

With the rise of Islam, all opportunity of doing missionary work ended, whether among the pagans or the Moslems or the national churches of Egypt and Syria; and the Greek language died out in the neighbourhood. The monastery existed, far away from any others of the same faith and order; it was under the nominal jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch of Alexandria or of Jerusalem; but both dignitaries tended to abandon their posts.

In the sixteenth century it took a new lease of life, founding a school of learning in Crete. One of the most famous students there was Cyril Lukar, known to Englishmen as a Calvinist, who gave to our king the famous Greek Bible known as the Codex Alexandrinus. His family has another interest for Baptists, as Mark Lukar re-introduced baptism by immersion, both in England and America. The Abbot of the Sinai Convent was promoted to be an archbishop, and for 150 years he has been independent of all control, once the patriarch of Jerusalem has consecrated him. Apparently the monks form the whole of his flock; and they are content to be waited on by Moslems for whom a mosque has been built within the convent. The peninsula has at most 6,000 wandering Arabs. The archbishop lives at Cairo, in a daughter-house.

W. T. WHITLEY.

The Centenary Life of Carey.

IN 1923, when my *Life of Carey* was published, I really thought that I had hived for my readers the worth-while honey from all the discoverable British and American and Indian Carey-flowers. Since then, however, I have lighted upon many other such flowers, and even whole banks of flowers, which have yielded fresh combsful of honey. So I count myself fortunate and blest that in this centenary year, in a revised and enriched "Carey," I am to share with you all this added store of sweet and serviceable treasure.

One of the former best heather-banks for the biography had been *Ward's Diary* for his first eleven Serampore years, a set of folio MSS. in the Mission House. But no one remembered that the House possessed a different version of this *Diary* in four little volumes. When I came on this and examined it, it proved to be *the original*, and for Ward's own private keeping, whilst the other was what of it he himself copied, or got copied, to send periodically to Andrew Fuller for such use as his prudence

saw fit. But the undiminished, unreserved original was treasure indeed. Here was the day by day life of the community registered in immediate frankness; Ward's judgments of people and events unconcealed; Ward, at least once, violently antagonising the policy of Carey and Marshman, but later constrained by the logic of facts to agree: snapshots of Carey and Marshman in days of grave crisis, yet touched with humour; more told than before of Lady Rumohr, Carey's second wife; more naked facts than before about the frowardness of the first Indian converts, even Krishna Pal, for example, shown in open fierce rebellion, and then returning for splendid service, etc., etc. The four volumes in their small script were a great find.

In the same safe secret place lay a *Diary of Carey's own* for his first two testing Bengal years, which I had supposed had long since perished, with its only traces in the portions published in the Society's early Periodical Accounts. But here again was the original, and the very things aforesaid withheld have worth for biography now.

I have had another important surprise. I was familiar with the typed copies of Carey's many letters to Ryland from the field, which Furnival St. possesses, and I took it for granted that they completely reproduced the originals in College Street Vestry, Northampton. But on recent investigation I found many things in the originals which I had never seen before, and I had to spend two full days hiving this considerable new treasure. One wholly new letter—the briefest of them all—is like a flash of forked lightning. Carey lashes the man who had once baptised him, and who had for thirty years been his revered and loved colleague, for a wrong done to Marshman! What "a spirit of steel!"

Other memorable days found me in Aberystwyth at the call of our alert F. G. Hastings there, whose summary of its documents of the *Isaac Mann Collection* in the National Library of Wales, with Dr. Whitley's omniscient annotations, has kept enriching this *Quarterly* for two years. I had never come upon a flower-bank of such varied attraction: letters from Carey and the whole circle of his Indian colleagues and converts and friends, from John Thomas and Ward and "Serampore," from Carey's Felix and Marshman's John and Benjamin, from Chamberlain and Chater, from Eustace Carey, Lawson and Yates, from Ignatius Fernandez, Adoniram Judson and Des Granges, and from even Krishna Pal, Carapeit Aratoon and Krishna Prasad. Besides, more letters, many more, from nearly all the Mission's leaders in the Home Base—Fuller and Sutcliff, the Rylands and Samuel Pearce, Crabtree and Fawcett, Rippon and the Robert Halls, Beddome and Booth, Saffery and Steadman and Stennett, Medley and Webster Morris, Timothy Thomas and John Foster! All

these friends of Carey's sprang into life again for me in the new Library in those days. They sufficed to convince me that I should have to venture an enriched edition of my book. You may be sure I brought back with me a swiftly-filled honeycomb.

But this last summer I had a still more romantic experience—not a summons to a library to consult old-time documents, but an invitation to make the acquaintance of a living person who stood closer to the immortal pioneers than any one I had ever met since the death of my own father, a Mrs. Constance Rowe, a *grand-daughter*, not great-grand-daughter, of the Marshmans, and not frail and forgetful, as I feared to find her, but vital and keen. She has made real for me her illustrious father, John Clark Marshman, the great historian of "Serampore," and of India, and succeeded in securing for me loans of important Marshman documents—the portions of *Hannah Marshman's Diary* I had not before been permitted to see; also a considerable packet of her letters to her husband and children, besides a few of Marshman's out of the midst of an agonising grief, and not least Rachel Marshman's unfinished yet valuable *Memoir of the Mission*. Another rich flower-bank to explore and exploit!

I plead guilty for not having examined long ago the great volume in Furnival Street containing the autograph letters of Fountain and Brunson, of Chamberlain and Robinson and Rowe, the younger "Serampore" contemporaries of Carey. But I have extracted this treasure now, and their comments, phrases, side-lights and stories have proved very enriching, especially one of Rowe's about a dauntless Hindustani woman, a convert of Krishna Pal's. And I have been very glad to make the fuller acquaintance of Fountain, the first lay-helper of Carey, who, rather than not get to him, went steerage, and steerage in those days!

I have lighted on my luckiest flowers in unlikeliest places. Who would have guessed that in the Kew Gardens Library I should find a copy of Marshman's *Samachar Darpan*, his bi-weekly Bengali and English newspaper-sheet for the second day after Carey's death, with the account of his last illness, and a striking testimony to his influence on the Bengali language and literature? Or that in the same unexpected place I should get, over the signature of the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Herbert—for fifteen years a botanical correspondent and friend of Carey's—a story never whispered before in any Carey-circle, which must have come from Carey himself, which yet is the most poignant and unforgettable demonstration of Carey's poverty and loneliness and distress in his Calcutta early months?

But I also found in Kew Library that day, by the exceeding helpfulness of the librarian, treasure that befitted the place, and

such as I had coveted and striven to discover there long since, but in vain: botanical letters of Carey's. I had thought that, perhaps his last two hundred letters to Dr. Wallich, the Superintendent of Calcutta's Botanic, had found their way thither. Not so, however; but in their stead there were seven considerable letters of Carey to Dr. W. J. Hooker, the Regius Professor of Botany in Glasgow University, letters which declared themselves at a glance as only a portion of an intimate personal and botanical correspondence between enthusiasts, who had evidently long exchanged gifts. The letters did more, however, than enrich me of themselves. They put me on the track of other discoveries—in Liverpool, of all places! And now I know that for twenty years Carey and William Roscoe, the founder of Liverpool's "Botanic," and John Shepherd, its brilliant first Curator, were in continuous communication and exchange of treasures, and that in 1825 the Committee of Liverpool's Garden acclaimed Carey and his friend Nathaniel Wallich as their princeliest and faithfulest benefactors from the East. Then this discovery of the far-reaching range of Carey's botanical service received further corroboration in books I examined one exciting day in the Burlington House library of the Linnaean Society. Gladstone was once asked whether, in his Eton days, a boy who "swotted" was despised. "Not if he was good at something else," he thoughtfully answered. And we all like our zealots to be many-sided, our Livingstones and Grenfells and Schweitzers! We have all always known Carey's love for his own garden, and I took keen delight in my Life of him to show, beyond what had been told before, how close and continuous was his co-operation with botanists of Bengal. But I never knew till now how, despite his crowded days, he contrived to keep in constant beneficent touch with *British* botanists and horticulturists. The new facts will certainly compel a larger measure of the man.

Not that this keenly-pursued hobby lay aside from his missionary and linguistic labours. Indeed, it was integral with his main purpose. He lived to share with all possible peoples the best in every sphere which he knew—the best plants and flowers, the best grains and fruit, the best knowledge and literature, the best revelation and inspiration.

S. PEARCE CAREY.