C. T. STUDD



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A Cricketer for England, a Fortune Given Away, and the Road to the Heart of Africa

Ochorus

Portraits of Courage – C. T. Studd

A Cricketer for England, a Fortune Given Away, and the Road to the Heart of Africa

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Preface

"Yea verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may gain Christ"
— Philippians 3:8, ASV

The earlier volumes of this series told of a Chinese church leader who died in a Communist labour camp, an American who prayed his way through the villages of the Punjab, a Dutch watchmaker who hid Jews behind a false wall, a Scottish mill girl who went alone up the rivers of Calabar, an African bishop who had once been sold as a slave, an Indian widow who built a home for thousands of outcast women, an Oxford don who was found by God against his will, a young widow who carried her daughter into the Ecuadorian forest to live among the men who had killed her husband, an Irish missionary who made a home at Dohnavur, in South India, for children rescued from temple service, and a Scottish mill boy who crossed Africa and spent his last years exposing the East African slave trade. This eleventh volume tells the story of a man who began with almost every advantage his country could give, and spent the rest of his life giving the advantages away.

Charles Thomas Studd was born in 1860 into a family made rich by indigo grown in India. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Before he was twenty-two he was playing cricket for England, in the match at the Oval in August 1882 that gave the world "the Ashes." Three years later he

sailed for China as one of seven young men from Cambridge whose departure made headlines across Britain. Within two more years he had given away almost the whole of his inheritance. He worked in China for about nine years, served as a pastor in the hills of southern India for six, and then, past fifty, ill, and against the advice of doctors, went to the north-east of what was then the Belgian Congo. He spent most of his last eighteen years there, and he died there in July 1931. The mission he founded for that one corner of Africa grew into WEC International, which still sends workers around the world, and the churches that grew from it in Congo are still there.

Why Courage?

Studd's courage is not hard to find. It took courage to stand on platforms in 1885 and tell rooms full of undergraduates that he was leaving the cricket field for inland China. It took a different kind of courage to write cheques for thousands of pounds before he even knew how much he was going to inherit. It took courage, of a kind that many of his friends thought simply foolish, to set out for the centre of Africa at fifty-two with asthma, a history of broken health, and a wife who at first did not want him to go.

But this book will suggest that his life also asks a harder question about courage. Studd believed with his whole heart that if Christ had died for him, nothing he could give back would be too much. He lived by that conviction more completely than almost anyone of his generation. He also expected others to live by it at his pace and in his manner, and when they did not, he could be harsh, suspicious and unjust. The same fierceness that carried the gospel into the Ituri forest drove away colleagues, wounded his own family, and brought the mission he had founded close to breaking in the year he died. Courage of his kind is not always the same thing as love,

and the New Testament says so plainly. "If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Corinthians 13:3, ASV). Studd gave his goods and gave his body. The question his life puts to its readers is what it means to do that with love, and what it costs when love grows thin.

How This Book Is Written

Like the earlier volumes, this book tries to be honest about its sources, and the reader deserves to know what they are.

The standard life of Studd is *C. T. Studd: Cricketer and Pioneer* by his son-in-law Norman Grubb, first published in 1933. It is a vivid book, and it is the source of many of the stories that are told about him. It is also still in copyright, and so this book has not quoted it, or followed its wording, at any point. Where a fact comes chiefly from Grubb and from nowhere else, this book says so.

Some older material is in the public domain and has been used. It includes the record of the Cambridge Seven that Benjamin Broomhall of the China Inland Mission published in 1886 and enlarged as *The Evangelisation of the World* in 1887; the published scores and records of Studd's cricket; and Studd's own tracts and rhymes published in his lifetime, such as *The Chocolate Soldier*, *Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield* (1914) and *Christ's Etceteras* (1915). Studd is quoted sparingly, partly because his voice was so emphatic that a little of it goes a long way, and partly because some of the sayings most often attributed to him cannot be traced to anything he published. The introduction explains which ones.

The book has also drawn on modern reference works and studies, including the entries on Studd and his colleagues in the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography*, the diary of an American who worked beside

him in Congo in 1914, and the histories published by WEC International and by the Congolese church that grew from his mission. Those works are used for facts and judgements, not quoted at length.

Three things need particular care. The first is that Studd's story is told almost entirely by people who loved him or worked with him, and the African side of it has been recorded far less. This book tries to keep Congolese men and women in view as people who chose, argued, preached, carried, built and suffered, and not as scenery for a European hero. Where their names have not survived in the sources available, it does not invent them. The second is that Studd went to Congo only five years after the end of the Congo Free State, whose regime of forced labour had killed and maimed on a terrible scale, and he worked under Belgian colonial rule. The story cannot be told as if that did not matter. The third is that Studd's last years included illness, morphine, broken friendships, a strained marriage, and a damaging quarrel with the people who ran his mission at home. Those things are told here as plainly and as fairly as the evidence allows, without either hiding them or making them the whole story.

Scripture in This Book

As in the earlier volumes, all Scripture quotations are from the American Standard Version of 1901, which is in the public domain. Each chapter opens with a passage that carries its theme, and further passages are woven through the story. Where Studd himself quoted the Bible, he used the King James Version, and his words are given as he wrote them.

The verse at the head of this preface is the one that best explains him. Paul had been, by the standards of his world, a man with every advantage, and he wrote that he counted all of it "but refuse, that I may gain Christ." Studd read those words as a plain instruction and carried them out more

literally than most Christians ever try to. He would not have wanted his life told as a success story, and it was not one, in any simple sense. It was a life spent, sometimes wisely and sometimes not, by a man who had decided early that Christ was worth everything. This book is an attempt to tell that life truthfully, so that readers can see both what it was worth and what it cost.

Introduction: The Cricketer, the Crusader, and the Record

"He that pleadeth his cause first seemeth just; But his neighbor cometh and searcheth him out."
— Proverbs 18:17, ASV

A Life Told Many Times

Few missionary lives have been retold as often as C. T. Studd's, and few have been retold with so many exclamation marks. He is the Eton and Cambridge cricketer who gave up the game for China, the young man who gave away a fortune, the old man who went to the heart of Africa when the doctors said he would die, the man traditionally credited with the rhyme about running "a rescue shop within a yard of hell," and the man whose last word, it is said, was "Hallelujah." Popular books for adults and children have told the story in nearly every decade since his death. A good deal of it is true.

A legend is a kind of compliment, but it also flattens a life. Retellings of Studd's story tend to fall into two kinds. In the first he is a hero of total surrender, and the conflicts of his last years are either left out or explained away as the price of greatness. In the second, which is less common but has grown in recent decades, he is a warning: a rich man's son who made an idol of sacrifice, drove his colleagues and family hard, and ended addicted to

morphine and at war with his own committee. Neither picture is simply false. Both are too tidy. The verse at the head of this chapter is a proverb about lawsuits. The first person to tell a story always sounds right, until the neighbour comes and asks questions. This introduction explains which stories this book trusts, and why.

Grubb's Biography

Nearly everything vivid that is known about Studd's inner life comes from one book, *C. T. Studd: Cricketer and Pioneer*, written by Norman Grubb and published in 1933, two years after Studd's death. Grubb had married Studd's youngest daughter, Pauline, in 1919. He had worked beside Studd in Congo through most of the 1920s, and after Studd died he led the mission for more than thirty years. He had access to the family's letters and to Studd's own papers, and he wrote with love, energy and a good deal of candour.

Grubb was not a neutral witness. He was a son-in-law, a disciple and a successor, and in the crisis of Studd's last year he had taken Studd's side against the mission's committee in London. His book is a defence as well as a biography. Yet it is also more honest than many later retellings. Grubb did not hide that Studd quarrelled with colleagues, that he wrote and spoke in language that shocked people, or that he used morphine in his last years. Later writers who depend on Grubb sometimes forget how much of the evidence against Studd comes from his own admirer.

Grubb's book is still in copyright. This volume uses it only for facts, never for wording, and where an important fact rests on Grubb alone it says so.

What Can Be Checked

Some parts of Studd's life can be checked against records made at the time, and where they can, this book checks them.

His cricket is the best documented part of his life. Scores, averages and the reports of the season were printed in his own day and are now gathered in the standard cricket databases. They show a player of real distinction: one of the leading amateur all-rounders in England in 1882 and 1883, a member of the England side at the Oval in August 1882, and a member of the team that went to Australia that winter to win the Ashes back. They also correct some of the popular stories. Studd did not score heavily in his five Test matches, and in the famous Oval match he made no runs in either innings, though in the second he was left stranded, not out, when the last wicket fell.

The story of the Cambridge Seven was published within a year of their sailing by Benjamin Broomhall, secretary of the China Inland Mission, in *A Missionary Band* (1886), enlarged the next year as *The Evangelisation of the World*. That book prints reports of their meetings and testimonies from the seven themselves. It was written to stir up missionary zeal, and it reads like it, but it is a record made at the time, and it is in the public domain.

Studd's own publications survive too. The best known is *The Chocolate Soldier*, a short and furious tract on the lack of heroism in Christian life, which is in the public domain and freely available. There are also his *Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield*, published in London in 1914 under the pen-name of a Quondam Cricketer, the pamphlet *Christ's Etceteras* (1915), from which the constitution of his mission later developed, and a booklet of 1928 with a deliberately shocking title, discussed later in this book.

Some independent witnesses have also survived. The most valuable for the Congo years is the diary of Hayes Perkins, an American who worked at

Studd's first station at Niangara in 1914 and recorded his impressions, which were not all flattering. Later historians, notably the contributors to the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography*, have assessed Studd and his colleagues more coolly than his first biographer did. The *Dictionary* judges, in substance, that in Congo he proved an obstinate and unreasonable leader and colleague, whose conflicts reached his family, his fellow missionaries and Africans alike. That judgement has to be weighed alongside the fruit of his work, but it cannot be ignored.

Sayings and Their Sources

Studd is one of the most quoted missionaries in the English language, and several of the sayings most often given as his need care.

The best known, "If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him," is everywhere attributed to him, and it sums up his life so well that it is hard to imagine anyone else saying it. But this book has not been able to trace it to anything Studd published in his lifetime, and the wording varies from one printing to another. It is quoted here as the saying traditionally associated with him, not as a sentence whose source is known.

The lines about the "rescue shop" are similar. They are always attributed to Studd, usually in rhyming form, and they sound like his rhymes. Their original printing has not been traced for this book.

The couplet most often linked with his name, "Only one life, 'twill soon be past, Only what's done for Christ will last," is the hardest of all. A longer poem built around it is often printed under his name, but the poem itself says that its author first heard the couplet from someone else. Studd certainly loved the couplet and is recorded as quoting it to his grandchildren in a farewell letter in the last year of his life. Whether he

wrote any of the longer poem is not known. This book treats the couplet as words he loved and lived by, not as his composition.

Finally, the story that his last word on earth was "Hallelujah" comes from those who were with him or heard from them. It may well be true. It belongs to the testimony of his family and colleagues rather than to any record that can be checked.

His World and Ours

Studd lived at the high noon of the British Empire. He was born into wealth made in British India. He went to China under the protection of treaties forced on the Chinese government by war, and to Congo under Belgian rule only five years after the end of King Leopold's Congo Free State, whose methods of extracting rubber had become an international scandal. He did not create any of those arrangements, and in his own way he despised the love of money that drove them. But he depended on them, and he sometimes spoke of the people among whom he worked in the language of his class and time. This book quotes such language only where it is needed to understand him, and it does not adopt it.

He was also, in some ways, ahead of his world. He wore Chinese clothes and ate Chinese food when many Europeans thought that degrading. In Congo he lived in African-built houses, on very little, and insisted that the Congolese church should support its own evangelists. Congolese Christians, not European missionaries, did most of the preaching that spread the church through the forest, and the church that came out of his mission is now led by Congolese men and women and counts its members in the hundreds of thousands.

What This Book Is For

The purpose of telling Studd's story truthfully is not to cut him down to size. It is to let a real man be seen, so that what was good in him can be learned from without copying what was not. Jesus said, "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32, ASV). A legend of total surrender can shame its readers for a while, but it cannot teach them much. A real life, with its fire and its failures, can show how God works through people whose zeal outruns their wisdom, and how much he is able to bring out of a life given away, even when the giver gets many things wrong. Studd would not have minded. He had no patience with polite Christianity, and he would have preferred the truth told plainly to a monument.

A Goodly Heritage

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; Yea, I have a goodly heritage."
— Psalm 16:6, ASV

Indigo

The money that made the Studds came from a plant. Indigo, the blue dye that coloured the uniforms and workclothes of half the world, was grown and processed in the nineteenth century on great estates in the plains of Bihar, in north-eastern India, under the management of European planters. The work in the fields and vats was done by Indian peasants, often on terms that left them in debt and with little choice about what they planted. In 1859 and 1860, the year of Charles Studd's birth, the indigo districts of Bengal were shaken by a revolt of the cultivators against the planters, and the system was investigated by a government commission. The fortune that later paid for Eton, Cambridge, racehorses and, in the end, a good part of the missionary work of three continents, rested on that labour. Studd's biographers seldom mention it. It belongs at the start of his story all the same, because he grew up on money that other people had sweated for, and he spent his adult life giving it away.

His father, Edward Studd, was born in Bombay on Christmas Day 1819. He made his fortune as an indigo planter in Tirhut, in Bihar, and

returned to England a rich man while still in middle life. His first marriage produced a son, also called Edward, who was born in Tirhut in 1849. In 1856, at Bedford, he married again. His second wife was Dorothy Sophia Thomas, known as Dora, the daughter of John Thomas, a Calcutta merchant with property at Bletsoe in Bedfordshire. They had six sons and a daughter. The eldest of the second family, John Edward Kynaston Studd, always called Kynaston, was born at Netheravon in Wiltshire in 1858. George Brown Studd followed in 1859.

Charles Thomas Studd, the third son of that marriage, was born on 2 December 1860. The family was then living at Spratton, a village a few miles north-west of Northampton, at a house the census of the following year calls Spratton Hill House. Three more sons, Arthur, Herbert and Reginald, and a daughter, Dora, born in 1867, completed the family. In the family and among his friends Charles was usually called Charlie. The world came to know him by his initials, C. T.

The Sporting Squire

Edward Studd lived the life that a rich man of his tastes could live in mid-Victorian England. He hunted, he kept horses, and he raced them. His great ambition was to win the Grand National, the steeplechase at Aintree that was already the most famous horse race in the country. In 1866 he did. His horse Salamander, a long-priced outsider, won the race, and Edward Studd was said to have backed it heavily. Racing men remembered it for years.

In 1871 he took the lease of Tedworth House, a large country house at Tidworth on the edge of Salisbury Plain, together with its home farm. He did not buy it; it belonged to a family that let it to wealthy tenants. There he made a racecourse and, for his sons, a cricket ground. The boys grew up

with horses, servants, open country and every kind of game. Accounts of the household in these years describe a father who was generous, energetic and fond of his children, but not, in any sense that his sons later used the word, religious. The family went to church as people of their class did. Nobody expected it to change their lives.

It is worth pausing on what that life gave the young Charlie Studd, because it shaped the man as much as anything that came later. It gave him physical confidence and a body trained by games from childhood. It gave him the habit of command, and the assumption, rarely examined, that people of his kind led and other people followed. It gave him a horror, which never left him, of being thought soft. It also gave him a kind of carelessness about money. He never had to earn his living, and he never feared poverty, because he had never known it. Much later he would choose poverty deliberately, and live in it for decades, but he always chose it as a man who could have done otherwise. That was both his freedom and, at times, his blindness. It is easier to demand that others give up comfort when one has never had to fight one's way into it.

Eton

All the Studd boys went to Eton. Charlie arrived there in the early 1870s and, like Kynaston and George before him, he went into the cricket eleven. Eton cricket was serious. The annual match against Harrow at Lord's was one of the great social events of the London summer, and a boy who played well in it was talked about in the newspapers and in the clubs. The three brothers became a kind of dynasty. All three played for Eton, all three would play for Cambridge, and all three would captain the University eleven in consecutive years. According to his biographers, Charlie was captain of the Eton eleven in his last year at the school, 1879. He was

remembered as a tall, upright, attractive batsman and a useful fast-medium bowler, and the scores bear out that he was already one of the best schoolboy cricketers in England.

His other interests were few. He was not a scholar and never claimed to be. He was popular, cheerful and well liked, and he seems to have taken it for granted that life would go on much as it was: school, university, cricket in the summers, and some suitable occupation afterwards for which no one was in any hurry.

Muscular Christianity

The world of Eton and its cricket had its own religion, and it is worth understanding, because Studd absorbed it long before he was converted and never entirely shook it off. In the middle of the nineteenth century writers such as Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, had popularised an ideal that its critics nicknamed "muscular Christianity." It held that manliness, physical courage, team spirit and fair play were Christian virtues, and that the games field was a school of character. Headmasters built chapels and cricket pavilions with equal enthusiasm. Boys were taught that a gentleman played hard, did not complain of pain, did not let his side down, and served his country.

There was much that was good in this. It taught courage and loyalty, and it made thousands of young men willing to serve in hard places. It was also, in many ways, a religion of the English upper class, more concerned with character than with grace, and more at home with duty than with mercy. It despised weakness. It made it hard to admit fear. It confused the kingdom of God, at times, with the British Empire, and the Christian soldier with the officer on the frontier.

Charlie Studd grew up inside that ideal. When he became a wholehearted Christian, he did not reject it so much as turn it towards Christ. His later writing is full of its language: pluck, heroism, soldiers, the team, the refusal to give in. Paul too could speak of the athlete and the soldier, and wrote that "bodily exercise is profitable for a little; but godliness is profitable for all things" (1 Timothy 4:8, ASV). But Paul could also boast of his weaknesses, and say that God's power was made perfect in them. That was a lesson Studd would have to learn, slowly and painfully, and some of it he never learned at all.

A Family of Cricketers

The Studd brothers were a sporting family to an extraordinary degree. Edward, the half-brother born in India, played first-class cricket. Kynaston, George and Charlie all played for Cambridge and for Middlesex, and George and Charlie for England. Two of the younger brothers also played first-class cricket. Kynaston would later become one of the great figures of the cricket establishment as well as of evangelical work in London, and he served as Lord Mayor of London. In the 1870s and 1880s the name of Studd on a scorecard was enough to draw a crowd.

It is worth remembering that background when reading the rest of this story. Studd did not give up cricket because he was bad at it, or because he had grown tired of it, or because it had nothing more to give him. He gave it up at the height of his powers, in a family where it was the very centre of life and honour. That was what made the decision so striking to his contemporaries, and why it still impresses people who know the game.

What a Heritage Is For

The psalmist who wrote, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; Yea, I have a goodly heritage," was not talking about money. In the next breath he says, "I have set Jehovah always before me" (Psalm 16:8, ASV). The lines, the boundary-lines of a man's portion of land, are pleasant because of the God who drew them, and the heritage is good because the Lord himself is its best part. "Jehovah is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup," the psalm begins (Psalm 16:5, ASV).

Charlie Studd had a goodly heritage in every sense his world recognised. He had health, wealth, a famous school, a father who loved him, brothers he admired, and a gift for the most admired game in England. He did not yet have the thing the psalmist meant. When he found it, it would turn the rest of his inheritance upside down. Few people have taken the words of Jesus to the rich young man more literally: "go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me" (Mark 10:21, ASV). The young man in the Gospel went away sorrowful, "for he was one that had great possessions" (Mark 10:22, ASV). Studd, as this book will tell, did not go away. But the habits and assumptions of a rich man's son did not vanish when he gave his money away. Some of his greatest strengths, and some of his worst faults, were learned at Tedworth.

The change, when it came, did not begin with Charlie. It began with his father, and it began at a meeting the father had to be persuaded to attend.

The Squire Who Sold His Horses

"And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house."
— Acts 16:31, ASV

Moody in London

In 1873 an American shoe salesman turned evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, arrived in Britain with his singing partner, Ira D. Sankey. Neither had any theological training. Moody spoke plainly, in an American accent, about the love of God and the need of every man and woman to decide for Christ. Sankey sang simple gospel songs to the accompaniment of a small organ. In two years they held meetings in Scotland, Ireland and the north of England, and in the spring and summer of 1875 they came to London, where crowds of many thousands came night after night to halls, theatres and an exhibition building in Islington. Society people came out of curiosity, and some of them stayed to pray.

Edward Studd was one of them. According to the family account, a friend persuaded him to go to one of Moody's London meetings, and he went expecting little. He came away changed. The sources disagree about the date. Some give 1874, some 1875, others 1876 or 1877, but the account fits best with Moody's great London campaign of 1875, when meetings

were held in the West End as well as in the poorer districts. What all the accounts agree on is what happened next.

Edward Studd gave up the Turf. He kept a horse for each of his elder sons to ride as a hunter and sold the rest. He cleared the great hall at Tedworth and filled it with chairs and benches, so that preachers could hold evangelistic meetings for the neighbourhood, and he invited them to stay. Servants, tenants and neighbours were urged to come and hear the gospel. To the racing world it was a scandal and a joke. To his family it was, at first, an embarrassment.

What Moody Preached

It is worth asking what Edward Studd heard. Moody was not a learned preacher, and he had little interest in theological controversy. His sermons were built around a few great themes: the love of God for sinners, the sufficiency of the death of Christ, the need to be born again, and the urgency of deciding now. He told stories, many of them from his own experience in Chicago, and he spoke to his hearers as if each of them were the only person in the room. He did not shout or rant. Those who heard him often said that what struck them was not his eloquence but his directness and his evident love for them.

He also expected results, and he arranged for them. After the sermon, those who wished to know more were invited into an "inquiry room," where Moody and his helpers spoke to them one by one, opened the Bible, and urged them to trust Christ there and then. The method has been criticised, then and since, for encouraging hasty decisions. But it suited a man like Edward Studd, who was used to making up his mind quickly and acting on it. It would also suit his son, whose conversion three years later

followed almost exactly the same pattern: a personal conversation, a promise from Scripture, and a decision on the spot.

Moody's preaching had a special appeal to the English upper classes, who had seldom heard the gospel put so simply. Some of them were shocked by his American manners and his grammar. Others found in him something they had never met in the polite religion of their parish churches. Edward Studd was one of the second kind, and the change in him was immediate and lasting.

The Embarrassed Sons

Kynaston, George and Charlie were at Eton when their father was converted, and they were not pleased. A father who talked about horses and cricket was one thing. A father who asked them, at home in the holidays, whether they were saved, was quite another. Their biographers record that the three young men did what they could to avoid being alone with him, and that the preachers who came to stay at Tedworth were not popular with them either. They were polite, because they had been brought up to be polite, and they went on as before.

Edward Studd did not live to see what came of his efforts. He died in July 1877, at the age of fifty-seven. Most sources give the date as 27 July 1877, though one local history puts his death in 1876. He had been a Christian, by any reckoning, for only two or three years. In that short time he had turned his house into a mission hall and given away his chief pleasure, and he had prayed for his sons. Accounts of his last years, all of them coming from the family, describe a man of transparent happiness, generous to preachers and to the poor, and almost reckless in speaking of Christ to anyone he met. The word "reckless" could be applied to his son later, and with more reason.

A Summer Visitor, 1878

The prayers were answered the following summer. In the school holidays of 1878 one of the Christian men who had been a friend of Edward Studd's was staying at Tedworth. The accounts do not agree about his name, and this book does not guess it. During his visit he spoke privately to each of the three brothers about Christ.

The story of Charlie's conversion comes chiefly from Charlie himself, as he told it in later testimony, and it is a very plain story. The visitor caught him alone. Asked whether he was a Christian, Charlie said he believed in Jesus Christ as much as anyone did. The visitor pressed him further: did he believe that Christ had died for him, and did he believe the promise that whoever believes in him has eternal life? If so, he had it, and he ought to thank God for it. The accounts do not say which verse the visitor used, but the best known of all such promises is in the third chapter of John's Gospel: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3:16, ASV). Charlie saw, as he put it afterwards, that if the promise was true he could not doubt it without making God a liar. He knelt and thanked God for eternal life. He said later that joy and peace came into his soul, and that from that moment he knew what it was to be born again.

It is an evangelical conversion of a very nineteenth-century kind, built on a simple promise and a decision made in a few minutes, and it would be easy to make light of it. But it is worth noticing how much it rested on the plain word of Scripture. "He that heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath eternal life," Jesus said, "and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life" (John 5:24, ASV). Charlie Studd did not have a dramatic experience. He was told what God had promised, and he believed it. Many years later, when he had become a man of extreme and

sometimes alarming feelings, this simple foundation remained. Whatever else changed, he never doubted that he had passed from death into life on that day in 1878.

Three on One Day

According to the family tradition, the same visitor spoke to each of the other two brothers on the same day, and each of them, without telling the others, made the same decision. It was only some time later that they discovered it. Not every account agrees. One says that the three were impressed by the visitor's arguments but did not decide until later; another says that Kynaston had already made a quiet decision in his own room at Eton. What is not in doubt is that by the end of 1878 all three of the eldest brothers counted themselves Christians, and that they connected it with their father's prayers.

The verse at the head of this chapter is what Paul and Silas said to the jailer at Philippi: "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house." It is not a promise that faith is passed down automatically from parents to children. The jailer's household heard the word for themselves and believed for themselves (Acts 16:32-34). But it does show that God delights to work through families, and that the faith of one person can open a door for a whole household. Edward Studd did not see the door open. His sons walked through it a year after his funeral.

A Faith That Cost Nothing

For one of the three, the change showed at once. Kynaston, the eldest, became an earnest Christian at Cambridge and an organiser of evangelistic work among the students. In time he would become Sir Kynaston Studd,

serve as Lord Mayor of London, and be remembered for decades of Christian work among young men. His brothers, for the time being, went on much as before.

Charlie later said so himself, without excuses. He had been converted, he said, but instead of going out to tell others of the love of Christ, he had grown cold, and the love of the world had come back. Jesus told of seed that fell among thorns: "the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful" (Mark 4:19, ASV). In Charlie's case the thorns were not wicked. They were the pleasant things of a privileged young man's life, and above all, cricket. For about six years, by his own account, he was what he afterwards called a backslider. He did not doubt his salvation. He simply did not let it cost him anything.

It is one of the most honest parts of his story, and it would have been easy for him to leave it out. He did not. In the years when he called thousands of others to total surrender, he told them that he had once been a Christian who wanted to keep his religion in a private corner, and that he knew from experience how comfortable that corner could be.

Fenner's and the Oval

"Know ye not that they that run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so run; that ye may attain. And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."
— 1 Corinthians 9:24-25, ASV

Trinity College

Charlie Studd went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1879, following Kynaston and George. He took his degree in 1883. He read for an ordinary pass degree, and nobody, least of all himself, thought of him as a student first. At Cambridge in the early 1880s cricket was not a pastime but a world, with its own heroes, rituals and newspapers, and the Studd brothers were among its princes. He played for Cambridge University from 1880 to 1883, and for Middlesex from 1879 to 1884. The three brothers set a record that was much talked about: each captained the University eleven in successive seasons, Charlie leading the side in 1883.

The figures of his career, as they stand in the cricket records, are those of a very good all-round cricketer. In first-class matches he scored 4,391 runs, with eight centuries and a highest score of 175 not out, and took 444 wickets. Most of that was done in five summers. Writers on the game in his day spoke of him as one of the best amateurs in England, a correct and

stylish batsman and a bowler who could win matches. If he had gone on playing, many thought, he would have been among the greatest of his generation.

The Year of the Australians

The summer of 1882 was his finest. That year a touring team from Australia came to England, led by Billy Murdoch and with the fast bowler Fred Spofforth, the most feared bowler in the world, whom the newspapers called "the Demon." They swept through the English counties. One of the few sides to beat them was Cambridge University. At Fenner's, the University ground, at the end of May 1882, Cambridge won by six wickets. The match was remembered as a triumph of the Studds. Charlie made 118 in the first innings and 17 not out in the second, and took eight wickets in the match. Later in the season he made another century against the Australians, playing for the Marylebone Cricket Club.

On 14 August 1882 he completed what cricketers call the "double," a thousand runs and a hundred wickets in a single season. Only W. G. Grace, the most famous cricketer who ever lived, had done it before him. According to the season's records, Charlie reached his hundredth wicket by dismissing Grace himself.

He was twenty-one. He was chosen, as a matter of course, to play for England against the Australians at the Oval at the end of the month.

Seven Runs

The Oval Test of 28 and 29 August 1882 is one of the most famous matches ever played. It was the only Test match of the tour. The pitch was wet, the scores were low, and the tension in the last hour was so great that

one spectator is said to have died of heart failure and another to have chewed through the handle of his umbrella. England needed only 85 to win in the fourth innings and, with Grace at the crease, seemed sure of them. Then Spofforth, bowling at his fastest and cleverest, took seven wickets. Wickets fell with the score hardly moving.

Charlie Studd had been bowled by Spofforth without scoring in the first innings. In the second, for reasons that have been argued about ever since, the England captain held him back until number ten in the order. Some said it was because he was the best batsman left and was being saved for a crisis; others that he was unwell, or that his nerves had gone in his first Test. He went in when the eighth wicket fell, and before he had faced a ball the ninth had gone too, with England still ten runs short. The last man, the Yorkshire bowler Ted Peate, came in to join him. Peate swung his first ball from Harry Boyle away for two, and a few balls later Boyle bowled him. Australia had won by seven runs. Charlie Studd walked off not out, without having faced a ball. When Peate was asked afterwards why he had not tried simply to give the strike to his partner, his answer passed into cricket legend: in substance, that he could not trust his partner. The exact words vary from one telling to another, but in every version he speaks of him as Mr Studd.

A few days later, on 2 September, the London paper *The Sporting Times* printed a mock obituary in affectionate remembrance of English cricket, which, it said, had died at the Oval on 29 August, adding that the body would be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia. That joke gave the contest between England and Australia its name. The young man who had stood helpless at the other end while English cricket "died" was, without any choice of his own, part of the birth of the Ashes.

To Australia

That autumn an English team under the Honourable Ivo Bligh sailed for Australia, with the declared purpose of bringing back the Ashes. Charlie and George Studd were both in it. The tour lasted the winter of 1882–83. England won the series of three matches against Murdoch's team, and Bligh came home with a small urn, presented to him in Australia, which became the trophy itself. Charlie played in all four of the matches now counted as Tests on that tour, which with the Oval made five in his career. His Test record is modest: 160 runs at an average of 20, with a highest score of 48, and three wickets. He was a much greater cricketer than his Test figures suggest, but he never played for England again after February 1883.

Gentlemen and Players

There is a small detail in the story of the Oval that says a great deal about the world in which Studd played. When Ted Peate explained why he had not given his partner the strike, every version of his answer has him speak of Mr Studd. He did not call him Studd, or Charlie. He called him Mr Studd, because Studd was a gentleman and Peate was a professional.

English cricket in the 1880s was divided by class. The amateurs, called "gentlemen," played for the love of the game and were paid nothing, or at least nothing officially. They came from the public schools and universities and were addressed as "Mr." The professionals, called "players," were paid to play. Most were working men from the mining and mill towns of the north and Midlands, and they were addressed by their surnames alone. The two groups often changed in separate dressing rooms and came onto the field by separate gates. Captains of England were almost always amateurs.

The annual match between the Gentlemen and the Players was one of the great fixtures of the season.

Ted Peate was one of the best slow left-arm bowlers in England, and a far more experienced Test cricketer than the twenty-one-year-old Studd. But on the field at the Oval, in the most important moment of the match, he deferred to the young gentleman, and afterwards he was reprimanded by W. G. Grace for not trusting him enough. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the cricket, the scene is a picture of the world Studd came from. He grew up being called Mr Studd by men older, poorer and more experienced than himself, and taking it as natural.

The Bible has hard words for that kind of world. "My brethren, hold not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons" (James 2:1, ASV). "Hearken, my beloved brethren; did not God choose them that are poor as to the world to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he promised to them that love him?" (James 2:5, ASV). When Studd gave up his fortune, he stepped out of that world in one sense. In another he never fully left it. The habit of command, and of expecting deference, went with him to China and to Africa.

The Corruptible Crown

It is important not to make Studd's cricket a mere prelude to his "real" life. He loved the game and played it superbly, and even in his most severe years he did not teach that games were sinful in themselves; he told young Christians to play and enjoy them with thanksgiving. His complaint against himself was not that he had played cricket, but that cricket had taken the place of Christ.

Paul knew the games of his own day, and he wrote about them with respect. Every athlete, he said, "exerciseth self-control in all things." The

runners at the Isthmian games near Corinth trained for months for a wreath of pine leaves that withered within days. Paul did not sneer at them. He used them as a rebuke to Christians who would not take the same trouble for something that would last. "Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

Studd came to see his cricket in exactly those terms. He had given it all the discipline, energy and ambition that he had. He had trained, practised, studied the bowling of his opponents and rejoiced in his success. When he looked back on those years he could not condemn the game, but he could not forgive himself for having given a game what he had not given to God. Later, he would ask other Christians, sometimes harshly, why they would not work as hard for Christ as he had once worked for a bat and ball. The question was fair, and it came from experience. It was also a question he would sometimes press without mercy on people who had never had his advantages, his strength or his freedom.

In the late summer of 1883, with his degree taken and his fame at its height, nothing in his outward life suggested that anything was about to change. Then his brother George fell ill.

"This Sickness Is Not unto Death"

"But when Jesus heard it, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby."
— John 11:4, ASV

George

George Studd was the brother closest to Charlie in age and, in many ways, in temperament. He was a fine batsman, a Cambridge captain, and Charlie's companion on the voyage to Australia in the winter of 1882–83. In November 1883, back in England, he fell desperately ill. The illness is variously described in the family accounts, and its exact nature is not recorded in any source that can now be checked, but for some days the doctors did not expect him to live.

Charlie sat by his brother's bed. In later life he described what passed through his mind there, and it is the turning point of his story. He found himself asking what all George's fame was worth now. The runs, the wickets, the praise of the newspapers, the admiration of thousands of people who had watched him play, none of it could do anything for him as he lay between life and death. The only thing that seemed to matter was whether he was ready to meet God. And Charlie, who had been a Christian for five years, found that he was ashamed of the way he had lived. He had

been converted, and he had kept his faith to himself. He had given cricket his strength and Christ almost nothing.

George recovered. The family regarded his recovery as an answer to prayer, and so did Charlie. But he never forgot the questions he had asked at the bedside, and he was never again able to go back to the comfortable faith of the previous six years. Jesus said of his friend Lazarus, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." Studd came to believe that George's illness had been sent, in part, for his sake.

Moody Again

In the same season Moody and Sankey were back in Britain, in the second of their great campaigns, and in the winter of 1883–84 they were holding meetings in London. Charlie went to hear Moody. It was the preaching that had converted his father, and it now did for the son what it had done for him. He came back, as he later told it, to the joy of his first conversion, and this time he did not keep it to himself.

He began at once to speak to his friends about Christ. Some of them were cricketers, and he invited them to the meetings. He gave away Christian books and spoke of the gospel to people he met, with an enthusiasm that some found attractive and others found alarming. The quiet young man who had kept his religion in a private corner had become, almost overnight, an evangelist. His family noticed the change, and not all of them liked it.

What Should He Do?

The question that followed was the one that faces every young Christian whose faith becomes serious: what was he to do with his life? Studd had a

degree, a famous name and a large fortune coming to him. He could have taken holy orders and become a clergyman, like many of his Cambridge contemporaries. He could have done Christian work at home, as Kynaston was doing among young men. He could have gone on playing cricket and spoken of Christ to the people he met. He tried, by his own account, to find out what God wanted, and for some months he did not know.

He seems to have found two things during this time. The first was a deeper understanding of what it meant to give his life completely to God. Like many young evangelicals of the 1880s, he was influenced by the teaching about the surrendered life that was spreading through the holiness meetings of the period, and especially through the Keswick Convention, which began in 1875. That teaching stressed that a Christian could not have both a divided heart and peace with God, and that the way to joy was to hand everything over to Christ. Studd took it literally, as he took everything.

The second thing he found was the mission field. The China Inland Mission, founded by J. Hudson Taylor in 1865, was by then the most talked-about missionary society in Britain. It asked its workers to go inland, far from the treaty ports, to wear Chinese dress and live in Chinese houses, and to trust God for their support without being promised a salary. To some people it looked like folly. To young men like Studd, it looked like the New Testament. He had heard that another Cambridge man, the rowing stroke Stanley Smith, had already offered himself to the Mission. During 1884 he met Hudson Taylor and made his own offer. He would go to China.

The Family Objects

His family was dismayed. According to the family accounts, his mother, a widow for seven years, pleaded with him not to go. Kynaston, himself a committed Christian, argued that Charlie was being carried away by emotion, and that he could serve God just as well at home. Friends told him that it was a waste of his gifts and his position. It is easy to read these objections as worldliness, and Studd's admirers usually do. But they were the natural fears of a loving family who had already lost a husband and father, and who could see that the climate of inland China killed missionaries with depressing regularity. They were not entirely wrong to fear for him.

Studd later said that he had struggled hard with their opposition, and that he found it one of the most painful parts of the whole decision. He said, too, that he had been settled by turning to the Bible and finding there what he took as God's own direction. The details of that experience are given by his biographer, and this book does not repeat them. What matters is the result. He decided that he must obey God rather than his family, and he told them so.

Jesus warned that following him could divide families: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" (Matthew 10:37, ASV). That word has been used, sometimes cruelly, to justify neglect and harshness in the name of a higher calling. Studd would later be accused of exactly that, and not without reason. But there is no sign that he was harsh with his family in 1884. He was sorry to grieve them, and he went anyway. In time, most of them came round. Kynaston would help the seven with their preparations for departure and became one of the most effective advocates of foreign missions among students on both sides of the Atlantic.

First Love

The letters to the seven churches in the book of Revelation include a warning to the church at Ephesus, a church that had worked hard, endured much and refused to tolerate false teachers. "But I have this against thee, that thou didst leave thy first love. Remember therefore whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works" (Revelation 2:4-5, ASV).

Charlie Studd's six cold years were not years of open sin. By the standards of his world he was an admirable young man: sober, honest, hard-working at his sport, loyal to his friends. He had not denied Christ. He had simply let him drift to the edge of his life. The Ephesian church had done the same in a different way, by being so busy with right doctrine and hard work that it forgot what it was all for.

What brought Studd back was a crisis, and that is often how it happens. But it is worth noticing that the crisis did not create anything new in him. It reminded him of what he had already received in 1878, and made him ashamed of what he had done with it. The call of the risen Christ to the Ephesians was not "find something new" but "remember ... and do the first works." In 1883 and 1884 Studd remembered. He went back to the simple faith of his conversion, and from it, this time, he went out.

It is also worth noticing what he did not do. He did not despise his earlier conversion, or say that he had never really been a Christian before. In later years, when he told his story to students, he was careful to say that he had been truly converted at eighteen, and that his trouble had been, not unbelief, but a faith that had never been allowed to cost anything. That is a more common condition than unbelief, and in some ways a more dangerous one, because it feels so safe.

Glory, Not Fame

When John wrote about the sickness of Lazarus, he chose his words with care. The sickness was "for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." Glory and fame are not the same thing. Fame is what people give, and it can be taken away. Glory, in the Bible, is the weight and splendour of God himself, made visible. Charlie Studd had had a great deal of fame, and at George's bedside he had seen what it was worth. From then on he wanted something else: that whatever he did would make Christ visible.

He did not always see clearly how to do that. He would make many mistakes. But from 1884 until his death, the direction of his life did not change. The famous cricketer had decided to stop playing for the corruptible crown, and the newspapers were about to discover it.

The Seven

"And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me."
— Isaiah 6:8, ASV

An Unlikely Band

By the end of 1884 seven young men had offered themselves to the China Inland Mission, and the newspapers had noticed that they had something in common. Most of them were Cambridge men, and all of them came from the class that ran Britain.

Stanley Smith, born in 1861, had stroked the Cambridge boat. Montagu Beauchamp was the son of a baronet and a Cambridge oarsman. William Cassels, a Cambridge graduate who had been ordained, was a curate in south London. Arthur and Cecil Polhill-Turner were the sons of a wealthy family in Bedfordshire; Arthur had been at Cambridge and had meant to take orders, and Cecil was an officer in the Dragoon Guards. Dixon Hoste, the one who had not been at Cambridge, was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, trained at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the son of a general. And there was Charlie Studd, the England cricketer.

They were not a natural team. Some were Anglicans of the evangelical school, and others were drawn to the newer independent churches. Some

were quiet and some exuberant. Hoste, the soldier, was so reserved that he was later described as the odd man out of the group. But they had one thing in common, which their contemporaries found almost incomprehensible. They were giving up careers, comfort and position in order to go to the interior of China, where they would wear Chinese clothes, live as Chinese people lived, and rely on God, not a salary, for their support. Somebody, in the excitement of the following weeks, called them "the Cambridge Seven," and the name stuck.

Hudson Taylor's Gamble

For the China Inland Mission, the Seven were a gift and a risk. The Mission was nineteen years old. It had grown fast, but it had been criticised for sending out workers of little education, and some in the established churches thought it extreme. Here were seven gentlemen of the most respectable kind, two of them famous sportsmen, choosing it above every other society. Hudson Taylor saw at once what their example might do among students, and he and the Mission's secretary, Benjamin Broomhall, encouraged them to tell their story before they sailed.

Taylor was also cautious. He did not want the Seven to become heroes, and he did not want young men to offer for China out of excitement rather than conviction. The Mission did not change its rules for them. They would sail as ordinary probationary missionaries, learn Chinese like everyone else, and be posted where the Mission sent them.

The Tour

In January and the first days of February 1885, the Seven, singly and in groups, spoke at meetings in universities and cities in England and

Scotland. The meetings were crowded. Studd and Stanley Smith, the two famous athletes, were the main attraction, and they went to the universities in particular. The meetings with the students of Edinburgh are remembered as among the most remarkable of all. Students who had never before thought of the mission field went away asking whether God was calling them too.

Contemporary reports give some sense of what they heard. The Seven did not talk much about China, of which they knew almost nothing yet. They talked about Christ, and about what it meant to give him everything. Stanley Smith was the orator. Studd was not a natural speaker, and the reports describe his testimony as quiet but intense, the words of a man who had found something better than everything he was leaving. He told them that he had loved cricket as much as anyone could, and that he had found in Christ something far better. He told them that cricket would not last, and honour would not last, and nothing in this world would last, but that it was worth living for the world to come. He told them, too, about his six years of backsliding, and warned them that it was possible to be a Christian and still keep Christ out of the centre of one's life.

Exeter Hall

The farewell meeting was held on the evening of 4 February 1885 at Exeter Hall in the Strand, the great London meeting place of evangelical societies. The hall was packed, with a crowd reported at about three thousand, and *The Times* reported it. Each of the Seven spoke. The next morning, Thursday 5 February, they left London for China.

Broomhall's account of their meetings and testimonies, *A Missionary Band*, appeared in 1886 and was enlarged in 1887 as *The Evangelisation of the World*. Copies went to every corner of the English-speaking evangelical

world. It is not a subtle book. Its purpose was to stir up young people to offer themselves, and it succeeded. Its title would echo for decades in the student missionary movement.

Across the Atlantic

The influence of the Seven was felt far beyond Britain. In 1885 and 1886 Kynaston Studd toured colleges in the United States, telling the story of his brother and his friends. At Cornell University, in January 1886, a young student named John R. Mott heard him, and later described that meeting as a decisive hour of his life. Mott became the leading figure in the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which was formed in 1886 and in the following half-century sent many thousands of young Americans and Canadians overseas as missionaries. The Movement's watchword, "the evangelization of the world in this generation," was shaped in part by the story of the Seven.

No single event created the great missionary expansion of the late nineteenth century, and the Seven did not do it alone. But few people have ever done more simply by going.

The Ones Who Were Not Famous

The fame of the Seven had a shadow, and it is right to notice it. In the same years, and in the years that followed, the China Inland Mission sent out hundreds of other missionaries whose names no one remembers: shop assistants, clerks, nurses, farmers' sons, teachers and domestic servants, many of them with very little education. Many of them were women. They went to the same provinces, wore the same Chinese clothes, learned the same difficult language, and in many cases died young of the same diseases.

Nobody published books about them in 1886. Nobody packed Exeter Hall to hear them.

Hudson Taylor knew this, and it was part of the reason for his caution. He was glad of the Seven, and he used their fame for the sake of the Mission. But he did not want the Mission to believe that its work depended on the sons of baronets and England cricketers. It depended on God, and on ordinary men and women who would go where they were sent.

Some of the Seven seem to have understood this very well. Dixon Hoste, in particular, spent the rest of his long life deliberately avoiding the limelight, and became known for his humility and his deference to Chinese Christian leaders. Studd understood it in his own way. He never thought of himself as a hero, and he spent much of his life telling ordinary Christians that they could do as much as he had done, and more. But the publicity of 1885 also set a pattern in his life that was not entirely healthy. From the age of twenty-four, he was a public figure in the missionary world, whose decisions were reported, discussed and admired. It is not easy for anyone to live under that kind of attention without coming to believe that his own judgement is especially to be trusted.

Paul reminded the Corinthians of something that the publicity around the Seven tended to obscure: "For behold your calling, brethren, that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise" (1 Corinthians 1:26-27, ASV). The Seven were exceptions, and they were celebrated because they were exceptions. Most of the work of the gospel in China, as everywhere, would be done by people who were not.

Here Am I

Isaiah's call came in a vision of the Lord "high and lifted up" (Isaiah 6:1, ASV). It began with a sense of the holiness of God, and of his own uncleanness, and only after his lips had been touched with a coal from the altar did he hear the question, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" The answer, "Here am I; send me," was not the boast of a confident volunteer. It was the reply of a man who had been forgiven and had nothing left to protect.

The Seven are sometimes remembered as a band of heroes, and the publicity that surrounded them made it hard to see them any other way. Their lives in China would be very different from one another. Hoste would succeed Hudson Taylor as head of the Mission, and lead it from 1902 to 1935. Cassels would become the first Anglican bishop of Western China. Stanley Smith would serve in China until his death in 1931, the same year as Studd. Beauchamp would serve there for many years and become an army chaplain in the First World War. Cecil Polhill would leave China in poor health and become one of the founders of the Pentecostal movement in Britain. Studd would stay less than ten years. None of them knew any of that as they left London in February 1885. They knew only that they had been asked who would go, and that they had answered.

In Chinese Dress

"For though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more."
— 1 Corinthians 9:19, ASV

Shanghai, March 1885

The Seven reached Shanghai on 18 March 1885. Hudson Taylor had gone ahead to arrange their journeys inland. Shanghai was the greatest of the treaty ports, the coastal cities that China had been forced to open to foreign trade and residence after its defeats in the Opium Wars of 1839–42 and 1856–60. It had a foreign settlement with banks, clubs, churches and racecourses, governed in effect by the foreigners who lived there. A young English gentleman could have lived very comfortably in Shanghai. The China Inland Mission existed precisely so that its workers would not.

Within days of landing, the Seven had put on Chinese clothes. That meant a long gown, cloth shoes, and, for the men, the queue: the front of the head shaved and the hair at the back grown or lengthened with false hair into a long plait, as Chinese men were then required to wear it. The practice had been begun by Hudson Taylor himself nearly thirty years earlier, and it was still mocked by many Europeans in China, who thought it lowered the dignity of the white man. For Taylor that was exactly the point. The Mission's workers were to go among the Chinese as guests and learners, not

as members of a ruling race. Studd took to it with enthusiasm. He was always more at ease with a practice that cost him something.

The Shadow of the Opium Trade

There was another reason why a missionary in China needed humility. Britain was, in the 1880s, the chief supplier of opium to China. The drug was grown under government monopoly in British India, shipped to China by British and other merchants, and sold there under treaty terms that the Chinese government had been compelled to accept. Millions of Chinese people smoked it, and it ruined many families. Missionaries were constantly told by the Chinese they met that the same nation that sent them the Bible sent them opium. Hudson Taylor had campaigned against the trade for years. Studd's own family fortune had come from a different crop in a different part of India, but he was a son of the same empire, and he could not have been unaware of the contradiction. It is part of the background of everything the Seven did in China.

Up the Han River

The Seven were divided. Studd and the two Polhill-Turner brothers were sent west, up the Yangtze to Hankou and then by boat up the Han River towards Hanzhong, in Shaanxi province, where the Mission had a station. It was a journey of many weeks. The river boats were slow, cramped and uncomfortable, and the three young men used the time to study Chinese. They had been told to learn the language before they did anything else, and they were in earnest about it.

The language was hard. Studd had never been a scholar, and nothing in the record suggests that study came easily to him. He learned to speak

Chinese well enough to live and work in it, but he never became one of the Mission's linguists. He was a man of action, and his gift was not for patient study but for wholehearted commitment.

Later, he was moved north to Shanxi, the province where several of the Seven eventually worked. Shanxi had been devastated by the great famine of 1876–79, in which millions died, and the Mission had gone there partly in response. It was also the province of one of the most remarkable Chinese Christians of the century.

Pastor Xi

Xi Shengmo, known to English readers as Pastor Hsi, was a Confucian scholar from southern Shanxi who had been an opium addict. He had been converted in about 1879, through reading the New Testament, while helping a missionary with an essay competition, and he had broken his addiction through prayer. He took the name Shengmo, "conqueror of demons," and set up refuges where opium addicts could come to be cured, with medicine, care and prayer. By the late 1880s there were refuges in many towns, run by Chinese Christians. In 1886 Hudson Taylor recognised him as a pastor of the churches in his district.

Several of the Seven worked closely with Xi. Stanley Smith and Dixon Hoste were with him for years in the district of Hongtong, and Hoste in particular learned from him a respect for Chinese leadership that shaped the whole of his later direction of the Mission. Studd's connection with Xi was less close, though some accounts say that it was Xi who conducted his wedding. The point to grasp is that the church in Shanxi was already being built by Chinese men and women. The young foreigners who arrived in Chinese gowns were joining a work that Chinese Christians were leading, often at great cost to themselves. Many of the converts in Shanxi were

former opium smokers who had been rescued in Chinese-run refuges. The missionaries brought money, medicine and Bible teaching. They did not bring the church. Its life was Chinese from the beginning.

Hudson Taylor's Principles

The China Inland Mission that Studd joined was built on a few clear principles, and they shaped him for life. Its workers were to go inland, to the provinces where no Protestant missionary was at work, rather than staying in the coastal cities. They were to adopt Chinese dress and, as far as possible, Chinese ways of living. They were to be led by directors in China, who knew the field, rather than by a committee in London. They were to receive no fixed salary, and the Mission would not make public appeals for money or go into debt; it would share among its workers whatever God sent, and trust him for the rest. And it was interdenominational: Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Brethren worked side by side.

Every one of those principles appears again, in a sharper form, in the mission Studd would found in Africa a quarter of a century later. He took from Hudson Taylor the idea of going to the unreached, of living close to the people, of trusting God for money without appeals, and of leadership from the field rather than from home. What he did not take, or did not take enough of, was Taylor's patience, his willingness to consult, and his deep respect for the judgement of others, including his Chinese colleagues. Taylor was a strong leader and could be immovable. But he built a mission that could survive him. Studd would build one that very nearly did not.

There is a further lesson in these first months that is easy to miss. For the first time in his life, Studd was a beginner at something. At Eton and Cambridge he had been a star; in the cricket world he had been admired; at the meetings of 1885 crowds had hung on his words. In China he could not

ask for a cup of tea without help. Every child in the street knew more than he did. The China Inland Mission deliberately put its new workers in that position, because it believed that a missionary who had not first been a learner would never be a servant. It is a position that every cross-cultural worker knows, and that most find humbling. Some of Studd's later difficulties may be traced to the fact that, in Africa, he came as a leader from the start, and never had to spend long years as a learner among the people he served.

Thirty years after Hudson Taylor, then a young and unknown missionary, first put on Chinese dress in 1855, the practice was still controversial. Some missionaries of other societies regarded the China Inland Mission's workers as eccentric, and some officials thought they were deliberately provoking trouble by going where foreigners were not expected. To Taylor and those who followed him, the question was simple. Chinese people would listen more readily to someone who honoured their customs than to someone who despised them. The Seven accepted that from the start, and Studd never forgot it.

Free and a Servant

Paul wrote, "For though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more." A few verses later he said, "I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some" (1 Corinthians 9:22, ASV). Paul was a free man, a Roman citizen, a scholar with every reason for pride. He chose to live as a servant, adapting himself to the customs of the people he wanted to reach, so that nothing about him would stand between them and the gospel.

Wearing Chinese dress was a small thing, and it did not make Studd Chinese. He remained a wealthy Englishman, with a family fortune behind

him and the protection of the British consul if he needed it. But it was a sign that he understood something important. A messenger who refuses to change anything about himself is saying, without meaning to, that his own ways are the gospel. The Seven, for all their naivety, had grasped that the gospel must cross into the culture of those who hear it. Christ himself "emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men" (Philippians 2:7, ASV).

It was a lesson Studd would carry to Africa. It was also, in a way, the beginning of the next great step of his life. If he was to be a servant, what was he doing with a fortune?

Treasure in a Field

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field; which a man found, and hid; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."
— Matthew 13:44, ASV

Coming of Age

Under the terms of his father's will, Charlie Studd was to receive his share of the family fortune when he reached the age of twenty-five. He turned twenty-five on 2 December 1885, in China. The money took time to reach him, as legacies do, and it was not until the turn of 1886 and 1887 that he was in a position to dispose of it.

He had already decided what to do. He had been reading the Gospels, and he could not get past the plain words of Jesus to the rich young ruler: "go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me" (Mark 10:21, ASV). He knew that most Christians did not take that command as addressed to them. He thought that it was addressed to him. He was in a mission that told its workers to trust God for their daily bread. He did not see how he could do that honestly while holding a fortune in reserve.

The Cheques

The day most often given for the decisive step is 13 January 1887. On that day, according to the accounts, he wrote a series of cheques before he even knew the exact size of his inheritance. Later, when he learned the full amount, he gave away most of what was left.

The total is variously given. Some accounts say twenty-five thousand pounds; others, including the modern reference works, say about twenty-nine thousand. Either sum was an immense fortune in the 1880s, equal by most reckonings to several million pounds today. It was not the whole of his family's wealth, which was shared among many children, but it was the whole of his own.

The best-known gifts are these. Five thousand pounds went to D. L. Moody, the evangelist who had converted his father and restored his own faith. It is said that Studd hoped Moody would use it to start gospel work in Tirhut, the district of India where his father had made his money, and that when Moody could not do that, he used it towards the training school for Christian workers that he was founding in Chicago, which became the Moody Bible Institute. Five thousand pounds went to George Müller of Bristol, famous for running orphanages for thousands of children without ever asking anyone but God for money; the accounts say that Studd asked for four thousand of it to be used for missionary work and one thousand for the orphans. Five thousand went to George Holland, who ran a mission among the poor of Whitechapel in London's East End. Five thousand went to Frederick Booth-Tucker, the Salvation Army officer who was leading the Army's work in India, and who had himself given up a career in the Indian civil service to live among the poor in Indian dress. Further sums, recorded less precisely, went to other Christian causes.

There is a pattern in these gifts that is worth noticing. They went to men who themselves lived by faith and among the poor: an evangelist who had once sold shoes, an orphan-father who asked no one for money, a mission in a slum, and an Englishman who had taken off his uniform to wear the clothes of India. They also went, in two cases, to India, the land from which the fortune had come. Whether Studd thought of it as restitution is not recorded. It looks like it.

The Men He Gave To

The men who received Studd's money were not chosen at random, and a word about each of them helps to explain his choice.

George Müller, a German-born pastor in Bristol, had begun caring for orphans in 1836. By the 1880s his orphan houses on Ashley Down cared for some two thousand children at a time, and over his lifetime more than ten thousand passed through them. Müller made it a rule never to ask anyone but God for money, and published the record of the gifts that came in answer to prayer. He was, for evangelicals of Studd's generation, the living proof that a work could be carried on by faith alone. He also supported many missionaries abroad, which is why Studd asked that most of his gift should go to missionary work.

George Holland ran a mission in George Yard, Whitechapel, in one of the poorest and most dangerous districts of London, with schools, meetings and practical help for families who had nothing. The gift to Holland was a sign that he did not think the poor of London any less in need than the people of China.

Frederick Tucker had been a member of the Indian Civil Service before he joined the Salvation Army, married the daughter of its founder, William Booth, and took the name Booth-Tucker. In 1882 he had led the Army's

first party to India, where its officers, to the scandal of many Europeans, wore Indian clothes, went barefoot, begged their food and lived among the poor. Studd, who had just put on a Chinese gown, cannot have missed the parallel.

Moody, finally, was the man to whom the Studds owed most, and the gift to him was in part a gift of gratitude. If, as is usually said, it went to the training school in Chicago, it went to the new kind of work Moody was beginning in his later years: the training of ordinary men and women, without university degrees, to be evangelists and Christian workers. Studd would spend much of his later life recruiting exactly such people.

What He Kept

He did not give away quite everything. When the gifts were made, he kept back a sum, usually given as about three thousand four hundred pounds. The accounts say that he meant it for a future wife, and by the time he married, a year later, he had found one. The story of what happened to it belongs to the next chapter.

It is also worth being clear about what he did not give up. He remained a member of a wealthy and well-connected family, who would help him and his children when he was ill and at home, and whose connections opened doors for him all his life. He had given up his own fortune, which was a great thing. He had not given up the security of being an English gentleman, and he could not have done so if he had tried. That does not lessen his gift. It does help to explain why, later in life, he sometimes failed to understand that people without his background could not live as he did.

Was It Wise?

People argued about it at the time, and they still do. Some thought it a magnificent act of faith. Others thought it rash and even irresponsible. A fortune wisely invested could have supported missionary work for generations; given away at once, it was spent within a few years. Studd had no answer for those who argued in that way, except that he believed he had been told to do it.

The New Testament does not command every Christian to give away everything. Paul told Timothy to "charge them that are rich in this present world, that they be not highminded, nor have their hope set on the uncertainty of riches, but on God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate" (1 Timothy 6:17-18, ASV). That is a command to generosity, not to poverty. But the Gospels also record that Jesus sometimes asked particular people for everything, and that some of them obeyed. Studd believed that he was one of those people. It is not easy to prove him wrong.

Paul, saying goodbye to the elders of Ephesus, reminded them of "the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35, ASV). The saying is not recorded in any of the Gospels; Paul knew it from those who had heard Jesus. Studd believed it, and in 1887 he found it to be true. Many people who have given generously can say the same. The gift does something to the giver. It loosens the grip of money on the heart, and it makes room for trust. Studd would need that trust for the rest of his life, and he never seems to have lost it, even when everything else was hard.

Joy

The parable at the head of this chapter is one of the shortest Jesus told. A man finds treasure buried in a field. He covers it up again, goes away, sells everything he owns, and buys the field. The key words are three: "in his joy." He is not making a sacrifice. He is making the best bargain of his life.

All the accounts agree that this is how Studd felt. He did not regard his gift as a loss. He regarded it as a release. He never afterwards spoke of it with regret, and he never seems to have been tempted to wish he had the money back, even in the years of real poverty that lay ahead. The joy of the man in the parable is the key to understanding him at his best. It is also, later, the thing that would be most obviously missing at his worst. Giving away a fortune with joy is one thing. Asking others to give away what they have, with anger at their slowness, is another.

In 1887 the joy was all there. He had found the treasure, and he had bought the field. Now he was about to find a woman who would see the matter exactly as he did.

Scilla

"Salute Prisca and Aquila my fellow-workers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles"
— Romans 16:3-4, ASV

An Irish Girl

Priscilla Livingstone Stewart was born on 28 August 1864, in or near Belfast. Most accounts give her birthplace as Lisburn, a linen town a few miles to the south-west of the city; some give Belfast itself. Those who knew her as a young woman described her as warm, quick and full of fun, with an Ulster directness that never left her. Her family and friends called her Scilla. Her middle name, Livingstone, was a reminder of the most famous missionary of the age, though there is no evidence of any family connection with him.

She became a committed Christian as a young woman, and offered herself to the China Inland Mission. The Mission had appealed for a hundred new workers to be sent out during 1887, and "the Hundred," as they were called, were a mixed company, many of them young women, many of them without any of the advantages of the Cambridge Seven. Priscilla Stewart was one of them. She reached Shanghai in 1887 and, after a

time there, was sent inland with three other young women to work at a town called Ta-ku-tang, on the great Poyang Lake in Jiangxi.

The Hundred

The appeal that brought Priscilla Stewart to China was one of the boldest in the history of missions. In 1886 Hudson Taylor and his colleagues in China, meeting to pray about the needs of the provinces, asked God for a hundred new workers to be sent out in the course of 1887. The Mission then had fewer than two hundred missionaries in the whole of China. Taylor published the appeal and, true to his principles, did not ask for money to send them. By the end of 1887 a hundred and two new missionaries had sailed.

A great many of the Hundred were women, and many of them, like Priscilla, were sent to live and work in inland cities. That itself was controversial. Most missionary societies of the time thought it improper and dangerous for unmarried women to live in the interior of China without the protection of a missionary husband or father. Hudson Taylor disagreed. He believed that Chinese women could be reached only by women, and he trusted the women he sent. Some of the most effective missionaries in the Mission's history were single women living in Chinese towns, far from any European.

Priscilla Stewart came out of that tradition. She was not a missionary's wife who happened to have a calling of her own. She was a missionary who happened, after a year in China, to become a wife. That order of things is important to understanding her, and her later role in the mission she and her husband built.

Courtship

How and where she and Charlie Studd first met is not recorded in any source available to this book, and the story of their courtship has been decorated by later retellings. What seems clear is that he fell deeply in love with her, and that he pursued her in his usual way, with complete conviction. Each of them later insisted, with some humour, that the other had done the proposing. He always said that she had proposed to him. She did not agree.

By early 1888 they were engaged. Then she became seriously ill, with pneumonia according to the modern accounts, and he went to her, though he was himself recovering from an illness of the lungs. The Chinese Christians around them, it is said, took a practical view of the matter. A young man had come a long way to see a young woman who was very ill, and in their eyes, that settled it. They ought to be married at once.

They were married in the spring of 1888, most accounts say at Tianjin, in the north. The ceremony was performed by a Chinese pastor. Some accounts name him as Xi Shengmo, the former opium addict who led the churches of southern Shanxi; that cannot be confirmed from the sources available here, and it should be treated with caution. The date usually given is 7 April 1888. Bride and groom are said to have worn their ordinary Chinese clothes.

It is worth pausing on that detail, because it is unusual. In the 1880s an Englishman of Studd's class who married in China would normally have done so before a consul or an English chaplain, in English clothes and with an English ceremony. The Studds, so far as the accounts allow us to see, did it the other way round. Their wedding belonged to the Chinese church, and a Chinese minister pronounced them man and wife. It was a small sign,

but a true one, that they understood themselves to be members of the church they had come to serve.

Three Thousand Four Hundred Pounds

Before the wedding, Studd gave his bride the money he had kept back from his inheritance, about three thousand four hundred pounds. It was meant to give her some security. She did not keep it. According to the accounts, she decided that she wanted to begin married life as he had done, with nothing but God to depend on, and she gave the whole sum to the Salvation Army.

The story is usually told with dialogue invented by later writers, and this book does not repeat it. The facts are simple and remarkable enough. Two young people in their twenties, with every reason to want some security for a family they hoped to have, chose to have none. Their marriage would test that choice many times over, in illness, in the births of children far from any hospital, in the deaths of two sons, and in years of separation. Neither of them ever seems to have said that they regretted it.

The choice of the Salvation Army as the recipient of that last gift is worth a moment's thought. In 1888 the Army was barely ten years old under that name. It was noisy, unconventional and widely despised by respectable church people, and it was one of the very few Christian bodies of the time in which women preached, led congregations and held command on equal terms with men. Catherine Booth, the wife of its founder, was one of the best-known preachers in England. Whether that weighed with Priscilla Stewart is not recorded. But a young woman who had come to China to preach the gospel herself, and who would later lead a mission in all but name, chose to give her marriage portion to a movement that let women do exactly that.

The gift also showed something about the two of them as a couple. Studd had kept the money for her, as a husband of his class was expected to do. She refused to let him. From the very beginning of their marriage she was not content to be protected. She wanted to share his risks, and she did, for forty years.

The Preacher of Ecclesiastes wrote, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, and hath not another to lift him up" (Ecclesiastes 4:9-10, ASV). In their years together in China and India, Charles and Priscilla Studd lifted each other up more than once. They were both ill, often at the same time, and both lost children. Each depended on the other's faith when their own ran low. It is worth keeping those years in mind when reading the later story, in which they were so often apart. The partnership that sustained the mission in Africa had been forged in a Chinese city, in illness and grief, long before anyone outside the family knew or cared what became of them.

Fellow-Workers

The verse at the head of this chapter is Paul's greeting to another Priscilla, called Prisca for short, and her husband Aquila. They were tentmakers, Jewish Christians who had been driven out of Rome, and Paul lived and worked with them in Corinth. They travelled with him to Ephesus. In Rome they opened their house to the church. Paul calls them his "fellow-workers," and in the New Testament Priscilla's name is usually put first, which suggests that she was the better known of the two, or the more gifted teacher (Acts 18:26). They had risked their necks for him.

The marriage of Charles and Priscilla Studd was in many ways a partnership of that kind. She was not simply his wife; she was a missionary

in her own right, with her own call, her own gifts and her own strong opinions. In China she worked among women whom he could not reach. In England, years later, she would become the organiser, speaker and fund-raiser on whom his whole African mission depended, travelling and speaking in spite of a heart condition that left her at times an invalid.

It would also be a marriage of long separations, and those separations would cost both of them deeply. For the last fifteen years of his life they were together only once, for a visit of a few days. That story belongs to a later chapter. In 1888, newly married and with nothing in the bank, they went inland together to make a home in a Chinese city that did not want them.

Lungan

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed for sowing, Shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."
— Psalm 126:5-6, ASV

A City That Did Not Want Them

After their wedding, the Studds went to live in Lungan, a prefectural city in the south-east of Shanxi province. In the romanised spelling of the day it was usually written Lungan-fu or Lu-an-fu; the city is now known as Changzhi. The China Inland Mission had marked it as a place where a station ought to be opened, and the Studds were the ones who went.

The record of their years there is thin. Studd's biographer drew on family letters that have not been published in full, and the Mission's own reports of the period mention the station only briefly. What follows is therefore an outline, not a detailed narrative, and the reader should know that much of what popular books say about these years cannot now be checked.

The outline is clear enough. Foreigners were not welcome in Lungan. In the late 1880s and early 1890s feeling against missionaries ran high in many parts of China. Placards accused them of terrible crimes, including the kidnapping and mutilation of children, and in 1891 a wave of riots

against missions swept the cities of the Yangtze valley. Some of that suspicion was the product of ignorance and rumour. Some was the natural resentment of a proud people who had been defeated in war by foreign powers and forced to accept their merchants, their opium and their missionaries. A young couple who arrived in a Chinese city and rented a house to preach a foreign religion could expect to be watched, insulted and sometimes threatened. The Studds were.

They stayed. Accounts agree that they lived as simply as their neighbours, that for a long time they had almost no visible results, and that the hostility only slowly gave way to tolerance and then, in some quarters, to friendship. Like many China Inland Mission stations in Shanxi, theirs became connected with the work of opium refuges, where men and women who wanted to break their addiction could come for treatment, care and teaching. Such refuges in Shanxi were very often run by Chinese Christians, many of them former addicts themselves. Priscilla worked among the women of the city, whom her husband, as a man and a foreigner, could hardly reach at all.

Some people in Lungan became Christians. How many is not recorded in any source available to this book, and the round numbers given in some popular accounts have not been traced. The names of the Chinese Christians who worked with the Studds have not survived in those sources either. They should not be forgotten simply because they were not written down. Every station of the Mission depended on Chinese evangelists, teachers, Bible-women, cooks, carriers and landlords, people who took real risks in associating with foreigners and who carried the gospel into homes and villages where no missionary could go.

Four Daughters and Two Sons

Four daughters were born to the Studds in China. The eldest, born in 1889, was given the names Salvation Grace Faith, a choice which says a good deal about her parents. She was always called Grace. Dorothy Catherine followed on 9 July 1891, born at Lungan, and Edith Mary Crossley in 1892. The youngest, Pauline Evangeline Priscilla, was born at Lungan on 10 February 1894. All four survived, and all four would grow up to share in some way in their parents' work. Grace married Martin Sutton and, after his death, David Munro, an army officer. Dorothy married Gilbert Barclay, a clergyman who would help to run the mission at home. Edith married Alfred Buxton, her father's companion in Africa. Pauline married Norman Grubb, his successor.

The Studds also had two sons, and both died in infancy. The details are uncertain. One record compiled by a modern historian of the family says that a son named Paul was born in China and lived only a day; another son, born later, is recorded as having lived for two days. Parents in their position, far from doctors and hospitals, in a climate and conditions that killed many foreign children, knew that such losses were possible. That did not make them easier to bear.

Studd rarely wrote about these deaths, at least in anything that has been published. It would be wrong to fill the silence with invented feelings. But it is right to notice it. Every missionary biography of the period contains small graves. They were part of the price that missionary families paid, and that their children paid, and it is a price that the heroic retellings tend to pass over quickly. The words of Job, "Jehovah gave, and Jehovah hath taken away; blessed be the name of Jehovah" (Job 1:21, ASV), are words of faith, but they are also words spoken by a man sitting in the ashes, and the Bible does not hurry past his grief.

Broken Health

Studd had never been as strong as his cricket suggested, and China wore him down. He suffered from asthma, which troubled him for the rest of his life, and from recurring illnesses of the chest. Priscilla's health was also poor. By 1894 both of them were in a state that the accounts call broken. The Mission's doctors, and their own families, urged them to go home.

They left China in 1894. They had been there, Charlie for about nine years and Priscilla for about seven. Before they left, they handed over to the Mission the property they had paid for at Lungan, so that the work could continue. Accounts say that they afterwards severed their formal connection with the China Inland Mission. Studd never returned to China.

1900

Six years after the Studds left China, the province where they had worked became the scene of one of the worst massacres of missionaries and Chinese Christians in modern times. In 1900 the movement known in the West as the Boxer Rising, which blamed foreigners and Christians for the drought, poverty and humiliations that China was suffering, spread through the north of the country with the encouragement of parts of the imperial government. In Shanxi the governor, Yuxian, was one of the most hostile officials in China. In July 1900 dozens of missionaries and their children were executed at Taiyuan, the provincial capital, and others were hunted down across the province.

The China Inland Mission lost fifty-eight missionaries and twenty-one children in that year, more than any other society. Many of them died in Shanxi. Far more Chinese Christians died than foreigners: across the north of China, thousands of Protestant and Catholic believers were killed, many

of them refusing to deny their faith to save their lives. Some of them were members of churches that the young men of the Cambridge Seven and their colleagues had helped to plant.

The Studds were in England, about to leave for India. It is not recorded in any source available to this book how they received the news, or whether they knew personally any of those who died. It would be strange if they did not. The Mission's workers at Lu-an, the city where the Studds had lived, were among those whose lives were in danger that summer. One of them, Archibald Glover, escaped with his family and others on a long and terrible journey to the Yangtze, which he described in his book *A Thousand Miles of Miracle in China*. Had the Studds stayed in China, their daughters would have been children in Shanxi in 1900.

The story belongs here because it is a reminder of what was at stake for the Chinese Christians whom missionaries like the Studds left behind. Missionaries could go home when their health broke. Chinese believers could not. They bore the cost of their faith in their own communities, and in 1900 many paid with their lives. Their courage is part of the story of the Studds' years in Shanxi, even though it came after the Studds had gone.

The psalmist knew that kind of grief, and wrote, "Jehovah is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit" (Psalm 34:18, ASV). The Studds left Lungan with broken health and, it may be supposed, with broken hearts. The promise was not that they would be spared, but that they would not be alone.

Sowing in Tears

By any outward measure, the Studds' years in China were not a great success. They opened one station in a hostile city. They saw some converts, but not many. They buried two sons. They lost their health and came

home. There were no great revivals, no crowds, and no famous stories, and later biographers have found little to say about these years compared with the drama of the Seven before them and of Africa after.

The psalm at the head of this chapter was written for people who had sown seed in difficult ground. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed for sowing, Shall doubtless come again with joy." It is a promise about the harvest, but it does not promise that the sower will see it. The church in Shanxi would suffer terribly in 1900, when the Boxer uprising killed many missionaries and a far larger number of Chinese Christians in that province. It would suffer again in the twentieth century. And it would survive. The Studds were a small part of its early history. Their part was to sow, to weep, and to go home. Whatever came of it belongs to the Chinese Christians who stayed.

Students and Soldiers

"preach the word; be urgent in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and teaching."
— 2 Timothy 4:2, ASV

Home, 1894

The Studds came home to England in 1894 with four small daughters, the youngest a baby, and no money of their own. Their health was poor and their future uncertain. Charlie was thirty-three. He had been a famous cricketer at twenty-one and a famous missionary at twenty-four, and now he was a semi-invalid with asthma, a family to support, and no obvious work to do.

The years that followed are among the least known of his life, and they deserve more attention than they usually receive, because they show what he was like when there was no great adventure to carry him. He did not sink into self-pity, so far as the record shows, and he did not try to recover the fortune he had given away. The family lived simply, and, it seems, with help from relatives and friends. Studd spoke at meetings when his health allowed, and he went on believing, as he always would, that God would provide for those who trusted him. By the standards of most people of his class, the family was poor. By the standards of the poor, they were still very fortunate, and they knew it.

America, 1896–97

In 1896 Studd crossed the Atlantic. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, which had grown in part from the stir his brother Kynaston had caused in American colleges ten years earlier, invited him to speak in the universities of the United States. He spent about eighteen months, through 1896 and 1897, travelling from campus to campus.

It was a remarkable opportunity for a man with his story. American students in the 1890s were fascinated by British sport and British gentlemen, and here was both, in the person of a former England cricketer who had given away a fortune for Christ. Studd did not talk about cricket for long. He talked, as he had always done, about the claims of Christ on the whole of a person's life, and about the millions in the world who had never heard the gospel. The reports of these meetings are brief, and his own letters from the tour have not been published in a form available to this book. But the length of the tour shows that he was in demand, and it would be surprising if none of those who heard him later went overseas.

The tour also shows something about the kind of preacher he was becoming. He was not a polished speaker, and he had no gift for argument. His power lay in his directness, his evident sincerity, and the fact that he had already done what he was asking others to do. Students who heard him knew that he was not recommending sacrifice from a comfortable distance. He also had a habit, which would grow stronger with the years, of putting things in the most extreme and startling way he could, in order to shake his hearers out of complacency. To young people in the 1890s, that was part of his attraction.

A Movement of Students

The movement that invited Studd to America had grown up fast. In the summer of 1886, at a conference for college students convened by Moody at Mount Hermon in Massachusetts, a hundred young men signed a declaration that they were willing and desirous, God permitting, to become foreign missionaries. Out of that pledge grew the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, organised formally in 1888, with John R. Mott as its chairman. Its watchword was "the evangelization of the world in this generation," and over the following decades it sent many thousands of American and Canadian students overseas.

The story of the Cambridge Seven had been part of the background of that movement from the start, through Broomhall's book and through Kynaston Studd's tour of American colleges in 1885 and 1886. When C. T. Studd himself arrived ten years later, he came as a living link with the story that had helped to begin it all. For many of the students who heard him, he was the Cambridge Seven in person.

The movement was not without its critics, then or later. Some thought its watchword unrealistic, and some thought it too closely bound up with the confidence of a rising American power. But it is impossible to tell the history of Protestant missions in the twentieth century without it. Studd's eighteen months on American campuses were a small part of that history, and one of the least known parts of his life.

India

In 1900, when his doctor agreed that he might try the climate of India, Studd took his family to Ootacamund, in the Nilgiri Hills of southern India. Ootacamund, usually called Ooty, was a hill station: a town built by

the British in the cool highlands where officials, soldiers and their families went to escape the heat of the plains. It had English-style houses, a lake, a club, and a racecourse. It was about as far from inland China as a missionary could get without leaving Asia.

Studd became pastor of the Union Church at Ootacamund, an interdenominational congregation of English-speaking residents, under the auspices of a body called the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society. Most accounts date his ministry there from 1900 to 1906; one says seven years. His congregation was made up mostly of British civil servants, planters, soldiers and their families, along with people of mixed British and Indian descent, who were then called Anglo-Indians or Eurasians.

It was a strange post for him in many ways. India was the land from which his father's fortune had come, and he felt, the accounts say, a sense that his family owed something to it. But his work there was not among the Indian people. It was among the British who ruled them, and their dependants. He preached the same gospel he had preached to Cambridge undergraduates and American students. The accounts that survive say that a good many people in the town were converted during his ministry, among them officials and soldiers. They say little about the Indian population of the Nilgiris, and it is not clear how much contact he had with them.

The six years in India were, by the standards of Studd's life, settled and even comfortable. The family was together. The girls were growing up. He was preaching every week to a congregation that wanted to hear him. The mountain air, which was the reason for coming, seems to have given his health a respite. Many men would have been content to stay. He was not.

Restless

Studd had come to believe that the greatest need of the world was not for more preaching to people who had already heard the gospel, but for the gospel to be carried to those who had never heard it at all. He found that conviction in Paul: "making it my aim so to preach the gospel, not where Christ was already named, that I might not build upon another man's foundation" (Romans 15:20, ASV). Ootacamund had churches and chaplains already. He began to feel that he was in the wrong place.

In 1906, again in poor health, he brought his family home to England. He was forty-five. For the next few years he spoke at meetings around the country, often on the claims of world evangelisation, and he waited for direction. He did not yet know where he was meant to go. He was quite sure that he was not meant to stay.

These years also need to be remembered for what they gave to the Studd family. For much of the time between 1894 and 1906 the six of them were together, as they never would be again. The girls grew up with their father at home, in England, America and India, and with both parents sharing their daily life. When Studd left for Africa, his daughters were young women, not children. That does not undo the cost of the later separations. But it means that the family he left behind had known him well, and that the bond between them, which survived so much in later years, had been formed in these quieter years when there was no great venture to carry him away.

Something should also be said about how these years looked from the inside. Studd was a man who thrived on crisis and adventure, and the years after China gave him little of either. He was ill, poor and without a clear task. He had been famous, and his fame was fading. Many men in his position have grown bitter, or tried to recapture the excitement of their

youth in unwise ways. There is no sign that Studd did either. He accepted the work that came to him, in American colleges and in a hill-station church, and did it faithfully. Those twelve years are a quiet witness that his faith did not depend on drama.

In Season, Out of Season

Paul's charge to Timothy at the head of this chapter is often quoted to young preachers, and Studd would have taken it as a description of his whole life. "Preach the word; be urgent in season, out of season." There were seasons in Studd's life when the preaching was easy and the crowds were large, as in 1885. There were others, in Lungan and in the years of illness after China, when it was very hard, and the results small.

The same verse ends with a warning that is easy to overlook: "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and teaching." Studd was always good at reproving and exhorting. Longsuffering did not come so easily. As he grew older, and as his sense of the urgency of the world's need deepened, he became more and more impatient with Christians who did not share it. In Ootacamund that impatience seems to have been held in check by the needs of a settled congregation and the presence of his family. In Africa, in the years to come, it would not always be.

A Notice in Liverpool

"How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?"
— Romans 10:14-15, ASV

Liverpool, 1908

In 1908, walking in Liverpool, Studd saw a notice outside a hall. It read, in effect, that cannibals wanted missionaries. The wording, as it has come down in the accounts, was meant to catch the eye, and it did. Inside, a German explorer and missionary named Karl Kumm was speaking about Africa.

The words on the notice reflect the attitudes of the time, and they need comment. Stories of cannibalism in central Africa were common in European travel writing, and they were often exaggerated or invented. They served, among other things, to make Africans seem utterly other, and to justify European rule over them. Missionary societies used the same language to raise interest and money, and it worked. This book mentions the phrase only to report the notice that Studd saw. It is not a description of any people.

Kumm himself was a serious man. Born in Germany in 1874, he had worked in North Africa and had married Lucy Guinness, daughter of the famous missionary teacher Henry Grattan Guinness. In 1902 they had founded the mission that took the name Sudan United Mission in 1904, with the aim of planting a chain of mission stations across the broad belt of Africa south of the Sahara that Europeans then called the Sudan, from the Niger to the Nile. In 1909 and 1910 Kumm crossed that whole region, from Nigeria to the Nile, and he published an account of the journey, *From Hausaland to Egypt*, in 1910. When Studd heard him, Kumm was speaking about the peoples of the interior who had never heard the gospel, and about the traders, hunters, officials and slavers who were reaching them first.

The Question That Would Not Go Away

Studd came out of the meeting with a question he could not shake off. Why had no Christians gone to these people? The answer, as he heard it, was that no one had been sent. Kumm's account seemed to him to fit exactly the words of Paul at the head of this chapter: "how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" And the question that followed, according to his own later account, was a personal one. Why should he not go himself?

He had every reason not to. He was forty-seven. He had asthma and a history of serious illness in China and India. He had no money of his own, and no mission behind him. His wife was in poor health and did not want him to go. His friends thought the idea absurd. A middle-aged invalid setting off for the interior of tropical Africa, where young and healthy missionaries died of fever every year, looked to them less like faith than like a death wish.

Studd did not think so. He thought it was a matter of obedience. In his view, if God was calling him, the doctors, the climate and his age were simply beside the point. This was the strength and the danger of his faith in one sentence. He was right that God sometimes calls people to do what common sense forbids. He was not always willing to consider that common sense might, sometimes, be God's way of speaking too.

The Sudan, 1910–11

Towards the end of 1910, Studd sailed for Africa to see the need for himself. His route took him to the southern Sudan, where the Church Missionary Society had begun work among the peoples of the upper Nile, and the accounts say that two of its senior missionaries showed him something of the country. Some later accounts say that he travelled alone; at least one says that the young Alfred Buxton was with him. The record is not clear, and this book leaves the question open.

What he found on that journey, and what he heard from traders and officials, convinced him that between the upper Nile and the great lakes, in the north-eastern corner of the Belgian Congo, lay a large and populous region in which no Protestant missionary was at work. The Catholic missions were present in parts of it. But to Studd, who shared the deep suspicion of Catholicism common among British evangelicals of his day, that did not count as the gospel having been preached. A modern reader may judge that differently. What is not in doubt is that the peoples of that region had very few Christians among them in 1910, of any kind.

On the voyage out, according to his later account, he became convinced that the journey was not for one corner of Africa only but for the whole unevangelised world. That conviction would shape everything he did for

the rest of his life. It would also make him impatient with any mission, or any committee, that seemed to him to be thinking too small.

Home Again

He came back to England in 1911, a year after he had left, more certain than ever. He began to plan a new mission to the heart of Africa. His first approaches, to existing societies, did not go smoothly. The accounts of his biographers say that a committee he approached was unwilling to support his plan, at least on his terms, and that he told them he would go anyway. Records of the Africa Inland Mission, examined in modern times, show that he applied to that mission in November 1912 and was accepted; but that soon after he left for Africa, he asked for changes in its constitution, the council refused, and within a few weeks both sides agreed that his membership should end. The episode is little known, and it is told here because it is the first clear example of a pattern that would recur. Studd found it very hard to work inside any structure he did not control.

It would be unfair to treat that only as a fault. Studd was trying to do something new, and new things often need new structures. The missions he approached had their own commitments and limits, and they were right to protect them. He was right to look for another way. But the speed with which his relationships with committees broke down, then and later, says something about him. He had decided that he was obeying God, and he found it hard to believe that people who disagreed with him might be doing the same.

A Continent Divided

The Africa that Kumm described in 1908 had been carved up by European powers within living memory. At the Berlin Conference of 1884 and 1885, the year the Cambridge Seven sailed for China, the governments of Europe had agreed among themselves the rules by which they would claim African territory. No African ruler was present. Over the next twenty years almost the whole continent was divided into colonies and protectorates, often by straight lines drawn on maps in European capitals, and conquered, sometimes with great violence. By 1908 only Ethiopia and Liberia remained independent.

Missionaries were caught up in that process in complicated ways. Some had been in Africa long before the colonial powers, and some opposed the worst abuses of colonial rule; it was missionaries, among others, who had exposed the atrocities of the Congo Free State. But missions also benefited from colonial peace and colonial roads, depended on colonial permission to work, and often shared the assumption that European rule was good for Africa. When Studd began to dream of the heart of Africa, he dreamed of it as a mission field, not as a colony. But he would reach it by the routes the colonial powers had opened, and live in it under their authority.

None of that changes the sincerity of his call. It does help to explain why, a century later, the story of missionaries in Africa is told with more caution than it once was, and why the African side of the story matters so much. The Africans of the Uele and the Ituri had not been consulted by the Berlin Conference, and they were not consulted by the Heart of Africa Mission either. What they did with the gospel when it came was their own decision, and it would turn out to be the most important part of the story.

It is worth adding that Studd's complaint against the missions of his day was not entirely unfair. In 1910 there were, by the estimates of the

missionary conference that met in Edinburgh that very year, vast regions of Africa and Asia where no missionary of any kind was at work, and most missionary resources were concentrated where churches already existed. The World Missionary Conference of 1910 itself called attention to the "unoccupied fields." Studd was not alone in seeing the gap. He was unusual in deciding, at fifty, to go and stand in it himself.

Sent

Paul's chain of questions in Romans begins with calling on the name of the Lord and ends with sending: "how shall they preach, except they be sent?" The Church has often read the passage as a call to go, and Studd read it that way. It is also a reminder that going is not a solitary act. In Paul's own experience, those who went were sent by a church, which prayed for them, laid hands on them, and received them back to hear their report (Acts 13:1-3; 14:26-27). The sending and the going belonged together.

Studd's whole Africa venture would be marked by a struggle over that relationship. He had a fierce sense of being sent by God, and a much weaker sense of being sent by anyone else. In the years ahead he would found his own mission, with his own family and friends to support it at home, and that would give him great freedom. It would also leave him, at the end, almost without anyone who could tell him he was wrong.

The Heart of Africa

"By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."
— Hebrews 11:8, ASV

A Mission of His Own

At the end of 1912, with no society willing to take him on his own terms, Studd and a small circle of friends formed a new venture. They called it the Heart of Africa Mission. The order of events is not entirely clear from the sources, since Studd was also, briefly, a member of the Africa Inland Mission; but within weeks of his sailing in 1913 that membership had ended, and the Heart of Africa Mission stood on its own. Its aim, at first, was simple: to carry the gospel to the peoples of the north-eastern Belgian Congo, beyond the reach of any Protestant mission then at work. Its methods were those Studd had learned in the China Inland Mission, made stricter. Its workers would receive no salaries and would make no appeals for money. They would live simply, close to the people, and trust God to supply what they needed.

The new mission needed a base at home. The Studds took a house at 17 Highland Road, Upper Norwood, in south London, and it became both

the family home and the mission's headquarters. It would remain so for many years.

Priscilla

Priscilla Studd did not want her husband to go. The sources agree on that, and it is to their credit that they do not hide it. She had been seriously ill; she had a heart condition that would at times leave her an invalid; and she could see, as anyone could, that her husband was not fit for tropical Africa. She was also being asked to accept that he would leave her and their daughters, perhaps for years, and quite possibly for good.

Studd's admirers have generally told this part of the story as a test of his faith, which he passed by going anyway. It was that. It was also a test of their marriage, and it is not obvious that it was handled well. A husband who believes himself called by God to a task his wife opposes faces one of the hardest questions in Christian life, and there is no easy rule for answering it. Studd answered it in the way he answered everything, completely and at once. He went.

What happened afterwards is a story about Priscilla as much as about him. Within a short time she not only accepted his going but threw herself into the work at home with an energy that astonished those who knew how ill she had been. She took charge of the mission's correspondence, its finances and its recruitment. She spoke at meetings around the country. She became, in effect, the home director of the Heart of Africa Mission, and for most of the next sixteen years the mission in Africa depended on her work in England as much as on her husband's in the field. Whatever the cost of his decision to her, she did not let it defeat her. That, too, was a kind of courage, and it has been less celebrated than his.

Alfred Buxton

Studd did not go alone. His companion was a young man of about twenty-one named Alfred Barclay Buxton. Buxton came from one of the great evangelical families of England. His father, Barclay Fowell Buxton, had been a missionary in Japan, and the family was descended from Thomas Fowell Buxton, who had led the campaign in Parliament against slavery in the British Empire. According to the accounts, Alfred had been a student at Cambridge preparing for a medical career. He gave it up to go with Studd. He would later marry Studd's daughter Edith, in the Congo in 1917.

By the accounts of those who knew them both, Buxton was in many ways the opposite of Studd: patient where Studd was impatient, a quick learner of languages where Studd was slow, gentle where Studd was fierce. He became the first real linguist of the mission, and an American who worked with the two men in 1914 noted that it was Buxton, not Studd, who preached in the local trade language. For more than ten years he would be Studd's closest partner. Their eventual parting, told later in this book, was one of the saddest events of Studd's life.

Living by Faith

The Heart of Africa Mission adopted, from the start, the financial principles that Studd had learned from Hudson Taylor and George Müller. It would not ask anyone for money. It would not go into debt. It would pay no salaries. Whatever came in would be shared among the workers, and if nothing came in, they would go without. Missions run on these lines came to be called "faith missions," and in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries they sent thousands of workers into parts of Africa, Asia and Latin America where the older denominational societies had not gone.

The principle had great strengths. It freed the missions from dependence on wealthy patrons and denominational committees, and allowed them to go where they believed God was leading without waiting for a budget. It attracted people who were willing to live simply and trust God for their needs. It meant that missionaries were close in their standard of living to the people they served.

It also had real dangers, and Studd's mission would discover many of them. In faith missions generally, missionaries with no guaranteed income sometimes went short of food and medicine. The refusal to ask for money did not always prevent the mission from making its needs known in ways that came very close to asking. And the principle could be turned into a test of spiritual quality, so that those who worried about money were treated as lacking in faith. In the hands of a leader as demanding as Studd, that test could be applied without mercy.

But in 1913 none of that was yet apparent. A small group of friends in Norwood, an ailing man of fifty-two and a young medical student had committed themselves to a mission with no money, no committee of any standing, and no promise of support. If God did not provide, it would fail. They believed he would.

The Journey

Studd and Buxton sailed from England in the early weeks of 1913. Most accounts give 30 January as the date of sailing. Studd was fifty-two. Their route took them by sea to the coast of East Africa, then inland through what are now Kenya and Uganda by railway, steamer and on foot, to Lake Albert, and across into the Belgian Congo. The whole journey took about nine months. It was hard travelling, much of it on foot, through country that the doctors had told Studd would kill him. He did not turn back.

They reached Niangara, a government post on the Uele River in the north-east of the Congo, on 16 October 1913. The date is still remembered by the church that grew from their work, which celebrated its centenary in 2013. At Niangara they obtained permission from the Belgian authorities to settle and the use of land for a first station.

The Congo in 1913

The land Studd entered had only lately emerged from one of the worst episodes in the history of colonial rule. From 1885 to 1908 the Congo had been the personal possession of King Leopold II of Belgium, under the name of the Congo Free State. Leopold's regime had extracted wild rubber and ivory by forced labour enforced with terror. Villages that failed to meet their quotas were burned, hostages taken, and men and women beaten, mutilated and killed. Millions of people died through violence, famine, disease and the collapse of village life. An international campaign of protest, led by Protestant missionaries, journalists and humanitarians, forced the Belgian state to take over the colony in 1908.

The north-east, where Studd came, had seen its own share of violence. The Azande and Mangbetu kingdoms of the Uele had resisted conquest for years, and the Belgian authorities still kept a large force of African soldiers at Niangara, partly from fear of a Zande uprising. The peoples of the region had suffered raids by slavers from the north long before the Belgians came, and then the demands of the Free State. They had every reason to be wary of white men who arrived uninvited, whatever they said they had come for.

Studd and Buxton came as missionaries, not as agents of the state, and the Belgian authorities of the time were generally more favourable to Catholic missions, most of them Belgian, than to Protestant missions run by foreigners. But to the people of the Uele, the distinction between one

white man and another was not always clear, and the missionaries depended on the colonial authorities for permission to live and work. That was the world in which the Heart of Africa Mission began.

Not Knowing Whither

Abraham, the letter to the Hebrews says, "went out, not knowing whither he went." It was an act of faith, and the Bible honours it. It was also an act with consequences for other people. Sarah went with him, and so did Lot, and the people of the lands through which they passed were not consulted.

Studd's going to Africa was, in its own way, an act of the same kind of faith. He went because he believed God had called him, and he went at great cost to himself. It is right to honour that. It is also right to remember that his going depended on his wife's willingness to carry the burden at home, on a young man who gave up his own plans to go with him, and on the permission of a colonial government that had only just stopped killing the people he had come to serve. The heart of Africa did not ask for Studd. He came anyway, and the people of the Uele would decide for themselves what to make of him.

Niangara

"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake."
— 2 Corinthians 4:5, ASV

A Witness Who Was Not an Admirer

For most of Studd's life in Africa we depend on the accounts of people who loved him and worked under him. For one short period we have something different. In 1914 an American named Hayes Perkins was working at the mission's station at Niangara, and he kept a diary. Perkins did not share all of Studd's convictions. His diary, which has since been published online, is frank, sometimes sharp, and occasionally unfair. It is also the only record of the first year of the Heart of Africa Mission written by someone who was there and was not writing for its supporters. This chapter uses it with care, as one man's view, but it uses it.

Bwana

Niangara stood on the Uele River, in a region where many peoples met: Mangbetu, Azande, Medje, Babua and others, each with their own language, customs and history. Belgian officials, traders, African soldiers in the colonial army, and porters and workers recruited from many districts lived side by side with the people of the surrounding villages. The common

language of trade and government was Bangala, a form of the Lingala spoken along the Congo River; in other parts of the north-east people used Kingwana, a Congolese form of Swahili.

Perkins records a small detail that says a good deal. Studd, he notes, had announced that his African name was to be "Bwana," a Swahili word for "master." Perkins pointed out, with some irritation, that the word was not even used in Bangala. White men across East and Central Africa were commonly addressed as *bwana*, and to many of them it meant no more than "sir." But it is not a title Jesus would have chosen for himself. "Whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant" (Matthew 20:26-27, ASV). The man who had worn a Chinese gown in Shanxi had, in Africa, slipped back into the role of the white master. The detail is a reminder that the habits of the English country house and the colonial order did not vanish because a man had given away his fortune.

Perkins also records that in 1914 it was Buxton, not Studd, who preached to the people in Bangala. Studd had not yet learned it. He was fifty-three, unwell, and impatient to be moving on to new districts, and he relied on his young colleague and on African interpreters to speak for him. He would gain some command of the languages of the region in the years that followed, and he would share in the translation of Scripture into Kingwana late in life, but he was never as fluent as Buxton or the younger missionaries who came after.

Services and the Freedom to Come

One of the most revealing entries in the diary concerns worship. The mission employed local men as workers, building houses, clearing ground and carrying loads. Perkins records that when he was left in charge of the

station, during one of Studd and Buxton's journeys, the first thing he did was to line up the men and tell them that they were no longer required to attend the morning and evening services.

It is not clear from the diary how the requirement had been enforced, or whether Studd or Buxton had ordered it in so many words. Perkins disliked Studd's methods and may have overstated the matter. But if workers who depended on the mission for wages had been made to attend prayers, the effect is easy to imagine. They were not choosing the gospel; they were doing what the white man required. Perkins's instinct, that faith must be freely chosen, was a sound one, and it is the instinct that Studd himself, at his best, had learned from Hudson Taylor in China.

The people of the Uele were not passive in all this. They decided whether to work for the mission and on what terms, whether to come to its services, and whether to believe what they heard. It is reasonable to suppose that, as at every new station, many came to listen out of curiosity and went away unconvinced, and that some came back. In time, Congolese men and women accepted the gospel through the mission, were baptised, and became evangelists themselves. Their names do not survive in the sources available to this book, but it was their choices, and not the missionaries' plans, that decided whether there would be a church at all.

Four Stations

Studd and Buxton did not stay long in one place. In their first year and a half they travelled widely through the region, looking for places to settle and asking permission of officials and chiefs. By the time Studd left for England, the accounts say, they had opened four stations among peoples of eight different languages. Among the places named in the records of these

years are Niangara itself and Nala, which would later be Studd's main base for a time.

Perkins describes their comings and goings. On 1 August 1914 they returned to Niangara, he writes, full of renewed zeal. On 19 August an official telegram arrived from Rejaf, on the upper Nile, with the news that war had broken out in Europe. The Belgian authorities immediately sent most of their African troops from Niangara to the front, a reminder of how thinly the colonial state was spread and how much it depended on Congolese soldiers. In October Studd and Buxton set off again, in a large canoe paddled by Bakango boatmen, for Bambili, some hundred and sixty miles down the river.

Perkins was not a friend of Studd's methods, but his diary records that Studd thought highly of him, and once described him as too good a man to lose. The two men seem to have respected each other more than they agreed.

A word should be said about how to read a witness like Perkins. He was not an admirer, and some of what he wrote was coloured by his own disagreements with Studd and Buxton. But a critical witness who was present is often more valuable than an admiring one who was not. The book of Proverbs says, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend; But the kisses of an enemy are profuse" (Proverbs 27:6, ASV). Perkins was neither a friend nor an enemy, but his candour serves the same purpose. He shows us the mission as it looked to an outsider in its first year, and that view is worth having, even when it is uncomfortable.

War Comes to the Uele

The telegram that reached Niangara in August 1914 brought a war that would cost the Congo dearly. Belgium itself was invaded and almost

entirely occupied by Germany within weeks. Its colony fought on. The Force Publique, the colonial army of African soldiers under Belgian officers, fought in Cameroon and then in German East Africa, where in 1916 it captured the town of Tabora. The campaigns in East Africa were fought across vast distances, and the armies depended on huge numbers of African porters to carry their supplies. Tens of thousands of Congolese men were conscripted as soldiers and carriers, and very many died, of disease, exhaustion and hunger, far from home.

The north-east of the Congo, where the Heart of Africa Mission had just begun, was close to the frontier with British territory and on the routes to the eastern front. Soldiers were withdrawn from posts like Niangara and sent east. Villages were required to provide men, food and labour. The people whom Studd and Buxton had come to serve were drawn into a European war of which they had known nothing a few months before, and they paid a heavy price for it.

The missionaries' own accounts of these years say little about this, and that silence is itself part of the record. It is a reminder that the history of the mission was being lived inside a much larger and harsher history, which shaped the lives of the Congolese far more than anything the missionaries did.

Called Home

Towards the end of 1914 news came from England that Priscilla was seriously ill. Studd left the work in Congo in Buxton's hands and went home, reaching England in the early part of 1915. He had been in Africa for less than two years. He had seen enough to be certain that this was where he would spend the rest of his life.

Servants for Jesus' Sake

Paul's words to the Corinthians at the head of this chapter describe exactly the relationship that every missionary is meant to have with the people he serves: "we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake." The missionary is a servant, and Christ is Lord.

The first year of the Heart of Africa Mission shows how hard that was to live out in colonial Africa, even for a man who had given away everything. Studd lived simply, far more simply than most Europeans in the colony. He was entirely sincere in his love for the people. But he also took the name of master, relied on others to speak for him, and seems to have expected his workers to come to prayers. None of that was unusual for a European in Congo in 1914. Much of it was milder than what most Europeans did. It is told here not to condemn him, but because the gospel he came to preach called him to something better, and in later years, with Congolese Christians beside him, he would sometimes reach it.

The Chocolate Soldier

"Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. No soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life; that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier."
— 2 Timothy 2:3-4, ASV

England at War

Studd came home in the early months of 1915 to a country at war. The great armies had dug themselves into trenches across Belgium and France, and the casualty lists in the newspapers grew longer every week. Hundreds of thousands of young men had volunteered for the army in the first months of the war. They were cheered through the streets, and those who did not go were often treated with contempt.

Priscilla was ill, and for a time her life seemed in danger, but she recovered. Studd, for his part, threw himself into meetings. From the spring of 1915 he was speaking wherever he could, calling on Christians to give themselves to the evangelisation of the world as completely as the soldiers were giving themselves to the war. It was the one thing he wanted to talk about, and the war gave him a comparison that everyone understood.

Heroism, the Lost Chord

The fullest statement of what he was saying in these years is the tract that has become his best-known work, *The Chocolate Soldier, or Heroism—The Lost Chord of Christianity*. It is usually dated to 1912, and it may have been begun then, but the text as it was published speaks of the Great War, so in its familiar form it cannot be earlier than the war years. It is short, angry and memorable.

The title needs explaining. A chocolate soldier was a toy, a soldier made of chocolate, who would melt as soon as he was exposed to heat. The phrase had been made popular by George Bernard Shaw's play *Arms and the Man* (1894), whose hero carries chocolate instead of cartridges. Studd used it for the Christian who looked like a soldier of Christ but melted at the first touch of hardship or danger. The tract opens by declaring that heroism is the lost chord of present-day Christianity. It compares the Church, unfavourably, with the courage of the aviators and polar explorers of the day, the suffragettes, and the men who had volunteered for the war. If Christians had the pluck of the airmen, the polar explorers or the volunteers of the Great War, he argued, every soul on earth could know the name and salvation of Jesus Christ within ten years. It ends by putting to each reader Christ's own question, as Studd framed it: would he be a malingerer or a militant?

There is real power in it. Studd had a gift for the short, sharp phrase, and he was saying something that needed to be said: that Christians who would admire a soldier's courage often expected to follow Christ without any courage at all. Paul had used the same comparison. "Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus." There is no Christian life without some cost, and Studd was right to say so.

There is also something troubling in it, and a reader a century later is likely to feel it more than his first readers did. In the years of the war millions of young men went to their deaths, and some of them had volunteered because they had been shamed into it. Studd's tract praises their courage without any hint of the horror of the war, and it uses the language of military recruitment, with its contempt for shirkers and its glorification of sacrifice, to recruit for Christ. The comparison is understandable, and Paul made a version of it. But a gospel that recruits by shame is in danger of forgetting that the Captain of salvation does not force anyone into his army, and that his soldiers are first of all his children. Studd's rhetoric would grow more extreme over the years, and some of the conflicts of his later life can already be heard in this tract.

It should be added that Studd never seems to have doubted his own courage, and that he was right not to. He had faced the hostility of a Chinese city, the climate of the Congo and the opposition of his own family, and he had not flinched. But courage of that kind can make a man impatient with the fears of others. The Christians he rebuked in *The Chocolate Soldier* were often people with families to feed, debts to pay and no fortune behind them, even a fortune given away. The tract has no word of understanding for them. That silence is part of what it teaches, too.

Rhymes and Etceteras

In 1914 a London publisher brought out a small book of his verse, *Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield*, credited only to a Quondam Cricketer. A quondam cricketer is a former one. The verses carry the same call to Christian heroism, and the title and the pen-name show another side of Studd: a man who liked a rhyme and a joke, and who could make fun of his own past.

The following year he published a pamphlet called *Christ's Etceteras*. It is only a few pages long, but it is important, because it is the first statement of the principles on which his mission would be built, and in later years WEC International described it as the manifesto from which its own constitution developed. In it Studd cast the existing missions and their workers as the people of real standing in God's work, and described his own little band as Christ's etceteras: the humble helpers who would go to the places no one else was reaching, not to compete with anyone, but to fill the gaps. It is one of the gentlest things he wrote, and it shows how he wanted his mission to be seen. In time, the gaps he wanted to fill would grow to include not only the heart of Africa but every part of the world where the gospel had not been preached.

It is striking to set *Christ's Etceteras* beside *The Chocolate Soldier*. The one is all trumpets and reproach; the other is almost shy, describing Studd's band as the humblest of helpers, filling in behind the real missionaries. Both were written by the same man in the same years. The contrast shows that Studd was not only a man of one register. When he thought about his own mission, he could be modest, even self-deprecating. When he thought about the Church at large, he could only shout. The trouble, in later years, was that the shout increasingly drowned out the modesty, and that the people on the receiving end of it were his own colleagues.

Recruits

The meetings of 1915 and 1916 were meant to find people, and they did. Studd was looking for men and women who would go to the Congo on his terms: without salary, without promise of furlough, ready to live as simply as he did and to work as hard. He did not much care whether they had been

to university or theological college. He cared whether they were wholehearted.

Those who answered him were a varied company. Some were young people from evangelical homes who had grown up on missionary stories. Some were working men and women who would never have been accepted by the older societies. Some had been deeply stirred by the war and wanted to give their lives to something as costly and as great. They were brave, and many of them were very able. Some of them would serve for decades and become pillars of the mission. Others would find, once they reached the Congo, that the life Studd demanded was more than they could bear.

The pattern of recruitment, then, carried the seeds of later trouble. Studd called people to heroism and offered them hardship. Those who came were by nature the kind of people who would not easily accept being told what to do, and Studd was the kind of leader who expected to be obeyed. It was an explosive combination, and in the 1920s it would explode.

Back to Africa

In 1916 Studd sailed again for the Congo, taking with him a party of new missionaries recruited through the meetings of the previous year. His daughter Edith went with him; she would marry Alfred Buxton in the Congo in 1917. Priscilla remained at Highland Road to run the mission at home.

Studd was fifty-five. So far as the record shows, he never saw England again. For the remaining fifteen years of his life he lived in the Congo, and he and Priscilla met only once more, for a few days, near the end. The daughters who stayed in England saw him, if at all, only rarely. That was the price of the decision he made in 1916, and the family paid it with him.

A Good Soldier

Paul's picture of the soldier at the head of this chapter has two parts. The good soldier suffers hardship, and the good soldier does not entangle himself in civilian affairs, "that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier." Studd took both parts literally. He would suffer any hardship, and he would let nothing, not health, home, family or comfort, entangle him.

The soldier's aim, though, is to please the one who enlisted him, and the one who enlisted Christians is not a general but a Saviour who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matthew 20:28, ASV). Studd knew that perfectly well. In his best moments, he lived it. But there was in him, from these years onward, a tendency to forget that a soldier of Christ is also a member of a family, and that the family of God includes those who are slow, weak and afraid. The chocolate soldiers of his tract were real enough. So were the ordinary Christians who were not heroes, and whom Christ also loved.

Nala and Ibambi

"Except Jehovah build the house, They labor in vain that build it: Except Jehovah keep the city, The watchman waketh but in vain."
— Psalm 127:1, ASV

Return to the Uele

Studd returned to the Congo in 1916 with his daughter Edith and a party of new recruits. The journey was long, and wartime made it longer. When he arrived, he found that the little work he had left in Buxton's hands had held together. The handful of stations opened in 1913 and 1914 were still there. A few Congolese had become Christians and been baptised; the accounts suggest that the first baptisms took place around 1917. The new missionaries were sent out to learn languages and to open further stations. The Heart of Africa Mission was becoming a real mission, not just the venture of one man and a young companion.

In 1917 Edith Studd and Alfred Buxton were married in the Congo. For a father so often accused of putting his family second, it must have been a deep joy to see one of his daughters married to the young man he trusted more than anyone in Africa. For a time, the Buxtons lived and worked at Ibambi, in the forest country to the south, while Studd had his own centre at Nala, two days' journey away.

The Forest Country

The region in which the mission now worked lay where the savanna of the Uele gave way, to the south, to the great Ituri forest: a vast, dense rainforest crossed by rivers and footpaths, with clearings for villages and gardens. Several peoples lived there. The most numerous around Ibambi were the Budu, known to Europeans then as the Mabudu, a farming people whose villages were scattered through the forest. To the north and east lived the Mangbetu and the Azande, with their own kingdoms and courts. In the forest itself lived the Mbuti, the forest hunters whom Europeans called Pygmies, who traded meat and forest products with the farming villages and had their own long traditions.

It is important to say what the mission found when it came, and not only what it brought. The people of the forest country had their own beliefs about God, the spirits, the dead and the moral order of the world. They had elders, chiefs, healers and diviners, their own ways of settling disputes, and a deep knowledge of the forest. They had also been through a generation of upheaval: raids by slavers from the north in the nineteenth century, conquest by the Congo Free State, forced labour for rubber and ivory, and now the Belgian colonial administration with its taxes, its demands for porters and road-workers, and its African soldiers. The world into which the missionaries came was not timeless and unchanged. It was a world that had already been turned upside down, and in which people were looking for ways to make sense of what had happened to them.

The missionaries were also not the first Christians in the region. Catholic missionaries had reached some of these peoples, including the Budu, before Studd did. Studd, who shared the anti-Catholic convictions of most British evangelicals of his time, regarded their work as no work at all, and relations between the two missions in the Congo were often bitter.

A modern reader is likely to see the matter differently, and to regret that the two missions spent so much energy competing with one another. But it is a fact of the story, and it shaped the way Studd thought about his own task.

Ibambi

About 1921 or 1922 Studd moved his own centre from Nala to Ibambi, which became the headquarters of the mission in Africa. The sources differ on the exact year. Ibambi lay in the territory of Wamba, in Budu country, and the area around it was thickly populated. Studd lived there for the rest of his life.

His way of life at Ibambi became legendary, and some of the legends are probably true. He lived in a simple house built in the local manner, ate local food, and worked very long hours, often far into the night, writing letters, preparing addresses, and later translating. He rarely took a day off. He refused most of the small comforts that other missionaries thought necessary in the tropics. He held meetings for the Christians and enquirers, sometimes very large ones, and he loved to preach to them. Those who came, by the accounts, often walked long distances through the forest to do so.

Those who worked with him found it exhausting, and some found it frightening. Studd expected his colleagues to keep his hours, live as he lived, and share his urgency. He had little patience with illness, rest or caution in others, though he suffered constantly from illness himself. In later years this would be the root of many conflicts. In the early years at Ibambi, when the mission was small and those who joined it had chosen it knowing what it was, it was also part of what made the mission grow.

One more detail from these years deserves mention. As at most stations in the region, the mission's early buildings were raised by Congolese

builders in the local manner, with poles, mud and thatch. That was a matter of necessity as much as principle, but it was also a sign of how much the mission depended, from its first day, on the skills and goodwill of the people it had come to serve.

The Weight of the Colony

The 1920s were hard years for the people of the north-east Congo, and it is important to see the mission's growth against that background. The Belgian administration was extending its control into every district. It imposed a head tax, payable in money, which forced men to find paid work or to sell crops. It required villages to provide labour for roads and for the posts of officials. In the 1910s and 1920s it began to impose the compulsory cultivation of cash crops, especially cotton, in many districts. And in the Ituri, not far from the mission's stations, the state-run gold mines of Kilo and Moto drew in large numbers of workers, many of them recruited under heavy pressure from chiefs who were themselves under pressure from the administration.

None of this was the mission's doing, and the missionaries had little power to change it. But it shaped the lives of the people who came to their meetings. Men who had walked for days to hear the gospel might have to leave the next week to work on a road or in a mine. Families who wanted to support an evangelist might have no money left after the tax. Christians who refused to take part in certain customs might find their chief less willing to protect them from the demands of the state.

It also helps to explain why the gospel was heard as it was. The message that God loved them, that every person was precious to him, that the poor and the despised were welcome in his kingdom, and that a day was coming when every wrong would be judged, came to people who had good reason

to long for it. They did not hear it as a European message, whatever the messengers thought. Many of them heard it as good news for themselves.

Norman and Pauline

In 1919 Studd's youngest daughter, Pauline, married Norman Grubb, a young man who had served as an officer in the war and been wounded, and who had gone up to Cambridge afterwards. The following year, 1920, they sailed for the Congo. Grubb was a gifted linguist and a thoughtful, energetic man, and he quickly became one of the leading missionaries of the field. He worked on the translation of the New Testament into Bangala, the trade language of the region.

The Grubbs knew grief in the Congo, as so many missionary families did. Their son Noel died on his first birthday and was buried at Nala. Studd's grandson lies there still.

So by the early 1920s two of Studd's daughters and two sons-in-law were working beside him in Africa. To his admirers it looked like a family entirely given to the cause. It was. It also meant that the mission was, to an unusual degree, a family business, and that when disagreements came, they would be family quarrels, with all the pain and bitterness that family quarrels carry.

Except Jehovah Build the House

The psalm at the head of this chapter was a song for pilgrims going up to Jerusalem, and it is a song about building. "Except Jehovah build the house, They labor in vain that build it." The builders still have to build, and the watchmen still have to watch. But neither the building nor the watching will last unless God is in it.

Studd believed that with all his heart. He also, at times, acted as if the building depended on his own unceasing effort, and on the effort of everyone around him. Those two convictions sat side by side in him, and he does not seem to have noticed the tension between them. The psalm goes on, "It is vain for you to rise up early, To take rest late, To eat the bread of toil; For so he giveth unto his beloved sleep" (Psalm 127:2, ASV). Studd rose early and took rest late, every day, for years. It is a strange and moving verse to read beside his life. God gave the increase in the Ituri forest, as the next chapter tells. Much of that increase came through people who were not driven, as Studd was, but who had heard good news and could not keep it to themselves.

The Church in the Forest

"For from you hath sounded forth the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but in every place your faith to God-ward is gone forth; so that we need not to speak anything."
— 1 Thessalonians 1:8, ASV

Whose Story?

Most of what has been written about the Heart of Africa Mission was written by Europeans for Europeans. It tells of missionaries arriving, opening stations, preaching, translating and dying. The Congolese appear in it mostly as crowds, converts, carriers and problems. That is not because the Congolese were unimportant. It is because they did not write the books.

This chapter tries to tell the story the other way round, as far as the sources allow. They do not allow very much. The names of most of the Congolese men and women who first carried the gospel through the forests of the Uele and the Ituri have not been preserved in any source available to this book, and it would be wrong to invent them. But the outline of what they did is clear, and it changes the shape of Studd's story.

How the Church Grew

In the Congo, as in almost every part of Africa, the great majority of those who became Christians in the early twentieth century did not hear the gospel first from a missionary. They heard it from another African: a relative, a neighbour, a fellow worker, a trader, or an evangelist from their own people. The missionaries were few. In the whole of the Heart of Africa Mission, at the time of Studd's death, there were only about thirty or thirty-five European workers, spread over a vast area. The Congolese Christians were many, and they lived in the villages.

From early on, the mission sent Congolese evangelists out to villages where there was no church. They lived among the people, taught them to read, explained the Scriptures as far as they had them, led worship, and gathered little congregations. Some were former students at the mission stations; some were simply converts who had heard and believed and could not stay silent. Many walked long distances, through a forest where paths were narrow and travel was hard. They depended on the hospitality of villages that had no reason to welcome them, and sometimes they met hostility from chiefs, elders, colonial officials, or rival missions. The accounts say that in time some churches were supporting their own evangelists, sending them, at the church's own expense, to distant peoples. One later account speaks of a single congregation in Budu country that was sending out no fewer than fifty evangelists, all supported by the gifts of the Christians themselves. The date of that report is uncertain, and it may describe the years after Studd's death; but the pattern began in his lifetime.

According to the mission's own accounts, Studd insisted on that pattern. He did not believe that the mission should pay Congolese evangelists from European money, as many missions did. He believed that the Congolese church should support its own workers from the start, as the

churches of the New Testament had done. That principle could be applied harshly, and in a poor country under colonial taxation it placed real burdens on poor Christians. But it also meant that the evangelists belonged to the Congolese church, and not to the mission. They were not employees of white men. They were the church's own messengers.

Words in Their Own Tongue

The gospel spread in the languages people spoke. In the north of the mission's field, around the Uele, the trade language was Bangala, and Norman Grubb helped to translate the New Testament into it in the 1920s, working, as every such translator did, with Congolese speakers whose names are not recorded. Further south, in the forest, the common language was Kingwana, the Congolese form of Swahili. A translation of the Scriptures into Kingwana was begun by Studd with two colleagues, Stapleton and Lowder, and Luke and Acts were published in 1930. It was one of the last pieces of work Studd did, and he gave it many hours in his final years.

No translation of the Bible is ever done by foreigners alone. Every missionary translator depends on speakers of the language who explain words, correct mistakes, and tell the translator when a sentence makes no sense. Their contribution is rarely acknowledged in print. It should be acknowledged here. The Congolese men and women who sat with Grubb and Studd over the Gospels, explaining their own languages, were translators too.

The Cost of Believing

To become a Christian in the Uele and Ituri in the 1920s was not a simple step. It often meant giving up practices that were woven into the life of a village: rites for the dead and the spirits, consultation of diviners, certain dances and festivals, the brewing and drinking of beer, and marriage customs, including the taking of more than one wife. The missions, Studd's among them, demanded a sharp break with many of these things, and they did not always distinguish carefully between what was contrary to the gospel and what was simply unfamiliar to Europeans. Some of their rules were wise, and some were not. Converts who kept the rules often found themselves at odds with their families and their elders. Those who broke them faced the discipline of the church.

One more point belongs here. The mission's own accounts, like those of most missions of the period, describe the Congolese chiefly as converts or as those who had not yet believed. They say much less about the Congolese who chose not to become Christians, or who came for a while and then went back to the ways of their fathers, or who joined the Catholic mission instead. Those choices, too, were real choices made by real people, for reasons that seemed good to them. A church that grows by persuasion rather than force must accept that some will say no. That is part of the dignity of those who heard, and it should be respected in the telling.

There was also the colonial state. The Belgian administration demanded taxes, labour for roads and plantations, and porters for officials. Christians were not exempt. Catholic missions, most of them Belgian, received state subsidies for schools and hospitals that Protestant missions did not, and in some districts Protestant converts found that officials and chiefs favoured their Catholic neighbours. To join a small British Protestant mission was, in a sense, to join a minority within a minority.

And there was Studd himself. The *Dictionary of African Christian Biography* says plainly that his conflicts in the Congo were not only with his family and fellow missionaries but also with Africans. The details are not recorded in the sources available to this book, and it would be wrong to guess at them. But it is not hard to imagine how a European of his temperament, with his absolute convictions and his impatience, might have dealt with Congolese Christians who did not agree with him about discipline, money or the pace of the work. The Congolese church that came out of his mission learned the gospel from him, and it also learned to survive his severity.

A Church That Lasted

The proof of the Congolese contribution is what happened after the missionaries left. In 1960 the Congo became independent, and in the years that followed it was torn by rebellion and war. In 1964 the Simba rebellion swept through the north-east, including the area around Ibambi, and missionaries and Congolese Christians alike suffered terribly. Many foreign missionaries left and some never came back. The churches did not disappear. They were led by Congolese pastors and evangelists, and they continued to grow.

Today the church that grew from Studd's mission is known as the Communauté Évangélique du Christ au Cœur d'Afrique, or CECCA 16, one of the member communities of the Church of Christ in Congo. Its main centre is at Isiro, in the north-east. Estimates of its size vary, from about 120,000 members to some 250,000 people involved in its wider community. It celebrated the centenary of the mission's arrival in 2013. It is a Congolese church, led by Congolese Christians, and it is the most lasting fruit of Studd's life in Africa.

There is a picture in the book of Revelation that every missionary movement has loved. John sees "a great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands" (Revelation 7:9, ASV). It is worth noticing what John does not say. He does not say that the multitude was brought there by missionaries, or that they spoke the missionaries' language. They come from every tongue, and they keep their tongues before the throne. The Budu, Azande, Mangbetu and Mbuti Christians of the north-eastern Congo will be in that multitude in their own right, not as anyone's converts, but as the Lamb's own people.

Sounded Forth

Paul wrote to the Christians of Thessalonica, a young church in a Greek city, that "from you hath sounded forth the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but in every place." He did not say that the word had sounded forth from Paul. He had preached in Thessalonica for a few weeks. The church there had done the rest, so well that Paul had nothing left to say.

That is the true shape of the story of the Heart of Africa Mission. Studd and his colleagues brought the message to the Uele and the Ituri. They gave their health and their years to do it. But the word sounded forth from the Congolese Christians, in their own villages and languages, through their own evangelists, and at their own cost. Studd would have been the first to say that God gave the increase. He might not always have remembered that God gave it, very largely, through them.

The Crusade

"We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye have glory, but we have dishonor."
— 1 Corinthians 4:10, ASV

A New Name

In 1919 the Heart of Africa Mission took a new name. It became the Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade, usually shortened to WEC. The change was made at home in England, where Priscilla Studd ran the mission from Highland Road, with the help of Gilbert Barclay, a clergyman who had married the Studds' daughter Dorothy and who became the mission's Home Overseer that year. The Congo work kept its old name as the first field of the new body, and later fields took titles of their own in the same pattern.

The name said what Studd had believed since his voyage to the Sudan in 1910: that his task was not one corner of Africa but the whole unevangelised world. The word "Crusade," which would later be dropped because of what it meant to Muslims and to many others, was chosen in the spirit of *The Chocolate Soldier*. Studd thought of the mission as an army at war, and he wanted its members to think of themselves as soldiers under orders. In later decades, recognising how the word was heard by others, the

mission changed its name again, to Worldwide Evangelisation for Christ, and it is now known as WEC International.

New Fields

In the early 1920s the mission began to send workers beyond the Congo. The first new field was in the Amazon basin of Brazil, entered in the early 1920s under the name of the Heart of Amazonia Mission; by the time of Studd's death it had about sixteen missionaries, working among three different peoples. Over the next few years, according to the mission's own history, workers were also sent to Arabia and India. These ventures were small and often struggled, but they were the beginning of what would become one of the larger interdenominational missions of the twentieth century.

Studd took a fierce interest in all of it from Ibambi. He wrote long letters, appeals and articles, which Priscilla and the home staff printed and circulated. He prayed for each new field and pressed for more recruits. He believed that if Christians would only obey Christ's command, the world could be evangelised within a generation, and he had little patience with anyone who thought that unrealistic.

The Language of War

Studd's writing in these years grew steadily more vehement. He had always liked to put things in the most startling way he could. Now he used the language of the battlefield, of the sports field and sometimes of the barrack room to shake complacent Christians. He wrote of heroism, of sacrifice, of soldiers who would die at their posts rather than retreat. He mocked

comfortable churchgoers and cautious committees. He was capable of real humour and tenderness, but in print he was usually at full volume.

For many young people his words were a trumpet call. They read his tracts and letters and offered themselves to the mission, often for the hardest and loneliest posts. Some of them did great things. For others, the call to heroism became a weight they could not carry. The history of the mission in these years is full of departures, and it is not hard to see why some who went out expecting to live as Studd lived found that they could not.

What the Crusade Got Right

Before turning to the darker side of these years, it is fair to say what Studd's vision achieved, because it was a great deal.

He insisted, at a time when most missionary societies were consolidating the work they already had, that the first priority was the people who had never heard. That conviction, which he took from Paul, was not original to him, but he lived it so vividly that it shaped a generation. Many later missionary movements that speak of "unreached peoples" stand, whether they know it or not, in his tradition.

He refused to let money, education or social class decide who could serve. His mission accepted people whom other societies turned away, and many of them served with great distinction. It gave a large place to women, as the China Inland Mission had done, and some of the most effective workers in its history were women.

He insisted that the churches founded by the mission should support and send out their own evangelists, rather than depending on foreign money. That principle, harsh as it sometimes was in practice, helped the Congolese church to stand on its own feet long before independence.

And he kept before Christians, in an age of growing comfort, the uncomfortable truth that following Christ costs something. "Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33, ASV). Studd believed that promise and acted on it. Whatever his faults, he made it impossible for those who knew him to pretend that Jesus had said something easier.

D.C.D.

The most notorious of Studd's writings appeared in 1928. It was a booklet with a title made of three initials, D.C.D., which, as later reprints spell out on their covers, stood for "Don't Care a Damn." Studd said that he had taken the phrase from a retired military man who used it to describe the spirit of complete devotion to king and country, careless of every personal risk and comfort. Studd wanted Christians to have the same spirit: not to care a damn for anything except the glory of Jesus, obedience to God and the evangelisation of the world. He tied it to Paul's words in the letter to the Philippians, about counting everything loss for Christ and pressing on to the prize (Philippians 3:7-14).

The idea was not new. It was the same conviction that had driven him all his life. But the phrase caused a scandal. Many Christians in Britain in the 1920s regarded the word "damn" as profanity, not to be used by any Christian, still less printed on the cover of a missionary tract. Some of the mission's supporters were deeply offended. Members of the committee in London, who had to answer for the mission's reputation, were alarmed. One modern writer says that the mission tried to bury the booklet as quickly as it could; that cannot be confirmed, but it is clear that it did the mission no good with its more cautious friends. In Norman Grubb's recorded reminiscences, made many years later, the D.C.D. is linked with

the decision of the committee at home to try to remove Studd from the leadership of his own mission.

Studd seems to have been genuinely surprised by the reaction, and then defiant. To him, the shock was the point. If Christians were more offended by a strong word than by the millions who had never heard of Christ, that only proved how badly they needed to be shocked. There is some force in that argument. Jesus, too, used strong and startling language, and the prophets used stronger. But the argument also allowed Studd to dismiss every criticism of his manner as a sign of the critic's worldliness. It made him almost impossible to correct.

Studd himself would probably have said that the end justified the language, and that if a strong word made one more person think seriously about the millions without Christ, it was worth the offence. That is an argument that every generation of preachers has to weigh. The answer of the New Testament seems to be that the gospel itself is offensive enough, and that its messengers should take care not to add offences of their own. "Let your speech be always with grace," Paul wrote, and he was not a timid man.

It is also worth noticing who had to live with the consequences of the language. Studd wrote his tracts and letters at Ibambi, far from the people who read them. It was Priscilla, the home staff and the committee in London who faced the offended supporters, answered the letters of complaint, and tried to keep the mission's friends. Words written in the forest landed in drawing rooms and church halls in England, and others had to deal with what they caused. A leader who speaks without counting that cost asks others to pay it for him.

Fools for Christ's Sake

Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ." He was being ironic. The Corinthians thought themselves wise, strong and honoured; Paul and his fellow apostles looked like fools, weak and despised. Paul accepted that. He did not mind looking foolish to the world, if that was the price of faithfulness.

Studd could have recognised himself in that verse, and he lived it. He did not mind looking foolish. He had given away a fortune, gone to Africa as an invalid, and lived in poverty for decades, and he did not care what anyone thought of him. That freedom from the opinion of others was one of the finest things about him.

But being a fool for Christ's sake is not the same as being careless of how one's words affect others. Paul, who called himself a fool for Christ, also wrote, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer each one" (Colossians 4:6, ASV), and "Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying as the need may be, that it may give grace to them that hear" (Ephesians 4:29, ASV). The same apostle who could be fierce with the Galatians could be as gentle as a nursing mother with the Thessalonians. He knew which was needed when.

Studd did not always know. In his last years he often seemed to have only one register, and it was a shout. Many who loved him found it hard to bear. Some who heard only the shout never heard the love behind it, and that was a loss to them and to him. The next chapters tell what it cost.

A Sharp Contention

"And there arose a sharp contention, so that they parted asunder one from the other, and Barnabas took Mark with him, and sailed away unto Cyprus"
— Acts 15:39, ASV

The Hardest Chapter

Every honest account of Studd's life has to reach this point, and most of his admirers have reached it reluctantly. In the 1920s the Heart of Africa Mission was torn by conflict, and much of the conflict centred on Studd. Missionaries left. Supporters withdrew. His closest colleague, who was also his son-in-law, was dismissed. Long after his death, a historian writing for the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography* summed up his years in the Congo in a single sentence, to the effect that he proved an obstinate and unreasonable leader and colleague, provoking bitter conflict with family, fellow missionaries and Africans until his death.

That is a hard judgement, and it is not the whole truth. But it is not a judgement made by enemies. The evidence for it comes very largely from people who loved him, including the son-in-law who wrote his biography. It has to be faced.

What the Quarrels Were About

The full story of the conflicts has never been told in print, and the sources available to this book do not allow it to be told here. What they do show is the general shape.

Studd demanded total commitment from everyone in the mission. He expected his missionaries to live on very little, work very long hours, take few rests, and put the work before health, family and comfort, as he did. He regarded caution as unbelief and disagreement as disloyalty. He was the founder and leader of the mission, and he did not share his authority easily with anyone, whether colleagues in the field or the committee at home. He could be warm, generous and funny, and many people loved him. He could also be suspicious, harsh and unjust, and he could write letters that wounded deeply.

Some of the missionaries who came to the Congo in the 1920s found that they could not live and work under him. Some resigned. Others were dismissed. One missionary's letter, written from Niangara in 1925 and since published online, admired Studd's sacrifices and at the same time described him as domineering. That combination of admiration and dismay runs through almost every account of him in these years.

Alfred

The saddest of the partings was with Alfred Buxton. Buxton had gone with Studd to Africa in 1913, at the age of twenty-one. He had held the work together when Studd was in England. He had learned the languages, preached, travelled, and married Studd's daughter Edith. For more than a decade he was Studd's right hand.

When the differences between Studd and some of his colleagues grew serious in the 1920s, Buxton found that he could not simply take his father-in-law's side. He thought that some of the criticisms were fair, and he said so. In 1927 he travelled to the United States, where the mission had friends and supporters, to try to repair relationships that had been damaged. Studd regarded his conduct as disloyal and dismissed him from the mission. One account says that the letter of dismissal included Edith as well. The exact date and the exact terms are not clear from the sources available to this book.

It is a painful story, and it does Studd no credit. Buxton had done nothing worse than disagree with him and try to make peace. To dismiss him for it, and his own daughter with him, was the act of a man who could no longer tell the difference between loyalty to Christ and loyalty to himself.

And yet there is another side, and it should be told. According to the Dictionary of African Christian Biography, the personal links between Studd and Buxton were never broken. They had loved each other for many years, and they went on loving each other through the quarrel. Buxton did not turn bitter. He went on to join Thomas Lambie of the Sudan Interior Mission in opening new work in Ethiopia and Somaliland. He was killed in October 1940, with his brother Murray, when a German bomb struck Church House in Westminster during a committee meeting. He was in his late forties.

Paul and Barnabas

The verse at the head of this chapter describes one of the saddest moments in the history of the early Church. Paul and Barnabas had been partners in the first great missionary journey. Barnabas had vouched for Paul when the

other apostles were afraid of him. But when they planned a second journey, they quarrelled over John Mark, Barnabas's cousin, who had left them in the middle of the first. Paul would not take him again. Barnabas would not go without him. "And there arose a sharp contention, so that they parted asunder one from the other."

Luke does not tell us who was right. Perhaps both were, in part. Paul was right that the work needed people who would not turn back; Barnabas was right that a young man who had failed deserved a second chance. What we do know is how the story ended. Years later, writing from prison near the end of his life, Paul asked Timothy to bring Mark with him, "for he is useful to me for ministering" (2 Timothy 4:11, ASV). The man he had refused to take had become a man he could not do without.

The Bible does not hide the quarrels of its heroes. It records them because they happened, and because God's work went on through them. The parting of Paul and Barnabas led to two missionary journeys instead of one. The parting of Studd and Buxton led, among other things, to the beginning of evangelical work in parts of Ethiopia. That does not make the quarrels good. It shows that God is not defeated by them.

The Founder's Temptation

Studd was not the first founder of a Christian work to find that he could not let go of it, and he was far from the last. The New Testament itself records a church leader named Diotrephes, "who loveth to have the preeminence," who refused to receive the messengers of the apostle John and threw out of the church those who did (3 John 9-10, ASV). It is a short and bitter note in a short letter, and it shows that the problem is as old as the Church.

Founders are often people of extraordinary vision, energy and courage. Without those qualities nothing new would ever be begun. But the same qualities can make it very hard for them to share authority, to hear criticism, or to accept that the work they began now belongs to others as well. They tend to identify the work with themselves, and to regard disagreement with their methods as disloyalty to the work, and even to God. Those around them, who owe them a great deal, often find it very hard to tell them the truth.

Studd showed almost all of these tendencies in his last years. That does not make him a Diotrephes; the comparison would be unjust, because he did not seek preeminence for its own sake and he never used the work to enrich himself. But it does mean that the troubles of the Heart of Africa Mission in the 1920s were not simply caused by worldly colleagues and timid committees, as his admirers often claimed. A good deal of the cause lay in the founder himself.

Why Was He Like This?

It is worth asking why a man of such evident love for Christ, and such evident willingness to sacrifice himself, could be so hard on others. There is no single answer, but several things can be said.

He was ill, in pain and exhausted for most of his last fifteen years, and illness and pain make most people harder to live with. He lived in great isolation, far from his wife and from any equal who could speak to him frankly. He had founded the mission and built it in his own image, and he had come to identify its success with his own obedience. He had grown up in a class and a culture that expected leaders to command, not to consult. And he had a theology of sacrifice so absolute that it left little room for weakness, his own or anyone else's. If no sacrifice was too great for Christ,

then anyone who held back must be failing Christ. It was a short step from there to treating those who disagreed with him as traitors.

None of that excuses him. All of it helps to understand him. The same convictions that made him great made him, in the end, very hard to love. Paul's description of love is a quiet rebuke to the Studd of these years: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil" (1 Corinthians 13:4-5, ASV). Studd had given away all his goods. Not all who worked with him felt that he had love.

Yet some did, to the end. Norman and Pauline Grubb stayed loyal to him. Others stayed too, and the crowds of Congolese Christians at his funeral suggest how many of them loved him. The story of the 1920s is not simply a story of a tyrant. It is the story of a great-hearted man whose virtues had hardened into vices, and of the people who loved him enough to stay, and those who loved him enough to tell him he was wrong.

A Short Visit

"Many waters cannot quench love, Neither can floods drown it: If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, He would utterly be contemned."
— Song of Solomon 8:7, ASV

Twelve Years Apart

When Studd sailed for Africa in 1916, he and Priscilla had been married for twenty-eight years. They would not see each other again for twelve.

It is hard for a modern reader to take that in, and it ought to be. They were not estranged. They wrote to each other constantly, and every account says that they loved each other to the end. They were separated by a decision that both of them, in the end, accepted: that he would lead the work in Africa and she would lead it at home, and that neither would leave their post for the other's sake. Priscilla's health would not allow her to live in the Congo, and Studd would not leave it. So for twelve years their marriage was carried on by letter, across a journey of many weeks, with all the delays and misunderstandings that letters bring.

Their admirers have usually told this as a story of shared sacrifice, and it was. But it is also right to say that it was a strain, and to ask what it cost. The apostle Paul, who had no high view of marriage as a distraction from the Lord's work, still told married couples not to deprive each other "except

it be by consent for a season, that ye may give yourselves unto prayer, and may be together again" (1 Corinthians 7:5, ASV). A season is not twelve years. The Studds had reasons for what they did, and they did it with consent. But the long separation must be counted among the costs of Studd's way of life, and not only among its glories. It cost Priscilla the companionship of her husband through years of illness and heavy responsibility. It cost Studd the one person who knew him well enough to tell him the truth and be heard. Some of the harshness of his later years may be connected with that loss. It is impossible to prove, but it is hard not to wonder.

Priscilla's Work

Through those twelve years Priscilla carried the mission at home. She ran the headquarters at Highland Road. She dealt with the letters, the money and the candidates. She spoke at meetings around Britain, and she is remembered as an effective and moving speaker, warm and direct. She did all this while suffering from a heart condition that, at times, left her unable to work at all.

It is not too much to say that without her there would have been no Heart of Africa Mission and no WEC. Studd was the visionary and the pioneer. She was the one who found the people and the money to make the vision real. She is a figure of real courage in her own right, and her story has been told far less often than his. A woman of her gifts in the early twentieth century could not easily have led a mission in her own name. She led one in his.

She also had to stand between her husband and the mission's friends at home when his letters and tracts caused offence. That cannot have been easy. She loved him and shared his convictions, but she lived among the

people who were shocked by him, and she had to keep the mission's supporters loyal. Some of the strains that erupted after her death had been held in check, while she lived, by her patience and her diplomacy.

The Visit

In 1928 Priscilla made the long journey to the Congo to see her husband. It was the only time she ever visited the field. She stayed only briefly. One account says thirteen days; the others say only that it was a short visit. Then she went home.

No reliable record of what passed between them during those days is available to this book, and it would be wrong to invent one. It is enough to say that they were together again, after twelve years, at Ibambi, among the people for whom they had both given so much, and that it was the last time they saw each other.

One thing about the visit can be said with confidence, because it is in the nature of the case. For a woman with a heart condition, in her sixties, to make the journey from England to the north-eastern Congo in 1928 was an undertaking of real danger and great discomfort: weeks at sea, then a long journey overland by whatever transport could be found, into a climate that had broken the health of many younger travellers. She did it for a few days with her husband. Whatever else is said about their marriage, that journey says that the love between them was not a matter of words only.

Málaga

A few months later, on 15 January 1929, Priscilla Studd died at Málaga, in southern Spain. One source dates her death to 1928, but the date of

January 1929 is given by the fuller records. The circumstances of her being in Spain are not described in the sources available here. She was sixty-four.

The news had to travel to Ibambi by the slow routes of the time. What Studd felt when it reached him can only be imagined; the sources available to this book do not record his words. He had given her up, in a sense, many years before, when he went to Africa. Now she was gone in a way that could not be undone, and he had not been with her. He had lost his partner, his defender at home, and the person who, more than anyone, had made his life's work possible.

The effect on the mission was also great. With Priscilla gone, there was no one in England with her authority, her knowledge of her husband, and her ability to hold the home side together. Within two years the relationship between Studd and the committee in London would break down entirely.

"Weeping may tarry for the night, But joy cometh in the morning" (Psalm 30:5, ASV). The psalm does not deny the weeping. It says that the night is not the end. For Charles and Priscilla Studd, the night of separation was long, and it ended, on earth, in her death far from him. They both believed that the morning would come.

The Daughters

The four Studd daughters grew up in a household where the mission came first, and the separation of their parents shaped their lives as well. When their father left for Africa in 1913, the youngest was eighteen; all four were grown women when he left for the last time in 1916. Each of them chose, in her own way, to share in the work their parents had given their lives to. Edith married Alfred Buxton and went to the Congo. Pauline married Norman Grubb and went too. Dorothy married Gilbert Barclay, who

helped run the mission at home. Grace married Martin Sutton, and after his death David Munro, who would stand with Norman Grubb in the crisis of 1931.

Their loyalty to their parents was remarkable. It was also tested. At least one of the four was married to a man who found himself at odds with their father. Edith was dismissed from the mission with her husband. The family quarrels of the late 1920s ran through the daughters' own marriages. How they felt about it is not recorded in any source available to this book, and it would be wrong to guess. It is enough to say that the cost of their father's choices did not fall only on him and their mother.

Paul wrote, "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord" (Ephesians 6:4, ASV). Studd's daughters did not, so far as the record shows, turn against him or against his faith. All four remained committed Christians, and two of them gave their lives to the work he had begun. That is no small thing to say of the children of a man so often absent and so often difficult. It may say as much about their mother as about him.

Love Stronger than Distance

The Song of Solomon is a love song, and near its end it says something about love that Christians have always applied both to human love and to the love of God. "Many waters cannot quench love, Neither can floods drown it." And then, strangely: "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, He would utterly be contemned." Love cannot be bought. A man who offered all his wealth in exchange for it would be laughed at.

Charles and Priscilla Studd had given away all the substance of their house, long before, for the love of Christ. They had not bought anything

with it, and they knew that. What they had, they had been given. Their love for each other survived twelve years of separation, the strains of the mission, his illness and hers, and all the misunderstandings that letters bring. It did not survive death, in the sense that death parted them. But they both believed what Paul told the Thessalonians, that those who have fallen asleep in Jesus are not lost, and that God will bring them with him (1 Thessalonians 4:13-14).

It is right to honour them for what they gave, and to admire the faith that made it possible. It is also right to grieve, as Paul did not forbid, for the years they did not have together. Those years were part of the cost. Both of them paid it, and she paid her share mostly out of sight.

The Thorn and the Needle

"Wherefore we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day."
— 2 Corinthians 4:16, ASV

A Body Worn Out

By the late 1920s Studd's body was failing. He had suffered from asthma since his years in China. He had lived for more than a decade in the tropical forest without proper rest, on a poor diet, in a climate that wore down young and healthy Europeans within a few years. He had suffered repeated bouts of illness of the kind that were common among missionaries in central Africa. And he had developed the gallstones that would, in the end, cause his death. Gallstones can cause attacks of intense pain, and without surgery, which was not available to him at Ibambi, there was little that could be done but to endure the attacks and relieve the pain.

Studd had always pushed his body past what was sensible. Now he could do so only at great cost. He was in his late sixties, often in pain, and often too ill to move. Yet he would not stop working, and he would not go home.

Morphine

It was in these circumstances that he began to use morphine. According to the account given by Norman Grubb, a doctor who was passing through the region recommended it, and Studd, who wanted above all to keep on working, agreed to try it. In his last years he took it regularly.

The facts of this have never been hidden by his family. His biographer recorded them, and modern reference works mention them without fuss. It is the interpretation that has been disputed, both in his lifetime and since.

To his critics, at the time and later, it was a scandal. The founder of a mission that demanded heroic self-denial was taking a narcotic drug every day. Some called him a drug addict. The controversy was not helped by the fact that his supplies of the drug, according to some accounts, had to be brought into the colony by means that critics regarded as smuggling, and that may not always have been declared to the Belgian customs. In the atmosphere of the late 1920s, when the international campaign against the opium and morphine trades was at its height, and when Studd's own mission was demanding total holiness of its members, his use of morphine was easy to portray as hypocrisy.

To his defenders, it was medicine. Morphine was the standard treatment for severe pain in the 1920s, as it remains in many circumstances today. A man in his late sixties with gallstones and chronic asthma, living hundreds of miles from a hospital, might very reasonably be given it by a doctor, and might very reasonably take it. That he took it in order to go on working, rather than in order to escape, was in their view a sign of his devotion, not a failure of it.

What Can Fairly Be Said

A biography written nearly a century later cannot settle whether Studd was, in the medical sense, dependent on morphine. Anyone who takes the drug regularly for a long period becomes physically dependent on it; that is how it works, and it is not a moral failure. Whether his use went beyond what his pain required, and whether it affected his judgement, his moods or his relations with others, cannot be known from the sources available here. It would be unjust to assume the worst, and dishonest to pretend there is nothing to discuss.

Some things can fairly be said. The first is that there is no sign that Studd tried to hide it. He was not a man who did things in secret, the people around him knew, and his family recorded it. The second is that he lived in genuine and often severe pain, and that the Bible nowhere forbids the use of medicine to relieve it. Paul told Timothy, who seems to have suffered from stomach trouble, to "use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities" (1 Timothy 5:23, ASV). The principle is plain enough. Christians are not called to refuse the help of medicine. The third is that a drug such as morphine, taken over a long period by an old, sick and isolated man, may well have affected his temper and judgement, and that some of the harshness of his last years may have owed something to it, as well as to pain, exhaustion and grief. That is not certain, but it is possible, and it should make those who judge him a little more careful.

The fourth thing to be said is about the people who criticised him. Some of them were right to be concerned, and right to say so. A mission's leader is accountable for his conduct, and a drug that affects the mind is not a private matter in a leader. But some of the criticism also seems to have been unkind, and to have been used as a weapon in quarrels that had other causes. Studd had made enemies by his severity. When he became weak,

some of them were not gentle with him. Paul wrote to the Galatians, "Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness; looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted" (Galatians 6:1, ASV). That instruction applies whether or not Studd's morphine was a trespass at all.

It is also worth remembering that Studd was not the only person at Ibambi who suffered. His colleagues, many of them young, lived with malaria, dysentery and exhaustion, and some of them saw their own health ruined. The Congolese Christians among whom he lived had far less access to medicine than he did, and their pain, which was at least as great as his, was seldom relieved by anything at all. A balanced account of his last years must hold all of that together.

Above all, it is worth remembering that Studd's last years were years of genuine suffering, borne far from home, without his wife, and with very few comforts. Whatever view one takes of the morphine, the pain was real. The psalmist prayed, "Have mercy upon me, O Jehovah; for I am withered away: O Jehovah, heal me; for my bones are troubled" (Psalm 6:2, ASV). It is a prayer that Studd, in his last years, had every reason to pray, and those who judge him should remember that it is a prayer most of us will one day pray as well.

Morphine in the 1920s

To understand the controversy, it helps to know how morphine was regarded in Studd's last years. Morphine had been isolated from opium early in the nineteenth century, and with the invention of the hypodermic syringe it had become the most powerful painkiller available to medicine. It was widely prescribed, and widely abused. By the early twentieth century governments had become alarmed at the spread of addiction, and a series of

international agreements, beginning with the Hague Opium Convention of 1912 and continuing with the Geneva conventions of the 1920s, sought to control the trade in opium, morphine and cocaine. In Britain the Dangerous Drugs Act of 1920 brought morphine under strict legal control.

By the late 1920s, therefore, morphine was both an ordinary medicine and a dangerous drug, surrounded by laws, suspicion and moral alarm. Doctors prescribed it freely for severe pain, but anyone who used it regularly outside a hospital was likely to be suspected of addiction. A missionary who carried his own supply into a colony, and used it daily in the forest, was bound to attract attention.

None of this settles the question of Studd's own use. It does show why the matter became so explosive, and why, in the climate of the time, both his critics and his defenders felt so strongly about it.

A Strange Irony

There is an irony in this part of the story that is hard to miss. The Studd family's fortune had come from India, the same country that grew the opium the British exported to China. As a young man Studd had worked in a Chinese province where opium ruined many families, and where Chinese Christians ran refuges for addicts. Now, at the end of his life, he was himself taking morphine, a drug made from the same plant, every day.

It would be cheap to make too much of that irony, and cruel to make it a judgement. But it is a reminder that no human life is as tidy as a sermon, and that the great missionaries of the past were bound up, in ways they did not always see, with the world of empire, trade and medicine around them. Studd was a man of his time in his drugs as in much else.

The Inward Man

Paul knew what it was to be ill. He spoke of "a thorn in the flesh" that God would not take away, though he prayed three times, and of God's reply: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Corinthians 12:9, ASV). He spoke of the outward man decaying, and the inward man being renewed day by day.

In Studd's last years, the outward man was decaying fast. Whether the inward man was being renewed is a question about which those who knew him disagreed. His family and closest colleagues believed that it was; that the old man in pain at Ibambi, writing, praying and translating late into the night, was more surrendered to God than ever. His critics saw a man whose virtues had turned hard and whose weaknesses had become a scandal. Perhaps both were partly right. The gospel does not promise that God's servants will grow more attractive as they grow older and sicker. It promises that his grace will be sufficient. It was sufficient for Studd in the sense that matters most: he did not give up, and he did not stop trusting. Whether it made him gentle is a different question, and the next chapter will not make it easier.

The Committee

"Where no wise guidance is, the people falleth; But in the multitude of counsellors there is safety."
— Proverbs 11:14, ASV

Two Centres

From the beginning, the Heart of Africa Mission had two centres. One was at Highland Road in Upper Norwood, where Priscilla Studd and the home staff dealt with money, candidates, publicity and supporters. The other was wherever Studd happened to be in the Congo. As long as Priscilla lived, the two were held together by her loyalty to her husband and her standing with the mission's friends. When she died in January 1929, that bond was broken.

The mission's home affairs were overseen by a committee, as was usual for missionary societies of the period. Its members were men and women of standing in the evangelical world who had lent their names and their time to the work, and who felt responsible to its supporters for the way the mission was run. By the late 1920s many of them were deeply troubled. They had heard of the quarrels in the field, the resignations and dismissals, and the dismissal of Alfred Buxton. They had read the D.C.D. booklet and been alarmed by it. They had heard about the morphine. And they knew

that the founder of the mission, now an old and sick man thousands of miles away, would accept no one's authority but his own.

The Breaking Point

The crisis came in 1930 and 1931. The full story has never been told from the committee's side, and the sources available to this book are mostly those of the Studd family, so what follows must be read with that in mind.

According to these accounts, the committee decided that Studd could no longer continue as leader of the mission, and planned to confront him and remove him from the leadership of the work he had founded. Norman Grubb, who had come home from the Congo and whom Studd had designated as his successor, found himself shuttling between the two sides, trying to keep the mission together while defending his father-in-law. When it became clear that the committee intended to act, Grubb and another of Studd's sons-in-law, Colonel David Munro, the husband of Studd's eldest daughter Grace, took the mission's records from the headquarters, so that control of the mission would remain in the hands of those loyal to Studd. Grubb maintained that he had legal authority to do so, as Studd's nominated successor while Studd still lived. In later life he told the story with relish and some comedy. It was, all the same, a painful and bitter episode, in which a Christian mission split along lines of personal loyalty, and in which people who had worked together for years ended on opposite sides.

The Split

The split was real and costly. A large part of the home staff, and a considerable number of missionaries, left the mission. In 1931, according

to the history of the society they formed, thirty-six missionaries who had been serving in the Belgian Congo and Brazil, the mission's two main fields, reorganised themselves as a new body, the Unevangelized Fields Mission. That society's own brief history does not dwell on the causes, but the timing and the fields involved leave little doubt that it came out of the same crisis. That mission grew in its turn and continues today under another name; it has long cooperated with the society it came from.

The Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade was left very small. When Grubb took over its leadership, he later recalled, there were about thirty-five missionaries on its books, and for one month that year the mission had an income of about one pound a week. Its reputation in Britain was damaged, its supporters divided, and its founder near death in the Congo.

Who Was Right?

It is natural to want to take sides, and most of the books about Studd take his. In their telling the committee were cautious, worldly people who could not understand a man of faith, and Grubb and Munro saved the mission by their boldness. There is some truth in that. Studd's mission had been founded on faith and obedience, not on committees, and those who wanted to control it from London did not always understand what they were trying to control. Without the courage of those who stayed loyal, WEC might not have survived.

But the committee also had real reasons for concern, and some of them were the same concerns expressed by the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography* long afterwards. They saw a mission whose founder could not work with others, who dismissed colleagues for disagreeing with him, whose public language offended many Christians, and who was ill and taking morphine. They were responsible for the mission's good name and

for the welfare of its missionaries. It is hard to see what else they could have done except try to change its leadership. It is also hard to see how Studd, being who he was, could have accepted that.

The proverb at the head of this chapter says, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Studd never had much use for counsellors. He believed that God spoke to him directly, and he acted on what he heard. That conviction had carried him to China and Africa, and it had done great good. But it left him without the safeguard that the Bible itself commends: the wisdom of others who could see what he could not. The letter to the Hebrews tells Christians to submit to those who lead them, "for they watch in behalf of your souls" (Hebrews 13:17, ASV). Studd had spent his life leading and never learned to be led. In 1931 the cost of that came due, and it was paid, very largely, by other people.

One further thing should be said in fairness to both sides. The crisis of 1931 was not only about Studd. It was also about what kind of body a mission should be: a fellowship of people under the direct leadership of a founder who believed he heard from God, or a society with a constitution, a committee and procedures that applied to everyone, including the founder. Both models have their dangers. The first can become a tyranny; the second can become a bureaucracy. The Church has never found a perfect way of holding vision and accountability together. In 1931 the Heart of Africa Mission did not find one either, and the result was a painful division. It is a warning that every Christian work, sooner or later, has to face.

Jesus gave his disciples a pattern for dealing with wrongs between them: "And if thy brother sin against thee, go, show him his fault between thee and him alone: if he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother" (Matthew 18:15, ASV). The pattern continues with witnesses and then with the church. It is a pattern of patient, personal approach, aimed at winning the

brother back, not at defeating him. Neither side in 1931 seems to have found a way to follow it. The distance between London and Ibambi made it almost impossible; the bitterness of the previous years made it harder still. It is a sobering thought that a mission founded to carry the gospel to the ends of the earth could not carry it, in this matter, across its own divisions.

Norman Grubb

The man who emerged from the crisis as leader of the mission deserves a word of his own. Norman Grubb was thirty-five in 1931. He had served as an officer in the First World War and been wounded, had come to the Congo with Pauline in 1920, and had spent most of the decade there, learning Bangala and working on its New Testament. He loved and admired his father-in-law, and he took his side in 1931 without hesitation. He was also, by the accounts of those who worked with him, a very different man in temperament: a thinker and writer, warm and patient, with a gift for drawing people together.

Under his leadership the mission recovered. He wrote the biography of Studd that made his father-in-law famous to a new generation, and many other books besides, and he gave WEC a spirit of faith, fellowship and mutual submission that was in some ways a corrective to Studd's own style. Histories of the mission commonly say that it learned from the troubles of 1931: learned, among other things, that a mission needed more than one person's vision, and that leaders had to be accountable to the fellowship they led.

That lesson was learned at a high price, and it was learned, in part, against the very man whose memory Grubb defended. It is one of the ironies of the story that the best thing to come out of the crisis of Studd's

last year was a mission that worked in a way Studd himself could never quite manage.

Whether in Pretence or in Truth

Paul, in prison, heard that other people were preaching Christ, some of them out of rivalry with him. His answer is one of the most generous passages in his letters. "What then? only that in every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is proclaimed; and therein I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice" (Philippians 1:18, ASV).

The split of 1931 left two missions where there had been one. Both went on preaching Christ. The Unevangelized Fields Mission went on to work in Congo, Brazil, Papua and elsewhere. WEC, under Grubb, recovered and grew into one of the largest interdenominational missions in the world. Neither could have known that in 1931. The people on both sides had been hurt, and some of them never fully recovered from it. But Christ was proclaimed, by both, for decades to come, and the Congolese church went on growing through it all. Paul would have rejoiced in that, and perhaps, in his better moments, so would Studd.

Hallelujah

"For I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith"
— 2 Timothy 4:6-7, ASV

The Last Work

In the last two years of his life, while the quarrel with the committee in London was coming to its climax, Studd was at Ibambi, ill, often in pain, and working. One of the tasks to which he gave his remaining strength was the translation of Scripture into Kingwana, the form of Swahili spoken across much of the north-eastern Congo. With two colleagues, Stapleton and Lowder, he had begun a version of the New Testament, and in 1930 the Gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles were published in it.

Kingwana was not the language of a single people. It was a common tongue, used in markets, on the roads and in the posts of the administration across a wide region, and understood by people of many different mother tongues. A Scripture in Kingwana could travel far beyond the stations of one mission, carried by traders, workers and evangelists. Studd, who had always thought in terms of the whole unevangelised world, would have understood the value of that.

It is fitting that the last substantial work of his life was translation. He had never been a linguist, and he had depended on others for much of his life in Africa to speak for him. But he had come to believe that the Congolese church needed the Scriptures in its own hands more than it needed anything a missionary could give. The work was taken further by others after his death. In the Swahili of eastern Congo a New Testament and Psalms appeared in 1955 and a complete Bible in 1960, the year of Congolese independence; how much of Studd's own draft survived into those later versions is not clear. Studd did not see it. He had helped to begin it.

A Letter to His Grandchildren

In his last year Studd wrote a farewell letter to his grandchildren. It has not been published in full in any source available to this book, and it is not quoted here, except for two lines that he is recorded as including in it:

Only one life, 'twill soon be past,
Only what's done for Christ will last.

As the introduction explained, there is no good evidence that Studd wrote those lines. The longer poem that is often printed under his name begins by saying that its author had first heard the couplet from someone else, and the couplet itself may be older than any printing of the poem. But he loved them, and he wanted his grandchildren to have them. They sum up the conviction of his whole life better than anything he wrote himself. He had believed for more than fifty years that the only things that would last were the things done for Christ, and he had tried to live as if that were true. He had not always lived it wisely. He had lived it wholeheartedly.

The Last Illness

In the summer of 1931 his health collapsed. The cause of death recorded in the reference works is gallstones, for which he had not had surgical treatment. There seems to have been no hospital within reach of Ibambi that could have operated on him, and it is doubtful whether, at seventy and in his condition, he could have survived the journey to one. Some later writers say that he refused the care his body needed; it is fairer to say that the care his body needed was not available where he had chosen to live and die, and that he had chosen long before not to leave.

He died at Ibambi on 16 July 1931. One genealogical record gives the date as 15 July, but 16 July is the date given by most sources. He was seventy years old.

Those who were with him in his last days, or who heard from those who were, said that his last word was "Hallelujah." Some accounts say that he repeated it several times. There is no reason to doubt it. It would have been a natural word for him to say at the end. But the reader should know that it comes from the testimony of his family and colleagues, and that nothing else records it. "Hallelujah" means "praise the Lord." If it was his last word, it was a good one. The book of Revelation imagines the voice of a great multitude, "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah: for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth" (Revelation 19:6, ASV). Studd had spent his life trying to bring more voices into that multitude.

The Funeral

He was buried at Ibambi. Accounts of the funeral agree that a great crowd of Congolese Christians came, many of them from a distance. The

numbers given vary: one account says more than a thousand, another two thousand. One account says that four chiefs stood among the mourners. None of these figures comes from a record that can now be checked, but all the accounts agree that the funeral was very large, and that the people who mourned him were above all the Congolese Christians of the forest.

That is the most important fact about the end of his life, and it should not be passed over. Studd had quarrelled with his committee, with many of his missionaries and with members of his own family. He had been a difficult and sometimes harsh leader. But the people for whom he had come to Africa came in their hundreds, perhaps their thousands, to bury him. Whatever they had suffered from his severity, they had also known his love, and they honoured him. Their grief is part of the evidence, and it should weigh as much as the judgements of those who found him impossible.

Studd's grave is at Ibambi, in what is now Wamba territory in the province of Haut-Uélé. He was never brought home to England, and he lies among the people he had come to serve. In 2013, when the Congolese church that grew out of his mission celebrated a hundred years since his arrival at Niangara, he was remembered there as one of the founders of a church that had long since become entirely Congolese.

The psalm says, "Precious in the sight of Jehovah Is the death of his saints" (Psalm 116:15, ASV). The word "saints" in the Bible does not mean people without faults. It means people set apart for God, and the Old Testament uses it of the whole people of Israel, with all their failings. Studd was a saint in that sense, set apart for God from his youth and given to him to the end. His death, at Ibambi in the forest, far from the cricket grounds and drawing rooms of his youth, was precious in God's sight. It did not need to be anything more.

The Seven at the End

By 1931 the Cambridge Seven were old men, or dead. William Cassels, who had become the first Anglican bishop of Western China, had died there in 1925. Stanley Smith, the orator of 1885, died in China in January 1931, six months before Studd. Dixon Hoste, the quiet soldier, was still General Director of the China Inland Mission, which he had led since 1902, and would lead it until 1935. The others had gone their different ways, some still in China, some at home.

Of the seven, Studd had stayed in China the shortest time, and ended furthest from it. But in a sense he had remained more faithful than any of them to the original excitement of 1885: the conviction that the best thing a person could do with life was to give it away for the sake of people who had never heard of Christ. The others had settled, in different ways, into long and patient work in one country. Studd had never settled anywhere. He had gone to China, America, India and Africa, and he had died still looking beyond the horizon.

Neither way is simply better. The Church needs the patient builders and the restless pioneers. Studd was a pioneer to the end, with the gifts and the faults of one.

Finished the Course

Paul wrote his second letter to Timothy from prison, knowing he would soon die. "I am already being offered," he wrote, "and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." He did not claim to have been perfect, or to have won every battle. He claimed to have finished, and to have kept faith.

Studd could have said the same. He had begun the course at Tedworth in 1878 and lost his way for a while. He had found it again at George's bedside and run it, from then on, with all his strength: through China, America and India, into the heart of Africa, and to the end. He had stumbled often. He had hurt people. He had been, at times, more like a general than a shepherd. But he had not turned back, and he had not stopped trusting the Christ who had died for him. The crown Paul spoke of was not, he said, for him alone, "but also to all them that have loved his appearing" (2 Timothy 4:8, ASV). Studd had loved it. Whatever else is said about him, that must be said too.

Only One Life

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit."
— John 12:24, ASV

After the Funeral

When Studd died in July 1931, the mission he had founded seemed close to collapse. It had been split. Its home organisation had largely walked away. It had perhaps thirty-five missionaries and almost no money. Its founder's reputation had been damaged by quarrels, by his language and by the controversy over his morphine. Many observers in the evangelical world expected it to fade away.

It did not. Norman Grubb took over the leadership and, in a style very different from his father-in-law's, rebuilt it. He was a gifted writer and teacher, and he gave the mission a theology of faith and fellowship that drew a new generation of recruits. By the time he retired in 1965, according to the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography*, WEC had grown from that faltering band of about thirty to some eight hundred missionaries in twenty countries. It has continued to grow. Today WEC International works in many countries around the world, with workers drawn from many

nations, including, increasingly, from the churches of Africa, Asia and Latin America that missions like it helped to found.

The Forest Church

In the Congo, the work went on. In 1934 a missionary named Jack Harrison, known to the Congolese as Bwana Harri, began a Bible school at Ibambi to train Congolese pastors and evangelists. In the 1930s a revival broke out among the Budu at the village of Imbai, which the mission's own accounts connect with the prayers of two missionary sisters, Lily and Ivy Roberts. In the early 1950s a fresh movement of the Spirit came to Ibambi and the surrounding stations. Norman Grubb, writing at the time, said that it came there, as at Wamba and Opienge, through the visit of an evangelist and his wife from Lubutu. In the mission writing of the time an "evangelist" almost always meant an African Christian worker, and there is every reason to think that this couple were Congolese. The revival that renewed the church Studd had founded was carried to it by Africans, as so much of the church's growth had been from the beginning.

In the early 1950s the missionary doctor Helen Roseveare built a hospital and training centre in the area, and trained Congolese nurses and medical workers who carried health care into the villages. In 1964 the Simba rebellion swept through the region, and missionaries and Congolese Christians suffered imprisonment, violence and death. The church survived it. Today, as the Communauté Évangélique du Christ au Cœur d'Afrique, it is a large, self-governing Congolese church, with its centre at Isiro, its own pastors and leaders, and members counted in the hundreds of thousands. Studd lies buried at Ibambi among them.

His Words Today

Studd's writings are still in print, nearly a century after his death. *The Chocolate Soldier* is reprinted by Christian publishers and read aloud in sermons. The rhyme about a rescue shop within a yard of hell, always credited to him, appears on posters, mugs and the walls of youth centres. The couplet beginning "Only one life," which he loved but did not write, is one of the most quoted lines in evangelical Christianity, and the saying traditionally attributed to him, "If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him," is quoted more often still.

That popularity is a sign of how much his life still speaks. It is also a reason for care. Some of those words cannot be traced to anything he published, and one of them he almost certainly did not write. Studd himself would not have minded. He cared nothing for his own reputation as a writer, and he would gladly have had his name taken off anything, so long as the message got through. But a life that has been reduced to a handful of quotations is easy to admire and hard to understand. The quotations show the fire. They do not show the cost, either to him or to those around him, and they do not show the people, in China, India and the Congo, whose own faith and courage were the real fruit of his life.

How to Remember Him

There are two easy ways to remember C. T. Studd, and both are wrong.

The first is to remember only the hero: the cricketer who gave up the Ashes for China, the young man who gave away a fortune, the old man who went to Africa to die. That Studd is real, and he deserves to be remembered. But on his own he becomes a kind of reproach, impossible to

imitate and therefore easy to admire and forget. And he hides the people who paid for his heroism, among them his wife, his daughters, his colleagues, and many Congolese Christians who bore his severity.

The second is to remember only the problem: the domineering founder, the morphine, the quarrels, the dismissed son-in-law, the split mission. That Studd is real too, and his failures should be studied. But on his own he becomes a cautionary tale, and the caution is too easily turned into an excuse. It is very comfortable to decide that, because Studd went too far, it is wise not to go anywhere at all.

The truth is harder and more useful. Studd was a man who took the words of Jesus with complete seriousness, and gave everything he had in obedience to them. That is the heart of his life, and it is why he is still remembered. He was also a man whose zeal was not always governed by love, and who could not bear to be told he was wrong. That is the warning of his life. Both are true at once. The second does not cancel the first, and the first does not excuse the second.

The Grain of Wheat

Jesus spoke of a grain of wheat that falls into the earth and dies. If it does not die, it abides alone. If it dies, it bears much fruit. He was speaking first of his own death, and of the life that would come from it. He went on to apply it to his followers: "He that loveth his life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal" (John 12:25, ASV).

Studd's life was a grain of wheat in that sense. He let go of his fortune, his fame, his health, his comfort, and in the end his life, in the conviction that only what was done for Christ would last. The fruit is real. It can be counted in the students who went overseas after hearing the Cambridge

Seven, in the thousands of missionaries who have served with WEC, and above all in the Congolese church that grew in the forest where he is buried.

But the image of the grain of wheat also says something else. The fruit does not come from the grain. It comes from the life of God working in the soil after the grain has gone into it. Studd planted. Others watered: Priscilla, Buxton, Grubb, Harrison, Roseveare, and, above all, countless Congolese pastors, evangelists and believers whose names are known to God if not to us. God gave the increase. Studd would have been the first to say so. "I planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase" (1 Corinthians 3:6-7, ASV).

Above all, his life asks a question that every reader must answer for himself or herself. It is not whether one should give everything to Christ; the New Testament settles that. It is how to give everything to Christ in a way that also honours the people around us: the spouse, the children, the colleagues, the people among whom we live and work. Studd answered the first question magnificently. He answered the second less well. Those who take his life seriously will want to learn from both.

And it asks one more thing of the Church that tells his story. It asks that the story be told whole, with the Congolese and Chinese believers, the wife, the daughters and the colleagues kept in view alongside the hero. A life is never lived alone, and the fruit of a life is never the work of one person. If Studd's story is told in that way, it becomes not a monument to one man's sacrifice but a picture of the body of Christ at work, with all its gifts and all its wounds. That is a picture worth keeping.

Only One Life

The lines he is recorded as sending his grandchildren in his last year, borrowed rather than his own, are the best summary of what he believed: "Only one life, 'twill soon be past, Only what's done for Christ will last." They are a challenge to every reader, as they were to him. Each of us has one life. It will soon be past. The question is what we will do with it.

Studd's answer was everything. He gave it gladly, and he did not count the cost. His life suggests that the answer is right, and also that it must be given in love, with patience, and with humility enough to hear the counsel of others. A life given to Christ with all its strength but without love is, as Paul says, nothing. A life given to Christ with all its strength and love besides is the best thing a human being can do with the one life he has. Studd reached for that, and often grasped it, and sometimes missed it. He would want his readers to reach further, and to do it with more love than he did.

Appendix A: Lessons from the Life of C. T. Studd

"Remember them that had the rule over you, men that spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."
— Hebrews 13:7, ASV

The lessons below gather the themes of this book so that readers can return to them. C. T. Studd would not have wanted his life to be a pattern; he would have wanted it to point to Christ. Each lesson therefore rests on Scripture, not on his example alone. The letter to the Hebrews tells us to consider how those who went before us lived and died, and to imitate their faith, not every detail of their lives. In Studd's case, some of the lessons are warnings.

1. Conversion Must Become Consecration

Studd was converted at eighteen and then, by his own account, lived for six years as if it made little difference. A faith that costs nothing is in danger of becoming nothing. "I have this against thee, that thou didst leave thy first love. Remember therefore whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works" (Revelation 2:4-5, ASV).

2. God Uses Crises to Wake Us

His brother's illness showed him what his fame was worth. Hard providences are often God's mercy in disguise. "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God" (John 11:4, ASV).

3. Gifts Are for Giving

He loved cricket and played it superbly, and he did not despise it when he gave it up. Every gift is from God and may be offered back to him. "Every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible" (1 Corinthians 9:25, ASV).

4. Obedience May Grieve Those We Love

His family opposed his going to China, and later his wife opposed his going to Africa. Following Christ can divide even loving homes, but it must never be an excuse for unkindness. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" (Matthew 10:37, ASV).

5. The Messenger Must Become a Learner

In China he put on Chinese clothes and sat down to learn a hard language. The gospel crosses cultures through servants, not masters. "For though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more" (1 Corinthians 9:19, ASV).

6. Treasure Is Found With Joy

He gave away a fortune and never regretted it. Generosity is not loss when the treasure is Christ. “In his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field” (Matthew 13:44, ASV).

7. Remember Where Wealth Comes From

His family’s money came from indigo grown by Indian labour, and much of it went back to India and to the poor. Christians who have inherited advantage should ask what they owe. “Charge them that are rich in this present world, that they be not highminded ... that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute” (1 Timothy 6:17-18, ASV).

8. Marriage Is a Partnership in the Work

Priscilla was a missionary in her own right, and without her there would have been no Heart of Africa Mission. Honour the partners whose work is done out of sight. “Salute Prisca and Aquila my fellow-workers in Christ Jesus” (Romans 16:3, ASV).

9. Small Graves Are Part of the Story

The Studds buried two infant sons, and their grandson lies at Nala. Missionary heroism has always had a hidden price, paid by families. “Jehovah gave, and Jehovah hath taken away; blessed be the name of Jehovah” (Job 1:21, ASV).

10. The Church Belongs to the People of the Land

In Shanxi and in the Congo, the church was built above all by Chinese and Congolese believers. Missionaries plant; local Christians carry the word. "From you hath sounded forth the word of the Lord ... in every place" (1 Thessalonians 1:8, ASV).

11. Go Where Christ Is Not Named

He spent his last years among peoples who had very little Christian witness. That priority still matters. "Making it my aim so to preach the gospel, not where Christ was already named" (Romans 15:20, ASV).

12. Age and Weakness Are Not Final

He went to Africa at fifty-two, with asthma and broken health, and served for eighteen years. God is not limited by our limits. "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness" (2 Corinthians 12:9, ASV).

13. Courage Without Love Profits Nothing

Studd gave his goods and his body, but some who worked with him did not feel loved. Sacrifice is not the same as love. "If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Corinthians 13:3, ASV).

14. Speak the Truth, but Season It

His tracts woke many and wounded many. Strong words have their place, but grace must govern them. "Let your speech be always with grace,

seasoned with salt" (Colossians 4:6, ASV).

15. Do Not Recruit by Shame

The language of the recruiting sergeant can bring people to the field and break them there. Christ calls disciples by love, not by contempt. "Not of constraint, but willingly ... neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you, but making yourselves ensamples to the flock" (1 Peter 5:2-3, ASV).

16. Disagreement Is Not Disloyalty

He dismissed Alfred Buxton for trying to make peace. Leaders must learn to hear those who differ from them. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend" (Proverbs 27:6, ASV).

17. Every Leader Needs Counsel

He found it very hard to work inside any structure he did not control, and his mission nearly broke apart. Vision needs accountability. "Where no wise guidance is, the people falleth; But in the multitude of counsellors there is safety" (Proverbs 11:14, ASV).

18. Rest Is Also a Gift

He rose early and worked late for years, and expected others to do the same. God does not need our exhaustion. "It is vain for you to rise up early, To take rest late, To eat the bread of toil; For so he giveth unto his beloved sleep" (Psalm 127:2, ASV).

19. Judge the Suffering Gently

His use of morphine in his last years was criticised harshly. Christians should neither excuse wrongdoing nor condemn the sick without mercy. "Restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness; looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted" (Galatians 6:1, ASV).

20. God Works Through Quarrels

The split of 1931 left two missions where there had been one, and both went on preaching Christ. God is not defeated by the failures of his servants. "Whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is proclaimed; and therein I rejoice" (Philippians 1:18, ASV).

21. Finish the Course

For all his faults, he did not turn back. Faithfulness to the end is itself a gift of grace. "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith" (2 Timothy 4:7, ASV).

22. Only One Life

He loved the couplet he is recorded as sending to his grandchildren, lines not of his own making: "Only one life, 'twill soon be past, Only what's done for Christ will last." The question it asks belongs to every reader. "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (1 John 2:17, ASV).

Appendix B: Chapter-by-Chapter Study and Reflection Guide

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves."
— James 1:22, ASV

This guide is for personal reflection, small groups, or a reading course of about twenty-four weeks. Its purpose is not to make C. T. Studd an object of admiration or of blame, but to let his life hold up a mirror in which readers can examine their own discipleship under Scripture. Groups may find it helpful to begin each session with the chapter's opening verse and to end with prayer. Several chapters raise hard questions about money, family, leadership, empire and illness. They are meant to be discussed honestly, not settled quickly.

Introduction - The Cricketer, the Crusader, and the Record

Central idea

The real Studd, heroic and difficult, is more useful to the Church than either the legend of total surrender or the cautionary tale.

Scriptures to revisit

Proverbs 18:17; John 8:32.

Reflection

1. Why do we prefer our heroes simple? 2. How should we treat famous sayings whose source is unknown?

Chapter 1 - A Goodly Heritage

Central idea

Studd grew up with every advantage, on a fortune made from Indian labour, in a world that prized manliness and despised weakness.

Scriptures to revisit

Psalm 16:5-8; Mark 10:21-22; 1 Timothy 4:8.

Reflection

1. What advantages have you inherited, and from whose labour? 2. Which values of your upbringing have you never examined?

Chapter 2 - The Squire Who Sold His Horses

Central idea

A father's late conversion and short, wholehearted Christian life opened the door for his sons.

Scriptures to revisit

Acts 16:31-34; John 3:16; John 5:24; Mark 4:18-19.

Reflection

1. Whose prayers lie behind your faith? 2. What "thorns" are choking the word in your life?

Chapter 3 - Fenner's and the Oval

Central idea

Studd gave cricket the discipline he did not yet give to God, in a game divided by class.

Scriptures to revisit

1 Corinthians 9:24-27; James 2:1-5.

Reflection

1. What receives your best effort? 2. Where do you expect deference because of who you are?

Chapter 4 - "This Sickness Is Not unto Death"

Central idea

At his brother's bedside he saw what fame was worth, and he returned to his first love.

Scriptures to revisit

John 11:1-4; Revelation 2:4-5; Matthew 10:37.

Reflection

1. Has a crisis ever shown you what really matters? 2. How do you weigh the objections of a loving family against a sense of call?

Chapter 5 - The Seven

Central idea

Seven privileged young men answered the call to China, and their example stirred students on both sides of the Atlantic.

Scriptures to revisit

Isaiah 6:1-8; 1 Corinthians 1:26-29.

Reflection

1. Why did the Seven attract so much attention? 2. Who are the unnamed workers whose service no one publicises?

Chapter 6 - In Chinese Dress

Central idea

The China Inland Mission taught Studd to become a learner and a servant in a church that Chinese Christians were already leading.

Scriptures to revisit

1 Corinthians 9:19-23; Philippians 2:5-7.

Reflection

1. Where are you a beginner, and how does it feel? 2. What would it mean to serve as a guest rather than a master?

Chapter 7 - Treasure in a Field

Central idea

He gave away his inheritance with joy, to people who themselves lived by faith among the poor.

Scriptures to revisit

Matthew 13:44; 1 Timothy 6:17-19; Acts 20:35.

Reflection

1. Was his gift wise, and does that question matter? 2. What would it mean for you to be "ready to distribute"?

Chapter 8 - Scilla

Central idea

Priscilla Stewart was a missionary in her own right, and the marriage began with a shared choice to depend on God alone.

Scriptures to revisit

Romans 16:3-4; Acts 18:24-26; Ecclesiastes 4:9-12.

Reflection

1. How can a marriage be a partnership in God's work? 2. Whose labour behind the scenes makes your own possible?

Chapter 9 - Lungan

Central idea

Years of hostility, small results, broken health and two infant graves were part of the cost of sowing in China.

Scriptures to revisit

Psalm 126:5-6; Job 1:21; Psalm 34:18.

Reflection

1. How do you measure faithfulness when results are few? 2. What do you make of the Chinese Christians who stayed in 1900?

Chapter 10 - Students and Soldiers

Central idea

In the quieter years in America and India he kept preaching, while growing restless for the unreached.

Scriptures to revisit

2 Timothy 4:1-5; Romans 15:20.

Reflection

1. How do you serve in seasons with no great venture? 2. Is restlessness always a sign of God's call?

Chapter 11 - A Notice in Liverpool

Central idea

A provocative notice and an explorer's report sent an ill man of nearly fifty to the Sudan, and began a pattern of struggle with committees.

Scriptures to revisit

Romans 10:13-15; Acts 13:1-3; Acts 14:26-27.

Reflection

1. How should Christians speak about peoples they do not know? 2. What does it mean to be sent by a church, and not only by God?

Chapter 12 - The Heart of Africa

Central idea

He went to the Congo against medical advice and his wife's wishes, into a land only just released from the terror of the Free State.

Scriptures to revisit

Hebrews 11:8-10; Matthew 6:33; Philippians 4:19.

Reflection

1. How should a married Christian decide when a spouse disagrees about a call? 2. What does faith look like when it depends on the faith of others?

Chapter 13 - Niangara

Central idea

An honest witness shows the first year of the mission, including the habits of a master that the gospel calls us to lay down.

Scriptures to revisit

2 Corinthians 4:5; Matthew 20:25-28; Proverbs 27:6.

Reflection

1. What did you make of the name Bwana and of required attendance at prayers? 2. What critics might help you see yourself more clearly?

Chapter 14 - The Chocolate Soldier

Central idea

His call to heroism was powerful, and it borrowed the language of wartime recruitment in ways that could wound.

Scriptures to revisit

2 Timothy 2:3-4; Matthew 20:28.

Reflection

1. Where is your faith a “chocolate soldier”? 2. When does a call to courage become a call by shame?

Chapter 15 - Nala and Ibambi

Central idea

The mission grew in the forest country among peoples who had already lived through a generation of upheaval and colonial demands.

Scriptures to revisit

Psalm 127:1-2; Isaiah 9:2.

Reflection

1. Why does it matter what the mission found when it came? 2. How do you hold together hard work and trust in God?

Chapter 16 - The Church in the Forest

Central idea

The word sounded forth from Congolese Christians, in their own languages, through their own evangelists, at their own cost.

Scriptures to revisit

1 Thessalonians 1:6-8; Revelation 7:9-10; 1 Corinthians 3:6-7.

Reflection

1. Whose names are missing from the stories you tell about your church? 2. What does self-support mean for a poor church?

Chapter 17 - The Crusade

Central idea

His vision for the whole world was a great gift; his language grew so extreme that it became hard to correct him.

Scriptures to revisit

1 Corinthians 4:10; Colossians 4:6; Ephesians 4:15, 29.

Reflection

1. What did the Crusade get right? 2. Is there a register of speech you use too often?

Chapter 18 - A Sharp Contention

Central idea

The dismissal of Alfred Buxton shows how virtues can harden into vices, and how God works even through quarrels.

Scriptures to revisit

Acts 15:36-41; 2 Timothy 4:11; 1 Corinthians 13:4-7; 3 John 9-10.

Reflection

1. When has disagreement been treated as disloyalty in your experience? 2. Is there a Mark you need to welcome back?

Chapter 19 - A Short Visit

Central idea

Twelve years of separation and one brief reunion were part of the cost of the work, borne above all by Priscilla.

Scriptures to revisit

Song of Solomon 8:6-7; 1 Corinthians 7:5; 1 Thessalonians 4:13-14; Ephesians 6:4.

Reflection

1. Where is the line between shared sacrifice and neglect? 2. How can the Church honour those whose service is unseen?

Chapter 20 - The Thorn and the Needle

Central idea

His use of morphine in pain and old age should be judged with honesty and with mercy.

Scriptures to revisit

2 Corinthians 4:16-18; 2 Corinthians 12:7-10; 1 Timothy 5:23; Galatians 6:1-2.

Reflection

1. How should Christians speak about leaders who are ill? 2. What does it mean that grace is sufficient?

Chapter 21 - The Committee

Central idea

The crisis of 1931 split the mission, and showed the danger of vision without accountability.

Scriptures to revisit

Proverbs 11:14; Hebrews 13:17; Philippians 1:15-18.

Reflection

1. Who was right in 1931, and why is that hard to say? 2. To whom are you accountable?

Chapter 22 - Hallelujah

Central idea

He died at his post, translating Scripture and praising God, and the Congolese church came in great numbers to bury him.

Scriptures to revisit

2 Timothy 4:6-8; Revelation 19:6; Psalm 116:15.

Reflection

1. What does it mean to finish the course? 2. Why does the grief of the Congolese Christians matter to the story?

Chapter 23 - Only One Life

Central idea

His life was a grain of wheat that bore real fruit, and it warns that zeal must be governed by love.

Scriptures to revisit

John 12:24-26; 1 Corinthians 3:6-7; 1 John 2:17.

Reflection

1. What in his life would you imitate, and what would you avoid? 2. What will you do with your one life?

Appendix C: Chronology of the Life and Times of C. T. Studd

> *"So teach us to number our days, That we may get us a heart of wisdom."*
> *— Psalm 90:12, ASV*

The dates below are meant as orientation. Dates confirmed by published records, such as cricket scores, are given plainly. Where the sources disagree, the disagreement is noted. Where a date rests only on the family's accounts, it is marked as approximate or traditional.

1819 - Edward Studd

Studd's father is born in Bombay on 25 December. He later makes a fortune as an indigo planter in Tirhut, Bihar.

1856 - A Second Marriage

Edward Studd marries Dorothy Sophia (Dora) Thomas at Bedford. Their sons include Kynaston (born 1858) and George (born 1859).

1860 - Birth

Charles Thomas Studd is born on 2 December at Spratton, Northamptonshire, the third son of Edward and Dora Studd.

1865 - The China Inland Mission

J. Hudson Taylor founds the China Inland Mission.

1866 - Salamander

Edward Studd's horse Salamander wins the Grand National.

1871 - Tedworth

Edward Studd takes the lease of Tedworth House, Wiltshire, where he lays out a racecourse and a cricket ground.

c. 1875 - Edward Studd Converted

Edward Studd is converted at one of D. L. Moody's meetings in London, most probably during the London campaign of 1875 (sources give dates from 1874 to 1877). He gives up racing and opens Tedworth to evangelistic meetings.

1877 - Edward Studd Dies

He dies in July, most sources say on 27 July (one gives 1876).

1878 - Conversion

In the summer holidays a visitor at Tedworth speaks to the three eldest brothers; Charlie is converted, by family tradition on the same day as Kynaston and George.

1879 - Cambridge

He leaves Eton, where by his biographers' account he captained the eleven, and goes up to Trinity College, Cambridge. He plays for Middlesex from 1879 and for Cambridge from 1880.

1882 - The Ashes

Cambridge University beat the Australians at Fenner's at the end of May; Studd scores 118 and 17 not out. He scores a further century against the Australians for MCC. On 14 August he completes 1,000 runs and 100 wickets for the season, the second player to do so after W. G. Grace. On 28–29 August he plays for England at the Oval (0 and 0 not out); Australia win by seven runs. On 2 September *The Sporting Times* prints its mock obituary of English cricket.

1882-1883 - Australia

He tours Australia with Ivo Bligh's team and plays in four Tests; England win the series against Murdoch's side. His last Test ends in February 1883. Career Test record: five matches, 160 runs, three wickets.

1883 - Captain and Graduate

He captains Cambridge and takes his degree. In November his brother George falls dangerously ill and recovers.

1883-1884 - Restored

He hears Moody again in London and returns to wholehearted faith. During 1884 he offers himself to the China Inland Mission.

1885 - The Cambridge Seven

The Seven tour universities in England and Scotland. Farewell meeting at Exeter Hall, 4 February; they leave London on 5 February and reach Shanghai on 18 March. Studd travels west towards the Han River, and later works in Shanxi. On 2 December he turns twenty-five.

1885-1886 - Across the Atlantic

Kynaston Studd tours American colleges; John R. Mott hears him at Cornell in January 1886. The Student Volunteer Movement begins at Mount Hermon in 1886.

1886 - A Missionary Band

Benjamin Broomhall publishes the record of the Seven, enlarged in 1887 as *The Evangelisation of the World*.

1887 - The Gift

Traditionally on 13 January, he gives away the bulk of his inheritance, reported at between £25,000 and £29,000, including about £5,000 each to Moody, Müller, George Holland and Booth-Tucker. Priscilla Stewart arrives in China with "the Hundred."

1888 - Marriage

He marries Priscilla Livingstone Stewart, most accounts say at Tianjin on 7 April, before a Chinese pastor. She gives the £3,400 he had kept for her to the Salvation Army. They settle at Lungan (Lu'an, now Changzhi), Shanxi.

1889-1894 - Daughters and Sons

Grace (1889), Dorothy (9 July 1891), Edith (1892) and Pauline (10 February 1894) are born. Two sons die in infancy.

1894 - Home

With their health broken, the family returns to England, handing over their Lungan property to the Mission.

1896-1897 - America

He tours American universities for the Student Volunteer Movement for about eighteen months.

1900 - The Boxer Year

Missionaries and Chinese Christians are killed in Shanxi; the China Inland Mission loses 58 missionaries and 21 children. The Studds go to India.

1900-1906 - Ootacamund

He is pastor of the Union Church, Ootacamund (one account says seven years).

1906 - England

He returns to England in poor health and speaks at meetings.

1908 - Liverpool

He sees a notice about Africa and hears Karl Kumm speak.

1908 - The Belgian Congo

The Belgian state takes over the Congo Free State after an international campaign against its atrocities.

1910-1911 - The Sudan

He travels to the southern Sudan, concludes that the north-eastern Congo has no Protestant witness, and returns in 1911.

1912 - The Heart of Africa Mission

He applies to the Africa Inland Mission in November; the membership is ended by agreement within weeks of his departure. At the end of the year the Heart of Africa Mission is formed, with headquarters at 17 Highland Road, Upper Norwood. *The Chocolate Soldier* is usually dated to this year, though its published text refers to the Great War.

1913 - To the Congo

He sails with Alfred Buxton, most accounts say on 30 January, and travels through East Africa and Uganda to Lake Albert. They reach Niangara on 16 October. Four stations are opened in the next year and a half.

1914 - War

Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield is published in London. News of the European war reaches Niangara on 19 August. Late in the year he leaves for England because of Priscilla's illness.

1915 - Christ's Etceteras

He holds meetings in England and publishes *Christ's Etceteras*.

1916 - Return to Africa

He sails for the Congo with Edith and new recruits. So far as the record shows, he never returns to England.

1917 - A Wedding

Edith Studd marries Alfred Buxton in the Congo. The first baptisms are recorded around this time.

1919 - Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade

The mission becomes the Worldwide Evangelisation Crusade; Gilbert Barclay becomes Home Overseer. Pauline marries Norman Grubb.

1920 - The Grubbs

Norman and Pauline Grubb go to the Congo.

c. 1921-1922 - Ibambi

Studd moves his centre from Nala to Ibambi, in Budu country (sources give both years).

1920s - Expansion

New work begins in Amazonia (the Heart of Amazonia Mission), and workers are sent to Arabia and India. Conflicts grow within the Congo field.

c. 1927-1928 - Buxton Dismissed

Alfred Buxton visits America in 1927 to repair relationships; Studd later dismisses him as disloyal.

1928 - D.C.D. and a Visit

He publishes the D.C.D. booklet. Priscilla makes her only visit to the Congo, a short one; it is their last meeting.

1929 - Priscilla Dies

She dies at Málaga, Spain, on 15 January.

1930 - Kingwana

Luke and Acts in Kingwana, begun by Studd with Stapleton and Lowder, are published. The crisis with the London committee deepens.

1931 - Crisis and Death

Stanley Smith dies in China in January. The home committee seeks to remove Studd; Norman Grubb and David Munro take the mission's records. Thirty-six missionaries from the Congo and Brazil fields form the Unevangelized Fields Mission. Studd dies at Ibambi on 16 July (one record gives 15 July), aged seventy, and is buried there.

1931-1965 - Grubb

Norman Grubb leads WEC, which grows from about thirty missionaries to some eight hundred in twenty countries.

1934 - Ibambi Bible School

Jack Harrison begins a Bible school at Ibambi for Congolese pastors and evangelists.

1960 - Independence

The Congo becomes independent. A complete Bible in the Swahili of eastern Congo is published.

1964 - The Simba Rebellion

Missionaries and Congolese Christians in the north-east suffer violence and captivity; the church survives.

2013 - Centenary

The Congolese church that grew from the mission, CECCA 16, celebrates a hundred years since Studd's arrival at Niangara.

Appendix D: Notes on Sources and Method

"it seemed good to me also, having traced the course of all things accurately from the first, to write unto thee in order ... that thou mightest know the certainty concerning the things wherein thou wast instructed."
— Luke 1:3-4, ASV

This appendix explains where the story told in this book comes from, how the sources were weighed, and which popular claims have been corrected or left open. It is written for readers who want to check the story for themselves, and for anyone who will retell it.

Grubb's Biography

The standard life of Studd is Norman P. Grubb, *C. T. Studd: Cricketer and Pioneer* (London, 1933), reissued many times. Grubb was Studd's son-in-law, his colleague in the Congo, and his successor as leader of WEC. His book is the main source for Studd's inner life, his letters, and many of the best-known stories about him. It remains in copyright. This biography has therefore not quoted Grubb, has not followed his wording, and has used his book only as a source of facts, chiefly as those facts are reported in modern reference works and studies. Where an important fact appears to rest on Grubb alone, the text says so, or speaks of "the accounts" or "the family tradition." Grubb's later book about the Congo field, *Christ in Congo*

Forests (1945), and his recorded reminiscences, as described by later reviewers, have been used in the same way.

Grubb was candid about many of Studd's faults, including his quarrels and his use of morphine, and much of the hard material in this book ultimately comes from him. He was also a partisan in the crisis of 1931, and his account of it is the account of one side.

Public-Domain Sources

Broomhall. Benjamin Broomhall's record of the Cambridge Seven, *A Missionary Band* (London: Morgan and Scott, 1886), enlarged as *The Evangelisation of the World* (1887), is in the public domain. It is the contemporary record of the Seven's meetings and testimonies. The scanned editions could not be consulted directly while this book was being prepared, so Studd's testimony from those years has been given in paraphrase, not quotation. Readers who wish to see his own words should consult the 1886 or 1887 text.

Studd's own writings. Studd's tract *The Chocolate Soldier, or Heroism —The Lost Chord of Christianity* is in the public domain and widely available. It is usually dated 1912, but its published text speaks of the Great War, so the familiar version cannot be earlier than 1914. *Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield* (London: James Clarke, 1914), published under the pen-name of a Quondam Cricketer, and *Christ's Etceteras* (1915) are also his. The D.C.D. booklet appeared in 1928. Studd's letters, including his farewell letter to his grandchildren, have not been published in full in any source available to this book; the only words quoted from them are the two lines of verse he is recorded as including in that letter.

Cricket records. Studd's scores and figures are taken from the standard cricket records, as gathered by CricketArchive and ESPNcricinfo, and from

the published accounts of the 1882 Oval Test, including *Wisden*'s report. The mock obituary of English cricket appeared in *The Sporting Times* on 2 September 1882.

Other Witnesses and Studies

The diary of Hayes Perkins, who worked at Niangara in 1914, has been published online in instalments. It is the only independent eyewitness account of the mission's first year used here. It has been used with care, as the view of one observer who did not share all of Studd's convictions.

The entries on C. T. Studd, Alfred Buxton and Norman Grubb in the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography* provided the most important modern assessments of Studd's leadership and of Buxton's dismissal. A modern article in the *Evangelical Times*, based on research in the archives of the Africa Inland Mission, is the source for Studd's brief membership of that mission in 1912–13. H. van 't Veld's study of Swahili Bible translation (1966) is the source for the Kingwana translation begun by Studd, Stapleton and Lowder. The histories published by WEC International and by Crossworld, the successor of the Unevangelized Fields Mission, were used for the mission's later history and for the split of 1931. A modern chronology of Studd's life compiled by Dorothy Ross was used for orientation. Genealogical records and local histories were used for the Studd family, Tedworth House and the births of the Studd daughters. Eileen Vincent's life of Priscilla Studd, *No Sacrifice Too Great*, was not available to this book; it may contain details that would add to or correct what is said here about her.

These modern works remain in copyright, and this book has not reproduced them beyond a very few short quotations, which are attributed in the text.

The Congolese Side

The sources available for this book say very little about the Congolese men and women who were converted through the mission, worked with it, preached for it, and sometimes resisted it. That is a limitation of the sources, not of the people. This book has not invented names, speeches or scenes to fill the gap. It has tried instead to describe, from what is known, the choices and the costs of Congolese Christians, the colonial burdens under which they lived, and the church they built. A fuller history of the Congolese evangelists and pastors of the Heart of Africa Mission, drawing on the memory and records of CECCA 16, remains to be written, and would be a great gift to the wider Church.

Corrections to the Popular Story

His father's conversion. It is often dated to 1877, the year of Edward Studd's death. The accounts give dates from 1874 to 1877, but Moody's great London campaign was in 1875, and the family tradition that Edward lived about two years after his conversion fits that date best.

George's illness. It is often placed in 1884. The more detailed chronologies place it in November 1883, with Studd's restoration following in the winter of 1883–84.

The Oval, 1882. Studd made no runs in the match. He was bowled by Spofforth for 0 in the first innings and was left not out, without facing a ball, in the second, when Ted Peate was bowled with England seven runs short.

The fortune. The amount is variously given as £25,000 or £29,000. The four gifts of about £5,000 each are well attested; the rest is less precisely recorded.

The Moody Bible Institute. Studd's gift to Moody is often said to have founded the Moody Bible Institute. The Institute grew out of Moody's training work in Chicago, which was being organised at about the time of the gift; it is fairer to say that the gift went to that work, if the usual account is right.

The wedding. Some accounts say that Xi Shengmo (Pastor Hsi) conducted it. This could not be confirmed and is left open.

Lungan. The city where the Studds worked in China is spelled in many ways in the older books, including Lungan-fu and Lungang-fu. It is the city then called Lu'an (Lu-ngan in the China Inland Mission's spelling), now Changzhi, in south-eastern Shanxi.

The doctors. It is often said that the doctors forbade him to go to Africa. The sources say that he went against medical advice, which is not quite the same thing.

The Chocolate Soldier. It is sometimes called a late tract. It belongs to the beginning of the Africa years, not the end.

His death. Some accounts say that he refused the medical care his body needed. The cause of death was gallstones, for which no surgical treatment was available within reach of Ibambi; the fairer statement is that he had chosen long before not to leave the Congo.

Legends not used. Several dramatic stories told in popular books, including invented dialogue at his conversion, at his proposal and at the handing over of the £3,400, and a story of his cycling past every mission station in Africa in search of the unreached, have no source that could be checked and have not been used.

Quotations

"If Jesus Christ be God and died for me, then no sacrifice can be too great for me to make for Him." Universally attributed to Studd and wholly in keeping with his life, but no printing in his lifetime has been traced, and the wording varies. It is quoted in this book as the saying traditionally associated with him.

"Some wish to live within the sound of church or chapel bell; I want to run a rescue shop within a yard of hell." Always attributed to Studd, usually as a rhyme. The original printing has not been traced, and it is not quoted as his in the text.

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past, Only what's done for Christ will last." Studd is recorded as quoting this couplet to his grandchildren in a farewell letter in 1931. A longer poem built around it is often printed under his name, but the poem itself says that its author first heard the couplet from someone else, and no evidence has been found that Studd wrote either the couplet or the poem. It should be quoted as lines he loved, not as his composition.

"Hallelujah." The tradition that this was his last word comes from his family and colleagues. There is no reason to doubt it, but it cannot be checked.

The Dictionary's verdict. The judgement that he proved an obstinate and unreasonable leader and colleague comes from the *Dictionary of African Christian Biography*, not from any contemporary, and is given in this book in paraphrase.

Unconfirmed wording. Where the exact words of a source could not be checked against the original text, including the passages of *The Chocolate Soldier*, the *Christ's Etceteras* pamphlet, Studd's testimony of 1885, Ted Peate's remark at the Oval and the mock obituary of English cricket, this

book gives them in clearly attributed paraphrase rather than in quotation marks. The sayings traditionally attributed to Studd are quoted only where the text labels them as such.

Dates Still Uncertain

Several dates remain uncertain or disputed: the year of Edward Studd's conversion and the exact date of his death; the date of the wedding at Tianjin; the details and dates of the deaths of the Studds' two infant sons; whether Studd travelled alone to the Sudan in 1910; the date of sailing in 1913 (30 January in most accounts); the year of the move to Ibambi (1921 or 1922); the date and terms of Alfred Buxton's dismissal; the length of Priscilla's visit in 1928; and the day of Studd's death (16 July in most sources, 15 July in one). The numbers given for the crowd at his funeral, from more than a thousand to two thousand, cannot be checked.

Scripture

All Scripture quotations are from the American Standard Version of 1901, in the public domain, checked against its published text. Words printed in italics in that version, as supplied by the translators, are given here in ordinary type.

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