

Marianne Farningham, "The Shoemaker Missionary" [a poem], in *Friends' Review: A Religious, Literary and Miscellaneous Journal*, ed. Henry Hartshorne, vol. XL (Philadelphia: Published at 1316 Filbert Street, 1886-1887), p. 607.

The greatest things in quiet places grow;
And men are like the trees, which need the light
And free, fresh air to make them strong for life.
The noblest deeds in silence are thought out,
And plans are born while only stars look on;
And hopes are whispered to the birds and flowers,
Which keep the secret. So the grand oaks grow
That once were acorns; so the grand deeds too,
That once were only dreams.

A little village in Northamptonshire
Became the home, a hundred years ago,
Of a young man—poor and unlearned at first—
Whose thoughts were clarion-calls he needs must hear
And dared not disobey. He read the news
How India with its costly merchandise,
Its wondrous wealth and vast extent of land,
Did now belong to England; and he read
How Angi, Soma and a host of gods
Were worshipped by the Indians, and his heart
Was filled with longing to go forth and tell
The good news of the love of Jesus Christ,
And the glad heaven which He has made the home
For all the peoples of the Father's world.

Great need had he of patience. No one cared
To listen to the visionary talk
Of him they deemed fanatic. So he took
The little village church they offered him;
And when the stipend—ten or fifteen pounds—
Proved all too meager, made the village shoes,
And mended them, and taught the village boys,
Making a globe of leather for his school,
And giving lessons in geography,—
Chiefly of India. But the Moulton fields
Were his prayer places, and the silent trees
Looked down the while he made his high resolves;
And the calm stars smiled with approving light,
And now and then the wakeful nightingale
Might hear another plaintive lay than hers
Break through the stillness and "O Lord, how long?"
Comes from the lips of Carey.

Much he tried
To get the ear of others. At all meeting times,
When ministers together came for talk,
He was among them, and in earnest words
Pleaded the duty of the modern Church
To care for India. "God has given the land
To us," he cried, "and we must win it back
To Christ. Oh, brothers, why still hesitate?
Let us go forward and attempt great things
For God, and then expect great things from God,
Who will not disappoint us." Angrily
An older man cried out, "Sit down, young man!"
Yet was not Carey silenced.

Many days
Passed on before he had his heart's desire;
And then, behold! in far-off Serampore
The man of Moulton! Honored, learned, praised.
Professor in the college; translator
Of the most holy Book he loved so well;
Leader of modern missions, whose good name
Was spoken in the English parliaments
And in the homes of India. So he lived;
And, like a tree whose leaves for healing grew,
In stately strength and beauty reared his head,
Because his great true heart was brave for God.