

**THE LIFE STORY OF
HENRY GRATTAN GUINNESS, M.D., F.R.G.S.**

DR. HARRY GUINNESS

*The Life Story of
Henry Grattan Guinness, M.D., F.R.G.S.*

BY

C. W. MACKINTOSH.

Spes Meo in Deo.

(Motto of the Guinness family.)



Published by

THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION,
HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, LONDON, E.

1916.

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FOREWORD.

THE life and work of my friend, Dr. Harry Guinness, was so full and varied that but scant justice can be done to it in a little booklet ; volumes might be written concerning his unceasing labours to advance the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We marvel at his abounding energy and deep earnestness of spirit, his entire devotion and never-failing readiness to take up any cause, however unpopular, if in that way the message of Salvation might be brought to needy ones ; the light of the Gospel carried to them that sit in darkness.

We are thankful for what God enabled Dr. Harry Guinness to do in the dark places of the earth. How many must be full of praise and gratitude as they look back upon his work on the Congo throughout Darkest Africa and in all the Regions Beyond, where he went as the pioneer of the Gospel.

Being myself so closely connected with work amongst young men of all kinds, and specially in connection with the Y.M.C.A., I am glad to have this opportunity of bearing my testimony to the special gifts which Dr. Harry Guinness had for influencing young men by his high ideal and putting them on their guard against the many temptations by which they would be assailed. He ever realized that the only path of real safety was by the way of the Cross, and his happy disposition always attracted young men. When this terrible war began he threw himself whole-heartedly into the grand opportunity given to the Y.M.C.A. to help the young men gathered in their

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tens of thousands at the camps. I am sure that many a man now fighting valiantly for his country is helped in his arduous duties by the remembrance of Dr. Harry Guinness's words to them before they left this country.

It is difficult to imagine one man being able to take part in, and energizing, so many different efforts. Only his intense reliance upon God for all power and help and guidance ; his profound trust in God's Word and promises, and his firm conviction that the Divine purposes of grace and mercy were bound to be accomplished, made possible his remarkable life. He heard the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and he sought to obey.

I commend this record of his life as an inspiration and an encouragement to us who are still left here to work while it is called To-day, remembering that the night cometh when no man can work.

KINNAIRD.



INTRODUCTION.

“What manner of child shall this be?” “And the Hand of the Lord was with him.”—(S. Luke i. 66.)

THE scene is in the New World, on the winter shores of Canada ; the date is January, 1862, the year of the great struggle between North and South, between the slave-owning States of America and the Free. A young mother, with her baby of three months old on her knee, and with many apprehensions in her heart, is being piloted across the frozen estuary of the St. Lawrence from Quebec on the way to embark at Portland (U.S.A.) for England.

“We were anxious to sail in January,” her journal records, “the voyages in that month being generally more favourable than for several months afterwards. The crossing of the St. Lawrence is a frightful and exciting exploit. I was terrified in going over to Quebec, expecting each moment to be swallowed up in the surging ice. On returning we had, in answer to prayer, a much more favourable transit, half an hour instead of two hours, and less severe cold.”

The child to whom thus early the winds were tempered was Henry Grattan Guinness, the subject of this memoir, in whom was inborn—it could not be otherwise—the instinct of the knight-errant, that combination of chivalry and Christian faith with the love of roving and of dangerous and exciting adventure. He was to be no Don Quixote, however, tilting at windmills for want of giants to fight. He lived in an age when by the opening up of “the new and naked lands” adventures were not difficult to seek, when there were many dragons to be slain ; and by the Grace of God he was given to his

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own generation to be a true and dauntless Red Cross Knight. Never have Spenser's oft-quoted lines been more truly applied than to the one whom these pages commemorate.

Full jolly knight he seemed and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt,

And on his breast a bloudie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord ;
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he bore
And dead, as living, ever Him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored
For sovran hope which in His helpe he had
Right faithful true he was in deed and word.

* * *
Upon a great adventure was he bond.

* * *
And ever as he rode his hart did yearne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn
Upon that foe, a Dragon terrible and stern.



CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND STUDENT DAYS,

1861-1880.

HARRY GUINNESS, as he was always affectionately called, to distinguish him from his father, was born in Toronto, Canada, October 2, 1861, on the first anniversary of his parents' wedding day. More than most men, he was the child of his race and upbringing. His mother was a Fitzgerald, his father a Guinness. Thus on both sides he claimed descent from a long line of Irish ancestors: landowners, soldiers, sailors, clergymen and advocates; these fill three-quarters of the family escutcheon, and from them he derived his fine physique, his mental powers, his prowess in all manly sports and recreations, and his instinct for leadership. But the fourth quarter brings in a mystical and musical strain, for his paternal grandmother was the daughter of John Baptist Cramer, famous as a composer, and still more as the conductor of Handel's orchestral festivals and Bandmaster to King George the Third. This lady, known in youth as "the beautiful Miss Cramer, of Dublin," had married Captain Norcott D'Esterre, R.N. (killed two years after (1815) in a celebrated duel with Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator), and many years later she became the wife of Captain John Grattan Guinness, himself a widower and lately retired from a brilliant career in the East India Company's service. Both were deeply but quietly religious (Captain Grattan Guinness appears to have been a Nonconformist); and to the storms of their youth succeeded a happy afternoon of life, in which three sons were given to them. Henry Grattan, the eldest of these, was to be the father of Harry Guinness.

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These boys being early left fatherless and but meagrely provided for, the two eldest entered the merchant service. The purposes of God are carried out in the least expected ways. The vessel on which the younger brother sailed had for mate a Christian man (Mr., afterward Captain, Peek), who was the means of his conversion, and he, like Andrew, "first found his own brother" the very night that he returned from this momentous voyage. It was the beginning of a much blessed career for both. The younger went to College and became a parish clergyman.* The other flung himself almost at once into the work of evangelization, which culminated in the wonderful scenes and experiences of the Irish Revival, and remaining like his father, outside the Established Church, he was to become a world-wide preacher and the pioneer of Christian enterprises in every part of the world. But he was not to be an evangelist only. Other gifts still latent, both in himself and in his future wife, Fanny Fitzgerald, came to rich fruition through their marriage in October, 1860. She, of ancestry similar to his own, had been early left an orphan, and with her sisters was adopted and brought up among the Quakers—an education which providentially gave her just the training her temperament and future activity required, and in a wonderful way her social and literary and administrative talents supplemented her husband's as a preacher and as a writer on prophetic subjects.

In every work of God can be traced, first the outburst of Spring, then the fall of the blossom, and after a long period of apparent quiescence, but in reality of intense though hidden activity, then comes the fruit. People say, "The Revival is over and look at the falling-off!" But the fall is only of the outward beauty and the unfertilized embryos. The real fruit remains maturing under the leaves till it is ripe to feed the world's need. That spring-time of the Spirit's work was already over for them when Harry Guinness came to gladden his parents' hearts. In studying Divine Truth they had shot ahead of their age; their views and teachings were now disapproved of by many, and to the early popularity succeeded years of difficulty, privation and perplexity; when, as evangelists, but without any permanent charge, they had no certain income, no certain dwelling-

*Rector of Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow, and father of the Rev. Percy Wyndham Guinness, D.S.O., Chaplain to the Forces.

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place and, worst of all, saw but little result from their abundant labours. But though they had not a house they had the true patriarchal Home. "Where they spread their tent . . . they erected there an altar." (Gen. xxxiii. 19.) The mother's letters and journals show with what care and affection she watched over every development in these little ones, who were all to be later on such earnest workers for God.

"The darling children are well and deluged with presents," she wrote (on January 5, 1865, from Limerick). . . . "Friends are so kind to them. Harry went to a Christmas Tree and saw a little boy teasing a little girl. He marched up and collared him, saying, 'I'll tell you what, sir, if you tease that lady fair, I'll put you in prison or shoot you dead!' Where he had heard such an expression I have no idea, but it sounded absurdly gallant from a little three-year old. . . . He has such a hearty laugh you would think he was ten years old." In this chivalrous respect for women the child was father to the man.

During several of these early years Mrs. Guinness herself was preaching the Gospel, at first to women only, afterwards to mixed gatherings—not without some misgivings—the arguments pro and con being long and anxiously debated in her journals—but certainly with manifest blessing, and not least to her little son, as another entry shows :

February 3, 1868: "Dear little Harry was so sweet coming home just now, affectionate and careful of me. He said, 'I liked that meeting *very much* to-night, Mamma.' Presently, when he came in he said, 'Ah, Susan, if you were to go with Mamma like me, then you'd know what *preaching* means. I think *I* could preach, only I wouldn't let Papa hear or the *public*, only you and Minnie and Martha.'" (Minnie was his much-loved sister Geraldine, afterwards Mrs. Howard Taylor.)

A note in December, 1866, explains much of the influence exercised over these children by the parents, who were so often perforce separated from them.

"At Wakefield a day or two since, Henry met one of Mr. Spurgeon's elders. Speaking of the conversion of children he said he thought it would rarely be any marked change or enlightenment of mind, but a gradual turning of heart toward God, and urged the cultivation of *spiritual affections*."

Though this counsel was scarcely needed, it was admirably acted upon, and this "gradual turning of the heart toward God" exactly describes the growth of the Divine life in Harry Guinness. However, at this time and for some years to come, according to his own testimony, he had by no means given his heart to God. "Nothing to distinguish him from other lads of the same age, or give promise of what he would become. Full of life, fond of games, always having notes written for him on account of being late for school in the morning, when he would not get up!" Such is the testimony of a friend and inmate a little later on. But between his eleventh and twelfth birthdays a deep and silent work took place in his heart, and though very gradual it proved to be the real change from death unto life. On August 29, 1873, at their own earnest request, he and his two sisters, Lucy and Geraldine, were baptized at the Edinburgh Castle, Dr. Barnardo's well-known Mission Hall at Stepney Green.

This may well be considered the starting-point of his Christian career. In the same year his parents established the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, which later on, under his own direction, was to develop into the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, to open up three great Mission fields in Central Africa, South America and India, and to send forth no less than fifteen hundred young men and women to carry the Gospel into the dark places of the earth. In November, 1874, it was removed to its present headquarters at Harley House, Bow.

Its origin may be traced to three sources. First to the intense desire to save souls which had always inspired their lives. Secondly, to their first meeting with Mr. Hudson Taylor, when he had just returned from Inland China overwhelmed with the sense of its spiritual destitution. The impression he produced upon their minds was so powerful that they felt constrained to offer themselves for service there, but it was clearly shown to them that their path of service was not to go themselves, but to train others for the Mission Field. Thirdly, to their own study of Scripture and especially of prophecy, which had convinced them not only of the Divine purpose that Christ should be *preached to every creature*, but also that His Coming must be near, and that *the time was short*.

The history of this Institute has shown that the study of prophecy, which so many dismiss as "useless and unpractical," led to the most



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practical results imaginable, and that zeal for the salvation of the heathen led not to neglect of those at their doors, but, on the contrary, to greater earnestness on their behalf, for the activities going out from Harley House, Bow, have been a blessing to the whole neighbourhood ever since the Institute was set up there.

In 1868, Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness had been led to France to give a fresh impulse to the *Évangélisation Populaire*, which has since been so wonderfully developed by the McCall Mission. In Paris, another son was born (Dr. Whitfield Guinness, now a Medical Missionary in China). For the children these eighteen months, of which they spent three in Switzerland, were a very happy time, and here Harry learnt the fluent French which was to be so useful to him, especially in the Congo campaign. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 they returned to England, and three years later they began the great work of their lives, as above related.

By this time, 1873, Harry Guinness was twelve years old, and the following year he entered Tettenhall College, Wolverhampton, a well-known Congregational School, which he left at the end of 1879. Here we have glimpses of a clever, charming boy, more distinguished in sports than in studies, disliking arithmetic, but eager in the pursuit of physical science. "A most loveable boy, and a great favourite with masters and pupils," says one of the tutors. At this time it was his hope to become a Medical Missionary, and the next five years after leaving school were spent at home while studying at the London Hospital, Whitechapel. He entered it on October 1, 1880, and eleven days later won the Buxton Scholarship. The founding of the Hospital Athletic Club was due to his initiative. At the Crystal Palace, June 10, 1881, he secured the world's record for slow bicycling on the old high bicycle then in vogue, difficult to ride otherwise than at full speed.

But by far the most important incident for his future career was the occasion when, in his own words, "he ran his flag up to the mast-head." Many years later he told the story himself at the Keswick Convention, when he spoke on the words of Abner, "Ye sought for David in times past to be King over you. Now then, do it" (2 Sam. iii. 17, 18).

"When I went up to hospital as a youngster, I shall never forget how God answered one of my prayers rather more quickly than I

anticipated. In those days there were comparatively few Christian men in that institution. I knew my own weakness, and simply prayed God to keep me and to help me confess Him. The prayer was answered the first day I was there in rather a striking way. I mention it because there are young men listening to me this afternoon, and it may help to strengthen them."

"I happened to meet on the first day a rather kindly fellow, who said, 'You're a new chap, aren't you? Look here, will you come up to our Debating Society? We call it the Clinical Society.' 'When is it?' said I. 'It is to-night, and we like to get new men. You need not be a bit afraid—there is nothing religious about it.' He seemed to think that, of course, anything religious would be a terrible thing to me; and he further said, 'One of our rules is that no one is allowed to allude to a religious thing.' I was not frightened, and up I went. That night—shall I ever forget it—taking the Chair was one well known to you by name—Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Treves. In the course of the proceedings they talked about a great many things I did not understand—medical things. But when one man was upon his feet, he took occasion to say something about Jesus Christ that made my blood boil and my ears tingle. I was astonished and horrified, and by and by down he sat. I wondered what ought to be done. I think, as far as I know, that my brain had not made up its mind, but my legs had automatically made up *their* mind, and I found myself standing upon my feet. Of course, I had to say something, so I said, 'Mr. President and Gentlemen, I do not know whether you would like a First Year man to speak.' 'Hear, hear,' said they, 'we shall be very glad to hear you.' 'Well,' said I, 'it may be out of order, but I was informed when I came up here by the gentleman who invited me, that it is against the laws of your society to allude to religious matters. Is that so?' 'Quite right.' 'If that be so, Mr. President—if we be not allowed to allude to religious matters, then I beg to protest against the words of the gentleman who has just sat down. He has spoken against One who is my Lord, my Saviour and my King, in a way that has made my blood boil, and I beg to protest against it.'

"I sat down, not knowing whether the ground was about to open and let me through, whether there would be a tremendous hissing, or what would happen. But there was a thunder of applause, and at the close of the meeting Mr. Treves came up and asked me my name.

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'Now, look here, Guinness,' he said, 'I'm glad to know you. You come back to these meetings, and if ever a man does what that man did to-night, you do exactly what *you* did. I'm very glad to meet you. Sir Frederick Treves has remained my friend from that day to this. All I can say about it is this: in answer to prayer somehow the flag got run up that day, and it has stuck up—it never came down. That is the easiest way by far. I think that I had not one half-hour of serious difficulty after that in all the five years I was up at the hospital. I would like to say to any young fellow who is going up to college, or to any hospital, 'Dear fellow, if you are going to make Christ King, run up the flag.'

"' *Number one*—Unconditional surrender; *Number two*—The flag at the masthead; the *third* thing is Loyalty to the backbone. *Now, then, do it.*' "

Such a position once taken had to be maintained, and by God's grace it *was* maintained all through his course at the hospital, as the following letter, a spontaneous tribute, clearly proves :

Dr. Edwin B. Neatby writes : " I well remember Harry Guinness in his first year at the London Hospital, when I was about to leave it. At that early date he stood out boldly and nobly as a Christian, and a fearless opponent of materialism and infidelity. His honesty and manliness won him the admiration and respect, not only of seniors, but of his opponents.

" He has retained that respect all the years of his public service for Christ, besides winning the affections of his fellow-workers."

During his hospital course he was able to keep in close touch with all the interests now growing up around the East London Institute, and he threw himself into them with characteristic ardour, devoting to them, as his journal shows, every moment he could snatch from his medical duties. In this he was helped by circumstances of the moment, as well as by his personal aptitudes and surroundings. He had grown up in the afterglow of the great mid-century revival; it inspired all his convictions, and now a new one seemed to be dawning. It was the era of Moody and Sankey's second campaign in England—of the Salvation Army's chief triumphs. The Consecration teaching at Mildmay, and the Keswick Convention

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for the Promotion of Practical Holiness were rousing Christians to a higher ideal of life and service. The Church Missionary Society and others were initiating forward movements. New Missions were being organized in every direction, and old Missions were taking on a new lease of life. "There was a sound of war in the camp," and the bugle-call is irresistible to the young ear. One might almost think the enemy had been taken by surprise, for notwithstanding indifference and opposition on the part of many, hearts everywhere seemed to be singularly open to the message of salvation. Not only were the meetings of leading evangelists thronged, but also the humblest gatherings where the simple Gospel was proclaimed, and from the first the young preacher had the happiness of knowing that he did not labour in vain. "The Lord their God was with them, and the shout of a King was among them."

Neither was this Revival a mere outburst of evangelism that awoke thousands of souls and then died down. Like the earlier one of 1859—1860, it was a movement of the Holy Spirit that sent men and women to study their Bibles as they had never done before, awakening them not only to many forgotten truths, but to the sense of duties unfulfilled, and to a new zest in service. Above all, it brought the message of Deliverance both from the guilt and power of sin. "For the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." The realization of this truth certainly gave birth to an extraordinarily joyous Christian generation.

"The last thought which comes to me is, that the attitude of those whose eyes are toward God should be one of joy. I had the opportunity a few days ago to read a paper . . . dealing with the missionary motive of the Nineteenth Century. The writer, who has made a special study of the subject, especially in missionary biographies, and the statements made by Student Volunteers, reaches the conclusion that in the latter period, as distinct from the earlier, the note of joy almost entirely disappears, and the dominant thought is that of duty and responsibility. It is a great thing to realize our duty and obligation to the non-Christian world, but if we are to do the highest work, we must get back the note of joy."*

Emphatically, Harry Guinness belonged to this missionary era of joy, and throughout his life and preaching, but more especially in his letters and journals, we can trace the double working of this message

* J. H. Oldham, July, 1913, *International Review of Missions*.

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of *Deliverance*, both from the inward and outward bondage of sin. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, saith the Lord, that ye break every yoke and let the oppressed go free?" Thus the great work he did afterwards in helping to release the Congo natives from inhuman conditions of life and his endeavours to obtain liberty for the Gospel in Peru, were organically connected with the evangelistic work which was always, and to the end, the nearest to his heart.

Journal, March 2, 1884. "I spoke on 'My Deliverer.'"

Journal, March 18, 1884. "Stranger's Rest, Ratcliff Highway, Spoke to room full on 'The Deliverer.' On inviting them into the side room nearly all came in. Eleven sailors asked prayer, and prayed themselves in broken ejaculations for forgiveness and deliverance. Bless the Lord! So rough and ragged and wretched, but within the 'uttermost.'"

Journal, May 25, 1884. "O wretched man that I am, *who shall deliver me, etc.*"

As a preacher he began his career at the age of eighteen, and continued it until the day he was stricken down with fatal illness, April 10, 1915. The very day before he had been addressing soldiers of the new armies (at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea), whose testimony was "that they would never forget the words he had spoken."

It is noteworthy that according to his mother's journal of 1880, the first address he gave was also at a Soldiers' Institute. Before May, 1884, he had preached two hundred and thirty-five times, and seldom without witnessing definite conversions, which have stood the test of time.

The work that centred at the East London Institute was essentially one of youth. Except for the revered founders, all were young; the missionary students on the one hand, and on the other the sons and daughters of the house and their cousins, the Misses Fooks, who lived with them. This happy group was reinforced from time to time by comrades of school and college, and by the children of their parents' friends and helpers. Bow had once been a favourite suburb, and Harley House was one of the large residences that still survive, now mostly let out in flats and tenements. But a vast labouring population

to find the right way of approach to heart and conscience. The working-classes loved him, and they knew him well.

No doubt he keenly enjoyed the love and admiration that surrounded him. There was nothing in him of the pride that apes humility, but as his own records prove, he was safeguarded by the true inward lowliness that comes from the sense of the Divine Call and its claims. This made him ready to learn from others all that might help him in evangelistic work. For this reason, whenever Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in London at this time, he endeavoured to take part in them, thus gaining experience himself and learning from others, as his journal shows :—

Journal, December 9, 1883. "I find the devil assaults one—just when you are weary and off your guard. A very favourite time for him to come to me is Sunday evening after preaching. 'Hold Thou me up . . . that my footsteps slip not,' is my continual prayer. Nothing unfits for service like conscious sin! Moody might have added, 'a clear conscience' to his list of pre-requisites to service. To-day he took up Faith, Zeal, Sympathy, Love very well. God bless me in his meetings this coming week. I have had two enquirers at each meeting there; better deal with two satisfactorily than deal with six poorly and quickly. There is a great deal of 'bad converting' done. It is a capital thing to be 'well converted' to start with, as we see in dear Hyde (Moody's son) with us now. Only one year old and yet almost shames me often!"

Many such passages might be quoted.

He also received much spiritual help at this time from the ministry of Dr. Parker, and still more from that of the Rev. Archibald G. Brown, whose services he attended regularly for some years at the East London Tabernacle. During his last year of study, and afterwards until he sailed for Australia, he spent most of his free time working at Harley Hall, Bromley-by-Bow, and in a tent belonging to the Institute. This was pitched on a piece of vacant ground near Devons Road, and opened on April 18, 1884. The want of a permanent building was acutely felt, and eventually Berger Hall was adapted to meet this need, thanks chiefly to the exertions of himself and his mother. This was his first practical undertaking, and it was a complete success. Its activities have gone on uninterruptedly from that

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day to this. It has grown into one of the most valued institutions of Bromley-by-Bow, and has been the birthplace and nursery of many souls. The experiences gained there at its humble beginnings were a valuable preparation for the important work to which Harry Guinness was now providentially called.

In January, 1885, he passed the Conjoint Examination as M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P.

Journal, February 18, 1885 : " I feel that I am passing through a great period of change just now. The broad avenues of the future yet untrod open before me, whilst the days of first commencing labour are gone by. Answers to our many prayers for guidance are being realized every day, and He is leading. My medical examinations are a thing of the past, a standpoint and a plateau has been reached, but the ascent has only been begun. The day after to-morrow I am to leave old Harley House, and all the well-loved scenes around, to go to far Tasmania for dear Lucy and Gershom. I pause for just a moment ere I thus do enter on new scenes and labours, to note the Hand of God during the past two months. . . ."

This journey to the Antipodes forms the subject of the next chapter. It had momentous consequences in more ways than one, since it introduced him, not only to a career of public ministry, but to his future wife, the unfailing supporter and helper in all his life's work.



CHAPTER II.

AUSTRALIAN MISSIONS,

1885-6.

HARRY GUINNESS was twenty-three years of age when the providential invitation of his parents' friend, Mrs. Henry Reed, of Launceston, Tasmania, brought him to her home at Mount Pleasant. It had been planned that he should stay for a few months and then return to England with his young brother and sister, whom she had taken out to Australia with her own children. But events turned out otherwise. She greatly encouraged him in preaching, and success was so immediate as to be almost overwhelming. He reached Tasmania at the end of April, 1885. Before Christmas he had conducted Missions, lasting about a fortnight in each place, in Hobart, Launceston, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Hotham and Ballarat, during which seven hundred and fifty-three persons professed conversion. For the first few months of 1886 (January to May) he acted as interim pastor of the Christian Mission Church in Launceston, founded by the late Mr. Henry Reed (who had been a leading settler in Tasmania, an ardent preacher and promoter of all Christian enterprises). As soon as the Rev. George Soltau arrived from England to take up this charge he felt free to accept further invitations to hold meetings on the Australian continent, and there the wave of blessing rose higher and higher.

The furious opposition of a group of Freethinkers only seemed to stimulate the crowds who thronged to hear him; and the Australian newspapers, secular as well as religious, contained full accounts of the vast meetings which overflowed the largest public halls. His ministry was especially successful with young men, and in Adelaide, where he



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held his last Mission before returning to England, the Rev. Silas Mead (afterwards to be for some years the honoured Principal of Harley College) laid on him a parting trust : “ *Remember, you are to be a Young Man’s Minister—I charge you not to forget this.*”

A professional physiognomist, who had only seen him on the platform, drew his portrait in a column and a half of a Melbourne paper, from which a few sentences may be quoted :

“ Dr. Guinness is one of the highly favoured, richly endowed sons of Adam, who can command success in almost any calling. He is a man of genius. . . . The Admirable Crichton must have been just such a man. . . .

“ He has the look of the thoroughbred ; perhaps he is proud of his name and country and of the work he does ; he is not likely to have a mean and low pride of any kind. Meanness that haggles about cents is not likely to be a fault of his.

“ Truly, if there be soul in a man, Dr. Guinness will find it ; there is a soul in him and it looks out at every avenue. It is easy to see that it is a real soul, a fiery soul, a soul that means to carry all before it, and put wrongs right ; it is a combative soul, a soul ready to singe, scorch, lash, burn, destroy evil in whatever form it meets it. He is brimful of logic and earnest conviction. He has revelation in his right hand and science in his left, and can use both weapons freely. His wits are all about him ; he is at any time ready for any encounter. There are men who know ten times as much as he who cannot fight so well ; for their knowledge acts like David’s armour before he put it off and chose ‘ five smooth stones.’”

The Australian *Christian World* said of his Mission in Sydney :

“ Nightly, the large Hall of the Young Men’s Christian Association was crowded with deeply interested gatherings of young men. At each service large numbers of them were found seeking Christ through the medium of the Enquiry Room. Nor was this all : special noon-day meetings for Bible Reading and Prayer were organized, at all of which there was a large preponderance of young men. Speaking of the Mission as a whole, Sydney has seen nothing like it for many a day.

“ At each of the services the Doctor’s invariable custom was to offer special prayers for young men who desired to be recommended

at the Throne of Grace, and in response to this appeal there were generally as many as seventy or eighty hands uplifted, but the effects of the 'tongue of fire' was shown in other ways than these. Daily did Dr. Guinness receive numerous letters from young men who had been touched at some previous stage of the *Missión*. Some of these were heartrending ; some pathetic to a degree, but all seeking the same counsel in their distress as to what they must do to inherit Eternal Life. In addition to the letters, many also took advantage of the Doctor's kindness to confer with them during the day time, either on spiritual or medical questions, so that altogether it must have been a busy week. His intensely earnest spirit, however, allows of no wearying, and love for the Master seems to wonderfully lighten his arduous labours. At the Farewell Meeting on Sunday evening there was by far a larger attendance than on any previous evening. In fact, many went away, unable to gain admission."

Another paper says : " Fifteen thousand applications have been made for Dr. Guinness' last lecture to men in Melbourne."

There were three chief classes whom he was exactly fitted to deal with. First, the great mass of more or less educated young people, anxious to believe, but perplexed by the arguments of a shallow infidelity ; secondly, persons of every age, living in spiritual bondage, to whom the message of Deliverance that rang from his lips came as a revelation of Divine possibilities ; and, finally, the very much larger number belonging to every rank of life, whose faith had lost the prop of a good conscience. He had the true physician's instinct, which forbids any paltering with the source of ill, and in bringing out the fearful consequences of sin he never failed to point his hearers to Christ as the Only Healer and Deliverer.

But his work was not only on the platform and in the Enquiry room. He paid great attention to the musical arrangements, in early years leading the singing with his silver cornet ; and sometimes composing hymns and tunes, which he taught to the audience. The most popular of these was, " I will trust and not be afraid." He spared no pains to make the meetings successful from the practical point of view as, *e.g.*, he writes from the South of England in 1887 :

" I have been really hard at work. Yesterday I seated the Town Hall myself, working with my own hands amongst the dirty old forms

and chairs ! I see everything through, and keep printers, hall-keepers, waggon-drivers and contractors, the Town Chamberlain and many lady helpers, besides the ministers and others, with hands full ! The Christians as well as unsaved are being roused up.”

It will thus be seen that his success was not accidental, and that he did not “ offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing.” “ You’ve got to put your back into it,” was a favourite expression of his, and he certainly did so himself. The addresses followed the usual course pursued by Moody, whose influence on the young evangelist was very marked at this period, viz., Conviction of sin and the presenting of *free* and *full* salvation through the Atoning Sacrifice of the Cross. And then he pressed for immediate decision and absolute surrender to Christ as Lord. He broke new ground with his lecture to men, the burden of which was “ Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.” This was not all, however. Instinctively he recognized that the old life would reassert its power over the young convert unless new interests filled it. In his mother’s words, he sought to give them so much to do for the Lord that they had no time to work for the devil. As a means to this end the home and foreign missions centreing in Harley House lay ready to his hand. He usually gave one lecture on it, demonstrating the joy of service, and urged all who took the place of believers to begin at once to work for the Master, wherever He should guide them. This also afforded his hearers an opportunity of making a thankoffering (as they almost always desired to do), which was devoted to the work of the Institute. His own reward was that of the Apostle Paul—“ Verily, that I might make the Gospel without charge,” his services as an evangelist being entirely gratuitous to the end of his life.

Such were the outward conditions of his success. What of the inward preparations of the heart ? There the work was not less deep and strenuous, as the pages of his Australian journal bear witness. The influence of Moody and others is very marked throughout, and the following extracts are given simply to show the workings of his mind at the time.

November 12, 1885 : “ Put into practice the Creed, ‘ I believe in the Holy Ghost,’ and therefore don’t try ever to either simply amuse.

interest or arouse, as if *you* were going to do anything ; but in full reliance and expectant faith, go for the *hearts* of your audience ; by hymns and prayer and word, from the very *outset*, try and reach their inmost being. If you try to captivate them at first and reach the heart after, you may fail to do both the one and the other.

“ Back the addresses with faith and prayer. The latter will often save you from grave mistakes. You would not have told such and such a story if you had prayed over it beforehand !

“ Ask God what He wants you to say. Truth is not enough—bare truth, but you must give out the truth that God gives. Our want of confidence, and lack of power and success, often comes from this point.* We had not got God’s particular message for the particular people. We give forth our own thoughts and God *can’t* bless us. . .

“ Remember the order of your addresses in a Mission is of the highest importance. At Adelaide, I made the grave error of beginning on *faith*. Just as well expect to move the cold iron as invert God’s order of dealing with souls. Get them first into the fire of mental and moral conviction of sin, and fear of punishment, then lead on to faith in Christ.

“ Don’t call enquirers *converts* ! And be not over-careful concerning the numbering of the hosts of Israel, or assuring any man that he is saved. Let the Lord do that.

“ Never merely *oppose* an infidel, etc., but preach Christ. Support your own foundation, but never enter the arena of cavil and sarcasm, thus degrading the truth. *Seek to win them by real kindness*. This they seldom experience, and cannot understand.”

August 9, 1886 : “ Don’t judge others too readily. Perhaps God thinks more of their failure, after prolonged struggle, than of your partial success.”

The following extracts shows that practice went hand in hand with theory here :

November 23, 1884 : “ I am holding on to G. . . . Went to see him in Bank—we are praying for him. His words, ‘ Won’t you try to save and raise me ? ’ still ring in my ears.”

—*1885* : “ The great gambler, given up by the Rev. . . ., but not by his wife or the Women’s Prayer Union—saved ! Was coming

* See *Life of Henry Reed*, pp. 78-9.

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down with six shillings to pay rent ; met former companion, to whom he owed three shillings and who forced him to give it ; devil got in on him ; went and gambled the other three shillings to regain, and lost all. I gave him six shillings. He repaid it next day, and was so touched by the trust of the action that he trusted Christ."

August 19, 1886 : " Let us

" Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind."

Misunderstand not ; in any question of sin—out with the scourge of small cords—use the lash of righteous indignation as taught by John, and e'en the gentle Saviour, but **BE CONSIDERATE.**"

May 15, 1888 : " To-day an old gentleman came to me wanting assurance. I found him to be a good, dear, old Christian with a bad liver ! He had been twenty years in India and his trouble was palpably physical ! "

AUSTRALIAN JOURNAL (*resumed*).

November 24, 1885, Ballarat : " The Alfred Hall holds about three thousand, and is what R. T. Booth calls a paddock to speak in. . . . Monday night several anxious, but none deciding. Master, help us ! I had prayed much yesterday, several of us, and I expected great things. Oh, how we perhaps long for the great things instead of the glory of Jesus only. For crowds, not Christ. For signal success more than for souls. The Lord knows to drive us to our knees—to humble us, to perfect that which concerns us. Dear Mr. M. . . . gave me the words of Isaiah, ' I never said unto Jacob, seek ye Me in vain.' Lord, renew my strength—be *Thou* my Helper, How easy to rely on man, and man's wisdom and arrangements, advertisements, etc. ? How difficult practically and completely to ' rest in the Lord.' Mrs. R. . . . before I started, told me I should get much emptied this Mission, and the words are already true. But, Lord, please let self be replaced by Thyself, and weakness and emptiness become Thine own opportunity to save.

December 8 (conclusion of Mission) :

" Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all."

" How He answers prayer. I have never before been in the midst of so much proportional blessing ! Entirely beyond our deserts or

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

expectations. One hundred and one during the past four nights, and some such fine cases. At the Oval, away in the grand stand, and even in the reserve, they heard the address. Thank God for helping my voice and giving me bodily strength. About seven thousand to eight thousand there—the largest gathering I have ever addressed.”

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

To A.R.

Launceston, *March 31, 1886* : “ As to myself, I hold by the Book, and whatever it says, I say. Belief, not speculation on our part . . . The great Book which is to be our *life study* . . . is God’s Book. The Master make us wise therein. . . . I am getting to feel that we fight against wicked spirits in high places (Eph vi R.V.), and what a fight it is ! None but Christ can make us stand.”

Brisbane, *July 6, 1886* : “ At the close of my last lecture to men—I spoke about one hour and fifty minutes—they all rose to their feet spontaneously and shouted and cheered, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and cheered again, till I was quite ashamed ! I am to re-deliver it, please God, on my return from Brisbane, by the special request of the young men, and also of the Primate of Australia and Tasmania, Bishop Barry, who is to take the chair.”

Brisbane, *July 19, 1886* : “ The enquirers are almost more than we can deal with. At least eight out of ten are men. Families are being saved, and many not only ‘ feel like singing all the time,’ but actually do so ! Infidels, fighters, drunkards and moralists enquiring after Jesus, and Christians longing for holiness and power. Last Saturday one minister came up to me and said, ‘ I feel after hearing you that my pipe is dishonouring the Son of God, and I shall trust Him to help me give it up from to-night.’ Hallelujah !

Brisbane, *July 23, 1886* : “ I teach nothing now as conversion which does not mean actual experimental delivery from the power of the Evil One. Not sinless perfection, but Salvation from sin by One who is called Jesus for that very reason.

“ To see hundreds seeking Christ is enough to make any one shout Hallelujah ! ” . . .

Brisbane, *August 4, 1886* : “ My Lecture on the life and labours of my father was wonderfully appreciated by the dear Brisbane people. . .

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You should read some of the letters I received scores of, or go with me amongst the people before you could appreciate the intense affection engendered through the Gospel of Jesus. I was never in such a meeting! Never! Before we knew where we were, it was getting on for one o'clock. . . . Everybody wanted to go right on to next day! and although the room was hot to suffocation, not one even yawned that I could see. It was simply glorious. It would require a little volume to tell you all I would like to of the various instances of deepest interest."

Adelaide, *November, 1886*: "In the evening I was at Silas Mead's. . . . It was crammed, and we afterwards went to the Academy of Music, from which hundreds were being turned away. . . . The cricket team, under Shaw, which had just arrived in the Colonies, and which the day before had scored well against fifteen from South Australia, were there, and listened splendidly while I spoke from Job xxxvi. 18, . . . and nearly the whole audience stayed for the after meeting, others pressing in if any left the building."

From these ardent labours he returned to fresh work in England in January, 1887. He had become engaged just a year earlier to his hostess's daughter, Miss Annie Reed, on the eve of her sailing for England, with the brother and sister he had come out to fetch. To her the foregoing letters were addressed, and two months after his return they were married in London on March 17th, 1887. But of this happy and providential union the history cannot here be written. His own comment at the time is the best.

"Home prayers had mingled with many here, and the issue we believe, humbly and firmly is of God, and shall be to Him."

The Regions Beyond Missionary Union, and all connected with it, have reason to know how sound was this conviction on the part of the young couple, and how abundantly their union has been blessed.

The marriage knot was tied by the Rev. Archibald Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, a dear friend and pastor.

The wedding was witnessed by hundreds of happy and sympathising friends, rich and poor, in Mr. Charrington's Great Assembly Hall, Mile End. The bride had already spent a year with her future

parents-in-law at Harley House, sharing all its activities in preparation for the work that was henceforth to be hers, as well as her husband's.

The wedding tour was spent in Egypt and the Holy Land, where memorable weeks were passed. They also visited Mrs. Grattan Guinness's niece, Dora Fooks, then engaged in mission work at Damascus; afterwards as the wife of John McKittrick, to be one of the pioneers of the Congo Balolo Mission. But a great trial overtook them. The young bride fell dangerously ill with typhoid fever, and had to be carried ashore at Smyrna, where anxious days were spent by her bedside in the Jews' Hospital. Here mother and sister came out from England to help nurse her, and when, in response to earnest prayer, she was out of danger, her husband left her with them and visited Athens and Constantinople, returning to Smyrna to escort the party home.

The letter subjoined relates one sequel of this sojourn in the Near East. Such stories might be multiplied on every page.

To his wife :

November 12, 1889, Sunderland: " I have all sorts of interesting things to tell you. . . . First, a good meeting last night. . . . Secondly, a most interesting and blessed outcome of our Smyrna visit. At the Sailors' Rest (Miss Grimstone's) I spoke one evening, and a poor fellow named X . . . was converted to God. I have found out recently from his wife, who lives here, he was an awful drunkard and an abominable man. She had been separated from him for eight years and had almost thought him dead. When the Lord blessed him at Smyrna he had sunk down from a good position as engineer, to be a stoker or fire feeder on a big ship. Now they are re-united and happy. He is a true, consistent Christian, and she was saved last night. She told me that it was his influence over her that had drawn her to Jesus, and now she has herself made a start on the right way !

" Mother would be interested to hear of this case of blessing, and the more so as he was such a hopeless case ! "

Arriving in England, June, 1887, they at once took up work at Harley House, he as Honorary Secretary of the East London Training Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. His parents



MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, SENR.

retired to Cliff College, Derbyshire, an attack of facial paralysis having warned Mrs. Grattan Guinness that her strenuous labours of the last twenty-five years must be relaxed. She and her husband now devoted themselves (apart from the oversight of Cliff College) to bringing out two books on prophetic subjects, "Romanism and the Reformation," and "Light for the Last Days." They had already published *The Approaching End of the Age*, perhaps their best known work.

In 1887 the missionary magazine, *Regions Beyond*, was begun, under the Editorship of Mrs. Grattan Guinness.

The work of the Institute had now become very extensive, including the oversight of Harley College in London (with Doric Lodge for Deaconesses) and Cliff College, in Derbyshire, accommodating altogether about one hundred students; the obtaining of candidates for the Mission field and the selection of suitable ones from the large number who offered, and raising the necessary funds (for the Institute had no endowment and its founders no private means). It also included the supervision and partial support of Berger Mission Hall and its activities. The labour of administering all this was not what Harry Guinness would have chosen for himself, nor did it seem to be the work for which his most obvious talents fitted him. His chiefs and contemporaries at the London Hospital had predicted for him a brilliant career as a medical man; his successes in Australia suggested that of an evangelist. However, at the moment he felt he owed it to his parents, whom he greatly loved and honoured, to relieve them in the work to which their powers were no longer equal. He had prayed much for guidance, and his mother's letter to him at this critical moment in his life, shows the spirit in which his decision was made and accepted :

FROM MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

" My own precious Son.

" We are glad you feel as you do about the changes needed at the Institute. . . .

" I have learned by experience that the call of God varies as we pass through life. What is a duty at one time becomes a folly, if not a sin, at another. For Elijah to have lingered in the wilderness by the brook Kedron, *though* God had sent him there—when he ought to appear before Ahab and Israel, would have been a terrible mistake. For Luther to have tried to continue his public ministry when the

Lord wanted him to prepare in the Wartburg a German translation of His Word would have been a fatal folly. Our times are in *His* hands, and it is useless for us to say, Such and such shall be my career through life. Not without many a painful and disappointing exercise of heart did I learn this lesson! The blessed Master has every right to say to His servant, Go here or go there—do this or do that, and He says it in many *ways*. The servant alone can hear the voice at times, though there are generally providential indications to confirm his impression.

“Dear father’s *early* experiences were your present ones, and even more marked. They were what yours will be for the next ten years, I trust. Then came a change, and for many years his work was that of a teacher rather than a preacher—and then came the Institute. . . . You know what practical work that has meant, . . . but you do not yet fully know how completely dear father is now incapacitated by an overwhelming sense of the call of God in other directions for the management of the Institute. . . . We are ‘writing’ again, even now! and in these days of infidelity, not only in the lower, but in the upper classes, we feel it laid on us ‘to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints’ by writing as well as speaking. . . . A widespread and deep awakening is taking place all over England on the subject of Missions. The Institute *ought* to be enlarged, extended, improved. . . . The world’s need is tremendous, the time is short and the volunteers are many. There are two hundred and fifty millions of money *hoarded* every year in England, . . . surplus accumulations of rich and poor—in Banks—yet little more than one million is given to Missions! But, above all, the time is short. We must not think only of what we can do ourselves, but of what we can do *through others*. Motive power is a great thing, and organizing power. You have fallen, my son, on very solemnly momentous days! God give you wisdom and grace to use your precious ten talents to the full. How best, we will pray over and talk over when you come. Oh how glad and thankful I shall be to have you to talk to! A man of action, of sociable disposition and popular sympathies. . . .

“Darling Father . . . you inherit from him all your *best* gifts, but you have also a touch of your mother in you that will make you doubly useful I hope. . . .

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“ We are all counting the days till you come. I am glad to hear you sometimes felt homesick ! We felt son-sick I assure you.

“ Your own loving Mother,

F. E. GUINNESS.”

Little wonder that the son who received this letter had written to his future wife some months earlier (*August 23, 1886*) :

“ Darling mother, . . . Isn't she sweet and powerful, and spiritual and wise ? MY MOTHER. God bless her.”

“ This letter,” he wrote in later years, “ was to me ‘ the parting of the ways.’ I knew and felt it was the guidance of God. Not even for five minutes was I in doubt of this.”

As already stated, this administrative work was not exactly what he would have chosen for himself. But he was willing to be guided, to be used just where God needed him, and looking back from the standpoint of his later achievements, we can see that in obeying the simple impulse of *duty* at this juncture, he was led into an immensely wider sphere than could have been otherwise possible. It opened the way for him to preach the Gospel in almost every part of the world, and, moreover, drew out abilities which might otherwise have lain unsuspected and unexercised all his life. Above all, its heavy responsibilities forced him into a constant dependence upon God, which told with inestimable effects upon his public ministry.

The young secretary's hands were very full. While he was still studying for his M.D. degree, he conducted the daily worship at the College, and personally saw much of the students, besides carrying on the heavy home and foreign correspondence, and frequently conducting Gospel Missions in various places. Some of these were among the most fruitful and successful of his whole life. During these necessary absences, then and ever afterwards, the direction was admirably carried on by his young wife. In July of this year they attended the Keswick Convention for the first time; at which he was in later years to be such a valued speaker.

It was about this time that he first took up photography—then merely as a hobby ; but here the artistic side of his nature came into play, and the result has been seen in the wonderful pictures he took during his travels, notably on the Congo, in Peru, and finally in India, to illustrate Mission work.

On his return to England, much work had been done in addressing the employees of large business houses in London, and in April, 1888, began the great Mission in Liverpool, which, as regards outward success, probably marked the climax of his career as an evangelist. The meetings were held in Hengler's Circus, which was not only filled night after night with an eager and anxious throng, often of men only, but large overflow meetings of those who were unable to obtain admission were addressed by his mother, who came to his help. It is to this Mission that his friend, Mr. Irvine's letter refers. (See appendix.)

The Men's Lecture took nearly two hours to deliver in its final form. In Exeter Hall, as in Australia and again in Glasgow, it produced such an effect that hearers were carried out fainting. This Mission was followed by others in Ireland (Dublin, Cork) and Edinburgh, and to Belfast in the following year.

His friend, Dr. W. McAdam Eccles, says:—"It was some years after he was qualified that he was asked to conduct an Evangelistic Mission at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, for medical students, and it was then, and is now, well known that quite a number of men entered into that life which is everlasting through his ministration at that time."

It was, however, a critical moment in the young evangelist's life. While the higher blessing of God was manifestly attending his labours, the lower blessing, which men call Fortune, had smiled upon him no less. He seemed to be realizing the promises of both dispensations. "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Friends, not the frivolous and worldly, it is true, but wealthy and in the best sense distinguished, welcomed him to their homes. He saw the gratification of every innocent taste and pleasure within his reach, and that without forsaking the work to which he was called, for these pursuits often gave him opportunities to reach and influence the still careless members of such families. He had learnt to be a skilful fisher of men. Once when a game of billiards was made to provide the opportunity, the question was asked, "Don't young men resent that sort of thing?" "Not if you go the right way to work," he replied. "But what is the right way to work?" "Well, I consider you've no right ever to put a man in an impossible position." Such opportunities he loyally and tactfully used, but how easily it might have been otherwise! His music and singing

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were admired ; shooting, hunting, fishing, rowing, every game and every sport in which he excelled, and the taste for which ran in his Irish veins, all were offered him without the asking, as he passed from one hospitable roof to another. Moreover, he was encircled in his Missions with an atmosphere of constant spiritual excitement—hallowed excitement, it is true, but hardly less dangerous on that account, and with an amount of popular and personal admiration, not to say adulation, which might have been the undoing of stronger characters than his.

How did he surmount this crisis ? How did he keep so steadfastly on his way, where so many have lost their bearings, or even made shipwreck ? What was the secret of security ?

For there *was* a secret : too intimate, too sacred to reveal fully in these pages. It is inscribed in a series of letters written to the one who shared his inmost thoughts and aspirations, and dated from Ireland in September, 1888. The duty and necessity of sacrifice was laid upon his heart, and of personal self-denial in daily life.

“ How does our testimony tell ? Unless we *know* we are really right with God, our vocal testimony is weakened and destroyed. Not only is this the case, but the causes of this affect not only ourselves directly, but stumble others outside.

“ When we think of

The condition of the heathen ;

Christ’s second coming ;

The possibilities of personal blessing and of blessing to others ;

The possibility of losing all power if we do not yield to Him that striveth in us, and proving failures in life, instead of what God could make us ;

It behoves us seriously to consider the matter.

“ WHAT CAN WE DO ? ”

What they could do, and what they did do, was between themselves and God. Suffice it to say that by the loyal co-operation of both, the sacrifice was made, that it was a real one, and that it proved to be not the affair of one supreme moment, but of a life-long endeavour, and by the grace of God the straight course was kept unto the end.

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

To A.G. :

Sunderland, *November 4, 1889*: " I have been thinking much to-day on the word '*God is faithful, who hath called us into the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ.*' The very unchanging faithfulness of Jehovah is at the back of His call. What, then, is the surety of the possibility here and the certainty hereafter of the closest fellowship with Jesus ? It may be here, I suppose, fellowship with His sufferings. . . . ' Oh, what will presently be the fellowship with Him in glory ! ' "



CHAPTER III.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION,

1891-92.

EVER since 1877, when Henry Stanley's explorations of the Congo basin were made public, the evangelization of those vast regions had strongly appealed to the circle centring at the East London Missionary Institute, and the Livingstone Inland Mission had been founded there in 1878 by the joint exertions of Mrs. Grattan Guinness, Mr. Cory and other friends. Later on, however, the task proved too difficult and costly for their slender resources, and it was transferred in 1884 to the American Baptist Missionary Union. This Society concentrated its work on the Lower Congo, but some of its members—former students from Harley College—true to the house motto of *Regions Beyond*, longed to penetrate into the great interior. One, in particular, John McKittrick, had set his heart upon the evangelization of the populous Balolo nation, whom he had visited when he first went out to Africa in the vast horseshoe bend of the Congo between Equatorville and Stanley Falls, eight hundred miles from the coast. The interest aroused on his return to England in May, 1888, with a Christian Balolo boy named Bompoli, resulted in the starting of the Congo Balolo Mission, Dr. Harry Guinness, as Secretary, being its founder, as an actual undertaking, and John McKittrick its initiator and leader. This proved to be the beginning of the process which inevitably led the Institute into the responsibilities of a Missionary Society. As regards funds, the late Mr. T. A. Denny had said, on hearing of the proposed undertaking, "Harry, I should like to give that football a kick," and wrote out a cheque for £800, which really gave it the first start.

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

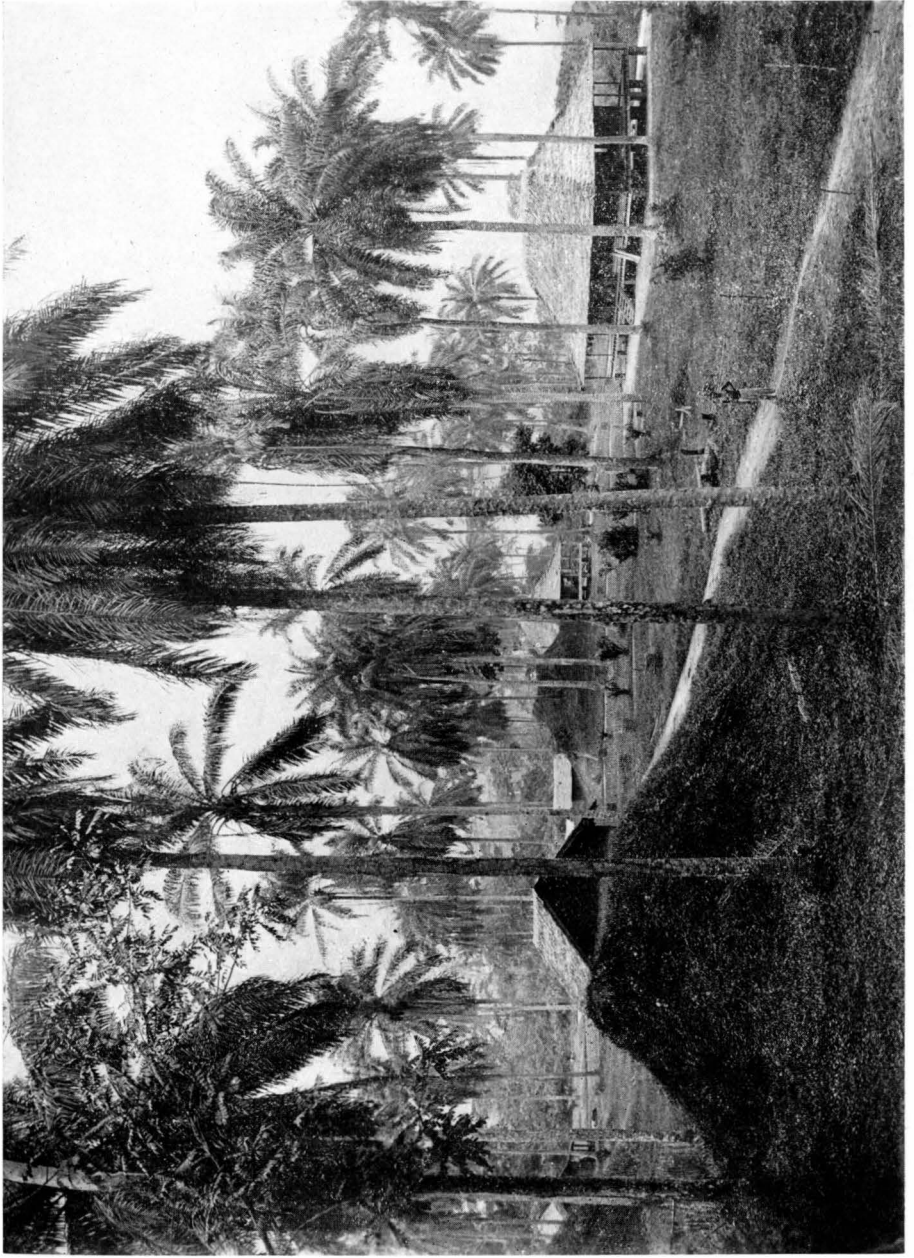
The year 1889-1890 formed a memorable missionary epoch. It was marked by the death of Mackay, of Uganda, which attracted general attention to events taking place there, by the publication of Stanley's "Darkest Africa," by the Brussels Conference of the Powers to restrict slavery in Africa, by the great challenge to the Christian conscience of the opium traffic in China and the drink traffic in Africa, by the British South African Company's opening up of Rhodesia, and by Graham Wilmot Brooke's expedition to the Sudan in the interests of the Church Missionary Society. In later years, Dr. Harry Guinness used to quote a saying of the late Prince Consort, "Gentlemen, find out the will of God for your day and generation, and then as quickly as possible, get into line." This was emphatically the principle he had seen acted upon in his own family. It must be said, however, that the Guinnesses, who were not definitely identified with any denominational interests, sought not so much to get into line with others, as into the line of God's will for themselves, and they have sometimes been reproached for starting independent enterprises for others to take up. But instead of a reproach this should be counted to their honour. They strove to follow the Apostle Paul and preach Christ "not where He was named." True, they were free lances. But so was he. "An apostle, not of men, neither by men, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father, Who raised Him from the dead."

The great missionary enterprises of the Nineteenth Century owe more than can ever be known to those often obscure and lowly pioneers who

Split in a thousand detachments,
Were breaking the ground for the rest.

And among these, the fifteen hundred men and women sent out from Harley House have played no small part. In some cases "others have entered into their labours." The Congo Balolo Mission, however, has remained in the hands of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union since its inception.

On February 28, 1889, John McKittrick was united to Mrs. Guinness's niece, Dora Fooks. Most of those who assembled on this happy and momentous occasion—the late Lord Radstock, Graham Wilmot Brooke, Captain Hore of Tanganyika, Frederick Stanley Arnot, Peter Whytock, Gustav Haupt, besides the home circle, Mr. and Mrs. Grattan



BOMPONA STATION, UPPER CONGO.

Guinness, and Lucy Guinness Kumm, have already entered into rest after strenuous lives "blazed out for God."

The party, seven in number, left on April 18th, arriving a month later at the mouth of the Congo. After an arduous journey, much of it made on foot, they reached their destination and before long four stations were founded, Ikau, Lulanga, Bonginda and Bongandanga. During the next two years Dr. Harry Guinness threw himself wholeheartedly into the interests of the work, pleading for it in his numerous missions (referred to in the foregoing chapter). It was now that he began to use the splendid lantern linked so inseparably with his memory, by the help of his faithful operator Sambridge. He took a special pleasure in equipping and sending out the "Pioneer," a little vessel of twenty-three tons and about sixty feet long, which the missionaries required for navigating the small tributaries around. It was largely the gift of the Y.M.C.A.'s of Ireland, especially Belfast.

Dr. Guinness was also attracted to the study of tropical diseases. During this year a sadly interesting visitor came to Harley House—a young Christian from the Congo, named Mandombi, who was a victim to the sleeping sickness. In order to benefit his own people he had come *at his own expense* to England, knowing he could not live to return, in order that the English doctors, by studying his case, might perhaps find out its cause and cure.

The sleeping sickness, however, was not the only problem that presented itself, and it was settled that as soon as Dr. Harry Guinness had taken his M.D. degree in Brussels (which he passed with honours in January, 1891), he should himself visit the Congo Balolo missionaries, and report on the possibilities of the situation. With his wife he sailed for Teneriffe on March 19, she going on to visit her home in Tasmania with her two children, he to the Congo by way of Madeira, a hard farewell for both. In Madeira and on board the Dutch steamer which brought him to the Congo, he let slip no opportunity of bearing witness to his Master both publicly and privately, and Bible Readings with passengers were held almost daily, sometimes attended by the ship's officers. Although he was a very bad sailor, he could always pull himself together for preaching, often only to collapse afterwards. In calm weather, however, he would be the life and soul of passenger life on board.

The Congo mouth was reached on May 5th, and passing through various stations of the American Baptist Missionary Union (which had taken over the Livingstone Inland Mission, initiated by Mrs. Grattan Guinness in 1878), he came to Banza Manteke. Here, a remarkable work had arisen under the missionary in charge, Mr. Timothy Richard, a former student of Harley House, and here, too, he met many old friends, both black and white. All his life Dr. Guinness felt acutely the constant separations necessitated by his work. His nature was affectionate and constant, and by no means self-sufficing, and the special perils and risks which he knew this journey involved had made the parting from home specially painful. But the Divine promise was made good to him as to all who forsake wife and children "for My sake and the Gospel's," and he wrote himself :

May 26, 1891 :—"The blessed freemasonry which exists between those who love the Common Saviour is a wonderful thing. The name of 'Jesus' is sufficient to make these dark faces shine! I feel infinitely more one with them than with many an educated worldling! Poor Mandombi, on his first arrival in London, came to me across my study with beaming face and with the sweet salutation, 'My brother in Jesus.' I could not help the tears starting to my eyes at the time. Yes, brave Mandombi, 'brothers' thank God, through Jesus. Here I am in Mandombi's home. Here I have met with hundreds who love the same Saviour and share the same feeling. Here away in benighted Africa, severed from the 'great congregation' I feel more keenly even than at home the comfort and joy of the one great brotherhood."

July 21 found him at the first Congo Balolo Station, Lulunga, at the junction of the Lopori River with the Upper Congo, eight hundred miles inland, and the next day at Bonginda he rejoined the McKittricks, with whom he was linked not only by relationship, but by a bond of deep affection. Preparations were at once made by himself and John McKittrick for two journeys, one to the North and one towards the South, to find out the limits of the Balolo tribe and the future possibilities of expansion for the Mission. Both regions were unexplored, and the Northern was known to be inhabited by a fierce tribe called N'gombe, who were addicted to a peculiarly atrocious form of cannibalism. They intended, on their return from the second

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of these journeys, to rejoin Mrs. McKittrick and travel with her up the Congo to Stanley Falls, after visiting the great State Government Station of Bangala.

Such was the programme, but events fell out very differently from expectations. The two started on foot from the newly opened station of Bongandanga with native carriers. This first journey began on August 22, and it proved to be one prolonged adventure. Within three days the whole party narrowly missed being massacred in a cannibal village, from which they had great difficulty in making good their escape, pursued all day by these bloodthirsty and treacherous savages. The following letters (much condensed) give Dr. Guinness's own account of this experience :

IN PERILS BY THE HEATHEN.

August 22, 1891.

“ Our first stopping place had already been visited by Mr. Scarnell and Mr. Whytock at different times, and we were thus assured of a good reception. . . .

“ As we drew near the clearing in which Bosi Dikolo lay, perfect silence was preserved by our men so as not to frighten the N'gombe by fear of invasion. At last the guide called out to tell them of our arrival. Friendly voices responded, and we soon found ourselves outside the town with its moat and stockade. Slowly filing over one of the drawbridges, we passed through a cleverly constructed gate to find ourselves in the midst of a well-disposed people, with strangely marked faces and a new language, who crowded round the white men with cries of welcome. We soon told them by translation our object in coming and we were immediately accorded accommodation in the chief's cook-house.

“ After spending a second night with these good people, and breakfasting before the usual crowd, a great 'palaver' was called, which was of a most exciting nature. After the king's minister had brought forward the 'dash,' which included plantains, fowls and a goat, he made an oration representing the good-will of all concerned, enumerating the items presented to us, and expressing the hope that an old war palaver with some adjoining N'gombe might be peaceably settled by a visit from us, as they were only too glad to accept arbitration even should the loss be theirs.” . . .

The travellers accordingly went on to the neighbouring village, Bongwongo, about six hours further on, bearing friendly messages from the one they had just left, and expecting a similar palaver.

“ At 1.45 p.m. we emerged in another clearing, where Bongwongo is situated. We proceeded to the palisade-protected enclosure in absolute silence, so as not in any way to frighten the folk by the appearance of our little expedition. On this occasion, however, we had no friendly voice to announce our advent, and were, of course, very uncertain as to our reception.

“ How little we anticipated the experiences that were to follow ! As I sit here back at Bongandanga, my flesh creeps to think of the hours that then lay before us. Had not ‘ the Angel of the Lord encamped round about us ’ in those moments of peril, my hand would certainly never have penned these lines.

“ When we reached the enclosure, we found the gate shut and heard the unmistakable war-cry within ! Mr. McKittrick soon leaped on to the roof of a house, and shouted out that we were come on a peaceful errand, whilst a number of us passed through an open space, that separated the houses into a kind of wide street three hundred yards long. The moment I could take in the situation, I saw it was one of critical danger. A scout had evidently warned them of our advent, the women had fled to the wood, and the men, painted in hideous guise for the battle, and armed with spears and shield, presented a horrible spectacle. Bateko and an old N’gombe man ran towards them, gesticulating wildly, to show our pacific intentions, whilst Mr. McKittrick and myself advanced towards them absolutely unarmed. We made our men keep in the background, and eventually when we got to within forty yards of the spears of the dancing demons, we sat down before them and awaited the issue. They were so astonished at our behaviour that they did not kill us on the spot, as they could have done with the greatest ease, but, maintaining their threatening attitudes, and waving their spears with horrid cries, they advanced quite close to us.

“ Bateko cried out, ‘ See, I am unarmed ; I come for peace, not war ! ’ whilst the old N’gombe man, with equal intrepidity, jumped repeatedly over his spear, which was an oath of friendliness, and then throwing it on the ground, took some leaves and stuck them on the

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point, which was tantamount to saying, ' May I be killed with this spear if we preserve not the peace.'

" It was a terrible moment ; a bright executing knife flashed in the sunshine close by the old man's head. We thought he was wounded, and that furious vengeance would be poured upon us ; but we sat perfectly still, and were, thank God, absolutely composed and fearless. That word became true to us in the moment of jeopardy, ' He delivered them from all their fears.' After half an hour of suspense, the storm began gradually to abate, and eventually some of the painted warriors themselves came and shook hands with us, carrying, however, their shields and spears all the while At length, when we thought that peace was fairly established, we were suddenly surprised, when the big man gave a shout, and all his men at once fell back into line and again grasped their spears and shields. What had taken place ? What was the matter ? One of the N'gombe with us had said some unadvised word, and the storm was round us once more. There was nothing for it but to face it. Mr. McKittrick and I put our chairs in the open, in front of the house, and sat us down as before. It was a trying time, far more than I can tell, or you understand ; a cruel death threatened us again at every instant, and these poor savages, who supposed at first that we were ' Bula Matadi,' and were very frightened at our advent, worked themselves up into such a state of ungovernable fury as to be almost beside themselves. One spear cast would have settled the fate of the whole band, but the ' shadow of the Almighty ' was round about us, so that we were preserved.

" A lull in the commotion of feelings came, however, and we once more settled down to a few moments of respite. They then held a private palaver at the lower end of the long enclosure, to which they summoned the N'gombe man.

" Left to ourselves, we consulted together over the situation. I took to bed, with a slight fever, whilst Mr. McKittrick spoke now to me, now to Bateko and the men. Things were very unsatisfactory. The women had not returned from the bush, although the men had been specially asked about this well-recognized sign of peace. The chief had never yet presented himself to view, which he would certainly have done had all been right. And lastly, one of our men was missing !

" What was to be done ?

“The old N’gombe man had gone to sleep with the chief as a sign of friendly confidence, and he had promised us that should anything serious transpire in the night, he would give us warning if possible. Armed neutrality was preserved all night, and when through the misty morning, about 5 o’clock, the old man came to tell us that the enemy had decided to surround us, kill all the men, and tie up the white men, we felt it would be madness to delay another moment. Sadly abandoning our attempt at further pacification of foes who had proved themselves so treacherous, we silently put our boxes together, and at 5.30 commenced to beat a retreat towards the wood. The enclosure seemed strangely deserted, and we found that only a few sentinels were left, whilst the whole district was being massed together beyond in preparation for their attack. In the drizzly grey of early dawn we managed to give them the slip, not before shouts of challenge came from the lower end of the town. We plunged rapidly into the dark forest, pushing forward with a speed altogether new as far as the natives were concerned. Mr. McKittrick and I brought up the rear, now armed with our rifles, in case of emergency. Scarcely had we gone five minutes, when behind us we heard, a few yards off in the bush, the terrible yells of the pursuing N’gombe. For a moment we were paralysed, but instantly we discharged three rapid shots in succession, then loaded again as we kept up as well as possible with our poor fugitives. Silence followed, only disturbed by the splashing of the water in which we had sometimes to wade half thigh-deep. Half an hour passed, and we commenced to think that we were safe, when suddenly the same cries resounded in our ears. Again our guns made answer, the reverberation, confined by the overarching trees, temporarily frightening the howling wolves behind. So quickly have we gone that we are rapidly drawing nearer to the confines of Bosi Dikolo ; and now, in response to the advance section of our retreating band, help comes through the forest glades, and in a few minutes we are well over the moat and behind the palisades, in company with our good friends in whose interest we had gone forth.

“Of course, a big palaver was summoned, and Bosi Dikolo wore a very different aspect from that which before we had seen. The men were all armed for war, and terribly excited at the treatment we had received. To make a long story short, we rapidly changed our drenched garments, had some food, and started away for the river, first telling



A BONGWONGA N'GOMBE.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION.

the good people whose cause we had failed to help, that it was now the affair of the State to settle. The N'gombe had actually confessed that the day before our arrival they had poisoned a woman, and I have no doubt that an evil conscience, burdened by many a murder, feared in our advent that just retribution which now they will doubtless receive.

“So all were safe and sound, and none even wounded on either side. The mountain was full of the chariots of God, and we were as those whose eyes had been opened. ‘Praise the Lord, O my soul.’”

Once safe at Bongandanga, however, nothing daunted, they started again on foot (Aug. 29) on their southward expedition, but this journey also had to be given up within a few days, as they found the whole district was at war.

Dr. Harry again fell ill with fever, but eventually they rejoined Mrs. McKittrick at Bonginda on September 6th, and all three went on to Bangala. Here the illness of Mr. McKittrick compelled them to bring him back to his own station. Letters and, of course, cable messages took months to reach the coast. The nearest telegraph station was the Isle of St. Thomé, Gulf of Guinea. On January 29th the household at Harley House were stunned to receive a telegram as follows :

“John McKittrick died November 22nd. Luff died December 19th. Dora and self returning.—Guinness.”

John McKittrick was an Irish saint. He had the true qualities of the pioneer, though there was nothing in him of the *rock-smiter*, (Bula Matadi, the native name given to Stanley, and afterwards to the State Authority). He was patient, loving and beloved, and could win his way by gentleness where force would fail. Few men have been more deeply mourned than he.

Dr. Guinness wrote :—“Dear McKittrick has gone to his eternal reward . . . He has won the martyr's crown. We buried him next day close by his house and close also to the chapel in which he had so often told out the old, old story. There are beautiful flowers to deck his tomb—flowers of young hearts opened out to Jesus, young lives given to Him.

“ We could not but rejoice the next day, in spite of all our grief as we baptized the first five converts of the Balolo Mission, . . . and weep over the twenty-five others awaiting immersion, to think of the joy in the presence of the angels of God, joy in which our departed brother must surely share.”

And how had these young converts been brought to decision ? One had sown, another had watered, and God gave the increase. “ Evening came,” wrote Mrs. McKittrick, of her cousin’s arrival at their station, “ and the boys, as usual, gathered in my sitting room. Dr. Guinness spoke by interpretation, and afterwards asked any who were desirous to follow Jesus to stand up. At once four of the big boys stood up and we prayed for them by name.” This was the beginning of a movement among all the lads of the station, and before he was taken to his reward John McKittrick had the joy of knowing that his labour had not been in vain.

Immediately after the baptisms above recorded, Dr. Guinness started for home with his young widowed cousin, and another missionary, the Mr. Luff mentioned above.

On December 31 he wrote from N’gombe, Stanley Pool : “ How to tell you the sad news I know not. I am almost like the servant of Job who alone escaped to tell the sad story. Alas ! I am the only one who *can* tell, for of our little group of three returning home after the sad blow which our beloved Mission sustained in the death of its brave leader, one is not, and one is sick nigh unto death. . . . It may be that dear Mrs. McKittrick will pull through by God’s goodness, that prayers ceaselessly ascending here and at home will receive their answer, but I am afraid that when I have next to write I may have tidings of sorrow upon sorrow.”

A few days later he was himself stricken down by the same dreadful disease (hæmaturic fever), but the prayers *were* answered, and both returned safely within a week of each other, on March 20 and 27, 1892. Almost directly after their arrival, however, first one and then another again fell ill with hæmaturia, and it was not till May the 4th that the Welcome Meeting could be held. It was a double welcome, for his sister Geraldine had returned from China on April 25. But while all hearts were full of thankfulness, they were full of sorrow, too ; sorrow for the past bereavements and for the serious illness of the beloved Mother of the Congo, Mrs. Guinness,



FIRST-FRUITS FROM LOLOLAND.
BONGINDA CONVERTS BAPTIZED BY DR. GUINNESS, 1891.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME WORK AND THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION,

1892-97.

THE Congo journey had two immediate sequels. The first was the establishment of a Swedish auxiliary in July, 1892 (several Swedish students of Harley House, notably M. Sjöblöm and M. Westlind, having done excellent work on the Congo). The second was the founding in the following December of the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union.

Already in 1888, Dr. Harry Guinness had written to his wife: "My scheme and Lucy's is about a great Regions Beyond Missionary Union, a systematic organisation—of which more when we meet."

This scheme was never lost sight of, and in January, 1899, all the branches of work at Harley House under his direction were united as **THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION**, for which the Helpers' Union had paved the way.

The **REGIONS BEYOND HELPERS' UNION (R.B.H.U.)** pledged each member by the help of God to:

(1) Prayer (2) Study (3) Effort
on behalf of Foreign Missions. The minimum of *effort* was represented by "Carey's Weekly Penny"—the standard of giving to Missionary work set up by Carey in 1792. Every member took the Missionary box, which was cleverly planned and coloured to show in sections the proportion of Christians to Heathen in the world.

A card, printed with the name of an unevangelized region of the world for every day of the month, formed the textbook both for

HOME WORK AND THE R.B.M.U.

prayer and study. The pages of "Regions Beyond" for the next few years teem with valuable studies of mission work in various lands, and with articles by such authorities as Dr. Eugene Stock, Dr. John Mott, Dr. W. McAdam Eccles (on Medical Missions), Dr. Angus, Rev. A. G. Brown, Miss C. Gordon Cumming, Graham Wilmot Brooke, Dr. A. J. Gordon (of Boston), Dr. Mabie and many others.

It will thus be seen that the founders of the Helpers' Union by no means intended to limit its scope to the Harley House Missions. They desired to arouse interest in *all* mission work actually being done, and (from that starting-point) to show the need of further advance. Thus was formed a vast Missionary Study Circle—questions were set, examinations conducted and prizes offered. What his sister Lucy did to impart this missionary education by means of pen and picture in the pages of "Regions Beyond" Dr. Harry Guinness sought to accomplish by tongue and camera at first in the British Isles, and then by degrees in many far off lands, especially Australasia. His talent for Magic Lantern Lectures really amounted to genius, seconded as he was by his faithful operator, Sambridge.

Perhaps few of us have realized the burning activity of missions during those ten years, 1890-1900, after the opening up of Africa by Stanley and others, not in Africa only, but in China, India, Japan, and among the Aborigines of North and South America. Most of the pioneer undertakings of the 'eighties had by that time overcome the initial stage, and were witnessing year by year the formation of Christian communities among the darkest heathen at a rate which fills the chronicler with amazement when he realizes the difficulties to be overcome, and the slenderness of the resources in men and money. Doors which might soon be closed were opening in all directions. The leaders in every enterprise were shouting to the rank and file to enter the breaches they had made and seize the strongholds, before the enemy had time to rally his forces. That activity had to be sustained by the prayers and gifts of those at home. Consequently, there was an outburst previously unknown of missionary literature and lectures; of endeavours in every direction to popularise the subject. To their success the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union and its magazine, certainly contributed largely, as did also one of the most important features of the college life—the Friday Prayer Meeting, open to all-comers, which was begun in 1887—and continued till the disbanding

of the College on the outbreak of war in 1914. Addresses would be given by passing visitors, often leading Christian workers or world-wide preachers, by old students on furlough, or young ones departing, but united prayer always occupied the chief part of the time.

The Missionary cause presented itself as the one heroic enterprise of a luxurious and frivolous age. What wonder that it attracted so many of the finest spirits of the day? Their various efforts eventually focussed themselves in the great Student Volunteer Conference at Liverpool in 1896, representing twenty-three nationalities, taking as its battle-cry, "Make Jesus King," and as its watchword (launched the following year), "The Evangelization of the World in this generation." Doubtless it challenged the great usurper's lordship of this world and provoked his counter-attack in the Chinese massacres of 1900. These things are well known, but to estimate the value of Dr. Harry Guinness's work and his sister's one must view it in relation to that of others. Though they had many friends in University circles, their special sphere of influence lay rather among those unreached by the Student Volunteers. They brought an ideal and a purpose into thousands of lives, otherwise narrow and monotonous, opened to them new horizons, and inspired them with their own unconquerable hope and joy in God and in the certain accomplishment of His Divine purposes.—"Having made peace by the blood of His Cross, by Him to reconcile *all things* unto Himself" (Col. i. 20). Of Dr. Guinness especially it can be said that few ever left his presence discouraged. He showed to each that Christ wanted him or her for His service, that there was always a place in His ranks which no other could fill, and pointed out just *where* their help would tell. Moreover, wherever he passed, he seemed to absorb like a live wire all the good and Godward impulses of those he met and to radiate their light abroad, to ripen new purposes.

Thus the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union has been a source of untold blessing and enriching to its members, and has sent not a few into the mission field. Afterwards, it was much extended by the labours of the late Mr. Whytock in Scotland and of Mr. E. A. Talbot in England as organizing secretaries. In 1908 the membership already numbered 8,000. The Carey boxes now bring in £4,000 yearly, and in fifteen years have brought in over £50,000, one collector sending in over £45 yearly. Flourishing auxiliaries have also been formed in Canada and Australia.

HOME WORK AND THE R.B.M.U.

During these ten years, 1890-1900, the large family circle that had carried on the work of Harley House gradually broke up. The mother had become a permanent invalid, though still the heart and centre of the home at Cliff. The young cousins were married to missionaries, one in India and one on the Congo. The elder sister, Geraldine, and the younger brother, Dr. Whitfield Guinness, had joined the China Inland Mission. Dr. Grattan Guinness, senior (who had now received the D.D. from an American University) left England in 1896 with his daughter Lucy for a preaching tour in India and the Far East. Thus the whole responsibility for the carrying on of the ever-extending work of the Institute rested on the young secretary and his wife. To the branches named on page 31 had now been added the Nurses' Training Home in the old panelled house of Bromley Hall, which, till it was closed in 1913, brought practical help to its poorest neighbours, and sent many a skilled worker to save lives in the foreign field. In 1895 Mrs. Harry Guinness opened a Home for the little children of Missionaries abroad. Later in the same year, an interesting journey was imposed by the death of a friend in Serbia, Mr. F. H. Mackenzie. He bequeathed his fortune to Dr. Harry Guinness, to be used at his discretion, and the latter had to travel out to the Balkans in order to get the will proved. The money and property was, of course, all applied to Home and Foreign Mission work, part being given for benevolent purposes in Serbia and elsewhere, as directed in a covering letter, and part used for different new efforts and buildings. The Mackenzie Medical Mission, connected with Berger Hall Chapel, in Bromley-by-Bow, commemorates this bequest.

During the Summer vacation, Cliff College had been thrown open to visitors, and for many years it was the happy meeting ground of many Christian friends. Here Dr. Harry Guinness' social gifts, like his mother's, found full scope. One friend writes :

“ My recollection of Harry will always be that of my earliest youth, when I had seen so many dear, good men who were rather ‘ soft ’ Harry was an ideal good man, *strong* in every way. In the good old Cliff days he stood out as such a healthy influence.”

To sustain and administer these various efforts entailed much correspondence and much travelling. This deputation work he carried on to the end of his life throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, alternating with longer expeditions—two to Central

Africa, three to South America, two to Australasia, and one to India, the intervals being occupied by superintendence of the home work.

Lectures on Christian Evidences had from the first been a feature of his missions, and in the course of 1896 he addressed two meetings in Victoria Park, Hackney, on Sunday afternoons, in which he and others endeavoured to stem the torrent of secularism poured out there week after week by infidel leaders. This led to the formation of the Victoria Park Christian Evidence Society, which found in him as its President, a frequent and effective speaker, and one who could win and keep the ear of that very critical person, the East-end working man. Touching tributes also testify how much he was beloved by poor working women, who found in him an ideal of chivalry and strength all too rare in their experience. The following sketch, written by a friend at the time, gives a picture of him in his most familiar surroundings.

October 3, 1900.—“Yesterday I went to a meeting at Canning Town. Dr. Harry has been conducting a ten days' Mission there, and this was the last day . . . At the door as we came out, a Jewish lady came up to him, she was converted during his Mission last year. She said, 'To-morrow is the Day of Atonement.' Dr. Guinness said, 'Well, we know Who has made the Atonement now.' She said, 'Yes, indeed, but we must be praying for our people: they are *all* praying to-morrow.' She then introduced her son. Dr. H. asked how old he was. He replied, 'Nineteen to-day.' 'Why, it's my birthday too,' said the Doctor, 'I'm thirty-nine.' In the train Dr. Harry suddenly said, 'I've had another birthday present to-night,' and from his pocket he produced a carving knife, old and worn, but sharp, done up in a kind of sheath of pink paper, tied round with bootlaces. 'The woman who gave me this has been carrying it about for *four years*, to kill another woman with. She told me she had fully made up her mind to 'swing for it.'” Poor thing; her husband had deserted her for this woman four years ago and left her to struggle for her living with two children. For four years she had been seeking her revenge, watching outside theatres and lodging houses and, alas! *inside* public houses, to stab her, but over and over again just missed her opportunity. She was converted during the Mission—an

utterly ignorant woman, and now she said, "Sir, I've given that woman to Jesus, and to show you I mean it, I give this knife to you."

"This woman had an unusual story; she was most rough and degraded, and drank. 'My father was an Atheist,' she said 'I never went to Church or Sunday School, or read the Bible either. I don't know *anything* about Christianity. I once went to listen to the Methodists when I was a girl, and my father whacked me for it, so I didn't want no more of the Methodists. My father died unbelieving, my mother, too; when she was just dying, she called me and said, "Look here, my girl, you know people have come knocking at our door wanting to sing hymns and read the Bible, and I wouldn't let one of 'em in. You know what your father thought of religion and that's how he died, and that's how I am dying too—won't have anything to do with it; and you'd better die the same way." And with that she turned her face to the wall.'

"'What made you come to the Mission then?' asked Dr. Harry (this was the first night).

"'Why,' she said, 'I was ward-maid at the London Hospital when you were a student, and I used to watch you, and I saw there was something about you different from the others, and I took an interest in you. So when I saw on the placards you were going to speak, I thought I'd come and listen, and I'm coming every night, though I don't believe in a God and you can't make me.'

"One night, however, Dr. Guinness had a bad cold and lost his voice, and he had to send a substitute to preach. Next time he went he saw this woman looking radiant. 'Why, Doctor,' she said, 'I'm quite different now; I believe there's a God, I'm trusting in Jesus; I'm converted.'

"'How is that?' he asked. She said, 'It was the night you couldn't come, and another gentleman preached. I didn't believe in God before, and you couldn't have made me, but now I do. I'm converted.'

"Seeing how utterly ignorant she was, Dr. Guinness said: 'Well, but what about your drinking . . . and your dear little children. I've no doubt you send them to the public house for your drink; are you going to let that go on?' She looked up quite surprised and said, 'Think it'll hurt them, sir? Well, if it does, that shall go; I

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

mean it ; but mind you, whether I do or don't (give up drink), I'm converted. I do believe in Jesus.' ”

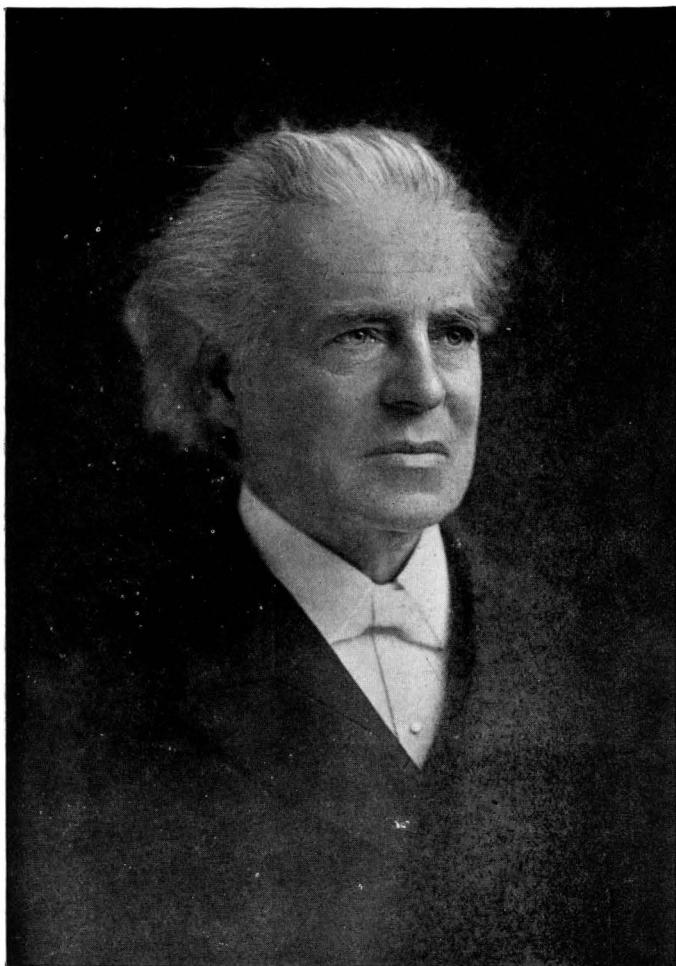
This woman's conversion was genuine. From that time she gave up drink and led a true Christian life in the same neighbourhood. The carving knife is still in the possession of the family—a trophy of grace.

Two things stand out from this narrative ; one the fact that it was his life as a boy student that had first impressed this poor, ignorant woman ; secondly, that he artlessly and delightedly made known that it was not himself, but another who had actually brought her into the Light. This readiness to appreciate the value of others' work was a very marked trait in his character and doubtless had much to do with the hearty co-operation he nearly always secured. The other side of this quality was, that he not infrequently thought too highly of people at first, and had later on to reverse his judgments. But the “charity that thinketh no evil ” is too rare to be condemned if occasionally it fails to discriminate ; and it was seldom indeed that hearts did not respond to his generous confidence.





DR. AND MRS. GUINNESS, AND FAMILY, 1897.



DR. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, SENR.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO PERU,

1897.

IN the latter part of 1897 Dr. Harry Guinness journeyed to South America. For several years previously, the circle at the Institute had been preoccupied with the spiritual needs of that vast continent. Its religious condition had evoked, even in Papal circles, the saying that "The Latin races are the despair of the Church." The clear perception of the evils and dangers of Romanism, which characterized all the writings of Dr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness—perceptions based, not on prejudice, but on experience, and also on wide reading and study of the methods of Rome in many lands and at many periods of the Christian era—had inspired their daughter Lucy's book, *The Neglected Continent*, written in collaboration with Mr. E. C. Millard, and published in 1894-5. This book roused many Christians to a sense of South America's great need of the pure Gospel. Already several former Harley students were labouring there, some under various Protestant agencies, others independently, as notably, Pastor Fanstone, in Brazil; and in April, 1893, three others, namely Mr. Stark, Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Peters, began an evangelistic work in Peru. It was supported and directed by a group of friends in Toronto, Mr. Stark acting as agent for the Bible Society. As the Constitution of Peru did not permit religious liberty, great difficulties had arisen. The evangelists were expelled first from Lima and then from Cuzco, owing to ecclesiastical opposition, though all their work had been kept strictly within the law, and had commended itself to the civil authorities. The state Government, however, acknowledged that it was acting illegally in expelling these

workers and had paid them an indemnity of £200. Moreover, their persecution had won them great sympathy from many of the inhabitants, so that the prospects of the Mission had reached a moment of critical importance for advance, and other Harley students were anxious to join them. Mr. Lodge and Mr. Backhouse had, in fact, done so.

A real forward movement, however, required a broader basis of support and more definite organization, and it was proposed to transfer the direction from Toronto to the management of the East London Institute. To arrange this, Dr. Harry Guinness's journey was undertaken, the expenses being privately defrayed. He left in July for New York, and thence visited Boston, Old Orchard and Northfield for the Convention. Here he met the Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor and the Rev. Campbell Morgan, the latter for the first time, of whom he wrote, "He will become one of the brightest ornaments of the Keswick Platform." He had also a good deal of intercourse with Dr. A. B. Simpson, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, to whose conversion his father had been used, and whom he cordially appreciated, as "A very noble man—moderate, sensible, powerful, spiritual, missionary-hearted." He added, "It has already been worth while for me to have come over here to see what these American Christians are thinking and doing."

Going on to Toronto he conferred with the supporters of the Peruvian Mission. A matter of great personal interest to him there was to discover the house in which he was born, vouched for by friends who had known his parents at the time.

His love and reverence for these parents was increased by meeting at every stage of this journey in North America, with the solid results of their work, many earnest workers greeting him with the words, "I owe my conversion to your father." It was a great encouragement for his own labours and a compensation for the renewed separation from his family, which he keenly felt. All his life every letter abounds, not only with expressions of the tenderest affection to every member of the family, parents, brother and sisters, as well as wife and children, but with close enquiries as to their health, pursuits and happiness, and he constantly attributes the blessing which rested on his labours, as well as his preservation from dangers, to their intercessions, and to those of the students at Harley and Cliff.

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To his wife :

August 30, 1897 : “ How I wish I could be with you all, and join in the joy of the bairns in their expectation and realization of the contents of the American parcel. God bless them all, and make them grow up strong and well and happy. . . . Now they must play : work will come later on. In the millennial day the children play in the streets of the city—that sounds good. God loves to see them happy ! Renewed children, having a good romp in the purified streets of a city where they will not be told to move on, or to be seen and not heard. Dear love to the beloved parents. Hungry to hear all news. I think of you and pray for you all . . . ”

To the same :

September, 16, 1897 : “ And you will be kept and blessed throughout the long months of absence. . . . in the consciousness that we are both treading the path of duty honestly so far as we know Blessed we both are a thousand times—both in the associations of the past, especially in the devotion of our parents, which must have been so potent a factor in our lives, and in the family relations of the present and the outlook of the near and distant future. . . . How few our clouds have been, and how abundant our mercies ! ”

Embarking from New York with Mr. Peters, Dr. Guinness duly reached Panama. Here a week's unexpected delay enabled them to hold a series of meetings at the Wesleyan Mission, in which many were blessed. They arrived in Peru on September 27, landing at Callao, a place notorious at that time as the worst port on the Pacific, reputed to be the refuge of all the most incorrigible criminals, for the popular rhyme informed the world that

“ On no condition
Is extradition
Allowed in Callao.”

The very day before their arrival an earthquake had taken place, the severest known for years past. This had the effect of stirring people up and many were in a mood to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. Dr. Guinness and his companion were welcomed by the other members of the Mission as well as by the pastors, who laboured among

the Protestant population. What followed is best told in his own words :

Callao, Oct. 27, 1897 :—" After considerable time had been spent the two previous days in consideration of the difficulties which had tended to separate our beloved workers, we all met for tea at 5 p.m., and had afterwards a sacred time with one another and with God. Four hours passed away like one, and it was 9.30 before we finally arose from our knees. I cannot describe the scene, but it will never be forgotten by any who were present. After a preliminary statement from me . . . with regard to the hindrances to union, which had existed, we viewed the matter from the standpoint of perishing Peru, of a Coming Lord, of an Outpoured Spirit, and of the Divine Word. We were coming with our gifts of surrender and devotion to the Altar, but when we remembered, as there only we can remember, if our brother has aught against us, [that] we are to leave the gift, however important it is to make it, and however clear it was in Deut. 16, that at the yearly feasts such gifts were commanded by God—to leave the gift entirely, until reconciliation was first made, and then we were to come and offer our gifts to our Lord. After a period of prayer, dear X . . . quoting that text, 'Obedience is better than sacrifice' came over to Y . . . embracing him in the Lord and making a most complete reconciliation. It was deeply affecting and so thorough and deep that I anticipate a mighty impulse to go out from these united ranks to the salvation of Peru." . . .

The first fruits of this hope were realized in the work of grace that ensued :

" Now we are daily engaged in a double work—first, that of the quiet arrangement in conclave of the questions which affect the future working of the Mission ; second, in holding Mission services, 7.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.

" We have already reached through the Congo Lecture given on Saturday, and through yesterday's Men's Meeting a certain section of the community that is entirely outside chapel or church influence. We had a number of enquirers yesterday, and no such gathering of men has ever before been seen in Callao at a religious service. Sailors

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from the vessels, men from the railways and houses of business, hitherto quite unreached, are manifesting deep concern, and one fireman told me last night that he would willingly listen if I would go on preaching for ten hours! Another big, burly fellow, of Danish origin, and leaving to-day for the mines of Bolivia, was much affected, and after prayer with us in the after-meeting, he and another went back to Mr. Stark's house, and there he gave his heart to God. We have given him a Bible and a supply of tracts, as he is plunging to-day into the midst of a godless lot of miners on his journey into the interior. May the God of all grace keep him safe and make him a witness in that dark land."

October 7 (8,000 feet high): "I will continue where I left off, and tell you about the close of the Mission. The Lord's presence and power were increasingly manifest night by night, and many souls undoubtedly passed from death unto life. Some English people, who scarcely ever enter the House of God were drawn into the gatherings, and the influence of the preached word was felt from centre to circumference of this community.

"The second Lantern Lecture on the Congo was a splendid opportunity to reach the Spaniard. The large Shellacca Hall was crowded with 500 people, and Dr. Wood translated. For two hours there was the most perfect quiet, and I put in a good deal of Gospel, which must have been a revelation to some of them. As one young man expressed it, 'it seemed to me that a great light shone in my heart after years of darkness.' I addressed a most appreciative gathering of Spanish women on Monday, taking for my theme the 'True Meaning of the Cross of Christ'—so little known in a land of crucifixes. In all, I took thirty-four meetings, besides spending about thirty hours or more in Committee and consultation work during the thirteen days I spent in Callao. . . . Special Bible Classes have been arranged for sixty or seventy friends who have been enquirers during this little Mission, and when one remembers the exceedingly limited number of the English speaking people in Callao, say, from three hundred to four hundred, including children, this is a very blessed result. . . . On the occasion of our Praise and Testimony Meeting, Dr. Wood said, that if twelve days before the Mission closed anyone had asked him if he considered it possible that in so short a period so widespread a work of grace could be manifested, he could not have

believed it. Mr. Spangler, said he had often thought of writing to Moody, and God had now chosen His own messenger and sent him at a most unexpected time to unite all sections of the community in seeking God."

The foregoing letters, addressed to his wife, were, of course, not intended for publication, and, indeed, were *then* kept private by his express wish, but there can be no reason now for withholding the circumstances amidst which the Peruvian Mission was re-born.

The objects of this Mission were threefold.

It sought to evangelize:—

First, the scattered European settlers, especially the British, who, outside of the large towns, were almost entirely neglected.

Secondly, the Spanish-speaking Peruvians themselves.

Thirdly, the various Cholo and Indian peoples, especially the large and numerous tribes speaking the Quichua language, and believed to be the purest descendants of the original Incas of Peru.

Peru comprises three regions: the flat, low-lying coast lands, the high table lands of the Andes, called the Montaña, and the Puno, the eastern slopes of forest land where rise the Amazon sources. Dr. Guinness's investigations of the field led him into all of these, and involved three separate journeys. Leaving Callao, he travelled with Mr. Stark from Lima, the capital, to Oroya, on the wonderful Peruvian railway, which climbs the Andes to a height of 15,000 feet, whence they descended on horseback to the semi-tropical valley of the Perena. These and his later experiences he described in a series of charmingly written letters published in *Regions Beyond*. He had inherited much of his mother's literary talent. But to him the importance of these journeys lay not in the scope they offered to the word-painter's pen, but in the opportunities afforded for soul-winning. Each occasion seized revealed anew the value of that *ministry of joy* which was so peculiarly his own. If duty be the only motive of Christian testimony, there are moments when the most conscientious feels he is off duty. Not so when the joy of the Lord is his strength. Then, there is no effort or constraint; he only feels:

I have such a wonderful Saviour
That everybody should know.

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However, it is not given to all to witness as Harry Guinness did. His great gift was that he instinctively created the atmosphere of sympathy in which the acceptable word came at the right moment, and the result was seen in the wake of blessing that followed wherever he passed.

AMONG THE ANDES.

Journal:

“ We are on the marvellous Central Peruvian railroad—Mr. Stark and self—travelling second class in order to be amongst the country people and see as much of them as possible. The carriage is a long open saloon with wooden seats up the sides and in the centre, and no pretence of comfort. Every one seems to wear a Panama hat, the age of which may be guessed by the shades of colour, varying from white to dirty yellow or brown. Some have evidently seen many years of service. Before me sits an old man, his head in a grey check bandage, surmounted by an ancient Panama hat, hair and scanty whiskers white, chin rough and unshaven. It is an interesting old sunburnt face, with well-marked features and large nose, but his whole aspect is dejected. A yellow *poncho* (cloak) droops over his shoulders and covers him to the ground. The baggage of the country folk is packed in material such as we cover mattresses with (called in Spanish *alforja*), striped blue, red or white. Two bundles are often tied together and slung over the arm. A coarse man on the opposite side of the carriage, his face unshaven, the brim of his Panama hat turned down, and a brilliant purple neckerchief in place of a collar, has just unwrapped a crucifix from a coloured handkerchief—an ivory figure on a black cross, and waving it . . . about his head, shouts to some companions at the other end to look at his latest purchase which he is carrying home from Lima. They have just been passing a bottle of rum round and are growing hilarious. It turns out that the man with the crucifix was a colonel in the army of the late President, and is now going to his home at Tarma. . . .

“ Mr. Stark is distributing tracts, and the Colonel and his companions are receiving them. A young man returns a Testament, looking frightened, but accepts a tract. Stark is chatting pleasantly to the group with the rum bottle, but it is difficult to deal with them; they want neither us nor our Gospel. The Colonel moves to the end

of the carriage, and is evidently passing remarks to his companions there about the strange fanatic, at whom some of them turn to stare. I see there are two more Chinamen, with prominent cheek-bones, sunken cheeks and receding chin. Stark is sticking to conversation with a whiskered Spaniard with Panama hat, and evidently interesting him. Outside the valley is narrowing, rocks and mountains nearer, and the mist clearing away in the warm sunshine. . . .

“The Colonel has had a fresh drink and comes down the carriage to dispute with Stark, the latter making the most of the opportunity. There is quite a hum of conversation, and I catch the words ‘*la vida eterna.*’ The conductor of the car is interested, and while Stark turns to him, the Colonel seizes a tract from a woman, and thrusts it back among Stark’s belongings. Presently he and another man, both of whom have hitherto been engrossed in a commercial paper, begin to examine some New Testaments left on a seat near. Then the Colonel reads some verses aloud, gesticulating meanwhile, and others crowd around. But we have stopped at a little roadside station, and the driver has invited me on to the engine, so I am going. . . .

“Next morning, after a considerable amount of haggling, we mounted our horses, and started on our journey of six leagues to Tarma. From Oroya, 12,178 feet, we ascended about 2,000 feet, and then had a long rough descent into this charming little town of 6,000 people. At the hotel, a pigstye of a place, we met two gentlemen from the Perene, and had most interesting conversation with them, and an opportunity of presenting salvation in Jesus.

“On the following day we easily reached the camp and put up at the hotel. On this little journey we had passed from the icy coldness of an altitude of 17,500 feet, amidst the solemn and yet glad stillness and solitude of the Andes, through every intervening clime, until we reached a tropical heat, foliage, and life that made me almost feel as if I were once more on the Congo! The last day’s journey was through a perfect paradise of beauty; a rushing rocky stream below hills clothed with exquisite foliage. Sometimes strange geologic strata, in curves of natural architecture, which reminded one of a vast cathedral door, delighted the eye; then we plunged in the dark recesses of the mountain, soon to emerge again into the light and warmth of day.

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IN THE PERENE.

“The Perene is a lovely valley, through which a river of the same name runs, about 2,000 feet above sea-level. There is an English colony here, mainly engaged in the cultivation of coffee. I stayed three days and had several private conversations, and conducted a meeting in the camp—the second held during the last five years! The men made me very welcome, and seemed only too pleased that an opportunity should occur to have Divine Service. Scotch, Irish, English, some from Universities, some from humbler walks of life, thrown together in this tropical land, attracted by the prospective profits of coffee-planting. Almost all the men are young, and, deprived of any religious advantages, the tendency to demoralisation and degeneration is naturally very strong.

“If some capable, earnest Christian could occasionally go down for a month, and spend a day or two with each man, helping in the work and giving spiritual food to those who so sorely need it, he would be welcomed by almost every man in the valley. The influence of the doctor and his wife (one of the few ladies in this region) has been most marked, and the comparative cessation of drinking customs is to be attributed to their advent, and also to the fact that the directors in London have recently sent out a present of some cricket things, which have proved more attractive than the bar of the camp store!”

The second journey was a longer one. Returning to the coast he travelled from Callao to Mollendo by sea with Mr. Jarrett, and then visited Arequipa, of which he wrote :

“I was so glad to remember that though our brother, Mr. Lodge, was not permitted to live long in Peru, he and Mr. Jarrett, while spending a week in Arequipa, made bold to give away publicly sixty kilos of tracts, and to sell sixty New Testaments and twelve Bibles, chiefly in the outlying districts. They were in no way hampered, and their books, etc., seldom refused. This work was done in three days, Lodge being ill during the first part of the time. Doubtless, if they had attempted to continue it, they would have been ejected before another week was over!”

After ascending the volcano, Mount Misti (“19,000 feet high and a little more”), where he took a photograph of the crater, though

suffering severely from mountain sickness, they descended to Sicuani, and thence to Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas. Bolivia was also visited, and another part of the Puno. Here he heard, for the first time, of the terrible conditions under which rubber was collected by the Indians working for large trading firms. Only one thing could ever disturb his sunny temper, and that was cruelty in any shape or form. Then he blazed with indignation, whether it were a cock-fight in Madeira, of which he was once the unwilling witness, the shipping of oxen and pigs at Callao, the supply of unfit animals for riding in the Montaña, or the oppression of Africans on the Congo and of Indians on the Amazon. Of this last he wrote :

“ The great trade of this vast Montaña is rubber, which is really more remunerative than the gold mines themselves. But awful cruelties and atrocities are committed on the helpless natives in connection with the traffic. Were it not for my experience of similar conditions on the Congo, I could scarcely credit the depths of degradation to which men will sink, when, in the struggle for gold, they can make use of savage labour in a country where public opinion is an unknown quantity. My informant frankly confessed that he himself had shot many natives—fourteen at one time—and cut the throats of little children, because their parents, stung to dull resistance by incessant oppression, had threatened revenge! He showed no compunction whatever in telling me of these things, and many others that I could not write. Though a criminal code of law nominally exists in these blood-stained regions, as far as the poor Indian is concerned it is absolutely null and void. The prefects, appointed at La Paz, are the very ones most guilty, and attempt to profit by their position, enslaving multitudes and selling them down river, whither they are carried by men who live by that work, and who in turn dispose of them as labourers in the rubber forests.

“ A well-known Peruvian Colonel, with whom I had also ample conversation, and who was widely conversant with the Montaña of this country and Bolivia, entirely confirmed the statements which had been made, and referring to his own experience, said that such humanitarian ideas as he had formerly possessed while living for years in Paris were completely dispelled by actual contact with the Indians, whom he described as ‘beasts,’ and added that in his deliberate

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opinion there was only one way to deal with them, and that was as rapidly as possible to kill them off. I reminded him that their present condition was only the result of the persistent and shameful abuse of those who have domineered over them so long. To this he agreed, but in spite of it, viewing the actual present condition of these wild forest inhabitants, he re-affirmed his position. When I said something about the universal love of God, and the especial tenderness of Christ for the lost . . . the thrice-repeated vision that made Peter exclaim 'God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean,' he responded with a laugh—

"Ah, sir, it is evident that Jesus never knew Peru! As a *sine qua non* for success in this section of the country, you must have *capital* to start with, and *cruelty* as your method.'

"How fearful a fact, that in these vast tropical reaches of the 'Neglected Continent,' wherever the influence of so-called 'civilisation' makes itself felt, the same dark story of outrage and bloodshed invariably follows. Is it a Divine retribution on depraved and degenerate races for the accumulated sins of centuries? In any case, the spectacle is sad beyond description, and the more so as the remedy seems impossible of discovery—one of those insoluble problems that should drive us more than ever to our knees, and to the old prayer, 'Thy kingdom come; Thy Will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.'"

After deciding on the necessity for re-opening Cuzco as a centre of work, they returned to their base, and in December, Pitumarca, Oruro, Iquique, were visited. Finally, on the 27th, Dr. Guinness re-embarked at Callao for Jamaica, New York and Liverpool, where he arrived in January, 1898, after an absence of nearly seven months. It had been a journey palpitating with interest, saddened only by the illness of young Harry Backhouse, a Harley Student who had just joined the Mission, and who was to lay down his life in the opening of Peru to the Gospel, like Robert Lodge in Bolivia, and later on the devoted William Newell in Cuzco.

The impressions of this journey may be summed up in two sentences,—first, The impossibility of evangelizing the various Indian tribes "in one generation," owing to the variety and difficulty of the languages spoken by them. Secondly, the urgent importance of securing religious liberty in Peru. The account of his experiences

was listened to with intense interest at the Annual Harley Meeting in April, 1898, the report of which said, "One sentence of Dr. Guinness' lingers in the mind like the echo of a bugle call—'That will be the question—Have we gone in with Him in His work for the world?'"

The Peruvian Mission was the first of several Missions in South America, for which responsibility was undertaken by the East London Institute. Most of them had been begun by the personal initiative of former students, in some instances acting as the agents of the Bible Society. In many cases they were partly supported by their friends, and the Institute acted as a central agency for collecting and sending out funds and reinforcements, as, *e.g.*, for workers in Argentina and Costa Rica. Dr. Harry Guinness visited Argentina (Buenos Ayres) in 1904, and made a second journey to Peru in 1907. This time he was accompanied by his eldest daughter, whose subsequent book on "Peru," illustrated mainly by his photographs, attracted much attention. But, as already said, as these missions grew and prospered the burden of their direction and support became too heavy a strain for the resources of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union (into which the Institute had been transformed), and they were collectively transferred in September, 1911, to the recently formed Evangelical Union of South America. Few of them had struggled against such difficulties as the Peruvian Mission in its early days, for, as Dr. Harry Guinness wrote (in an article for the *Sunday Strand* on *Unevangelized Peru*), "the presence of missionaries invariably raises the question of religious liberty, and they are placed in the position of the fulcrum on which the lever of liberal public opinion slowly raises the reluctant Roman Catholic Government towards the emancipation enjoyed by Protestant states and nations."

The Evangelical Union of South America informs us that, as a result of this effort, begun in 1903, religious liberty in Peru was finally secured on October 20, 1914, the voting in the Chamber of Deputies being sixty-one against twelve. There are now Peruvian-born communities of Evangelicals in the following cities: Lima, Cuzco, Arequipa, Urco and Huantan.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONGO CRUSADE.

1898-1910.

THE East London Institute now entered upon a new era as a Missionary Society. While continuing unimpaired the Training Institutes, besides the Congo Balolo Mission and the Peruvian Mission, it became responsible for a new undertaking, the Behar Mission in India, which had been founded as a result of Lucy Guinness's journey to India with her father (November, 1896, to March, 1897). As will be seen, Dr. Harry Guinness's last expedition was to visit this field.

In the autumn of 1898 Mrs. Grattan Guinness passed away. Though she had long been an invalid, and unable to take any active part in the direction, none the less she had been, as ever, its magnetic centre. Mother and son were devoted to one another. To her training and influence he owed the inspiration and guidance of his early manhood, while she saw in him the fulfilment of her visions for the work and the answer to her prayers.

A Memorial Fund was started, and a large mission steamer being urgently required for the Upper Congo, he worked hard all the following year to raise the £10,000 needed for this purpose as a tribute to her memory. The *Livingstone* was launched in England in 1901.*

The same year witnessed the closing of Cliff College. It was a great wrench to give up the lovely place that had been for so many

* The statements made in this chapter have been supplied to the writer by an authority on the subject who was from the first conversant with the whole state of affairs both on the Congo and later on in Europe during the Reform Agitation and since.

years the centre of home life and hallowed intercourse, but the family circle had now been completely broken up. Dr. Grattan Guinness had spent most of the two years following his wife's death, travelling in Egypt and Palestine with his daughter Lucy, journeys which eventuated in her marriage with Mr. (now Dr.) Karl Kumm, and the founding by them of the Sudan United Mission. Moreover, the outbreak of the South African War had reduced both the funds and the number of students, and the trustees thought best to transfer Cliff College to the Rev. T. Cook for the purposes of a Wesleyan Training Institute.

Another reason for thus curtailing the responsibilities of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union was the enforced absence of Dr. Harry Guinness himself. Towards the end of 1900 he had spent several weeks in Ireland, holding Missions in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Waterford and elsewhere. The scenes of his earlier evangelistic work seemed to be repeated.* "Such crowded gatherings had not been seen since Moody's visit. The Assembly Rooms at Cork, though accommodating 1,200, were not enough for the later audiences. The afternoon Bible Readings were crowded. Many professed conversion, and believers had been specially revived and blessed. In Dublin the numbers were even larger, and the number of R.B.H.U. helpers increased from 40 to 251."

During this time, however, he contracted the germs of typhoid fever, which developed soon after his return, and lasted for nearly sixteen weeks. Long he hung between life and death. Twice his recovery was despaired of, a serious relapse following the first rally. Prayers were offered by friends all over the world, and especially by those so lately visited in Ireland, and he was given back to the work that needed him so much. He was able to be present at the launch of the *Livingstone* on April 20, and at a Thanksgiving Meeting for his recovery on May 6. Then, acting on urgent medical advice, he left with his wife on a voyage to Tasmania, the Rev. F. B. Meyer meanwhile coming into residence as Director at Harley House.

The voyage had a restoring effect on his vigorous constitution, and at the Antipodes he resumed the Gospel work that his illness had interrupted at home, visiting Geelong, Melbourne, Sydney, Bundaberg (Queensland), Adelaide and New Zealand, returning home

* *Regions Beyond*, Jan., 1901.

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by way of America. Many remembered the days of fifteen years before when—a stripling with a silver cornet in his hand—he had held vast audiences captive. Though less sensational in its outward manifestations, the work this time seems to have been equally successful, and in some respects deeper, for his powers had matured in the meanwhile, especially since the experiences he had passed through during his illness and restoration to health. The Mission in Geelong was particularly blessed. His expositions of Scripture were greatly valued, and many dated their conversion from the Gospel meetings then held. Lasting friends were also made for the work of the Institute.

Another cheering result was, that funds were given as thank-offerings, to send the *Livingstone* out to the Congo. The question was sometimes asked, “Why was it necessary for the Congo Balolo Mission to own a steamer? Why could not the missionaries use the State steamers?”

This enquiry raises the whole question of the Free State Government. The proceedings of its agents had become such that the missionaries were obliged to avoid every appearance of being identified with them. For a long while, unavailing pleas had been privately addressed to headquarters, and the time had now come when the protest must be public. On his return from Australasia, Dr. Harry Guinness was summoned to the fiercest conflict of his life, namely, the struggle to secure humane conditions for the hapless natives of the Upper Congo, under the régime nominally of the Congo Free State, but actually of certain trading companies ineffectually controlled. It is painful to have to speak of this now, when conditions have been changed, but nothing in the present can alter what happened in the past. For several years both he and his mother refused to believe that the abuses of authority complained of were anything but accidental outbreaks. They perceived the undoubted facts that law and order were gradually being established along the great river and its tributaries, tribal warfare was ceasing, the drink traffic excluded, and, above all, the terrible Arab slave-raiding had become a thing of the past. Moreover, in personal intercourse, the officials were generally kind and courteous to the missionaries, and among themselves made proof of that high sense of honour which the martyrdom of Belgium has taught us to associate with her sons. In illustration of this, a

touching story of faithfulness to death on the part of a Belgian officer in the Arab campaign is related by Dr. Hinde :*

“ I must relate the most heartrending scene in which I have ever been called upon to take part. You know the Arabs had, as prisoners in their camp, two white men, MM. Lippens and de Bruyn. M. de Bruyn was sent to us by the Arabs in order to persuade the whites to cross the Lomani river with only 50 men for an escort to interview Sefu. We knew from our spies that this was nothing but a ruse to gain possession of our persons. De B. came to the river bank, and from one bank to another conversed with us. I shouted, ‘ Can you swim ? ’ He replied, ‘ Yes. ’ We hid ten of our best marksmen in the bushes of our bank, and suddenly, when our arrangements were complete, I called to him, “ Does anyone on your side understand French ? ’ He answered, ‘ No. ’ Thereupon I gave orders to the men I had hidden. . . . Then I said to de B. ‘ I have picked marksmen . . . and I can save you ; jump into the river. ’ A truly awful silence ensued and lasted for about a minute. Then he answered, ‘ No, thank you, I cannot forsake Lippens. ’ And he simply went back to his warders ! Last night we learnt from one of our prisoners that his head, and that of Lippens, were impaled on the stockade of a town three days’ march from this (Kasongo). ”

But, unfortunately, the faith they kept with each other was seldom kept with the natives. Had it been simply a question of establishing law and order among these terribly barbarous savages, the record of the State might, perhaps, have been other than it was. The abuses arose out of the rubber traffic, and the desire to make vast and immediate profits.

The first authentic stories of outrages were brought home by the Rev. J. Murphy, of the American Baptist Mission, on the Upper Congo, in 1895. They were confirmed the following year by the Rev. Charles Banks, A.B.M.U., and by Mr. Sjoblöm, a Swedish Missionary and former student of Harley College. The facts were appalling, the evidence indisputable. Dr. Harry Guinness went over to Brussels as soon as possible and interviewed the leading Authorities on the subject. The following is his own account of the visit.

* Quoted in *Regions Beyond*, October, 1899.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION.

who had been seized with a paralytic stroke on February 29, and though somewhat recovering was unable to be present at any public rejoicing

Dr. Guinness's letters and diaries throughout this journey are remarkable for the acuteness of his observations and the graphic force with which he recorded them both by pen and camera, and still more so for the way in which spiritual interests and purposes were ever kept uppermost. He also wrote long letters about the sleeping sickness to Dr. (now Sir) Patrick Manson, who so appreciated them that he wrote to Mrs. Grattan Guinness that her son would not have lived in vain (i.e., if he had not returned alive). As to transport, provisions, housing and other practical matters, much valuable material was collected with a view to settling on his return the lines on which the Mission could best be carried on.

Since then the Congo Balolo Mission has passed through many vicissitudes. To-day it possesses nine stations; a staff of forty-one missionaries (including both men and women). The number of communicants is still not large, but figures cannot represent the influence of these centres of light in the surrounding darkness. All this ground, however, has been won at the cost of precious lives, of which no less than thirty-eight have been laid down on the Congo in this Mission alone. As one of their number, Gustav Haupt wrote, they were to be "BURIED STONES" for the future building of God.



THE CONGO CRUSADE.

“ After prolonged conversation, the Secretary told me that he thought I was a moderate man, and that he would like me to see the King and lay these facts before him. On the following day the King received me most graciously, and afforded me an extended opportunity to speak of the terrible conditions obtaining on the Congo. At last he said, ‘ You are an excellent young man, but you must not believe what the natives say.’ ‘ It is not native report, your Majesty,’ I replied, ‘ but evidence of a very different character that I wish to lay before you.’ I then informed him of the following facts :

“ On December 14, 1895, my friend Mrs. Banks had been crossing the Station Compound at Bolengi, when she saw a poor woman being beaten by a native sentry, and on her enquiring what was the matter, the sentry replied ‘ She has lost one ! ’ ‘ One what ? ’ enquired Mrs. Banks. ‘ Why, one of the hands,’ said the sentry. And then Mrs. Banks noticed that *the basket on the back of the woman was filled with human hands.* She immediately called her husband and Mr. Sjoblöm and the hands were counted in their presence. There were eighteen in all, and the angry sentry still asserted that there ought to have been nineteen. Some of these smoked hands were those of children, some of women and some of men. ‘ Where are you taking these ? ’ asked one of the missionaries. ‘ To the White man (the State man), to whom I have to prove that I have been diligent in pushing the rubber business, and who would punish me if I did not compel the people to bring in a sufficient quantity.’ ”

The King promised enquiry, and asked the names of any officials whom the missionaries of the Upper River thought should be removed. Several were named, to whom unavailing protests had been made, and they were duly removed, but as afterwards appeared, only to remoter spheres where they pursued the same course of action with even less compunction.

For a time, however, things seemed to improve, but only to get worse in regions far removed from possible observation. Early in 1904 many had become convinced that stronger pressure must be applied, and in March of that year the Congo Reform Association was founded, and hundreds of pounds were at once subscribed. The preliminary Committee consisted of the following : Mr. (now Lord)

Emmott, the late Mr. John Holt, Mr. Harold Bredner, Mr. E. D. Morel and Dr. Harry Guinness. Part of the programme was the education of public opinion first as to the facts, secondly as to the responsibility of the European Powers which had guaranteed the interests of the natives, and Dr. Guinness being at that time practically the only speaker free to undertake propaganda work, he started the campaign with lecture and lantern. It was a crusade after his own heart in defence of the helpless, and he threw his whole energies into it during the winters of 1904, '05 and '06. He was conversant with the facts as no one else was, and his power of swaying vast audiences never had fuller scope. Needless to say, his services to the cause were rendered entirely gratuitously.

It would be a mistake to suppose that he simply worked up atrocities into flaming rhetoric. He and those whom he represented recognized from the first that the atrocities were only the *fleurs du mal*, and that the root of the evil lay much deeper. His addresses were plain narratives of fact from the reports of eye-witnesses, and statements drawn from Government reports, showing the damaging statistics, *e.g.*, of cartridges and caps imported, and the proportion they and other imports bore to the export of rubber. He illustrated his arguments with pictures and diagrams shown by lime-light.

He was not a blind partizan; he fully recognized that such savages as those of the Congo required strict and even stern government. But he plainly saw that no nation could be civilized by the process then being applied. His friend, the Rev. E. Isaac, wrote in the *Southern Cross* (July, 1915) :

“ He was a man of dauntless courage, did not boast idly of what he would do, nor turn back from what he was doing. He reminded me of Dr. Weymouth’s translation of 2 Cor. xi. 29, “ Who is led astray into sin, and I am not aflame with indignation ? ” ”

“ He was appointed by a special Commission to visit Belgium and interview King Leopold. He seized the opportunity, and spoke as strongly as his position allowed. The King was forced to admit that though he did not relish the straight talk, ‘ he admired the enthusiasm of the young man who gave it. ’ ”

Altogether he had three audiences of the King of the Belgians in the course of the agitation.

THE CONGO CRUSADE.

From the public point of view, his most successful meeting was the one held in St. James's Hall on June 8, 1904, under the chairmanship of Lord Kinnaird. The big hall was filled to watch the debate to which the Reform Association had been challenged by the appointed advocate of the Congo Government. Dr. Guinness prepared for this meeting with extraordinary care, and much prayer was offered for it by all who had the welfare of the natives at heart. The result was seen in the way he carried the meeting with him, and it became known later on that the arguments he then presented had won over several influential helpers. The full report of this meeting lies before us.

His opponent had evidently only expected vague and emotional denunciations of the cause he defended, and possibly a few allegations of crime against native agents, the responsibility for which could not possibly be proved against any white man. After hearing Dr. Guinness's reply, dealing almost entirely with the contrasts between imports and exports, and the value of the payments made to the native, he said, "I scarcely suspected that we should have to deal with the fiscal problem here." But the fiscal problem was the crux of the whole question. The Congo country was being run, not in the interests of the native, but for the profit of the absentee landlords whom the State Government represented.

Dr. Guinness's speech was a masterpiece of courtesy and ability. Its frank and lofty tone, and the moral earnestness that inspired it, contrasted strongly with the cynicism and occasional flippancy of the first speaker. Briefly, the case for the prosecution was; first, that while the Government nominally only demanded forty hours unpaid work in a fortnight from each taxable native, in practice it required of him an amount of rubber (or other produce) representing at least a fortnight's labour, including canoe or overland journeys to and from the places where the new produce was obtained (ever more difficult to find in the forests as trees were wastefully destroyed, instead of the collection being properly supervised), hence the native was being taxed beyond the possibility of his power to produce wealth. Secondly, that the extra labour involved, for which they were supposed to be remunerated, was paid, not in money, but in goods, usually worthless (*e.g.*, a knife bought for 2½d., or half-a-crown a dozen from Messrs. B., of Sheffield, was given in payment of three kilos. of rubber worth twenty-one shillings on the Antwerp market). And thirdly,

that when the amount of produce fixed by the State Agents was not forthcoming, not only was the native himself punished if he could be got at, but he was penalised also in the persons of hostages, his family, wives, children and dependants.

All this was established by the testimony of eye-witnesses, among others that of the Rev. John Weeks, B.M.S., and the Rev. D. Hayes. The conditions on the Upper Congo in the regions controlled by certain trading companies were very much worse than on the Lower River.

Holding up the chicotte (whip of hippopotamus hide) Dr. Guinness said: "I have a proof of how one poor woman with whom we are acquainted was flogged to death with two hundred blows with a weapon like that because her husband had not brought in enough rubber to please the particular individual."

Facts such as these are no longer in dispute, but many present on that occasion heard them for the first time, and went away convinced by the weight of evidence furnished. The agitation continued throughout 1906, Dr. Harry Guinness and Mr. Morel addressing thousands of hearers at various large gatherings.

The only effective reply to these charges, namely, that they had been inspired by Protestant prejudice, was disposed of in 1906 by the publication of Father Vermeersch's book, *La Question Congolaise*, in which the brave Catholic Missionary said: "The contemplation of an immense misery has caused us to publish this book."

As time went on, however, the question of Congo Reform became more and more one of diplomatic struggle. The public had become convinced as to the truth of the allegations and Dr. Guinness's platform work was no longer required in the same way. The conflict, now transferred to another sphere, was continued by other hands. But right on to the end he kept up his private exertions on behalf of the unhappy natives. Even earlier, his advocacy had not been only that of the lecturer. He had placed urgent and carefully prepared memoranda before the Foreign Secretary (Lord Lansdowne). He had crossed the Atlantic on his way to Peru in 1907, and had urged upon the President of the United States (Colonel Roosevelt) the plea that the victims of oppression had a claim upon his Government, because it was the first to recognize the Congo Association as a properly constituted State (in a Convention signed April 22, 1884), and he entreated that the voice of the great Republic should be heard on their

THE CONGO CRUSADE.

behalf. The Powers were entitled, nay, responsible, to remonstrate with the head of the Congo Free State because of its constitution being internationally guaranteed.

“ Prince Bismarck issued invitations to the Powers to an International Conference at Berlin, which assembled on November 15, 1884. Its deliberations ended on February 26 of the following year by the signature of a General Act which dealt with the relations of the European Powers to other regions of Africa The provisions affecting the Congo may be briefly stated Trade monopolies were prohibited, and provisions made for civilizing the natives, the suppression of the slave trade, the protection of missionaries, scientists and explorers . . . *Only such taxes or duties were to be levied as had the character of an equivalent for services rendered to navigation itself.*”*

These articles were prefaced “ IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD.” “ This Berlin Act was signed by all the Powers of Europe, and, of course, by the Turks for Turkey in Europe. The United States Government took part in the conference, but did not sign the Act, because, amongst the subjects it dealt with was that of territorial division, and it was held by the Americans that for the United States Government to take part in the division would be, in spirit at least, a violation of the Monroe Doctrine.”

The closing public appeal made by Dr. Guinness was contained in the fifty-page pamphlet of 1908, *The Congo Crisis*, which he prepared himself for the press. Its opening words lifted the whole subject out of the region of human failure and mutual recrimination into the realm of Divine Government.

THE APPEAL.

“ IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD.—All the Powers exercising sovereign rights, or having influence in the said territories, undertake to watch over the preservation of the native races and the amelioration of the moral and material conditions of their existence.”

Art. VI ACT OF BERLIN, 1885.

“ *Curse ye, Meroz,*” said the Angel of the Lord,
“ *Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because*
“ *they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help*
“ *of the Lord against the mighty.*”

* Ency. Britt., Art. Congo Free State.

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

“ The principle involved is clear If the nations of Europe are made aware that a mightier oppression than that imposed by Jabin (King of Canaan) long ago has crushed the helpless inhabitants of the Upper Congo for over twenty years, and if with full knowledge of the atrocious form of slavery in which these populations are held, these nations yet refuse their succour or fail to interfere actively on their behalf, then upon these who bound themselves to be their protectors in the Name of Almighty God must fall a deep, bitter and irreparable curse.

“ The answer sent by the Powers of Europe, when approached by Great Britain in the past, in reference to an International Conference regarding the Congo, was to the effect that *they had not sufficient material interests* in those regions to warrant their intervention Only material interests need to be taken into account !

“ This would be bad enough if the nations of Europe had no direct responsibility in this matter, but, seeing that they are the self-appointed trustees of these perishing people, it is simply monstrous that they should not have intervened long ago ! and if, at this time, they do not respond to their solemn duty, who can say that the curse of Meroz, in some Divinely appropriate form, shall not fall on them from Him whose eyes ‘ run to and fro throughout all the earth ’ and who, speaking of the sorely oppressed long ago, said, ‘ *I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them.* ’ ? We have taken upon us the Name of the Almighty in this matter, and the Lord will not hold that nation guiltless which taketh His Name in vain.”

These words were published in 1908.

Has this forecast been fulfilled, or has it not ?

“ The blood of Europe makes reply ! ”

After marshalling a weighty array of facts and figures, witnesses and photographs, history and statistics, and after contrasting the promises of the State Government with its performances, the pamphlet concluded with a section entitled

THE CONGO CRISIS A CALL TO PRAYER.

“ Sit down, white man,” said a native chief to Mr. Padfield, when he was preaching in a Congo village which he had never pre-

viously visited. "Sit down and listen to me. You have come to tell us of salvation from sin, but have you no word of *salvation from rubber?*"

"Can you imagine the Missionary in the midst of the woes of an oppressed people, bowing his head in his hands with shame for the men of his colour?"

"The honour of God's Kingdom is at stake and we have not recognized, as we should, the appalling hindrance offered to the Saviour's sway.

"Perhaps long ago a solution to the Congo problem might have been forthcoming had the Church done her duty in the matter of prayer. We have been indignant, but have we prayed? We have petitioned the British Government for redress, but in the might of our helplessness have we reached the Throne of heavenly grace? We have felt for the natives, but have we felt for God?"

"Could anything be more imperative, more effective, than widespread obedience to this Providential call to prayer—so clearly indicated by the present crisis in Congo affairs?"

"Oh that the Lord might bow the heavens and come down for the deliverance of these captives as long ago He stooped for the emancipation from Egyptian thralldom of His ancient people."

This Appeal did not fall on deaf ears. The Christian heart had been touched as well as the Christian conscience aroused. Far and wide throughout Protestant Europe prayer was made, and when diplomacy had exhausted all its efforts seemingly in vain, the Hand of God removed the chief hindrance to reform. The evening of November 19, 1909, witnessed the great protest of the Christian Churches at the Albert Hall, over which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided. The speakers were the present Bishops of London and Oxford, the Rev. John Clifford, Rev. Scott Lidgett and the Rev. Sylvester Horne.

King Leopold died on December 17 following. Immediately, under the rule of his successor, the heroic King Albert (who had himself visited the Congo shortly before, in July, 1909), reforms were begun. They were to be applied in three periods, and by June, 1912, they were supposed to be in complete operation, and the Congo Reform

Association was able to dissolve itself, having accomplished its purpose.

Some may have wondered that the share of Dr. Harry Guinness in its achievement did not receive more public recognition. But though the Association would have honoured itself in honouring him, he himself desired no such prominence. "The servant of the Lord must not strive." His vocation runs great risks in the arena of public conflict, and one cannot too much observe the Providential Hand, which after it had led him to the forefront as a *witness* to declare the truth while it was still unknown, gently withdrew him when his mission there had been fulfilled and brought him back to the only place where the Christian may safely strive—namely, the sanctuary—the conning-tower of God.

This campaign, combined with his other responsibilities, proved a heavy tax even for his splendid constitution. It was tried still more when, in April, 1910, nineteen years after his first visit, he returned to the Congo in order to mark the reforms already in progress, as well as the advance in Mission work. The climate proved too much for him, and he fell so seriously ill at Leopoldville that the Belgian doctors there insisted on his immediate return to England, where he arrived on August 14. His stay had been long enough, however, to show that the reforms were being honestly carried out and that the voice of justice had not been lifted up in vain. In the circular letter which he addressed to the helpers of the Mission in October he was able to write :

"You will be glad to hear that the conditions of slavery which characterized the old régime on the Congo are disappearing, and as far as I can judge there is a genuine desire to deal fairly by the natives. The gradual introduction of silver currency will in time do away with the necessity for taxation in rubber, gum, copal or native produce, and the new money tax is being graduated in various districts according to native ability to pay, and varies from five to twelve francs per annum. Speaking to an exceedingly intelligent native at Stanley Pool the other day, I asked him his feelings in regard to recent changes at Leopoldville. His reply was unhesitating, 'The old, bad times are past, and to-day we are free!'"

THE CONGO CRUSADE.

The following verses were marked by Dr. Harry Guinness in the pocket edition of Whittier's poems carried by him in all his Congo journeys. Evidently they had been a constant source of inspiration to him, and now he had the joy of seeing them fulfilled.

Faith shares the Future's promise : Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the Sun.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness ; Truth itself is strong ;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.



CHAPTER VII.

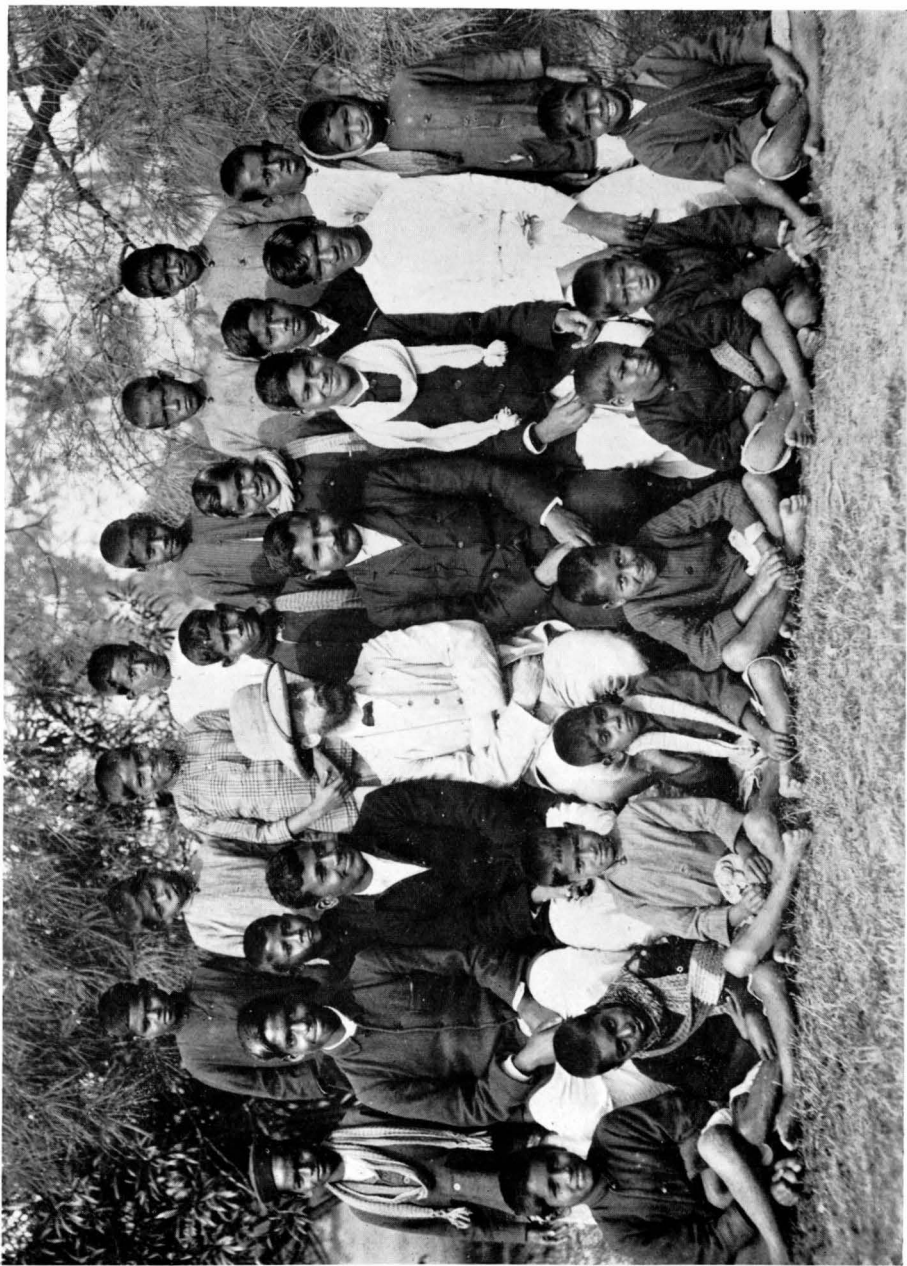
INDIA.

1913-1914.

IN October, 1913, Dr. Harry Guinness left England for India to visit the Regions Beyond Mission in Behar, which had been founded in response to his sister Lucy's urgent representations of the need. The province of Behar (Bengal), in the rich alluvial plain of the Ganges has been called the Garden of India, but in 1897, among its twenty-two millions of inhabitants (exclusive of the Santals in the Uplands) it possessed only fifteen missionaries, and in the district of Champaran, peopled by two millions, there was not one. In 1901 two young Harley Students, Messrs. Banks and Hicks, were enabled to open the first station at Motihari, the administrative centre of the district. They were soon joined by Messrs. Hodge* and Wynd, and the work has so prospered that it now includes four stations, viz., Motihari, Siwan, Champatia and Gopal Ganj, besides a Girls' School at Raxaul, and Orphanages at Motihari and Siwan. This last began by a little waif being brought to the missionary and his wife one night by a kindly native policeman. It throve, but, sad to say, their own dear baby died. The parents in their great grief felt that they must receive the Indian child, not as a changeling, but as they believed their own was being welcomed in Heaven, and soon their door was opened to other foundlings for whom heathenism had made no provision.

The Mission had received no visit from headquarters during the twelve years of its existence and rejoiced at the prospect of welcoming

* The author (since then) of *Caste or Christ*.



REV. A. L. BANKS AND THE ORPHANAGE BOYS AT SIWAN.

INDIA.

the Director. Arriving in Bombay on October 22, his itinerary was briefly as follows :

1913. Oct. 30 to Nov. 3.	Poona.
November 7.	Motihari (Behar, Bengal).
November 10.	Sonepur Mela (Fair).
November 26.	Motihari and Champatia. (Mohurrum Festival.)
1914. January.	Siwan and Gopal Ganj.
February 1st (about)	Colombo.
February 15.	Calcutta, thence <i>via</i> Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Muttra, to
March 7.	Delhi ; thence <i>via</i> Amritsar, Lahore, Pindi, Peshawur and Poona, back to Bombay.
April 1.	Egypt.
April 11.	Arrival in England.

His experiences would be best related in his own graphic letters. Unfortunately space only permits of very brief extracts from these, but they will serve to show how deeply the fascination of the Far East laid hold of him. In the wonderful series of photographs he took during this tour, especially those illustrating various types of religious devotees, he endeavoured to convey to those at home something of what India had taught him, not only of its charm, but of its spiritual needs and possibilities. Here the artistic side of his nature came into play, and probably no such pictures of India have ever been presented.

On October 22 he entered Bombay, the " Gate of India," which he describes as the most amazing city he had ever seen. He writes :

" I am bewildered by its sights and sounds. Here East and West meet and mingle with endless permutations and combinations of form, colour and sound. It is unlike anything I have ever seen, and yet it is strangely familiar. Built on an island, it resembles in many respects New York. The wide, stretching bay reminds one of Naples. The enormous buildings combine the solidity and general form of the West, with the complex ornament so characteristic of the East. But the streets, with their thronging myriads of passers-by, speaking forty different languages, and of every imaginable dress and undress,

surpass all else in interest. A million people ; so human and yet so strange—so alien to our thoughts. Hindus, Parsis, Mahomedans are here in swarming crowds."

From Poona, he writes (October 30) :

" I am spending the week-end in Poona, at the Soldiers' Home. The soldiers are from places where I have been, including Stratford and Bow. They love singing the old hymns, and I have twice conducted evening worship with them.

" The Poona of the Army Cantonment with its 5,000 men—European Poona—and its fine roads, so spick and span, is one thing, but native Poona, with its narrow streets and swarming population, is very different.

" Twice I have been through all the plague quarters, and twice also through one of the plague camps, where I took a number of pictures. This morning Dr. Mann took me over the plague camp and through the quarters of the 'untouchables'—such sights! Folk flee from the rat-infected parts of the city to certain camps established *pro tem.* on ground belonging to the municipality or to private individuals. The primitive conditions obtaining are most interesting, and the bubonic plague from which they flee claims from twenty to thirty people daily.

" The 'untouchables' are such ceremonially, as by mere contact they would defile a Brahman. They include many poor folk, amongst them being a lot of railway employés. Their houses are indescribably miserable, and are a disgrace to Poona. Dr. Mann has been agitating for social reform, and he will yet obtain it."

" I have had a very busy time in sweltering heat. I think I spoke about twelve times, including four services on the second Sunday. In the morning I preached in the Baptist Church. In the afternoon I addressed two gatherings of men only, Europeans and natives, and at 9.15 preached to a mixed gathering, which included many Christian workers.

" I visited the Women's University Settlement and met several of their workers, and of their lady medical students. A lady Parsi, has just created great consternation in that community by undergoing Christian Baptism at one of the Evening Meetings. I should

like to have met her at the Settlement, but she had gone to a Conference out of Bombay—a kind of local Keswick.”

Later, referring to the work of the well-known Indian Christian lady, Pundita Ramabai, he writes :

“Ramabai is a wonder. I went through the whole complex work with amazement. A native controlling twenty white workers and twelve hundred girls and women, in much the same order as one might expect at Bridge of Weir [Quarrier’s Homes] or Ilford [Dr. Barnardo’s Cottage Homes]. I saw the schools—excellent, and all the practical departments where girls are doing embroidery, printing, compositing, spinning, weaving, building, cooking, soldering brass work, etc., etc. Some, comparatively few, marry Christian men who apply for wives to Ramabai. The weakness I saw was that, apart from one thousand husbands who do not come, these sweet girls and women live and will die celibate, and the supply of Christian mothers be largely fruitless. . . .

“We have often heard of people complaining of ‘Christian’ servants in India, and saying they would far rather have others. I wondered often as to the reasons for this, but the main one is obvious.

“When anyone here becomes a Christian, he has to leave his caste, and he thenceforth enters a new caste, which goes by the name of ‘Christian.’ His children and theirs, in turn, are identified with this caste, a mere nominal distinction often enough. A murderer might thus be a ‘Christian,’ which name has no reference whatever to either the character or creed of the individual. Our country is a ‘Christian’ country in a far deeper sense, because the Christian spirit has profoundly modified all public opinion and social ideals. And yet the product is hardly what one would identify with true Christianity, when one thinks of the drink-traffic and all the rest. I shall go into this difficulty more deeply with our men when we meet. These children of nominal Christians ought to be better than they are.

“I saw something of Mr. Sethua’s family in Bombay, and was deeply interested. . . . Just now in India ‘Education’ is to do everything. They have not yet found out its impotence as a working force.”

Dr. Guinness speaks at some length of his intercourse with this highly educated Parsi gentleman who came to hear him preach, and "was reminded of Dr. Parker." Mr. Sethua sent a touching letter of sympathy to Mrs. Guinness after the doctor's death, in which he said :

"He was such a loveable person . . . one of those whose goodness was free from the least stain of priggishness. He seemed to possess an intensity of passion for righteousness, but he had a most humane way of looking at life and a sense of companionship with his fellows. May his soul rest in peace."

Motihari was reached on November 7, and Mr. John Z. Hodge gave a vivid description of the reception Dr. Guinness received there.

"Dr. Ram Dhari Sinha, the Mayor of Motihari, kept vigil with us at the station, eager also to welcome the distinguished traveller, and through his kindness we drove in a carriage and pair with something suspiciously like state to the Mission bungalow some two miles away.

"Saturday was a busy and auspicious day. The Doctor was abroad early and paid a visit to the Post Office, passing on the way a bit of real India in the shape of the Motihari Bazaar. It was a joy also to meet the Indian Postmaster and his wife, both earnest Christians who have lately come from Bengal. The rest of the morning was given up to conversation with Indian Christian brethren who had mustered strong to pay their respects to the Director Sahib, for whose coming they had long waited and prayed. The Bible Class held the afternoon. The members were eager to meet Dr. Guinness, so we arranged a little 'At Home' for their benefit, and by 4 o'clock they began to muster and ceased not till well on three score members and their friends were ready to respond to a roll call. For this brief hour at least they all belonged to the 'Order of the Glad Heart,' and it was charming to see the mingling of respect and pleasure with which they greeted the guest of the evening. Some of the more adventurous spirits asked him for his impressions of India, and even ventured on a few witticisms—a good sign—and the time passed all too quickly, so much so that there was no need to call in the help of the inevitable gramophone. Photographs had to be taken, to the usual accompaniment of wit and pleasing vanity. . . . After this we listened to a Bengali hymn,

beautifully rendered by one of the younger generation, and then another of the younger members, who had also the distinction of being the local Poet Laureate, read a little poem, entitled 'True Virtue,' which he had hastily prepared for the occasion. By this time we were ready for the address of welcome which Dr. Ram Dhari Sinha, a Kaiser-I-Hind medallist, read, and to which Dr. Guinness made a felicitous reply, taking occasion at the same time to commend the prayerful study of the Christian Scriptures to the gentlemen present. It was nearing 'candle light' when we separated into two camps for refreshments—the Hindus going one way and the Christians and Mohammedans the other: by which token you will gather that the shadow of caste falls embarrassingly on even these social functions. But while caste is strong, the essential interests of life are stronger, and while we part from our Hindu friends when the dinner bell rings, we meet again on a higher crest of the hill. So it is: the time of eating and drinking is soon over, and we join in a kindly good-night, to meet again around the Book of God on the coming Sabbath afternoon. The little Mission Church was comfortably filled for the morning Hindustani Service. Dr. Guinness spoke by interpretation on Paul's exhortation in 2 Tim. ii. 8, 'Remember JESUS CHRIST, risen from the dead,' and we were grateful for the heartening word. In the quiet Communion Service that followed we were conscious of the nearness of God and the mystery of Calvary.

"Although no special notice had been circulated, there was a splendid muster at the Bible Class in the afternoon—fully forty members being present—to hear Dr. Guinness. It happened that the lesson for the day was Luke xiii., and the Doctor, with fine adaptability, took up the story of the woman with eighteen years' infirmity, and gave an address that made a deep impression. The contrast between human inability and Divine capability was clearly drawn, and the secret of power unveiled by the lifting up of One Mighty to save. To such doctrine proclaimed in sympathy and sincerity, educated India will listen, and as Dr. Guinness passes on to the great centres, where open doors of service abound on every hand, we anticipate a kindly welcome and an eager hearing.

"Dr. Guinness is in excellent health, and his energy is amazing. He left us on Monday morning for the far-famed Sonopore Religious Fair."

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

The Sonopore Mela used to be the great rendezvous of Europeans in the palmy days of the planters. Since the introduction of synthetic indigo, these have had bad times, and they say the Mela is no more what it used to be, though the native festivities are still on a vast scale. The following is Dr. Guinness's account of this great annual festival :

THE TEST OF THE CROWD.

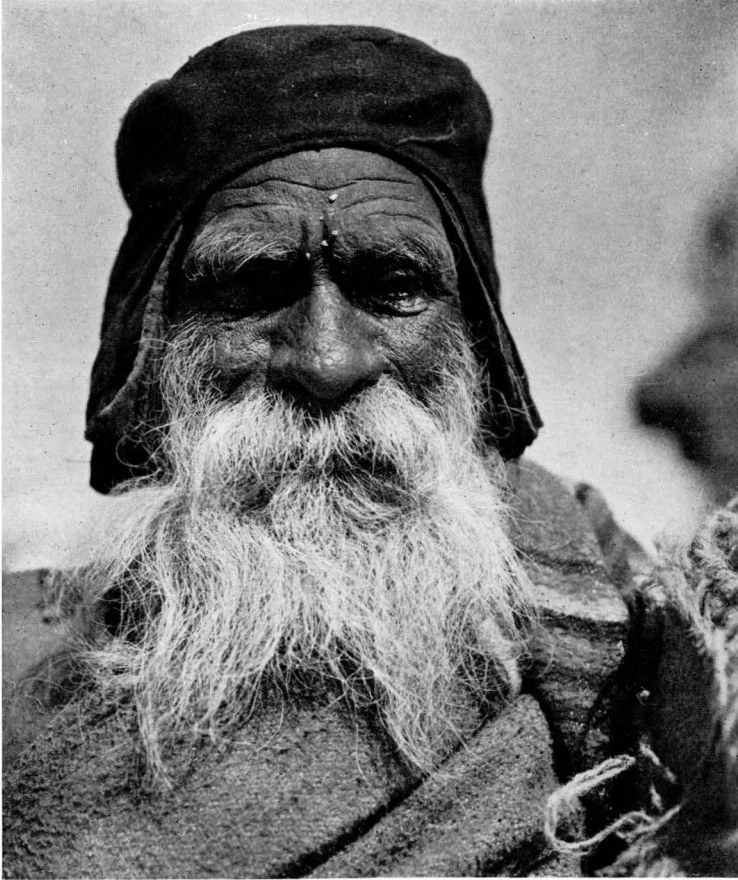
“ The Sonopore Mela is just one of those extraordinary sights which once seen can never be forgotten. No words can possibly convey the vivid impression produced by this vast concourse of humanity massed within the space of five or six square miles on the banks of the Gandak river, at the junction of the latter with the still more sacred Ganges. From time immemorial this meeting of the waters has been one of the sacred spots of Northern India, and following the erection of a temple by Ràm, it gradually attracted increasing crowds of pilgrims. Commerce, as ever, was not slow to avail itself of the opportunities afforded, and thus originated the annual fair which has developed into such gigantic proportions.

“ A quarter of a million people are drawn from every point of the compass, many to avail themselves of the largest cattle market in the world, and all to share in the religious climax of the Mela, when the full moon looks down on the worshipping, bathing multitudes thronging the banks of the swiftly-flowing Gandak.

“ The wondrous ‘ tamasha ’ (spectacle) afforded is dear to every Indian heart, which loves a ‘ show ’ of any kind, and the attraction afforded can be readily appreciated when it is known that somewhere about five hundred elephants are offered for sale, twenty thousand horses, fifteen thousand ponies, sixty thousand oxen, five hundred buffaloes, five hundred cows, and about one hundred camels. These roughly approximate figures were supplied to me by an Indian medical man, who held for many years an official position in the Mela.

“ Partly on account of my presence in Behar, our missionaries arranged to visit Sonopore in November this year, and to utilize the unique opportunity for Gospel preaching, and the disposal of Christian literature.

“ Scarcely had I arrived at Motihari, after a long train journey across India, before we had to leave for the Mela, where we found the



AN INDIAN SADHU.

Mission camping-ground, and my corner in a comfortable tent of Indian manufacture. At daybreak, after '*chota hazeri*' (an early cup of tea) and morning prayers, at which the Indian Christian workers were gathered, I went to explore, accompanied by Mr. Banks.

"A walk by the river front brought one into contact with hundreds of Sadhus or fakirs, who were located near the water, and who were daily fed by the local Mohunt, or Abbot, of the Temple monastery. These ascetic devotees were from all parts of India, and managed to attract a good deal of attention and reap no mean harvest of *pice* from the religious public. Ostensibly they had come to the Mela to acquire further merit; most of them were very dirty, their almost naked bodies being smeared with dust, in which they seemed to revel. Their long and matted hair, plaited with tow so as to appear longer still, was usually bunched above their heads in a huge filthy crown. Some were smoking *ganja* (a narcotic like opium) and presented a peculiarly degraded appearance. Others, of another type, were engaged in reading their sacred books, and I saw several faces of real interest. Almost every brow bore the mark of Shiva, and indicated at a glance the religious profession of the devotee. As a rule they were delighted to be photographed, and were prepared to take down their hair and show its length, and to give themselves an extra smear of dirt before facing the camera. One wondered what the life-story of some amongst them might be, and their pictures form a study in Sadhus of absorbing interest. As we moved through the vast throng, new faces crowded into the ever-moving picture, faces peering at one with a mixture of cupidity, suspicion, or interest. Under an ancient umbrella a fakir reclined on his couch of nails. But on inspection the nails were many of them blunt and twisted, and a light man could without much danger emulate the performance, the weight being largely borne by a bolster which was devoid of spikes. The wooden sandals were, however, covered with nasty little nails, and I certainly should not like to have worn them. I noticed that the fakir shared my aversion, for when he rose to walk, he did so with bare feet, carefully leaving the torture sandals behind.

"The climax of the Mela was reached at full moon, which this year occurred about 6 a.m. Immediately after that hour bathing in the Gandak is considered specially meritorious. I was early at work with my cinema camera, and engaged a cargo-boat to float with the

current past the entire frontage of about two miles, crowded with myriads of bathers, all anxious to share in whatever benefit accrued to those who could press down into the sacred waters. It was amazing, enthralling and pathetic. And the pathos was not so much in the innumerable multitudes as in the units of that vast crowd. To see the rapt faces of worshippers, whose eyes were lifted towards the rising sun, and whose hands were clasped in adoration, as they stooped dripping in the stream; to watch some old woman, or smiling boy, scattering the pink and white blossoms, just purchased, on the bosom of the flowing waters, a floral offering to 'Mother Ganges'—to see them, old and young, rich and poor, high-caste and low-caste, mingling in the flowing river, dipping, laving themselves and their little ones, religious aspirations mingling with the sheer joy of the morning dip, was a sight never to be forgotten.

"Some were going down into the waters, as at Bethesda of old, expecting, ever hoping—and then the boat swept us on, and we lost sight of a pathetic face, the individual being once more merged in the confusion of the crowd. I recorded it all on the flying film, and am looking forward with eager expectation to help my friends to understand something of the fascination and pathos of an Indian throng.

" 'When He saw the multitudes, He was moved.' And *the test of the crowd is with us still!* How does it affect us? With far-off faint interest, so soon forgotten? Or are we driven, with the Saviour of men, to a deep compassion that finds expression in renewed prayer, and in deeper devotion?

"With the fading of day the scene was wrapped in the warm mystery of tropic night. Fires were kindled throughout the vast encampment, their red lights flickering through the gloom. Gradually the mist of evening rose, gathering in its grey arms the floating clouds of dust and smoke, until a murky mantle, each moment becoming denser and more acrid, hung heavy in the air, like some mephitic pall. Eyes ran with tears, and the missionary Sahib, returning after the prolonged open-air meeting, coughed and coughed again. By a thousand hearths the evening meal is preparing. Quaint Indian music, accompanied by the dull insistent throb of the tom-tom, falls upon the ear. Over the flowing river is the brooding of a great calm, but ashore the voices of the Mela are still heard. The Nautch dancers are making their rounds, and sin lurks amidst the bamboo groves.

INDIA.

“ Gradually the lights disappear, one by one, and Orion with his glittering sword keeps watch over a sleeping host.”

From Motihari itself Dr. Guinness wrote :

“ I am greatly impressed by Behar already. It is so different from the thirsty country I passed through when crossing the Central Provinces, before reaching these green and lovely regions. The R.B.M.U. property here is far finer than I supposed and far more charming. Mrs. Hodge has the place bright with flowers and lovely shrubs, and the lawns and trees are most pleasing.

(Later) “ I am making the most of my tour and I have certainly gleaned facts in my one month that many missionaries have not known in twenty years. Things seem specially to have happened that have forwarded my quest. There has been much appreciation of the meetings and very much encouragement. I could easily spend all my life in Indian work.

“ This week the Mohurram festival occurred in Motihari, and about twenty-five thousand people were scouring through the streets following the Mohammedan musician and the huge and gaudy standards, some of which were about thirty feet to fifty feet high.”

Christmas was spent at Motihari, and the following account of the festival appeared in *Regions Beyond* (March, 1914) :

“ Christmas week was deemed a fitting time for a United Gathering in Motihari of all the workers and adherents of the Behar Mission. Siwan, Gopal Ganj, Champatia, and the various out-stations sent their contingents, and although the counting of heads is to be deprecated, it was on this occasion an expedient, both necessary and heartening. Including orphans and other children, the company numbered about one hundred and fifty, and at the Christmas Morning Service the muster rose to two hundred—a cheering sight. December 24 was the Conference Day proper. The topic set for discussion was ‘ The Indian Church in Saran and Champaran,’ and it was headed on the familiar lines of Self-Support, Self-Government and Self Propagation. The afternoon was devoted to Sectional Meetings for Bible women, bigger

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Indian girls, European children and smaller Indian children. While these were being held, the men were startling Motihari by marching through the town singing hymns and preaching at strategic points. In the evening a great multitude gathered for a Lantern Service. The programme for Christmas Day will speak for itself : 8.30 a.m., Devotional Service ; 9.30 a.m., Christmas Service, when Dr. Guinness preached by interpretation ; afternoon, United Tea and Thanksgiving Service, with silver collection, followed by a Christmas Tree in the evening. All who attended seemed lifted up and strengthened."

"It was a happy suggestion that Behar should send a love token to the Congo, and it was enthusiastically agreed to give Rs. 25 (£1 13s. 4d.) from the silver collection to the Congo Mission Semi-Jubilee Fund. The collection itself amounted to £2 4s., and we have seldom seen a more pleasing sight than the folk, young and old, with an occasional Hindu and Mohammedan among them, coming forward smiling and willingly to give their love *darg* to the Congo."

The following letters (received since his death) show the happy memories left among our Indian fellow-Christians there, by Dr. Guinness's visit, and especially among the boys of the Mission School, in whose company he greatly delighted. A sad sequel, however, was the death of Mr. and Mrs. Hodge's young daughter, Margaret, on March 23, 1913. As her father wrote of her : "She lives in a hundred hearts to-day, an unselfish, inspiring influence."

To Mrs. Guinness :

MOTIHARI, INDIA.

June 24, 1915.

FROM RAM DHARI SINHA, L.T.M.S.,

MEDICAL PRACTITIONER,

MAGISTRATE AND MPL. VICE-CHAIRMAN.

May God the Almighty grant you health and strength to bear this severe calamity. We remember the visit of Dr. Guinness to Motihari with gratitude, and we shall never forget the valuable addresses he delivered to the members of the Bible Class and the Mutual Improvement Society, Motihari. He was a true Christian gentleman, and we cherish his memory.

MISSION HOUSE,

FROM THE INDIAN BOYS.

SIWAN, INDIA.

I am in the ocean of sorrow and distress to hear of the death of dear Dr. Guinness. All we boys are overwhelmed with grief at the sad news, because last year we saw him and each of us made him our friend.

INDIA.

Oh! when I remember, Doctor, those promises and advices he gave to me while only I used to go out with him and specially his last words when he said to me, "Baharan, I will remember you and will do all what I can for you," I become more and more sorrowful.

.

What more shall I write to solace you? Only He who makes us sorry can give us real peace. With much love,

I remain, your Indian boy.

YUNAS BAHARAN.

From this happy stay among the Mission stations of the R.B.M.U., Dr. Guinness went on to visit Bankepur, Dinapur, Jamalpur, and the other places mentioned in his itinerary (page 81). "Last week," he wrote from Delhi, "I have been through the Mutiny area, and lived again through those terrible days. How suffering teaches, and how little nations, as individuals, learn apart from the furnace."

At Jamalpur he addressed meetings in connection with the Railway Y.M.C.A., which were well attended and much valued, especially the Talk to Young Men. The Secretary, Mr. Pollock, wrote: "There were one hundred and sixty men present, all Europeans and Anglo-Indians. It was a very straight and solemn word . . ." A Branch of the Alliance of Honour was formed as a result of this address. He was entreated to return to Jamalpur before leaving India, so accordingly he spent January 29 and 30 there. He addressed one meeting on the subject of the Congo, and at another—a Drawing Room Meeting—he spoke on "Impressions of India," seeking thereby to awaken interest among the Europeans in Indian Mission work.

In March he re-embarked at Bombay, spending a week in Egypt on the way home and reaching England on April 11, 1914.

In the following letter home, he sums up the convictions matured on the voyage.

GULF OF SUEZ, *March 29, 1914.*

"My feeling with regard to India is that we are fallen on times of great *responsibility and privilege* in being called upon to labour in so marvellous a land in these days of its awakening to a sense of national existence, and that the renaissance of China and the East is finding its counterpart in India, with greater complexity of problems than are to be found in China or Japan. Things are moving rapidly, and we have

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to play our part in the changing scene, helping rightly to influence the Empire that is yet to be.

“ In the Colonies you have the thrill of a young country and of formative conditions. There is a sense that your labour is making for the upbuilding of the Commonwealth and that each unit counts. The same is true of India. It is the re-birth of the ancient peoples, and each good, strong man *counts*. What wisdom and grace is needed !

“ The architect of the New Delhi is on board, and his young assistant. He is engaged on the city that is yet to be, and works on the realization of that vision. At present they are only making roads and laying foundations. It is all very ugly and uninspiring to the uninitiated spectator. But by and bye the new capital will stand completed in the beauty of its design and the dignity of its architecture, and men will say how well worth while was all the vast expenditure and years of toil.

“ It is ours to make the foundations good, and perhaps, very soon to do more than that, for there are signs of a wider awakening in Behar.”



CHAPTER VIII.

LAST YEARS AT HOME.

1910-1915.

THE foregoing pages have told the story of a life strenuous indeed, but in the main singularly happy. During the years that followed his return from the Congo in 1910, however, Dr. Harry Guinness was to pass through much that had till then been spared him. Not with impunity are the warriors of Christ suffered to defeat the prince of this world in his own stronghold. Still we know that the counter-attack can only go as far as God permits; and as will be seen, just before the end, He set His seal in a wonderful way to the life work of His servant. This is not the place to dwell upon the personal trials which none can escape, or the bereavements he had already experienced by the loss in succession of his mother (already referred to); of a beloved child, little Meg, who died Christmas, 1897, a few weeks after her grandmother; of his sister Lucy, Mrs. Karl Kumm, in August, 1906; and of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, senior, who passed away on June 21, 1910, while his son was on the Congo.

For this father he cherished a profound veneration, as a true evangelist, teacher and seer. Dr. Grattan Guinness entirely lacked his son's practical talents, but the latter in his world-wide journeys had found everywhere the traces of his parent's work, in permanently changed lives, in expositions of Scriptural prophecy, studied and valued by leading minds, in undertakings begun under his inspiration, both in the old world and the new.* When passing through Phila-

*The Missionary Training Institutes founded by Dr. A. Gordon, at Boston, by Dr. Mabie, at Minneapolis, and the Sudan Mission, founded at a Conference of Y.M.C.A. Secs. at Kansas City.

delphia one time it was his privilege to address a meeting specially convened for those who had received blessing through Dr. Grattan Guinness in 1859. "Our father was converted through your father," said two fine young men to him in Brisbane, "and now *we* are led to God through you." The abiding character of this work, much of it accomplished before he himself was born, led him to study with special care his father's accounts of it, as recorded in journals and notebooks. He himself prepared for the press, though he did not altogether write, the memorial sketch which appeared in January, 1911,* and it was his wish to bring out a fuller biography, and also to republish some of his father's works on prophetic subjects, especially *Light for the Last Days* and *Creation Centred in Christ*. The former book he carried about with him everywhere during the last months of his life, and frequently referred to it both in public and private.

These literary projects, however, he was unable to fulfil, for the Gospel Missions he was constantly invited to carry on, together with his work as President of the Alliance of Honour, absorbed all the time that could be spared from the now urgent affairs of the Union, the resources of which had been much strained for several years. Though the annual income was steadily rising, the very success of the various missions connected with the Regions Beyond Missionary Union—viz., the Congo, Behar, Peru and Argentina, necessitated an ever-growing expenditure, which outran the income. Thus a deficit overhung the work, which, instead of diminishing as was hoped, increased from year to year. A further, but unavoidable, expense was the erection in 1908 of the new College buildings. These had long been urgently required and money had been subscribed for this particular purpose. The ground too (forming part of the garden of Harley House) had been acquired years before under the condition of building within a given time, and when the London County Council refused to sanction the existing buildings, delay was no longer possible. The crisis thus brought about inevitably led to the reduction of expense in other directions. The Missions in Peru and Argentina (both, but the former especially, in a prosperous condition) were transferred to the direction of the Evangelical Union of South America in 1911 (as afore-said). The Indian and African Missions could not be given up, but the directors felt obliged to discontinue the training of men and women for

*Issued as the January No. of *Regions Beyond*.



HARLEY COLLEGE.

LAST YEARS AT HOME.

other societies until the deficit should be wiped out. Harley College was therefore closed and the new building, which Dr. Guinness had endeavoured to make worthy of its purpose, was leased for some time to the London Hospital as a Nurses' Home. The few students still in training for Behar and the Congo were lodged in Harley House, until the outbreak of the war in 1914 made it necessary to disband these also, and they at once took up Y.M.C.A. work among the men of the new armies. The Deaconess House, Doric Lodge, was closed earlier in the same year, and soon afterwards the Nurses' Training Home at Bromley Hall,

It may well be believed that all these changes were not accomplished without much painful exercise of mind and heart. It was with special distress he contemplated even the temporary closing of the College, the work his parents had founded and with which his early Christian life had been so closely intertwined. Much effort, too, was needed now to raise the funds necessary to pay off the debt on the Mission, and to this Dr. Guinness addressed himself from 1910 onwards with an energy all his own.

Meanwhile he still kept up the gratuitous services he had been wont to render to the cause of Christ. Latterly he had been also an occasional and valued speaker at the Keswick Convention; but until the Indian tour, described in the last chapter, the chief outside work of this period was done in connection with the Alliance of Honour. This Association had been formed precisely to forward and strengthen the kind of work among young men which ever since his hospital days had been so near his heart and which, in fact, he had never ceased to carry on. Thus he had been in a very real sense a medical missionary to thousands. Even in the days of his early Australian missions, the idea of leaguering together all those who had taken the special pledge had often been mooted, but it was not till about 1901 that the Alliance of Honour was founded, quite independently of him and on a very modest scale. It was, indeed, nothing more than a little mutual society, with eight to ten members, having as one of its most significant rules: "The meetings shall open and close with prayer." This spirit of prayer has from the first been fostered by the two founders, Mr. E. Bagnall and Mr. Alfred B. Kent, who, thanks to the rapid extension of the work, are now Joint Acting Directors of a society which numbers over forty-

nine thousand members and hundreds of devoted voluntary workers. It possesses, moreover, no less than seventy Vice-Presidents, including a large proportion of the Bench of Bishops. To the Directors we are indebted for the following details of Dr. Guinness's connection with the Alliance of Honour.

“ When in the latter part of 1902 the pioneers were seeking guidance as to who should be the President of the new movement, it so transpired that Dr. Harry Guinness was holding a Mission at Dalston, in the North of London, and, as his custom was, held two special meetings for men only on the Saturday evenings. The pioneers saw the announcement, and determined to be present. They felt they had been led to the right one for the Presidency, and an interview was shortly afterwards arranged. Most sympathetically was the deputation received, and whatever help might be in his power to give was gladly promised. Dr. Guinness accepted the invitation to preside at a public Conference on January 29, 1903, when the Presidency was formally accepted. Thenceforward during the twelve years which have supervened, he was always ready to place his rich gift of oratory at the disposal of the Alliance. True, he was not able to attend the business meetings of the Society, but his advice and counsel were always to be had for the asking.

“ Dr. Guinness will be most known and remembered throughout the ranks of the Alliance in connection with its public meetings, ranging from the little town gathering to a vast assembly in the Royal Albert Hall, London. He never despised the day of small things, knowing how very frequently God had signally blessed it, but he had a decided preference for the mass meeting, and his eye would kindle and his step assume an accentuated elasticity (it always was elastic) as he strode on to the platform of a well packed meeting.

“ At the ‘ Demonstration on behalf of Purity, Honour and Manhood,’ in celebration of the 8th Anniversary at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, attended by nearly five thousand men, held on May 25, 1911, the Alliance was privileged to receive, through our good friend the Lord Bishop of Durham, a Message of Royal interest, which arrived while the meeting was in progress.



Photo by]

DR. GUINNESS AT 50 YEARS OF AGE.

[Maull & Fox.

LAST YEARS AT HOME.

“ ‘ Message from His Most Gracious Majesty THE KING :
THE BISHOP OF DURHAM,

Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, E.

“ ‘ I am commanded by the KING to express his warm sympathy with the object of the meeting held this evening in connection with the Alliance of Honour, and His Majesty’s sincere good wishes for a successful issue.

KNOLLYS.’

“ Dr. Guinness spoke just after the announcement had been made, and to him fell the pleasant task of proposing that the following acknowledgment be sent :

“ ‘ This enthusiastic gathering of five thousand men assembled in the Great Assembly Hall on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the Alliance of Honour is deeply grateful to His Majesty the KING for the sympathetic telegram received from him during the course of the meeting. This vast gathering desires to express its loyal appreciation of His Majesty’s support in this International Movement for Purity and Honour.’

“ When recently on a missionary visiting tour in India, he addressed meetings of men upon Alliance topics at Bombay, Calcutta (four meetings), Poona and Jamalpur, receiving very enthusiastic receptions.

“ Always an attractive fluent, and remarkably clear speaker, with a magnetic personality, there were times when his words rose to high oratory well nigh irresistible. . . .

“ From time to time the Doctor had the joy of receiving a face to face testimony—sometimes at the close of a meeting, sometimes when travelling—from those who bore grateful remembrance of the change which had come into their life years before, as they had listened to his powerful appeal.

“ We shall miss his cheery presence, his winning smile, and strong yet musical voice, but we can never forget them, and in the great work which yet lies before the Alliance, the spirit of its beloved first President can never fail to help and influence.”

Dr. Guinness was alive from the first to the danger of that searing of the mind to which social workers in this field are exposed, and in one

of his earliest letters from Australia in 1886 asked earnest prayer that he might be kept from it. And he was so kept, for he carried with him the true and only antiseptic.

His general views on the subject may be found in the chapter he contributed to the small book entitled *Public Morals*, published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott some years ago, and containing sixteen papers by various authorities, including Bishop Barry, Mrs. Josephine Butler, Canon Barnett, Dr. Barnardo, Rev. F. B. Meyer and others. It is like him in that it dwells upon the *personal* rather than the social or legislative aspects of the problem,* and from the first paragraph onwards places it in the white light of the Divine Vision and the Divine pity. It was his own brotherly sympathy that gave him such power with men.

“ ‘ *But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them* ’ (Matt. ix. 36).

“ Is it not evident that, before the heart can be inclined to succour, it must have some realization of the tragedy of life, and, if a permanent and practical interest is to be created, it must be built on the rock-bed of facts, and not on the shifting sands of sentiment? I remember some years ago meeting a worker amongst young men who was totally ignorant of the hell-traps for unwary feet within two hundred yards of his office door. Thus to avoid the sad spectacle of human sin surely savours more of prudery than purity; . . . [What is wanted is] *systematized effort* everywhere to ‘ raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind ’ . . . and bring about that prevention which is better than cure.”

“ *The pure in heart shall see God.*” These words which were found, not scribbled, but inscribed in his well-known beautiful hand writing on the margin of a carefully studied book (*Self knowledge and self discipline*, by the Rev. B. W. Maturin), strike the keynote of his whole attitude towards this grave question. The pledge, the warnings, the stainless life itself were to him not an end in themselves, but a means to an end, namely, “ the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”

*He by no means ignored these aspects, but felt his own Mission was to the individual rather than to the community. It may be mentioned that he was strongly opposed to legislative regulation, as, in his own words, “ always tending to be permissive in character.”

LAST YEARS AT HOME.

The article above quoted concludes with these words to those he sought to help :

“ *For practical deliverance* look alone to Him who is ‘ able to save to the uttermost those that come unto GOD by Him.’ And salvation is only possible by a hearty repentance, which no longer ‘ regards iniquity ’ in the heart, but which turns towards that ‘ fountain for sin and uncleanness ’ which cleanses from all stain. Let none despair of such repentance, since JESUS is exalted to bestow it on seeking souls, as also the influences of the HOLY SPIRIT, whose gracious indwelling dispels the dark night of sin.

“ *Optimism.*—Above all, let that glorious optimism, the legitimate possession alone of those who rejoice in a risen Redeemer, be the inspiration of every worker. Despondency is only an indication of scepticism. Faith that ‘ worketh by love,’ and ‘ believeth all things,’ is for those who are called to the conflict by the Captain of our Salvation.”

He concluded with the following quotation :

“ BE STRONG.
(JOSHUA i. 5-7.)

“ Be strong !
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle ; face it. 'Tis GOD'S gift.

Be strong !
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame ?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame !
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in GOD'S name.

Be strong !
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the days how long ;
Faint not, fight on ! To-morrow comes the song ! ”

It is only just to his memory to speak of this special ministry of his to young men, for of all the undertakings of his life it was the most original and the one peculiarly his own. In Evangelism, in the Mission

*Maltbie D. Babcock.

field, in the Training College, he followed where others had led the way, and maintained what others had initiated. But in this particular work he struck out, or rather, was providentially led, into a path of his own from the very first, blazing the trail for many who have since followed it. It is true that others have done work equally valuable and far more conspicuous in this connexion,* but he undoubtedly had a special vocation in it, as a *physician of souls*, the proof of which is seen in the difficulty of finding or even imagining a successor to fill his exact place.

This work was extended rather than interrupted during the Indian tour of 1913-14, and fresh opportunities were created after the outbreak of war among the training camps of new armies.

But the last year of his life was almost entirely absorbed in the Gospel preaching which had been the passion of his youth. Between June, 1914, and April, 1915, he conducted in different places no less than thirteen Missions, lasting from ten days to a fortnight each, besides addressing meetings for soldiers at Preston, Colchester, Portsmouth and Aldershot, where he spent a week. Amid the lists of engagements is one characteristic note in his memorandum book :

March 17, Wednesday. " St. Patrick. Keep for home."

During all these Missions he held afternoon Bible Readings on the subject of the second Advent, which increasingly absorbed his thoughts. His last three active days were given to soldiers; on the 6th of April, at Portsmouth and Southsea, where he had already held a week's Mission; on the 8th at Maidstone, and on the 9th at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, in the Y.M.C.A. huts. Much blessing rested on all these Missions. Though many of them were but small and humble gatherings, he gave to them of his best. The dinner-hour meeting at Chelsea was the very last he took, and the next day he was prostrated by the illness which eventually proved fatal.

This sudden breakdown, which no one could foresee, had been providentially arranged for. Shortly before, he had begged the Directors to release him from all the administrative work of the Union, so that while continuing to be its advocate wherever he went, he could devote himself primarily to Gospel preaching. The Directors agreed

*As, e.g., the late Professor Drummond (to name only one).

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to this and cordially fell in with his suggestion to ask his friend, the Rev. D. F. McKenzie, M.A., B.D., to undertake the direction at Harley House. When the latter received at this very time an invitation from the Presbyterian Church, opposite to Harley House, to become its Minister, the way for him to accept was made quite plain. Thus the call, when it came, brought no dislocation to the work, thanks to the strenuous efforts made, the deficit has been much diminished and, wonderful to say, about three weeks before the end, a legacy of over £2,000 was received from Australia—one result of his Mission there in 1901, and almost his last conscious act was to endorse this cheque, which finally paid off the debt that had burdened his heart and the Mission itself so long. It was, as it were, the Divine vindication of his life's work.

During the first week of his illness, he spoke frequently of his father's prophetic studies and of the Lord's return: two kindred subjects which had so constantly occupied his mind during the preceding months. But the malady increased, and gradually he sank. Three operations were performed, but without success. The one who was constantly with him records: "He was kept very quiet and full of peace. This was his prayer while waiting for the surgeons: 'Lord, Thy work has been a great joy all these years, and we pray Thee that we may still be allowed to work for Thee, to this end give the surgeons skill and wisdom, and bless our Directors and make them men of faith.' Never a murmur, such patience and goodness in taking food, etc. . . . He has rest, deep rest of heart One can ask no more. He keeps. When Sambridge came to see him on, I think, Saturday, the 15th, he looked up and smiled, and said, 'Why, it's Sambridge, let me get my hands out!' reaching them both out to him, and then with such a lovely light on his face, 'We don't see our *old* friend every day,' and the faithful operator just took the two hands in his, and, bowing down, kissed them reverently—such a scene as none who were there can ever forget, perhaps the most touching of all those days."

When at last he learnt in answer to his own inquiry that the doctors had little hope of his recovery, he was tenderly asked, "Are you glad?" His answer came slowly: "How could I be? and how could I *not* be?" adding, as if to himself, "Still young—life has been short—I might have lived another thirty years!"

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On Whitsunday there was a slight rally and he even endeavoured to join in the hymns being sung at family worship in the home, but it proved to be only a flicker. The family gathered round him, his only sister, Mrs. Howard Taylor, his cousin, his son-in-law, Mr. Ian Mackenzie, and of his seven sons and two daughters all assembled except the eldest son, who was serving his country in the trenches. He gradually sank, and on May 25, 1915, the end came at the early age of fifty-three.

The funeral service was conducted by Canon Joynt at Christ Church, Gipsy Hill, S.E., on May 28, and the precious dust was laid to rest in the little churchyard at Sanderstead, Surrey. The tombstone bears the inscription :

“ With Christ—Far better,
They that turn many to righteousness
Shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

FINIS.



Farewell !

And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day.
Yet He Who slumbereth not, nor sleepeth,
His ancient watch around us keepeth ;
Still sent from His creating hand
New witnesses for Truth shall stand—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a Risen Lord.

Whittier.

(One of the passages marked by Dr. Harry Guinness in his pocket edition at the Congo, at the time of John McKittrick's death).

APPENDIX.

ADDRESSES GIVEN AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE OF
DR. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS,
ON JUNE 15, 1915, AT THE KINGSWAY HALL.

[The opening Address was given by the Chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord Kinnaird, and is more or less embodied in his preface to this volume.]

Address by W. McADAM ECCLES, Esq., M.R.C.S.
(Representing the Committee of The Regions Beyond Missionary Union.)

Lord Kinnaird, and fellow brothers and sisters of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It happens by an accidental rearrangement of speakers this evening that I come first to address you in the memory of a man, but a man who was redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb without blemish. Will you forgive me if I just, in a word or two, give you a personal reminiscence of my introduction to our brother who has gone to be with Jesus?

It was when I myself was thirteen years of age, and he was twenty. He was just at that time in the midst of his work as a medical student. I was looking forward to the day, not very far off, when I should enter upon the curriculum for the same profession. And I shall never forget how I met Harry Guinness, and immediately plunged into the life work which we both had in view. I recollect also so well his scheming even then for what his profession should do in the service of Jesus Christ. I felt, as a young lad, an inspiration from the man just entering upon manhood, that he had made up his mind—yes, it is a making up one's mind—that his professional abilities should be placed at the feet of His Lord and Master.

Several years afterwards, when he was qualified, many a person has said—sometimes to me—“ Why has that man of such ability cast aside the actual profession that he has taken up, and become a leader in missionary work ? ” Because he felt the call that brought our Lord from above, the value of human souls. And then, when that mantle of his beloved father and of his beloved mother had fallen upon that young life, he was endued with power. He looked the world over, and saw how vast the need and how slightly it had been met. There is only one other man, Mr. Chairman, frankly, that I put on a level with the one who is gone, and that is Mr. John Mott. His outlook over the universe is profound, and his power of grasping the points where a work should be done is great ; but Harry Guinness had the power not only to grasp the profundity of the work and the strategic points wherein it should be commenced or strengthened, but he had that wonderful power of enthusing men and women to carry out the work that their Lord and Master desired of them.

Let me add, it has been my privilege to be associated with him, I think I may say, without a break through the whole of his missionary period.

There are two points that are upon my mind as outstanding features of his life. One was his absolute devotion to his Lord and Master and the extension of His Kingdom ; the other was his unbounded enthusiasm for the work of God.

His devotion ! He gave up much, some thought he gave up a great deal too much. It may be so. His devotion was such that it simply made those who came in contact with him realize it must be one thing only, or nothing, in the work for the Master.

And then his enthusiasm ! Some of us used to almost shudder at it, fearing where it might carry him to. Some of us in the Councils were cautious, hanging back where really God desired that we should go forward. Some of us on the Councils felt that, perhaps, the schemes were too big. But if it had not been for his enthusiasm, for his large-sightedness, where would the Kingdom of God be to-day ; where would those vast millions of benighted persons be to-day ? His life has been cut short, as we say. But he lived to see such changes nevertheless that he with us can now rejoice in the wonderful work of God in that basin of the Congo river.

As I said, it has been my privilege to be associated with that Mission for a good many years. Many a time he has come to me, and in the quiet of my room we have had an hour or two hours' talk together over difficult and knotty questions, but always he has gone away with the strong, firm belief that God was in it all. That His Kingdom would come.

Address by Rev. F. B. MEYER, D.D.

Lord Kinnaird, and my Christian Friends,

There is a strange note of triumph ringing through our hearts, like a clarion call. We seem to be standing at the opening door through which a flood of light is pouring down upon us. And as for a few moments we stand on the battlefield, it is hardly to commemorate one who has died, but one who has passed, and whose spirit, gallant, generous, heroic, will always seem to be in front of us, leading still our march.

There was an irresistible charm about him. To be with him was to be revived and to be inspired with the ideals which were always glowing through upon his heart. But with all his gifts, with all his power, with all his fascination, the most charming thing about him was his sincere love for our Lord. You might differ from him often, and not wholly be able to keep pace with him; but when he knelt in prayer we were all with him. He had a marvellous power of touching the deepest chords of individual feeling, and making them vibrate to that touch by which he was able to move the oldest and most experienced child of God, and the youngest and the most passionate and enthusiastic.

It has been a remarkable story. First through the failure of Mrs. Guinness's health, and then through the absorption of his father in those far-seeing views of truth which are lighting all of us through the present gloom, Dr. Harry was early called to lead at Harley House, and the many responsibilities of that place gathered upon his young shoulders all too early. Yet how nobly he bore them, how truly he was enabled, and upon how many hundreds of young men and women he has laid his hand and made his mark.

And this is one of the most wonderful things I have known in my life. Before he was taken ill, he was sitting at the Directors' Meeting at Harley, about three and a half months ago, when he rose up there and said that he wanted to be relieved of some of his work. He felt he was called to be an evangelist, and he was dedicating the rest of his life more specially to home missions, which would always culminate in missionary zeal. He asked his directors to relieve him of that part of his service. We were greatly startled, and still more so when he said: I want to designate my successor. And we were all blind, not knowing what we did any more, I suppose, than he did.

Mr. Mackenzie was named. He was approached. And in the glow, when Dr. Harry was passing through the open door into Paradise, Mr. Mackenzie that morning arrived in London to take charge at Harley House. A most marvellous arrangement! Mr. Mackenzie,

if God ever called you to service, He called you to take up and carry on the work that Dr. Harry imposed. I congratulate you, my friend. We do not all of us have so clear a designation and so marvellous an ordination as you have received from the Piercèd Hand of Christ.

But a still more wonderful thing happened. We were living through marvellous developments, but for a long time there had been an incubus of debt upon our work which had greatly cramped and limited it, and the burden lay very heavily upon Dr. Harry Guinness and his beloved wife. A little before his decease a cheque came from the Antipodes for some £2,300, which entirely wiped out the liability that was remaining. And with his trembling hand he was able, letter by letter, with the greatest effort to endorse the cheque. A sacred cheque, it seems to me. I would love to keep it, and have it framed. God Almighty freed him from the last anxiety about the debt, so that he might go to Heaven feeling that he could look the whole world in the face, for he owed no man anything. It was a very beautiful release that God gave him, one of those wonderful touches of the love of God which shows that He is behind all, and in all, and through all. It makes you trust God and feel the sweetness of the beauty of God, that He wants to honour His servant who has honoured Him.

All I can say about this, and I put it to you, my friends, is that to-day at their meeting the Directors wanted to minute it and to put it down as a fact that now they were freed from all liability they would never recede from that position, but keep level between expenditure and income. I think God Almighty has shown us that He prefers that we should, or He would not have cleared Dr. Harry before he went.

One thing more. Dr. Harry some six years ago was set on completing the property at Harley House, and surely it is by his initiative and by his direction that the magnificent pile of buildings was erected at the end of the piece of ground upon which Harley House itself stands. It cost a great sum of money, but it is empty. The College is discontinued. We are not now training young men and women because our funds do not permit. Are you not going—I ask you in the name of the Directors—are you not going to enable us as Directors, in memory of Dr. Harry, to open again those premises for the service of God in the training of young men? Would not that be the highest and best memorial to him who is gone?

We want to have a Guinness Memorial Fund.

Why should not the Christian sentiment of this moment inaugurate a Memorial Fund which will in future time be connected with the College and the interest of which will enable us to take poor students who are not able to pay for themselves? So that under Mr. Mackenzie's guidance there may come back again the tide of young

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life that used once to fill the halls of Harley College. Will you help us to carry on this work? May God help us also to be as like our Lord Jesus Christ as he was who is gone.

Address by Mr. ALBERT A. HEAD,
CHAIRMAN OF KESWICK CONVENTION.

I think that the addresses we have already listened to have been most remarkable. As Mr. Meyer spoke of that very remarkable incident of the £2,000, and as the witness streamed from the lips of dear Mr. Holden in regard to the life and character of our beloved brother, there flashed over my mind the Holy Writ which seemed to express one's heart and the very glory of the Lord revealed here.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor, or who hath given to Him which shall not be recompensed again?"

To me has been entrusted the privilege of saying a few words about our sainted brother from the standpoint of Keswick. I have known him for years, and the attenders at this well-known Convention hailed his presence as one of the added joys of listening to words for ever bright and interesting, illustrative and penetrating, appealing to the inner desires and longings for the deeper life in God. His world-wide experience of Missionary work in India, in Africa, in Australia, in North and South America, enabled him to grasp the great things of the Bible and to make his message peculiarly facile, and yet definitely appealing and enlightening to those who were seeking information, but more especially to those who were being called out by the Great Shepherd of the flock to go forth into the dark places of the earth.

How he helped in the singing and the speaking in the Market Place at Keswick; or in the early days when he brought his cornet out by the lake, sometimes to give impetus to the singing in the Tent! The ministers of the Free Churches were eager for his message, and those who attended the service invariably profited by his earnest addresses; the message of the Cross, the message of the Christ as Saviour from the guilt and penalty, as well as the power of sin; the message of an indwelling Christ through the blessed Holy Spirit; the message of a Coming King in Glory, the hope of all His saints, were alike to Harry Guinness the expression of a God-begotten desire and endowment of the Spirit winning men and women from the thralldom of fallen human nature, and leading them to Him who alone can save to the uttermost those who come unto God through Jesus Christ.

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

Those familiar with the Keswick Convention will greatly miss our beloved brother, and the Council unitedly passed a resolution of tender and cordial sympathy with Mrs. Guinness and the family to-day. We shall see him no more within those tents of meeting by the lake side, but we shall join in the unfathomed assurance given by the Apostle John to-night: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Address by Rev. GEORGE GRUBB.

Lord Kinnaird and Christian friends, My beloved Harry Guinness will always stand before me pre-eminently as an evangelist, a bearer of good tidings.

He was born in 1861. By the age of twelve the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ had reached his own soul. Then he gave himself up night and day to the study of the Scriptures, and he profited therefrom. At the age of eighteen, the Voice of the Spirit of God said within his heart: Go, and proclaim what you have learned. And like every true and fiery soul, he began at home. . . . I can bear witness here of Harry Guinness's missions in Australia. Three years after he had left there I found myself in Australia. There were many then who came up to me with smiling faces, and I would say, "How are you?" "Very well, thank you." "And where did you find the Lord?" "When Dr. Harry Guinness was here." Amongst them were many who confessed that they had been agnostics and unbelievers, and that agnosticism and unbelief and infidelity had been destroyed for ever in them through the testimony of Dr. Harry Guinness. It was lovely to see in those souls that had been held by unbelief and agnosticism, now shining the joy of God. I bear that testimony joyfully.

And thus he went on. He came back home again and began evangelistic work here in England, Scotland, Wales, and that work remains to this day. He went from strength to strength. One thing that struck me very much whenever I heard him preach the Gospel was that he always went straight to the consciences of his hearers. He was not content with illustrating his subject nicely. He would give the very closest reasoning, but he never was content with that. He knew, that unless the conscience was convicted, unless a man was brought down in his own estimation and brought down before the feet of God, nothing was attained. He knew that a man must find war before he finds peace. Harry Guinness's evangelisation was not the mere telling of sentimental stories. Ah! no. His evangelisation did not

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depend upon a large choir. His message came straight from the heart of God into his own heart, and he poured forth what the Lord God, the Holy Spirit had taught him. And those who listened to him felt that his message was from God.

We have heard the testimonies that have been given. There was the testimony from the Lord Bishop, from peers of the realm and others. But I tell you the testimony that has touched me most. It was told to me by Mrs. Guinness. She said that what touched her heart came from a very poor woman in the Workhouse, who wrote : telling her of the blessing that Harry Guinness's words had been, and of the peace that his evangelisation had brought to her soul. Oh ! dear young men and women here to-night, give yourselves, without reserve, that you may have the joy and peace and love of God flowing through your soul.

Address by Colonel EMSWORTH.

Dear Christian friends, I am here to represent the Organisation to which I belong, and we all feel, members and officers of the organisation, that we have lost a friend in the promotion to glory of Dr. Harry Guinness. He did not perhaps believe in everything in the Salvation Army, but there was a great deal in it that appealed to him and drew out his most tender sympathies. And when the news came to us that he was sick, the Slum Sisters were found praying for Dr. Harry Guinness, and also the Rescue Workers ; praying for a friend who always came and cheered them and encouraged them in their work of uplifting the fallen from the streets of this great city.

I met the Doctor for the first time in Australia. He came to Melbourne to conduct a great Mission in that city, and almost the first person, I believe, he called upon, was myself. He said : " You must come to help in this Mission." You know he had such a charm with him. I think his was the sunniest face I ever looked into in this world.

Before this Mission he had previously been in Melbourne in 1885, and the fruits of that Mission were remaining, as our friend Mr. Grubb has borne testimony. I can add further testimony, because some of the men who are at the Dardanelles to-night will bless God in life, or may be in death, for that Mission of Harry Guinness. In our ranks some of our brightest officers of the Salvation Army in Australia bless God for that Mission of 1885 that fired their hearts and enabled them to come out and give their lives up to Jesus Christ. Never shall I forget that Mission in Melbourne. The large Town Hall was crowded to the ceiling with men. There was something in what Dr. Harry

Guinness said to them, as only he could say it. His knowledge as a physician, his experience of the things that he spoke about ; but above all that, his spiritual love that seemed to lift him up, so that we felt he was raising up a company to the whiteness of chivalry. I remember as the meeting went on, men fainted under his words and had to be carried out of the hall. But bless God! others did not faint. In penitence they cried, and that night over eighty big men walked deliberately into the room behind and gave themselves up to Christ, and gave themselves up also to follow Christ in purity as well as in service. I can scarcely think that our brother has gone. If he is gone, I cannot think that such a life as his is ended. He was a live soul. He could not bear death in anything that he had to do. I have known him to interrupt a meeting that was a little hard or slow, by jumping on the platform and beginning to sing ; and almost like electricity a new spirit would be brought into the meeting. I think that was one of the reasons he had such a kindly feeling towards the Salvation Army. It was our brightness and our music and our life that appealed to him. Let this service to his memory inspire us to carry the real life-spirit with us ;—so we may make life wherever we go.

Address by Dr. SCOTT LIDGETT.

At first sight it seems a very long way to travel from the cultivation of the altar fires of the spiritual life in concert with like-minded men and women, or from the advocacy and direction of missionary enterprise, to the carrying on of a great campaign against the impurity, the foulness, the manifold evils that attend our life at home. Yet I am sure that every one who hears me will agree when I say that only the great qualities for which we have thanked God as we have listened to the past speakers could have enabled our friend—or can enable anyone—successfully to grapple with the moral evil which weighed so heavily upon the heart and taxed the efforts of Dr. Guinness.

Now, of all responsible tasks that fall upon the founders of movements, the task of finding a president is one of the most responsible.

Presidents are, for the most part, very exalted persons, somewhat distant, somewhat shadowy, and very often totally ineffective. It was not so with our friend, I need hardly say. I think you will agree with me that if the choice of presidents is always a responsible and difficult work, still more must it be the case in an organisation like the Alliance of Honour. It was founded by young men of ardent devotion to high ideals, and of burning zeal, to purify the life of the young manhood—and therefore the young womanhood—of our country. A President of such a Society must, above all, have weight, and, if

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I may use the word, sanctity of character. We can only promote this movement in so far as we ourselves have been made and are being kept pure. He must give the fullest recognition to the manifold aspects of the great and difficult problem with which we have to deal, and while alive to every element of the problem he must keep them all in true proportion. And when he comes to handle the subject it must be with the utmost tact and delicacy. Frankness must never degenerate into coarseness, nor warnings suggest the very evils which we seek to avoid. And through all this—character, insight, proportion, delicacy—there must be felt the mighty impact of a Christian personality standing for strength, for joyous victory, for such satisfaction in the highest and holiest as enables the possessor confidently to beckon those who are beneath to follow him in scaling the snow-clad heights to which he has reached. Such a man must not be a shadowy figure in the distance, receding into the past. He must be a Captain, a comrade, a living, vitalising and magnetic personality, getting heart to heart, hand to hand. He must be full of chivalry, full of gentleness, full of heroic courage which enables men—and which alone can enable men—to undertake the most difficult, and sometimes the most discouraging, work to which a servant of God can set his hand!

I have tried to delineate the requirements, but I have been able to do so because I have read "requirement" as it was met in the great President whom the Founders of this movement asked to be their head.

And who can discharge a nobler task for Christ and for citizenship than the great leader in such a crusade? We are coming to see to-day that all our national sins are national dangers, that the prospects of the nation in this unparalleled crisis of its fate largely depend upon the Purity, the Temperance, the Self-discipline, the reverent Faith of the people to whom has been entrusted the noblest charge that has been given to any people that stands for Freedom, and Loyalty, and Humanity.

Ah! Harry Guinness did as much to conquer the enemy in Flanders and in France as any general in the field. The young man, won to the Alliance of Honour, inspired by the magnetism of his personality and by his appeal, who has gone out there as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, preserved from destructive vice, and enthused with the love of holiness and chivalry—that young man, as no other, is the guarantee of victory when he comes face to face with the foe! And remember that in fighting this great battle of civilisation and citizenship, it is above all the battle of Christ. A great general has fallen. If that happened on the field, every man whom he had directed and led would be inspired a hundredfold with the desire to

emulate his great example. That is the only memorial of God's saints and heroes that we can worthily set up—to follow them, to imitate them, to receive from them the touch of Divine Light and love, and hand it on.

Address by the Rev. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.

In thinking of a friendship which has existed for twenty years, there are words which come up to my mind—words spoken by an apostle on an entirely different occasion, but the only ones which I find appropriate—I knew “a man in Christ.” These are the only words which, to my own mind, at all adequately explain that marvellous personality, that burning fiery zeal, that quenchless optimism, and that boundless self-sacrifice for which we magnify God in him to-night. He was a missionary advocate because he was an enthusiast in the deepest and fullest meaning of that word. Philologists cannot agree in regard to the derivation of that word. It has two alternative variations, one which connects it with the primary thought of sacrifice, and the other which connects it with the indwelling of God in the human soul, and I venture to say that our beloved friend, Dr. Guinness, embodied this double meaning in himself. He lived a life in which the red tinge of sacrifice was always prominent, and its explanation was that he was a man indwelt of God.

His missionary interest was by no means confined to those interests which centre at Harley House. India claimed him! The Congo claimed him! South America claimed him, and I have never seen him moved to such fierce eloquence and to such holy indignation as he was over the atrocities in the Putumayo district. China claimed his sympathy, his prayer, his gift! He had caught from Christ, with whom he lived in communion, something of the width of His own vision of the great spirit of His own sacrifice.

His spirit was a restless spirit; but it was the restlessness of a high endeavour of faith. He was restless because he had caught a vision of the world brought back to Jesus; because he had heard his Master's command, and it meant more to him to fulfil it than life itself. Hence his many-sided interests, and hence the prodigality with which he gave himself and poured out those rich gifts, which were his to spread forward the gospel of the Lord, and to set further back the boundaries of our Lord Jesus Christ.

He had a wonderful brotherliness. When I was a good deal younger than I am now and just beginning to gather my experience in the Lord's work, I do not know any man who by his kindness and sympathy helped me more. We have often seen things differently,

but I never detected one trace of bitterness, one trace of jealousy, one trace of resentment in him. Dr. Meyer and Mr. Mackenzie, perhaps alone of those in these doings to-night, will recall a very trying episode in his life and ours, perhaps the most trying any man could be called to go through. Never for one moment did he cease to be the true Christian gentleman; never for one moment did he lower the standard of true Christian dignity; never for one moment did he reproach those who reproached him, but returned with grace, with love, with unruffled calm, words which were angrily hurled.

It is because his enthusiasm was the resultant of the indwelling presence and love of God that he never lost his inspiration with the years. It deepened! The flame never flickered! it grew brighter, and the heat intenser, for God fails not. The source of that flame was the Almighty Spirit of God, and hence it is blazing to-day, and will blaze until Jesus Himself will come.

God be thanked for such a one, whose faith follow.

END OF MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

“REMINISCENCES”

OF H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, M.D.

Sometime in the spring of 1877 I was sitting under a wide spreading tree in the garden of Harley House, talking to his mother regarding the prospects of the newly founded Livingstone Inland Mission to the Congo, and on the Council of which Mission I had become a member, when the lithe figure of a young man passed in front of us, to take his place in a high jumping match with several young students preparing for Mission work—this competition we watched until the victor was declared in the person of her son, whose individuality I then learned, and whose joyous laugh remains with me to this hour.

On coming out of the City Liberal Club in Walbrook three or four days before he was taken ill, I ran up against him returning from a preaching tour, and that bright invigorating laugh rang out with all the joy of thirty-seven years ago.

Down those thirty-seven years I have seen him at most of the monthly Council Meetings, and for eleven consecutive years we spent together the month of August *en famille*, at Cliff College, in Derbyshire—dearly beloved “Cliff”—amid an unsurpassable charm of social life and glorious scenery.

It is impossible, in the brief space at my disposal, to convey a fitting impression of that joyous spirit—joyous by the gift of Nature, but still more by the fact that his life was hid with Christ in God. He must have been one of those happy instances which can never name the day of the spiritual birth—and thank God there are many such—for I remember one of his early experiences when quite a boy at a revival meeting presided over by his distinguished father, he considered it his duty to speak to an elderly gentleman, to whom he sidled up and shyly asked if he were “saved.” Fortunately the gentleman was true to his character and quietly said, “Yes, my boy, thank God I am”; but when relating the incident to us, on one of his many visits to my home, he realized that such a declaration of his loyalty to Christ needed a distinct guidance and should not be followed on every impulse.

It may be added, however, that there is perhaps too little of this impulse nowadays, for it is not the modern fashion to speak of God in relation to our daily life and too-much shamefacedness in speaking frankly of one’s spiritual life.

His physical walk was the reflection of his spiritual walk, it was a long, free, happy swing and everything he did in outdoor life, he did well—golf came by instinct, shooting with equal facility, and of indoor games he needed no instruction.

One long winter evening, when a guest with us, I gave him his very first lesson in billiards—he beat me the second game and I never had a look in afterwards.

About the year 1885, he was induced to come down to Birkenhead to hold a series of evangelical services in connection with a Mission, spoken of as Brassey Street Mission, and many times in the year following he referred to it as his first of the kind away from the surroundings of Harley House. I think it lasted for a fortnight during which period he was again our guest. The Mission was eminently successful and there are men and women to-day who acknowledge openly that they were converted then, and whose lives since have been consistent, true and fruitful.

The outstanding event of this character was one not surpassed by any, even in the grand days of the Moody and Sankey period.

Some half a dozen Liverpool laymen (I cannot recall the year, probably about 1888) had it pressed upon their hearts that Dr. Guinness, then spoken of familiarly as Harry Guinness, should be invited to lead it, and he was accordingly invited. He agreed, Hengler’s Circus was hired for the first two nights, the half dozen having met in the office of one of them once or twice a week for a month before he came, to invoke the blessing of God. The first two nights were for men only, and the

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view from the platform was a sight never to be forgotten. The place was packed in every corner and there could not have been fewer than three thousand to four thousand present, who listened with a silence which was almost painful. His peroration in dramatic power reminded me of Gough, the American Temperance Lecturer, who stirred Great Britain some thirty years earlier. Dr. Guinness had been urging the audience to high aims and perfect purity of life, then suddenly stopping he pointed upwards and read as if on a scroll, "*There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they who are written in the Lamb's book of life.*" It was the finest thing I ever heard him do, and I heard him scores of times afterwards. The effect on the audience was very marked.

It was not possible to get the Circus after those two evenings, and the services were continued nightly for three weeks in the large Hall of the Y.M.C.A. Building, which was seated for nine hundred, but almost every night it had one thousand or more, men and women, young and old; indeed, it was considered that as many as one thousand two hundred were probably there on the closing night.

This last evening had one remarkable effect; when Dr. Guinness asked all those who had received a blessing to stand up—the response was the rising practically of the whole audience. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

I may add, with reference to those services, that the names and addresses of all who attended were, as far as possible, obtained and handed on to the churches in the various districts for future oversight.

In this brief appreciation of our dear friend, I am making no reference to what, after all, was the great work of his life, the inherited control (jointly with his Directors) of the various Missions in so many parts of the world, and for which he qualified himself more fully by personal visits. To this work he gave ungrudgingly of his best.

It may perhaps be said that his enthusiasm sometimes misled his judgment, but he was ever ready to yield to the advice of others, and never at any time in my experience showed pain because his suggestions were overruled.

The mystery of his Home Call is a deep one, for his services seemed indispensable—but the Lord has thought otherwise, and it is well.

Our hearts are very sad, but the Warrior hath gotten him the victory, and has unbuckled his armour.

JAMES IRVINE.

CLAUGHTON, BIRKENHEAD.

July, 1915.

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

[It is only possible to make the briefest selection from the hundreds of letters of sympathy received from friends, from strangers and from officers of Societies or congregations with whom Dr. Guinness had been directly or indirectly connected. Those here quoted have been selected for the light they cast upon his character and personality, and the value of his achievements.]

From the Bishop of Chelmsford,
Dr. WATTS-DITCHFIELD.

BISHOPSCOURT,
CHELMSFORD.

May, 30.

MY DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,

I must write a brief but sincere word of deep sympathy with you in your great loss. I always respected your husband as a manly type of a Christian gentleman. He was one who recommended the Saviour by his life. There was nothing petty or mean about him, and I am certain that his life meant much to many souls. But you, nearest and dearest to him, must have a blank in your life and this only the Great Comforter of Bethany can fill. I do pray that you and your children may be filled with His love and His peace. With a very real God bless you,

Ever yours,

I. E. CHELMSFORD.

From Lord KINNAIRD.

1, PALL MALL EAST,
LONDON, S.W.

May 27, 1915.

I cannot tell you how shocked I was to hear this afternoon the awfully sad news of the death of your dear husband. I cannot believe it is true. Dr. Guinness was always so full of vitality and energy that I looked forward to his enjoying good health and the ability to continue all his multitudinous work for many years to come. I fear, however, that possibly he has worn himself out. God has some other work for him to do and in His inscrutable wisdom has called him to Himself for other purposes.

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We shall miss Dr. Harry, as the Y.M.C.A. called him, tremendously, humanly speaking. I have heard continually during the past winter to how many he was blessed in our huts and tents. Only yesterday I was talking to the Secretary of the hut at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, and he was telling me how the soldiers enjoyed an address he gave a few weeks ago, before a Party were starting for the front. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

(signed) KINNAIRD.

From J. W. ARTHUR, M.D.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION,
KIKUYU,
BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

I owe my early interest, probably at the age of nine, in Missions to an address he gave As the result of that address I made the great decision of my life to be a Medical Missionary.

I gladly testify, with so many others, to Dr. Guinness's influence, and thank God for the call He gave to me through him.

From Sir A. R. SIMPSON.

52, QUEEN STREET,
EDINBURGH.

MY DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,

I find it hard to realise that the beloved Harry is not to come again some day and bring the sunny radiance into my home that brightened it every time he came. How many hearts sorrow with you here. How many rejoice with him there.

I thank God for every remembrance of him.

From ANDREW GRAY.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

. . . His was a life so linked up round the world with living connections, and the thread held by such a strong influence that so many friends will receive a great shock in their loss of so able a Counsellor and Director, and the natives will mourn a good and great chief. His last words and persuasive power will be long remembered by all the soldiers where he has recently been ministering to their spiritual needs.

LIFE OF DR. HARRY GUINNESS.

From Dr. ROBERT MILNE.

. . . Over thirty years have passed since I was introduced to the dear departed one. These years have only, as they passed, led to an ever-increasing admiration of his wonderful gifts, graces and powerful use of the same. His manner was always most charming and combined with his extensive knowledge and travel, made him an ornament of every circle he entered. Above all else, however, we admired and loved him for his ever true and faithful devotion to our Lord and Saviour. His bright and optimistic spirit was ever like that of another very great friend, Dr. Barnardo, leading him on to greater and more extensive plans for the good of his fellows in the great battle of life; plans oft-times far ahead of what those associated with them were able to comprehend. The dreams and hopes of both now lie before the world in a realization we can only thank God for, and go forward with renewed hope and courage.

From Mrs. E. C. BARBER.

THE LEYS SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE.

May 27, 1915.

"Asleep in Jesus" sounds so sweet, so safe, so *enviable*, in these sad and stormy days that for your dear husband I can but thank God, but for you and the children my heart just aches. I have never forgotten a visit to Sheringham which gave us the chance of getting to know Dr. Guinness *with his family*, when I remember my husband and I both agreed that the relation was just a perfect one between the young father and his girls and boys. It is rarely that one meets a man like Dr. Guinness, who united the truest manliness with the faith and simplicity of a little child.

The Rev. E. ISAAC, of Melbourne, wrote of him in the *Southern Cross* (July, 1915):

"My dear friend, Dr. Guinness, was a man of beautiful crystal-line transparency of character. There were no shady places in his life that we have hurriedly to skirt by. No grave mistakes demanding silence, nor faults needing apology, nor weaknesses to be covered by a cloud of words. All was in the open sunlight.

"The qualities that make men trusted were Dr. Guinness's in conspicuous degree: clear intellect, exact knowledge, pure purpose, tough will, unstinting toil, whole-souled devotion, strong convictions, a passion for men, for their spiritual, mental and physical uplift."

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From JEAN B. TEMPLETON.

R.B.H.U., GLASGOW,
175, ST. VINCENT STREET.

It is not for me to say what his death will mean for the work for which he lived and laboured so unreservedly. So far as Scotland is concerned, no one could ever fill his place and the loss is irreparable. For us, separated as we are from the London Organisation, the R.B.M.U. simply meant Dr. Guinness, and to be without him is unthinkable.

From W. P. DODSON.

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

How orderly seemed the Doctor's resignation and the new arrangements already under way. But, oh, how he is to be missed! Just to look at him seemed a refreshing moment to every one. He seemed like a bright beam wherever he passed, and there was no negative quality about him.

R.B.H.U.,
NEW WANDSWORTH, S.W.

. . . I have tried to imagine what my life would have been had I never been brought into contact with Harley and the R.B.M.U. I think it impossible as I think of the great blessing in my own life; the encouragement to go on endeavouring for the Lord in the face of difficulty, the friends which have become part of my life; the interest aroused in some of the dark spots of the wide world; the feeling of unity and nearness which comes from the knowledge that we all meet in the name of Jesus at the Throne of Grace to pray for each other and the spread of the Gospel; which I find all belongs to the R.B.M.U. I cannot find words to express my feeling of indebtedness to you and your dear husband, our beloved Director. I do sincerely thank God for all this has been to me, and is to me, and I am sure the many memories of the Friday Prayer Meetings and other times, when one has realized that nothing is too great for our God to do through His humble, devoted servants, will live and bear fruit in future days.

From R. PONSONBY WOOD, Esq.

DULWICH, S.E.

I cannot tell you how much I feel at the departure of your dear husband. I did love and admire him so much, and look back with such pleasure to my link with him in the R.B.H.U., Dublin, and also in Cork.

My sons also feel keenly the loss of such a dear friend and brother in the Lord. The last time I saw him and shook hands with him was the evening at the Queen's Hall, when he played for Mrs. Drummond at my son's Young Life Campaign.

From personal friends.

I can't realise it a bit. He always looked so strong and well and handsome, and his winning, charming personality and strong faith were such a tremendous help and stimulus to all who had had the privilege of meeting him, that he will be missed unspeakably. I have been thinking so much yesterday and to-day of the wonderful and abundant entrance he must have had . . . How I wish I could have seen him *once more*. I would have travelled fast and far to do it had it been possible.

For thirty-seven years I have known him. He has always been my ideal of what a man should be. How many will rise up and call him blessed when our Lord comes for His own people. How gifted he was—and in so many ways. His charm, his smile and most winning manner, then his beautiful voice, both in singing and speaking, his great love for souls and intense longing to help them. Dear Harry, I shall never forget him. I am glad that your youngest child is old enough to have a keen remembrance of his wonderful father.

We all loved Harry so much. No one was so welcome in our house as he. What a universal favourite and yet how ready he always was to do the humblest thing. . . .

My father always wrote down on a piece of paper things he wished to pray for. Not long before his death your husband called at my father's house and my father added to his list the word "Guinness," and explained to me it meant to remind him to pray to become more bright and sunny, just as Harry always was.

We all loved him. God bless you.

I still feel quite stunned and unable to believe it. Harry's place here empty—*Harry's!* That radiant personality no longer here to make the earth glad; and the humdrum folk left. And his home and his work, the light gone from the former, and the heart and soul out of the latter. . . . One can only stand helplessly by and pray that God Himself may comfort your inmost heart. He made Harry. He invented him, so to speak. He must have resources wherewith to meet the terrible blank left by that beautiful invention of His—it requires much faith to believe it, however.

I think it is the last time I saw him at Harley House that he said to me in his winning, warmhearted way, "Old friends are the best." And then he added, "But my best friend throughout the years, my best helper and my greatest stay has been Annie."

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BRIGHTON.

I thank God for every remembrance of him, and especially for those days here in January. He seemed then so to live in God's Presence, and his visit to us was truly a benediction.

READING.

So bright and buoyant was he ever that when he entered one's home, one felt as if fresh breezes blew, and we were so helped by his loving-hearted sympathy.

I cannot imagine the world without that *beautiful personality*, for it was a source of hope and optimism to come in contact with him, and one's life could not fail to be enriched.

On behalf of the humble folk at this little Mission, let me assure you of their true sorrow, for they *loved* your dear one! His visits here are ever fresh in their memories.

GRAVESEND.

I owe to Dr. Guinness more than I can possibly say. I have only heard him speak once or twice, but have never forgotten his wonderful vital spirituality which seemed to come right from the Presence of God.

It must comfort you greatly to feel that with many hundreds who are called to troubled lives, his words will ever echo with cheer and help, and to those of us whose lives are brighter, his will always be a reminder of things eternal.

In the midst of your deep sorrow, I pray that the blessed fact may ever be your solace—the fact that to many hundreds Dr. Guinness has lit up the Way of Life with a light that cannot fade.

Forgive this letter—from one who must be a stranger to you.

From LOUISA S——.

DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,

In much Christian love and sympathy I am sending this note to you, under the present circumstances with our Heavenly Father's help. I can hardly explain myself what I have felt since last Friday. I have not realized it yet, though we must say the Lord has taken home one of the *best* flowers that ever was in His garden. We have

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lost a good man ; it was very beautiful on Saturday night to hear one after another get up at the Prayer Meeting at the Edinburgh Castle, to speak and pray of dear Dr. Guinness and the work, that it might be sustained. On Sunday night Mr. Notman gave it out about the dear Doctor and we all sang Dr. Guinness's hymn that he composed himself. The chorus is, " I will trust and not be afraid." . . .

DEAR MRS. GUINNESS,

It is with much sorrow that I venture to write these few words to tell you how much I feel for you in this your deep trouble and great loss. Dear Dr. Guinness, how kind he used to speak to me. I thought so much of him. I have his photo that he gave me. I prize it so much ; he was so good, so kind, so clever and yet so humble. He is with his Lord, which is far better. May God Himself bless and comfort you and your dear family is the prayer of yours very sorrowfully and respectfully,
A.R.

SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

He had the sunniest face I ever saw and the warmest heart.

SOME SPECIAL MESSAGES RECEIVED FROM VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE ALLIANCE OF HONOUR.

From THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London has heard with very real regret of the death of Dr. Grattan Guinness. He would desire to express his deep sympathy with the Alliance of Honour at the loss of its President.

From THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

I hear with sad surprise, I had almost said with dismay, of the death of our beloved and honoured Dr. Harry Guinness.

Our Lord doeth all things well. " He buries His workmen and carries on His work."

But He knows how *utter* the mystery is to our mortal sight.

God Himself console the chief mourner and raise up for *you* unlooked-for help.

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From THE BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM.

I hope with all my heart that those connected with it (the Alliance) will work all the harder now that they are deprived of the inspiration of Dr. Guinness. The best way in which we can commemorate him will be by doing more than ever for the cause.

From THE BISHOP OF SHEFFIELD.

I am indeed grieved to hear of the death of our President, Dr. Guinness. I only had the privilege of meeting him twice, but he was a man who, as one could see at a glance, had his whole soul in his Master's service.

From BISHOP WELLDON.

I deeply regret the sad news of Dr. Guinness's death. His has been a noble Christian life.

From CANON HAY AITKEN, M.A.

He will certainly be greatly missed. I had a very high esteem for him and greatly appreciated his work. Our one comfort in all such losses is that the Lord knows where to look for successors, and in His own good time and way presents them to the work.

From VEN. ARCHDEACON MADDEN [The late].

I have learned with very deep regret of the death of Dr. Grattan Guinness. His death is a great loss, not only to the Alliance, but also to the forces that make for righteousness in the Empire.

From THE REV. PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.

I am indeed deeply moved with sorrow and regret to learn that Dr. H. Guinness has been taken from us, and from all the good work which the Lord had given him! It is truly his gain, but a heavy loss to the Church on earth. GOD's will be done.

THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION.

ITS HISTORY AND ITS WORK.

It may be of interest to trace, in the briefest outline, what the Regions Beyond Missionary Union stands for. It is an organization whose objects are :

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- (1) The conduct and support of evangelical training institutions in which suitable men and women from any nation or denomination are prepared for foreign missionary service.
- (2) Practical Missionary effort, as God may open the way, with special reference to the regions beyond those already evangelized.
- (3) The maintenance of the various operations by the free-will offerings of men and women on whose hearts has been laid the condition of the heathen world, and who recognize the obligation in the great commission of their ascended Lord to carry His Gospel to every creature.

The story of the origin and growth of the Union is given in these pages. Begun in 1873, and founded in faith, the work has prospered greatly. Known in the early days as "The East London Training Institute," its operations outgrew the name, and in 1899 the movement became known as

THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION,

under which designation are still included :

1. TRAINING INSTITUTIONS, in which over one thousand three hundred men and women have been trained to serve in connection with no fewer than forty-four Missionary Societies. Owing to financial straits, Harley College, in which all the work has been recently consolidated, is now closed; it is hoped only for a brief space, when happier days shall follow this terrible war.
2. EVANGELISTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC enterprise in the neediest part of the East End of London, having its home and centre at Berger Hall since 1884, and carried on with wonderful results.
3. FOREIGN MISSIONS begun between 1889 and 1901 in Central Africa, South America and India.
 - (1) The work in *Argentina* and *Peru* was transferred in 1911 to the Evangelical Union of South America, the R. B. M. U. finding it impossible adequately to sustain four growing Missions on £25,000 a year.
 - (2) *The Congo Balolo Mission* was founded in 1889. In a country as large as Germany, in the river's horseshoe bend, we find this Mission's sphere. Amidst its savage, superstitious and cannibal people, nine stations have been established, the furthest 1,250 miles inland.

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Evidence of the Presence and Power of God may be found in the following results : Two languages reduced to writing ; the New Testament translated ; printed by natives, purchased and widely read ; growing churches ; an increasing number of Native Evangelists ; day schools now reaching thousands of scholars ; a changing womanhood ; a new type of manhood. But the field is wide, the workers few. During the past twenty-six years, forty-one missionaries have laid down their lives. Others have failed in health or retired. The present staff only numbers forty-one. To them comes a constant cry, " Send us teachers. Why must we wait ? Why ? "

- (3) *The Behar Mission*, founded in 1901, has widened the interest of our supporters. This is as it should be ; for, as a nation, we have special responsibilities towards India.

Behar, with more than twenty-one million inhabitants forms, with Chota, Nagpur and Orissa, the new Province recently created to the West of Bengal. Many of its sub-divisions are totally unreached by Missionary effort. Its north-west corner contains four millions of people living in five towns and eight thousand five hundred villages, yet it had only one Protestant mission station when entered by the R.B.M.U. The Union has now sixteen missionaries and twenty-seven native workers occupying four centres, where a vigorous evangelistic, medical and educational campaign is in progress. The field shows rich promise, and the call for more workers is insistent and clear, but these cannot be sent until funds permit.

4. **INGATHERING OF FUNDS** is provided to a considerable extent by the *Regions Beyond Helpers' Union*—an organization of devoted friends all over the land, numbering now about seven thousand five hundred, who undertake to subscribe at least one penny a week to the Mission. Most of the members have collecting boxes, the contents of which are sent in twice a year. Valuable though this agency is in regard to the financial support of the Mission—(it raised last year the sum of £3,241 9s. 8d.)—it makes even a greater contribution to the success of the Mission in the enlarging of sympathetic interest and in the upholding of the work by earnest prayer.