

ON THE AMERICAN CAMPUS

They returned home in 1894, after ten years in China. The year previously C.T. had almost died. In a few rough sheets Mrs. C.T. had scribbled the following (for neither kept a regular diary):

“March 27, 1893. Charlie very ill all day—seemed as if the Lord about to take him. We did all we could to relieve him, but in vain. About 4:30 p.m. he asked to be anointed. We anointed him, Fan, Liu, Ren-i, Guer, Jangso, Mrs. Wang, Mrs. Jang and Mrs. Liu all present. About 12 p.m. breathing lighter and better. Morning much better.

“April 2. Tried to find out Charlie’s heart’s thoughts about going home or leaving China. He said the Lord had not told him to go home. It was a solemn thing to leave the station where God had placed you, unless you had a direct message from God to do so, and he had not received that message. He could trust God and no one else.”

The guidance must have come next year, although we are not told how. The journey had to be made right through China with four small children, Pauline, the youngest, still a baby in arms.

“It was a long cavalcade that travelled the five miles to the first village of our journey. It was not our cavalcade that was long, but the people who came to escort us. Everyone had to turn back at the village to get into the city before the gates were closed at dark. Just as I entered the village, the two Chinese nurses of our children came up with the tears streaming down

their faces, and said to me, 'Oh, Pastor, you will take care of the children, won't you?' And in among their sobs there was no other leave-taking but just that, 'Oh, Pastor, you will take care of our children now we are gone.' Humour is a great thing in the Mission Field, and a touch of it will win the day when the heart is sad to a degree.

"We dared not take women on a journey to the coast to nurse our children because of the effect of hostile reports to the tune that we were going to steal these two women and take them to the land of the foreign devils. So we had two young men as nurses, and they were every bit as devoted and as efficient as the two middle-aged women. Never shall I forget the scene at Shanghai, when at last it dawned upon these two that the final separation had come. There in front of the whole ship's company were these two grown-up Chinese men sobbing their hearts out, and their sobbing was by no means soundless. I was waving a last good-bye when a fellow-passenger touched my arm and said, 'Well, Mr. Studd, you didn't come out to China for nothing.'

"The going home was no easy job with four young children. Part of the journey was by sedan chairs carried by mules, another part by cargo boat on the river, where sleeping was accomplished on the top of boxes of uneven height. It was the time of the war between Japan and China. The Chinese had no idea of the various countries which composed the world; their idea was that there was one vast middle kingdom as they call it, represented by a huge circle. That was China, of course. The circle was fitted in a square, and the four empty spaces at the corners of the square where the circle did not touch, and which embraced all the rest of the world, was occupied by one kingdom, which they called 'The Kingdom of the Foreign Devils.' Consequently they thought that we English and the Japanese were one, and the people spread it about that my father was one of those who had rebelled against China. When we got on the river nearer to Tientsin, things were sometimes pretty ugly,

and wherever our boat (now a house-boat) touched the banks, a vast crowd assembled to see the foreign devils. But, as usual, God arranged for our deliverance in a strange way. The eldest of our four girls spoke Chinese, and the crowd caught sight of her and asked her a question, 'What is your age, and your name, and have you any food?' and so on. To their amazement she answered back in Chinese. The result was an ugly crowd became an admiring one, and they would arrange for relays of Chinese to come up and ask the same questions. The Chinese on every occasion summed up the matter with the same sentences: 'You see, this child talks our language because she eats our food.'

"At Shanghai we got on to a German Lloyd steamer. Of course, we travelled second class, but the stewards were all musicians and made quite a band, which performed every afternoon in our saloon. We appreciated that band more than most people ever knew, for our four children took seats to listen, so we could get a little rest. About the third day we heard the pitter-patter of feet coming to the cabin, and the three elder ones burst in in a state of considerable excitement, saying, 'We do not understand these missionaries at all, for they only play music, and they never sing hymns nor pray.' In their life in the interior of China they had never seen any white man or woman who was not a missionary!

"We arrived home in London eventually, and were most royally entertained by my mother at her home in Hyde Park Gardens. The children did not know any English. My mother had most generously provided a nurse to look after them, so that we might have an easier time and see more of our friends. The nurse found she had bitten off a little more than she could chew on some occasions, especially when once she punished one of the four by locking her up in the bathroom. This was too much for 'The Clan,' who got round her and would not leave go of her skirts nor stop talking vociferous Chinese until the door was unlocked and the other member of the Clan rejoined

them.

“On one occasion a cousin of mine and her husband were staying with my mother. He took a delight in playing with my girls, but being a business man he had to escape, and this was not always an easy thing. One day he had just escaped. Our girls, knowing only Chinese, were unacquainted with the pronouns of the masculine and feminine gender—they had all plumped for ‘She’ and called everybody ‘Lady’—so they rushed up to us in great trouble and said, ‘Where has that lady gone?’ (they had just begun to learn a little English by this time).

“Not knowing what had happened, we said, ‘What lady?’ ‘Oh,’ they said, ‘that lady that always plays with us.’ Now we knew that the lady of the two was quite a proper person, and so we said, ‘But what lady?’ Their reply was, “Oh, you know quite well; it is the lady with no hair on the top of her head.’ I was afterwards told that that gentleman was for some considerable time known by not a few of his associates in the city by that description.”

A spell at home was now a necessity. Both C.T. and his wife were very poorly. It was even feared lest his lungs were affected, though it only turned out to be due to severe overstrain and poor nourishment. But furlough to C.T. was only a change of battle fronts. If God ordered him home, very well, he would go out for souls at home just as he had gone out for them in China. Health should be no deterrent. Star Hall, Manchester, where he and Frank Crossley became very close friends, the Universities, and many other places were visited. On one occasion he was invited to North Wales. He had always prayed and looked out for opportunities of winning members of his own family to Christ. Now he was to have a chance. Dr. Edwardes, the Principal of a Theological College, had asked him to come and talk to the students, and be his guest. This news reached the ears of his cousin, Mrs. George Thomas, who was living near by. She at once wrote to Dr. Edwardes and said

that they could not think of allowing Charlie to come up there without staying with them, and so would he mind letting him come to them. He struck a very wise bargain and replied that he would, on condition that Mrs. Thomas attended the meetings. Mrs. Thomas agreed, so when C.T. arrived, she accompanied him to the afternoon meeting. In the course of his talk he said, "True religion is like the smallpox. If you get it, you give it to others and it spreads." This was too much for Mrs. Thomas, and on the way home she said indignantly, "What an awful thing you said this afternoon, Charlie, comparing religion to smallpox. I thought it disgusting!" This led to a long talk. According to her promise, she went with him again to the evening meeting. She was obviously hit and very silent on the way home. She made him a cup of cocoa and handed it to him as he sat on the sofa in the drawing-room. But he went on talking, while she stood there holding out the cup. She spoke to him, but he still ignored it. Then she naturally got annoyed. "Well," he said, "that is exactly how you are treating God, Who is holding out Eternal Life to you." The arrow pierced right home. She went to her room and accepted Christ. Two days later when back in London, he received this telegram: "Got the smallpox badly--Dollie."

C.T. got gradually fitter, but not Mrs. Studd, and there did not seem much hope of a return to China. C.T. and his mother had always been greatly devoted to each other, and she would not hear of them living anywhere but with her. In other ways also the Lord wonderfully provided for them. One, whom they had never met before their return from China, constantly sent them large cheques; and when he very suddenly died, the Lord moved another to send them regular gifts for many years. They proved what all prove who put God to the test, that He never fails those who trust Him. Neither they nor their children throughout this period or the remainder of their lives ever once lacked the necessaries of life.

Then a new opening came. The revival which had started

among the students when C.T. and Stanley Smith visited Edinburgh had spread across the Atlantic. The connecting link had been C.T.'s brother, J.E.K. At Moody's invitation he had crossed to the States after the Seven had sailed for China, and there toured the Universities, telling the story of the Seven. Students in the U.S.A. caught the fire, and two of their number began the Student Volunteer Movement, with remarkable results. Hundreds were enrolled, and out of it grew in turn the world-wide Student Volunteer Missionary Union, and then the Student Christian Movement. One other outstanding result of that visit had been the conversion of a student who was destined to have a world-wide influence, John R. Mott.

Now came C.T.'s turn. In 1896 he was invited across. He remained eighteen months. The time was simply packed with meetings, sometimes six in a day; indeed, it was too packed, and he was very tired towards the end. When they gave him a free hand, he seldom spoke under one hour, and sometimes as much as two. His spare time was an endless succession of interviews with students. The way he dealt with student inquirers is an education in the way to bring young men and women right through into assurance of Salvation and the fullness of the Holy Ghost. We can only just pick out an instance here and there from his letters.

“Knoxville, June 24, 1896. I have had such a good day to-day, early up and a quiet time for most of the day and the Lord has been opening up the Word. I feel I have been such a backslider; I always seem to get so lazy when I go home. Do pray for me. I find I do not one bit understand the Word unless I spend much time early with Him and then He makes the page to shine. I am generally awake and reading and praying soon after 4 a.m.”

“Lincoln, Nebraska. Dec. 5. Hallelujah! Just caught a fish. I was coming back here to the hotel when a student met me and began to talk to me in the street about his soul. We stood and talked. He was miserable, and began to have tears in his eyes,

so I said, 'Come to my room and do business with the Lord.' He came, gave himself utterly away to Jesus, saw that Jesus must have taken him because He can't lie, thanked, asked for the Holy Ghost, received by faith, on the same principle that Jesus can't lie: He must give the Holy Ghost to him who asks. Then I turned to him and told him he was to let the Holy Ghost do the work in him and through him. He seemed to understand a bit, but face unchanged, dark and unhappy. I said to him, 'Does a man generally keep a dog and then go barking himself?' He laughed, his face changed in the twinkling of an eye and he burst into praising God. 'Oh, I see it all now, I see it all now'; and then he laughed and rejoiced and prayed all at the same time."

"Minneapolis. Jan. 14, 1897. After tea had meeting at 7:30 to 8:30. The Lord blessed the students and some others, but I heard that the President thought I used too much 'slang.' Anyhow, it doesn't seem to have hurt the Lord much, for that night young A. asked me to go a walk with him; we talked over his case and he decided on a full surrender, which he completed in my room that night—a grand time. Then again next morning had interview with wounded birds and had a grand time with two boys. Then again at 2 p.m. had another interview with a volunteer, who, I found, had never been converted and so could not do work for Jesus, and was under distress and condemnation, but he came most gloriously into the light. He received the gift of Salvation, surrendered and received the Holy Ghost. Oh, the Holy Ghost came right down upon us and it was glory, glory everywhere around us and in us.

"I hear they have had blessed times at Bloomington College, where I was in November. Since my visit 23 conversions among the students."

"Ripon College, Wisconsin. Jan. 21. I had a very full Sunday. First meeting at 9 a.m. with the Y.W.C.A. girls. The Lord was very present and opened one's mouth. Then I had to proceed to M.E. Church for 10:30. Had a rare good time,

speaking for just about an hour. At 4:30 p.m. had a rattling students' meeting, the place full and they were most interested: I did not finish till near 6. At 7 had to speak at a Christian Endeavour Young People's Meeting, and then at 7:30 a united meeting of the four chief churches in town, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational. I spoke for 91 minutes."

"Nicholasville, Feb. 23.... Soon after I reached the hotel a theological student came and wanted to speak to me. We talked a long time, and at the end I found he had never received Salvation as a gift; he was trying to buy it or earn it by good works. So when I had put it to him aright, he just beamed all over, got on his knees and received the gift, gave himself as a gift to God and received the gift of the Holy Spirit. It was grand and he was so thankful."

"Lewisburg, Bucknell College. April 5. Had a spendid students' meeting at 6:30. The Lord was greatly with us. After some hymns and a praye I spoke for about 30 minutes; then all got on knees, and one after another gave themselves to God in such sentences as 'Lord, take me as I am,' 'I will go with Thee, Lord Jesus.' There must have been a score of them. Oh, surely that is the sweetest music that can ever be heard by any ears, and if sweet to us, how much sweeter to Jesus. Afterwards I got them to sing a hymn:

"The cleansing blood I see, I see,
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me."

"[In a letter to C.T. from Indianapolis, June 16.] I want to tell you and give God the glory, that your visit in Indiana was used with abundant results. DePauw has had a revival which resulted in the conversion of 40 men. I was at Hanover recently; they followed your visit with special meetings, a number of men were reached, among them some who had been considered the hardest cases in college; the whole tone of the school is changed."

Among his letters C.T. sent home a cutting giving various

complimentary details of his life. His comment in the margin is, "This is the kind of rot they write in the papers. One day a man got up and said something like this just before I spoke, so I got up and said, 'If I had known this was going to be said, I would have come a ¼ hour late. Let's get and wash it out in some prayer.'"

"Knoxville Students' Conference, June 21. After I had returned to my room [writes C.T.] and just upon 10 p.m., in rushed a student and said, 'Since hearing you this morning, I have thought of nothing but hell, because I have not and cannot surrender,' (though I had not spoken of hell or anything like it). I said, 'Why can't you surrender?' 'I don't know.' 'Do you want to?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Well, do it now, get down here on your knees and tell God you will give Him all.' 'I think I may have been unwilling to do as He told me.' 'Well, are you willing now to leave all sin and do His will?' 'Yes.' 'Then just give yourself to Him.' He knelt down and after a short time gave himself right up and immediately arose with such a joyful, beaming face and said, 'It's all right now.' He needn't have told me.

"Spirituality is much needed here; there is a great lack of it, too much laughing and chaffing, not a real deep spiritual power. And why? Because they are *afraid* of it. Fancy! They are afraid of minds getting strained, and so instead of giving them fewer meetings, they dilute with the ditchwater of nonsense too often.

"In the afternoon I read and prayed: the others had gone on a boat for an outing and ice creams. Missed tea on purpose, and took the evening meeting. We had a great time. I spoke for an hour and 40 minutes. The fellows were quieter at the end than even at the beginning. The Lord was with us in power. Many stayed to speak or arrange interviews. Two came that night. One medical student, uncertain about being a volunteer; he has a mother and sister dependent on him, and he wept as he spoke of leaving them. I took him over the old ground. He saw

the love of God, surrendered and left bright. I don't tell these fellows to volunteer, I tell them to surrender to God and to go away rejoicing in Him, and He will in His own way make all plain. Oh, there is no joy in the world like being used of God to bless others. The place is now just on fire, and one so regrets now that this break didn't come earlier, as it might have done, had the talks been more spiritual and appealing to the heart.

"Next day I had interviews all the afternoon and evening, a real glory time. One man told me as I began to probe him—for something seemed wrong—that he had been converted, was saved and was an Episcopalian. So I said, 'Are all your sins forgiven?' 'No, not all.' 'Ain't it rather dangerous to have any unforgiven?' 'I suppose it is.' 'Do you want them forgiven?' 'Yes.' I explained a bit to him and then he got down on his knees to confess; he was going to confess out aloud to me the sins he had committed, but I stopped him and said I didn't want to hear them, but that he had better tell them to God. So we knelt and he told them to God, and then out aloud he asked for forgiveness. I asked, 'Has He forgiven you?' quoting, 'If we confess,' etc. 'Yes, He has.' 'Then thank Him.' And he did so. Then he surrendered and asked for the Holy Ghost, and thanked, and afterwards when I had prayed, he rose up with tears in his eyes, pressed my hand and said, 'I never had such an experience as this before.' Glory be to God! You can imagine I went off to supper as full of joy as a gas balloon. Oh my, these souls are indeed more than diamonds. I'd far sooner save one soul than be Queen Victoria.

"As I came away from supper a man with such a sad face came to me and wanted an interview. He told me he could not conquer a certain kind of sin. I took him off to my room. He said he was a Ministerial Student, he had been converted but had lately fallen into this sin and it had mastered him. We talked long. He loathed it and wanted to quit. He saw his own utter impotence. I said, 'Have you surrendered?' 'Yes, I have, yet sinned again.' 'Have you since that asked forgiveness?' 'No.'

‘Well, that comes first. Will you do so now?’ ‘Yes.’ We got on our knees and he confessed and asked forgiveness and received it and that consciously; then he again made a full surrender, and I said, ‘Now ask for the Holy Ghost.’ But he did not understand and argued about the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, while we were on our knees. I showed him the difference between Apostles before and after Pentecost. He owned that if he was filled with the Holy Ghost, he would not be committing the sin. At last he asked to be filled, and then I prayed and asked God to take out the desire and let it no more enter in: oh, his whole heart went out into it, and he got up anew, and said, ‘I know, for I feel He has given me the victory.’ So I said, ‘Then get down on your knees again and thank Him,’ and he did. His face had before had despair as black as night written on it, but now it was all changed. He was in tears of joy and went away rejoicing.

“[Next day.] Last night I saw——and had a talk with him. He is the one who had become a slave to a sin. He said it was all right, God had given him complete victory and he was a new being. We went under a tree and, kneeling down, had some prayer.

“H. was next, and the Lord led me in a strange way. After a bit he said he was saved, sins forgiven. ‘Why do you think so?’ ‘Oh, I am trying to make Jesus my example.’ ‘Oh,’ said I, ‘then you are quite sure to be damned.’ It slipped out before I knew it, and it did the Lord’s work, for the fellow was perfectly astounded and asked me again and I repeated it: it so astonished and convicted him, that he asked in the exact words of the Philippian jailer, ‘Then what must I do to be saved?’ So I showed him. After a while he got down and confessed, received salvation as a gift, then surrendered and asked for the Holy Ghost, and went away quite different.”

“Monmouth, Nov. 19. Had a splendid time all yesterday with souls, interviews all day long, and in the last case a backslider who had fallen into deep sin. He looked as black

and sullen as despair, but a three hours' fight gave complete victory. I had him an hour and then had to rush off straight to a meeting; another student took him on till I came back, and I returned two hours afterwards to find he had got the victory just before. You should have seen his face, oh, so bright, it was marvellous.

“After tea the leader of the College Y.M.C.A. came and made a full surrender, asked for the gift of the Holy Spirit and went away knowing he had received, so bright and believing and set on doing personal soul-saving work. There is such a lack of this. It seemed the same tale every place, spiritual darkness because of this not doing personal work. You should have seen the shining face yesterday of the President of the College Y.M.C.A. He had been a Christian two years and had never won one soul. He won his first the night before at my meeting, and yesterday he said he had never been so happy and never believed he could be so happy—too happy to sleep.

“The same evening S. came round and said he had been asked to speak at chapel next day. The Lord at once seemed to tell me that I should have to speak, but I said nothing. God stopped S. speaking ten minutes or more before the end of the time; he could not think of another word, though he had prepared to speak for 25 minutes; every word left him and he had to sit down. I was thereupon asked if I would speak, although I was sitting at the back of the building. I walked up as fast as I could lay legs to the ground and began right away. I prayed first just these words, ‘Oh, Lord, make my tongue go as fast as my heart, for Jesus Christ’s sake,’ and He answered abundantly. I spoke with all the gusto of making a century at cricket against the Australians. Oh, it is so good to know the Lord is with one.

“Then S. came to my room with me for a talk. He came right full out, confessing, surrendering and receiving the Holy Ghost. Oh, such a change as you cannot understand, he is unrecognisable; we are just about drunk with the Spirit. Oh,

such freedom in prayer. We just laughed and thanked and prayed before God.

“God has made things so plain to me and enables me to put it plainly to others. Here is the gist of what I tell them. Assurance of salvation depends on the fact that Jesus paid the penalty of your sin, not on any feeling of yours. As Christ died for you, you belong by rights to Him. After further explanation I say, ‘Will you not in a practical business way on your knees yield yourself and all to Jesus?’ ‘Yes.’ Then he or she does it, and I ask if Jesus has accepted them. If they do not know, I simply ask if God is a liar, which at once produces the required assurance, as it is impossible for God to have lied. Then I tell the inquirer to ask in one sentence for the Holy Ghost, and he does it. Then I ask, ‘Has He been given?’ By the same method the answer comes back ‘Yes’; then I tell him to thank God for (1) having accepted him, (2) having given the Holy Ghost. Then I say, ‘Don’t worry or fret, or think, or try, but just be careful for nothing, only trust and obey His voice. Rejoice and be glad in Jesus always. The feeling will come in due course, but it is a fact that God has given the Holy Ghost. Do not hinder God by helping Him, but quit hindering Him.’ They come long-faced, and go away sparkling and beaming.”