

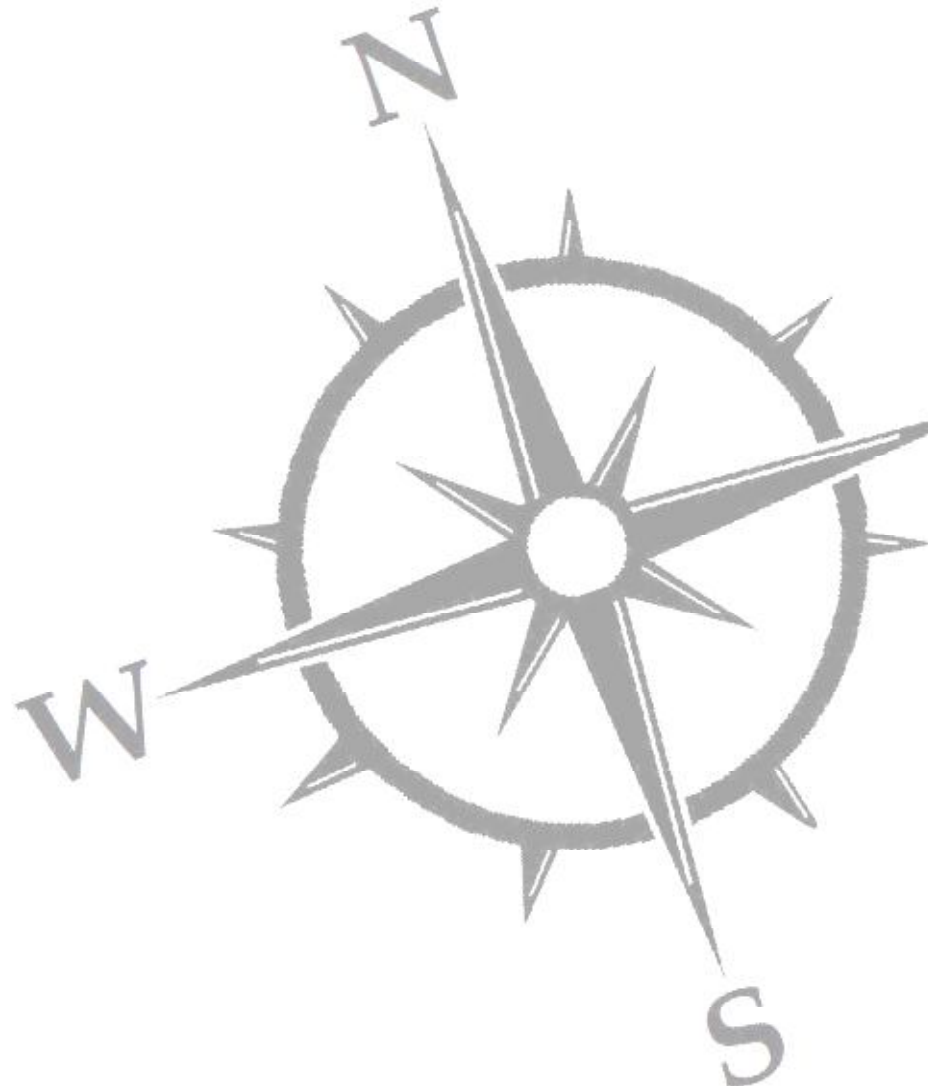
The Life of William Carey

(1761-1834)

Lesson: 4.9 – Endurance Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us not to quit in the service of the Lord. The Devil often uses opposition to the cause of Christ to discourage us and make us want to stop. The Bible reminds us that Christians are soldiers for the Lord. Christians are to endure and not give up even when the fight is tough. William kept on serving the Lord even when things got difficult.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." - Galatians 6:9







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

I stepped off of the boat onto where the boat had been pulled up against the shore of the Hooghly River. I was now in Serampore. I had prayed and believed that this was where God wanted me to be. Though that meant letting go of the factory at Kidderpore and losing my permit to work in India, I also knew that I wanted to begin printing Bibles, and my printer, William Ward, was in Serampore.

I was excited to begin work with the new missionaries. Not long after arriving in Serampore, we bought a house large enough for all of us to live in. There were ten adults and nine children living there. The house was big enough for each family to have two bedrooms, plus there was room for a meeting hall, a dining room, a schoolroom, and a printing room. Only two months after

arriving in Serampore did I see why God had guided me to Serampore. George Udney had gone back to England and had been replaced by a man who did not like missionaries and would not have allowed me to keep doing my missionary work in Kidderpore. Secondly, Lord Wellesley, who was the governor of all the British areas in India, had been angered by something someone had printed in a newspaper and had banned all printing presses outside of Calcutta. If I had still been in Kidderpore, my press would have surely been taken away as well. God had guided me to the Danish town of Serampore so that I would be free to continue to serve Him.

The other missionaries were very excited to begin working in India. Joshua and Hannah Marshman opened a boarding school for children in the mission house. They also put an advertisement in the *Calcutta Gazette*, and they soon had more than enough students from other English people living in India who did not want to send their children back to England for school. One month later, Joshua and Hannah also opened a school for Indian boys, and very soon, forty boys were enrolled.

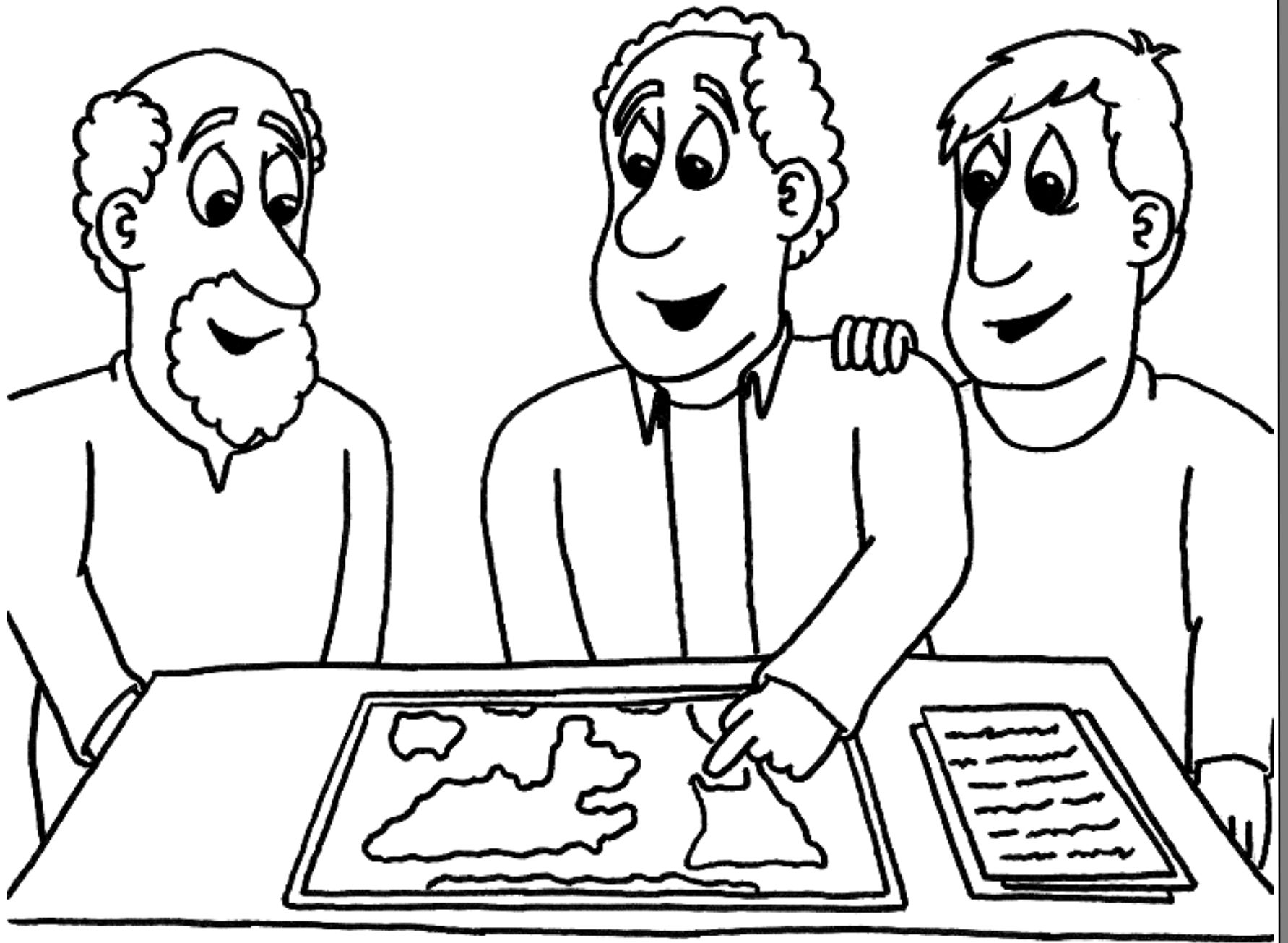
William Ward unloaded the printing press when it arrived from Kidderpore and immediately began to set up the letters to begin printing. Daniel Brunson and my sons Felix and William Carey Jr. helped him with the process. William Ward and I realized that printing the whole Bible meant that we would have to print the Bible in pieces. We would have to print a total of four books to cover the entire Bible between the books. Because printing the whole Bible took a lot

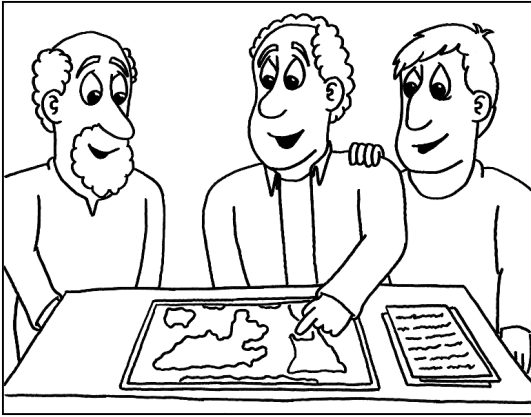
of time and money, we decided to start by printing just the gospels. We could do this quickly and cheaply. Before long, we had many copies of the Gospels to pass out.

John Fountain and I were the only ones who knew the Bengali language, so we went out to nearby towns each day to preach. Many times, the Indian people would talk about their shastras which were their sacred writings. If they brought the shastras up, John and I would often ask them if they had ever read the Christian shastras which told about the one Lord over all creation.

We were printing so many Bibles that we had to hire some Indian men to help us. We were printing almost six thousand pages per week which was much more than William Ward thought was even possible. It took a lot of money to pay the workers and to buy the paper and the ink. We quickly saw that we were running out. William Ward came up with a plan. He knew that many Englishmen in India knew about what we were doing. We decided to put an advertisement in the *Calcutta Gazette*. People could become sponsors and could send us four pounds to help us print more Bibles. In the end, they would end up getting a copy of the New Testament in Bengali. It was a huge success, and soon we had enough money to continue printing.

Soon after, Lord Wellesley read our advertisement in the *Calcutta Gazette*. Hadn't he banned all printing presses except the one in Calcutta? Why did English people have a press in Serampore? He ordered the Reverend Brown to investigate us. This was the same Reverend Brown who had slammed





near our mission station, and he sent his oldest son to us to get help. Dr. Thomas had long since left the indigo factory, but he happened to be visiting us that day when the boy came. Dr. Thomas, Joshua Marshman, and I followed the boy, and Dr. Thomas set Krishna Pal's arm. Dr. Thomas gave him the gospel as we sat by a tree afterward. The next day, I went to visit Krishna Pal to see how his arm was and to invite him back to the mission. Later that day, Krishna Pal came to the mission with his friend Gokul. The two men listened as we talked about God. They kept coming back even after Krishna Pal's arm was healed and several weeks later, around Christmas time, they both announced that they wanted to become Christians. After seven years, we finally had some converts.

In India, a Hindu was never allowed to eat a meal with a non-Hindu. After the men were saved, we asked them to eat lunch with us one day, and they agreed. Word spread quickly that two Hindus had eaten a meal with non-Hindus. People were waiting for Krishna Pal and Gokul when they returned home, and those people threw rocks at them. Eventually, Gokul's wife and family were so embarrassed that they left him. Krishna Pal's family was soon put into jail over the whole thing. While in jail, they listened carefully to Krishna Pal, and they became Christians too. Soon I had talked Governor Bie, and he ordered them to be released and for the whole thing to be looked into. Not long afterward, they were baptized in the Hooghly River. Now that we had our first converts, I knew things would be crazier than ever around the mission station.

It was March of 1801 when the first copy of the whole New Testament came off of the press. This represented eight long years of my life's work. Soon we were sending copies to all those who had sponsored the printing of the New Testaments. We also sent a copy to the King of Denmark, the King of England, and the Reverend Brown. Little did I know it, but God would use the copy that was sent to Reverend Brown to again protect and save our mission.

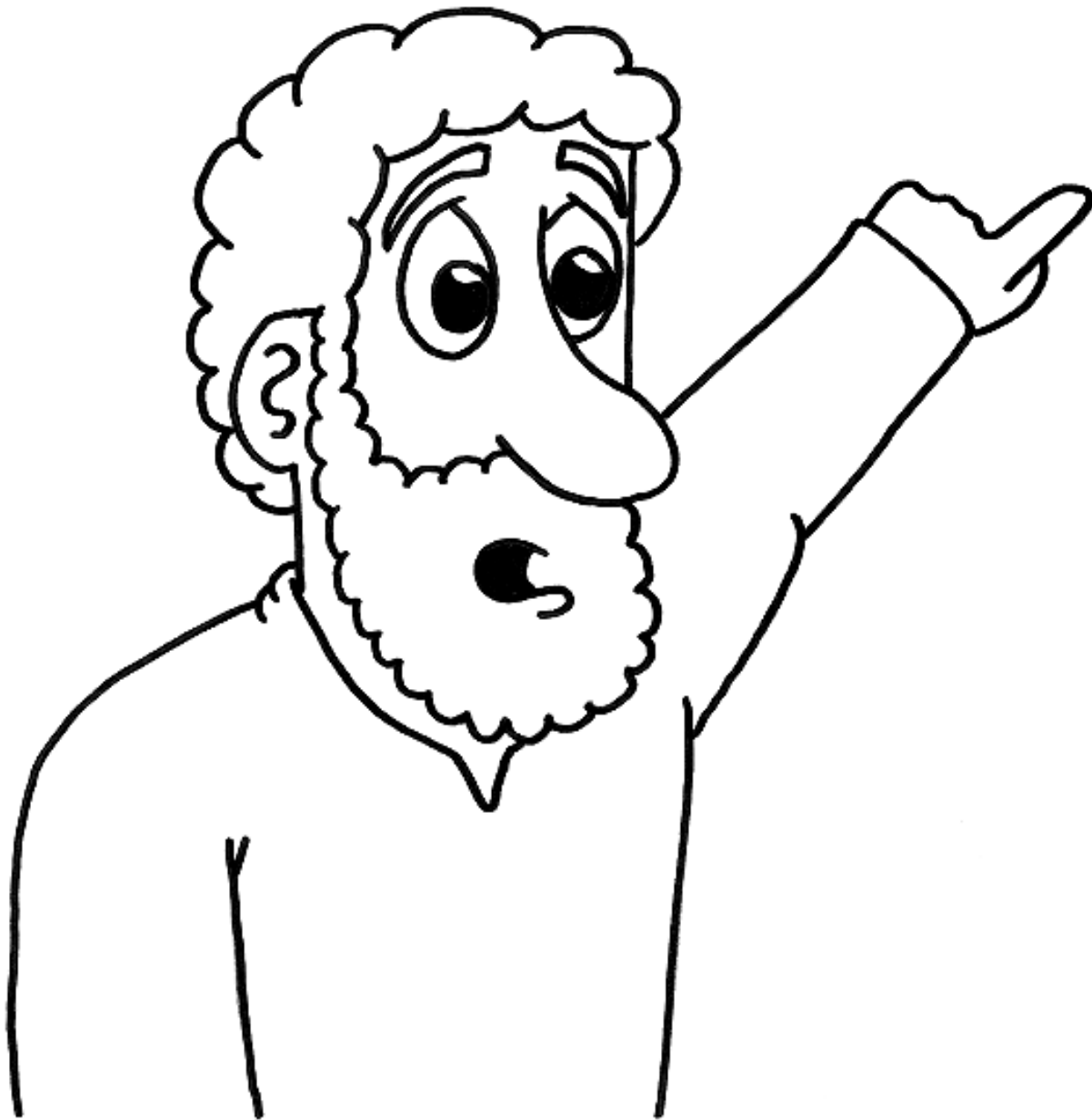
The British had been sending young men from England to work as officers and businessmen in India. Their jobs were rather easy, and because of this, they became lazy and made things difficult for both the British and the Indian people in India. Lord Wellesley started Fort William College where these young men would spend their first two years learning about India before they were ever given a job.

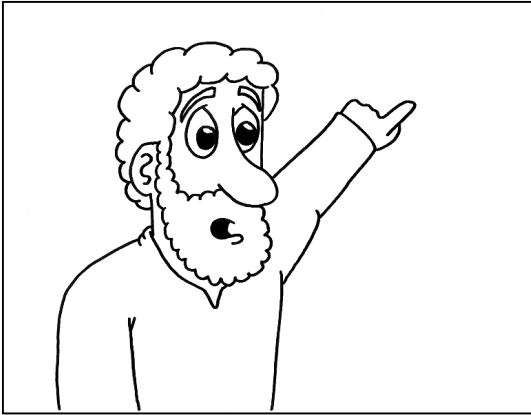
The Reverend Brown was named the principal of Fort William College, and when it came to choosing a person to teach Bengali to these new clerks, he remembered my translation of the New Testament and wrote me a letter asking me to consider coming and teaching part-time at the college. They did pay me a salary, and I could go down the college in Calcutta and teach each week and then return home to complete my duties as a missionary. At first, I didn't want to do it, but after talking it over with Joshua Marshman and William Ward, I decided to try it.

Four days later, I realized how God had protected us. The British and the French were still at war. The British heard rumors

the door in my face seven years earlier when I went to him for help and accidentally mentioned Dr. Thomas to him. I had forgiven him, and soon after he arrived we had become good friends. He assured Lord Wellesley that we were not writing anything against the British government or the East India Company, but that we were only printing Bibles. Lord Wellesley was happy with this report and started to take a small interest in what we were doing.

We had now been in India for seven years. So much had happened. We had several missionaries, two schools for children, and a press that was making many copies of the scriptures to pass out. We had preached often, and many people had listened to us; however, there were still no converts. This made me worry that the missionary society may stop sending missionaries, money, and supplies to help us out if no one was being saved. This all was about to change though. A man named Krishna Pal was taking his children down to the Hooghly River to bathe one day when he slipped and injured his arm. He heard that he was very





India. I always tried to use these sad times to encourage the spread of the gospel. One person I got to know better was Lord Wellesley. I asked him to take a look at the practice of infanticide and sati. These were terrible practices of killing babies who were sick and of killing women whose husbands had died. Lord Wellesley banned infanticide, but the Hindus put a lot of pressure on him not to ban sati. Though he did not approve of it, He allowed it to go on for the time being.

Over the next few years, we saw other Hindus being saved. My son Felix moved to Burma to begin working with the people there, and my son William Jr. got married and moved to Malda to work among the workers at some of the Indigo dye factories. Not long after this, my wife Dolly got very sick and passed away. I was very sad to lose her as we had been married for a long time.

Many months later, I was remarried to a lady named Charlotte. Charlotte was a wonderful lady who had been saved and become interested in the mission around the time that Krishna Pal had been saved. Everyone around the mission loved her. The Danish castle that she lived in with her parents caught on fire one night when she was only six years old. Charlotte could have easily gotten out, but she ran through the flames to wake her parents. Everyone got out safely, but Charlotte's legs had been burned badly and had left her crippled. Although she had to spend a lot of the day lying on the couch, she was very interested in what was happening around the mission and was very supportive of me. She was very smart and

spoke seven different languages.

One day, as I was eating lunch at the college, I was talking with the other professors about the dictionary that we were preparing to print. The dictionary had each word in Sanskrit and then its translation in every language in Asia. It had taken us five years to put it together, and I knew it would make translation work much easier in the future. I had just taken another bite of my lunch when Joshua Marshman burst through the door. "William, I must talk to you immediately," he said. I could tell by the worried look on his face that something had gone very wrong, but what was it?

What do you think Joshua had to say? To find out, come back next time.

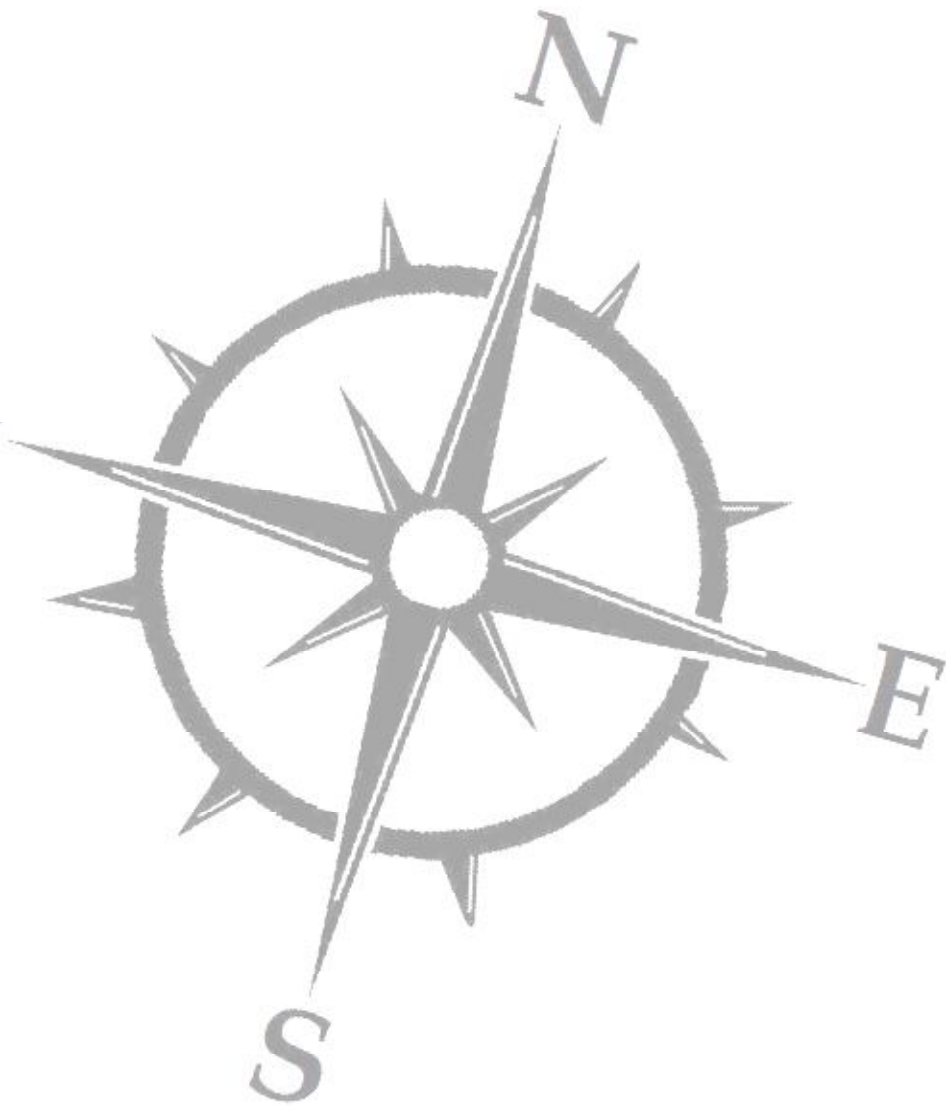
*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 4.9 on page 56** in your *India Expedition - Leader's Guide*.)*

that the Danish were going to help the French fight against the British. Four days after I had agreed to the job, the British snuck into the Danish city of Serampore and captured it without firing a single shot. Now that the British controlled Serampore, they could send anyone who did not have a permit. However, since I would be teaching at the college, no one with me would not have to worry about being shipped back or imprisoned.

Things were going well. Gokul's wife and family had come back and had been saved and baptized. Thousands of tracts were being handed out. Bibles were being printed. The mission continued to grow and improve.

Even though many things were going well, there were sad times around the mission too. In July of 1801, Daniel Brundson caught an illness and passed away. Only a few months later Dr. Thomas also passed away. I had lost John Fountain a year before to sickness too. I was sad to have all these close friends go home to Heaven.

Being a professor at the college did let me get to know some powerful people in



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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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