

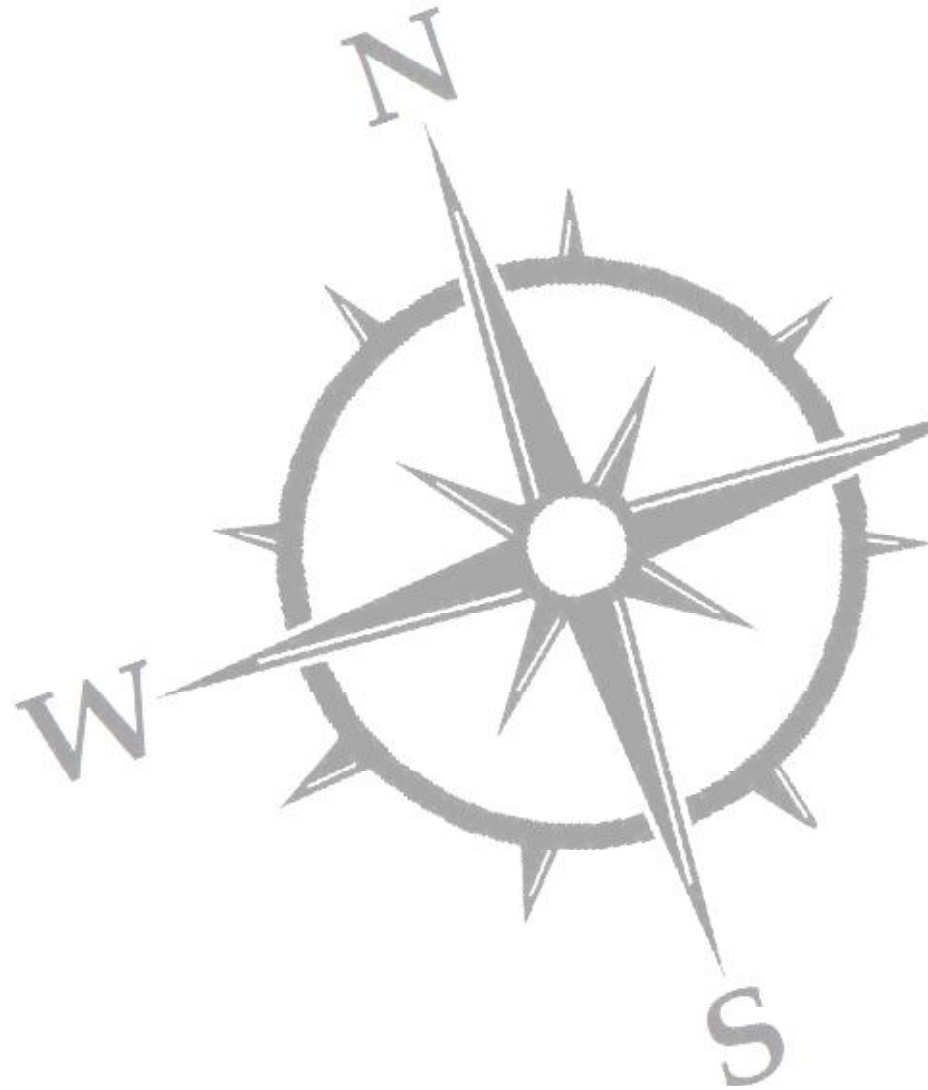
The Life of William Carey

(1761-1834)

Lesson: 4.7 – Patience Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us to be patient for God to work in our lives. We are tempted to run ahead of God's timing and try to work things out on our own. We must be patient and wait for God. Sometimes it is hard to be patient, especially when bad things happen to you. Things were not going very well for William Carey, but he was patiently waiting to see what God would do.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." - James 1:2-4







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

After picking up our things, we headed off to the address that Dr. Thomas had of where his wife and daughter were staying. We passed many mud-brick buildings. As we rounded the last turn, we stood at the end of a small street. There were very large houses on both sides of the street and trees out in front of them. It looked very much like one of the streets back in England. We went down the street to house number 43. We rang the bell, and a servant came and opened the door. It wasn't long before we were all sitting around a large table in the parlor sharing stories of our travels to India. Mrs. Thomas and Eliza had traveled with Captain White. When they had arrived in India, Mrs. Thomas had spoken to a friend of hers whose husband was a high ranking official. Because she was not traveling with Dr. Thomas, they loaned

her the money to rent a house and gave her permits to be in India.

I was glad to be in India and glad that Dr. Thomas was with his family again, but I was a little worried. Was this how Dr. Thomas planned on living? It was nice being in the large house and having all the servants to help them out, but we could not afford to live like this for very long.

The next morning, the doorbell rang, and Dr. Thomas introduced me to a man named Ram Boshu. Ram Boshu was one of the three people that Dr. Thomas had won to Christ before coming back to England. Ram Boshu spoke English very well, and I decided to use him as my language teacher. Dr. Thomas was certain that if we brought a trunk of different metal goods, that we could sell them in India and make enough money for us to live off of for one year. Dr. Thomas, however, had been away from India for a little bit of time and since then, many people had brought metal goods to India. We weren't able to raise nearly as much money as we thought we would be able to. It had only been two weeks in India, and I realized we were running out of money quickly and needed to rethink our plans.

We decided to move to the village of Bandel which was about thirty miles further up the Hooghly River. Even though our wives and children did not like the idea, it would be much cheaper for us to live there. Because it was cheaper and faster to travel by boat than over land, we again found ourselves in a boat headed up the river. It took us about three days to travel up the river. We quickly found a small house to rent

that we would all fit into. One room would be for Dr. Thomas's family, my family would take the other, and Ram Boshu would sleep in a small room that had once been a large cupboard at the back of the house.

I immediately got a map of the area and began planning our trips to the local villages to share Jesus with the people in all the local villages. We bought a small boat and soon were traveling around preaching to people. Sometimes groups as large as three hundred people would stop and listen. Within a week or two, I had practiced enough that I was able to preach a little bit myself. I loved living in Bandel and was beginning to feel like a real missionary. Our time there was not going to last. Because Dr. Thomas had lived in India before, I had unwisely left him in charge of our money. We had only lived in Bandel for about four weeks when I realized that our money was almost completely gone. We had set aside a little money to set up a permanent mission station, and we had promised not to touch it until we were setting up that mission station. So what should we do?

As I was thinking about what to do, I got a letter from Captain Christmas. He had heard that the East India Botanical Gardens in Calcutta needed a head gardener. Remembering how much I loved plants, he had recommended me for the job, and they had said that I could have it if I wanted it. At the same time, some people were after Dr. Thomas for some money he still owed them. We decided that we would move back to Calcutta and I would take the job as the gardener, and Dr. Thomas would open a clinic. Once we had raised some money, we





called Dechatta.

I decided that I would use the money we had set aside, and I would set up a permanent mission station in Dechatta. There, I could build a house, set up a garden, and grow the food that we needed. All I needed to do was to go back to Calcutta in the morning and to get the money from Dr. Thomas, and I would move my family there and begin my mission work again.

I arrived at Dr. Thomas's house in Calcutta and was very disappointed in what I saw. He was living in a huge house and had twelve servants. After talking with him for only a few minutes, I found out that he had already spent the money we had set aside and had also taken out a loan in the mission's name and spent that money too. As I walked back home, several questions went through my mind. How could a man as smart as Dr. Thomas do so many foolish things? What would I tell my wife and family? Should I write the mission board and explain all of what Dr. Thomas had done?

The next morning, I decided that I would go and try to talk with the Army Chaplain at Fort William. Maybe he would have some good advice on what to do, although he might also arrest me for being in India without a license. I left early in the morning and reached the fort by lunchtime. The chaplain, Reverend Brown, met me at the door. The moment I mentioned Dr. Thomas, he said some unkind things and slammed the door in my face. I returned home without even a glass of water for my hungry stomach. When I got back home, Ram Boshu had a surprise. He was able to

find a bag of rice for our family. Our rice had just run out the day before.

Over the next two days, I tried to find anyone who would loan me money in Calcutta, but everyone refused. On the third day, there was a knock at my door. Dr. Thomas had felt bad about what he had done and had taken out some money in his own name and wanted me to have it. I thanked him and wasted no time in taking the money and getting my family packed. The sooner we could get to Dechatta, the sooner I could plant my garden and feed my family.

It was a long trip up the river. We moved our boat by using long poles that we would put in the water and push off of the ground below the water. It was a lot of work for all of us. All through the day, we all sat in the boat watching the crocodiles on the river banks. We knew that for every crocodile we saw upon the bank, there were a bunch more under the water. At night we tried to sleep, but the mosquito bites, along with the roar of the Bengal tigers, and the screeches of the monkeys in the trees didn't let us get much sleep.

Finally, after three days of traveling, we arrived at the land that Ram Boshu's uncle had promised us. I had to admit that it looked like a jungle...not farmland. A little further up the river, I noticed a nice brick house. I decided we would go and meet our neighbor before we tried to settle in. We pulled our boat up to the little dock and walked up to the door. The door burst open and out walked an Englishman named Charles Short. Charles was surprised to see English people out this far in the Sunderbans (as this wilderness area

would get back together and start mission work again.

It all sounded good, but when we got there, I found out that there had been some confusion and someone else had been given the gardening job. Now I had no money and no place for my family to live. What was I going to do? Ram Boshu left and soon came back and told me that he had a banker friend that had agreed to let all of us live in a small garden house on his property in Manicktulla.

Manicktulla was a swampy place filled with mosquitoes and robbers. Very soon after we got there, my wife and family got sick. They all complained about being sick, hot, and having no English person around to talk with. We had only been in India for two months, and we were down to just one small bag of rice left. I had to come up with a plan to earn some money so that my family would not starve. Two weeks went by, and I made the rice last as long as I could. Just when I thought that we were all going to starve, Ram Boshu came back with some good news. His uncle had offered us some land that we could live on for free for three years in a place





was called). He invited us all in for lunch.

We talked for a while, and though Charles was not a Christian, he told us that we were welcome to stay with him as long as we liked. He owned a salt factory and was a wealthy man, but had no one that lived with him besides his servants. He said that he would like some English company in his house. I thanked Charles, and later that evening we brought our things up to his house. As Kitty and Dolly put the children to bed that night, I sat on the porch talking with Ram Boshu. Ram Boshu told me that all the local people had left besides the ones that worked for Mr. Short because the area had a bunch of tigers. “At least I know what we are up against,” I said. I knew that we had even more reason to pray as we worked on building a house for my family.

Over the next several weeks, Ram Boshu and I worked on clearing out the land. We sold the trees that we cut down for money to buy the needed supplies. As we worked, Ram Boshu continued to teach me words and things about the Bengali language, and we always kept our eyes out for the

orange and black stripes of a tiger. As we worked in the hot sun, I laughed to myself. For some reason, the sun in India didn’t give me the bad rash that the sun had given me while working in England.

Our hut was nearly completed, and we were beginning to plant our garden. Soon it would be time for my family to move in. I knew that they wouldn’t be very excited to leave Mr. Short’s nice home for the mud hut that I had built, but I did not want to overstay our welcome with Mr. Short either. After building each day, Ram Boshu and I began visiting nearby villages.

At one of these villages, I saw something that made me very upset. A man had jammed big metal hooks in his back. He did this painful thing to try to worship the Hindu god Siva. I so badly wanted these people to know about God’s love and how they did not have to do painful and silly things like that. I also realized that the preaching would not be enough. The people of India had many sacred books. If I was going to be successful in India, I had to have a copy of the Bible in the Indian language. I decided then and there that I needed to go back to work on translating the Bible for the Indian people.

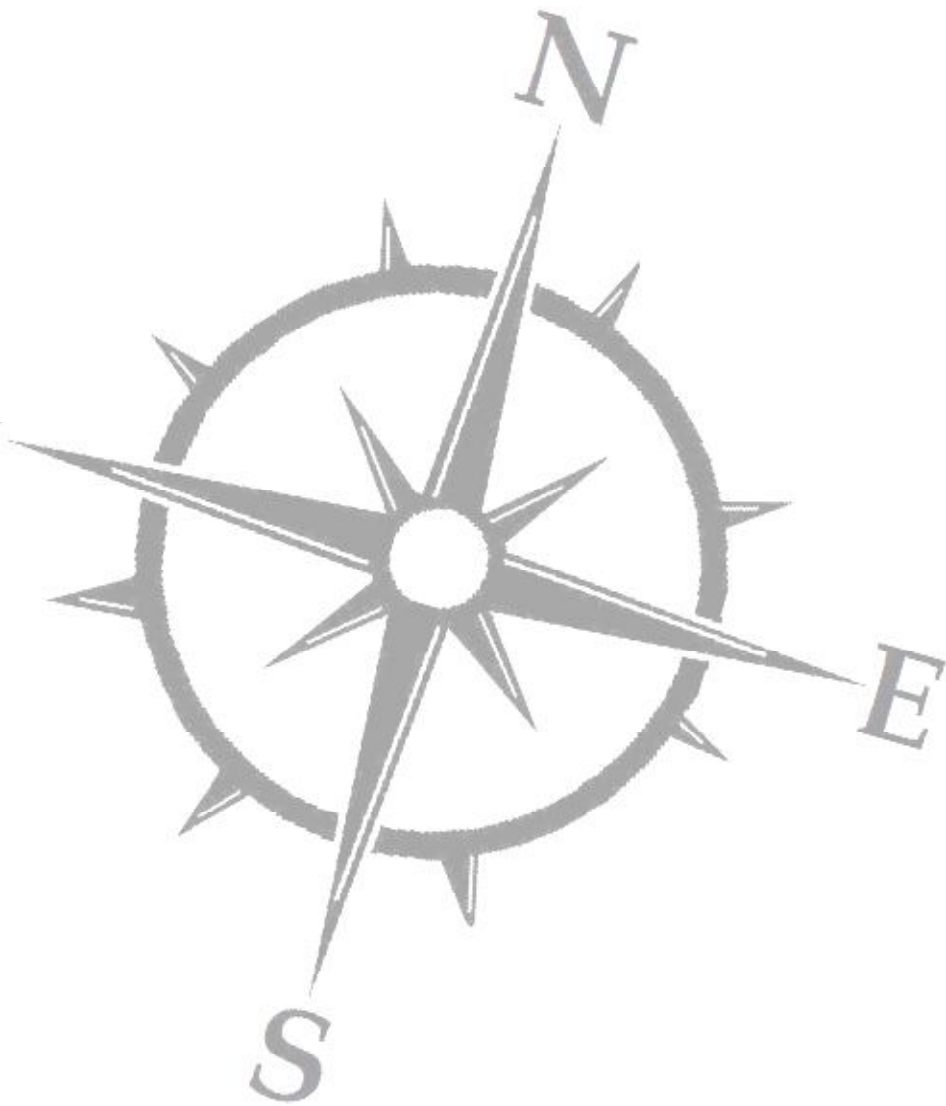
Word had spread that there was a white man with a gun who had settled in Dechatta. Many of the people who had left because of the tigers were now coming back because I had settled there. I now had many Indian people nearby who wanted to hear the gospel message. I even had five upper-class Indian men come to me and thank me for settling among them.

Little did I know it, but about the same time that I had been trying to get money in Calcutta and move my family to Dechatta, something had happened further up the Hooghly river that would change a lot of things for me in India.

One morning, my son Felix came running up to Mr. Short’s house. He told me that there was a letter for me. As I looked at the front of the letter, I recognized the handwriting. “What’s this all about?” I thought as I quickly tore it open.

What do you think was in that letter? Who do you think the letter was from? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 4.7 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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