visiting the chiefs and evangelizing the people. He writes of his visit to Chief Aboramasi:

"We only got into Aboramasi's village at dark and all were pretty tired. We only thought of food and bed. But God had something better in store than bed in a hurry. I had some rice. The chief came and his people. We sang hymns, and then worshipped. We were in the open with a bright fire and moonlight. The chief and people were so interested and appreciative. We forgot our weariness in the joy of telling of Jesus, and finding Him appreciated, so that when at last all had returned to their homes and I could have a quiet time in my blankets, the hour was half past 1 A.M., yet one felt as gay as a lark.

"The next day the chief and his brother chief and crowds came and occupied my house all day, and one could not but remember those Jews spending the whole day with Paul, speaking of the things of the Kingdom of God. We spoke and sang all day, and then had a lantern service in the evening. I had to operate it and also explain the pictures. Then I talked a bit, urging acceptance of Christ. I am a poor Bangala speaker, and so I said to Boemi, 'Now's your innings. They may not have understood my edition, so give them yours.' So Boemi began, 'Brothers all, I am going to say a few words in case you have not understood the words of Bwana [C.T.]; but from the chief and people came a perfect storm of 'Wapi! Wapi!' Which translated would mean as follows: 'Stuff and nonsense, we understand every word.' So you see the God of miracles is still alive and can even interpret my clumsy, unsatisfactory sentences to the people. Then up rose the chief and spoke to the people, and they responded. Then came a moment which the wealth of earth cannot buy, for he said, 'I and my people, and my brother chief and his people, desire to tell you that we believe these things about God and Jesus and ourselves, and we all want to travel the same road as you-- the road to Heaven.'"

Meanwhile a new door had been opened and been occupied--the door into the Ituri Province, where a new mission station had been established. One of the earliest converts was the blind Ndubani, whose eyes had been put out by having red pepper rubbed in them to prevent him becoming chief. He had a dream in which he saw flames rising at the end of a road upon which he was walking, and heard a voice saying, "Wait for the white man with the book and he will tell you how to escape the flames." He has been a faithful witness ever since, tapping his way round the villages, led by his son, and preaching the Gospel. The great chief of that district, Abiengama, was a cannibal and had recently captured and eaten 14 native porters. But when his chief wife heard for the first time of the great loving God, she exclaimed, "I always said there ought to be a God like that."

Three years were thus occupied, and then C.T. had to say good-bye to his "Timothy," Alfred Buxton. For six years they had worked together. Has there ever been another example of a young man at the age of 20 penetrating into the heart of a savage country, left alone after 2 years, reducing the language to writing, and building up the first church of Jesus Christ among an ignorant, semi-naked and desperately depraved people?

With Alfred had gone his wife and four others needing a furlough, and baby Susan, the first white baby born in the Heart of Africa. This had left the staff on the field seriously depleted. Parties had not been able to come out during the past 18 months because of the stress of the war in 1917 and 1918, and a few had left the work. Then followed a period of great testing, testing through shortage of workers, through ill health, but above all, through the heartbreak of backsliding. Some of the leading Christians fell into sin, and C.T. became increasingly conscious of the need of a deeper work of God in the hearts of the people.

Among the encouragements of these days were the early morning prayer meetings which he started:

"You should hear these folks at the 5 A.M. daily prayer meetings in the cutty-cutty

[central part of the house]. We have this before sunrise. The meeting is supposed to be at 5:30, but they troop down at 5 A.M. and begin singing and praying; and oh, the prayers they pray! No humdrum affair, these, but red-hot shots from their very hearts.

"One night I was very late at work. It was 2 A.M. and it was not worthwhile going to bed for an hour and a half, so I thought of lying down as I was. I was just blowing out the candle when I noticed a black form on a chair nearby. As I looked, he broke out with his excuse for coming. 'I could not sleep, I must receive the Holy Ghost! Will you not pray for me?' Was there ever such an electric shock galvanizing into new life a dog-tired pudding-head such as I was then? Never! We prayed, and then I got him a long chair and put him in it by the fire while I lay down on the bed.

"I often think it is just the prayers of these people (and of course of you all at home) that keep me alive. Whatever else escapes their memory, in their prayers they never forget to pray as follows: 'And there's Bwana, Lord. He is a very aged man [60], his strength is no use; give him Yours, Lord, and the Holy Ghost as well.'"

Relief came in the spring of 1920. Mrs. Studd and the committee at home had so felt the need of sending reinforcements that they got down to prayer, and although they knew of none ready at the time, sent a cable by faith in the summer of 1919, "Reinforcements leaving *this* year." God answered, and seven days before the year closed, the first party sailed. It included his youngest daughter Pauline and her husband. They were followed within a month or two by two further parties, and from that time onwards there was a steady stream of recruits, so that within three years the workers increased from six to nearly 40.

Meanwhile, the regions beyond were urgently calling. C.T. had never forgotten those crowds and crowds of people who had mobbed them on their first journey through the Ituri forest; and now he was receiving reports from both native evangelists and missionaries of thousands clamoring to be taught. The return of Alfred Buxton in 1921 to take on the work at Nala made it possible for him to go further afield. So with all the joy of the pioneer evangelist, he turned his face toward the white harvest field of the Ituri Province.

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### **Forward Ever, Backward Never!**

In the Ituri forest, four days south of Nala, lived a big chief named Ibambi. It was evident that his village was the center of a great population. To reach it one walked for hours along a path where the virgin forest had been cleared back a hundred yards on each side. Lofty palm trees, with their beautiful crowns, grew everywhere in disordered profusion, and all along the pathway beneath their shade, nestling among banana trees with their huge green leaves and great bunches of fruit, were myriads of the neatest of bamboo huts. There seemed to be simply no end to the people.

In 1922 C.T. moved his headquarters to Ibambi. By now he was famous for many miles around, the gaunt figure with the thick beard, aquiline nose, burning words and merry laugh. He was as much the apostle to that region as Paul was to Asia

Minor, and they called him "Bwana Mukuba" (Great White Chief). Many are called "Bwana," but none except he was ever "Bwana Mukuba."

Ibambi became the headquarters of the mission. He found the numbers and eagerness of the people to hear no whit exaggerated, and it can be imagined with what joy he threw himself into instructing them.

To Ibambi they came by the hundreds to be taught and baptized. "We were besieged by people coming for baptism. Almost every day one could hear the hymns of people coming from various directions."

Then he began to go out into the forest area around there. He visited Imbai's, five hour from Ibambi, where the head man of a village had asked for a teacher.

C.T. wrote: "What music it is to tired hearts and heavy ears to hear the sound of hymn singing coming closer and closer, and then to see a band of men and women, boys and girls, who have marched one or two or eight or ten hours to hear the words of God. I found some 1,500 blacks, all packed tight as sardines, squatting on the ground in the sweltering midday African sun. They are singing hymns to God in a great untrained choir, making better melody to God than a choir of a thousand Carusos. You watch their eager faces as they squat there drinking in every word of the preacher. They are greedy for the Gospel. A two-hour meeting doesn't trouble them, unless it be that they consider it scant measure. They were then sent to rest for an hour. Then they turned up bright and greedy as ever for their second innings."

At Adzangwe's, three hours away, it was the same. At the conclusion of a meeting there, C.T. and others had spoken long, and as he closed, he apologized. The voice of an old man came from the midst of the throng, 'Don't stop, sire, don't stop! Some of us are very old and have never heard these words before, and have but little time to hear in the future.'

Half a dozen other places were the same. Bwana had indeed found his "El Dorado." Much pressure was brought to bear on him to persuade him to go home, but he had begun to reap a ripened harvest and would not be moved, neither now nor later. He always gave the same answer, that God had told him to come out when every voice was raised against him, and that only God could tell him when to go home. To one who reproved him for not going home, he wrote:

"Had I cared for the comments of people, I should never have been a missionary and there would never have been a H.A.M. As Micaiah said, 'The Word that God gives me to speak I shall speak,' so also the work that God gives me to do I shall strive to accomplish or die in the attempt. ... If I am not so efficient as youngsters, yet at least I may be more efficient than an absentee, a nobody. And if others have failed to hear and respond to these awful pleadings of sinful men going to Hell, yet desiring to know the way to Heaven, at least my presence can assure them that there are still some who to save them will count life and all they hold dear as of no account in comparison.

"God knows all about my health and need of a rest and need of many things regarded as absolutely necessary in order to live in these regions. I gladly laugh at being without them, and rejoice in a living death with a marvelous joy, in order to fill the place that others have left unoccupied, whatever their reasons for so doing."

## **The God of Wonders**

The day after C.T. left for Africa in 1916, his wife launched out in faith. We do not know whether she had in mind the letter in which he had urged her to trust Jesus for the body, as in China, but she did it. She got off the invalid's couch by faith, never to return to it again.

C.T. later wrote Alfred Buxton: "Mother's resurrection is the greatest miracle I know of. I cannot say what joy it gives me. ... Surely God was waiting for some simple act of faith to send down His cyclone of blessing. That cyclone hit my wife the very day after I left, and she was never the same woman again. There was no invalid about her; she became a cyclone, became the mission's chief deputation secretary as well as a great many other things besides. God took her to the USA, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and South Africa. She lived the life of a whirlwind; she had no other thought than the salvation of souls and the care of her children."

There followed a great expansion in the mission. The coming of Mr. Gilbert Barclay into the work in 1919 as Home Overseer was not only a tremendous help to Mrs. Studd but also the beginning of a new era in the crusade. Attention had so far been entirely concentrated on the Heart of Africa. Now the crusade was expanded to needy fields worldwide, as God directed and enabled. The title "Worldwide Evangelization Crusade" was adopted, with each separate field having its own subtitle, such as "Heart of Africa Mission."

In 1922 three young men set forth on the second advance of the crusade--the Heart of Amazonia Mission. They went to the Indians of the Amazon, scattered in the vast Amazon forests like needles in a haystack--yet each with a soul beyond price, bought with Christ's blood. Some paid with their lives, but today converted Indians, with portions of the Scripture in their own tongue, are scattered among the villages evangelizing their own people.

The third advance was to central Asia, where two men crossed the Himalayas into Tibet where no European, other than missionaries, had ever lived.

A fourth and fifth advance were made to Arabia and to West Africa, and Colombia is also being pioneered.

No appeal was ever made for funds, no collections taken at meetings, nor plates at the door, nor any other means used to stimulate giving, such as sales of work, bazaars, etc. The work was started and is carried on in absolute trust in the faithfulness of God, who promised, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

By God's good hand upon us throughout the 20 years of the crusade's existence, it has never been in debt. Up to the time of Mr. Studd's death, God had sent no less a sum than 146,746 pounds. In those 20 years alone, God gave back to C.T. nearly five times the amount he gave to God in China.

### When the Holy Ghost Came

Years ago in China, Booth-Tucker had written to C.T., "Remember that mere soul-saving is comparatively easy work, and is not nearly so important as that of manufacturing the saved ones into saints, soldiers and saviors." This challenge now faced C.T. in the Heart of Africa. While he had been at Nala, there had first been a period of much apparent response and many baptisms. Then many disappointments, evidence of sin, slothfulness and self-seeking amongst even leading Christians and evangelists. He was now face to face with the same thing in the Ituri Province. From the beginning of his missionary career, he had never been satisfied with a shallow work. So he set himself to give God and the people no rest until the Holy Ghost should come upon them. From both Scripture and experience he denounced a faith that produced no works.

He wrote: "We are all gloriously discontented with the condition of the native church. It is all very well to sing hymns and to worship, but what we must see are the fruits of the spirit, and a really changed life and heart, a hatred of sin, and a passion for righteousness. We need and must have a Holy Ghost storm and atmosphere, and we shall get it. He is able to save *to the uttermost* them that go to Him by Jesus. It is also for His glory, and it is also His shame if Christians, white or black, walk not according to the spirit of Jesus.

"We shall win right enough, though it may cost a good deal to do so, and the end may easily be that glorious promise of God, 'They loved not their lives unto the death.' And after all, it would be good to die for the Lord Jesus, and for the family, and for these people. But as Paul said, 'Who is worthy of so great an honor?'"

At the same time there arose another serious crisis. There were a few on the field who were opposed to C.T.'s strong emphasis on the necessity of holiness in the lives of all true believers. There were also a few who were not really yielded to the standards of simple faith and supreme sacrifice upon which the mission was founded, which meant living in native-built houses, eating the plainest of food, no holidays, no recreations, and complete absorption in the one task of saving the heathen. There was an undercurrent of opposition to C.T.'s leadership of the work, which finally ended in his being compelled to dismiss two of the workers on the field, and a number resigning.

He wrote: "While here in the saddle, I intend to ride and get others to ride, and not be carried to Heaven on a flowery bed of ease. Let us do one thing or the other--either eat and drink, for tomorrow we die, or let us gamble with life and death and all for our Lord Jesus. None but gamblers wanted out here; let grumblers go home.

"I am getting very fearful lest fizz and froth take the place of the divine fire amongst us. I find there is far more talk and time given to food than there should be; and I find too often that the original foundation of supreme self-sacrifice gives place to self-pleasing. Ah, we do need to be intense, and our intensity must ever increase. We must always be on the crest of the wave, and all the more because all around are in the trough of the sea of sin."

The break came one night in 1925. That night a new mission was born, or rather the original mission reborn, as God began to raise up a new generation baptized with the same spirit as possessed those men and women of old, one of whom said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," another, "If I perish, I perish," and others, "Our God is able to deliver us; but if not, we will not serve thy gods."

Bwana came to prayers that night in Ibambi greatly burdened about the condition of things, and feeling that somehow or other there must come an explosion of spiritual dynamite which would clean out the hindrances. There were some eight missionaries gathered with him, reading together his favorite chapter on the heroes of faith in Hebrews 11.

"But can it be possible that such as we shall march up the golden street with such as these? The glory of the deeds of these heroes of old seems to scorch hearts and souls. What noble and utter sacrifices they made! How God honored and blessed them, and made them a blessing to others--then, in their lifetime, and now here tonight! What was the spirit which caused these mortals so to triumph and to die? The Holy Spirit of God, one of whose chief characteristics is a pluck, a bravery, a lust for sacrifice for God, and a joy in it which crucifies all human weakness and the natural desires of the flesh. This is *our* need tonight! Will God give to us as He gave to them? Yes! What are the conditions? They are ever the same, 'Sell out!' [i.e., get sold-out] There is no discount on God's price. He gives all to such as give all. All! All! Death to ALL the world, to ALL the flesh, to the Devil, and to perhaps the worst enemy of all--YOURSELF."

The talk turned to the Great War (WWI) and the heroism of the British soldier, who went "over the top" at the word of command, and did it knowing all the odds were against his coming back alive. But how to describe this spirit? The question was asked of some present who had been soldiers, and one replied, "Well, the way the sergeant-major would describe it is that the soldier doesn't care a damn\* what happens to him so long as he does his duty by his king, his country, his regiment and himself." Bwana arose, raised his arm and said, "That is what we need, and that is what I want! Oh, Lord, henceforth I won't care what happens to me, life or death, so long as my Lord Jesus Christ is glorified." One after another, all who were present arose and made the same vow, "I don't care what happens to me, joy or sorrow, health or pain, life or death, so long as Jesus is glorified." [Editor: Those missionaries who lived in such a way henceforth came to be known as "DCDs." See excerpts of C.T.'s article on the subject at the end of this chapter.]

The books were closed, heads were bowed once more in silent prayer, then all arose to disperse. But it was a new company that left the hut that night. There was a laughter on their faces and a sparkle in their eyes, a joy and love unspeakable, for each had become a soldier, a devotee to death for the glory of King Jesus his Savior, who Himself had died for him. The joy of battle possessed them, that joy that Peter described as "unspeakable."

The spirit spread to the remotest station. From that time to this there has been no check to the unity, love, joy in sacrifice and zeal for the souls of the people which has laid hold on the crusaders in the Heart of Africa. Not a murmur is heard, no matter

how short funds may be, but only expressions of praise and trust in God. It is hard to get anyone to go on furlough unless health really demands it; and when any do come, as soon as they arrive home, their first question is not "How long can I rest?" but "How can I help in the work here?" and "How soon can I go back?" Married couples put their work before their homes; one bridal couple, a few days after their marriage, even offered to separate and be at different stations for the time being, owing to the shortage of workers. Single women go on long evangelizing treks among the villages, where there is a shortage of men; In one district, the worst cannibal in the region, who was reputed to have "a hundred black men inside him," was led to Christ by a single woman missionary who visited his village. Even in sudden and tragic bereavement they have been triumphant, and glorified God at the graveside, as did one young crusader who lost his bride but a few months after marriage. He laid her in the grave himself and praised God with such a joyful countenance for her triumphant entry into His presence, and spoke with such victory, that two nuns present admitted afterwards that he had found something in religion of which they knew nothing.

In a short time the spirit spread to the native church. The challenge bit deep in a way that had never been seen before. The fear of God came on the people, an obvious awakening to the cost of following Christ, and an acceptance of the challenge by one here, another there, instead of in a mass. Gradually the number increased, but what a difference in them!

Thus Bwana began to see the desire of his heart, a Spirit-filled crusader church in the Heart of Africa. The last five years of his life were now given to getting more and more of the people saved and filled with the Holy Ghost, and spurring them on to fight for Jesus. He literally lived for Christ and souls. Things that normally take a large place in a man's life were reduced to the absolute minimum or ignored altogether; food, just a plateful at odd hours; sleep, about four hours in 24; holidays, not a day in 13 years; comforts, the next chapter will describe his home; clothes, khaki coat and shirt, breeches and stockings, Sundays and weekdays alike; books, practically only the Bible.

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*(Excerpts:)*

**The D.C.D.**  
By C.T. Studd (1928)

There is no other rational attitude for a Christian man to take up than that of the D.C.D.'s. If there is no heaven, Christianity is folly; if there is no hell, a Christian is a lunatic, for Christ is a liar: but as Christ is true, then there *is* a heaven and also a hell, and a million souls a week are rushing to hell, and therefore a Christian must be a heartless and selfish horror if his whole life is not thrown away "to save men from hell," for that is what it means to follow Jesus. Consider what men will do to serve their King and Country, or to obtain the temporary honors of earth, or the fleeting pleasures or riches of the world. Consider, too, that men devoted to earth for a cause are positively invincible. That devotion to death for Christ's sake and the evangelization of the world is the spirit of the D.C.D. ...

Listen to the words of this old D.C.D. in prison, writing his last letter to his beloved son Timothy. Dawn may see him led forth to execution. His last words are of love, warning, exhortation, and triumph, "Be a good soldier of Jesus Christ!" . . . . "Fight the good fight!" . . . . "God never gave us a spirit of fearfulness" . . . . "I have fought the good fight! I have kept the faith! Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness" . . . . "They laid down their lives for my sake." "Epaphroditus gambled with his life for me." "They were mocked . . . imprisoned . . . scourged . . . tortured . . . beaten to death . . ." "They were stoned . . . they were sawn asunder . . . OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY." These men all had the D.C.D. spirit. It is because of its rarity among Christians today that the world is as it is--unevangelized! It never can be evangelized till we Christians embrace that spirit of D.C.D., for such is the spirit of Christ and His true followers. ...

The voice of God comes to us: "Come forth, O My people!" Out of the bonds of a deadly respectability, into the "freedom of the Spirit, the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

Ye that fear God, but fear not death nor devils nor men nor hell, come forth! Join up! Now! Ye who seek to live for Christ, aye, and to die for Christ! Ye who love Him better than life and breath and all things!

"Come forth, My people!" "Come on! Do you want to live forever?" Where? On earth? You can't. In Heaven? Yes, in Heaven! Then come and die for Jesus! For the way to live is to die, and to die means to live, for "he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

"Come forth and dare all for Christ and the salvation of souls." ...

Oh, let us not rust out--let us not glide through the world and then slip quietly out, without having even blown the trumpet loud and long for our Blessed Redeemer. At the very least let us see to it that the Devil holds a thanksgiving service in hell when he gets the news of our departure from the field of battle, and not merely spit in contempt.

Let us blaze up and burn out, both ends and in the middle. Let us *explode* for Jesus and humanity!

The name "Ibambi" will ever be known in the Heart of Africa as Bwana's home. He lived in a circular hut, the walls made of split bamboos tied together with native string, a grass roof and dried mud floor, cracked and patched and repatched. In one corner was a native bed given to C.T. by Chief Manziga. In place of strings it had strips of goat hide tied to the wooden frame. On it were about six or seven khaki blankets, worn thin with age, which acted as mattress and some covering; and at the head a whole pile of hard, thin, canvas pillows. Close to his bed stood a homemade table with an arrangement of pigeonholes on it, simply loaded with gadgets of every kind, each in its proper place--scissors, knives, medicines, papers, clocks, spectacles, old Nestle's milk tins full of pens and pencils, etc. On the other side was a shelf full of well-worn Bibles. It was his custom to have a new Bible every year so as never to use old notes and comments, but go fresh to the Scripture itself. Such was C.T.'s home, bedroom, dining room and living room all in one!

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### **Hallelujah!**

There was a great sensation among the natives when one Sunday before a congregation of 1,000, C.T. appeared with a new set of shining white teeth. He'd had much trouble with his teeth, or the few that remained of them, and for some time had only been able to live practically on liquids. One day when some of the missionaries were with him, one of them said, "Bwana, you know you ought to go home and get your teeth seen to." But we knew what his answer would be before he spoke. "If God wants me to have some new teeth, He can just as easily send them to me here."

We all took it as a joke and laughed, but God had heard! A few months later a dentist in England wrote to the committee and offered his services for the Heart of Africa. The committee considered his application, but finding him ten years over the age limit, refused him. But that did not daunt him. He sold his practice, with the proceeds bought a passage to the mouth of the Congo, and set off by himself. Arrived there, he began to practice dentistry among officials and traders, and in a few months had made enough money to complete the journey into the interior.

C.T.'s youngest daughter Pauline and her husband were then on their way home. They were traveling by native canoe, a fortnight's journey [two weeks] on the Aruwimi River down to the point where it joins the Congo. One morning, as they were being paddled along, they saw another canoe approaching from the opposite direction, making for the interior. In it was a white man. They wondered who it could be, for white travelers were very rare in those regions. In a few minutes they discovered it was Mr. Buck, the dentist, on his way to join Mr. Studd. Pulling ashore, they had breakfast and Mr. Buck took Pauline aside and told her, "God has sent me to the Heart of Africa not only to preach the Gospel, but also to bring Mr. Studd a new set of teeth, and I have brought with me all that is necessary for making and fitting them!"

C.T. himself tells the remainder of the story: "When Buck arrived, he said, 'The first thing God sent me to Congo to do was your teeth.' Just fancy God sending a dentist to the very Heart of Africa to look after the teeth of His child, who could not

return home! What wonder will God not do next?"

The first set never fit him really well, and as a consequence were often to be found on his writing table doing duty as a pen rack. One day he had a narrow shave when he received an unexpected visit from an official. He was told of his coming when he was just a short distance from the house and only just had enough time to wash the ink stains off his teeth and pop them in his mouth.

Although the new teeth did enable him to eat better, it was obvious that he was gradually getting weaker. Sometimes he had severe attacks of fever, sometimes heart attacks, and continual suffering from bad digestion. Then he took on a task that drained what remained of his strength. He felt that he could no longer leave the multitudes in the region around Ibambi without the written Word of God. In spite of the enormous amount of work he was already doing, he determined to translate the New Testament in the local language, Kingwana. It was a marvelous intellectual feat for a man of nearly 70, quite apart from all the weeks of extra work involved. He worked at it night and day. "My days," he wrote, "are 18 hours as a rule, and no meals but what I gulp down as I write." Much of it was done in the early morning between the hours of 2 A.M. and 6 A.M. Sometimes by the end of a day, he had such a stiff neck through bending over the table that Jack Harrison, who was like a son to him, would have to come and gently massage it before he could sit up straight again. While he translated, Harrison typed. It was a deliberately simple translation, made so simple that any bush native who learned to read could take the book back to his village and understand it.

He finished it, and later also the Psalms and extracts of Proverbs, but at the cost of his remaining strength. Heart attack followed heart attack. Several times he went right to the edge of death. At one time, as he lay hardly breathing and eyes closed, it seemed that all was over. But the missionaries managed to summon a Belgian Red Cross doctor, who treated him with various drugs, including morphia. He gradually recovered, but was so weak he could not get off his bed, nor do any work, still less take meetings, without the aid of morphia. C.T.'s prayer had always been that he might die a soldier's death on the field of battle, and not be a drag on his fellow workers through months or years as an invalid. He now realized that the choice lay with him. By continuing the use of morphia, he could gain temporary strength to work and preach; the alternative was to be bedridden, with one or more missionaries taken from their work to nurse him. He chose the former course and often used to thank God for the gift of a medicine which enabled him to fight for God and the souls of people to his last breath. He obtained it from doctors who understood his peculiar circumstances and who considered him a proper candidate to have it, especially from the government doctor in the capital. His old friend, Dr. A.T. Wilkinson of Manchester, who had known him and his physical condition for 25 years and who discussed the matter with him by letter, entirely approved of the continuance of the drug, used, as it was, in medicinal doses for the relief of a permanent disability.

Dr. Wilkinson wrote: "From early years C.T. had been his own doctor, and, in China, dealt medically with others as well as himself. He was a museum of diseases when he left China, and was afterwards hardly ever free. He understood himself as no

other doctor understood him. That he kept himself alive for 70 years and did not die from any of his tropical diseases is a wonderful testimony to his medical skill. He was ever willing to learn from others and glad to have medical advice, but he also leaned on the Great Physician; and as regards his hazardous missionary enterprises, did so when on every occasion medical advice was dead against the project. He was a man whom God loved and took care of--in much the same way as He took care of Paul. He fought as brave a fight against adverse conditions, within and without, as Paul himself; and in consequence of this judicious treatment he was able to go on working not 8 but 18 hours a day, addressing, often for hours, thousands of his fellow creatures, telling them of Jesus Christ and the wonders of His love--and this to the very end of his days. He was one of the finest Christians, and the most heroic and lovable man I ever met."

But only those who were with him can realize the sufferings of those last two years, the dreadful weakness, the nausea, the heart attacks, and, worst of all, those terrible attacks of breathlessness and violent shivering, when he used to turn a dark hue and his heart almost stopped beating; the cause of this was not discovered till on his deathbed, when a doctor present diagnosed it as gallstones.

Yet the joy of these years far outweighed the suffering, for God had given him the chance to see the two great desires of his heart--unity amongst the missionaries and manifest evidences of the Holy Ghost at work amongst the natives. A band of some forty missionaries surrounded him, who were like sons and daughters to him. God had fulfilled His promise, "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house ... or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses ... and children, and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come, eternal life." At God's command C.T. had left wife and children, and here in his old age God had given him back a family of forty, who loved and attended him with as much devotion as though they were his flesh and blood. Indeed, it is impossible to describe the bond of affection between "Bwana" and the missionaries, the welcome he received when he visited a mission station, the constant stream of letters, the loyalty in time of crisis, the family spirit as they all met together during conference days at Ibambi.

In 1929 he heard that his beloved wife had suddenly been taken Home while on a visit to Spain with a friend. The year before she had paid him a flying visit of a fortnight. That was the only glimpse they had of each other. Some 2,000 native Christians gathered to meet her. They had always been told that their Bwana's wife was at home, so busy getting men and women to come out and tell them about Jesus that she could not come herself; but when they saw her in the flesh and realized that there was such a person as "Mama Bwana," then they began to understand, in a way that no words could bring home, the price that Bwana and his wife had paid to bring salvation to them. She spoke a number of times to them by means of an interpreter, and thus fulfilled the prophetic vision she had received after her conversion, when she saw in letters of light on the margin of her Bible the three words, "China, India, Africa." The parting was terribly hard, and Mrs. Studd did not want to go, but the hot season was starting and the home end of the work urgently needed her. They said

farewell to each other in his bamboo hut, knowing that it was the last time they would meet on earth.

In a letter home afterwards, C.T. gave a last backward look at the outstanding events of his life:

"As I believe I am now nearing my departure from this world, I have but a few things to rejoice in. They are these:

"1. That God called me to China and I went in spite of utmost opposition from all my loved ones.

"2. That I joyfully acted as Christ told that rich young man to act.

"3. That I deliberately at the call of God, when alone on the liner in 1910, gave up my life for this work, which was to be henceforth not for the Sudan only, but for the whole unevangelized world.

"My only joys therefore are that when God has given me a work to do, I have not refused it."

The end came suddenly. Mr. Harrison gives us the details:

"Ibambi, July 1931

"By the time this reaches you, my cablegram will have arrived, telling you that dear old Bwana has gone to be with his Lord. First of all, let me assure you that through it all there has been the ring of victory.

"On Sunday last (12th) Bwana seemed very fit indeed. He told us to get off to the different places of worship in the district, as we usually do on the Lord's day. He himself alone remained for the native service here at the station. On our return in the mid-afternoon Bwana was still ever so fit, and to our amazement told us that he'd had a five-hour meeting!

"On Monday (13th) afternoon, he asked me to give him an injection of quinine as he felt cold and thought maybe he had some fever hanging around. In the evening he felt still worse. During that night he had very much pain in the stomach towards the right side. He told me he suspected gallstones, and asked me to read up on this complaint. I did, and to our amazement we found that in every detail the symptoms agreed with his case. On Tuesday morning he was still weaker and in very much pain. ... On Thursday morning he was easier, but he had become so weak and exhausted by this time that his voice began to weaken. He tried again and again to speak, but we got very little of what he was saying. Mr. Williams asked him if he thought he was going to leave us this time, and at first he said he didn't know, but afterwards he said, 'Very likely.'

"From that moment onwards he ceased to try to talk about anything, and with each little breath he could spare he could only say 'Hallelujah!' 'Hallelujah!' We could not make out any other words properly because of his weak voice, but the 'Hallelujah' none could mistake, and even the natives around the bed could hear this.

"At about 7 P.M. on Thursday he seemed to lapse into unconsciousness, and shortly after 10:30 P.M. he passed on to his reward. It was a fine going. He was smiling all through except when the actual pain seemed to grip him. Even in his

extreme weakness he was concerned about Elder, who had had an ingrown toenail cut just a few days before, and was telling him to go and rest his foot. His last written word in a letter to the missionaries was 'Hallelujah.' The last word he spoke was 'Hallelujah' too!"

The End