

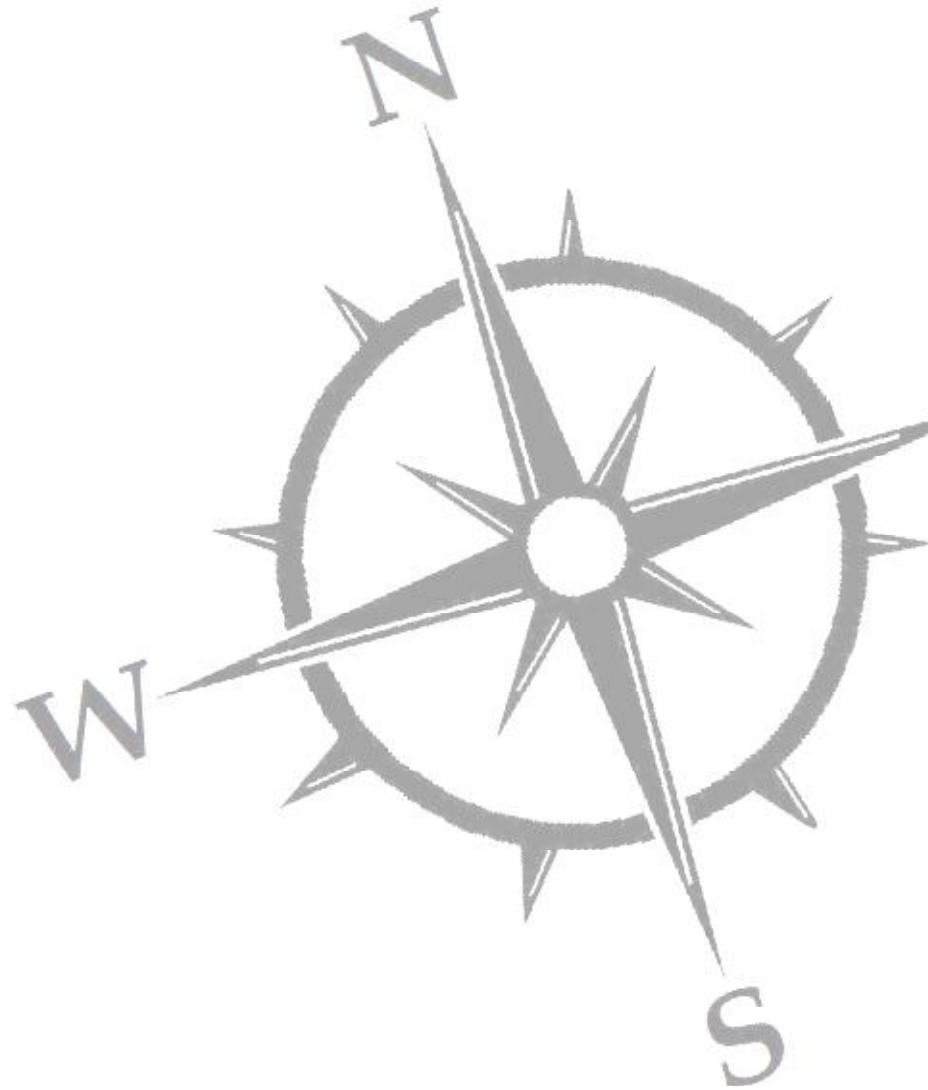
The Life of William Carey

(1761-1834)

Lesson: 4.6 – Faith Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that we can have faith in what God has promised. Others may break their word and disappoint us, but God will not fail to keep every promise He has ever made. God promises to always be with us and protect us as Christians. William was determined to have faith in what God was doing, even when others around him doubted.

“Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.” - Mark 9:23







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

Dr. Thomas returned with a smile on his face and waving a small piece of paper. "I've found a Danish ship that is heading to India and may have room onboard for some passengers." Felix and I grabbed our hats and coats and quickly followed after Dr. Thomas. Because it was a Danish ship and not an English ship, the captain would not have to worry about having his license taken away by the East India Company. The ship would also end up in Serampore which was a town in India that was not under the control of the East India Company. Perhaps we had finally found a legal way into India after all. The only problem that remained was money. The trip would cost 250 pounds for all three of us. Captain White had only given us 150 pounds back as a refund. We were still 100 pounds short. Where were we going to get that

money?

As we got back to the house that we were staying at that night, I found a letter there from my wife. My baby son, Jabez, had been born. I suddenly wondered if maybe God had delayed our trip so that Dolly and the rest of my family could come with us. I stood to my feet and told Dr. Thomas that if we left now, we would have just enough time to catch a stagecoach back to Piddington and talk with Dolly in the morning and still get back in time before the ship left. We had left all of our luggage back in Portsmouth, so we gathered what we had there in London and climbed aboard a stagecoach back to Piddington.

We arrived early that next morning. Dolly was staying with her sister Kitty. Dolly was shocked to see me as she opened the door. I hugged each of my children and especially my brand new son. I told Dolly what had happened, and explained that I thought that God had delayed our trip so that she and the family could come too. Dolly again did not want to come. I begged her to reconsider, but she still would not. Finally, we realized that she was not coming. We said goodbye and left. A couple of miles down the road, I stopped on the side of the road and cried. I was so sure that God had given us this extra time so that Dolly could come with us. We decided to go back and ask her one more time. This time Kitty, Dolly's sister, told Dolly that she would come along and help her, and Dolly finally agreed to come with me. I was excited.

News traveled fast around the small village, and soon everyone had come over to

help us to pack. I left Dr. Thomas to help my family get packed and traveled to Northampton to speak with John Ryland. Although I was so excited to have my family traveling with us, we would now need 600 pounds to pay for our tickets. That was 450 pounds more than we had right now. I was hoping John would know what we should do. John Ryland was very glad to hear that my whole family was going. He said that he had 200 pounds in the bank, but it was Saturday, and he could not get it until the bank opened on Monday. The ship would have probably come and gone by then, we had to find a way to get that money. John knew some rich friends in London who he was sure would have 200 pounds between them. He wrote them letters promising to repay them by the end of the week if they would loan us the money. I took the letters and thanked him and quickly headed home.

I arrived back home, and everyone was packed and ready. We boarded the stagecoach back to London on Sunday morning. As everyone else looked out the windows watching the place that they had known slip out of sight, I was doing math in my head. We had the 150 pound refund, plus the 200 pounds from John Ryland's friends...that made 350 pounds. I silently prayed, "Dear Lord...you have brought me this far, and my family is coming with me...please help us find a way to get to India." When we arrived in London, Dr. Thomas collected the 200 pounds from John Ryland's friends and took the 150 pound refund, and went to talk with the ship's agent. A few hours later, he came back





safe waters. Although the Danish weren't involved in the war, the French ships had become greedy and were attacking nearly all the ships that were not French. The *Triton* was a warship that would keep us safe. The boys and I loved being at sea, and we spent the first couple of days exploring every part of the ship. Dolly and Kitty hated the ocean and did not even like to come up on deck. Captain Christmas was very kind to us. Even though we had not paid even close to the same amount of money for our tickets as other passengers had, he allowed us to eat at his table. As we headed out into the Atlantic Ocean, my day fell into a routine. We had a Bible study each morning on the ship. The rest of the day was spent learning some of the Bengali language from Dr. Thomas and trying to translate some of the book of Genesis. I also became good friends with Captain Christmas, and he showed me how to navigate using the stars and a compass.

The captain's plans were for the ship to leave England and travel down to Africa. Once there, we would catch some winds that would take us across the Atlantic Ocean almost to South America. From there we would catch some different winds that would carry us around the bottom of Africa and back up towards India. If all went well, the trip to India should take us about five months.

As we got closer to the equator, and the days got hotter and hotter, I made a decision. I was starting a new life in India and was not going to do it by wearing my itchy wig. One morning, I got up before everyone else and threw my wig over the side of the ship. The

breeze felt kind of nice on my bald head. Dr. Thomas soon came up on deck and started laughing. "Mr. Olsen is a great Christian," he said, "but he's one of the worst wig makers that was ever born."

Everything on our trip continued to go well until we reached Cape Town. We were supposed to make a stop in Cape Town, which is at the bottom of Africa, to pick up more supplies. Captain Christmas had told me early on in our trip that our trip all depended on the winds. If we arrived too late at Cape Town and couldn't catch a trade wind, we would have to wait there another six months before we could try again. As we reached Cape Town, Captain Christmas was worried because the winds weren't as strong as they normally were. He decided that we would skip stopping at Cape Town and continue on our journey.

Soon afterward, our ship ran into a terrible storm. Early one morning, I woke up as I was nearly thrown out of my bed. Not long after, Dr. Thomas appeared in the doorway of my cabin and told me that we should go up on deck and see if we could help out. We did all that we could to help such as tying down things on the deck and taking things below the deck. The ship battled the storm for two days. In the end, the storm had broken two of the three main masts of the ship, tearing the sails to shreds, and leaving the crew exhausted. It took us ten days to put some temporary masts together and repair the sails.

It was October before we finally reached the Bay of Bengal. We only had about 200 miles left to travel. But there was a

holding eight tickets. The ship's agent had been so impressed that the whole family was going, and he said that India needed missionaries. We finally were headed to India. I asked Dr. Thomas when the ship was leaving. He told me that the ship would leave from the town of Dover the following day. What about all of our luggage back in Portsmouth? Dr. Thomas smiled. An old friend of his had given him enough money for all of us to take a ferry boat to Dover. Dr. Thomas would leave right away and go to Portsmouth. There he would get our luggage and hurry back to meet us in Dover. If he left now, he just might make it.

I smiled as I stood on the deck of the ship the *Kron Princessa Maria* the next day. Dr. Thomas had made it back, and our belongings had been stored safely below the deck of the ship. Captain Christmas and his crew were making final preparations to set sail. It wasn't long before we set sail. For the second time, I watched England getting smaller and smaller as we sailed away. Finally, I was going to India. Captain Christmas had hired the *Triton* to escort us to





problem. The last of the trade winds had come and gone, and now the wind was blowing in the wrong direction. Instead of being able to sail straight where we were going, we kind of had to zigzag back and forth and inch slowly forward.

About a month after reaching the Bay of Bengal, we finally sat at the bottom of the Hooghly River. A guide would come on board *Kron Princessa Maria* and would help us travel up the Hooghly River to Calcutta and then on to Serampore.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small note. Somehow we had to find a way to get past what was written on it. It said that any English person found to be in East India Territory would be charged as a criminal and would be imprisoned and fined. I turned the sheet of paper over and continued reading. On the back, it said that every ship's Captain was required to tell the guide who came on board the names of every passenger on the ship and tell whether they had a license from the East India company or not. I couldn't ask Captain Christmas to lie for me, but how would we get around the East India

Company and their note. As I read and re-read that note, it suddenly occurred to me. The note said that the Captain had to give the names of everyone who was "onboard." What if we could somehow sneak off the ship before the guide got onto the ship? There was nothing that said that we had to wait on board the ship until the guide got on board. I hurried to Dr. Thomas and off we went to share our plan with Captain Christmas. A few hours later, we all were lowered down off the ship into a panshi, which is a small Indian boat. The plan was to meet up with Captain Christmas in Calcutta and get the rest of our belongings there.

The tide was with us as we quickly traveled away from the ship. It was amazing to see the women balancing baskets on their heads and wearing their brightly colored dresses called "saris." The men wore turbans on their heads and large pants called "pajamas." Not long after, the panshi had to stop because the tide had changed. We would have to get off for a few hours until it changed again.

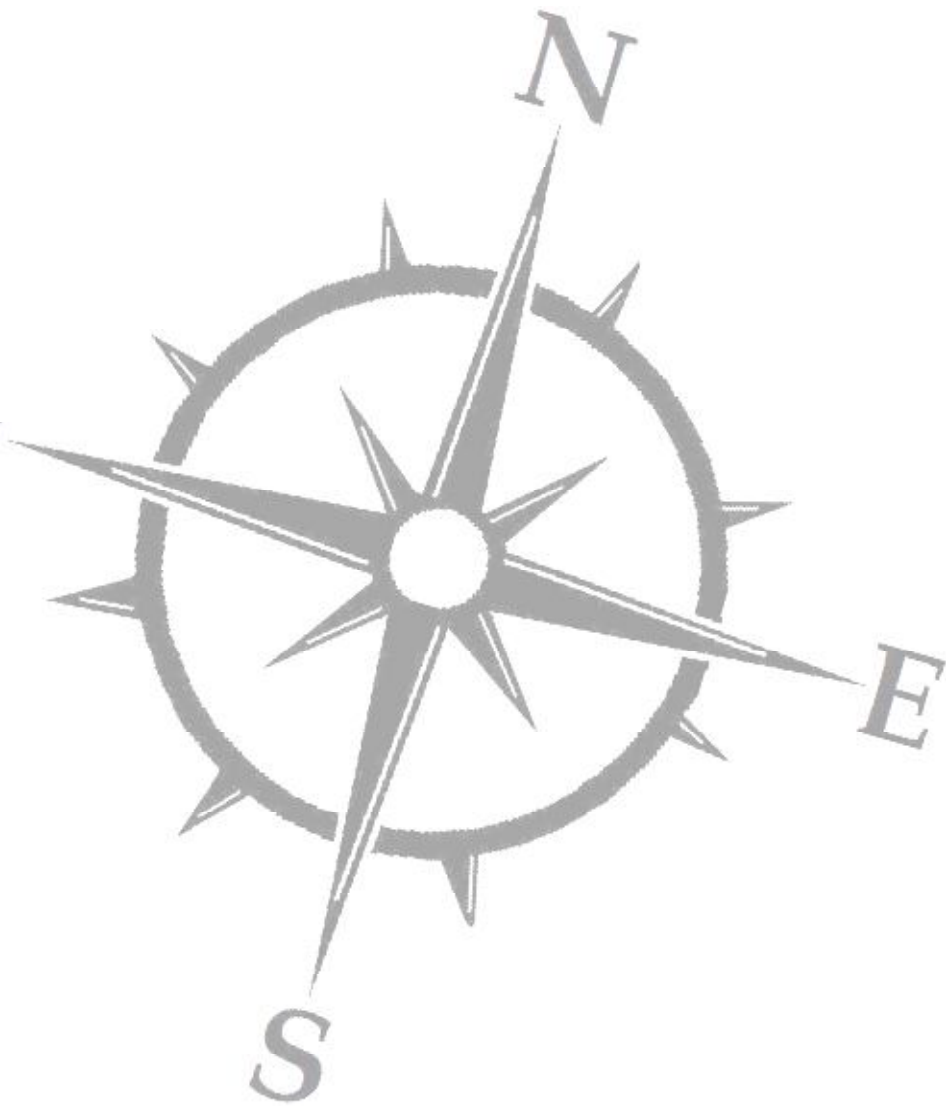
We stepped off of the boat and stood there. I was finally standing on Indian soil. A crowd soon gathered wanting to poke and see my wife and children. There were not many white women or children in India, and the people were interested in seeing them. I so badly wanted to preach to them, but I did not know the Bengali language well enough. I encouraged Dr. Thomas to talk to them, and he spoke for about three hours. The people listened and then brought us some food to eat. This was my family's first time eating with just our fingers, and we made quite a

mess. A few hours later, the tide had changed, and we were again on our way. I talked with Dr. Thomas about the questions that the people had asked and was excited at how our first missionary experience had gone. We did this same thing a couple more times over the next two days and then finally reached Calcutta.

Soon the *Kron Princessa Maria* arrived, and we were able to get the rest of our things and say goodbye to Captain Christmas. Dr. Thomas quickly found the address of where his wife and daughter were staying. We hired someone to carry our luggage and quickly made our way through the streets. Everything seemed to be going so well. That is until we came around the last turn. That's when I saw something that both surprised and worried me.

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

(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 4.6 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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