

The Life of

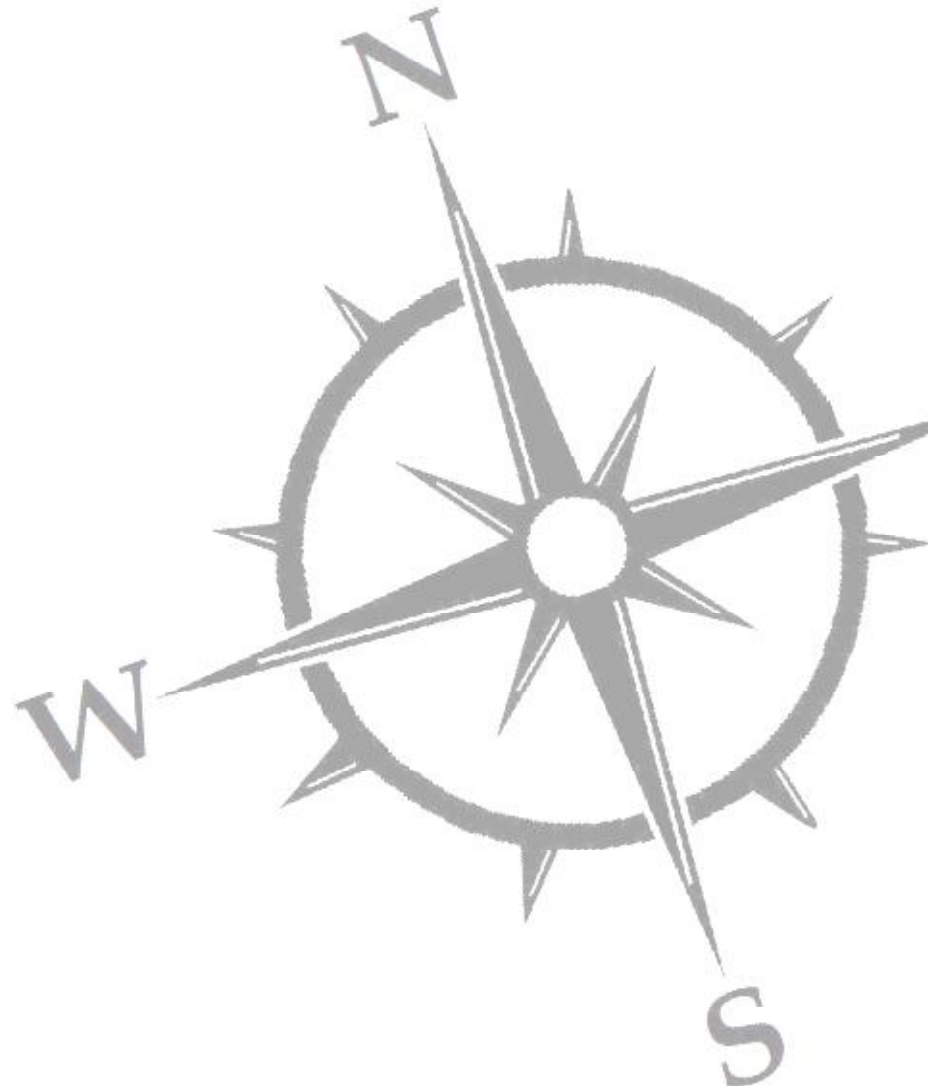
William Carey

(1761-1834)

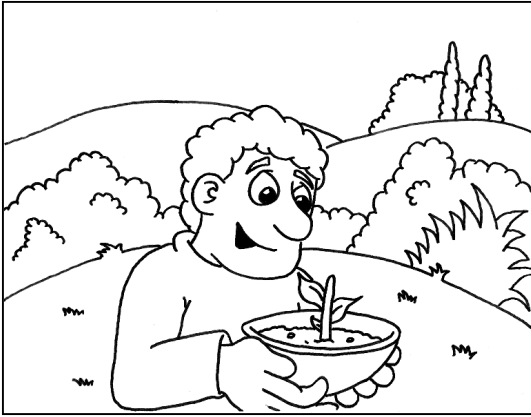
Lesson: 4.3 – Lost Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us of how important the soul of each sinner is to God. God loves the world and desires for everyone to be saved. The angels rejoice over every person who is saved. God had some big plans for William Carey, but William also needed to learn some things first. The first thing God wanted William to see was that he was lost and needed to be found.

“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” – Luke 19:10







Crash! The sound woke me suddenly from my sleep. I quickly got out of my bed but was almost thrown back into bed as the ship rocked back and forth. I could tell by the creaking all around me that something was going on outside. I quickly got dressed and went up on the deck to see if I could help out. Moments after stepping out on the deck, I was soaked by the rain. Although it was the middle of the night and was very dark outside, I could tell that our ship had run into a bad storm. I looked over the side railing of the ship just in time to see a huge wave that was at least forty feet high come crashing down next to the ship. Our ship was tossed one way and then back the other way. Captain Christmas was yelling orders to the crew, but because of the loud wind and the crashing thunder, it was very hard to hear what he was saying. I saw that everyone was moving around frantically trying to help out. I was not a sailor, but I knew that I must do something to help if we were going to get through this storm alive. I began taking things below the deck and tying down everything that I could. At times I had to

grab hold of the railings of the ship just to keep from tumbling around on the deck or being thrown overboard by the waves that smashed into the side of the ship.

I couldn't help but think about my parents as I moved quickly around the deck. I was now farther from home than most people in Paulersbury had probably ever dreamed of going. Paulersbury was the name of the little town in England where I grew up. My parents were weavers and spent most of the day and part of the night using a big machine to sew pieces of cloth called "tammies" that were later sold in other parts of England. When I turned 6 years old, however, my father became the church clerk at the Church of St. James the Great. This meant several wonderful things were about to happen. To begin with, we would be moving out of our weaver's cottage and into a bigger house that the church allowed us to live in. This new house was so big that it meant that I was going to get to have my own room. Up to this point, my parents, my sister Ann and I had all shared the two small rooms in the cottage. We moved just in time because I was about to have a baby sister, and we had no room left for baby Mary in our little cottage. Very few children in 1767 had their own room, and I knew just how I was going to fill it. Although my parents had been very poor, I had collected many treasures up to this point. These were not the kinds of treasures that cost anything; they were every kind of cricket, butterfly, worm, plant, and bird's egg that I had found. I would often go for long walks exploring the woods around our cottage. If I saw a bug that I had never seen

before, I would dive into the bushes after it. My father made some little wooden cases for me to keep them in. I had also put together quite a garden outside our little cottage that contained all sorts of different kinds of plants and flowers. Before our day of "flitting", which was what we called moving day, was over I had arranged all of my wooden cases in my new room and had dug up and replanted many of my plants around our house. As I went to sleep that first night, I could smell some of my favorite plants just outside my new bedroom window.

My father's new job as the church clerk also meant that he was in charge of running the school. There were no free schools in England, and my parents barely had the money for shoes for all of us let alone money for school, so school had been out of the question. However, now that my father was in charge of the school, I was able to attend school for the first time. I was so excited to go to school and learned very quickly, even though my dad was sometimes tougher on me than the other kids. Only the rich people and the clergymen had books at this time because books were so expensive to make. Because my father knew many clergymen, they often loaned me books to read. I loved to read any book I could get my hands on, but I especially liked adventure stories about far off lands. When I played outside, I would often pretend to be Christopher Columbus discovering America or other lands.

As I grew, my love for other places grew as well. When I was about eight, my uncle Peter returned from Canada where he





books that Uncle Peter had brought home and came across one that I could not read. The letters didn't look like any I had ever seen. I took it to my father and asked him about it. My father said that it was written in another language called Latin. My dad let me borrow an old Latin grammar book in the schoolhouse. Within a couple of months, I had memorized the whole grammar book. Now I could read the words that went along with all the pictures of the plants and animals in Uncle Peter's book.

When I turned twelve, I could no longer be in school but had to find an apprenticeship. An apprentice works for someone for about 5-7 years and learns how they do their job. They don't get paid, but they live with their master who provides clothes and food for them while they learn to do their job. I loved being outdoors and working with plants, and I begged my father to find me an apprentice job outdoors. My father found me a job working for a farmer. Although I was kind of short and small, I worked very hard to do a good job. I loved being out in the sun, but I soon realized that my skin did not like the sun.

Whenever it was very sunny outside, I would come home and have a terrible rash on my face and my hands. The rash was very painful, but I loved being outdoors so much that I put up with the rash for two years. Finally, I realized that I would have to find another job.

If I had not had that rash, I might not have ever left Paulersbury. Because of the rash, my father began to look for another apprenticeship for me. He could have trained

me to be a weaver as he had been, but my father was a little worried about what would happen to weavers in the future. With all of the new weaving inventions, it wouldn't be long before the tammies would be made in big factories much faster and better than weavers could do it. My father looked and looked and soon heard about a cordwainer named Clarke Nichols who was looking for someone to be his apprentice. Being a cordwainer took a lot more skill than being a cobbler did. A cobbler just repaired broken shoes, but a cordwainer made the shoes from scratch by cutting and stitching together pieces of leather.

Mr. Nichols lived in the town of Piddington which was about eight miles north of my house. It took me about four hours to walk to Piddington to begin my apprenticeship. As I walked, I saw a lot of other people on the road walking with me. I thought of how good it was to become a cordwainer. One thing people would always need is shoes for their feet.

When I arrived at Mr. Nichols cottage I was met by a boy named John Warr. John was also an apprentice. He was about three years older than me and was already a couple of years into being an apprentice. It wasn't long before Mr. Nichols came back with an arm full of leather and my apprenticeship began.

Because I was so new, I got all the worst jobs like picking up the scraps of leather on the floor and beating the leather to make it softer and easier to bend and shape for shoes. It also meant that I delivered most of the shoes that were made. It was on one of

had fought with the British against the French. I loved to sit and talk with him about his adventures in Canada and America. I had never seen the ocean, and I had a hard time understanding exactly what it looked like. Uncle Peter told me that it kind of looked like a bunch of rivers that ran side by side. I listened closely as Uncle Peter told me what it was like to sail on it.

These were exciting times to be alive. Every week, three copies of the Newspaper, the *Northampton Mercury*, were delivered to our town. One copy was always kept at the church, and this gave me a chance to read all about what was happening in the world. I learned about the many new machines that were being invented like the steam engine and the spinning Jenny that would spin wool into yarn. I also heard about Captain Cook and his great adventures in new places called Australia and New Zealand. I loved to read the stories about Captain Cook over and over again. He told about the natives that he met and the places that he explored. One day, after I had read all the other books in the house, I was looking through some of the





these deliveries that I made a foolish decision that I would remember for the rest of my life.

It was around Christmas time. Because an apprentice didn't make money, we were often allowed to collect tips from people. These tips were known as a "Christmas box." One of my deliveries were a pair of boots that was supposed to go to the blacksmith. The boots cost a shilling. After the blacksmith had paid for the boots, he asked me what I would like for my Christmas box...a sixpence or a shilling. A shilling was a lot of money. It would give me enough to buy a new pen I had been wanting. I quickly told him that I would like the shilling. He chuckled as he handed it to me. I was so excited that I left the blacksmith shop and ran through the snow to the store to buy the pen. As I handed over my coin to the shopkeeper, he frowned. "This coin is a fake, it is made of brass," he said. I was very embarrassed. The blacksmith had played a trick on me. No wonder he had chuckled as he handed me the coin. The shopkeeper asked me if I was trying to play a trick on him, and it was at this moment that I came up with a terrible

plan. I reached into my pocket and handed the shopkeeper the good shilling and put the fake one back into my pocket.

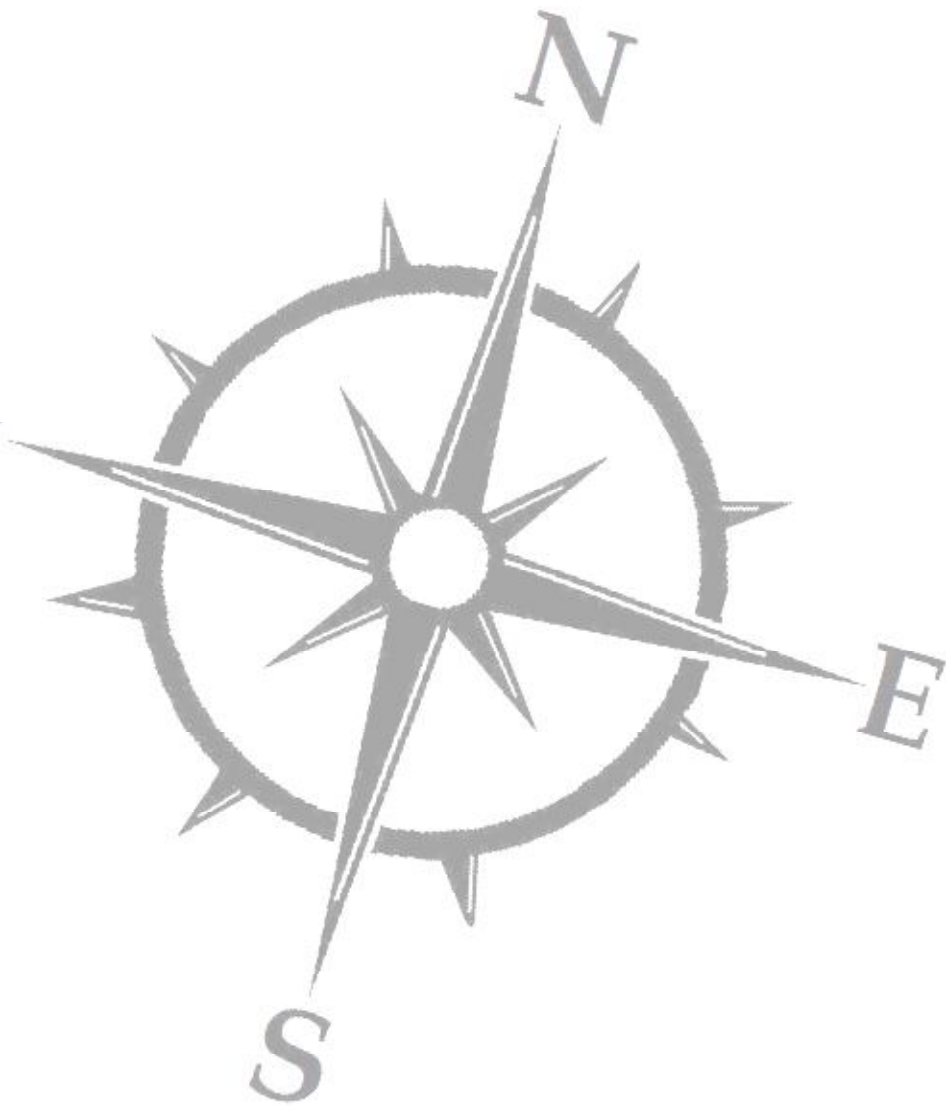
As I walked back to Mr. Nichols, I practiced what I would do. I would walk in and hand him the money pouch. When he opened it and realized it was a fake, I would run over and look at it and tell him that I had not even noticed. It happened just as I expected. Mr. Nichols opened the pouch and noticed the fake coin. Mr. Nichols asked, "Who gave you this coin? It is a fake!" I told him that it came from the blacksmith and apologized for not noticing that it was a fake. The next part did not go as I had thought it would. Mr. Nichols called John over and told him to go back to the blacksmith and demand to be paid. John threw on his coat and walked out into the snow.

What would happen if the true story came out? I knew that stealing a shilling was a serious thing. A person would be sent to prison or shipped off to the West Indies to work in the king's fields for seven years. Thankfully it was not for more than a shilling. If it had been more than a shilling it would have meant being put to death. As I looked out the window a few moments later, I saw John and the blacksmith coming down the road to the cottage. The blacksmith had an angry look on his face. I was doomed, but what would Mr. Nichols do? Would I be sent to prison? Would I be shipped away to the West Indies? I knew that I had lied. I felt bad, and I thought that maybe if I promised to do good works that God would forget about the bad that I had done and would help me. I told God that if He got me out of this

mess that I would go to church three times a week and would never steal or sin again. The door burst open. I took in a deep breath waiting to see what would happen.

What do you think will happen to William boys and girls? Will he have to go to prison, or will he be shipped off to the West Indies? Will God answer his prayer? To find out come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 4.3 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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