

# The Life of William Carey

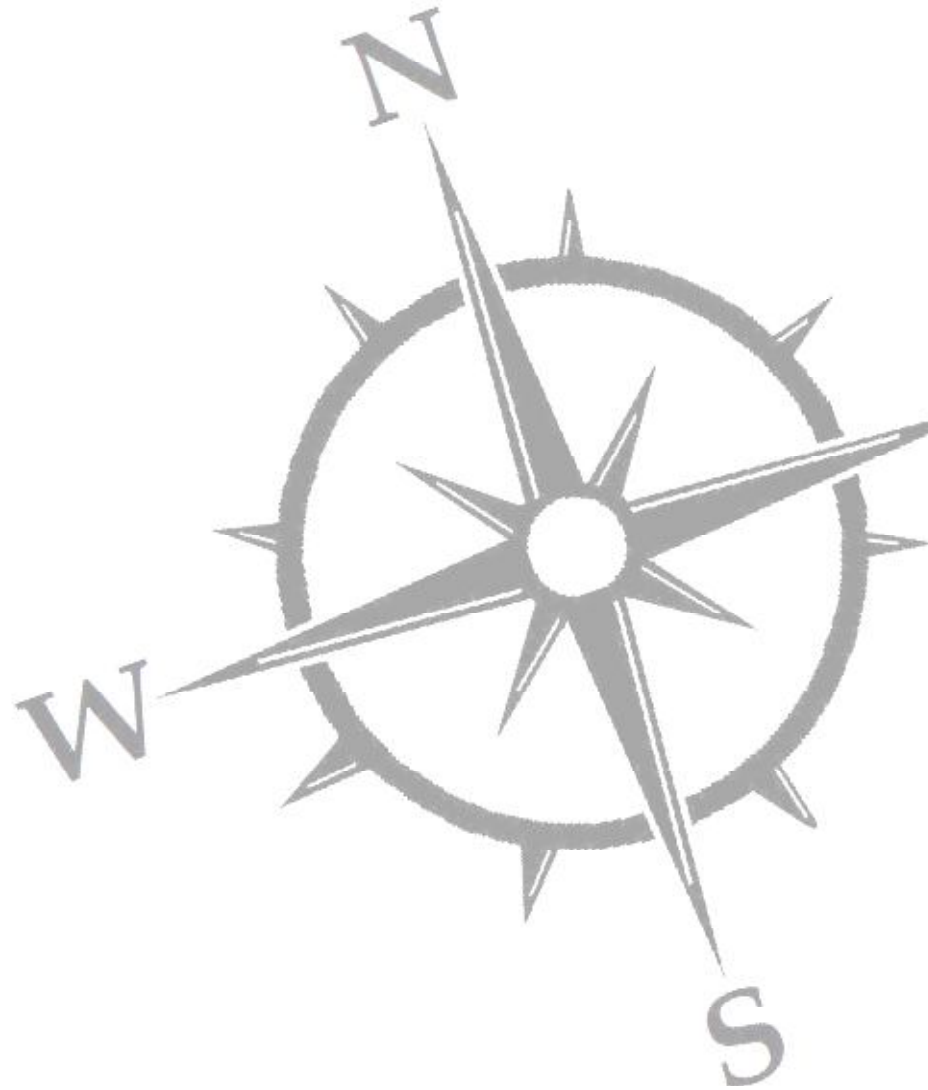
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## Lesson: 4.8 – Guidance Missionary Spotlight Series

This story shows how God leads missionaries throughout their lives. God protects them and provides for them. God will lead His children, but it is our job to follow Him. God had prepared William to serve Him in India. William Carey now had to make some very important decisions and needed God to guide him with what was about to happen in his life.

*"For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death." - Psalm 48:14*







### **Who remembers where we left off last week?**

(Read the last paragraph from last week's lesson to begin this lesson as a review).

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I sat on the porch working on translating the book of Genesis into Bengali. Felix, my son, ran up to where I was sitting on the porch and told me that he had a letter for me. I was excited. I had now been in India for six months. Perhaps it was finally a letter from the missionary society back in England, or even from my father. It turned out it wasn't from either one. As I turned the envelope over, I immediately recognized it as Dr. Thomas's handwriting. I opened the envelope and started reading the letter. The more I read, the more excited I became.

Little did I know it, but at the same time that I had been trying to find money to come to Dechatta, where I was now, something had happened about one hundred miles further up the Hooghly River. A man named Robert Udney and his wife had

traveled to India from England to work with his brother George Udney. George worked for the East India Company and was a very powerful man. George owned indigo factories. Indigo was a blue dye that was very valuable back in England. George had been given the job of improving business in the areas around the city of Malda. George could give permits and make loans to people to help with this process. Robert Udney and his wife had traveled to India to help George run one of his factories. Sadly, there had been a boating accident, and Robert and his wife had drowned.

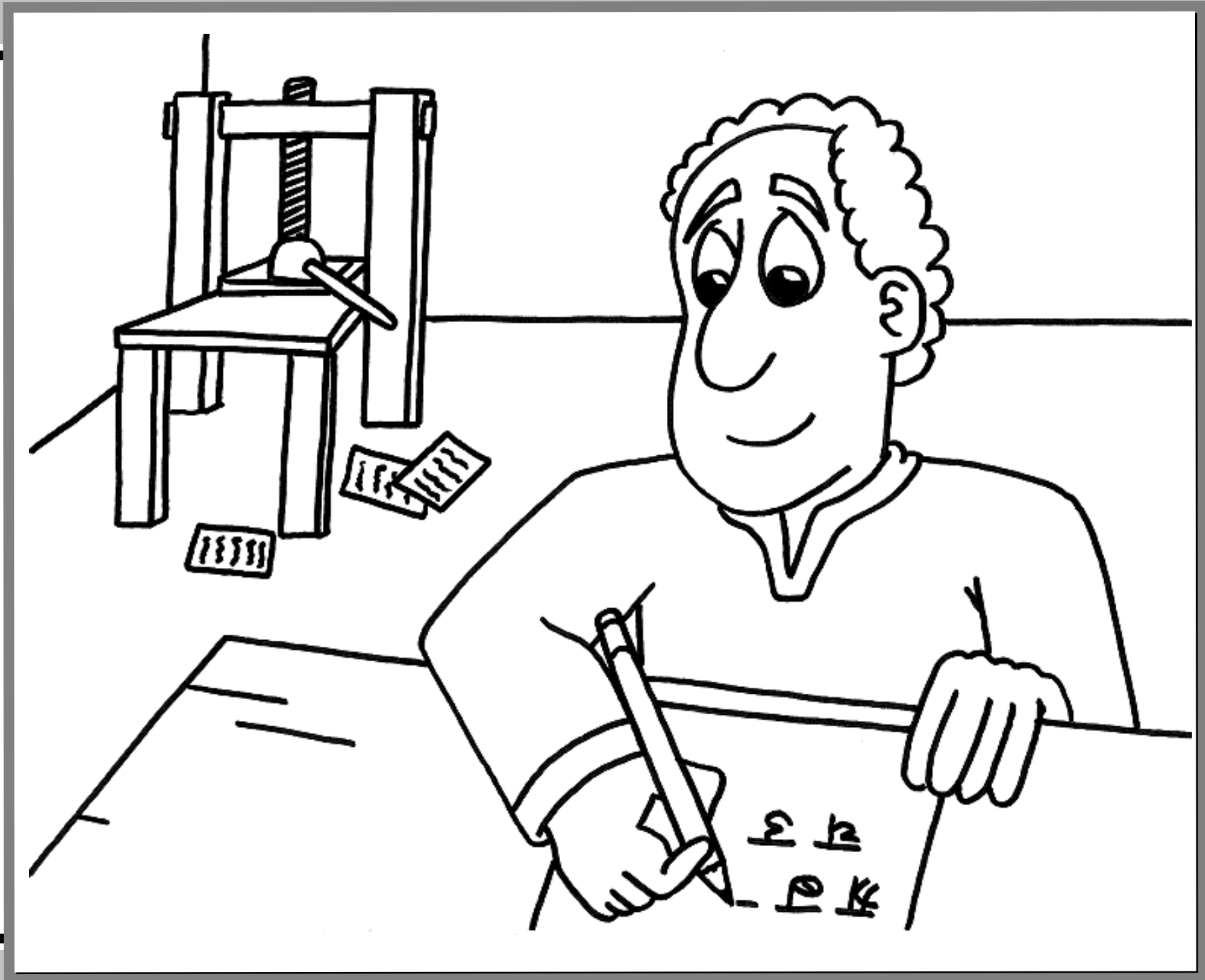
Dr. Thomas had known George Udney when he was in India the first time. Just like with most of Dr. Thomas's friends, George had loaned Dr. Thomas some money, and Dr. Thomas had never paid him back. This had messed up their friendship quite a bit. When Dr. Thomas read about George's brother in the newspaper, he immediately wrote him a letter telling him how sorry he was to hear the news.

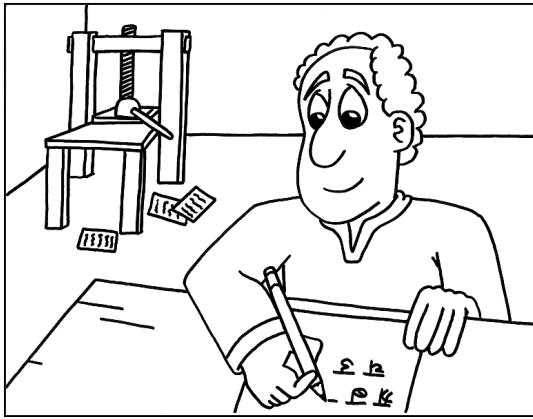
George was a powerful man, but more importantly, George was also a good Christian. He forgave Dr. Thomas for what he had done and even wrote him a letter inviting him to Malda. Dr. Thomas went, and the two became friends again. Dr. Thomas was tired of living in Calcutta. He was making money as a doctor, but as usual, he was spending more money than he was making. George told Dr. Thomas that his brother had come up to run one of the two new indigo factories that had been built. Now that his brother was dead, George needed someone to run these factories. The jobs

came with a house and a nice salary. Dr. Thomas accepted one of the jobs immediately, and then he asked if George had someone else in mind to run that other new factory. George did not, but Dr. Thomas told him that he had just the person for the job.

As I finished reading the letter from Dr. Thomas, I found that George was offering me the job of running the other factory. It came with a house and a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds. That was five times more than I had ever made. I quickly realized that my family could easily live off just a little of that and we would have about one hundred eighty pounds per year to put toward translating the Bible and other missionary things. On top of that, George could give me a five-year permit to work and live in India, and I wouldn't have to worry about being caught by the East India Company and being sent back or imprisoned. With George being a Christian, he also would give me time off to preach to the people and translate. I was so excited that I ran to tell the rest of my family the news.

Ram Boshu and I had worked hard to finish building our new home, and thankfully we had not seen a single Bengal tiger the entire time. Moving day came, but we were not moving into our little hut... We were going to Malda! Dolly was not very happy. It was a long trip ahead of us that would take us a couple of weeks to get to Malda. We would be traveling in a boat that was about the size of a bed. On top of that, Dolly's sister Kitty would not be coming with us. She and Charles Short were to be married. And what





if this job was already filled just as the head gardener job had been in Calcutta? I thought it over, but I knew this was the right thing to do, so the children, Dolly, Ram Boshu, and I climbed into the boat and began our journey.

As we expected, the journey was long and difficult. It took us almost twenty-two days to get to Malda. My family got sick as we traveled, but we finally made it to Malda. George Udney came out and greeted us as we arrived. At last, everything was just as I expected. George still had a job for me, and on top of that, he was a wonderful Christian who deeply cared about the Indian people around him. George explained to me that I would work for three months during the monsoon season, and I would have the other nine months off to do preaching and translation work. It was perfect, and I was so excited!

Over the next couple of weeks, George Udney explained all about indigo to me. The indigo plant was planted in March of each year. At the end of July, the plants were cut down and put into huge vats of water. The Indians would get into the vats and use big

bamboo paddles to beat the plants. At just the right time, the water was drained out, and the indigo was dried and cut into small chunks and sent to England to be sold.

Before leaving that last Sunday, I preached at George Udney's church. I had missed being around other Christians, and I enjoyed the opportunity to preach there. Dr. Thomas was there, and we spoke afterward. I forgave him for all that he had done. We talked about translating the Bible into Bengali, and I decided to continue working on it during my nine months off.

Finally, after the two weeks, we climbed back into the boat and made the three days travel up the river to Mudnabatti where my factory was located. Just like George had said, there was a nice brick house that my family loved, and there was plenty to eat in Mudnabatti. There weren't a lot of wild animals in the area, but we did have to watch out for cobras in the grass. One bite could kill a person within a few hours.

About a month later, the monsoon season started, and it was time to begin work at the factory. The night before we started, the Indian factory workers brought a goat and knocked on my door. They told me that the goat had to be offered to keep their god Kali from destroying their crops and killing them. I explained that I did not have to offer a sacrifice to appease my God, but that He loved me and sent His Son for me. The workers left, and work began.

When the monsoon season was over, I began some missionary work. I began visiting nearby villages, and I was able to go to nearly two hundred villages during my

time off from the factory. I also continued work on translating the Bible. I had begun to learn another Indian language called Sanskrit. Knowing Sanskrit would help me to better understand Bengali. Plus, all of the Indian literature was written in Sanskrit. If I wanted to reach the educated people of India, we would need a Bible in Sanskrit.

I had been in India now for almost a year and a half and had not once heard anything from England. Little did I know, but the war between England and France had grown worse. I had not received any of their letters, and they had not received any of mine. I continued to work hard, but I was saddened that even after all this time, I still did not have a single convert to Christianity.

I saw how God had guided us through. About a year later, the East India Company began cracking down and finding anyone in India who was a missionary or illegally in India. They were sending anyone they found back to England. Because I now had this job at the factory, they didn't bother me at all.

One day, there was a knock at my door. On the porch was a man named John Fountain. I invited him in and soon learned that one of my letters had gone through and that the committee had sent John to be my factory assistant, but more importantly, he was the missionary society's newest recruit sent to help me in India.

John was a good helper, and I soon put him in charge of running the factory which would give me more time to work on translating the Bible. The following year, my Bengali translation of the Bible was finished. Now, I needed to get it printed. George





Udney bought a used printing press in Calcutta. It would take a week to be sent upriver to us. In the meantime, I made a trip to Calcutta myself to buy the letters for the press and paper that we would need to print the copies.

On my way to Calcutta, I came across a horrible sight. A group had gathered around a large altar. A man had passed away, and in India, the people would light the wood around the altar on fire and make his widow stay up there until she had passed away too. The practice was called Sati. The Indians thought that if this happened, it would bring both of them closer to Heaven. I immediately began yelling and preaching for the people to stop, but no one listened. Later that night, I climbed back into the boat. I felt sick to my stomach and knew more than ever that the people of India needed to hear the gospel.

When I got back home from my trip to Calcutta, there was a letter there telling me that the missionary committee was sending two more missionaries to help me. I decided that it was time to move. We had already realized that our indigo factory had been built

in a bad place. It flooded a lot and often would wreck some of our indigo. I read about an indigo factory up in Kidderpore that was a little farther upriver, and it was for sale. It had a lot of land around it where I could set up a workshop for my printing press and make some other houses for the new missionaries who were coming. I bought the factory and began to build houses and a workshop on the property. I then sent John to Calcutta to welcome the new missionaries.

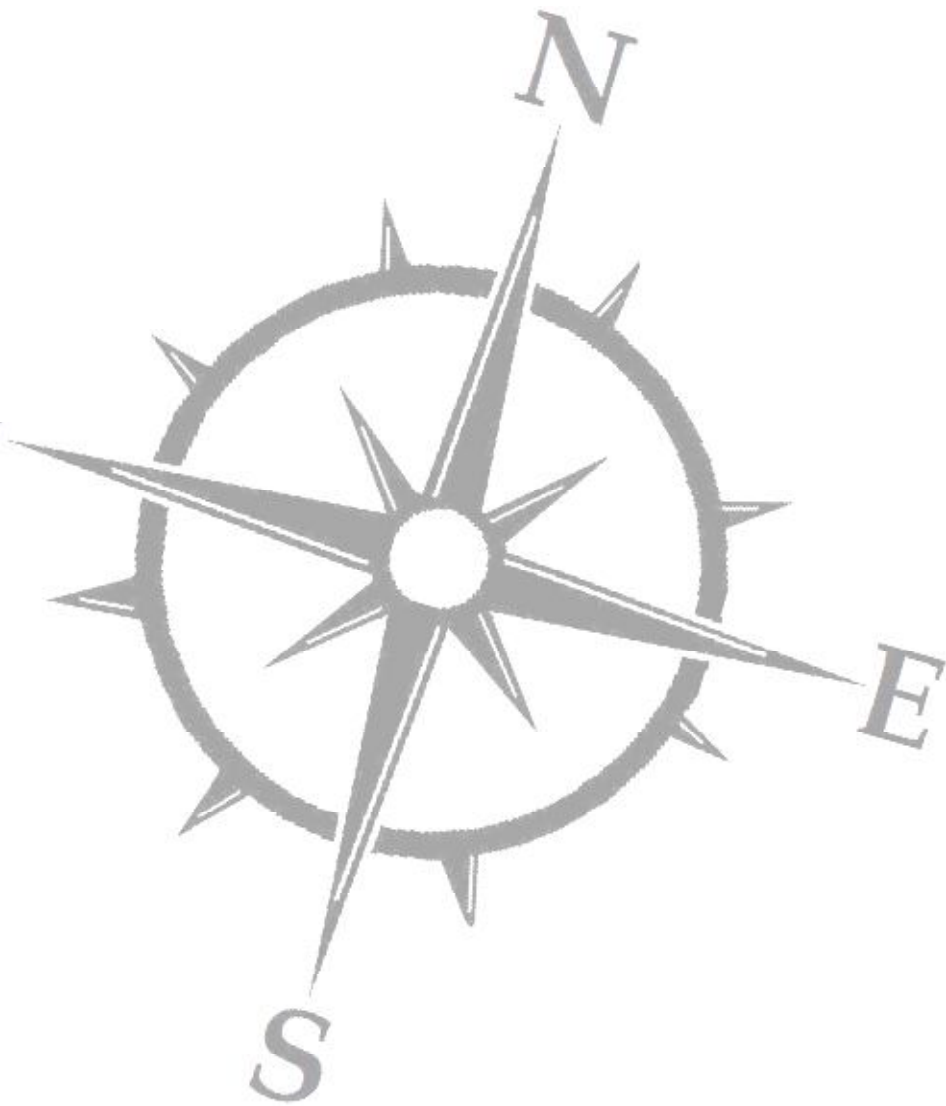
Two weeks later, I received a letter and a newspaper from John. The Newspaper said, "Paptist Missionaries told to go home." As I read, I saw that somehow someone had confused the word Baptist with Paptist. Paptists were Catholics. France was a Catholic country, so in the confusion, the English thought that the French had sent spies to India. The note also said that there were eight adults and five children, not just two people like the letter had said. The missionaries had run to Serampore to get away from the East India Company.

Two weeks later, John came back with William Ward, the printer that I had spoken to after the meeting in England six years before. I learned that John's fiancé had come with the group as well along with William Grant and his wife and two children, Daniel Brunson and his wife, Joshua Marshman and his wife Hannah and their three children, William Ward and a lady named Mary Tidd. Sadly, William Grant got very sick right after arriving and passed away very quickly. What should I do? Should I throw away all the money that I had put into the new factory at Kidderpore and move to Serampore, or

should I stay there? My family and the printing press had already been moved to Kidderpore, and it would make enough money for us to easily live and work off of, but the missionaries would only be allowed to work in Serampore. They expected me to help and lead them, and I couldn't do that very well if I lived in Kidderpore. If I left Kidderpore, I would give up my work permit to stay in India and may be sent back to England. Where would I get the money to provide for all of these new people if I did move to Serampore? All of these questions ran through my head. I prayed long about it and finally made my decision, but would it be the right one?

**What do you think William decided? To find out, come back next time.**

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 4.8 on page 136** in your *India Expedition - Leader's Guide*).*



# References

For further reading or to obtain more information on this portion of the life of this missionary, please consult the following sources from which we obtained our information:

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