

FOREWORD

by Alfred B. Buxton

C. T. Studd's co-pioneer in the heart of Africa

C.T.'s life stands as some rugged Gibraltar—a sign to all succeeding generations that it is worth while to lose all this world can offer and stake everything on the world to come. His life will be an eternal rebuke to easy-going Christianity. He has demonstrated what it means to follow Christ without counting the cost and without looking back.

C.T. was essentially a cavalry leader, and in that capacity he led several splendid charges. Three in particular stand out: when C.T. and Stanley Smith led forth the Cambridge Seven to China, in 1885; ten years later when C.T. toured the American Universities at the start of the Student Volunteers; and when in 1910 he initiated the campaign for the region between the Nile and Lake Chad (the largest unevangelized region in Africa at the time).

These three things alone have affected missionary history, and through them C.T. forwarded evangelization to an extent that we cannot properly gauge. These were his direct work, but the indirect influence which he exerted and which extended in ever widening circles round the world probably accomplished even more. He personified the heroic spirit, the apostolic abandon, which it is easy to lose from the work of Christ.

A cavalry leader cannot have all the gifts of an administrator, or he would not have the qualities necessary to lead a charge. In this simple fact is the explanation of the shortcom-

ings some might point out. If there were these, they were in reality the exaggeration of C.T.'s unique qualities: his courage in any emergency, his determination never to sound the retreat, his conviction that he was in God's will, his faith that God would see him through, his contempt of the arm of the flesh, and his willingness to risk all for Christ.

But these are only as Froude wrote of Carlyle, "the mists that hang about a mountain." Men who want no mists must be content with plains. But give me the mountain! It will be but a little while, and, the mists evaporated, the mountain will stand out in all its grandeur.

I myself owe an enormous debt to him. From him I learned that God's ideal of a saint is not a man primarily concerned with his own sanctification: God's saint is 50 per cent a soldier. So we and thousands more will continue to thank God for the soldier life he lived and the soldier death he died. A little time ago I sent him these lines, and how wonderfully they are fulfilled in his case:

Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body near the wall.

Now it is for us to try and emulate him. That is the epitaph he would value most.