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Phillips, Mary Sayles, 1837-  
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Dr. J. L. Phillips,  
missionary to the children



812 **Phillips** (Dr. J. L.) *India*. A Biographical sketch, by his widow, *map and illustrations*,  
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Tom Swamy,  
J. Phillips.

*From a Photograph by the*  
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DR. J. L. PHILLIPS

MISSIONARY  
TO THE CHILDREN OF INDIA

A Biographical Sketch

BY

HIS WIDOW

COMPLETED AND EDITED

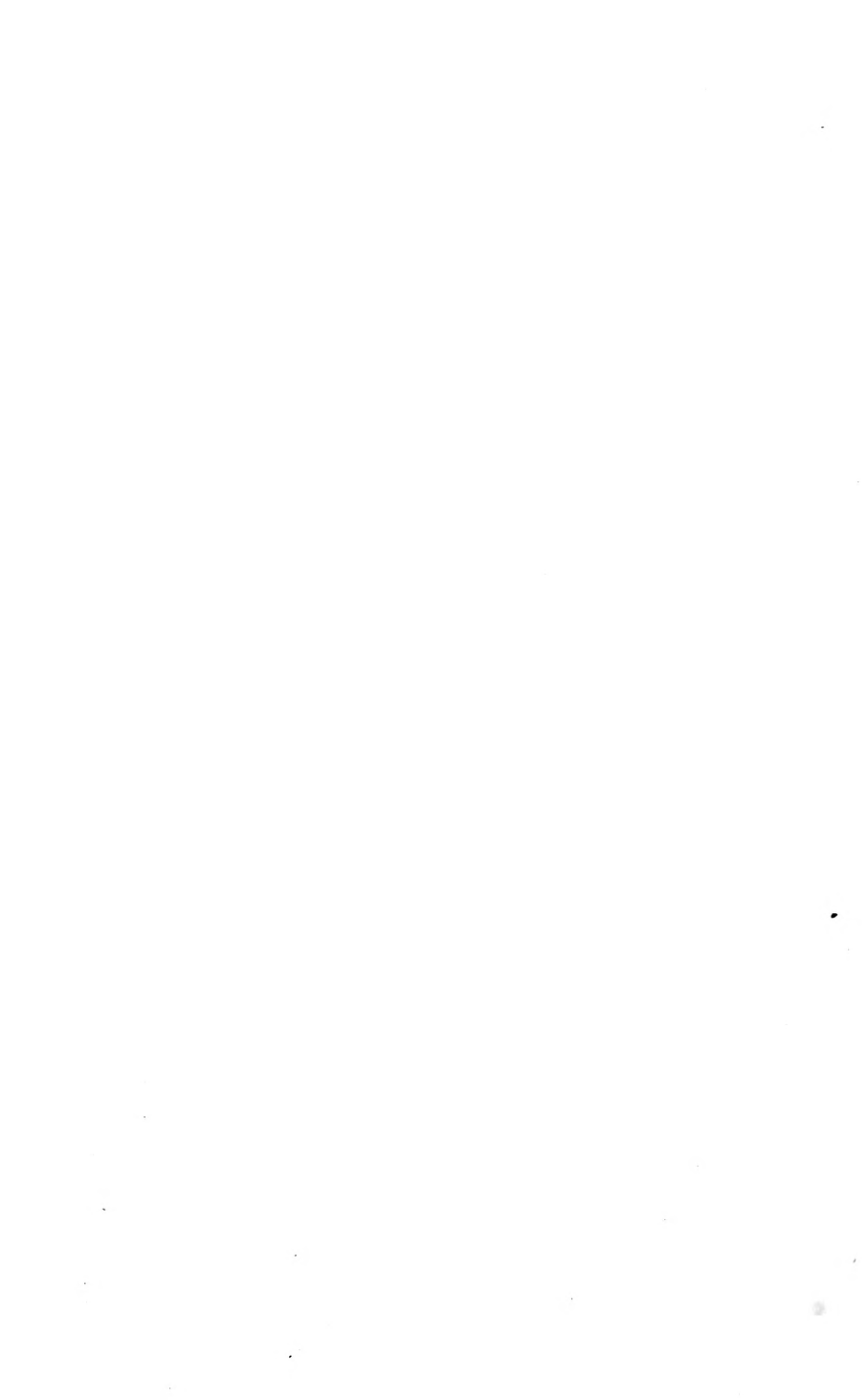
BY

W. J. WINTLE

AUTHOR OF

"PARADISE ROW" "ARMENIA AND ITS SORROWS" ETC.

LONDON:  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION  
57 AND 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.





## FOREWORD.



**S**HORTLY after the death of the late Dr. Phillips, his widow commenced the preparation of a biography, and completed a first draft of that portion which dealt with the career of Dr. Phillips previous to his connection with the Sunday School Union. The first twelve chapters of the present book consist of the work of Mrs. Phillips, considerably revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. For the remaining four chapters the Editor is alone responsible. He takes this opportunity of expressing his great indebtedness to the Rev. William Carey, who very kindly examined and arranged the vast mass of correspondence and other material used in the preparation of the present biography.

*May, 1898.*



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# DR. J. L. PHILLIPS.



## CHAPTER I.

### CHILDHOOD.

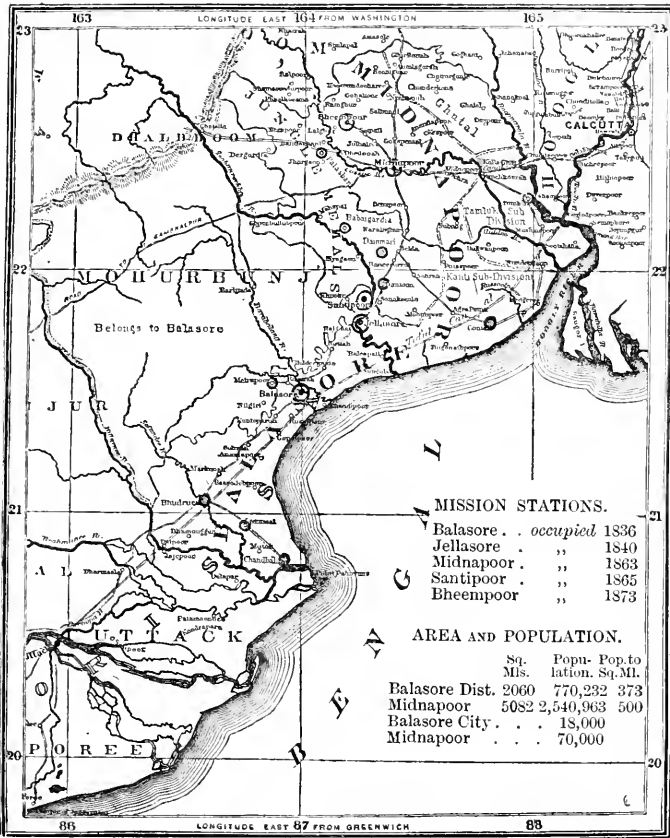
**J**AMES LIDDELL PHILLIPS and his twin brother John were born on January 17th, 1840, being the sons of the Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, D.D., and Mary Anne Grunditch, his wife. His father came out to India in 1836 with Mr. Noyes, to open a Free Baptist Mission at Orissa. It was a missionary speech that he heard, when he was only ten years old, which first put into his heart the desire to dedicate his life to the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen. Afterwards, when he was twenty-one, he heard Dr. Sutton tell the story of Orissa, and this decided him to offer himself for the work there.

He sailed from America in 1836, with several other missionaries, his first station being at Sumbulpore, where he suffered as few missionaries do now.

He had not been long in India when his wife and little daughter died, and he helped to bury them with his own hands.

Soon afterwards he came to Balasore, where he married Miss Mary Anne Grunditch. It was here, in Balasore, that the twin boys were born. Two months later, their father removed to Jellasore, a distance of about thirty miles to the north-east, where he founded the second permanent station of the India Free Baptist Mission. The following year Mrs. Phillips fell a victim to an Indian fever, and thus the twin boys were left motherless when only six months old.

Towards the close of the year 1840, Miss Anne Cummings, a member of the Lowell Free Baptist Church, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Bachelier, joined the mission. She subsequently became the third wife of Dr. Jeremiah Phillips. Nobly did she fulfil her duties as second mother to the orphan brothers. At first they were in the care of an ayah, or Indian nurse, who used to bring sugar tied up in the corner of her cloth for her "Jimmy baba," and watched him day and night. Soon it became apparent that the boy was likely to develop into a perfect little tyrant, so the ayah was sent away, and throughout the rest of their childhood the two boys were constantly nurtured and cared for by Mrs. Phillips. She took much pride in her flower garden, and when the boys were still but very small, she gave them light tasks in it every morning. John is said to have been the good boy, and stuck to his work, while Jimmy, the hero of our story, generally ran off to play with the native boys, and when carried back, resisted vigorously, until he found that his mother was not to be frightened so easily as the ayah, and that play came sooner by finishing the work quickly, and doing



MAP SHOWING STATIONS OF THE INDIA FREE BAPTIST MISSION.





it well. In after years, Dr. Phillips often attributed his methodical and painstaking habits to the training of those early days.

When they were a little older their father gave them a patch of ground in which to raise arrowroot, and all the profits were their own. Their small accumulations were a source of much pride to the little boys; but even as children they were taught to take care of their money, and to give one-tenth of it to God. The first thing they did on receiving money was always to divide it into ten equal parts, and to set aside one for religious purposes.

Mrs. Phillips also taught them to sew and knit, and during the long hot days they made little garments and knitted socks. We shall see how, afterwards, during school and college days in America, Dr. Phillips found the advantage of these very practical acquirements.

All their days in India were regularly divided between work, study, and play. They had lessons in English and Oriya, and they studied on a little bench in their father's room. The bench is now in the Midnapore chapel. Later on they also learned Bengali. A grand old banyan tree in the garden was an endless source of pleasure. They never tired of swinging from its long arching roots with the native boys. Under this banyan tree the British soldiers used sometimes to encamp. A second banyan tree near by, in the back compound, was planted by Dr. and Mrs. Phillips on the occasion of their marriage, and under it was held the first Indian Sunday School Convention in 1870.

Not far from the missionary's house was the quaint little mission chapel.

The boys attended Sunday School with the native children, and Jimmy sat on a bench in the back of his father's pulpit during service, and in after years admitted that the long sermons were dreadful.

Several little sisters came in due course, and added brightness to the missionary's home, and the ingenuity of the two boys was constantly taxed to contrive new ways of carrying them about. In after years Dr. Phillips said—

“One of my happiest recollections is that of putting a sweet, golden-haired sister into a basket, just large enough to hold her, and tying it to a pole, which I carried on my shoulder, spurred on by the bursts of glee and wild delight that came from the tiny bed suspended in the air behind me.”

Camping out was great fun. Once a year Dr. Phillips took the boys with him. They took no books, but studied the jungle and the strange people instead. They delighted to collect the beautiful fragrant lilies, which grew up through the grass in damp and lonely places. The jungle had its dangers, and the little boys grew familiar with the sight of deadly cobras, stretched out in the sun. One little Oriya boy died in fifteen minutes after he had been bitten by one. Crocodiles, too, were seen sleeping on the banks of the streams, but sank down into the water too quickly to be examined. Then they caught scorpions, and tied strings to their tails, to their hearts' content. During the night, bears came for the sugar-cane which grew near the missionary's tent,

and sometimes wild elephants hurried through the jungle forests, trampling down everything on their way. Sometimes, too, the boys followed the footprints of Bengal tigers in the sandy jungle paths. They went with their father and gave away tracts in the great markets, and ran into the little dark huts, sitting on mats and eating curry and rice (which the women piled up on fresh green leaves for them) with their fingers, and listening eagerly as the native women told them about ghosts that prowled about in uncanny fashion, and lived in hiding-places in the hills, and about unseen spirits that fluttered among the quivering leaves overhead, and about sacred creatures that roamed the neighbouring plains. They were in mortal terror one day, and the poor people were almost wild with excitement, when a newly-arrived missionary shot a peacock.

John and "Jimmy baba" were welcomed everywhere. They soon knew the customs of the people, their secrets, and the way to win their affection; but sometimes into their everyday life came horrible scenes, which are now rarely, if ever, witnessed in India. Pilgrims passed the house in thousands, on their way to the Car Festival at Puri, and the boys eagerly rushed into the road to watch the great crowds. Between sunrise and sunset one day, 20,000 pilgrims were counted.

Sometimes cholera broke out among them. On one occasion during the morning walk, which the boys always took with their father, they saw within a mile thirty dead bodies by the roadside, while on the river bank some half-dozen funeral piles were

burning. At the Swinging Festival they saw men suspended from poles by hooks fastened in their backs, and sometimes swinging with a child in their arms. Devotees passed by the missionary's home, who held up their arms until the muscles were withered, and it was impossible to bring them down again. Others measured the road to Jagannath by stretching themselves on the ground. The most horrible of all was the sight of the Khand children who had been fattened for sacrifice, and were rescued by the missionaries, who afterwards kept them in their midst.

These horrible scenes and other influences which were to be dreaded made the father and mother very anxious to send the boys to America to complete their education. More than once they had traced the journey from Jellasore to New York on the map by day, and by night had dreamed it all out again.

At last a day came when the father said, "Boys, Dr. Bachelor and his family are going to America. Would you like to go too?" That was a great moment in their lives, and it was not long before they said "Yes." They were now nearly twelve years old. For boys so young to cross the seas, and to enter upon the unknown world of school life in America, was no light matter, and we can well imagine that not only were the parents' hearts anxious, but the boys themselves were not without some degree of fearfulness as they looked forward to leaving India, and all the strange surroundings amid which their childhood had been passed, and to going forth to what was practically an unknown world; but they brushed

away their tears, and for some days were busy with preparations for the voyage.

Their hearts swelled with pride as they imagined themselves astonishing the American natives with their grand new clothes. Poor little fellows! they little knew that the fashions of Jellasure were not a little out of date, and that their finery would give rise to more amusement than admiration in the distant land. At last all was finished, and the boxes duly locked and corded. The scene at their departure was one which European eyes can scarcely picture. It was one o'clock on a bright moonlight night on December 8th, 1851. The palkis and bearers were at the door, and the Oriya Christians were crowding the verandah, and sobbing as though their hearts would break, while the blue eyes of brother Jerry and the little girls were filled with farewell tears.

The two boys were crying and hugging all alike, men and women, boys and girls, black and white, and then bounding into the palkis, they buried their heads in the pillows, and ultimately sobbed themselves to sleep. In an hour or two the moon went down, and they were awakened by the cries of the jackals, and the glare of the torches carried by the bearers. It took them five days to reach Calcutta, and on December 21st they sailed down the Hooghly, waving their handkerchiefs to their parents on the shore, until all they could see was a white speck, marking the place where their hearts were still.

## CHAPTER II.

### VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

**J**AMES PHILLIPS kept a diary of his voyage to America, which lies before us as we write. The ink has long been faded, but the book, with its conscientious and painstaking entries in round hand, is not only interesting, as illustrating the working of a boyish mind under circumstances altogether exceptional, but possesses a pathos of its own, as a revelation of a singularly honest and ingenuous character. We can hardly describe the voyage to New York better than by giving a series of extracts from this boyish diary:—

“*Jan. 12th, 1851.*—It has now been eight days since we left Madras. We have had small showers of rain, once in a while, and a considerable breeze. Yesterday we were going at the rate of eight or nine miles per hour, but to-day we are going at the rate of six or seven. We had a considerable motion in the ship yesterday, and we were very sick, and could not get out of our beds either to go to dinner or anything else. I had a very bad headache yesterday, which has not gone off yet, but we had school to-day as usual. Our lessons are History of England, of which we read four pages, and then answer all questions on it, spell long

words, and parse a few sentences, then we learn our Greek lesson, and after we have said it, or sometimes before, we have to go to dinner. After we come from dinner we have a little recess. When Mr. Bachelor goes to dinner we write in our copy-books, in which he has set some Greek copies, then we go up on deck with him. After being there a little while, the tea bell rings, and after tea we remain on deck a little longer, and then come down into our cabin, and have worship. We all, namely, Mr. Bachelor, Mrs. Bachelor, John, Maria, Albert, and myself, read four verses each all round, and then Mr. Bachelor prays, and after worship, John and I read a chapter in the Bible, and when we have said our prayers we go to bed."

"*Jan. 17th.*—It is rather rainy to-day. We have now been out twelve days without seeing land, and expect to be another month before we get to the Cape of Good Hope. A gentleman, the fourth mate of the ship, told us yesterday that we may expect rainy weather for three or four days longer, and then we shall have some fine weather. I have had a very bad headache to-day. I wish it had been a pleasanter day, for it is my birthday. I am twelve years old to-day. I so wish I were at home."

"*March 2nd.*—After sailing forty-two days we arrived at Cape Town, but we saw land about a week before we anchored. We had a very strong contrary wind for several days before we entered the bay, and at last it blew so hard that we had to stow away all sails."

"On the 17th Feb. there was a calm, so that we only went about a mile an hour. We were only about

eighteen or twenty miles off, and so in the evening a little breeze springing up we got in at about eleven o'clock. The next morning after breakfast we went ashore with Mr. Bacheler and Albert."

"*April 28th.*—We expect to be in dock at London in two or three days more. We took a pilot from the Scilly Islands on the 23rd inst., but we were not in sight of land when he came on board. Yesterday morning we saw England. It looked so very beautiful through our port. We could see the houses so well, although so far from land. Yesterday evening we passed Plymouth Harbour from which the people went to settle in America, and named the place where they landed, Plymouth, in the State of Massachusetts. We have a fine fair wind now, and are going fast, so we hope to have a steamer to-morrow to take us into dock. I saw the Eddystone Lighthouse yesterday evening, but we were a great way off, and I could not see it very distinctly."

"*May 8th.*—We took the steamer *Goliath* on the morning of the 29th April, and about nine o'clock that night we anchored near Gravesend, a small town about twenty-one miles from London. On the following morning we arrived in dock about ten o'clock, and in the afternoon went to a boarding-house in Queen Street, Cheapside. On the way we saw a great many things, so many beautiful shops and houses, all ornamented with pictures and glass ornaments. We only remained at Cheapside four days and then removed to lodgings in Museum Street, Bloomsbury."

"*May 24th.*—We have seen a great deal of the city since I wrote last. The gentleman of the house



has a boy about two years older than we are, who has been very kind to us ever since we came here, and has taken us all about the city, and shown us all the curious things and places in London. He took us to St. Paul's Church, but we did not go all through it; and he took us to see Buckingham Palace, where the Queen of England lives; and we saw the Duke of Wellington's place, which has got iron shutters up. It was because the people once threw stones, and broke his glass shutters, so the Duke, wishing to teach them respect for their great people, ordered iron shutters to be put up. Now the people are ashamed of themselves, and wish to have them taken down; but the Duke will not do it. After we had seen it, we went to see Hyde Park, and had a good run on the nice fresh green grass. It was the first time we had been on the grass for four months or more. Since that we have been out almost every day. We have been with Mr. Bachelor to see the new House of Lords. It is one of the most beautiful houses in London. It is ornamented on all sides by pictures and all sorts of paintings. I was astonished when I went into it. In several places there are statues of people, all so beautiful, and finished off so nicely. After we had been through the House of Lords, we went to see Westminster Abbey, one of the oldest places in London, built by Henry III. nine hundred and eighty-eight years ago. We saw the tombs of a great many of the kings of England. We also saw the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, Cromwell, and General Wolfe, who died in a battle with General Montcalm at Quebec. Also a great many more of whom I have read in

history. We have been to see the Crystal Palace, or the display of industry of all nations of the year 1851. It is one of the beautifulest houses in England, and is all glass and iron. It is being broken down now, and I hear it is to be built again next year in a place in the country, about ten or twelve miles from London. We have not been yet to see the Tower, where so many kings and queens of England have been murdered; but I think we will go before we leave London."

"*May 29th.*—We are now on board the ship *Ocean Queen* for New York, on our voyage to America, where we hope to find the dear friends and relatives with whom we are going to remain and go to school. When we were on board the ship *Barham*, the midshipmen and sailors used to tease us, and call us Yankees, and some of them used to swear over it; but here everyone is American, so no one can tease us."

"*June 11th.*—I am sorry to say that the breeze has quite failed us. It kept leaving us by littles for the last three or four days, and now has entirely left us. It is perfectly a dead calm now, and we are scarcely going at all. We saw a great many sharks plying about to-day; they almost always are seen in calm weather. I also hear that yesterday there was a large whale in sight; some said that it was alongside, and quite near to the ship."

"*June 14th.*—I think we have got a fair breeze now, in fact, it sprang up after I wrote last, but, very unfortunately, was a foul one; but it has taken to getting better and better every day, and thought, I suppose, to become a good one. We have got a fair

one now, and one thing more would make it all right, and that is, a good strong one, to take us on at ten or twelve knots an hour. Yesterday was Sunday, and Mr. Bachelor had prayers in the saloon or dining-room, as he did last Sabbath. The captain has asked him to have worship every Sabbath. A great many of the steerage passengers attend, so that the room is almost crowded. I like this ship a great deal better than the English ship *Barham*. They give us much better food here. On the *Barham* they gave us nothing but slops for breakfast, such as sago, and no kind of meat, but bread and butter and jam. But here they give us meat for breakfast, bacon and eggs, mutton chops, beef and mutton, boiled eggs, and such things, which they never thought of giving us on the *Barham*. They also give us a great deal better dinners here than on the *Barham*, for all of which things I like this ship a great deal better."

"*June 23rd.*—I am glad to say that we have caught a very good, fine, fair breeze now, and are going about eight or ten miles per hour. I think that the captain said we were near the Banks of Newfoundland. For the last three or four days we have had a very great fog, so great that we could not see more than twenty or thirty feet from the ship. The fog reminds me of home, where some days we used to have them; but the captain tells us that there is a fog here most of the year round. Newfoundland Bank, a place so celebrated for its fisheries, is, I think, very well named. This morning I was one of the first passengers to go on deck, and when I was there I heard a great shout among some of the people

forward, and seeing some of them looking into the water, I looked and in a minute I saw three great whales spring up at once from the water, and dive down again very near the ship's side. They seemed to be in chase of one another. They kept about the ship for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then disappeared. I also saw a great many porpoises leaping in the water. Sometimes eight or ten of them would leap up at once. I should think that I saw about fifty or sixty before breakfast, all astern of the ship. We also saw flocks and flocks of Mother Carey's chickens flying round about the ship. We are in shallow water now. The mate told me that it is sixty fathoms deep; and the captain says that if we go on at this rate we shall be quite clear of the Bank by to-morrow morning."

"*June 28th.*—We have not got a fair breeze now, but it has been a very fine and sunny day. It was also a fine day yesterday, and being Sunday, Mr. Bachelier had service up on deck. There were a great many fishing boats in sight; some were anchored, and others were going to the Bank to fish. The captain thought that we might get some fish, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Macfarlane, the first and second mates, started at once, but unfortunately they caught none. Mr. Smith has an excuse for not catching any, and said he could never succeed in fishing on Sunday. He also remarked that there was no harm in fishing on Sunday provided you caught none!"

"*July 7th.*—We have a fair wind now, but I am sorry to say that there is very little of it; but still we hope it will grow stronger this evening. The 4th

July or Independence Day was last Sunday. A great many fishing boats passed us; I counted fourteen in less than an hour. They did nothing on Sunday to celebrate Independence Day, and somehow or other it was forgotten on Monday. On Tuesday morning Mr. Smith told me that they were going to keep the 4th July to-day, so he gave instructions to have the American flag hoisted. When all the gentlemen and ladies came on deck they wore a piece of red and white ribbon on their coats or hats. In the afternoon the second mate called the sailors up, and they all sang a song. Afterwards one of the ladies led them in giving three cheers for the American flag. In the evening there was a dance on deck."

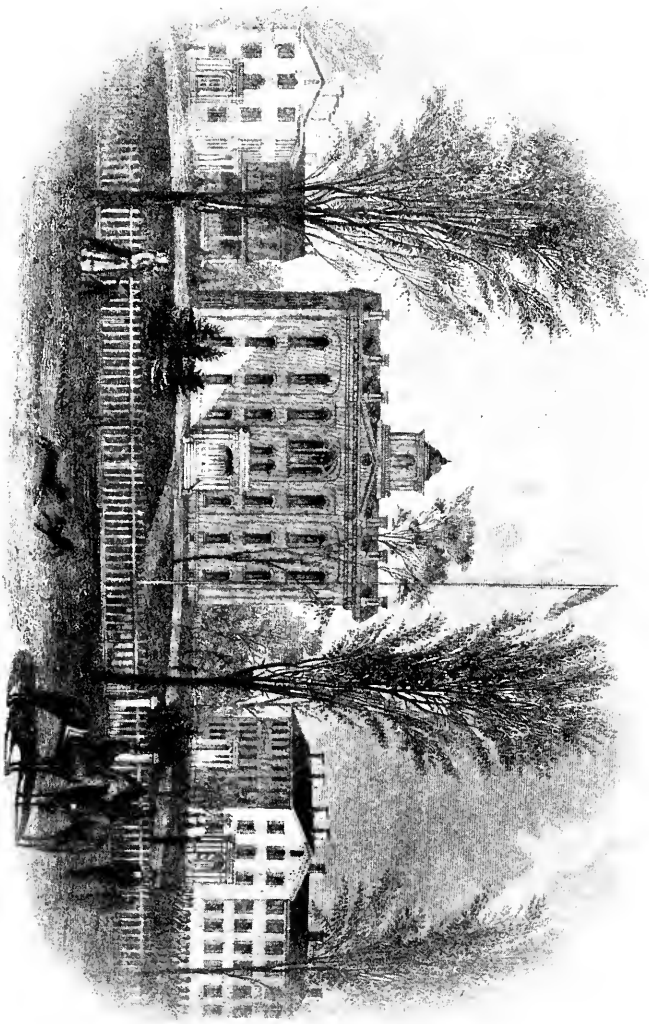
"*July 9th.*—We took a pilot yesterday, and he said we were 115 miles from New York, and would perhaps reach it to-morrow. We passed several ships off in different directions. I heard them say to-day that a steamer will take us in tow from Sandy Hook to New York."

## CHAPTER III.

### SCHOOLDAYS.

“*JULY* 19th.—I am now all safe and sound in Whitestown. We arrived at New York at about eight o'clock on Saturday morning on the 10th July. The captain sent one of the sailors to get the letters that had been waiting there for the people on board, and he came back with a whole bundle, and one was marked 'Phillips.' It was from Mr. John Chancey, inviting us to go over to his house. We were very glad to receive it, and showed it to Dr. Bachelor. He got a carriage to take us all there. We set out Monday night. That night we took a hearty supper, and went with Mr. Chancey to the boat station, where we got our tickets and labels, and went on board the steamboat *Sir Isaac Newton*, which was to leave at 6.50 p.m. for Albany. We stayed up that night till about ten o'clock; and as we could see the shore all the time, and it looked so beautiful, we had a very pleasant evening, and were—where? Nowhere, but on the old North Hudson river, which I had heard so much about at home. A very kind man obtained berths for us, so that we went to bed that night, and did not wake up till about 5.30 in the morning, when a negro called us and said 'Albany.' So we jumped up

WHITESTOWN SEMINARY.







and were dressed in a few minutes, then we gave up our tickets and left the boat. We saw a cart which was going to the depôt, so we picked up our bundles and followed it. Our chests were labelled through to Utica, so we had nothing to do with them till we got there. We waited at the depôt for the 6.30 train, then jumped on to one of the cars and arrived at Utica at about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. At the depôt we had to look up our boxes and things.

"We inquired of a man how we could go to Whitestown, where we were to be put to school with our uncle. He told us that an omnibus left for Whitestown at 11 a.m., and he took our boxes to the omnibus station. We took the 'bus and arrived at Whitestown at 11 o'clock in the evening on Tuesday, July 13th, 1852." So ends the interesting little diary and their first long journey.

Whitestown was truly a new world to the two little Indian boys, whose early surroundings had been quite different. Indeed it would not be too much to say that they hardly spoke the language of America, and that all their ideas were entirely foreign to those of the people with whom the rest of their boyhood was to be passed. They had even to ask the names of many things which they saw. The very furniture of the house was a study to them. They peered cautiously into the presses and cupboards, remembering the weird stories they had learned from the native women of India, and half wondering what uncanny creatures might suddenly spring out of those dark and hidden recesses. The American stove with its iron doors they actually thought was a prison in which to shut

up bad boys. In the distance they watched their new school-fellows playing games hitherto unheard of, and it was with a sort of sinking of their young hearts that they longed for the dear old games they had left behind at Jellasure. Everybody stared at them and exchanged significant glances which the poor boys understood only too well. A single glance around had revealed to them the fact that their garments, though very neatly made, were by no means in the latest American fashion. Uncle John's description of what he called "the hang of their trousers" was no doubt amusing enough, but it was a very serious affair for the owners of those garments, and many tears were shed in quiet corners. The little strangers formed but an unfavourable impression of their comrades as they contrasted their somewhat pointed witticisms with the simple native courtesy of the dark-skinned people in Orissa.

With the opening of the term they went to school and began work in earnest. But the bills increased, and their little purses were empty. Where was the money to come from? Piles of uncut wood near the seminary answered the question. On cold mornings, when the mercury in the thermometer sank eight or nine degrees below zero, they had to bound out of their beds and set the chips flying and the saw buzzing.

Dr. Phillips said in after years: "One of the gifts I can feel to-day was a pair of fine warm mittens that a dear aunt gave me. These kept my hands from freezing, and when my feet were beginning to grow numb from cold, I dropped the axe and jumped and beat my hands vigorously till the warm blood found its way to the tips of toes and fingers, and then

went on again with the chopping till the breakfast bell rang. Our brains were tingling with pure fresh oxygen, and study found us ready with Latin and Greek roots and unknown quantities. I got to like mathematics, and was soon promoted in that course. Languages, too, came easy to me; indeed they were a kind of pastime."

But there was one thing which James Phillips afterwards confessed that he neglected at this time, and his father, without knowing it, made reference to the matter in one of his letters, and asked him if he read his Bible regularly. He replied that he felt "as downright ashamed and wicked a boy as ever lived on earth." Although he had been accustomed from very early years to read his Bible daily, the habit had become weakened since landing in the New World; but now he wrote a pledge and entered it in his Journal in the following terms:—

"I hereby pledge myself that I will read daily the Old Testament once a year, and the New twice, according to the Biblical calendar. It is my earnest design to remain true to my pledge unless prevented by ill-health or similar circumstance.

"(Signed) JAMES PHILLIPS.

"WHITESTOWN, ONEIDA COUNTY, N.Y.,  
"Sunday, Jan. 2, 1853."

Well did the future missionary keep his pledge! He read the entire Bible through forty times, and during the last thirty years of his life he read the New Testament in Greek every year. To this practice he undoubtedly owed not only the robustness of his private

religious life, but also the freshness and force which characterised his sermons and addresses. The Word of God was to him a perennial fountain at which he daily quenched the thirst of his soul, and in his turn was a minister of life and refreshment to others.

After this time the two brothers John and James regularly read their Bibles together and said their prayers with carefulness, though apart from this they seemed to have thought comparatively little about God and the great hereafter.

Soon after this a series of revival meetings was held. James attended them night after night; and as others were deciding to serve the Master, he longed to do so as well, but was held back by an inward conviction that if he became a decided Christian he would ultimately feel bound to go back to India as a missionary. While his heart continually longed for home, curiously enough he strongly rebelled against the idea of becoming a missionary. This was the more strange seeing that the life of an Indian missionary, so far as the boys had seen it exemplified in their father, would appear to have been not altogether unattractive. Still other ambitions and objects in life seemed at this time to have presented themselves forcibly to the young boy's mind. But a great spiritual crisis was at hand in the life of James Phillips. We give his own description:—

“God was no doubt to answer dear Mother's prayers. One Sunday evening John was greatly affected at the meeting, while I was quite unmoved. At the close of the service one of the students prayed with him. I had already gone home, and to

bed. A little later when he returned he burst into tears and told Uncle and Aunt that he was a great sinner. I was then called, and while dressing trembled like a leaf. John said to me, 'James, I have resolved to be a Christian; won't you come with me?' I was touched then, and burst into tears. Uncle prayed with us, after which we went to bed, but not to sleep. We got up and prayed until five in the morning. I told the Lord I would go anywhere and do anything if He would save me. Oh, how happy I felt then! I found that it made me happy and cheerful to have Christ's love in my heart. It did not matter that the boys scoffed at me, and called me 'the missionary.' I paid little attention to them now, for, from the night of conversion, I began to think about India's needs and children, and gave myself up to India's God and to them. It has been 'dear India' ever since then."

There can be little doubt that this youthful experience marked an epoch in the religious life of James Phillips. Although certain notes in his diary might suggest that an element of perhaps not entirely healthy emotion had been introduced by attendance at revival meetings of the type not uncommon in those days in the United States, it must be frankly admitted that from this time a new impulse and motive had entered into the boy's life. The desire to ultimately consecrate himself to the higher and more immediate service of God as a foreign missionary was from this time never altogether absent from him. While the experiences and influences of the years which lay before him were needed to mould and form

an even and robust religious character, still it seems incontestable that the beginning of the good work must be identified in point of time with the revival meetings at Whitestown, and more especially with the early decision of his brother John.

But now the hardships at which we have already hinted increased. It is difficult to realise at what cost of physical endurance and suffering these two boys secured for themselves the advantages of education. At this distance of time it is perhaps unnecessary to discuss the causes of this. We content ourselves with simply recording facts. When the two boys rose higher in the school their book-bills grew so large that they decided to economise by boarding themselves. They lived with a frugality truly Spartan. Their food consisted mainly of corn-meal puddings, which they ate with milk three times a day. Now and then they indulged in a few biscuits and a little cheese, and sometimes a motherly hand slipped a pie or cake into their little cupboard, but usually its shelves were sadly bare. They economised in other ways too. With the arrival of the warm spring the ice melted, and they did their washing in the pond. In the second winter of their stay at Whitestown they engaged to saw fourteen cords of wood during the three weeks' vacation. It was all done by the last Saturday, but they were not to be paid until the following week. They were desperately in need of some new clothes for Sunday, so they went to the tradesman in Utica with whom their uncle dealt, and told him how they were situated, asking him to give them credit; but he absolutely refused.

It was a great disappointment, but they made the best of it, and mended up their old clothes for one more Sunday's wear. Sometimes they tried to do a little trade on their own account, having brought from India some Tussore silk and arrowroot. The silk they managed to sell, but the grocers declared that the West Indian arrowroot was better than theirs, and refused to buy it.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that James Phillips was always a sober-sided boy, learning his lessons, chopping wood, and hawking Indian wares. Once his Uncle Gardner, who kept the boarding-hall, asked him to help at the dinner table while he was away for a few days. The first morning, after all the boys were seated for breakfast, James slipped off into his uncle's room, and arrayed himself in his relative's dressing-gown. His uncle was a large man, but the boy filled up the great spaces between the gown and himself with feather pillows, and then, imitating his uncle's gait, he limped into the dining-hall, taking the seat at the head of the table with all the dignity he could muster, while teachers and boys alike were convulsed with laughter.

"My declamation," he writes, "was never very good. We were required to learn by heart and deliver orations, recite poems, and so forth. My memory was not a good one, and I knew that I was not exactly like the American boys. Had I then known how graceful Indian children really are, I should have stepped proudly enough on to the platform. As it was, my heart sank within me, and I felt as though I were mounting a scaffold in the prison court, and

doubted whether I could say a single word. But God was good, and helped me to remember my oration. The bright new faces helped as well, and I was enabled to put my whole soul into the words I was repeating. I forgot myself, my clothes, my audience, everything, except the thoughts of the author. I left the platform amid the resounding cheers of my classmates, whose ridicule I had been praying for grace to bear."

James and John being now recognised as professing Christians, were baptized on Sunday, May 27th, 1853, in a little stream by Professor Fullonton, a man of singularly gentle and gracious spirit. The boys sought as opportunity offered to engage in Christian work, and to lead their schoolfellows heavenward. At the same time the straitness of their resources imposed upon them the double task of doing their schoolwork and earning their daily bread. They rang bells, lighted fires, swept the halls, and during one vacation papered seventy rooms in the seminary, in order to finish the year without debt.

Now came the delightful news that Mrs. Phillips and her eight children were coming to America, though the exigencies of the mission were such as to detain her husband still in the field. She settled in New Hampton, in order to secure the privileges of its excellent school, in the summer of 1854. When James heard that she had arrived, a great struggle took possession of him. Should he drop his work and rush to her as his heart prompted? or should he stay and finish the course, and thus equip himself for the future? But however much he may have wished to



hasten to his mother's side, one insurmountable obstacle stood in the way, and that was the total lack of funds. Ultimately it was arranged that John should go to help her in her numerous cares, while James continued his work at Whitestown College.

The end of the term arrived, and all the students were talking of going home; but for the missionary's son there was no such joy. He had to spend the long vacation working on a farm. He stood the work far better than he expected, and soon became sufficiently expert in mowing to keep up with the hired hands. He worked regularly from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes later. He was footsore at first, and described himself as being "tanned like shoe-leather." His hands were blistered, and he suffered considerably, but the outdoor life did much to restore his health. His brave endurance of harassing hardships appears in a letter to his mother in answer to an inquiry on her part to know how he was getting along pecuniarily. He said, among other details, that he washed his own socks and handkerchiefs, and worked for the woman who did the rest of his washing and cooked his food. His clothes had become so worn and shabby that they were unfit to wear to church; but he had an opportunity to teach a school, by which means he hoped to supply his necessities. It must be remembered that at this time he still lacked two months of being fifteen years old. The letter fortunately fell into the hands of a family who were deeply interested in the Indian mission, and they promptly sent a large box of clothes and other necessaries to the struggling schoolboy. By

this means he was enabled to continue his studies. He now decided to fit himself for the sophomore class at Bowdoin College, and by teaching a few terms, to try and earn more than had hitherto been possible. Thus, when only fifteen years old, he taught his first school. During the same year he preached his first sermon from the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

At the close of the term the great desire of his heart was realised. He had denied himself the ordinary comforts of life in order to remain at school and qualify himself for college, and now he was richly rewarded by being able to write home: "I am at the head of everybody in languages."

Having been accustomed to speak two Indian languages, and also a smattering of other dialects, he found it a comparatively easy task to master the classical tongues. It was in 1857 that he was admitted as a student at Bowdoin College.

## CHAPTER IV.

### COLLEGE DAYS.

**T**HE choice which James Phillips made of a college in which to continue his education was distinctly his own. His father had been a student in Hamilton College, New York, and his uncle was a graduate from the same, and it was not strange that the latter should advise him to enter Hamilton; but without quite knowing why, he was strongly impressed to choose Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine. He seems to have been mainly drawn there from a desire to make the acquaintance of Professor Upham, whose reputation had spread far beyond his own locality, and who was not only esteemed as a most competent tutor, but was valued as a very spiritual teacher. It was then to this old-established college, beautifully situated among the pines, that James Phillips came in 1857. The following is his first letter written from the place, which ultimately became the dearest spot in America to him:—

*“ August 22nd, 1857.*

“ MY DEAR PARENTS,—Of the seven who applied for admission, the Whitestown trio stood by far the best examination. We had to appear before six teachers, and all of them understood their business, I assure

you. The first, Professor Smythe, gave us an overhauling in mathematics, and tried to corner us in some dark places in equations and quadratics, but those assigned to our boys were chalked on the boards with nimble fingers. In passing us he said, 'You are thoroughly prepared in all you have professed to have gone over.' With light hearts we wended our way to the Medical College, where the examination in languages was conducted. After two hours the Professor dismissed us, saying, 'I perceive you have studied hard, and have been well taught.' We felt well, I can tell you, and soon the President gave us our tickets of admission in the sophomore class. I find that I must live an old bachelor's life for three years, washing my socks and handkerchiefs, and doing my own mending. I shall join the prayer circles, and one of the missionary societies in college, but with secret societies I shall have nothing to do. Yesterday I read the *Journal of Missions*. All of its pages are filled with transactions of the American Board at their last anniversary. Some addresses of the returned missionaries were so affecting, I could but weep to read them. I would rather have spent a day, nay, an hour, in that assembly, than a week in the United States Congress, or in the British Parliament.—Your affectionate Son,

JAMES."

It may be well to add here that the sophomore class to which James was now admitted, is an institution peculiar to American colleges. It consists of students belonging to the second of the four classes, *i.e.* of students next above the freshmen.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK.



There is probably no spot in the world where the autumnal foliage is more beautifully and brilliantly tinged than in New England. Accustomed as the Indian student was to the gorgeous hues and striking contrasts of the tropical jungle, he was able the more keenly to appreciate the deeper richness of the scene, as the autumn of the West toned down the brilliant green woods and hillsides into the mellow purples and restful browns which marked the season. But the autumn soon sank into winter; and while James Phillips was able to appreciate the marvellous touch of the frost upon the leaves, his very bones were frozen with the cold. The fierce Maine climate was a foe he had not anticipated. With the insufficiency of food, and being surrounded by strangers, with his nearest relatives 1500 miles off, it is little wonder that at times he grew discouraged, and almost ready to give up the battle. The defraying of college expenses was for him a serious matter. He was no visionary, and had learnt already something of the stern realities of daily life, and he now took up his new life with a courage and unfaltering trust that in some way he should be carried through his course of study. How this could be he could not quite foresee, but he was confident of this one thing, that God knew his case, and was able to make provision. His faith was not disappointed. Some small contributions from neighbouring Free Baptist Churches, with whom he occasionally spent the Sunday, and to whom he sometimes preached, afforded him a little aid, but nothing at all commensurate with his needs.

“I believe I should have gone down,” he writes,

“had not friends in Portland and Limerick sent me substantial aid. The thought burdened me night and day that I ought to leave college, and go to work for our large and needy family. I could scarcely provide for all ; but many kind friends, including Mrs. Upham, helped my dear ones far more generously than I could have done, and I was permitted to continue my studies.”

“Mother” Upham, to whom allusion is here made, was the wife of Professor Upham whom we have mentioned above. She was a woman of singularly consecrated spirit, and her influence upon James Phillips was of a high and permanent character. She cherished and cared for him as a loving mother for a dear son. Together they laboured for the revival of God’s work, maintaining prayer and carrying on religious services in a public institution near by, and in the village, by which means many souls were blessed. Many a time Mrs. Upham, at considerable self-denial, provided for the more pressing needs of her favourite student. In a subsequent letter she wrote:—

“Although I made many sacrifices to help James Phillips, I am amply repaid in the good he has already done. Yes, I thank God, who has given me such a precious youth as James Phillips to care for, and through him to feel such an interest in this mission” (the Orissa Free Baptist Mission).

The following extracts from his letter and diaries will serve to illustrate his life at Bowdoin College, and will exhibit the spirit of the man better than we could hope to do by any mere description.



“During the vacation we had a blessed revival in Limerick, where I laboured for about four weeks. The religious interest in our college prayer circles is deepening. Perkins and I have a Sunday School, three miles out in the country, and my earnest prayer is ‘my whole class for Jesus.’

“Of all work of my attempting at Bowdoin, there is none I love so tenderly as my Poor House services. Mrs. Upham has introduced me to this sad field, and accompanies me each Sabbath afternoon to Topsham, a town across the river. Several old faces are beginning to shine with the love of Christ, and the poor little children cling to us and know they are loved at last.”

“I have always fondly indulged the hope that I am not to be the only missionary child who from our dear family group will devote his services to preaching Christ. Dr. Scudder, of Madras, has gone to his rest, but three sons are in the field he left. Cannot as many children of one who has worn out all his energies in a service of twenty years be found who shall gladly fill his place?”

“When the appointments were made by the Faculty for our class prize declamation, twelve of the best speakers were selected, and the name of your son appeared on the list. There are two in this number, and only two, that I am afraid of.”

“Several weeks have slipped away, and the prizes with them. One of the two boys I feared took it, but the college Faculty has again seen fit to remember me among the honours of my class, and at the new senior and junior exhibition I am expected to perform. Two

juniors are to speak translations in different languages, and both students and teachers are quite anxious that I should speak in my own Oriya. I shall translate from the German, as I find richer composition there than elsewhere."

*"Nov. 24th.*

"The exhibition passed off finely, and was a perfect success. The hall was crowded to overflowing at an early hour. All my friends were on hand to listen to that heathenish tongue; for the students had circulated quite extensively that I was to speak in Oriya. I kept the people in a great state of laughter, and when I closed my periods there was a general outburst. It was all that I could do myself to preserve a grave face under the circumstances. Our examinations went off very satisfactorily. During the past four weeks I have been a martyr to study, many times sitting up till midnight, and then beginning again at four o'clock in the morning. College honours I have never sought for, but thus far I have had my share of them.

"Since Friday last a dear classmate has been mysteriously missing. We harbour fearful apprehensions of suicide. A general consternation prevails in the college and throughout the community. Parties have been sent out in every direction, searching carefully through the woods, marshes, and swamps, but he was not found. We broke open his desk, in which we found a letter addressed to his father. It began with tender expressions of affection for his parents, and then said that he had determined to put an end to his life, and had taken a farewell look at his college associations.

A large number of students searched thoroughly all the ponds and streams. Then boats went up and down the river, and it will be dragged to-morrow. Doubtless the cold and lifeless body is drifting along the bed of the stream on its passage to the sea. The father arrived to-day. Poor man, I do pity him. His son was only nineteen. I wish we had talked more to him about God and the world to come while he was with us. I will try and do more for my remaining comrades.

“During my vacation I attended the Union Missionary meeting in Lowell, a large manufacturing town in Massachusetts. I saw the papers on Saturday evening, and I knew that I was expected to preach there next day. The Lord helped me much in the morning, as I addressed a quiet and attentive audience. In the evening arrangements were made for me to speak at the John Street Baptist Church. I went, but was hardly seated before a messenger came, calling me to the Congregational Church. A friend lent me his watch, saying, “Go, and speak fifteen minutes, but be back promptly.” I found there also a crowded house, and for fifteen minutes’ speech they gave me an honorarium of ten dollars. At the John Street Church we had a glorious missionary meeting. Miss Crawford, who had just come from our old Jellasore home, spoke with great effect on India for half an hour. Subsequently a fine watch was presented to me. I have found my Oriya Testament, which has been lost for several weeks. I am keeping the promise I made on leaving India to read ten verses every day.”

There was plenty of fun among some of the students at Bowdoin, but James Phillips seems to have been, at any rate during the greater part of his college course, too earnestly engaged in his studies and too deeply impressed with the responsibility of the future, to enter with any great heartiness into the frolics of his classmates, although we shall presently see that he was by no means without a sense of humour, and was never to be numbered with those who mistake lightheartedness for frivolity, and consider a joke inconsistent with piety of heart. Here are two good stories that he was fond of telling about his fellow-students:—

“Spring has opened well, for there are a number of half civilised students, who torment the very life out of the French professor, and generally go wild. The other day he said to me, ‘Monsieur Pheeleeps, I tell you, had I to hear the second deevcesion recite, or go to hell, I would go to hell.’”

“A few days ago they dragged the Professor’s carriage off seven miles, and put it under an old bridge; but as they were about to leave it there, his head suddenly appeared from under the seat, and calmly remarked, ‘Now, young men, we will return’; whereupon they were compelled meekly to draw the Professor back again. The other morning no little commotion was caused by an old cow’s lowing up in the belfry, where some wild spirits had conveyed her during the night.”

It was during his life at Bowdoin that James Phillips met with an adventure in the snow, which many of his friends have heard him describe.

“ One bright cold morning in the dead of winter, two of us started to attend some special meetings at an inland town, about a day’s journey away. The road had just been opened after a recent snowstorm, and we anticipated a fine sleigh ride ; but about noon another storm set in, and as the sun went down the wind rose. Two hours later blinding blasts of snow were blowing in our faces. Pitch darkness came on, and not a sound but the roaring of the wind could be heard. We soon lost the main track, and got into the fields, where the horse broke through the crust at every step. At last we unharnessed him, and abandoned the sleigh. Meanwhile my hat had blown off, and I had to put the shawl over my head to keep me from freezing, while I scrambled along, tracking the path as best I could, and leading the horse behind. My companion followed, and on we went, little knowing where, but realising that to stop was to die. Now and then I stumbled, and the drowsy stupor which precedes a sleep which knows no waking began to creep over my senses. But I prayed for strength to rally, and tried hard to cheer up my friend. At last, poor fellow, he fell down, and could go no farther. When I, too, was about to give up, I saw a light in the far distance. What a relief it was ! It put new courage into my heart. I staggered forward till I reached the window of a farmhouse, where the light was shining, and shouted for help. A moment later and a dear old man and woman were drawing me near the fire, where the coals were still burning, though it was past midnight. All I could do then was to say, ‘ Thank God, thank God ! find the other man.’ He

was brought in almost senseless, and then I remembered the poor old horse. In a little while we were all comfortably alive again; and before we retired to rest we asked for the Bible, and found it had been laid away for years, and that our friends were lost in a darker storm than had overtaken us. But we prayed together, and their hearts were touched, and they thanked God for our coming with tears of joy, and overwhelmed us with kindness. The next day they went to the meeting, and told the story of the light in the window for us, and the light in God's Word for them, and ever since they have kept brighter lamps than the one that saved our lives."

We have already alluded to the kindly and gracious influence which Mrs. Upham exercised on the life of the young student. Again and again we find in his letters and diaries grateful references to the help, spiritual as well as material, which he from time to time received at her hands. The following extract is but one taken from many:—

"Our Professors were true scholarly men, and they spared no pains in teaching us; but Mrs. Upham, a good, hard-working woman, taught me more than all of them put together. She led me into a higher and holier life than I had ever known. She had learned somewhat of waiting on God, and knew the peace which passeth all understanding, and the perfect joy that comes from complete surrender of all to Christ. Hers was no ascetic life, and I never knew a more intense worker. From the highest circles in Bowdoin to the humble creatures of the Poor House, she laboured unceasingly to lead souls into rest. She believed that

many Christians knew little of the yoke that is easy, and the burden that is light, because they had failed to accept Christ as their all-sufficient Saviour. Little by little she led me to let go of self and cling to Christ, till the very habit of my soul was to cast my care on Him, and I learned to follow Him one step at a time."

Let it not, however, be supposed for one moment that James Phillips had any leaning to perfectionism, or to that so-called "higher life" which is practically indistinguishable from it. While seeking daily to walk in the light, and finding in the exercise of a simple faith in the power and grace of God the secret of victory over many a temptation, he was ever conscious both of his own imperfections and of the exceeding breadth of the divine commands. His whole life was one of quiet growth and advance. He was naturally impetuous, irritable, and self-willed; but as the years passed by, those who knew him best, and saw him in his most intimate moments, were impressed by the steady growth and increase which manifested itself in his changed and subdued spirit. The old, independent, "cocksure" air gradually disappeared, *but only gradually*. We lay stress upon this because some who knew him only in later days have wrongly inferred that he arrived at something approaching "entire sanctification" under the influence of Mrs. Upham at Brunswick. But this was by no means the case. Mrs. Upham's influence was but the initial stage in a process which was lifelong, and which Dr. Phillips never at any time regarded as being in any sense complete.

It may possibly have been due to a sense of personal gratitude to Mrs. Upham that, even in his student days, he took the unpopular side of the question on woman's share in public work for Christ.

"In those days," he writes, "it was thought in some Churches a shame for women to speak in public. Even in the social prayer meetings they were silent; but one evening Mrs. Upham, in the fulness of her joy, rose and spoke for Christ. Ministers, professors, and most of the women, too, felt that she had committed an unpardonable breach of a time-honoured custom; but she bravely insisted that St. Paul's injunction had no bearing upon the case in hand, and that Christ could speak through women's lips as surely as through men's. The feeling ran so high that she and some other ladies requested me to hold special meetings, where all alike should be invited to take part. These meetings helped to break down the old prejudices, and in many New England churches the women are now invited to take a share in social service.

"Professor Upham, who was the author of several earnest books on the divine life, himself heartily encouraged his wife in her public efforts, although he himself never on any occasion spoke or prayed in public. He was a strict vegetarian; and I remember once dining at his house when some boiled lobsters were on the table which his adopted son and I had caught. He mourned grievously for 'the broken families of lobsters on the seashore,' and exclaimed so pathetically, 'Oh, boys, how could you be so cruel!'



that his words come back to my memory every time I see a lobster."

When a student at Bowdoin College, where the men were arranged alphabetically in the classroom, Dr. Phillips had for his neighbours Messrs. Perkins and Penney. These gentlemen have been good enough to furnish some recollections of their fellow-student, which are especially interesting as illustrating the diverse, but not contradictory, sides to his character. Mr. C. S. Perkins, writing under date September 23rd, 1895, says—

"I had never met Dr. Phillips until we went to Bowdoin as students together. At once our intimate friendship began, and it has never been broken. We were drawn together doubtless at first because we were of the same faith and attended the same church. At one time there were seventeen of us Free Baptist students at Bowdoin. Sitting alphabetically in the classroom, Penney was on my left hand and Phillips on my right. We three were much together for the reasons already named, and because in general we were in agreement on all those important questions that came up for settlement in our college life. It happened several times that during our course at Bowdoin matters came up concerning which the class in general were quite agreed; but a few dissented from the decision of the majority on grounds of principle. These few were sometimes severely denounced for the time, because of their weak scruples, as it appeared to the other college boys, and they were ridiculed for being over-pious. Phillips, though I think he desired as much as anyone the goodwill of

others, was always among the few. Notwithstanding his strong convictions which frequently placed him in opposition to most of his classmates, he was still a very popular man in college, no one more so at the close of the course. College boys, I think, are generally just at the last, and they give respect to those who adhere to real principle. Dr. Phillips was a good scholar, standing, if I remember rightly, about sixth in a class that numbered fifty-five, and which had many good scholars in its membership. He had the same readiness of speech in his recitations which characterised him as a public speaker afterwards.

“Fidelity to his duties, both as a student and as a Christian, was one of his marked characteristics. He did not neglect his studies, nor did he neglect his religion; and he never was ashamed of his religion, as many of the college boys at times seemed to be. He found time, though sometimes hard pressed with college duties, for much religious work, both in the college and in the church he attended, as well as in the surrounding country. He frequently went far abroad when opportunity offered to do work for his Master.

“I remember making the discovery that he was teaching a Sunday School class in Topsham—where we attended church—at noon; in the Methodist Church in Brunswick early in the afternoon; and taking a third Sunday School two or three miles away from the college at 5 o’clock. Thus, even in college, there was the beginning of that zeal which was afterwards so noticeable, and which finally consumed him. I recall now all my classmates, and do not think of one of them who, as a college boy, was so nearly what he

afterwards became when a man as Phillips was. He was a manly, true, zealous missionary boy; and when he became a man with his added strength, and with the burdens and anxiety of a marvellously active life upon him, we who met him found in him still the freshness and good-fellowship which we knew and valued in his early days."

The recollections of Mr. C. F. Penney, his other classmate, which were written under date January 16th, 1896, serve to show that the strenuous earnestness and religious zeal of James Phillips had in no way marred the mirthful freshness and jollity which should characterise every right-minded and healthy boy.

"I wish it were possible for me to reproduce with accuracy the many impressions, now half forgotten and indistinct, of the wit and mirthfulness which were so abundant in Dr. Phillips' life. Beyond almost anyone I ever knew, the cheerful and mirthful side of his life was attractive. There was no vindictiveness or sting in his ready wit. His jokes never hurt, and his funny stories were always clean and wholesome. I have no recollection of anything he ever said that could not be repeated in any place. He saw as few could see the ludicrous side of things, and would relate incidents in his irresistible way, till his hearers would be convulsed with laughter. It made no difference whether he was a party to it or not, or whether the joke was against himself, he enjoyed it just as well, and was quite as happy in its relation. I have heard him tell the circumstances of his first sermon preached while at Whitestown. He could

not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years of age at the time. He was invited by one of the students in the theological school to go to some preaching station and help him in his Sunday service. He described the church as old-fashioned, with the pulpit lifted high above the heads of the people and covering the entire space of platform, and so high in itself that his head was only just visible above it, and that was all of him that could be seen. He selected for his text the well-known words of the Preacher, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' To hear him picture the scene, the grave elderly appearance of his hearers, his earnest exhortations concerning the duties of parents to their children, and his own appearance in the pulpit, with his head only just visible to his audience, was provocative of convulsive laughter.

"His theological course was spent at New Hampton. Our graver studies were relieved by frequent rambles over the hills and through the valleys of that famous district. He was always the life of the party, and his wit and funny stories kept us usually in fits of laughter. I remember on one occasion, about half a dozen of us, with Professor Brockett of the Institute, wandered away in the late spring for the purpose of botanising. In the course of our ramble we came to a brook of such width that we were not able to cross it by any means at hand. Phillips was full of expedients, and I think it was he who suggested to Professor Brockett that he should find a long pole, and planting it in midstream, by a running leap should thus be able to reach the other

side in safety. Professor Brockett made the attempt after much chaffing, but the pole sank into the deep mud in the middle of the stream, and there it stuck fast, holding the Professor upright over the water, so that nothing was left for him to do but to lower himself into the water and wade ashore. Phillips' mirth and jokes at the luckless Professor, as he clung desperately to the pole, and with slow reluctance slipped into the cold water of the stream and waded to the shore, were so irresistibly comical that we simply lay down on the bank in helpless mirth. On another occasion the same party went for a picnic over the hills on a Saturday, and one of us managed to step into a basket of eggs, which had been set aside to boil as a part of our midday meal. Phillips' remarks on the occasion were so funny that we all threw ourselves on the ground in laughter.

"Occasionally he would come to my room and ask me to call with him on Professor Butler, who was in the theological school at Whitestown, while he was a member of the Institute there. These visits were often occupied by himself and the Professor in recalling amusing incidents which had happened at Whitestown. I usually sat as a listener, but can never forget the mirth that Phillips used to provoke. No one who ever heard his story of the appearance of Professor Butler, who, on an alarm of fire one night in the village of New Hampton, made his appearance on the scene in carefully prepared toilet, with an umbrella spread over his head, and a wooden pail in his hand to assist in extinguishing the flames, can ever forget the mirth his description of the scene

produced. He had the happy faculty of making others see a thing as it appeared to himself, and this was so, whether the incident was sober or mirthful in character.

“I find by looking over college memoranda that Phil was selected one of twelve members of the class in the prize declamations, in his sophomore year in college. He was also one of the committee of arrangements, consisting of three men for the senior and junior exhibitions, and his part on that occasion was an Oriya translation from the German of Fichte, ‘The Vocation of Man.’ He was also one of the three selected from the class for the junior prize exhibition. I find he was chaplain at our class day exercise. His subject on graduation was ‘Christian missions and civilisation,’ which was regarded as one of the best performances of the day. I wish I could tell all that his life was to me in the five years we were so much together, at Bowdoin and New Hampton. A large part of the time I was at college we ate at the same table, attended the same church and week-day meetings for prayer, and for two years our rooms were adjoining on the same floor in Appleton Hall—‘Paradise!’ How many miles we walked together, and how often we sang, prayed, and talked together! What a love I had for him! I was eight years his senior in age, but his sweet boyish life came into such close and loving relation to my own, that it seems to me that he did for me a hundredfold more than I could ever have done for him.”

James Phillips’ last days at Bowdoin had their humor-

ous as well as their pathetic side. To borrow his own words—

“There were no tears in our eyes, and no sentimental expressions of grief, but each heart knew its ‘dear chum,’ and we wrote eulogies and farewells in each other’s albums, and drove the local authorities well-nigh crazy. Very different was the parting with my Sunday School class, and the little children, and old men and women at the Poor House; that quite broke me down. Thank God for giving me such an opportunity for work! We all clasped each other’s hands, and many prayers for God’s blessing went up from that humble abode. I never in any of our meetings had witnessed so much emotion as at the last meetings of the prayer circle. My heart prompted me to praise God for all the peace and joy I had received in His blessed service during my college course. My mother’s parting words, ‘James, if you graduate from college a humble Christian, we shall be glad,’ had often incited me to earnest endeavour for Christ. I felt sure that the sole secret of success to those who were going forth to battle with the sinful world was consecration to Christ. There were now twenty - five professing Christians in my class, and fifteen of these, besides a number of drunkards and roughs, had been converted during my college course.”

One more quotation from his diary tells us of the closing scene at Bowdoin—

“*Wednesday night, August 1st, 1860.*—Well, the long-dreaded day on which degrees are conferred is over. I shall pass my evening in silent communion with my own spirit and with God, rather than at the

President's levee, where I should be quite a stranger. Our class day passed off very finely indeed, but to-day has been the great day after all. The boys really have done themselves credit, and I felt proud of my classmates. Pain in the head occasioned me a moment's hesitation with the exhibition, which I got through nicely. The Lord helped me to speak out earnestly for the missionary cause, which I so much love.

"To-night I feel very weary indeed. The exercises did not close till 5 p.m., and then we had the commencing dinner. I am now through college. My poor pen cannot express a tithe of the gratitude I feel to God for His merciful kindness which has so long spared and blessed me."

The next morning the old pine trees were whispering a farewell for the students who would never walk arm-in-arm beneath their shade again. But years of study, and still higher degrees, were waiting some of the fifty-five young men who left Bowdoin that day.



## CHAPTER V.

### GROWING DAYS.

NEW HAMPTON is a beautiful little village nestling in the heart of the White Mountains in New Hampshire—the Switzerland of America. It has a Literary School for young men and women, and a Theological Department for men. Hither came James Phillips, soon after leaving Bowdoin, in order to take a theological course preparatory to undergoing a thorough medical training in New York, with a view to his complete equipment for foreign missionary service. His arrival was marked in a characteristic fashion.

One Thursday evening the little band of students and others, who were in the habit of meeting for prayer, saw a stranger present—a young man who spoke with great earnestness and tenderness. A revival among the students was the absorbing theme of his address, and more than one wayward heart was led to higher things through his earnest pleading. Thus he marked his arrival at New Hampton in the way he would most have wished.

On the 17th January 1861, James Phillips attained his majority. We condense the entry in his diary:—

“I am twenty-one to-day. I am quite free from parental care. Such are the thoughts young men are prone to cherish on this eventful day of their life. Ever since first they learn the limit of parental superintendence do they look eagerly forward to the day when they shall be free; and what singular notions enter the mind at this period of life. How many are well-nigh ruined by the course of conduct that such notions suggest. They break wildly aloof from every homely restraint, their restive nature clamours for power and for independence. But how changed is this spirit in the heart of a Christian! In a most emphatic sense he is not his own, but his Lord's, and increasingly so as the years pass by. I thank God for the assurance on this my twenty-first birthday that my heart, my mind, my education, my life, my all is Christ's. The past affords only a joyous retrospect when I regard it as devoted to Christ's service. The present appears happy only when doing my Master's will, and the future looks hopeful only as fully dedicated to faithful and zealous labour for my Lord.”

Not many weeks later, one Sunday morning as a crowd of young people filed out of the village church and hastened over the glistening snowpaths, homewards, a girl graduate of New Hampton Seminary, Miss Mary Sayles, of Rhode Island, saw James Phillips just before her, leading a little girl, the daughter of one of the Professors, with whom he was so absorbed in conversation that he apparently heard and saw nothing else. Miss Sayles had acquired some skill in reading character from the

hands, and during that short walk homewards from the church she amused herself by studying the hand that so carefully guided the child, little dreaming that in Rhode Island Church, only three years from that time, she would grasp it in her own.

She formed the opinion that it was a broad generous hand, made so by hard service and self-sacrifice for others, and although the fingers were short there was a daintiness and delicacy about them which left their impression on whatever he touched. Thus it was that James Phillips met his future wife, a lady eminently fitted both in heart and mind to stand side by side with her distinguished husband. In after years she was wont to say that the first sight of her future husband was typical of his whole after career, for throughout his entire life he walked before her leading little children heavenwards.

When James Phillips came to New Hampton he was looking forward to times devoted to quiet study of God's Word, free from distraction and interruption from the world outside. But Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had roused the attention of the nation to the curse of slavery, which still lay like a blot on the land. The low mutterings of distant thunder had long been rumbling in the distance, and now suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry rent the moral sky. Slavery with all its horrors was laid bare, and the storm burst upon the land in an outbreak of civil war. Never was song more true than that which was sung by marching

armies and by cowering slaves in the rice-fields and swamps of the South—

“John Brown’s body lies mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul is marching on.”

Men of every calling, from the fields, from the factories, and from the universities, shouldered their arms and marched to battle, while women and children wept and prayed at home. The missionary student thus describes his feelings in a letter to his mother—

“NEW HAMPTON,  
“April 16th, 1861.

“Fort Sumter is just taken by the rebels. I feel like fighting to-day. You need not be surprised if you hear that I have joined the volunteers to quell the Southern frenzy. I believe if I had been alone, I would have been shot through before surrendering Fort Sumter. How dreadful it seems that we are now exposed to the miseries of a civil war! Unless the South take conciliatory measures soon, I see no alternative but a most terrible war; and should it come, every Christian must take his part, for truth and right are concerned. I believe under some circumstances it is as much a Christian’s duty to fight as ordinarily it is his duty to cultivate the arts of peace, and I hope to be always on duty whether it be in my study or in the tented field.”

It was at this time that the well-known incident occurred which found its way into all the newspapers of the world, and demonstrated as perhaps nothing

ever did before the unique influence for good exercised by one of the greatest pulpit orators of this or any other age. One Sunday, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a scene was witnessed which drew tears from all eyes. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher carried into his pulpit a little child. Pausing for a moment to conquer his emotion, he sent a thrill of horror through the congregation by saying, "This child was born a slave, and has just been redeemed from bondage." Then in broken voice he continued, "Look upon this little child. Saw you ever a fairer face? This loveliness and the beauty of this figure would only make her so much more valuable for the purpose of sin. While your children are brought up in the fear of the Lord, this little one, just as beautiful, would be made through slavery a child of damnation. Look upon her, every young man and maiden, and by the memory of this scene, and for the sake of Christ, let your souls burn with indignation against the system which turns into chattels such fair children of God. May God strike for our armies and the right, that this cursed thing may be utterly destroyed."

In sending an account of this incident to his parents, James Phillips observed—

"This child is only one of many hundreds. How can I be justified in quietly studying, while my country calls so loudly? I wonder I have been enabled to do my theological work as heartily as I have."

As a relief from severer studies, James Phillips at this time took up botany as a recreation, and his morning and evening walks and rambles through the woods and marshes afforded him opportunities for

collecting a fairly representative set of specimens of the flora of the district. In his letters he expresses with keen regret that he had not earlier given himself the pleasure which this study afforded.

“These flowers,” he says, “have been my teachers. Already, as if by an eloquence, silent yet persuasive, they have deeply impressed many a lesson of love and truth upon my mind. They have afforded me higher conceptions of the beautiful, and have given me a clearer insight into the mind of the great Workman, whose ideal of the beautiful is so perfect and sublime.

“I will tell you if you won't ‘let on,’ as they say in the West, that I heard from a reliable quarter the other day, that ‘Phillips is the best Hebrew scholar in the class.’ However that may be, I think I am making progress. On my next birthday I hope to begin a course of reading in the Greek Testament, and to take up afresh my sadly-neglected phonography. I think that the phonetic system of writing bears an important relation to the Oriental languages. I am learning to take care of myself. I have been well lately, and am inclined to attribute it mainly to dressing more warmly, and avoiding exposure after speaking. I sincerely believe that I have not been properly dressed till this winter. These Yankee boys have colds and coughs, but your humble Hindoo is mercifully spared. My room is a pleasant one in Randall Hall. Through the kindness of my friend, Mrs. Upham, I have been able to furnish it with a neat carpet and some furniture, but only four pictures adorn the walls — Father's likeness, Ballasore Chapel, a view of Professor Upham's house, and a lithograph of Bowdoin College.”

It is not uncommonly the case with active minds that they alternate in a striking degree between high spirits and mental depression. This was notably so in the case of James Phillips, at any rate during his younger years. We have seen from the reminiscences supplied by Mr. Penney that at times his spirits ran high, and that the impression made upon one of his closest associates was that of a man bubbling over with fun, and impressed quite as much as he should be with the merrier side of life. At the same time, indications have not been lacking in the foregoing quotations from his letters and diaries to show that the deep and strenuous devoutness which lay hidden behind the outward mirth, had a tendency at times to weigh perhaps more heavily upon his youthful mind than it should have done. It may be interesting here to extract a passage from his diary written at a time when he may fairly be said to have been suffering from a fit of the blues.

"*May 29th*, 1861.—If ever since I first began to study I have had a view of my own perfect ignorance, and also of the vastness and infinity of knowledge, I most certainly have during the past week. This consciousness of my own stupidity and profound ignorance has come mainly through some recent inquiries into the vegetable kingdom. I confess to a sense of shame at not knowing even the most common and frequent herbs and flowers which deck and beautify our hillsides and meadows. Almost every shrub and plant rebukes me when I observe it, which, however, I usually fail to do. In college, we studied botany just long enough to confuse our brains, and there it still remains with

me. It is a shame and a sin that such limited facilities are afforded in college for the study of the natural sciences, and I can never reproach myself enough for not better appropriating even the scanty time allotted to them. Thus I might indulge in very nearly a similar train of remarks in regard to every other department of knowledge of which I ever learned anything. How little, infinitely little I know! What utter ignorance! And, worst of all, to know it and to feel it. The most depressing feelings I ever experienced have weighed me down, and I have been perfectly miserable. Call it blues or blacks, I know I feel disheartened and sad. There is, I suppose, some discipline to be gained from even these depressing feelings; but, alas! who looks or cares for discipline when in misery? It would seem enough to bear these painful thoughts, to know and feel oneself a fool, and to see and hear all nature jeering at one's ignorance. Enough? Yes, too much for too many. But, after all, the man who would be wiser and better must try to welcome even these depressing feelings as harbingers of hope for the future, and so I must try not to care how poor and ignorant I feel, provided it will only make me wiser, give a gentle impetus to the life-current, and promote my progress in true knowledge. May this sense of humility at the sight of my ignorance serve as a spur to quicken my pace in quest of knowledge! There are many reasons why I long to be in heaven, and not the least is that I shall understand and know something there."

A fortnight later we find in his diary the first intimation of that opening for religious work in the City



of New York which enabled him to qualify as a medical man in that city, and thus to complete the all-round equipment which he was anxious to secure before returning as a missionary to India.

On July 13th, 1861, he wrote —

“I have just been invited to take charge of a Free Baptist Church in New York. Shall I accept the offer? I have been studying botany by day and astronomy by night, and I have analysed thirty varieties of wild and garden flowers. I hope to have a chance to study medicine, as well as to devote a little time to surgery and dentistry, before I go back to India; for I conceive that this would enhance in no small degree a man's influence in the mission field.”

The stirring events which were taking place in connection with the war between the Northern and Southern States still occupied much of his thoughts. Many entries in his diary and references in his letters prove this. In his diary he says—

“We had a good prayer meeting this morning at five o'clock in the chapel hall. Earnest prayers were offered and stirring remarks were made upon the existing troubles in the country. I told them that we had no right to grumble at the war, for God had only commenced answering our prayers. The slave in the South and the Christian in the North had long been crying to God for redress of the cruel wrongs and for the establishment of national justice. God has heard and is now replying to these petitions. I cannot pray for this rupture to heal up over our national corruption and intestine sin, but only that the

nation may be purified and purged of this monstrous iniquity. I wish the war to be as brief as possible, but I pray that it may be cut short only in righteousness."

He alludes to the subject in a letter written from Bowdoin College, where he was paying a visit in order to be present at the graduation of some of his former classmates.

"BRUNSWICK, *July 5th*, 1861.

"I am here for Commencement. Only two of my classmates have arrived yet, and I shall expect hardly a dozen of that noble fifty-five. Quite a number of them are now in the army, and all of these were engaged in that sad battle at Manassas, two weeks ago yesterday. None were killed or wounded, but some of them—two at least—were taken prisoners, and are now in all probability musing in Richmond Gaol. I cannot tell you how I sometimes long to go to this terrible war. If it is a temptation from Satan, then I must confess that I have been very seriously tempted. In this conflict one sees such noble and generous principles involved that one cannot summarily dispose of the matter by saying that there are plenty of others to fight our battles. As to the right of war and the duty of Christian men to bear arms, I am perfectly clear, and if it were not for one consideration I should be in the army to-day. That one thing is my call to the Indian mission. I only state the truth when I say that I believe very few have been favoured with so distinct and so forcible a call to any work as I have been to this; and in every year and day of my literary pursuits, I have been able to keep my

future work distinctly in view. Now the question is this—are the claims of this country paramount to those of my native land? Ought the war to keep me from the heathen? . . . If it did, my life's work would be defeated, and my life's aim would be frustrated. When I look at all this, and think how God Himself has opened the way for me since I first gave myself to this work of foreign missions, I am satisfied that my duty is not to go to the war. But then again my feelings of patriotism well-nigh drive me mad, when I think that I am not and cannot be in the ranks of those noble soldiers who are defending our highest interests. Our civil and religious institutions and all missionary enterprises are dependent upon the issue of this conflict. If this war continues, it is possible that I may never have the chance to go to India. Oh that God may teach me and direct me!"

*“August 3rd, 1861.—I am still at Brunswick, and have just returned from our college gymnasium. I am very sorry we did not have it when I was in college. I am strongly of the opinion that good muscle can glorify God as well as a clear brain. I am getting to believe with Horace Mann that a dyspeptic stomach is just as great an abomination in the sight of God as a lying heart. Yesterday I visited my parish. How glad those poor old crippled and infirm ones were to see me! That alms-house was my real theological school, and a better one I never expect to enter. My education there was no unimportant part of my college course.”*

In the meantime arrangements for his removal to New York had been in progress. The chapel of which he became pastor was situated at the corner of Broadway and 28th Street, and had for some time been in a very depressed condition. It was hoped, however, that his exceptional energy and zeal might succeed in making it a centre of earnest and effective work. On September 21st, 1861, he writes—

“I have accepted the call to the New York Church, and am hard at work here. In introducing me to the audience last evening, Mr. Graham said that I was one of the little boys who ten years ago had sung to his Sunday School in my native Oriya.”

A month later he adds—

“Mr. Graham has introduced me finely here. He had a large circle of friends among all denominations, and I feel deeply obliged to him for their acquaintance. Dr. Cheever, Dr. Hague, Dr. Matthews, Dr. Lathrop, and many others are indeed good acquaintances for a boy to make upon going to a strange city. These men are very kind to me. Dr. Matthews is quite an old man. He was first Chancellor of the New York University. He was with me a fortnight ago and assisted in the pulpit. He called my attention to the wonderful way in which the Bible appeals to men’s hearts, and he showed me how strong heads and well-trained brains are usually reached through the heart. ‘Study all you like, my young brother,’ he said, ‘and the more the better; but when you preach, speak to the heart, for God’s Word was sent to mould and manage the human heart.’ Mr. Graham was far from being a sectarian, and hence was much

liked here. A genial, generous-hearted man always finds worthy friends. The Rev. Mr. James has promised me free tickets to a course of lectures at the Cooper Institute. I have been twice asked to marry parties, but having no licence, I have declined. A young fellow and his lady in my audience last Sunday evening wanted me to tie the knot. He looked so meek and supplicating and she so full of mischief, that I could hardly refrain from laughing."

About this time James Phillips seems to have made his first contribution to journalism, and, like most beginners, he got severely handled. Throughout his life, he was a constant and valued contributor to many newspapers, and the books which lie before us containing his carefully tabulated lists of these contributions, indicate an extraordinary industry and a remarkable skill in adapting himself to a wide range of subjects. The adverse criticism which greeted this maiden attempt of his pen wounded him considerably, and the following letter suggests that he took the matter to heart rather more seriously than he need have done:—

*"December 7th, 1861.*

"MY DEAR FATHER,—A most ardent desire to help and encourage young men to qualify themselves for their important work prompted me to pen an article which has been most severely criticised. I was writing to young men like myself who are just entering the work. I could not be so cruel as to whittle or carve at the veteran soldiers in God's work who have failed to enjoy such opportunities for culture as the present day affords. It was not in my

heart to write 'plain things' about them. It is not fair, it is not Christian to represent me as an inflated bigot, declaiming for a pompous parade of learning. Upon such a subject, and writing for young men, I could not write a tame and colourless article, but necessarily injected into it something of my natural and spirited style of speaking.

"I can bear to be smitten by all the sarcasms that my opponents care to array against me, but it is surely not my duty to submit to misrepresentations of the grossest kind. After the storm is over, I trust good will come out of this. I have been sometimes tempted to relinquish the ministry for some vocation affording wider scope for worldly fame and the applause of men, but I trust that God has delivered me from this species of temptation. I now rather shun publicity and recoil from demonstrations of approval. I am contented in the mission that our Heavenly Father has planned for me, and each day I ardently long for the time when I shall enter upon my life's work across the seas."

All this time he was busily occupied in continuing his theological studies and preparing for his approaching college anniversary, and on a paper upon the relation of psychology to preaching. He worked almost night and day, and frequent attacks of toothache deprived him of the little rest which he tried to snatch between three o'clock in the morning and daybreak. The result of this overstrain was simply what might have been expected. When the anniversary day came, he found that by no exercise of

will-power could he rouse his exhausted energies. He stepped nervously to the platform surrounded by the Professors, looked down upon the sea of faces before him, said a few words upon the subject that had absorbed all his thought so constantly for many weeks past, and then his mind became a perfect blank. Not one word could he recall of the theme that he had so carefully memorised. His head reeled, and he could only bow and leave the platform. The disappointment to a man of his temperament was keen indeed, but he did not brood over it. After a short rest he returned to his work in New York City, and with rare unselfishness devoted himself to assist his father, whose pecuniary affairs at this time had become embarrassed.

“Dear father,” he writes, “Abraham Lincoln’s proclamation setting the slaves of the United States free has fired the young men of the country with fresh courage, and John has enlisted—the dear, brave, unselfish fellow! He left school and earned a thousand dollars for our family before he was twenty-one, and now he has left all, and has marched away ready to die in the cause of freedom.”

His brother came through the war, but not long afterwards a much-loved sister died.

“Our first parting pang has come. This is our first great family sorrow. Our hitherto unbroken circle has sent one to join the holy family in heaven. But God can heal the wound His hand has made. My tears fall as I read father’s account of sister Beebee’s last words, and her calm and peaceful death. May God sanctify this to each one of us. I am glad that

you intend to wear no mourning, for I never believed in the practice."

The following extracts are taken from his letters written about this period:—

"Yesterday morning the Lord seemed to take me completely into His own hands, and to pour His simple and mighty truths through my willing lips. Mine is indeed becoming a working church. I believe it takes a whole church to preach the Gospel with power and success, not a minister alone."

"My heart rejoices to hear of dear Nellie's baptism. Last Sabbath I baptized several, among whom were some of our dear Sunday School children, ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age. I am becoming more and more firmly attached to my people here, and they often speak of the painful parting which some day awaits us."

At this time his personal appearance was so youthful, that he was commonly spoken of as "the boy preacher." Yet he received numerous invitations to address missionary societies, Sunday School meetings, chapel anniversaries, and religious gatherings of every kind, even beyond the limits of his own district and denomination.

"To-morrow evening I have to speak at the Academy of Music to several thousands of people. It is the second anniversary of the Union Home School for the children of our volunteers. Next Sunday I am due at the fifth anniversary of an Independent Methodist church up town, next Wednesday evening at the Magdalen Asylum, and so on. At the late Sunday School anniversary I addressed the largest congrega-



tion of children in the city, at Dr. Spring's church. I am called upon to address a Sunday School very often here in New York, and I am free to acknowledge that I depend largely upon my memories of India to enliven and illustrate my speeches."

But the shot and smoke of battle often broke in upon these happy days of earnest work, and both letters and diaries contain many allusions to the troubles of the period.

"I have received a splendid letter from John. I feel confident of Grant's success at Vicksburg. May Heaven direct him and give him success! Opening the Mississippi will be the deathblow to the rebellion."

Soon, however, the inhabitants of New York were to have the realities and horrors of bloodshed brought to their very doors. Although the operations of the armies never came within a considerable distance, yet terrible riots broke out, and for a time mob law prevailed in the streets. James Phillips gives us a vivid picture of the rioting in his own district.

"*July 15th, 1863.*—Mob law has reigned in New York for several days past. The copperheads are burning houses and killing negroes at a furious rate. A black man was killed near us this morning, and his house burned down. A splendid new block of brick buildings diagonally across the Broadway from us, was laid in ashes after a thorough sacking on Monday afternoon. I never saw such a spectacle as that infuriated mob of Irishmen presented. We are still in danger. Our church is spotted as an abolition one, and those of our members who have their residences

about here are in serious danger of being burned out. These are awful times. Our militia are all in Pennsylvania, and will be returning to-day. We are in a state of constant trepidation, and God only knows what awaits us. It is said that the Southern men here have set this mob on foot. I hope you may never see such a spectacle as I have just witnessed. On my own street, at the corner of 28th Street and 7th Avenue, a negro man was deliberately hanged to a lamp-post, and that in open daylight at 5 o'clock this afternoon. I can hear of no provocation save that he was born with a coloured skin. The fury of the mob seems to be turned chiefly upon the coloured citizens. Many of their dwellings have already been sacked and burned in our vicinity. This is a deliberate plot, and simultaneously with it other plots are in progress in the large towns and cities of the North."

In the *Morning Star* he gave some further particulars.

"Monday night was the scene of several fires among the private residences. Tuesday and Wednesday were not so exciting, but still a general trepidation prevailed. No cars or coaches were running, and the city looked sad enough. On Tuesday evening we held our usual prayer meeting in the lecture-room, notwithstanding the remonstrances of neighbours and friends. Our abolitionist church was thought to be peculiarly exposed to danger, but the sanctuary doors were thrown open, and a small company entered them. Never before did it seem so precious to read the 91st Psalm, and to remember the perfect security of those who trust in God. An hour was passed in prayer

and praise, and then we went out to face our dangers again. The fury of the rioters is now turned upon the negro. With one exception, every neighbourhood where the blacks reside was visited. Several negroes were openly hanged to lamp-posts. One, a poor sick man, was dragged from his bed by the angry demons, and strung up to the lamp-post at the corner of our street."

This reign of terror soon came to an end, and before long he was able to report that all was quiet again.

"The regiments stationed here are quietly slipping away. Business it is said was never better, and the city is swarming with strangers. The first-class hotels are kept full. The churches are again opened, and the people are returning from the country."

His autumn vacation was described in an article which he wrote in the *Morning Star*, a denominational paper to which he was a frequent and valued contributor.

"After a month of rambling in New England, I reached my study last evening. A few weeks of rest and recreation in the country are most welcome to one who works throughout the year in the dust and din of a great city. To toss off care and slip away from the routine of busy life is indeed a luxury; but a vacation must be short to be profitable. Too long a disuse of books tends sometimes to a distaste for study. Relaxation is all that a healthy mind wants, and all that a tired brain requires. When this is accomplished the desire to get away from work is promptly replaced by a stronger desire to return to it. During August,

I chanced to be at Brunswick City, at Bowdoin College. Three years ago fifty-five of us were let loose upon society from this scene of 'screws' and 'deads.' Our college class flies to pieces after graduation. Already we are scattered over both hemispheres. Our triennial meeting brought together twelve, although double this number received the small degree. Since we left the *alma mater*, four brothers have fallen, and rumour adds still another, who is said to have perished at sea. One fell an early victim to consumption, and the missing link broke the chain for ever. Thus our chain has one link in Paradise. Three brave fellows gave their lives to our imperilled country. Two at Antietam and one at Gettysburg, that most gory but most glorious battle of the Republic. We remembered them, and praised God that they fell in such a cause. Twenty of our number are still left in the United States' Service."

On returning to New York he writes in his diary—

"I find everything quiet. It is said that from thirty thousand to fifty thousand of the United States troopers are quartered here now. One would sooner fancy himself in Alexandria or New Orleans than in New York, such is the military aspect of the city. The smaller parks are all appropriated by the soldiers."

He came back from his vacation strengthened in body and refreshed in mind, and prepared to enter upon yet another course of strenuous study and earnest preparation for the great work to which he had consecrated his life. His position and plans will best be shown by the following quotation from a letter written at this period:—

“My engagement with our church here expired last month.

“I shall not feel at liberty to renew it as I am invited to do. I have a heavy course ahead in medicine and surgery which will occupy several months. Just at this juncture unusual opportunities are afforded here for study and observation in this department, and I am anxious to make the most of them. It is not yet decided who will be invited to succeed me in this pulpit. A city church needs a faithful pastor no less than a stated preacher, and this church needs in addition a first-class financier in the pastor’s chair. I shall rejoice to see some strong and worthy man devote himself wholly to this important work. May God direct such a one to this earnest band of disciples, who are willing to sacrifice and suffer in the cause.”

The heavy course in medicine and surgery to which he here alludes was only the topstone of that intellectual building which he had been steadily raising, in the endeavour to fit himself for foreign missionary work. The goal was now in sight, and the desire of years was about to be satisfied. It was with more joy than mere words could express that he wrote to his parents on November 7th, 1863, from Lowell—

“This afternoon I have been examined by the Foreign Board and accepted as their missionary. The vote was unanimous. We are to go next summer if the money can be raised, and of this I have in my mind no doubt. The Board voted to employ me as their agent after my medical course is completed until

my embarkation, with a view to my travelling among the churches. I hope all this is well. Julia has been unanimously appointed missionary teacher. My heart is too full of praise and gratitude to find expression in writing. I never felt happier or so eager to step into the fray. I have worked and prayed long and earnestly, and now I shall most confidently look forward to better days. I beg that our friends will remember us both in prayer and in pocket. We need both Christian sympathy and money."

## CHAPTER VI.

### DEPUTATION WORK.

THE year 1864 was one of direct preparation for the mission field. Events moved rapidly now. His course of study in medicine and surgery drew to its close, and he added one more degree to those which he had already won. He travelled much, visiting the various churches of his denomination, and endeavouring to arouse in others something of that missionary spirit which burned so fiercely in his own breast. By his earnest appeals he raised large sums of money, not only to defray the cost of his own going forth, but also to set the affairs of the mission upon a more permanent and satisfactory financial basis. He was diligent in season and out of season in the proclamation of the Gospel. He completed all the arrangements for his own departure, and last but not least a happy marriage resulted from the friendship which had its beginning beneath the snow-clad pines of New Hampton. The records of this busy year are unfortunately only too scanty, but as far as possible we give them in James Phillips' own words, quoting from letters and diaries without distinction.

"*Feb. 21st, 1864.*—I have had a letter from the senior mission secretary saying that we must take

the long voyage round the Cape, as it is much less expensive. Thus we shall not visit England. The Board wishes me to raise 2000 dollars (£400), so I shall visit the churches as soon as possible. This war is making it most difficult to leave the country as gold is so high, 2 dollars 50 cents to the gold dollar."

"*March 14th, 1864.*—To my surprise there came the other day a note from a friend in England, saying that 400 dollars, and more if required, would be paid for my passage. The parties do not belong to our denomination. How good God is to me and to mine, and how unworthy I am of it all! I have a friend on the lookout for vessels going *via* the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta. Our secretary prefers that we shall sail from Boston. Somehow they seem to think New England to be the whole of God's creation, and that nothing can be done outside that sacred ground! The church folks here will not listen for a moment to the proposition that I should sail from Boston."

"*April 7th, 1864.*—We have just had a glorious Board meeting. A unanimous vote was passed to send father and mother back to India. I sent a telegram to father at once. How happy he will be. I returned and held a farewell meeting with the children of Five Points.

"There are hells in Five Points, New York, which are not safe to enter by day or night, and yet from this district a hundred dear little children have been gathered into a home where they can stay until permanent homes are found for them."



"April 9th, 1864. — To-day General Lee has surrendered the remnant of his gallant army, only 26,000 men. This cruel war is over. The slaves are free. Public rejoicings fill the land, and thanks are going up from every heart. I am glad I could stay to see the end, and can now go to India full of joy."

James Phillips continued to take a lively interest in all the affairs of the day. A keen politician and a strong patriot, his first interests always centred in the extension of the kingdom of God, and his political interest was always subordinated to his intense love of that righteousness which alone can exalt a nation. It need not be added that this enthusiastic foreign missionary took a no less keen interest in the progress and development of mission work at home. It is interesting in view of the work which was to occupy the closing years of his life, to find that already the work of Sunday School development and extension had arrested his attention, as may be seen from the following extract from the *Morning Star* :—

"May has been, as it always is, a month of anniversaries in New York. The anniversary exercises of the New York Sunday School Union were among the most interesting. Addresses were delivered to immense gatherings of children. The Sunday School enterprise is acquiring wonderful strength, and is increasing to vast proportions in our great city. Still there are hundreds of thousands within the precincts of New York who never darken the doors of the sanctuary. There is no surer way to

bring in these almost heathen thousands, than by working for their children, and by getting these little ones into evangelical Sabbath Schools."

"*May 17th, 1864.*—I have made my last visit to our Western home. Father and mother are seeking new homes for our dear little sisters. Brother John will be a father to them all. He has visited the province of New Brunswick."

.. FREDERICTON, N.B.,

.. *July 8th, 1864.*

"We are having a charming day, and I am feeling so much at home among these good British friends. This morning after a spirited and enthusiastic discussion these brothers voted to organise a missionary society, as an auxiliary to our own Foreign Missionary Society, and they have further voted to make vigorous efforts towards raising funds for our support. That is, these brothers have, so to speak, adopted me to be their representative in India. I have no doubt these British Christians will do nobly in this matter, and they seem to look upon me as a subject proper of the British Crown."

.. PORTLAND, MAINE,

.. *July 26th, 1864.*

"I have just met John. We had only a few hours together, as his furlough had nearly expired. May God keep my dear brother. From here I go to Brunswick to take another look at my dear old college home, thence immediately to Rhode Island. I have my medical thesis to write out next month for graduation."

The visit to Rhode Island to which he alludes in the above letter, was for the purpose of his marriage, which took place there on August 10th. Unfortunately we have no particulars of this interesting event, with the exception of a brief letter which lies before us as we write:—

“NEW YORK,  
“Aug. 11th, 1864.

“MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“Yesterday was a charming cloudless day. Wedding at church at 10 a.m. The Rev. William Fitz officiated, and he and his wife drove down to Providence with us. We took the 7 p.m. train for New York, reached Stormington at 9 p.m. and found the bridal room No. 28 reserved for us on the steamer *Commonwealth*. We have just had a stroll in the Central Park. Our home is still with Dr. Perry just now.”

His old friend who caught the lobsters with him at Bowdoin was now married and settled at Yonkers, and from thence he wrote the following letter:—

“YONKERS, NEW YORK,  
“Sept. 5th, 1864.

“This is such a charming place. The beautiful Hudson rolls on towards the bay, only a few rods from us. The ‘Palacaides’ on the opposite bank present a magnificent appearance, and yet these are hardly worth mentioning when compared with this lovely little family. The household all full of sunshine and happiness is to me the most lovable thing on earth. One of the sweetest little voices that made this home a welcome one to every lover of children was hushed nearly two

years ago. The image of little Nell is always present with me whenever I am here. Her hearty loving welcome I shall never forget, nor her earnest pleading that she might accompany me to my Indian home. You may wonder why I allude to this, but among the hundreds of dear little ones whom I have known in America, there is not one to whom I grew so attached. Such was her mild and loving nature. It always seems to me that parents who lose these tender plants from their earthly guidance should rejoice in the thought that they may thus be contributing towards the beauty and bliss of heaven."

James Phillips was already Master of Arts and Bachelor of Laws of a reputable university, and the time now came when, upon the completion of his medical course, he was to graduate in that Faculty also. He merrily records the fact in a letter dated September 15th, 1864:—

"I have been extremely busy since the Sabbath with my thesis, examination, etc., but now all is over. I have passed through the ordeal successfully, and have gained those two letters M.D. I am sure I feel very much like myself notwithstanding the affix. Do you suppose you could identify me now? As a favour only a nominal fee was charged."

"*Oct. 29th*, 1864.—I have had high fever and intense headache, the result of working over some bones which have been macerating for a long time. They came from Southern battlefields, and I have been preparing them for our cabinet at college. They illustrate gunshot wounds. All I am now earning is

200 dollars (£40) a year for work in an office, and I have to pay half of it directly back for preceptors' fees, and the rest will hardly pay college expenses."

Dr. Phillips, as we must now call him, continued to minister at the chapel in 28th Street in the absence of a pastor, but before he sailed to India he was able to report that the financial affairs of the congregation had been placed on a satisfactory basis, and that there was a prospect of steady and permanent work in the future. How busily he was occupied during the time which still remained before his embarkation for the mission field, will be seen by the following letters. Incidentally they serve to show with what keen interest the writer followed the political events of his day:—

"*Nov. 7th, 1864.*—My name is duly registered, and so I propose to cast the first vote for Lincoln in our ward at sunrise to-morrow. Our city was never more quiet and orderly. General Butler and staff are at the Hoffman House. Telegraph wires come directly into his room from every ward and district in our city, from every engine company, from every town in the State, and from Washington, D.C. The General talked an hour with Secretary Stanton by telegraph this morning, and is it not a wonderful thing, that although not a soldier is seen on the street, at a single tick of the magnetic wire, thousands of armed men can be summoned to duty?"

"WASHINGTON, D.C.,

"*Nov. 10th, 1864.*

"My vote was one of the very first cast in our 21st

Ward, after which I started for Philadelphia. This morning we came through Baltimore, and I saw the very spot where the traitors fired into our Massachusetts boys three years ago. Now that city gives Lincoln a large majority. I am now writing in the Post Office in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol in its north wing. How strange it seems to be here! Here where the noblest and ablest men have stood up in the advocacy of liberty and justice, and here, too, where the supporters of slavery have pleaded for sin. I think of Sumner, as he fell under the blow of Brooks, and his blood crimsoned this very floor. The cane of Brooks has become almost like the rod of Moses to open the Red Sea before the millions of redeemed bondsmen. Thank God that no such days are ever likely to come again to this Republic!"

From Washington he visited Gettysburg, whence he wrote—

“GETTYSBURG, PA.,  
“*Nor.* 14th, 1864.

“Don't you wish you could have been here today? I rode over this most renowned of American battlefields. I visited the national cemetery, now beautifully laid out in a section of the battlefield. More than 3500 Union soldiers are buried there, the graves being arranged according to the States. The 'Rebs' lie buried in trenches in every part of the immense field. I saw one containing sixty-five, all thrown in promiscuously in a heap, and

near by another mound covered twenty, another thirty-five, and so on. I passed a corn-field in which many 'Rebs' fell, and were interred. In one instance 105 in one long trench. It is by no means a wild estimate that upwards of 7000 U.S.A. troops lie buried in different parts of this sanguinary field. I can give you no adequate idea of this battlefield, which even now, after sixteen months, exhibits many and sad tokens of that terrible conflict. The houses of the village, the trees in the streets, and the neighbouring woods, all bear the marks of bullets, shell, grape, canister, and shrapnel. Some of the forests and houses are completely riddled with these shots. Our friendly and intelligent driver pointed out to us General Mead's headquarters, and also General Lee's. We saw the spot where our gallant Reynolds fell by a sharpshooter's bullet when rallying his comrades to the attack, and a thousand and one things could I mention, but the fact is I am too full for expression. A good fellow has given me a Confederation musket."

He now returned to New York, whence he wrote on November 16th—

"Messrs. Tudor & Co., Boston, have chartered a vessel for Calcutta, which will take our party about the 1st proximo. Let us give thanks.

"I am very glad that mother has decided to take Ida with her to India. She will thus have her youngest child with her to comfort her in this hour of keen partings."

In December they sailed, the event being laconically expressed in Dr. Phillips' diary—

“ *Dec.* 17.—Went on board.”

“ „ 19.—Wrote all night.”

“ „ 20.—Weighed anchor.”



## CHAPTER VII.

### BACK TO INDIA.

THE voyage of Dr. and Mrs. Phillips to India opened boisterously enough. The sky was black with clouds as they went on board the *Elcano*, a new vessel laden with ice, bound for Calcutta. All next day the clouds grew darker, the wind blew a gale, and the vessel rolled and pitched in a most alarming fashion. On the second night, as Captain Pritchard was going through the main cabin, he remarked to the passengers, "A terrible night; an awful storm." They never heard him speak again. All through the night the vessel tossed like a leaf on the waves, and the missionary and his party were too prostrate to leave their berths.

Just as the grey dawn broke, a tremendous sea struck the vessel, and the next instant Mrs. Pritchard's heart-rending cry, "My husband's overboard," was heard above the howling of the wind. Dr. Phillips sprang from his berth, but was too ill to do more than crawl back again. Before a boat could be lowered, they were miles away, flying before one of the fiercest hurricanes that had ever swept the eastern shores of America. All day long it lasted, while above the moaning and shrieking of the wind

in the shrouds, and the dashing of the roaring waves against the vessel, rose Mrs. Pritchard's wail for her lost husband. Without a captain, the vessel plunged on madly into the darkness of the awful night which followed. The passengers laid their heads upon their pillows, wondering if they would wake up in this world or the next.

But on the following morning they were sailing under a cloudless sky. Outside the ship not a trace of the storm was to be seen. The first officer was proclaimed captain, and he undertook to land Mrs. Pritchard at some American port, so that she might return to her friends. Unfortunately he proved sadly incompetent to take the captain's place. He lost his reckoning, crossed the Equator four times, and at last the vessel was becalmed forty days in the Indian Ocean, which seemed like a sea of glass. The marvellously beautiful sunsets which they witnessed every night were the one redeeming feature of this tedious time of waiting. The drinking water failed, and buckets were hung up to catch the rain, which was served out as a delicious beverage. Finally, Dr. Kelly found the right route, and the vessel reached Point de Galle, in Ceylon, after a five months' voyage. Having sighted land but once, when they caught a distant glimpse of the Island of Trinidad, Ceylon seemed like a fairyland to their tired eyes.

Now Dr. Phillips wrote—

“One hundred and forty-nine days from Boston. A little boat came out, bringing the pilot, to take us into the Point de Galle, Ceylon. Our first eager questions were about the American War. Fancy our sur-

prise and sadness on hearing from the pilot's lips the words, 'Lincoln shot—Peace!' The joy the last word brought us could not dispel the grief of the first announcement. Our crew were in grief, and with one exception all on board were overwhelmed with sorrow.

"The mate, who took command of the ship after the captain was swept overboard, was jubilant. I cannot speak for my shipmates, but I know one passenger, and he a missionary, had hard work to keep his hands off this creature, who deserved to be flung headlong into the Indian Ocean, and given a chance to cool his hot head."

Three pleasant weeks were spent in Ceylon, and the party reached the Mission House at Midnapore, Bengal, at eight o'clock in the morning on July 1st, 1865.

The wild delight of the native Christians on seeing their "Jimmy baba" was not easily to be forgotten. The Bengali preacher, Mohesh, caught him up, and ran all round the room with him in his arms. Mrs. Phillips also came in for a vast amount of curiosity.

Dr. Phillips' gratitude to God for bringing him back again to his native country as a missionary knew no bounds. On the following Sunday he took the afternoon prayer meeting, his first service in the Oriya language. He preached his first Bengali sermon on August 27th. He afterwards started on his first preaching tour, and reached Jellasore on November 1st. The following letter was written from this place to his father, who was now at Midnapore:—

"JELLASORE.

"MY DEAR PA,—How natural it all seems about

here. I could not call you anything but 'Pa.' In this house the childhood memories are too strong. I cannot tell you how much at home I feel. It seems but as yesterday that we children played about here. Everything I see revives childhood's memories, and my heart overflows with praise to God for the mercies of those early days. All the love, all the instruction, all the joys, and all the pains of childhood awaken to-day the devourest gratitude of my heart. In the room where you taught me to pray I am praying for you to-day to Him whose kind hand has led me safely thus far. Oh, for grace to hold fast to that divine hand, and to be led on even to the end!"

His old friend, Dr. Bachelier, now the senior missionary at Midnapore, welcomed him most cordially to every department of the work there. Dr. Phillips helped to build up the congregation and Sunday School with his wonted enthusiasm, and introduced the volunteer system into the latter, allowing none to teach but those who heartily offered themselves. This plan worked like a charm, and the Sunday School grew very rapidly. Prayer meetings, temperance lectures, singing classes, and special services occupied almost every evening. Only a few weeks after his arrival in India good tidings of bread cast upon the waters brought him great joy, and strengthened and deepened his faith.

One of the Inspectors, returning from his tour among the schools in the district, brought with him two Bengalis who were anxious to be taught. He reported that one morning he was awakened by a man

who was in search of the "Jesus Christ man," and was taken to a neighbouring village, where he found four men who had abandoned their idols, and were in the habit of meeting at the side of a tank every Sunday to worship the unknown God by bowing to the sun. On inquiry he found that some twenty years previously Bangsi Mahanti, the leading man of the party, had obtained a small volume of tracts at a market-place. He became so interested in them that he called together his friends, and read them aloud. The result was that all these men were ultimately led to abandon heathenism, and to accept Christianity. When Dr. Bachelier and Dr. Phillips visited the village in order to baptize these converts, the Hindus were greatly enraged, and threatened to kill the missionaries. One of them offered a price for Dr. Bachelier's head; but the Christians remained steadfast. Many years later Dr. Phillips was again visiting this district, and hearing that one of those who had formerly threatened him was now dangerously ill, he at once went to see him. This unexpected kindness greatly impressed the dying man. He afterwards remarked that it was a strange kind of religion that would lead the sahib to call on him after he had threatened to take his life.

Bazaar preaching brought him face to face with men he wished to meet, and his study and drawing-room were always open to all who chose to call. Not a few of those for whose highest good he constantly laboured entered his ever-open door. Hindu gentlemen were especially drawn to him, and attended the English service at his house on Sunday evenings, he

visiting them in the morning for the purpose of conversation on religious subjects. As a medical man he found abundant opportunities of speaking to them about the Great Physician. For the orphan girls on the mission station he deemed no sacrifice too great, and a large number of those whom he thus taught are to-day earnest Christian women. During the cold season he usually made long tours throughout the district, sometimes going still farther afield.

Some extracts from his letters written during these mission tours, provide us with a graphic description of the circumstances under which he worked.

“MOONEGHUR, *Jan. 22nd.*

“This morning I was premeditating an attack on the Brahmins, and this evening I have had a chance to make it. Mahesh, our native preacher, and I went to a large village a mile away. The audience consisted almost entirely of Brahmins. It was a gloomy picture. Fat, lazy fellows grinning at each other as I exposed their trickery. Now and then, while I spoke of the awful judgment awaiting them for deceiving the people, I thought I could see seriousness settle upon their faces. Were our blessed Lord here, I doubt not that He would talk to these miserable Brahmins as He did to the Pharisees. It is our duty to expose them to the people whom they are deluding, and to shake their confidence in these blind guides. Poor dupes! They laugh, and say all is true, and then go off and put the dust from the priest's foot upon their heads. Little Rover [his dog] is amusingly curled up

at my feet fast asleep. The men are cooking, and the oxen are eating straw, while I have just finished my Bengali chapter and cut my quill to write to you. I overtook the garriman six miles out. Rover was trotting along beautifully, but thinking that the fellow might have walked him too much, I took him on Don, and he almost went to sleep; but when we reached the other bank of the river I put him down. After walking some distance he trotted up to my side, and looking up into my face, began to beg to be taken up again; so I gave him a second ride of half a mile. On reaching camp the little fellow seemed so disappointed at not finding any of his friends, that he set up a pitiful cry, but a bit of plantain and two mutton bones very soon soothed his heart *viâ* his stomach, and he thereupon went to sleep. Now, as I write, he lies close to my arm, on the table. He looked so lonesome after his supper that I let him jump into my lap and then on to the table, where he seemed entirely contented. After biting my pen a few times for fun, he laid himself out for a nap, but every few minutes he looked up to assure his little heart that 'Massa is near.'

“TUMLOOK, *Feb. 2nd.*

“When I woke yesterday the rain was pouring down in torrents. I feared we could not break camp. When it stopped a little I saw that the pilgrims and market-women had started, and remarked to Mahesh that the Lord Jesus Christ's work should not stand still when Satan's and Mammon's work went on. But the fellows had not had their rice; and I

challenge any man to find a Hindu who will willingly budge before taking his invoice of rice for ballast!

“I consented to wait another hour. At eleven o'clock I gave orders to break camp, and we went on to a market. I started for Dantoon, and a mile or two out a terrific thunderstorm broke upon us. The men could hardly walk against the violent wind and rain, much less carry me; so I had to walk five miles. After struggling a while with the empty dooly, falling flat every minute or two, I ordered the men to drop the dooly (an inverted go-cart carried by men), and to look out for themselves. The rain was falling like hail against our faces, and I thought the wind would fairly blow us away. On and on we battled over the swampy ground, until all the Santals gave up, and crouched under a tree. While the lightning was so frequent and so sharp all around us, no place could have been more perilous than the foot of a green tree. After a time of pleading, ordering, and frightening, I got them up again, and having made them join hands, I led them on through the tempest, hoping soon to find a house. Long did we work our way through mud and darkness. One young fellow was so scared that he began crying aloud for his mother, which amused and heartened the rest of us. I can assure you it was no easy thing to pull four men along a flooded road, amid torrents of wind and rain. At last deliverance came. In a little room a 'mudie' (petty shopkeeper) made us a little fire, and there I dried my coat, shirt, and blankets, shedding tears in the blinding smoke. Throwing myself down, I



took a nap, and toasted my feet at the same time. Waking at midnight, we decided to press on. Taking with me the two stronger men, I walked on to Ranesarai, and there found Charlie, and trotted home on him."

The rice crop of 1865 was a failure, and the opening months of the following year saw large portions of India desolated by one of those terrible famines which periodically visit the country with disastrous effect. Some hundreds of orphan children were brought in a state of destitution to the mission schools. In July 1866 Dr. Phillips reported as follows:—

"The rains having set in, sickness has increased fearfully among these thousands of poor, half-starved creatures. We have not even a shed in which to shelter them. Dr. Bachelier is feeding about 2000 now. A terrible famine is indeed upon us, and my work is fast increasing. I have secured the Dhurrumsella (a pilgrims' rest-house) north of us for a temporary hospital. Patients, in all stages of starvation, are coming in fast. We opened the quarters yesterday and admitted six, three of whom died in the night. Starvation and cholera are making awful havoc among them. A dear little girl with the tiniest hands and feet followed me all around and carried my pill-box for me. I took her home with me, and we have named her Alice. She is our first orphan. Cholera has broken out now in the jail, and I do not know what we may have in the way of pestilence."

At Balasore the distress was even greater, and Dr.

Phillips hastened to help at the missionary station there.

“BALASORE,  
“*Aug. 10th, 1866.*”

“The famine is raging fearfully. Many are dying. Thousands of miserable starving ones are flocking in from every quarter. I never witnessed such a scene before. One case was on trial in the Court here, where a man had killed his little children, and the older members of the family had actually cooked and eaten them. Many are dying, and the vultures and jackals are growing fat on human flesh. The Government is providing cooked food for the suffering natives. I saw a mass of boiled rice thirty feet long and three feet deep. It lay on sacking on the verandah, and was shovelled into baskets for distribution. The people are kept from stealing this rice by a policeman stationed inside the railings.”

On his return to his own station, Dr. Phillips found himself faced by the necessity of providing for large numbers of children who had been orphaned by the famine and pestilence. He did not shrink from the heavy responsibility, but manfully faced the work which this involved. He welcomed every orphan as a child sent to him by the Great Father of all, to be led heavenwards.

“Opportunities to labour for young souls, by the pouring in of these hundreds of famine-orphan, are such as we have never enjoyed before since the founding of our mission, and I am ever welcoming these additional and weighty responsibilities. We are addressing ourselves right resolutely to the work of

training these interesting children. I have found a sweet little girl, and have named her Minnie. I carried her most of the way from Balasore to Midnapore—about seventy miles—in my arms on the horse.”

It was early one morning when Dr. Phillips galloped up to his door carrying the child thus referred to. He was drenched, and bespattered with mud from riding by night in the rain, holding the reins in one hand and Minnie in the other, while her bright little face shone out from under the dripping eaves of his great solar hat as her head rested on his shoulder. She was a child of rare beauty, and for two years was the pet of the household. But cholera broke out, and Minnie was one of its first victims. At nine in the morning she begged to lie on the mat, as she “felt so badly.” At four o’clock in the afternoon she had passed to the land of peace where earth’s pains are no more known. At sunset the girls carried her little coffin along a shady path to the burial-ground and laid her to rest.

About this time Dr. Jeremiah Phillips began to fail in health through overwork during the famine, and his son hastened to Santipore to relieve him for a few weeks. He thus describes his visit—

“This is father’s station,—Santipore, the city of peace,—and he has been taking me round showing me what to do in his absence. I am to build bridges, construct a canal, erect dykes, clear a jungle, put up a schoolhouse and a godown (a storehouse), and to generally improve the premises. Besides this I am to feed and doctor a number of Oriyas, and to superintend

the work at Jellalore, seven miles off! I shall need more legs than my own pair to get over all this territory to inspect the work. Several girls at Jellalore have the smallpox. I have a number of interesting cases, among them being two men who have been terribly mauled by bears. I shall hold clinique regularly on Wednesday at noon. At 4 p.m. we shall have a singing class, at 7 a lecture, and at 8 o'clock a teachers' class. Yesterday I had a good game of 'red, white and blue' with the girls. In the evening I lectured on the temperance pledge. How men professing Christianity can voluntarily degrade themselves and become the slaves of intemperance, so ruinous to the body and so blighting in its influence on the soul, I cannot tell. Let us do all we can to save the dear little boys and girls from the path of sinful indulgence. We must be ready for a regular campaign, and I am getting up a compendium to the Bible and a polyglot hymn-book."

When Dr. Phillips was only seven years old, his father had become deeply interested in the Santals, one of the aboriginal tribes dwelling on the foot of the Himalayas. Some of them had found their way to the Balasore and Midnapore districts. He made the first dictionary and translated the Gospels. When he became too tired to go on with the work during the long hot days, he would say, "James, wake me in ten minutes," then dropping his head upon his folded arms on the table, he would sleep just ten minutes, when the boy spoke to him and he resumed his work with his Santal pundits. Thus early in his life Dr. Phillips became interested in the

Santal tribe, and when in 1869 he found himself in a position to commence active missionary work amongst these neglected people, he felt that one of the great desires of his heart had been granted.

“Our Indian Committee have voted to let me devote myself to Santal work. If it is God’s will, I am more than willing; I am anxious to do so. Still, I have my serious doubts about entirely quitting so important a Bengal field at present.”

Every cold season seemed to him to bristle with golden opportunities for work. Thus we find in his diaries and letters periodical accounts of journeys many and long through dense jungles and along mountain paths in search of outlying villages where the good news needed to be proclaimed. Many of his letters contain most graphic descriptions of the strange scenes and adventures which he encountered in the course of these tours. We give some extracts without special reference to dates.

“I have left the preacher and the bookbag and wandered off alone to this clump of trees a quarter of a mile away. In the centre there is such a handsome little tank of sparkling water, and all around this stand tall majestic trees making a lovely shade, and reflecting their swaying branches in the smooth mirror of water. Along the edge of the tank several large birds are strolling, and many a beautiful pigeon is taking its sultry nooning. All these birds seem so completely at home and unafraid! I want to tell you here how thankful I am to God for giving me such liberty in preaching in these native languages. I used to think that my preaching in this country might

become a tedious and tiresome task, and that I should never have such happy times in the pulpit as in America. Oh, how good God is to me! Now I know no difference, so far as freedom of expression and flow



AN INDIAN BUNGALOW.

of soul are concerned, between speaking in English and in these Hindu tongues. I forget myself now quite as much in Bengali and Oriya, and am quite as lost in them as ever in English. All this is of God. To Him shall be all the praise! He has taught me these languages and given me this freedom, so that I

am never at a loss to convey my thoughts even in the most rapid passages in our chapel and street preaching. The words that tell, the idioms that count, the emotion that makes my soul burn and my speech flame in view of God's love and man's sin—these are the elements which reach hard hearts and cause them to relent. All these infinite mercies it pleases God to give me, who am but an earthen vessel most weak and worthless, and unworthy of His slightest favour.

“Yesterday I went across country all day. It was very fatiguing. For one of the stages a friend lent me his mule that I had been told was hard to mount, but when once on she would go all right. I had a charming time. She kicked with her left leg to prevent my mounting, but by dint of strategy I managed to get on. Then the fun began. She reared and roared and romped and ‘raised Cain,’ and came within one of sending herself and me down an embankment, where one of us would undoubtedly have required no surgical aid. At midnight it poured so heavily that we were compelled to take shelter in a shed. My pony stood all night at the foot of my bed, while snoring men lay on every side. A party of drummers and fifers occupied one side of the shed, and felt it their delightful duty to set up such a bedlam every now and then that I got very little sleep. I have sold a few tracts here. The people must first make sure that we are positively in earnest about giving away no more tracts and books before they will buy even what they want. A year hence I think the plan of selling will have become sufficiently

well understood to make our sales large enough to pay the cost of printing and paper. A while ago a lad came to my tent and asked for a book. On my inquiring why he wished for that particular book, he answered, 'There is enough paper in it to make a first-rate kite!'

"Another time I was preaching in a large market on our Orissa border. On my camp cot I had arranged our Christian books, and the native preacher had begun to address the crowd that stood around us. Presently a Brahmin came along, and I offered him one of our largest and best books. I shall not forget with what lofty disdain he turned away, saying, 'I don't care for your cheap trash that you give away. Our books cost money, and cannot be given away for nothing.' Then and there I determined to fix a price to all our books, and to stop promiscuous giving. We sell our Scripture portions at a merely nominal fee, to be sure. Yet this commands respect, and our books are better received and more worthily treated.

"For several days we have been travelling about among Oriyas and Santals. The party consists of Father, two native preachers, and myself. Our main object is to visit as many Santal settlements as possible, and at the same time to make for as many Oriya markets as we can, where we never fail to secure large congregations and good attention. This is a little village. Our tents are pitched on the edge of a large market, and while I write hundreds of people are buying, selling, bantering, and blowing right beside us. For several hours we shall have a large audience, and we take turns, and shall keep up



the preaching until the people leave. All around us are these Hindu markets, so that we can attend them daily by going from four to ten miles. Rarely do we fail to find people to hear our message.

“The other morning, however, we adopted a curious plan to get a congregation. After breakfast there was hardly a person at the tent door, and we were discussing where we should go for hearers. A couple of young men presently walked up, and very politely and urgently requested us to shoot some troublesome monkeys that were robbing their gardens. We needed no second invitation. Our guns were only loaded with bird shot, to be sure, but this would fetch the brutes. So out we started in quest of the plunderers. On some tamarind trees close by were well-nigh a score of monkeys of all sizes, from old paterfamilias to the little ones clinging to their mothers' breasts. These animals when well grown are about the size of a small calf. They have strong slender legs, and tails from three to four feet long. They do the fields and gardens much harm, and the Hindus are glad to have them shot. In some places, however, the monkeys are worshipped, and notwithstanding the mischief they do the people protect them. . . . The shooting occupied ten or fifteen minutes, and thus there was a good congregation to preach to. Only one of the men seemed at all displeased at our shooting the monkeys. He was an ignorant and very superstitious man, and as I afterwards learned had no crops to suffer from the wholesale pillage of these animals. We had a good audience, and one by one all of us spoke to them of the concerns of the soul, contrasting them with the

worldly matters about which they had so much to say. So the monkeys helped us to a congregation.

“The Hindus, as I have told you before, hold singular views with regard to the lives of animals. They believe that a part of the divine life dwells in every living creature. They often blame us for shooting birds, and sometimes make a great fuss over a duck or a pigeon. Men of intelligence among them are getting over this, however, and many of them eat flesh as freely as we do. We shoot only what is required for the camp, except when we are asked to put an end to birds or beasts of prey that trouble and terrify the people. Every now and then men come to our tent, as they did one morning this week, to ask us to shoot an ugly bear or something else that is doing mischief. We never say No when we have time to help the poor villagers without interfering with our regular work.

“Speaking of mercy to beasts reminds me of the cruelty towards their own race so frequently witnessed among the Hindus. Some of these people will make grievous lamentation over a dead fowl, or the carcase of a monkey, but will pass proudly and coldly by a poor dying woman who has fallen on the dusty road. They feign pity for beasts, but they have no sighs or tears for suffering humanity. Oh the hardness of heart that this paganism begets!”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN LABOURS ABUNDANT.

**D**R. PHILLIPS found his work amongst the Santal tribes steadily increasing, and soon after the date of the letters given in the preceding chapter we find him reporting:—

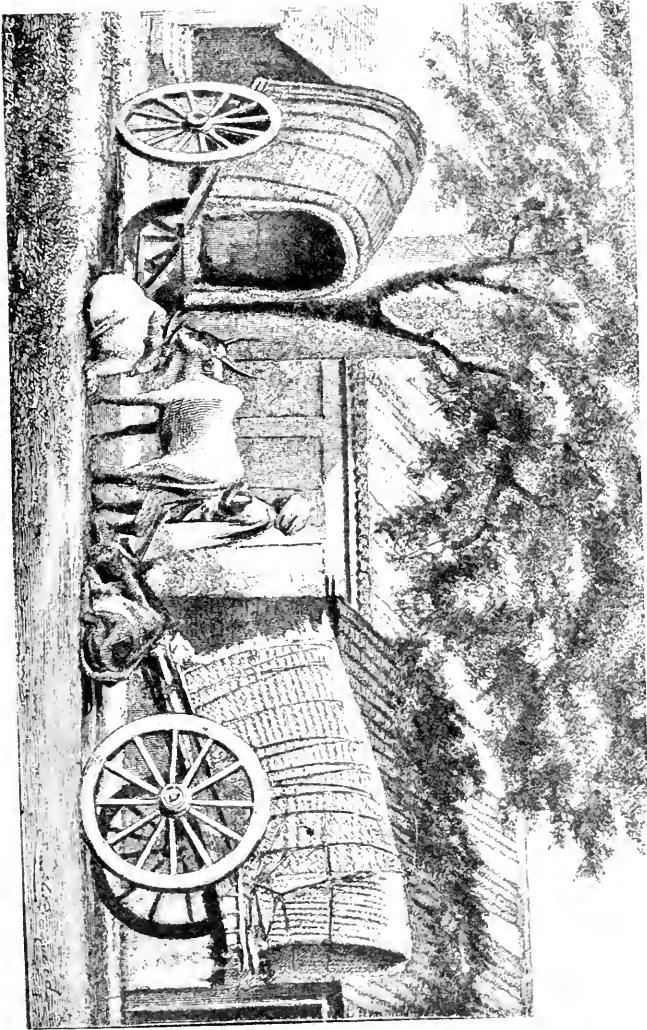
“I have been most happy in my work to-day preaching to the multitude, who came to witness the consecration of a tank, where we have been eight hours on the grounds, Madhu and I taking turns in talking to the people. Thousands were present, some from fifty miles away. Over 250 Brahmins were on the ground, and were feasted up to style. Many of the scenes which took place on the premises were disgusting in the extreme. Hundreds of Santals were hired to dance, and their intoxicating liquor, ‘Hundia,’ was served out to them without stint. Plenty of people were drunk before nightfall, and there were rows without number. The old Brahmin who has made the tank spent 2000 rupees on the earthwork, so it is said, and he claims to have laid out another 2000 on the consecration. Poor fool! How soon he must see his mistake, and how completely these bigoted, inflated priests rule the common people! Rover has just come trotting up, and seemed delighted when I proposed to send his

'bow-wow' to you and Julia. He is a very affectionate little dog. Flora should certainly be taught to stay on the verandah at night and watch. I fully sustain you, Mrs. Phillips, in the family discipline!"

"I am fast learning to speak and preach in Santal, and I feel that God is very near me while preaching.

"I was greatly pleased with my effort last Sabbath, and though I find it difficult to pray in this strange language, I am yet wonderfully aided. It really refreshes my soul to talk to these poor villagers of the love of Jesus. What a story of love we have to tell! Heaven pity us that we so often deliver it with cold hearts and cold lips! Oh for more faith and fire from above to move and melt our hearts! We might then hope to move the people. We are observing the week of prayer, and are having a good meeting every evening."

"It is our increasing delight to travel among these jungle people, and one only wishes for more time and strength to devote to them. During these three weeks we have visited fifty-six villages, and examined ten schools. Everywhere the Santals receive us as their friends, and give us a hearty welcome. No sooner do our carts arrive than many willing hands are ready. Some bring straw for the tent and bullocks, others run for fire and fuel. Away go a couple of boys in great haste in quest of milk for the children, and several others are racing after a hen for our curry. Wherever there is a school of ours, there the teacher and pupils are invariably first on the ground to greet us. There is a general 'Namasker!' from all sides. This answers to our 'Good morning,' and to the



THE OLD KARANGHI IN WHICH MRS. PHILLIPS AND CHILDREN WENT OUT TO CAMP IN THE JUNGLE.  
THE DOCTOR RODE ON HORSEBACK.



Mohammedan 'Salaam.' This over, all hands eagerly hasten to our help. Up goes the little umbrella tent, and down come the dusty boxes from the carts. One boy takes a chulla (fireplace), and another runs for a kalsi (earthen jar) of water for cooking purposes. In less than an hour we are nicely settled down in our camp home, and the curry and rice are ready.

"After dinner the school is examined, and the people are addressed. As for the audience, there is seldom any lack. Right at the tent door sometimes scores assemble to hear the Gospel. They do not all come, however, to hear us preach. Some, perhaps the majority, come out of mere curiosity; others come for medicine, in many cases bringing their sick with them. Every missionary is supposed to be a doctor, and the call for medicine is constant. It is such a comfort to help these poor creatures. It is amusing to mark the implicit confidence they repose in us, and their notions of the range of our skill and knowledge are often remarkably ludicrous.

"I was making my way over a belt of steep, ragged hills one day, in the Santal Pergunnahs, my guide being a young man of twenty, a thorough jungle man, and an out-and-out Santal. We were both far in advance of our party, for the banghy men (who carry boxes swung across their shoulders) found it hard work climbing the rocks. My companion, after only half an hour's acquaintance, began opening his heart to me. After the usual preliminaries, consisting of extravagant expressions of confidence, etc., the simple-hearted youth began thus:—'Do help me, Sahib, for I have a great affliction. Our own doctors

cannot cure it, and I have called in vain on the gods of our race. Yes, I have offered up fowls and kids, yet no good comes from it all. You white men must know all about it. Do pity and help me!' I never once suspected what the trouble was, nor will you be likely to. If you are good at guessing, stop right here before reading farther.

"A short question brought out the whole story. The youth had married a wife, but the girl-wife was constantly running away to her father's house. Nothing would keep her at home. Several times had he climbed over the long range of hills to her old home and brought her back, but she always ran away again at the very first chance. With remarkable sincerity my guide told me his sad story, and then fixing his large black eyes fully and firmly on mine, he asked so beseechingly, 'What is the right medicine for the girl? give me the right charm. Do cure her, and I will worship you and bless you!'

"There was yet a weary mile of hard climbing before we were out of the hills, and I had time enough to tell my confiding companion of the only 'medicine' there was, and the true 'charm' for bringing and binding fast together their young and wayward hearts. We talked on until we stood on the summit of the last hill. My guide pointed out to me the descending path to the little village, and with a low bow and a happy smile, he ran homeward on the opposite side."

"We rejoice most when the Santals come to our camp begging for schools. The other day there came such a fine-looking man, the 'mandal' or headman of the village, to ask us for a school. This rapidly



increasing desire for learning among these sons of the forest gives us great cheer. Oh that we had the wherewithal to establish the schools that are now so greatly wanted throughout the Santal country! Just now an effort is on foot to bring the girls into the schools, and I hope before many months we may have the pleasure of reporting some girls in our jungle schools."

"Slowly, but nevertheless surely, is the Santal mind becoming disengaged from the cruel superstitions of centuries, and directed towards a purer faith. Our two-score village schools in the jungle are so many lighthouses dispelling the darkness and revealing the dangers of the past, and opening out the path of peace for the future. Let the Churches make special prayer for the teachers of these schools, and the hundreds of youths now under instruction. These, rightly trained, must become the leaders of their people, and incalculable blessings to their posterity."

A little later Dr. Phillips visited the Santal mission station at Ebenezer, and on his return he encamped near a railway station at Ranigunge. From this camping place he wrote:—

"We have reached here this evening at sunset. Just as we were crossing a railway bridge, a freight and passenger train passed under. What singularly delightful sensations I experienced upon looking at the cars again after five years! I stood and gazed in silence, and in the brief moments I lived over again many a pleasant journey in America. You should have seen my Santals stare at the wonderful engine and the long line of cars. They will have

stories enough to tell upon getting home, I warrant. We happen to be on the verge of what we may call incognita, because we shall not be heard from again for probably ten days at least. I shall work my way slowly, reaching the northern border of our own district about a month hence, somewhere near Silda. I should like to settle amongst the numerous Santal villages, but of this who can tell? We walked twenty-five miles one day barefoot through the rice-fields, and had great success in selling books in Bengali, Oriya, Hindu, and Santal. I carried the pack myself from village to village.

“This is my last day of this very interesting trip. We have visited 122 villages, and have preached to multitudes the unsearchable riches of Christ. On the Judgment Day we must meet every congregation we have addressed. Speakers and hearers alike must stand at God’s impartial bar. The serious question comes to me in view of these important facts, Am I ready to face them before the great Judge? I trust that I have tried to be true and faithful to the thousands whom I have addressed in this trip of six weeks.”

Twenty miles west of Midnapore, and 90 miles west of Calcutta, lies Bhimpore, a beautiful Santal village. Dr. Bachelier gave a copy of the Gospel of St. Mark to a Santal teacher named Raju, one of three brothers. For a time the little book lay tucked away in the thatch of his mud house. Occasionally it was taken down and read. At last his eyes were opened and his heart was touched, and he began teaching it to his pupils, and his brothers also became

acquainted with the new-found treasure. The result was that the three brothers and six teachers, as well as one of Raju's pupils, all came out for Christ. The oldest of the brothers, Panchu, headman of Bhimpore village, at once put an end to the dancing and drinking, and built a neat little chapel, although his mother and wife constantly opposed and persecuted him. This was the beginning of the work at Bhimpore, to which reference is so constantly made by Dr. Phillips.

"This month I have again visited our Santal branch at Bhimpore, and spent the Sabbath with our brothers there. They seem to be holding on well. The mother continues as vehement as ever in her persecutions. Poor deluded thing! She fancies that Christianity has ruined her family. The wife of Panchu is doing all in her power to make it hard for her husband to serve God in his own house. She keeps all the children from attending the meetings, and does all that she can to embitter their minds against Christianity. But the good soul bears it all with remarkable patience, and never ceases to pray for their conversion."

The girls' orphanage, to which allusion has already been made, occupied much of Dr. Phillips' best thought and energy. The work was beset with peculiar difficulties, many of which we cannot here describe in detail. Their general character, however, may be gathered from the following letter written by Dr. Phillips about this time:—

"The more I think of it, the more is my mind impressed with the conviction that 'police detective'

and 'police protective' of our native girls must have their stand in their hearts, rather than around their homes. I believe in safe enclosure, high walls, strong hedges of thorns, and deep pits full of water all around our girls' homes; and I believe in bars and bolts, locks and keys, and everything of this sort; but I firmly believe in having all these within rather than without the individuals whom we would protect. I pray God to give us, who are their guardians, great grace to work so faithfully and intelligently for their souls that each of them will be strong to face temptation. The devil with all his wicked wiles these girls will have to meet, every one of them, and I am for having them proof against these by God's saving power in their souls, and then I care not how soon the temptations come, or how subtle they are. I believe that one of the greatest objections to the boarding-school system in India lies in the fact that the pupils are too much shielded and screened from the world of sin and sorrow, into which at marriage they rush unprepared, and too often bring trouble and shame upon themselves. Let our dear girls know now that the arch-enemy of souls will leave no stone unturned to bring about their ruin, and that Christ alone can keep them safe in the hour of temptation. Let us place this more frequently and more faithfully before our children. Now is the time to prepare them for the future. Show them from God's Word what their armour is, and how to use it. God is almighty, and He is a hearer of prayer. This is my hope and comfort."

While thus committing to paper his earnest desire

for the spiritual welfare of these orphan girls, Dr. Phillips little knew that one of them, named Surgi, was even then influencing for Christ a most remarkable woman who has since done noble work as a Christian evangelist in many of the large cities of India. A month later he joyfully reported the fact.

“Chandra Lela, a woman of the province of Nepaul, a high caste Brahmini by birth, and for many years a Bastami, having devoted herself to most rigid religious ceremonies, and travelled over a large part of India from shrine to shrine in quest of salvation, has at last found the true way, and believed on our Lord Jesus Christ.

“She was found by one of our schoolgirls when she was teaching in a Sepoy bazaar. Chandra was very anxious to learn the way of life. They told her of Jesus, and the next day they went to her lodging and expounded to her the way of God more perfectly. She listened eagerly to the gracious tidings of salvation through Christ, and from that day has been a diligent student of the Bible. She began attending the chapel, and came to our bungalow for religious instruction. In this way she has made slow but sure progress, until on the first Sunday of this month it was my privilege to baptize and to receive her into the Christian Church. The Hindus, her old associates, did all they could to frighten her. Some said, ‘The Sahib will feed you on beef, and marry you to a Santal.’ Others said, ‘The Christians only want to break your caste, and then they will let you go on and shift for yourself.’ She came to our native

preacher, and asked about all these matters, wishing to know the true facts of the case. They soon answered her satisfactorily."

"Last evening we had a capital temperance meeting. There is nothing like steady systematic effort to put down all opposition. Our meeting on the first Monday of each month is as regular a thing as the Communion, and is doing good. Five joined us last evening. I am kept constantly busy with meetings for converts, lectures, inquirers' meetings, preachers' classes, temperance meetings, and so on. Among other things I assisted at a Roman Catholic funeral a short time ago. My Sunday School prospers. Did I tell you that the first thing printed in our mission press was the tract 'Come to Jesus' in Santali?"

"Oct. 15th.—This is a lovely Friday morning. A cool north breeze is coming in so softly and sweetly at the doors. How we have longed for it through six months of heat and rain! You can hardly imagine how delighted we always are at the first approach of the cold season in India. We sniff the cool breeze with peculiar pleasure, and gather strength every moment. You have no idea how one of these hot seasons, followed up by the rains, drains the vigour of one's constitution. The steady heat stealthily sucks the very life out of one's blood and bones, until he looks like a Panama fever patient, or still worse sometimes, like an Andersonville prisoner. Thank God for the north wind which brings the cold! Every breath is laden with praise."

Dr. Phillips still continued his periodical con-

tributions to the American newspapers, and in the following letter he gives the reader a glimpse of Santipore in 1871 :—

“ Would you not like to be here with us at this our jungle station, where for a week past revival meetings have been in progress? This village affords a striking illustration of the power of the Gospel in a heathen land. Here tigers and wild elephants formerly roamed at their leisure. Where the little chapel now stands, and the bungalow and schoolhouse, and where our brethren live, were, not many years ago, the lairs and hiding-places of wild beasts. Over these beautiful fields, now covered with waving grain, the high jungle used to stand thick and dark. How changed it all is now! Listen to the merry voices of happy school boys and girls! Hear them sing the praises of Jesus who has done marvellous things! Alike in the early morning, at the noontide hour, in the calm of the evening, and in the dead of night, there may be heard rising from some of these dwellings the voice of earnest prayer. Thank God for the wonderful change!”

In the autumn of 1872 the effects of prolonged overwork showed themselves in a complete breakdown. For many weeks the missionary's life was trembling in the balance, and day and night the orphan girls stood beside his pillow cooling his head with ice. A sidelight is thrown upon the difficulties and hardships of an Indian missionary's position, when we remember that this ice had to be brought from Calcutta, a distance of seventy-five miles, by relays of coolies. By the beginning of October the

brain fever had subsided, and he was removed to the hills.

“DARJEELING,  
“Oct. 19th, 1872.

“A long, fearful attack of brain fever has prostrated me for weeks. I had hardly strength to reach this mountain station two weeks ago, but am now gaining fast. This week I have seen the highest mountain on the globe, Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above the sea-level. How I wish you could have been with us to look at that grand old height capped with snow! We started at nine in the morning and went seven miles to the summit of Mount Senchal, the highest point in these parts. Twenty minutes before sunrise, while the moon was still shining, we reached the top and began observations. A kind friend had lent us a good telescope which helped much. Several minutes before the sun appeared above the horizon, its beams tipped the head of Kinchinjunja, the highest snowy range to the north. It was like a flame bursting forth on the white head, and was a most magnificent sight. Soon other peaks caught it, and the eastern slopes began to be bathed in sunshine. A thick belt of cloud lay across the western horizon, and we feared that the Nepaul range, of which Everest is head, would be completely hidden. But as the sun rose higher the cloud broke away, and we had a wonderfully clear view of the celebrated mount. For an hour we feasted our eyes on its grand proportions.”

Not until the beginning of the following year was Dr. Phillips able again to take up his much-loved Santal work.





JAMES L. PHILLIPS IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

*From a Photograph by ALMAN & Co.*



“CAMP, BARIKEEL,  
Feb. 7th, 1873.

“I feel like shouting, as good Deacon Dudley used to say, for the privilege of once more travelling amongst the Santals. The heat is coming on so fast that this trip of three weeks is the last I shall have for months. To-day we have come from a large Santal village, twelve miles east of this. The road is poor, and our rude little cart with the tent and traps did not get here till nearly sunset. Bullocks are slow anywhere, but on cross country trips they barely crawl over the ground.”

The keen interest which Dr. Phillips always felt and manifested in the work of teaching the children, whether in day or Sunday Schools, appears again and again in his diaries and letters. At a later period in his life we shall see more of the high aspirations and aims which were continually present in his mind for the amelioration of the native children of India. At present we can only note in passing the interest which, beginning in the days of childhood, steadily grew and increased until it culminated in that overwhelming energy which hastened him to a premature grave. Writing from Midnapore on March 8th, 1873, he alludes to this part of his work.

“In January we had our convention at Bhimpore. It was a good time. The different schools that came to our camp for examination did very well, and we had games and gymnastics with the people and teachers each day. Some of the teachers seemed in earnest about seeking Christ, and at one meeting twenty-five spoke, and two asked for our prayers. When shall

we see them all coming to the Saviour's feet? It was very gratifying to see girls in almost every one of the village schools."

One of those heavy trials which seem to be the necessary accompaniments of life in the tropics now visited the missionary's home, and cast over it a cloud which did not disperse for many a weary day. Let Dr. Phillips tell the pathetic story.

"MIDNAPORE,  
"March 31st, 1873.

"Our home is dark to-day, for the shadow of a great sorrow has fallen on it. Last night our darling Nellie left us for Jesus' arms. She sank rapidly, and all that could be done failed to help her. At a few minutes past midnight our sweet child breathed her last. All is well. The Will of the Lord be done! We feel the sustaining grace of God to be very precious now. The world looked so bright with the children all so well and happy. That baby, too, was my special pet. Her sweet face, her merry prattle, her tiny feet every now and then trotting into my study, had taken captive my willing heart, and God only knows how that precious child has helped me to bear my heavy burdens these months past. The little cot is empty, and my darling pet is gone. You know how at times a wild wave of sorrow comes rolling over the heart, and even faith in God and the blessed hereafter does not stay the flowing tears. But I am comforted with the words, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' We had the funeral by sunset, and the service in Bengali by our native preacher. At the close our children repeated texts of Scripture."

*“ Aug. 2nd.*

“ Had a hard day with a bad headache. In the afternoon we all took tea in the jungle for a change. Nell went with us the last time. How I miss my darling every day and everywhere! All is well.”

While Dr. Phillips was thus spending and being spent for the native Bengalis and Santals, he was not forgetful of the needs of the Europeans on the stations. The neglected condition of many of these colonists— isolated from their countrymen, too often forgotten amid the pressing claims of the heathen, oftentimes without the means of grace, and having no services to attend except those conducted in a foreign language and adapted rather to the needs of natives than to Europeans— appealed strongly to the heart of Dr. Phillips.

“ My mind is much exercised about starting an English service. I am disposed to think that I am being led into the right path about this, that we should have a family service at our house. At such a service I should feel perfectly free, and the work would not be so exhausting as Church service. Congregational singing, responsive reading of the Scriptures, and the recital of the Lord’s Prayer in concert, all this would help to make the meeting like a home service. I am ashamed and confused before God, and condemned at the bar of my own conscience, for so neglecting my neighbours. I cannot see how a true missionary can do his duty without working for the souls of these station people. Does God know any difference between black and white? Am I sent to a particular class or colour, or to all sinners whom I

can reach, and upon whom it is in my power to exert any influence? I have sinned, and God helping me I shall commence work amongst my English friends and neighbours."

This service was duly started, and was afterwards regularly maintained, the attendance being very encouraging, and the general results proving the wisdom of the methods adopted by the missionary.

It will be remembered that Midnapore was in the direct pilgrim road, and that as a boy, Dr. Phillips had seen the hosts of devotees passing along to the great festivals, some of them measuring their length on the sandy road, others performing penances and undergoing hardships too hideous for description. Now that he was once again amidst the old sights, it was with less curiosity but with far deeper sadness of heart that he witnessed these periodical exhibitions by which paganism still held the people.

"I see this unnumbered host of immortals madly rushing down to ruin, and I would that my voice could reach every ear, and that God would give me a word for every heart. Such a scene as I daily witness on this old pilgrim road to Jagannath is enough to make any Christian's heart cry aloud to God for help. Every hour crowds of these poor deluded creatures are passing by the chapel door. Old men with bending frames and blistered feet; young men with resolute tread; tender women, duped by cunning libertines wearing the badge of a sensual priesthood; all these go by day and by night along this way of death. As we call out to them, they halt a moment, listen to a few words, and then lift up once more the

fanatical shout, 'Jai Jagannath samiku jai.' So the motley crowd hastens on, many of whom will never return along that hard road, worn smooth by a million feet. Many a man and woman of this shouting company will lie down and die, unattended, alone, and helpless, while the priest will pass on, smiling over the coin that he had wrested from the dying grasp of the fallen pilgrim. Then the dogs, the jackals, the crows, and the vultures will hold high carnival over their easy prey, and the poor, pagan, pilgrim soul will pass on to the righteous judgment of the Great Father of all men."

*"Dec. 31st, 1873.*

"We left Midnapore at sunrise on December 16th. Our little mud shanty here has been almost devoured by white ants. We are now at work among the Santals, and are very busy putting up a mud hut to live in. The people gave us a very hearty welcome. As we have brought some of our orphan girls with us, we have quite a congregation to start with. We celebrated the day by marrying off two of our girls, and last Saturday three others were given away. Last April another three were married; so that now eight in all have left us for homes of their own. May God bless them all, and make them a blessing to others! All are members of the Church, and have been a real help to us in our work. Now in other places they are working for the Redeemer.

"Each day is devoted to travelling and preaching, from village to village. One poor old woman, a confirmed cripple, was first impressed by hearing us repeat the Lord's Prayer day by day in the little school

close by her house. Though she could not read a word, she soon learned to pray, and is now a member of this Church. I may be permitted to speak here of a little incident in our quiet jungle life that has cheered us not a little. You may know that almost all our Santal Christians are tillers of the soil. The rainfall had been slight, and their crops, consisting of corn, rice, and the like, were suffering severely. Several brethren were very much depressed in spirits, and their faith began to droop.

“Last Wednesday morning at our daily prayer meeting I felt moved to say that God had not forgotten His creatures like the Hindu Brahma, but was a hearer of prayer, and ready always to send down blessings upon all who asked for them in faith. I proposed to the dejected ones that we should hold a special service that day at one o’clock, when all would be in from their work, and offer prayer for rain. A goodly number met together, and the petitions were direct and fervent. God graciously hearkened to our cry for rain. We were scarcely home from chapel before the drops began to fall, and it proved to be the heaviest shower we had had for weeks. Since then we have had abundance of rain, and now the Blimpore fields and those of the neighbouring villages too are looking wonderfully changed, and the crops bid fair to turn out well. This direct answer to prayer has greatly cheered our Santal brethren, and taught them to pray for other blessings, temporal and spiritual. I have held a Bible class for three weeks. It is very difficult to get the natives to attend to any duty regularly. They are drawn away by the merest



straw. I have got very well through the hard work of the past year, and I count the following among the reasons:—

“1st. God’s help in answer to prayer.

“2ndly. A long walk every evening in the jungle whenever it could be managed, instead of going into the hot bazars to preach.

“3rdly. Exchanging tea for cocoa.

“4thly. Using a standing desk for several hours daily.

“5thly. Avoiding late night work.

“6thly. Making over the charge of nearly all week-day services to native helpers.”

Dr. Phillips had now been enabled to work and live in the heart of the jungle for eighteen months, and had also completed ten years’ service as an Indian missionary. Although his heart was daily more closely bound to the Indian Mission, and particularly to his work amongst the Santals, yet his physical powers had been gravely and increasingly overstrained. His head and hand could do no more; but the former was racked by almost incessant pain, and the latter had developed paralytic symptoms. The doctors ordered him to return to America at once; and at the beginning of the year 1875 he left the dear old mud house at Bhimpore, with its spreading banyan trees, and sailed for New York.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ON FURLOUGH IN AMERICA.

WE have but scanty records of Dr. Phillips' journey to America, and of the earlier part of his furlough in that country. We have to content ourselves therefore with such brief and occasional glimpses of his movements as are afforded by the following extracts from his letters and diaries. From Calcutta to London he served as surgeon on the steamer.

“LONDON,  
“*April 23rd, 1875.*”

“My medical work was very light on board ship, and I was able to answer all calls, which is a better record than I feared I should make, being such a poor sailor. We arrived here on the 18th, and leave at once for Liverpool, whence we sail on Thursday the 29th for New York. Moody and Sankey are doing well here.”

“NEW YORK,  
“*May 20th, 1875.*”

“We arrived here on the 13th, and received a hearty welcome from our friends. So far I have no plans for the first year, but I am going to visit all my friends out West, to do what I can quietly and

personally for the mission, and to get work on a farm. Yesterday I attended the Beecher trial, and was much interested. The jury will probably acquit him."

"CHICAGO,  
"June 11th, 1875.

"Dear John [his brother] met me at the depôt here, and seemed so glad to see me. He and I have been having a good time together this week. He is a noble, good fellow, and has grown much in every way. My hand seems to be no better, and I write with great difficulty. The doctors gave me little hope of its improving, and sometimes even now the pen falls from my fingers through sheer weakness of the muscles. It is a species of palsy, and may grow worse."

"BRUNSWICK,  
"July 9th, 1875.

"This is Commencement week at my dear old college, and I felt that I could not stay away. The fifteen years since I graduated have made a great change, both in the college and in the town. Yet everybody seems happy to see me, and it is quite a pleasure to be here. Only one old woman I knew in the Poor House is now left. She is ninety-five, and remembers me well. At the close of a service in Lewistown the other day, a lady introduced herself to me as my first convert at the Poor House, and gave me the text which had touched her heart. I had the pleasure of hearing Longfellow's beautiful poem, 'In Memoriam' which was read at this Commencement. I have been urged to accept the chair of Latin and

Oriental languages at Brunswick, but I would not leave the Indian Mission for any post in America. I visited dear Mother Upham, and found she has failed very much, but her heart is as happy and her hope is brighter than ever. It is something to be thankful for all through one's life, to have known such a Christian as she is."

Dr. Phillips' ideas of taking a rest were both characteristic and peculiar. He constantly visited churches, attended conferences, and at every possible opportunity delivered addresses on missions. The conference held at Caledonia, Nova Scotia, much cheered him, and he wrote that "it was a delightful meeting, and these brethren and sisters are taking hold of the work very nobly indeed. They seem enthusiastically interested in our Foreign Missionary Society, and bid fair to begin good work in all the churches. The Lord bless and cheer them! I have been asked to become Corresponding Secretary for our Free Baptist Mission Board, and have promised to do what I can until some other person is found."

It would be difficult to find a more striking example of enthusiastic zeal overcoming all considerations of prudence and of personal comfort, than this broken-down missionary, suffering from brain fag and threatened with paralysis of the hand, undertaking a post so arduous and exacting. Before commencing his new work, he was induced to spend a few weeks in the mountains, whence he wrote a very interesting newspaper article from which we take the following extract:—

“REST DAYS IN THE NORTH WOODS.

“There is no place for a man with a tired head

like the hills and the woods, if I am any judge. The fashionable resorts by the sea cannot tempt me when I have a good chance to plunge into the forest primeval. Tramping in the woods, climbing the rough hills, dropping a line into the clear brooks, or bowling across the charming little lakes of the forest of Northern New York, never fail to bring back strength and courage to the weary limbs and the fainting heart. I have known wonderful cures effected by the agency of Nature alone, under God's gracious benediction. *Vis medicatrix naturæ* is something our learned doctors are prone to forget amid their legions of pills and potions. We are now camped out under the beautiful trees beside one of the lovely streams in the Adirondacks. On the edge of this stream, behind a cluster of balsams and cedars, stands our shanty. It is well covered with spruce bark, so there is no danger of our being drenched by the rain. Raspberries and blueberries are found in abundance along the road. A day or two ago we camped out near a trout stream many miles from everywhere, and in three and a half hours had caught 185 beautiful speckled trout. This is no 'fish' story. We slept at night on soft balsam boughs, under the stars, with a glorious log fire blazing and crackling at our feet. There are bears and deer in this jungle, but they keep well away. I have not had a shot at one yet. These woods seem but small, compared with the Indian jungle. In tramping miles you may not see as many birds. . . . I had my head shaved, but the mosquitoes troubled me so much that I was obliged to cover it with a kind of tar to keep them off."

After this resting time, during which his general health was considerably recruited, Dr. Phillips commenced his new official and deputation work with characteristic zest and enthusiasm. The record is here given as far as possible in his own words.

“CAPE SABLE, U.S.,  
“Sept. 6th, 1876.

“Here I am on the very jumping-off place of the Dominion of Canada, the most southern point in Nova Scotia. There is a magnificent lighthouse here on the Cape, and the steam-tug whistle is being constructed beside it. The lighthouse is kept by a widow and her son, who gave me a hearty welcome. On the sitting-room wall I was astonished to discover my own thin, bony face, one of a group taken over twelve years ago.”

This visit to Nova Scotia terminated with an accident, in which Dr. Phillips narrowly escaped with his life. As it was, he received very severe injuries, which he good-humouredly underrated in the following communication to his denominational paper:—

“Perhaps my Nova Scotia friends have been wondering at my silence. Well, the fact is that a broken arm cannot hold as much as a pencil yet, so I am going to send you a lefthanded talk about my tour. Mr. Crowell had arranged for me to go direct from Boston to Yarmouth in the ss. *Dominion*, but that very week the vessel was laid up for repairs, which obliged us to go by way of St. John. About

midway between Digby and Yarmouth the post coach went over on one side, landing us all most indiscriminately on the ground, save those who were shut up inside. There were sixteen or more passengers, and it might have been a benevolent plan to equally divide the bruises and breaks incidental to such charming catastrophes. Unfortunately, however, your correspondent had to serve as scapegoat for the whole party, and nearly all the damages were heaped upon him, probably because he was a heathen Hindu. I received serious injuries in my right arm, across the ribs, and on one leg, and was otherwise hurt more or less. I at first thought that one of my wrist bones was merely dislocated, but soon felt pretty sure that there was a fracture. Now there can be no doubt of this. The long bone of the forearm was broken directly across, and it will be weeks and months yet before I shall be able to use it again, if indeed ever, as before. For the first week I had to do my work sitting, and for more than a month my arm had to be carried in a sling. The splints are still on it.

“In my opinion, human avarice was the immediate cause of this accident. Men are too greedy to be rich. In addition to a coach full of passengers, and half a dozen on the outside, there were quite a number of heavy trunks added to the load. Had the big ones on the top lost their moorings when we went over, an undertaker's services would probably have been all that I should have required. The coach was overloaded and top-heavy, and it went over on a good road with a sober driver doing his part well. It may be comforting to future sufferers on this line to know

that the proprietors sent a man round to pay me back the fare!"

For many weeks Dr. Phillips was compelled to lay aside all work, and to spend his time in complete inaction, a thing to him most distasteful, though it may be that this compulsory time of total rest was not without a beneficial effect upon his general health. Not till the beginning of 1877 do we find him again able to resume his multifarious occupations.

“GRAND MANAN,  
“*Jan. 5th, 1877.*”

“Among the fishermen of this large island off Maine I shall speak five times, and then return to Fredericton. Next, I hope to visit the churches in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the West. A great many boys and girls attend my meetings, and I often think that in the near future New Brunswick will be sending out her own missionaries. This very day I have received a letter from a young man who wishes to go out to India. At Fredericton a young lady teacher said, ‘I will go.’ We shall not have very long to wait for helpers from New Brunswick. I have yielded to the persuasions of many friends to deliver a secular lecture on India at Lewistown. Tickets were 35 cents, the proceeds to be appropriated for a telescope for us to take when we return to India. We had a good house, and I spoke for two hours. The telescope will be for my Santal schools. The people seemed pleased with my lecture, and I hope the information will be worth something to them. Wherever I go, the people



welcome me, and show real intelligent interest in my work, which cheers me very much. So far the women have come out well. At each church an auxiliary has been formed. I have organised twenty-nine women's societies, with 530 members."

*"March, 1877.*

"A very cheering feature of my winter tour through New Brunswick was the hearty reception which the women of our churches gave to the missionary work for their benighted sisters in India. It added to my labour to hold special services for them, but for this I was richly repaid. In some places it was necessary to hold a women's meeting in connection with the public lecture directly at its close; but as a rule these meetings were at another hour, either before or after the lecture. Those succeeded best, perhaps, which were held on the day following, and these were usually well attended by women. When I went to New Brunswick for my winter work, it was with the prayer and hope that I might find someone for India. Before my tour was half done, the Lord graciously gave me the assurance that my prayer was heard, and this cheered me very much. After that I was expecting to hear someone volunteer to go. You can hardly conceive how my heart leaped with joy at hearing the first person in New Brunswick say, 'I will go.' My work was distributed among all the districts into which the Free Baptist Churches are divided. Many times in years to come I shall recall the glad greetings and warm welcomes that cheered me wherever I went. Every

Christian worker's success depends upon his faith in God, and in the work He has commissioned him to do. How squarely and forcibly this applies to our denominational work in British India! For these forty years past we have been reaping as we have sown. Had we attempted greater things, and had we expected greater things, who can doubt that our record would have been a brighter and nobler one in that heathen land. I do wish we had an undenominational missionary society. I have so often felt and said this."

"HARPER'S FERRY,  
"March 7th, 1877.

"Last week I wrote you from Washington. The city was full of people. I was very fortunate to reach the Capitol just in time to see the electoral count completed. The filibusterers did all they could to stave off the count; but the republicans, assisted by the better part of the democratic members, were too strong for them. I was in the Capitol from 6.30 on Thursday evening till 4.20 on Friday morning. I spent an hour or so in the Senate Chamber, and the rest of the time in the House. I was on the floor of the House, and had a chat with Professor Seelye, a member for Massachusetts. You may remember that he made a tour through India several years ago lecturing to the educated Hindus. In the Senate I talked with Senator Congkling from Utica, whom I knew while a student at Whitestown. Hayes is President. If he chooses a good Cabinet, I think his administration will be a success. While in Washington, I was the guest of an old Whitestown student of

twenty years ago. I called with my hostess at the White House, and had a little chat with President and Mrs. Hayes. She is a noble-looking lady, with a full, plain, sensible face. It is said that she will introduce a dress reform in Washington, while she has already instituted a temperance reform. On Saturday afternoon we called on President Grant. He said he should be glad to get through and retire to private life again. I do not doubt it. The Freedman's College here is doing finely. This school has sent out over a hundred teachers and preachers since it began. This winter there has been quite a revival among the students. Some of these are very black, while others are so white that you would never suspect colour in them. Not a kink in their hair, and lips as thin as ours. What sinister marks of slavery! Give thanks that the peculiar institution of the South is gone for ever. I long to see some of these young men start out as missionaries to their own race in Africa.

“That Nova Scotia visit injured me much, and though I am getting over it nicely, my wrist may never be as strong as before. The effects of that old fever, the partial paralysis of the muscles, are still felt, so that it is very difficult to write. I am using my left hand altogether for writing, but am now able to shake hands with the right without pain. My work is pressing, and I often wonder how I shall carry it all through. I need great wisdom from above to find the right ones for our mission, to raise money for our school, and to select my successor in the secretarial office.

“PASCOAG, R.I.,  
“*May 10th, 1877.*”

“The brightest feature of our work here now is the introduction of the new plan of systematic beneficence. I have to go to New York this week to speak for the American Tract Society at their anniversary next Saturday evening, and John, who is with us, will, I hope, accompany me. I am to preach the divinity sermons at Bates University next month, and have chosen for my topic ‘Helps for the home pastor from the foreign field.’ I shall try to show that the foreign mission work is helpful to the ministry, and to the Churches at home.”

“*May 26th, 1877.*—In the Board meeting at Boston last Tuesday, I said to the brethren, that so important did I deem the proposed Bible School, and so vital to the permanent prosperity of the Indian mission, that I could not feel it my duty to return until the endowment fund was raised. Every member of the Board present approved of my sentiments. The matter of 500 dollars, which I saved the Society by coming from Calcutta to London as ship’s surgeon, was brought to the attention of the Board by an outside party without my request or wish, and the Board voted to pay me that sum. I told them that I could not accept it for myself, but would make it my donation to the Bible School. This pleased them much, but pleased me far more, for I had no money to give, but was very anxious to contribute something.”

Here we have the first mention of the Bible School, which was to form such an important part of the work

of Dr. Phillips in India. The Missionary Society with which he was connected adopted his proposals, and authorised him to collect money for the purpose. This he at once commenced to do with his customary enthusiasm and energy. It needs, perhaps, to be remembered that the Free Baptist Mission, of which Dr. Phillips was an agent, was a comparatively poor Society, and that the work of raising the necessary funds for endowing his proposed institution for training native preachers in India was thus one of greater difficulty, and involved much greater toil, than would otherwise have been the case. One of the visits paid by Dr. Phillips in connection with this new enterprise was to Whitestown College.

“UNADILLA FORKS, N.Y.,  
“Oct. 1st, 1877.

“Yesterday I preached on missions twice. In the morning at Columbus Quarter, where you know I kept my first school, and in the evening at Unadilla Forks. The Whitestown quarterly meeting met at this place on Saturday and Sunday. Last Thursday I lectured at Whitestown Seminary, Uncle James introducing me in swell style. On Friday evening I lectured at Checkerville, now called Washington Mills, where in 1855 I preached my first sermon.”

In a newspaper report, dated October 11th, 1877, he wrote—

“Our triennial general conference opened its session at Fairport, New York. To this body I was a delegate from the Indian yearly meeting. The chief

business devolving upon me was to present the claims of our mission in India for larger sympathy and help. The principal topic that my instructions from the mission field made it my duty to bring before the conference, and to urge upon the attention of our Churches, was the Bible School for the training of native helpers. Ample opportunity was given me to lay this matter before the general conference, and upwards of 7000 dollars (£1400) was raised on the spot towards the Bible School endowment. Reckoning what was raised before the conference and what has been raised since, now upwards of 17,000 dollars (£3400) has been realised for this good enterprise. The plan is to make the endowment at least 25,000 dollars (£5000). The annual interest on this sum would enable us to open the Bible School and to begin a systematic course of study for our native helpers. Some of the rich have contributed to this sum, but I need hardly say that almost the whole of it has come from the poor and the working classes. Now we are on the home stretch with the goal in view. How soon the remainder of this sum will be raised depends upon the ministers."

Although Dr. Phillips was thus throwing his whole energies into the work of raising funds to endow the much-needed training institution for native helpers, he had at first not the slightest idea of undertaking its direction. Not until the desirability of his doing so was pressed upon him by those whose judgment he felt bound to respect, did he begin to contemplate the relinquishment of his Santal work for the educational position for which subsequent experience proved him

to be so peculiarly fitted. When the matter was officially laid before him he thus replied :—

“Notwithstanding my extreme reluctance to leave the Santal work, I think that what you say seems natural and just. I think, too, that the position of President of the Bible School is one of greater importance than that of missionary to the Santals, and one on which more depends. If I am the right man for it, I will take it and do my best, but it will cost both my wife and me some pain to give up the Santal work.”

The following year was one of arduous work in the interests of the foreign missions of his denomination. Unfortunately, nothing but the scantiest outline is before us, and we can do no more than give the brief summary made by Dr. Phillips at its close.

“This has been a full, busy year. During the first six months I travelled through Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, being on the road day and night, and driving through mud, snow, and rain in all sorts of conveyances. The main object of my lecturing tours was the raising of funds for the Bible School and the awakening of missionary interest in the churches. I have spoken in many colleges and other seats of learning, amongst them Oberlin and Wellesley Universities. Many of the church members seemed interested in mission work while I was talking to them, but I fear that they fell fast asleep again the moment I was out of sight. I say it calmly, that if my death in America could only have moved the people to action in behalf of the heathen, I would have willingly died. Many Christian workers I find, who though they may have faults, have push and

pluck, faith and zeal. Others are so sadly easy, so very slow, and so immovably stupid! I feel at times that I would like to send a 'pint of lightning' through them all from Dan to Beersheba. If anyone fancies that the position of a foreign missionary on deputation work is an easy one, let him try it. He will find it is no sinecure. The last one of the 25,000 dollars for the Bible School was received in August. Attending Board meetings, yearly meetings, and anniversaries, lecturing, preaching, writing, and packing occupied the time till October. On the evening of the 4th of that month the New York Church gave us a pleasant reception, at which many friends were present. On the 5th we rushed over to Bloomfield, where I married two people, and then back to the wharf just in time to embark on the *Circassia*. Many dear friends saw us off at noon. On the 15th we reached Scotland *viâ* the north of Ireland, and on the 21st we attended the Mildmay Mission Conference in London, where I saw Robert Moffat. The opening address by Sir William Muir, a distinguished Christian civilian from India, was in excellent taste. We were present at the closing meeting at Exeter Hall, leaving the same night for Liverpool, where we embarked on the *City of London*. The days spent on board ship *en route* for India were mainly occupied in teaching Oriya and Bengali to some outgoing missionaries."

"CALCUTTA,  
"Nov. 28th, 1878.

"The first land that greeted our eyes this morning was the thin point of Saugor Island, at the mouth of



the Ganges. What memories that strip of land stirs in our hearts! What multitudes of human sacrifices that island has witnessed! It was for many years a favourite spot for offering up infants to the goddess Ganga. Many an innocent babe has here been flung by its own mother into the muddy waters of the sacred stream. Here, too, many a Hindu widow has perished in the flames that consumed the dead body of her husband. This island was indeed a habitation of cruelty until the Gospel reached it. Missionaries from Calcutta came here to attend the annual fairs and festivals of the Hindus. The standard of the Cross was here lifted up in the very face of the pagan gods. The name of the world's Redeemer rang out upon the air, filled with the noise and confusion of heathen worship. What has been the result? To-day infanticide is unknown, and a suttee is never heard of. The light has entered in and driven out the darkness. Thanks be to Him who is Himself the light of the world! So shall it be at last in every dark land, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

On reaching Calcutta, Dr. Phillips and his party were guests of the Rev. J. M. Thoburn, and on Sunday the missionary was once more preaching the Gospel in India. On the following day he attended a reception given in his honour by General Litchfield. A few more days were spent at Calcutta, and then, on December 7th, Dr. Phillips once more found himself in his old home at Midnapore. He began bazar preaching at once, and lost no time in visiting

the jungle villages. The closing words of his diary for 1878 are very characteristic of the spirit of humble gratitude in which he viewed his work—

“The Lord has mercifully spared us another year. How little I have done, and how poorly that little! Help me, dear Lord, to do more and better next year.”

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BIBLE SCHOOL.

**E**ARLY in 1879, Dr. Phillips was encamped at Bhimpore, where the annual week of prayer observed in all mission churches was held. Some considerable time had elapsed since the missionary was last in that neighbourhood, and he thus describes the welcome which awaited him—

“As we rode into the village alone that chill day in a pelting rain a sign nailed to a tree on the outskirts of the village caught my eye. On it in large letters was written in Santal, ‘WELCOME’; and as I sat beside the pleasant fire in my mud house drying my wet clothes, and one by one the men and women, learning of my arrival, came in, I felt it was truly a real welcome, for from their full hearts, and some with tearful eyes, they bade me welcome back to Bhimpore. It rained all day and all night, but the next morning was one of the brightest. It was such a pleasure to go from house to house through the village and talk with the people. Ministers who do no pastoral work of this sort little know the joy it imparts or the help it brings for other duties. I have often thought that a minister who neglects to visit his parishioners can at best be but half a man in the

pulpit. That Saturday's tour from house to house after the apostolic manner helped me wonderfully in the work of the Sabbath. Instead of preaching on general principles, I was enabled, I trust, to give the flock what they needed."

The long wished-for Bible School soon became an accomplished fact. On May 1st it was opened, with Dr. Phillips as its first Principal. There was half an hour spent in prayer at dawn, attended by all the students who had arrived in town, and by several friends of the School. The public service began at 8 o'clock, and occupied two hours. Commencing with the doxology, hymns were sung in Bengali, Oriya, Santal, and English at fixed intervals between the other exercises. Passages from the Bible were read by one of the native preachers, and prayers were offered in all the languages just mentioned. Dr. Phillips then delivered an address, setting forth the objects and aims of this new institution, after which followed several practical and interesting addresses by missionaries and native preachers. Nearly all the members of the mission at Midnapore were present on this occasion. After the opening service, the names of the new students were registered, the courses of lessons arranged, and preparation made for commencing work on the following morning. The day closed with another devotional meeting in the mission chapel.

The Bible School began in an old building which had formerly seen much service as Sepoy quarters, smallpox hospital, Santal school, orphanage, etc., and which was situated conveniently near Dr. Phillips' bungalow.

The School commenced with sixteen native preachers, one of whom served as a kind of pupil teacher. The first year's work was regarded as entirely preparatory, the regular course of study not commencing until March 1880. Three days later the students, half of whom were Santals, began going to the bazars with other native preachers, not to speak, but to listen, for it was a fixed principle with Dr. Phillips that no man could be a good speaker until he was a good listener. On May 5th the Principal has thus early to record his first failure—

“Gyānendra Lāl Sen was absent to-day from lessons, and it is said he will not come again, having told his mother that his skull was too thick for all these new studies in the Bible School! Vale!”

Only four days later the diary records the death of one of the students. The following extracts from the record which Dr. Phillips kept with painstaking conscientiousness, will give some idea of the varied labours and experiences incidental to his new undertaking:—

“*May 13th.*—The first debate in the Bible School was held this evening. Topic—‘Which has done more for the elevation of India, Christianity or science?’ The disputants were:—For Christianity, Debuāth and Joseph; for science, Samuel and Dakhu. Several took part in this discussion, but most of the students proved shy.”

“*May 18th.*—Our Bible School students are working well in the Sunday School as teachers. Dhārmā and Mātāi have opened a little day school at Aligange, teaching a couple of hours every afternoon. They bring their students to the Sunday School. I hope

to see the students doing much missionary work in this pagan city.”

“*May 22nd.*—Munshi Abdulla, the Mohammedan preacher, and for several years a patient of mine, came into the Bible School this morning, and studied the Scriptures with us with great interest. He has been a diligent student of the Bible for several years, and I have sometimes thought that he really believed in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

“*June 2nd.*—All the students brought in a written synopsis of the first three chapters of St. Mark’s Gospel, which we studied last month. Some of these papers were quite good, being the first of the kind that they have done. To-day I have paid the students their stipends for May. The single men receive from three to four rupees, and the married men from five to six rupees per month. All of them are regarded as probationers until they have passed their entrance examination in October.”

It should here be noticed that this stipend, or rather allowance, was in no sense regarded as a payment either for attending the Bible School or for assisting in mission work, but was simply an allowance barely sufficient to enable the men to maintain themselves during the time of their attendance at the Bible School. In other words, the payment was in lieu of residence.

On the 17th June, Dr. Jeremiah and Mrs. Phillips, after more than forty years of arduous labour in India, left the mission field. Dr. Phillips accompanied his parents to Calcutta, whence they sailed for London in the ss. *City of Carthage*. Dr. Bachelor

took the Principal's place in the meantime. The aged missionary only survived his arrival in America a few months, and in the December of the same year he passed to his reward.

When the news reached Midnapore the grief of the now orphaned missionary was shared by all the natives. A widow, with loud wailing, told how "Phillips sahib" helped her to come to Christ thirty-six years before, and how forlorn and friendless she felt now that he was gone. One of the Bible students said, "He found me, he brought me here, he saved me." An old blind man exclaimed, "He was our friend, he found us in the jungles, he came to us with Christ's love in his heart and Christ's Word in his mouth." A Hindu, whom the departed missionary had taken in as an orphan lad during the fearful famine of fourteen years before, brought tears to many eyes when he said, "He died for us; his work for us in heat and cold, by day and night, has cost him his life. I feel that he has died for us; let us be worthy of such love."

On receipt of the news, Dr. Phillips at once wrote to his widowed stepmother in terms which show better than any description the relationship existing between them—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—You once said that should dear Father be taken home, and you left alone, you would like to come here and work on as long as the Lord gives you strength. Do you feel so still? I know all of us would be delighted to have you come and live with us. Almost forty years ago you took

charge of me, and is it not fairly my turn now to take charge of you? . . . Though my heart is heavy at the thought that you are now a widow and we children fatherless, yet I cannot mourn that our dear one is free from pain, and is forever with the Lord. Dear Father's noble life will not cease to shine on our path. We shall await so anxiously your account of his last days. Let me know what your plans are, and how I can help you. May you feel that the everlasting arms are beneath you! God bless and comfort you!"

Meanwhile the Bible School had been making good progress. Proud Brahmins and Santals from the jungles, sons of both Christian and heathen parents, were pursuing their studies side by side, and working together for their common Saviour. Only a part of the year was devoted to study, the cold season being spent in the districts preaching, teaching, and distributing books and tracts. During the term time, all who were able preached in the bazars; some students frequently spending the Sunday in sowing the good seed in the neighbouring villages, while others conducted Sunday Schools in different parts of the city, holding some of them on the verandahs and in the open courts. Many a native woman, closely confined to the zenana, crept silently to her door, left ajar, to listen to the singing of the children. An idea of the work of the Bible School, when it had become fully organised and developed, will be gathered from the following extracts from the Annual Report for 1883:—



“Another very pleasant year of Bible study has been granted us. The chief book has ever been the Word of God, and the study of it has been sweet and inspiring. The young men have given me much joy by their cheerful devotion to the work of the School, and I have had frequent occasions of hearty thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for many and marked proofs of His love and long-suffering. The two higher classes have done well in Scripture exegesis and homiletics, and the highest class has derived much benefit and inspiration from the study of Church history. This class has written weekly essays on simple topics of practical importance, *e.g.* The duty of parents towards their children; The marks of a successful Sunday School teacher; The benefits of persecution; The right attitude of the Church towards the temperance movement; etc. Tuesday morning lectures have been continued as before, and have dealt with practical themes, *e.g.* Native helpers; The blue ribbon; The fruits of Christian effort; and the like. The men have been examined on these lectures, and I have been much pleased by their ready answers. In several instances they have asked for the repetition of the lectures delivered in previous years, thus proving their interest in the topics brought before them. Sometimes I have, without previous notice, examined the men on lectures delivered two years ago, and have been much gratified to discover how retentive their memories were. It goes without saying that some of the subjects introduced into these lectures are of a character which call for frequent mention in such a school as ours, such as matters of

private and social morality, which it has been my constant endeavour to keep fresh in the men's minds. This year I have had three lectures on astronomy, taking up the easier points which men who are to be teachers of men ought to know. The large and beautiful telescope presented by a friend in Providence, Rhode Island, has been invaluable, for it has not only opened up new worlds to the men, but—which is even of more importance—has dislodged the lifelong superstitions inherited from their ignorant ancestors. This year the telescope was used on many clear and delightful evenings during the hot season, and I cannot doubt that it served to direct the thoughts of the students more pointedly and powerfully to Him who is the great Creator and Preserver of this wonderful universe. The Carey Missionary Society has made steady progress during the year. The monthly meetings have been well attended, and the members have manifested genuine zeal in their work, and remarkable liberality in their contributions. The weekly-offerings plan works admirably, and is winning favour from all. The funds of the Society have been devoted to missionary work.”

A few more extracts from the early records of the Bible School will serve to show the many-sided character and the practical common sense of Dr. Phillips. We take them without special reference to dates:—

“*July 4th*, 1879.—Independence Day. Holiday in the Bible School! The first holiday! We hung out the ‘Stars and Stripes’ as usual. As missionaries have to encounter wild beasts, it is important that

they should know how to shoot, so Dr. Bacheler, Mr. Burkholder, and I had some rifle practice in the morning. In the evening Mr. Burkholder taught the students American baseball, he and I playing with them. So far as I know, this is the first time that the game has been played in India."

"*October 14th, 1879.*—This evening we have had a new exercise, and one which I hope to continue, *i.e.* the telling of a parable or a miracle. A student stood up before us all, and told the story of Christ raising Jairus' daughter from the dead, and then another related the parable of the Prodigal Son. After each had spoken, all the auditors had an opportunity for pointing out errors or omissions in the account given. The exercise proved thoroughly interesting and useful. I want these young men to tell the story of Christ's wonderful words and works."

"*October 17th, 1879.*—There is much for which I am very thankful on this closing day of the first session of our Bible School. Strength of body has been granted me for my work, and the students have devoted themselves as a rule well to their books. I have not been obliged to dismiss a single man, and only five of the twenty-one young men admitted to the School have left it, three Oriyas and two Bengalis. Above all, there has been an excellent religious spirit in the School, and the only student admitted unbaptized has now been baptized, and is living an exemplary life. Surely there is much for which I should be thankful. The students seem to have enjoyed their work in the bazars and villages. Now they go home for a fortnight's rest; after which they

will begin touring in the districts with some of the missionaries.”

“*May 15th*, 1880.—I am teaching three hours a day this year. Often it requires three hours more to prepare for my classes; but I am enjoying my work much.”

“*May 24th*, 1880.—This being the Queen’s birthday, we had a holiday in the Bible School. I worked hard at my report, and have finished it. The students had a fine game at baseball in the evening.”

On the 25th of May in this year (1880) Dr. Phillips contracted a severe chill, and after a week of great suffering, was ordered by his medical adviser to go to Darjeeling for a period of complete rest. Not until August 10th was he able to resume his work. In the meantime, Mrs. Phillips, with the help of native pundits, carried on the work with considerable success, while Miss Hattie Phillips conducted a class for the wives of the married students, Dr. Bachelor superintending the whole work. Thus when the Principal resumed his place in the institution he was able to record with intense gratification that the work had suffered less through his prolonged illness than might have been expected.

“*August 31st*, 1880.—This evening we have had an exercise in public Scripture reading at the chapel. Four of the students read—Rhām, the story of the Prodigal Son; Ben, the account of the Transfiguration; Daniel, the parable of the Sower; and Kisum, the first chapter of Isaiah. Each reader having read his passage aloud, takes his seat to listen to corrections in pronunciation, tone, etc. After this he rises

again, and tells the story in his own language, when he is again subjected to free and friendly criticisms, covering points in grammar, omissions or additions in the narration, etc. This exercise will do the students much good. They need to learn how to tell the Gospel story well."

"*July 4th, 1881.*—To-day I secured a grant of a large compound for our proposed Bible School Hall, dormitories, etc. Through the kindness of certain officials I have secured 85 Bughās of land for our educational work at a merely pepper-corn rent."

"*March 27th, 1882.*—Dr. Bacheler, Mr. Burkholder, and I had a meeting of the Bible School Local Committee for fixing the stipends of students. I am far from satisfied with this plan, and wish I could find some way for the men to earn what we give them every month. We should not encourage beggary, or break down the self-respect of the men by giving them a monthly stipend. *Inveniam viam aut faciam.*"

In the summer of 1884 Dr. Phillips was once again compelled to lay aside his Bible School work through a serious break-down in health. On July 31st we find this significant entry in his diary—

"The fever has made my head so bad that I cannot do my work. I have not been able to teach an hour this week. Mr. Burkholder has helped me much, and the School has been held at the chapel. There seems no help for it, but I must run off to sea for a thorough change of air, so as to get this fever poison out of my blood. It seems hard to send my students to the four winds, but, being alone in the School, I

have no Vice-Principal to leave in charge. The Will of the Lord be done !”

Not till the 2nd October was he able once again to continue the diary of his labours in the training school for native helpers.

“*Oct. 31st, 1884.*—Completed the teaching of the whole Bible in my senior class. This study has been sweet, and my soul has feasted richly for these six years.”

“*July 4th, 1885 (Independence Day).*— This evening I invited all the students and their wives and children to dinner. It was served in native fashion on my south verandah. The Rev. E. S. Summers, B.A., of the English Baptist Mission, Serampore, came with the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., LL.B., of the English Baptist Mission, Calcutta. They gave hearty cheers for Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield, and pleased our young men much. Each year since this School was opened I have invited the students to dine with us on this day, and find it very pleasant indeed.”

Dr. Phillips was Principal of the Bible School for seven years in all, during which time he was unceasingly working for the mission churches and Sunday Schools, and labouring to spread the Gospel amongst all classes of society. At the same time he practised daily as a medical man, and found that in healing the body he often gained an opportunity of pointing the patient to the Great Physician, who alone can heal the diseases of the soul. One of his most interesting patients was a man of good social position, but suffering from leprosy. The following account is condensed

from a sketch of this man's career which Dr. Phillips contributed to a periodical :—

“ One of the very first patients I had upon joining my station at Midnapore, Bengal, twenty-five years ago, was a Mohammedan Molvi, who officiated in a little mosque in the Sepoy bazar near our bungalow. He was a leper. My first meeting with him was pleasant. He knew a little English, and seeing me beside the garden gate one morning as he was riding by on his pony, he said, ‘ Good morning,’ and inquired kindly how I was, and how I liked my station. To my question as to how he was, he answered very cheerfully, ‘ By the grace of Jesus Christ, I am pretty well, thank you.’ This answer startled me at once, and stirred within me a strong desire to know the man better. I did not then know that he was a leper; but this was easily determined upon a subsequent interview at the mission dispensary, where he became a regular patient, and was treated for years. The Molvi's home was a humble house with clay walls, and a thatch of rice straw, and less than half a mile from the American mission premises. We visited each other often, and it was a great pleasure to study the Scriptures with this intelligent man. I very soon came to feel that he was a devoted pupil, sitting at the feet of our adorable Master. As we could get on but poorly in English, I used the Bengali New Testament, and he the Hindustani printed in the Persian character, with which he was more familiar, though he spoke Bengali fluently. Those half-hours on his mud verandah or in my study I shall never forget, for they were always delightful and helpful to me.

Frequently I found verses marked in his book, and he would call my attention to them, sometimes comparing verse with verse, Gospel with prophecy, history with prediction, dwelling upon the etymology of words, locality of events, spiritual significance of story and parable, always admiring and reverencing and praising the life and words of our Lord. My ten years were almost gone, and the first furlough home was about due, when one morning I walked over and bade my leper friend good-bye. Fully an hour did we talk concerning the Bible and its saving truths, and I once more bade him heed its lessons. But the sun was waxing hot, and, our 'salaam' over, I had reached his gate when I heard him calling me back. 'Doctor,' said he, 'cannot you tarry long enough to hear some lines I wrote the other day?' From his Testament he drew a sheet upon which in the beautiful Persian characters he had written several stanzas. How many times I have wished that I had taken a copy of those lines! They told of the heart's hunger and of the Bread of Life, of the world's sin and of God's salvation, and there was one line which came so beautifully and with increasing emphasis into each succeeding stanza that I have cherished it after these intervening years with peculiar pleasure. A free translation of it would be this: 'Beside Thee alone, O Jesus, Messiah, my soul has no hope.'

"This Molvi friend of mine has long since gone. He died during my absence at Midnapore, and as far as I know he never made a public profession of his faith in Christ. India has many like him to-day in nominally Hindu and Mohammedan ranks, and like



Nicodemus they are secret disciples. Christian missions are doing much for lepers and all the suffering classes in every land. Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism provide neither sympathy nor succour for the unfortunate. It was left for Christianity to bring succour for all the woes to which human flesh is heir."

But there was a darker side to the picture, as every missionary in India knows full well. Dr. Phillips again and again rejoices in the evidence that the seed was growing secretly in the hearts of many of his hearers, still we find frequent entries in his diaries lamenting the falling off of others, and the cropping up anew of old habits and vices. He speaks also in strong terms of the evil example set by many of the European residents in India, who are naturally enough regarded by the natives as living examples of Christianity, and who by their habits of drinking and self-indulgence have too often led the natives to look down upon Christianity as a religion less moral than their own.

## CHAPTER XI.

### TEMPERANCE AND PASTORAL WORK.

**D**R. PHILLIPS was an enthusiastic temperance worker, and if he occasionally expressed himself with unusual vigour in his denunciation of the use of intoxicants, it must be remembered that he had abundant reason to feel strongly on the subject. The missionary who sees his new converts drawn back into heathenism by this vice, and who daily witnesses the terrible havoc wrought amongst the Europeans by it, is not greatly to be blamed, if he is unable always to speak with perfect calmness on the subject. A few extracts from some of Dr. Phillips' public letters will serve to illustrate his feelings on this point:—

“Our community has been startled this month by a very sad and suggestive event. An English magistrate belonging to a subdivision of this district committed suicide on the 14th inst., under the influence of strong drink. The case is one of the saddest I ever knew. The poor man struggled long, and with some success, against his temptation, till the social drinking habits of another Englishman, who was his guest, overcame all the resistance his nature could make, and he fell never to rise again. Who

can tell how bravely he fought the drink demon inch by inch till the last foothold yielded; and who can describe in words strong, and sharp enough, the conduct of those who put the wine to such a man's lips? A freshly-turfed grave in St. John's Church-yard tells a pitifully sad tale. I called on Keshub Chunder Sen, and had a free talk with him. Oh that he would become a Christian, and lead his people out into the light! He is doing a good work in the line of temperance, being the president of a society called the Band of Hope. Over 500 baboos are already enrolled, and their pledge excludes all forms of tobacco as well as all intoxicating drinks and drugs. This is surely cheering. The secretary of this society has asked me to lecture for them when I come to Calcutta again. I gladly consented to do so, for I wish to encourage every movement of this sort among the natives."

"I have to-day seen one of the Bengal Government 'out-stills.' You might have smelt it a mile away. A putrid stench in the nostrils of all decent citizens! At its doors sat lads learning to drink. Men who love the intoxicating draught, and full-grown drunkards who learned and loved long ago, are pouring their meagre earnings into the hands of these miserable brewers and distillers. May the Government soon grow ashamed of such shops! It is now sixteen years since I began work in Midnapore. There were liquor shops and drunkards when I came, but there are vastly more now. It is my firm conviction that drunkenness has increased fiftyfold in the district since the introduction of this abominable out-still

system. I used to say that the chances of meeting or being molested by a drunkard were greater in either London or New York than in Midnapore, but I can say this no longer, for in these days our zenana and school teachers frequently experience serious inconvenience from drunken people in the streets and villages, and on certain days it is hardly safe to venture out. The only plea on behalf of the out-still system seems to be this—it pays. There is a little question which the Government should ponder over—Is it right?

“Let me give you a case. A missionary inquired of a collector whether anything could be done towards ousting a liquor shop which a native with an eye to business had planted near the mission training school for teachers. The answer was a decided negative, because this would interfere with the revenue. More recently another missionary has been addressed by a collector, anxious to increase the district revenue, on the subject of planting a distillery within the limits of a Christian village belonging to the mission. In this case, fortunately, the missionary had a right to resist, and did successfully resist, the wishes of the Government. There is a woe pronounced upon him who puts strong drink to his neighbour’s lips, but this is what the Government is doing on a scale vast and appalling. Multitudes of young men are being tempted and taught to drink intoxicating liquor, and everybody knows how this habit when formed will break up industry, honesty, and every other good element of character. India will need a hundredfold more gaols and insane asylums at no distant future if

this out-still system is left unchecked to work out its illegitimate results. Since the introduction of the system in this district there has been a greatly marked increase of drunkenness. Our rules are very strict, and we dismiss teachers at once who are proved to be given to strong drink, whether moderate drinkers or drunkards. The other day we were obliged to dismiss a very promising young man, one of the cleverest Santals I ever met. The Government had planted a distillery in his village, and he had learned to drink.

“I could give you many instances in point. I never used to see so many people drunk at the country markets as I do now. The product of the distilleries, planted well-nigh everywhere by the out-still system, is vastly worse than the home-made beer of the Santals. The foul, abominable stuff served out to customers by these Bengali distillers is sending hosts of poor people to a drunkard’s grave. The Santals in this district are not allowed to brew their home-made beer as formerly. Illicit manufacture is guarded against, and severe penalties are inflicted upon offenders. Hence these Santals who drink are driven to the Government distilleries to purchase the miserable stuff I have described. Every well-wisher of the Santals would delight to see, not only a large reduction in the out-still system, but, I believe, a complete revolution in the present system as well.”

In 1884 the health of Mrs. Phillips made it necessary that she should return to America with the children, for whom Dr. Phillips was anxious to secure

greater educational advantages than were available in the district of Midnapore. To a man of his affectionate disposition, whose whole interest may be said to have been divided between his work and his children, this separation was necessarily a very sad one. The burden of loneliness was now to be added to the already heavy weight of responsibility and care which pressed upon him, and too often weakened his health.

The first recorded principle of sociology ever laid down tells us upon the highest authority that it is not good for man to be alone. In no case is this more true than in that of the foreign missionary. Living in complete or partial isolation from European or civilised society, often with a distance of scores of miles stretching between himself and the nearest white man, that white man being perhaps one whose ideas and aspirations are altogether apart from those of a missionary, surrounded by all the ignorance, the vice, and the cruelty which invariably accompany heathenism, the Christian worker comes to lean more and more for support and cheer upon the society of his wife and family. When these are removed, as is so often the case, it is little to be wondered at if the man's heart sometimes sinks within him, and fits of depression destroy his happiness and mar his usefulness. This may be less marked in the case of a celibate missionary who has become inured by long habit to a life of solitude, but it is inevitable and too often disastrous in the case of a married man who finds himself deprived of all that made his home bright and helpful.

Dr. Phillips found consolation in work. During the remaining time of his stay in India, he was engaged as busily as ever in the work of the Bible School and in the many wider interests which he advocated both by speech and pen. After seeing his family off, he wrote thus to Mrs. Phillips—

“At five o’clock this morning I reached our own dear home. Thank God, Tom [his sister’s husband] was here; but you were not here, nor the four darling children, whom I seem to miss more and more. Your letters by the pilot have come, and I have cried like a baby over all four of them. Yes, it all seems so new and strange. These twenty years our heavenly Father has let us live and work together.”

Signs of ill-health again appeared, and in his next letter to the *Morning Star* we find a sadly significant statement—

“My illness has made a serious break in this year’s work, but during my absence in the hills, faithful hearts and hands bore the burden of the Bible School. Had it not been for those few weeks in the bracing atmosphere of Darjeeling, I fear it would have been quite impossible for me to carry on and complete the work of this session. The prayers of beloved friends here and at home were heard in my behalf, and strength was given me for my labours. Another year I am hoping if practicable to divide the session of seven months into two parts, putting one month’s rest in the middle of it. By rest I mean a change of place and work, such as Contai, Dantoon, Silda, or Tumlook would give me for a month.”

Dr. Phillips from the commencement of his ministry

had held strong views on the subject of women's work. It will be remembered that he came much under the influence of Mrs. Upham, who was one of the first in America to break through the conventionalities, and to take a part in public ministrations which had hitherto been reserved for men alone. In the Bible School Dr. Phillips sought as far as practicable to train native women, as well as men, for the work of teachers and evangelists, and he frequently took occasion to express the strong views which he held on the subject. One example may serve to illustrate this—

“The women's meeting during our quarterly meetings was particularly stirring and full of interest. Reports of women's work from various parts of the district were presented at the public meeting. What a stir there will be when all our native Christian women become thoroughly aroused and heartily engaged in Christian work! India's evangelisation depends, I believe, not a little on them. God grant them faith and the zeal that is according to knowledge for pushing on the glorious triumphs of the Cross among the heathen! I hope we may be able to do more in this mission toward the training of young women for the several branches of Christian service. The education and elevation of women is one of the living themes in India just now. Christian missions directly and indirectly have done much towards elevating the poor, ignorant, superstitious woman, who is often man's slave rather than his companion, into her true place in society.

“All missionary societies are labouring for the education of Hindu girls. To-morrow the London



Missionary Society holds a meeting in one of the largest halls of the city for the presentation of prizes to several girls' schools. The Commissioner will preside, and hundreds of Hindu girls will sing sweet Christian hymns, and recite prose and poetry. What a change since Mrs. Millins began her work for native women in 1856! I was quite startled to-day on noticing a signboard over a door in College Street announcing the residence of a native woman as a midwife with a diploma. There are several such now in Calcutta, and many Bengali girls are now studying for the university examinations. This month there is announced a Bengali monthly magazine conducted by native Christian women. Verily the world doth grow."

His increasing sense of loneliness he kept pretty much to himself, but now and again indications of it appear in his diary.

"Sabbath evening. Our congregation is gone, and the old home is as still as a graveyard. This separation is teaching us lessons we never learned before, and so our parting works for our good."

Once more an attack of fever laid him low, and he was obliged to retire to the hills in Ceylon for six weeks' rest and change.

"*August 31st, 1884.*—From the hill-top I got my first view of Pedro, the highest peak in Ceylon. This has been a very eventful day for me. Having waited a week for fine weather, and this being my last opportunity, I was determined to climb to the top of Ceylon. My English chum was none too enthusiastic, but finding me quite resolved upon the expedition he decided to come along. Through cloud and rain, mist

and mud, we pushed on our way. I kept up his courage by shouting 'Excelsior!' I am at the top of Ceylon—on the map—now, the very northern point, with the blue sea stretching out before me, but my heart is eager to cross it again and to resume my work at Midnapore."

Dr. Phillips, after his return from Ceylon, stayed some months longer at Midnapore, where he spent his last term in the Bible School. The reluctant conclusion had now forced itself upon him, that his only chance of remaining in India lay in his removal to a cooler district. An invitation to take the oversight of a congregation at Simla came providentially at this time, and with much reluctance he tore himself away from the educational work to which he had devoted himself with so much enthusiasm, and removed to the hills in the summer of 1885.

"*July 28th, 1885.*—My writing day chances to be the last in Midnapore for the present, so I must not let it pass by without beginning a brief letter. The month has been an unusually full one, but a very pleasant one withal. Our glorious Independence Day was celebrated as heretofore by giving the children of the Industrial and Ragged Schools a treat. Our American friends would have rejoiced to see the happy faces of no less than 450 children as they sat on our long, wide, south verandah singing beautiful hymns and reciting Bible texts. Mrs. Millar and Mrs. George had reason to be proud of their pupils on that day. Who can tell how much some of those very children may one day do towards advancing the kingdom of Christ in their native land? If the work of

Christian missions in India proves anything beyond the possibility of doubt, it is that it pays to work for the children of the heathen. The good seed dropped into this fertile soil must ultimately yield a glorious harvest."

The closing exercises of the Bible School took place on the same day, commencing at seven in the morning. Hymns were sung in Bengali, Oriya, and Santal, and four addresses were delivered by native preachers. The subjects, if a little detached, are suggestive of the wide and practical character of the kind of preaching given in the School. They were these, "What the Church has gained by persecution"; "Lessons from the missionary life of St. Paul"; "The means of increasing liberality in the Church"; and "Present fruit of Martin Luther's work." An alumni address was given by one of the 1884 students upon the subject, "Fulfillment of prophecy relating to the Jews." With the doxology in English, and a prayer by the Principal, Dr. Phillips' work as head of the Bible School at Midnapore came to an end. A pathetic farewell from the students followed, and he left for Simla the same evening. The following extracts from his letters will explain the circumstances which led him to take up this new work :—

"SIMLA,

" Aug. 5th, 1885.

"Several weeks before leaving Midnapore I had been fighting fever, and I could not have held out much longer. You will recollect my saying that if I could but get work in the hills for a part of the year, the way would seem clearer before me. Repeated calls to Darjeeling were hardly the right thing, for they

came for help during the cold months, when I could work on at Midnapore. The other point is this, the Simla call came to me when I was on my back with fever, and praying for light.

“It seemed clearly the hand of the Lord opening my way before me. I was almost despairing of my Indian work, when this light broke upon me, and how could I do other than follow it? This mountain air and this bracing cold are sweeping the fever out of my system, and making me feel like a new man. Indeed, if it were not for this Himalaya sanitarium, I should despair of working long for India. Simla is the summer capital of India, situated 7000 feet above the sea, and more than 1000 miles north of Calcutta. During seven months of the year the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, and the Commander-in-Chief of all Her Majesty's forces in the East, make this mountain retreat their home; and these three headquarters have so many branches and ramifications, that their coming means the coming of a great multitude of minor departments, with hundreds of assistants, clerks, etc. I can understand now, as never before, why the sad howl was raised in England several years ago against this annual migration to the hills, for it involves immense expenditure from the public exchequer, such that no Parliamentary opposition could afford to let slip by without angry challenge and determined protest. It is probable, however, that whether Liberals or Conservatives rule at home, Simla will continue to be the summer capital of British India. These five years enormous sums have been

expended in erecting Government buildings on these slopes and spurs of the lower Himalayas, and the din of hammer and chisel, pick and shovel, reach my ears as I write in the quiet room in the manse. Uncounted wealth is pouring into the place, for both natives and foreigners are quick to see that it pays to build, to trade, and to live beneath the benign aegis of the Vice-regal rule. Notwithstanding all party howls at home, the Government is right in choosing this hill sanitarium for its officers during the sweltering heat of the summer. It is well that men who have much to do should work in the most healthful climate available; and as far as beauty of natural scenery or salubrious climate are concerned, it is said that even Europe affords no better sanitarium than does this Himalayan station in India.

“My present charge is a very pleasant one. The church to which I minister is a Union one, and is now in its seventeenth year. It was founded by a godly man who used to bring all evangelical Christians here to the worship and service of our common Saviour. We have three churches, the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Union Church.”

“In recent years our best periodicals, both religious and secular, have been deploring the lack of power in the pulpit. Eight weeks in Simla as the pastor of Union Church have stirred many dormant thoughts on this theme. I have been musing much, and while I have mused the fire has burned. Pastors of old England, Wales, Scotland, and Germany have come to my mind. Men whom the common people flock

to hear. Whoever will be at the pains of considering their ministry and marking its salient points of strength and success, will agree with that eloquent Scottish preacher, who taught in Edinburgh that a house-going minister makes a church-going people. It is sad to note that some who come out to India forget this good old principle, and so fall an easy prey to discouragement and doubt."

With the approach of the cooler weather, the exodus from Simla began to take place, and Dr. Phillips' term of office drew rapidly to its close. He had now practically decided to return to his wife and family in America. How much he longed to go the following letter plainly shows:—

"One more weary week is gone, and only two more are left me here. We had an orphan children's meeting this afternoon. Some of my brightest and best children have gone already to the plains, and others are leaving soon. This is breaking up with us forever so far as the earth is concerned. God bless these beautiful children, keeping their tender feet from the thorns which abound in their path! The days are flying now, and soon the last will be gone, and I shall be on my way towards my dear ones in America. The Lord has blessed us to-day. Only one more Sabbath here. This letter will probably be my last from India for some time. I hope to sail from Bombay on the 6th of next month in the ss. *Peshawur*, of the Peninsula and Oriental Company's line, for London, touching at the Suez Canal, Malta, and Plymouth. If all is well, I hope to reach New York by the 20th December (1885).

“ I often wish the sun would stand still a while, and so give me time to overtake my work, for it seems as though there was no such thing as clearing the docket; but it is true in missionary life, where there is hard work to be done, that love for the work brings zeal and zest, and though sometimes one grows weary in the work, one never grows weary of it. An orator at a university meeting once exclaimed in fervent eloquence, ‘ We want missionary graves in India!’ How it came to me I do not know, but it has been much in my mind of late. Graves! Are they not here already at Sambhalpore, Midnapore, Balasore, and Jellasure? Yes, of men and women who counted not their lives too dear to them for the sake of India. Did I think that my dying now would stir my people to do their duty to my dear India, I would gladly turn away from the expected happiness of meeting my loved ones beyond the sea, and would die at once if it were God’s will, so that these inviting fields which have waited so long for the toiler might at last be tilled, and the golden harvest gathered in.”

A few days before quitting India, he wrote to his wife—

“ A telegram from Balasore has come, ‘ Committee say, Go to America,’ so I start next Monday morning for you and the babas. I am to give my seventh and last lecture on the Lord’s Prayer at 5 p.m. My good-byes have begun, but I dread those that follow. My last children’s meeting I held yesterday afternoon, and my text was, ‘ Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ May all those children meet me before the throne! How tired I am!”

On the 14th November he left Bombay, and after a good passage went ashore at Suez, upon which he passed the unflattering comment, "It is a horrible hole; and one sees scarcely anything but dirt, drink, and devilry." While in the Arabian Sea he composed an address to Christian workers, of which the three key-words were, "Be willing," "Be watchful," "Be winning."

A brief entry in his diary at this time is very characteristic of the man—

"A baby has been fretting badly to-day. I have been helping the mother and nurse to take care of her. She likes to lie in my arms."

"NEW YORK,  
"Christmas Day, 1885.

"I am so happy. My heart was singing the doxology before I got out of bed. We are steaming in fast."

"EAST PROVIDENCE,  
"Dec. 26th, 1885.

"At my heart's home, with my own dear ones. We are all singing the doxology together."



## CHAPTER XII.

### WORK IN AMERICA.

DR. PHILLIPS was not to remain idle for any length of time in America. He had not landed a fortnight, when, on January 5th, 1886, he was urged to accept a unanimous call asking him to become pastor of a church at Auburn, Rhode Island. This invitation he decided to accept, and on April 3rd he wrote from his new sphere of work—

“Three delightful months have passed away in this suburban town, with these dear friends and their little ones. I have had most charming afternoon meetings with the children at my own house. Ten or eleven boys prayed to-day. Our Sunday School is flourishing, and we have organised a society for the purpose of helping one another. As we could not agree upon any English name for it, we have decided to call it ‘Upakarak,’ a very expressive Bengali word for ‘helper.’ I enjoy attending the ministers’ meetings in Providence, and do so very regularly.”

The next letter gives us the first intimation of a work of an entirely different description, in which he was to engage with considerable success, and once more to prove the many-sided qualities of his character.

“*July 24th, 1886.*—Mr. J. Pendleton of Westerly called in the morning, and wishes me to take up the post of chaplain to the State Prison and Charitable and Penal Institutions of Rhode Island. This will be downright missionary work, and just what my heart longs for. There are seven institutions in all—a prison, two houses of correction, two reformatory schools, a lunatic asylum, and a poor house, containing about 2000 souls. All the buildings are situated on a farm bought for this purpose in Crauston. But I cannot decide to-day.”

On October 26th the triennial conference of the denomination with which Dr. Phillips was associated met at Marion, Ohio, and, to his immense astonishment, he was elected Moderator at the opening session, an honour which was as well deserved as it was unexpected. He remained two months longer in charge of the congregation at Auburn, which was forever afterwards a source of tender memories, his work amongst the children having been especially successful. But a wider and more difficult work lay before him. In December he commenced his work as chaplain of the Rhode Island Charitable and Penal Institutions.

“The big moving waggon took all our earthly effects in two loads from Auburn, and dumped them down in the old Brayton House, near Sackanossett railway station. There is no abiding city for us. The call to these poor creatures in prison was so clear, that I have left my beloved church and the dear children at Auburn, and have accepted the chaplaincy which was offered me five months ago.”

The new year saw him absorbed in his new sphere of labours, and his diaries and letters are filled with narratives and descriptions of the most pathetic character.

“Oh for courage and strength to work well this new year! I preached in the prison-house on Sunday morning after an hour’s prayer meeting. The men pay capital attention. I tried to cheer them up by pointing them to Christ. At half-past two I speak at the almshouse, and an hour later to the boys. I really enjoy visiting the boys of the reformatory school. Some of them seem very lonely. I found one down in the old engine-house fast asleep, and cuddled in his arms lay our little kitten, which was lost weeks ago.

“The day before he said to our little Johnny, ‘Johnny, did you ever have a very pretty plump little kitten, with shiny black and white fur?’ ‘Yes; where is it?’ asked Johnny. ‘Oh, I was going by your house and just took it up in my arms, and brought it home with me, and I thought I would keep it a day or two, for it felt so nice and warm; and do you know I keep it here in this old boiler-house with me, and I give it part of my breakfast and dinner. It sleeps in my arms, and it is the only thing on earth I love, or that loves me. Now, Johnny, do you want your kitten back again?’ Of course Johnny could not take the little fellow’s only treasure from him.”

One serious case with which Dr. Phillips had to deal in his capacity as chaplain was that of Emily and Maria Dorsey, who were accomplices with Maria’s

husband in murdering their father for the sake of his money. The chaplain's notes in his private diary of this and other notorious cases are painful reading, and, if their publication were advisable, would point many a moral, and would contribute not a little to our knowledge of the causes of moral declension. But there were pleasanter sides to Dr. Phillips' work in Rhode Island.

“From the prison I went to the almshouses, where the poor old creatures are delighted to see me. One old man, on the very border of eternity, is continually praying for the proud, wicked son who turned him out of doors, because he did not want an old man in his home to serve as a check to his life of gaiety and vanity. None of my people take my hand so tenderly as does a poor imbecile lad. He has written some verses about heaven, which brought the tears to my eyes; and after he had read them to me he said: ‘Chaplain, I do not know things here; shall I know them up there? Oh, chaplain, will God let me know when He takes me from here, and lets me stay with Him? Shall I know?’ I tried to comfort him, and then hurried away to our usual prayer meeting with the women, where Mother Graham's cracked voice seemed tuned by the angels to-day. How she did sing her good old Methodist hymns! She will leave us soon, and then what a vacancy there will be in the women's ward! My next visit was to the lunatic asylum, where one of the most violent patients is Cappy Smith. He thinks I am a member of Congress, and inquires about affairs at Washington every time I go. To-day there was a terrible disturbance in his

ward, and I said, 'Look here, Cappy, we wish to sing and pray now, so call the house to order.' Instantly he sprang upon a bench, and told every mother's son of them to keep still while the chaplain prayed; and instantly the falling of a pin might have been heard. Cappy's unique but successful method considerably disconcerted me, but the patients remained very quiet till the end."

Shortly afterwards, Dr. Phillips attended a National Prison Congress at Toronto, where he took a prominent part in the discussions. A retired medical officer from India was present, and was asked by the president to give some account of prison management in British India. Having done so, he was asked what he thought of the reformed prisoner, and he promptly replied, "I think of the reformed prisoner as I do of the converted heathen. I think they both are myths."

Dr. Phillips, commenting on the subject, wrote—

"Well, I had been hoping that men of that stamp were pretty nearly extinct. If twenty years in India fails to open our eyes, we may well resume our efforts when such men get back to India or America. The genial doctor and I were stopping at the same hotel, and I was glad to find that he knew several worthy missionaries in India, although he had never seen a convert from heathenism. It was a painful yet pleasant duty to undeceive him, to tell him what our converts have done, and are doing for their own country; to recite the story of those who so bravely suffered, and cheerfully gave their lives for Christ's sake during the dark days of the Sepoy rebellion in 1857, and to recount the names of noble men I have

known in Her Majesty's medical service in India who have been hearty supporters of Christian missions and fast friends of the native converts. Here let me say that every missionary ought to do his best to inform and interest all Europeans and Americans residing in his district in the work he is carrying on. No mock modesty should deter him from supplying his neighbours with full reports of the educational, medical, literary, and evangelistic efforts being made for the good of the pagan and Mohammedan people. Every foreign resident should be requested to aid in conducting and increasing our missionary enterprises. I believe we have justly incurred blame in some instances through failing in this duty. Thank God for the many noble friends we have among the Government officers of India, whether civil, military, or medical!"

Dr. Phillips was keenly alive to the duty of ministering to the temporal as well as to the spiritual needs of the prisoners, and his diaries show how constantly he used his influence to obtain honest work for them when their time expired.

"*June 11th, 1887.*—Went into Providence at 6 a.m., and got back at 3 p.m. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, helped me nobly; but so many Christians take no interest whatever in these poor creatures."

A few other entries from the diary for this year will indicate some of the multifarious occupations of the Rhode Island chaplain.

"*September 10th.*—In the morning I attended a warders' meeting at the Normal School Theatre, and

learned a new French system, invented by M. Alphonse Bertillon, for identifying criminals by means of accurate measurements of the head, foot, fingers," etc.

"*Saturday, September 11th (Toronto, Canada).*—At 9 a.m. went to the women's reformatory, where I addressed the Sunday teachers, and afterwards 100 poor women, and 50 girls with a screen between them. At 10 a.m. visited the central prison, and addressed 300 men. At 11 a.m. heard the Bishop of Huron preach an excellent sermon on prison reform from Isaiah lxi. 1. At 3 p.m. addressed the Peace Society at the pavilion in the Horticultural Hall.

"Took tea with Dr. Rosebrugh, and met Dr. Lovell of the Kingston Prison. In the evening I heard Dr. Kellogg preach from Hebrews ix. 27. At 9 p.m. I addressed the Y.M.C.A. in their new hall."

Shortly after the National Prison Congress, Dr. Phillips returned to Rhode Island, where he entered with his customary vigour upon a temperance campaign. He was compelled to take a very prominent part in temperance work, because his curious parish was mainly composed of victims of drink. Much might be written of his labours on behalf of the inmates in seeking to find employment for them when they should be discharged.

The scenes in the great audience hall at Rhode Island could never be forgotten. The prisoners used to walk up and down the long aisle with their chains clanking at every step, and sat with wild hungry eyes riveted on him while he spoke to them of a Heavenly

Redeemer, and of a home where all fetters are broken, and all captives released. Every one of them learned sooner or later to regard him as a friend who really cared for their welfare, both spiritual and temporal.

This work had continued for eighteen months, when a sudden invitation came to him from Philadelphia, asking him to undertake the general secretaryship of the Evangelical Alliance there, and to superintend the home mission work in that great city. He looked upon this as a larger opportunity for service, and the prospect of wider usefulness was always one which had great attraction for him. The malarial climate of Howard, Rhode Island, had considerably lowered his health, and several times he had been temporarily disabled by sharp attacks of fever, so that the prospect of a change was additionally welcome.

But it was with deep regret that he left his parish of prisoners, lunatics, and paupers of all ages. When he bade them good-bye, there were tears of genuine sorrow in eyes unaccustomed to weeping. Eighteen months had been spent as chaplain of these charitable and penal institutions, and now the opening days of 1889 found him in his new work.

“*January 1st, 1889 (Philadelphia).*—Reached here at 4.30 p.m., and met the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance at 1224 Chestnut Street for a season of prayer, which was most refreshing. Thank God for all!”

He now found himself pleading with learned ministers of aristocratic churches to save the degraded masses in the city, whose very name spoke con-



tinually of brotherly love. The ease with which he stepped from the very lowest to the very highest places in society was a marvel to all his friends, but he never seemed to forget that he was a "child of a King," born for royal service.

In April Dr. Phillips was able to announce that in nineteen out of the twenty districts into which Philadelphia was divided, branch alliances had been organised. The preliminary work being accomplished, he was very anxious to begin, and to vigorously push on a systematic house-to-house visitation. The summer was approaching, but he urged that much might be effected before the extreme heat was upon them. Not for a moment could he agree to postpone his efforts for reaching non-churchgoers till autumn. He advised that the active co-operation of the congregations of all the denominations should be secured in the prompt appointment of visitors.

In a circular on the subject he wrote—

"It would give me great joy to meet these visitors, and instruct them in relation to their important work, and I should seek an early opportunity of doing this by arranging with the secretary for a meeting. If there be any serious obstacles in the way of beginning this house-to-house visitation at once, be good enough to inform me, and let us see whether these cannot be removed or overcome by prayer and planning. I shall be happy to confer with you at this office any day between 2 and 3 p.m., or elsewhere at another hour if you wish. I would humbly and earnestly implore you to join hands with us in feeding the hungry multitude with the bread that Christ has

blessed. Co-operation is the remedy for competition, which is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of Christian workers. When non-churchgoers are led to think that churches are competing for attendance and members, as business houses compete for customers, they infer that the churches are selfish, and that outsiders are wanted, not for their own sakes, but for the sake of the churches. Thus the force of the invitation is largely lost. If churches co-operate in extending it their disinterestedness would appear, and the invitation would be far more effective. Co-operation will result in increased mutual acquaintance, and hence in increased Christian confidence and fellowship, and then unity of spirit and purpose will afford the world that evidence of the divinity of Christ's religion of which He spoke when He prayed that His followers might be one, that the world might know that the Father had sent Him. Such co-operative work will quicken the religious life of the community, will raise the spiritual temperature of churches, and will strengthen each."

The work of Dr. Phillips as secretary of the Philadelphia Evangelical Alliance was necessarily largely composed of office routine. Writing letters, arranging meetings, stimulating the various churches and congregations to actively assist in city work, and the constant and wearisome collecting of various funds—these constituted the principal occupations of the secretary. True, he preached much on Sundays, and occasionally lectured on his much-loved Indian work; but the entries in his diaries seem to indicate that although he fulfilled the various duties of his new

office faithfully and patiently, he often found it an irksome and uncongenial task.

His diaries contain but the briefest outline of each day's engagements, and very rarely indeed does the writer indulge in description or anecdote. Of the year 1889 there is, therefore, very little to tell, for a bare recital of meetings held and business transacted would prove but dull and uninteresting reading. A few extracts must, therefore, serve to indicate the work of the year—

“*May 7th.*—Called on half a dozen people, but found all ‘out,’ save one old lady rich and ripe for the grave, who calmly answered that she was ‘too full now,’ and sent me away without a penny for the Evangelical Alliance.”

“*May 20th.*—The monthly meeting of the Executive Committee at 4 p.m. Two hours of mere talk; not one man on the Committee volunteering to raise or even try to raise a dollar! Lord send us light in this darkness. Make Thy way straight before my face.”

“*May 21st.*—No money comes in. Is the Lord teaching us to trust Him alone? At 4 p.m. we had our Citizens’ Committee at the office, which was cheering, save for the general wail for money. The door seems shutting against us on all sides.”

“*May 27th.*—The prospect looks dark, but the Lord reigns, and all is well. Philippians iv. 6 has been a great comfort to me to-day. Oh for more faith; but this has been a very dark day.”

“*May 28th.*—Thank God for answering my prayer, and sending me a token of good to-day. Our good

friends have sent in 265 dollars for our Alliance to-day."

"*June 14th.*—Called at ——'s through the kindness of Mr. Morton, to whom Dr. Hoffman gave me a note of introduction, but the rich man shook his head and walked off to his desk. When will our rich learn that it pays to preach the Gospel to the poor? When shall we succeed in convincing them that the surest and speediest solution of the labour question, and all other questions in America, lies in the thorough evangelisation of the masses?"

"*July 21st (Sunday, Harrisburg, Pa.)*.—In the morning I preached in the Free Baptist Church from Acts xv. 3, talking about the Santals. In the afternoon we read the Bible and the *Missionary Review*. At 5.30 p.m. I attended a Y.M.C.A., and helped with the singing of Gospel hymns. A Methodist Episcopal minister gave an address, a brief and sharp one, but too loud and high. In the evening Mr. Burkholder and I attended the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, and heard Dr. Chambers preach a fine missionary sermon. Thank God for this day of rest!"

"*July 28th (Sunday)*.—Went to the Eastern Penitentiary at 9 a.m., and preached to the eight sections of solitary prisoners in their cells, whom I could not see, not one of them."

"*July 31st.*—Office duty from noon to 3 p.m.; but it is dull work in these dull days, when all our workers are out of town. Lord grant me faith to wait."

"*Aug. 18th (Sunday)*.—I went to the Moyamensing Prison at 9 a.m., where I was asked to preach. I

spoke a few minutes from Matthew ix. 2. I could see a part of the faces of two of the men only, the prisoners being in their cells with the door but partly opened. What a farce is this way of conducting a religious service! An old man, very quaint in his way, addressed the women prisoners by themselves afterwards."

"*Sept. 30th.*—Finished my paper for the Philadelphia Ministerial Union, on the Evangelical Alliance methods, and read it to the ministers at the Baptist Public Rooms at 11 a.m. Several stirring speeches followed, and I hope we have gained a point or two. But these Philadelphia friends are so slow. At 3 p.m. a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, in the Y.M.C.A. parlour, and at 4 p.m. a Citizens' Meeting, for the election of officers, at the Y.M.C.A. lecture room. In the evening a public anniversary meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was held at the Y.M.C.A. Hall. Grand speeches by Dodge, Parkhurst, and Hubert, but only a hundred people there to hear them! God help us!"

"*Nov. 5th.*—At 3.30 p.m. attended a meeting of branch three, at the Salem Methodist Episcopal Church, and after two hours of spirited discussion the good brethren organised for work. Thank God, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians prayed and planned together for His glory, and I hope this central branch of our Alliance will get to work in hearty earnest soon."

During this year Dr. Phillips preached seventy-two sermons, and delivered 228 addresses and speeches. In accordance with his usual practice, the closing pages

of his diary contain carefully tabulated lists of these sermons and speeches, with particulars of dates, places, and texts.

The opening weeks of 1890 found Dr. Phillips still busily engaged in seeking to advance the interests of the Philadelphia Evangelical Alliance, but it was with a sense of intense relief that the long strain of disappointed hopes, and of apparently fruitless efforts, were well-nigh at an end. A new call had come to him, and his heart was bright with the expectation of engaging once more in Indian mission work. How the call came must form the subject of a new chapter, and the story of his work in Philadelphia practically ends with the entry in his diary for February 3rd, 1890—

“Dr. Webb called at the office, and I made over the Evangelical Alliance papers, etc., to him.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

FOR THE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

ALL the time that Dr. Phillips was engaged in ministering to the paupers and prisoners of Rhode Island, and in faithfully discharging his uncongenial duties as secretary to the Philadelphia Evangelical Alliance, his heart was really elsewhere.

No one who watched him would have guessed the secret, for he completely mastered this desire, and was able to suppress any dislike that he felt for his work, and to throw himself with singular energy into the task which lay nearest to his hand. The work of each individual day was done as if it was the only work which he expected to do in his life. The love of Christ was a fire burning in his bones, and it shone forth in his face and speech until the souls of felons and the cold emptiness of formal churches caught the glow. Yet at night when the house was still, and he sat alone at the close of the day's labours, his thoughts travelled far beyond his environment, and his mental eye scanned a distant scene across the sea. His heart was in the land of his birth, and he was once more discussing Christianity with the cultivated Hindus, and preaching the Gospel to the savage Santals. "Dear India," as he always called it, was

to him a delightful memory and an ever-present hope, and it was to the little ones of India that at this time his heart chiefly turned. He was soon to have his heart's desire; and the man who had faced the dangers of the jungles, who had trained up natives as preachers of the Gospel, who had proved himself equally apt in the prison wards and in the secretarial office, was to end his career in a work which he rightly judged to be higher and more important than aught else—the Christian training of little children.

“For years,” he wrote at this time, “I have had a sort of golden dream, a dream of working for the children of my own dear India.”

Through successive seasons of tropical toil, and throughout his subsequent labours among the destitute and the criminal, Dr. Phillips kept a heart fresh enough to become an ideal missionary to little children. The call to this new work came in October 1889, and on the 7th of this month he wrote in his diary—

“A call came to-day from my dear India to the new post of general secretary to the India Sunday School Union. The Lord help me to decide this aright. My heart is praying, ‘Make Thy way straight before my face.’”

In a letter to his friend Bishop Thoburn of the Methodist Episcopal Church he wrote—

“A letter from Dr. T. J. Scott startled me this week with a call to the general secretaryship of our India Sunday School Union. . . . Please send me your own impressions of the nature and duties of the post, and



say whether you think I could fill the bill. . . . I am sure there is nothing in the line of missionary service to which my heart could more fervently respond."

He repeated this last statement in his first annual report—

"No call could have been more unexpected, but surely none could have been more welcome."

We must go back a little to understand how this call came to be sent. The first Sunday School in India was formed at Serampore on July 9th, 1803, those who attended it being chiefly the children of converted natives or those who had lost caste. But the Sunday School as an agency for evangelisation was little appreciated until the India Sunday School Union was established in 1876. The prophet of this new movement was Dr. T. J. Scott of Bareilly, to whom belongs nearly all the honour of pushing the idea into prominence, and of planning with unwearied patience for its development throughout the land. Into his labours Dr. Phillips entered, and in so doing, he entered also into the sympathies of his fellow missionaries in the field, into those of the British and American Sunday School Unions, and finally into the hearts of the young folk of the International Bible Reading Association,<sup>1</sup> who straightway put their hands into their pockets and with their pence provided Dr. Phillips' salary. The story of the negotiations which finally led to the appointment of Dr. Phillips has been told by Dr. Scott in the *India Sunday School Journal* for 1893, a magazine edited by Dr. Phillips.

<sup>1</sup> The International Bible Reading Association has its headquarters at 56 Old Bailey, London. Total membership for 1898, 650,000.

From its pages the following account has been condensed :—

The difficulty of pushing on the work of the India Sunday School Union without a secretary set apart for the work had long been felt and discussed, but the matter did not take practical form until the Sunday School Convention held at Cawnpore in January 1888, when Dr. Wherry moved the appointment of a secretary, and suggested that the Sunday School Unions of England and America might undertake his support. Negotiations with this view began to take place. The English Committee of the Sunday School Union stated that they were of opinion that the appointment of a Sunday School missionary for India would be very desirable, and that if a suitable person could be found, they would be prepared to guarantee a portion of his salary. At the great World's Sunday School Convention, held at London in June 1889, Dr. Scott's report on the India Sunday School Union was listened to with much attention. It closed with an earnest appeal that a secretary might be sent, who "should visit all parts of India, urge the importance of Sunday School work, stir up an interest, form an auxiliary Union, grapple with the question of Sunday School literature and appliances, and establish some kind of Sunday School Journal for India." The salary was the chief difficulty, but the Convention unanimously adopted the idea, and "recommended that an organising secretary be appointed for Sunday School extension and work in India." The India Sunday School Union then felt justified in seeking for a suitable man. At the suggestion of several

prominent Indian missionaries, Dr. Scott wrote, as we have already seen, to Dr. Phillips, and received a reply, dated—

“PHILADELPHIA,  
“Oct. 8th, 1889.

“I am very glad that our India Sunday School Union has taken the step you write of, and can sincerely say that should my brethren in India call me to the work of general secretary, I should give the matter the most prayerful and earnest consideration. India is my heart’s first love, and only stern necessity has kept me away so long from her interesting and promising fields. I am happy to say that my dear wife’s health has so far improved during the past year, that I might be justified soon in leaving my family and resuming work in India. In case you call me, please clearly define my duties, state time and place of beginning work, and business details, so that I can send you a definite answer.”

In January 1890 the Committee of the International Bible Reading Association undertook to provide the funds for the secretary’s salary. On this the Sunday School Union wrote to America stating that they were prepared to undertake the whole support of the Mission, leaving America to take up similar work in some other country. To this they agreed, and in February a committee of the Sunday School Union was appointed to conduct the Mission.

On 27th March the Indian Committee held its first meeting (Lord Kinnaird in the chair), when a

letter from Dr. T. J. Scott was read recommending Dr. J. L. Phillips. Other communications were also read, and it was resolved to offer the appointment to Dr. Phillips. His letter of acceptance was dated 21st April 1890.

The circulars appealing for contributions to the Indian fund were sent out to I.B.R.A. branches in March 1890, and by the end of June the first year's salary was more than covered by the receipts in hand.

In July 1890 the Sunday School Union thus refer to their engagement of Dr. Phillips—

“On all hands the Committee are receiving the most gratifying testimonies to his peculiar fitness for the post. His long acquaintance with India, his knowledge of its languages, his enthusiastic love for its people, his power by his platform utterances to awaken the sympathy and enthusiasm of others, and most of all his own earnest love for Christ and souls, combine to make him the very man for the post.”

But we must return to Dr. Phillips in Philadelphia. The moment the letter from the Committee had been read, his wife saw no alternative, but simply said, “You must go; there is nothing else to be done.” In view of the fact that some criticisms were passed upon his action in again leaving home, she wishes it to be placed upon record that he again and again said to her, “If you say so, I will settle in America and not go.” But, hard as it was to break up the home, she felt that he was pre-eminently fitted for the new position, and that it was his clear duty to accept it. For the next few weeks he was busily occupied in

winding up the affairs of his secretarial office, and in paying farewell visits to the various churches.

“OBERLIN,  
“*May 26th, 1890.*

“I have just given a lecture to 1400 students in the College chapel. There is a beautiful Christian influence here, and a more responsive audience I never had. I shall yet see some of these young people in foreign lands. My work among the churches is over. I have visited Indiana, Tennessee, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, and Pennsylvania in behalf of missions. I am glad to have had this opportunity of seeing a little missionary enthusiasm in these places. I start for dear India in August, but I shall have several weeks' work in England and Scotland on my way to Bombay.

“There are days when my heart so longs for my own sweet home, that only prayer and duty can hold me to my post. Human as I am, and very weak too, I shall often feel in days to come, when seas roll between me and my dear ones, that only prayer and faith can hold me true and firm to my high Captain's orders. You know how I hate a babyish, whining disposition in a man, and how I admire Christian pluck in everybody. So many times, when the flesh has been weak and I have sighed for home, and longed to rest, I have read over once more St. Paul's wonderful words to Timothy, and girded up my loins for a fresh effort. Somehow I feel that I shall need great grace and strong faith, and much humility and self-denial for this new work in India. My heart

loves it, and I do not shrink from it, but God knows how weak I feel in the presence of so great a work. Let every thought of this new work, to which the Lord is calling me, fill our hearts with prayer."

The page in his diary that chronicles "my last day at home" is pathetic reading. Half an hour before starting to catch the night train to Cleveland, the parting words were spoken.

"Ours was a sad, hard parting," wrote Dr. Phillips; "we were all together, and tried to sing, 'God be with you till we meet again,' repeated the traveller's psalm (121), and then knelt in prayer. We all prayed, and it was a precious hour. Every thought of home is now a prayer for God's blessing on my dear ones."

The ss. *Etruria* made a quick and easy passage to Liverpool, and Dr. Phillips was able to record with satisfaction that he did not miss a single meal.

"The Atlantic was like a millpond. I never saw it so before. Even the sea may be merciful."

They passed Queenstown on Friday, August 22nd, and on the following day reached Liverpool, where Dr. Phillips was welcomed by Mr. Millar, one of the secretaries of the Sunday School Union. He remained in England until the end of October, when he started for India, the intervening days being occupied with much preparatory business, and with meetings in various parts of Great Britain. Among other places, he visited in turn Bristol, Cardiff, Norwich, Rochester, Brighton, Bolton, Manchester, Bradford, Sheffield,

Newcastle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Leicester, and Nottingham. A few more characteristic entries in his diary will be interesting.

“*Monday, September 1st.*—Mr. Charles Boyer came to the Sunday School Union for me at 10 a.m., and we walked miles in the East End of London in the streets of the poor, where he gathers in the boys and girls to the Sunday Schools. We visited Ben Jonson’s Board School, which has over 2000 boys and girls, and I spoke to the top class of each side. We spent four full hours in this ‘Jack the Ripper’ district, and considered its conditions and claims. The poor are better housed than in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or Boston.”

“*September 21st (Norwich).*—Mr. John Clark came at 9.30 a.m., and took me to the Sun Lane Sunday School, where I spoke three times. Then we drove to the Carrow School, where I spoke twice. Both of these are capital schools, well managed and admirably housed. In the afternoon Mr. Clark showed me the New City and Princess Street Sunday Schools, both of which I addressed. In the evening I preached at St. Mary’s Chapel. This has been a delightful day, but I find myself very tired to-night.”

“*September 25th (Brighton).*—At 7.30 p.m. I addressed a public meeting at North Street Chapel (the late Countess of Huntingdon’s), and worked in a strait jacket, for the old deacons charged us not to laugh or applaud!”

“*September 28th.*—This is the twenty-eighth anniversary of my ordination in New York, and has been a day of much thought and prayer. Lord fill me with

Thy Spirit, and give me many souls in my dear India."

"*October 19th, Sunday (Aberdeen).*—In the evening, at six o'clock, I went to the U.P. Church and heard — lecture on 'New theories of the life of Christ.' He took up Strauss, Renan, *Ecce Homo*, *Robert Elsmere*, etc., and spoke and read for ninety minutes; and then he read a hymn of five verses, all of which we sang; then he prayed, read three verses of the 72nd Psalm, which was also sung, and then pronounced the benediction! Great is the endurance of a Scottish congregation; but why teach our people what critics and freethinkers write?"

"*October 26th, Sunday (London).*—My last Sabbath in dear England has gone. Thank God for the opportunities I have had of pleading for my own dear India in England, Wales, and Scotland, and for His gracious help and blessing in the work during the past two months!"

After seventy days' pleasant work in England, Wales, and Scotland, Dr. Phillips packed up his boxes on October 31st, and left them at 56 Old Bailey, for Mr. Millar to put on board the ss. *Pekin*, and taking only some hand luggage, left Holborn Viaduct Station at 11 a.m., whence he proceeded to Paris, which he reached at 7 p.m. Paris, Lyons, Geneva, Florence, Rome, and Naples were all visited on his way to India, and everywhere he brimmed over with enthusiasm for Christ and the children.

"*Nov. 2nd, Sunday (Paris).*—At 9 a.m. attended the Sunday School at the Church of the Holy Spirit, and at M. Sautter's request addressed the children, he



interpreting in French. In the evening I went to the McAll Mission, and preached to the French congregation, M. Sautter interpreting for me. Thank God for the joy of preaching in this city the glorious Gospel of His Son !”

“*Nov. 10th (Rome).*—We visited St. Peter’s, which impressed me much, and the Sistine Chapel, and the art galleries of the Vatican, all of which I greatly enjoyed, particularly the masterpieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others. The face of the demoniac boy in the Transfiguration scene by Raphael, I shall never forget. In the evening I addressed a drawing-room meeting at Dr. Young’s, and enjoyed telling thirty or more Christian friends of various Churches about our Sunday School mission in India. Thank God for favouring me with this opportunity of meeting the saints that are at Rome also !”

Dr. Phillips sailed in the P. and O. steamship *Pekin* from Brindisi, on Sunday, November 16th, bound for Bombay, having during his brief Continental trip preached three sermons and delivered ten addresses. The *Pekin* anchored off the Apollo Bunder at three o’clock on a Sunday afternoon, and that night Dr. Phillips reported himself “too happy to sleep.” He subsequently wrote in the *India Sunday School Journal*—

“God bless my dear India ! How glad I am to be back ! Glad on leaving London ; gladder when, from the deck of the big mail steamer, I saw the shores of Europe fade away ; but gladdest when my feet touched dear India’s soil here last Sunday afternoon. Hardly had the *Pekin* dropped anchor before a steam yacht

was seen coming from the shore, and very soon Mr. Carroll of the Sunday School Union was on deck, helping me to reach my first appointment. Before I had been on shore an hour, I was looking into a group of happy faces in the Free Baptist Church. It was a special meeting of the Bombay International Bible Reading Association. Fitting indeed that I should speak first to them and tell them of the I.B.R.A. members in Great Britain, whose prayers and pennies had nobly helped the Sunday School Union in launching this Indian mission."

Dr. Phillips was now in his element, for the work of seeking to save the children absorbed his whole being, and fulfilled his ambitions. True, he did not regard Sunday School organisation as an end in itself, though it will be seen with what ability and success he gave himself to its accomplishment; but he viewed it as a means to the one great end of leading the millions of India to the feet of the world's Redeemer. "I hope," he said, "if God spares my life, to see all India thoroughly organised for Sunday School work."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### WORKING FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHEN Dr. Phillips was first approached on the subject of undertaking the secretaryship of the India Sunday School Union, it will be remembered that he wrote to a friend upon whose judgment he relied, asking if he thought he could "fill the bill."

How large was the bill requiring to be filled will be readily perceived by anyone who takes the trouble to study the geography of India, remembering that Dr. Phillips' field covered the entire country, with all its teeming millions of inhabitants, and included the missions of all the evangelical denominations. Each year, until his lamented death in 1895, Dr. Phillips undertook a lengthened tour. The largest of the tours covered a distance of 15,253 miles, and the six tours together covered 52,030 miles. Dr. Phillips spent 1400 days in India, so that the average distance travelled per day was more than thirty-seven miles. The continual wearing toil involved in these tours will perhaps be better realised if we remember that they were equivalent to one and a half mile's travel every hour, both day and night, for nearly four years. Although Dr. Phillips was a bad sailor, and always viewed a sea voyage with apprehension, he

spent sixty-three days on shipboard, and travelled 13,000 miles by water, crossing the Bay of Bengal nine times during the four years. This does not include his voyage to Europe. During the 1400 days spent in India, Dr. Phillips delivered 1600 addresses, the outlines or "briefs" of which are all neatly recorded in his notebooks. Thus it will be seen that on an average he delivered one address on every week day, and two every Sunday throughout his Sunday School career. The very magnitude of his task, and the brevity of the records which remain, makes anything like a detailed and continuous description impossible. In the majority of cases two or three brief lines in his diary are all that remain to tell of long journeys undertaken, of organisations planned, and of important meetings held.

Before he had been in India a month, Dr. Phillips had started off upon his first tour. Passing through the Central Provinces he reached Allahabad, and thence proceeded to Lahore in the Punjab. Returning to Allahabad, he followed the course of the Ganges to Calcutta, after which he visited his old field of operations in Orissa, and then returned to Calcutta, so terminating a tour of 2908 miles in a little less than a month. The visit to his old home at Balasore on December 31st, was one of exceptional interest for Dr. Phillips, and in his "Jottings" in the *India Sunday School Journal* he thus describes his visit—

"Christmas for the Oriya Sunday School children was a delightful treat, capitally managed. How good it seemed to look once more into the happy faces of hundreds of Oriya Christians here in my native place,

and to stand again in the chapel pulpit. Several more promising workers have finished their course since I was here last, seven years ago, but, thank God, others have taken their places, and the work goes on. In Orissa, as elsewhere all over India, our leading native helpers to-day, both men and women, are those who were brought up and trained from childhood in our Sunday Schools. Nothing can quite take the place of this early religious instruction. *The army of our high Captain for India's conquest is now sitting at the feet of our Sunday School teachers.* With what dignity is the task of the humble Bible teacher invested, when we consider that his pupil may become one of India's shining and successful evangelists; and so with high hope and a cheerful outlook let all Sunday School workers close the old year and begin the new. The business of our lives is the teaching of God's Word, concerning which He has said, 'it shall not return unto Me void.' Let us all keep these seven words at the top through the days of 1891."

In the January of 1891, Dr. Phillips was again on tour. This time he undertook an extended series of journeys, practically covering the whole of India, and amounting in all to 13,110 miles. Starting from Calcutta, he first visited Moradabad, Jabalpur, Poona, and Bangalore, on the way to Madras, whence he returned by sea to Calcutta. He then proceeded to Burmah, where he travelled from Rangoon to Mandalay, whence he returned to his headquarters at Calcutta. Visits to Orissa and Sekhim followed, and then he passed through the Central Provinces to Bombay. Returning thence, he journeyed by way of

Ajmere, Lucknow, Amritsar, and Gorakhpur to Calcutta. A second visit to Orissa completed his journeys for 1891. A few of his "Jottings on Tour" will serve to show the kind of work which occupied him as he journeyed to and fro throughout the country.

"BANGALORE,  
"2nd February 1891.

"The Wesleyan Sunday School and one of the Tamil Sunday Schools in the bazar were visited while at Bangalore, and excellent work was done in both. The blackboard exercises in the former are very important, and I trust will be introduced in many other schools. By pen and pencil let us appeal to the people more. I have been surprised and delighted many times in many schools to find how accurately points put on the blackboard were remembered and reproduced after many days."

"MADRAS, Feb. 20th.

"The organisation of the Madras auxiliary of our India Sunday School Union will be hailed with delight by all our friends here and at home. The president is a strong and successful missionary of the Church Missionary Society, whose heart goes with his head and hands in this movement. A delightful feature of the Sunday School Convention here was the presence and participation of so many native Christian workers. When our native friends rally round the standard of this new Sunday School movement it will make more rapid progress, and accomplish far more."

It may here be noted, as showing the extent to which Sunday School work had now been organised, that in the annual report of the India Sunday School Union for 1890 nine auxiliaries are recognised—the North India, South India, Bombay, Rajputana, Bengal, Furrabad, Lahore, and Punjaub Sunday School Unions, and the mission Sunday School at Madras. In the work of reorganisation and consolidation which was now in progress, three of these societies coalesced with the others, thus reducing the number to six.

In February 1891, Dr. Phillips opened a Saturday afternoon class at the Union Chapel, Calcutta, for the study of the International Sunday School lessons. It was attended by Bengali teachers, both male and female, sixty-three being present on the opening day, which number steadily increased until upwards of a hundred native teachers, from seven or more missions, thus regularly met to prepare for the work of the following Sunday. Of his visit to Burmah in this year Dr. Phillips wrote—

“In King Thebaw’s fort, now occupied by Government buildings, I was heartily welcomed to the American mission house, which was my home for three days. The high brick wall around this fort, surrounded by a moat, is said to be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long on each side. On Saturday I was permitted to address a Band of Hope. Would that we had like bands all over India! How glad I was to find one here, nearly 400 miles north of Rangoon! Our Sunday School meetings here, as elsewhere, brought Christians of all Churches together, and into pleasant and profitable co-operation for the common weal. It is de-

lightful to see how much all Christians have in common, how much they really agree in doctrine and life, and how well they can work together for the glory of our common Lord. Sometimes we find so many things concerning which we agree that we have neither time nor taste for the smaller matters where we very cordially differ from one another. It was very cheering to mark the general unanimity shown among the Christian workers in Burmah as to the desirability of perfecting and enlarging the Sunday School system, both among Europeans and natives. With such a decided sentiment in its favour, it was easy to plan for and carry out the first general Sunday School Convention ever held in Burmah. This was held on the 8th and 9th of April, and proved an occasion of much cheer to our friends."

The end of June found Dr. Phillips at Pooree, Orissa's former shrine, beside the sea. For seven centuries the temple of Jagannath has stood on this Orissa coast, and countless multitudes from every part of India have come to bow down before the "ninth incarnation of Vishnu." Happily the pilgrimage to Pooree is not now what it was when, as a little boy, James Phillips used to count the crowds that rushed so eagerly past his father's gate. There are now but few pilgrims, and there is even less enthusiasm. The air used to ring with the shouts, "Jai Jagannath Swâmi," but now the cry is rarely heard. At Santipore, which Dr. Phillips visited in the following month, he found much to remind him of his early days.

"But seven miles from Patna, across the river, is



the mission farm of 200 acres. Here my beloved father did much of his last and best work before returning home to die. The Santal villages are near by; and here, as at Patna, he began translating the Scriptures into the wild and weird tongue of these junglemen. The church is chiefly Oriya, but some of its good working members are Santals. The Santal service early on Sabbath morning was cheering, as were also the Oriya service followed by the Lord's Supper, and the fine Sunday School in the afternoon. There are little Sunday Schools in the vicinity, and an open door for the enlargement of this work. The children abound here, and a missionary's wife might find a delightful duty in teaching them."

"*Bhimpoore, July 19th.*—Twenty miles north-west of Midnapore is this Santal village, where the first Santal church in the American Mission was organised years ago. The first chapel, of mud walls and thatched roof, was built by the early converts with their own hands, without a rupee from the Mission. It was dedicated to God's service on July 17th, 1870, and on this twenty-first anniversary I recalled that glad day with great pleasure. There is a training school here for Santal teachers, and a girls' school also. From fifty to seventy jungle schools are kept up in the surrounding country. Sunday Schools of a very rudimentary character are sustained in these jungle schools, but the station Sunday School is doing finely. It has a weekly teachers' meeting for studying the International lesson. My Sabbath among those Santal Christians was a delightful one."

In August the missionary spent some time at the

Union Church manse at Darjeeling, in the hills, to which he had been driven by a severe attack of fever. Nineteen years had elapsed since he paid his former visit to this place, and it is in a spirit of triumphant gratitude that he notes the changes and advances which the passing years had witnessed. But the work for which he was now responsible kept as usual the chief place in his thoughts, and his "Jottings" give abundant proof of this.

"The weekly Bible class on Friday afternoon is spent in studying the International Sunday School lessons, and we have found them wonderfully practical and refreshing. The lessons of this half-year cannot be taught—and I am very glad they cannot—without prayerful and patient study and faithful preparation. A teachers' class in every Sunday School, European and native, throughout India, would help on our work more than anything just now. Let us hear of scores and hundreds of these classes being begun this year. A very cheering feature of my Darjeeling visit this time has been the presence of children at the public services in the church. One Sabbath morning the service was specially adapted to them, and the dear boys and girls and their friends quite filled the house. Would that we all might learn and never forget the lesson that special efforts for children mean help and blessing for older folks as well, and that all that is done in love and faith for these little ones brings peace and prosperity to the whole Church and congregation!"

As an instance of the practical work quietly accomplished by Dr. Phillips in his tours throughout India,

it may here be mentioned that his visit to Kalimpong in October (1891) so stirred up the students in the Normal School that nine local Sunday Schools were started by these lads at places varying from three to seven miles distant. Towards the close of the year a very successful convention of Sunday School workers in the North-West Provinces and Oudh was held at Allahabad, under the direction of the India Sunday School Union. It need hardly be said that the organising secretary did the lion's share of the work.

In his report for 1891, Dr. Phillips was able to report that he had travelled over 14,000 miles in the interests of the work; that three Sunday School Conventions had been held at Madras, Rangoon, and Allahabad; that four new auxiliary Sunday School Unions had been organised; that the *India Sunday School Journal* had been successfully launched; and that in every way the work was full of promise. There were now 4608 Sunday Schools in India, with 8910 teachers, and 152,002 scholars.

The year 1892 saw even more extended activity on the part of the untiring secretary. During the year he journeyed over 15,253 miles, extending his sphere of operations from Rangoon on the east, to Kurrachee on the west, and from the Himalayas in the north, to Ceylon in the south. A glance at the route map for this year shows that he traversed practically all parts of India, with the exceptions of Rajputana and the Punjab. From the *India Sunday School Journal* for 1892 the following items are selected:—

“Dr. Parker of Lucknow says that thousands of those who have come out from Hinduism and accepted

Christianity during the past year in connection with his mission at Oudh and Roholkahani had been in Sunday Schools for years. These, then, are no sudden conversions, but rather the natural results of early training in the elements of the Christian faith. Here is a lesson for every Sunday School teacher, and for all our missions throughout India! Here is an illustration of how the Sunday School proves to be a missionary agency, and here is argument and illustration combined for improving and extending our Sunday School system everywhere in this popular and promising field."

"*Nagpur, January 21st.*—Fifty-four hours by train bring us to the chief city of the Central Provinces. Along the road I saw Kols working on the road, and thought what an open door there was for someone to plant Sunday Schools among these children of the jungle. The day is coming when it will no longer be thought strange for an engineer or station-master, civil surgeon or a magistrate, or any other earnest Christian, to call boys and girls together on his verandah or under a tree, for an hour of Bible study, with prayer and praise, on the Sabbath. I wish now that the notion had never existed that such work was an encroachment on the prerogative of the 'padri sahib' (missionary). Let us oust this idea from India. Let ministers and missionaries seek out helpers everywhere, and welcome them as fellow-workers."

"*Gunter, April 4th.*—Sixteen hours in a very comfortable bundy, drawn part of the way by coolies and part of the way by bullocks, brought me from Ongole to the railway station of Santamagulla, and from there

the slowest train I have seen in India brought me here. The cow-catcher should be kept at the back end of this train, lest the cows run over the guard!"

"*Madras, April 8th.*—On Wednesday I was invited to the anniversary of the Anglo-Tamil Sunday School at the Wesleyan Mission at St. Thomas' Mount. The annual report, read by the superintendent, was very encouraging. Of the 183 boys on the roll, there were Eurasians, 4; Protestant native Christians, 10; Roman Catholics, 2; Mohammedans, 13; Brahmins, 7; Kshatrias, 12; Sudras, 129; and no caste, 6. I commend this analysis to our Sunday School workers, as everywhere it proves what a leveller the Sunday School is, and how children of all classes may meet on common ground for the study of the Bible."

While at Ongole, Dr. Phillips met with an extraordinary instance of the power of a child's influence. A missionary, Mr. Kierman of Vinukonda, had visited a village called Meelagungarum, where the natives refused to receive him. Six months later a deputation of natives came to him, and asked him to revisit the village. On his arrival he found seventy-five persons who said that they were Christians, and wished to be baptized. Among the number he noticed a small boy. Thinking him too young to appreciate the importance of the step he was taking, the missionary asked him to wait and learn more about Christ before he received baptism; but the adult natives insisted that he should be baptized, and astonished the missionary by telling him that it was this little boy who had taught them about Christ. It appeared that he had formerly lived in another village, where

he had received Christian instruction, and had committed to memory a few hymns. He had come to Meelagungarum, and had told the people what he had learnt, and repeated to them the few hymns that he knew. The result was that seventy-five of their number were baptized, among whom was the little boy who had led them to Christ.

In July Dr. Phillips undertook a three weeks' Sunday School campaign in Ceylon, which he did not reach without serious discomfort.

“I freely confess that I have no love for sea trips during our South-West monsoon. The one of sixteen mortal hours in that British India cattle and coolie tub plying between Tuticorin and Colombo was enough for me. Such pitching and rolling and tumbling I never experienced at sea in a distance of but 150 miles. The bleating of goats and sheep, the pitiful lowing of cows and bullocks, and above all the howling of Hindus and Mohammedans, who, in fear and frenzy, were invoking the mercy of all their gods, with the accompaniment of wind and wave, while the waves drenched our decks, and kept us lively all night till we gained the lee of this beautiful breakwater,—all this and more, that makes me giddy to recall, has made me cry out, ‘Oh for a railway across Adam’s bridge! Soon may it link Ceylon and India!’

“This place revived many pleasant memories, for it was into this port that our good ship *Elcano* came in May 1865 after a five months’ dreadful and disastrous voyage from America, having lost her captain in a terrible gale. How beautiful this emerald isle looked to us no words can tell! Of that ship’s company of

ten missionaries, five have reached the desired haven above. But others are toiling still for India's millions. As I stood in the high pulpit of the old church in the Fort, the same in which I preached twenty-seven years ago, I could not but recount the many and manifold mercies of God; and all day long on that Sabbath my heart was singing the 107th Psalm, 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.'"

"*Bombay, October 20th.* — How sorrow finds us everywhere in this world of sin! On the train from the North-West here, I was reminded of this over and over again. One day I had with me in the next compartment poor Private Allen, under sentence of death for shooting Lieutenant Green. Another day a fellow-passenger was an afflicted father from Lucknow, whose boy had been stung to death by wasps, while in the hills at school. As there is sorrow everywhere, there is also sympathy and succour. Like our Lord, we should be going about doing good. But the sufferings and sorrows of the little ones impress me most in my tours about India. Only the glorious Gospel of Christ can heal these, and to us, the Sunday School army, He grants the high privilege of preaching the Gospel in the willing ear of childhood."

During the year 1892 three Sunday School Conventions were held at Colombo, Rangoon, and Lucknow. The *India Sunday School Journal* became self-supporting, the number of auxiliary unions was increased to nine, and the entire standard of the work had been raised throughout the country. Much had been done towards bringing out Sunday School

literature in English and in the vernaculars, and a gratifying growth was observable in all departments of the work. It had been a year of happy work, a full and fruitful year, and the organisation of the Sunday School system had been pushed on vigorously. The total number of Sunday Schools had grown to 5548, and there were now 10,715 teachers with 197,754 scholars.

In 1893, Dr. Phillips was absent from India from March to November, during which he visited the Holy Land, Europe, and America. But notwithstanding his absence during the greater part of the year, he contrived in the remaining months to travel over no less than 4880 miles of Indian territory. The first few weeks of the year were busily occupied with his usual work, and with preparations for an extended absence, and on Saturday, February 25th, he set sail from Bombay in the P. and O. ss. *Victoria*, the sudden and frequent attacks of dizziness showing only too plainly that he had started none too soon. One of his fellow-passengers was Bishop Barry, ex-Primate of Australia, and another was Dr. F. E. Clark, the founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. After two days at sea, Dr. Phillips was able to note in his diary—

“My head is better, and I have been playing with the dear children on the deck.”

His interest in the children continually manifested itself during this voyage. Almost every day his diary contains some reference to them, and on March 4th he writes—

“I had some sports for the children in the after-



noon. I got 25s. by a collection, and had fourteen events in the programme for the little ones."

On the 6th they reached Cairo, where Dr. Phillips stayed until the 13th, the week being spent in visiting the pyramids, museums, and other objects of interest in Egypt. Next he went to Alexandria, where he met many European and American visitors, and was especially struck by one unfortunate fact.

"I am astonished on seeing English, Scotch, and American Christians taking, not wine only, but even whisky at hotel tables openly. Even ladies are sipping their whisky with a relish. It is the absurd notion that as the water of the Nile is not fit to drink, hence all water in Egypt must be bad. It is, of course, to the advantage of the hotel proprietors to propound this flimsy theory. There are no healthier or finer men in Egypt than the American missionaries, all of whom are strict total abstainers. How wrong and how wicked for temperance travellers from home to tamper thus with strong drink in these Eastern lands!"

On March 16th, Dr. Phillips proceeded by steamer to Jaffa, and at 5.30 the next evening he arrived at Jerusalem.

"Thrice before in vain have I tried to see the Holy Land. Words cannot tell how thankful I am for this opportunity. It seems as though, amid these historic and sacred surroundings, I have been gathering illustration and inspiration for the work of a lifetime. . . . As if going to Jerusalem were not strange enough, we have had a snowstorm, seven inches of snow falling in a few hours, so that the visitors were





at Norwich, Brighton, Cardiff, Derby, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bristol, Bedford, and other important provincial towns.

In reviewing his work during this short stay in England, he wrote—

“I have spoken for our dear India in the hope of securing true volunteers for all missions. I verily expect to meet some of the children and young folk I have been addressing in England and Wales in India and Ceylon by and by. This bright hope has cheered me much during the six weeks of work I am closing to-day.”

He crossed the Atlantic in the ss. *Etruria*, and arrived at New York, after an uneventful passage, on Sunday, June 18th. There he was met by his brother John, and five days later he was once again reunited with his family at Oberlin, Ohio. It is very characteristic of the man that the following day's entry in his diary ends thus—“Began talking and planning.”

Some quiet weeks were spent in a farmhouse, and then followed another spell of preaching and lecturing in various parts of the States. Dr. Phillips, notwithstanding his unobtrusive modesty and self-depreciation, had by this time, unknown to himself, secured a high and honourable status amongst American scholars, as well as in circles of Christian service. On August 26th he notes in his diary—

“In the evening I received the startling news that my name had been brought before the Fellows and Overseers of Bates College at their meeting this week for electing a president, and so the election of Professor George Chase had been defeated. I am sorry, and

wonder what the men were thinking of, for everyone who knows me should know that I would not give up my dear India for all the colleges in America."

During his stay in the United States, Dr. Phillips was present at the second World's Sunday School Convention, held at St. Louis, and it goes without saying that he eagerly availed himself of every opportunity for pleading the cause of his Indian work. After visiting Chicago, he went on to Cleveland, where he met with an adventure.

"In all my 35,000 miles of touring throughout all India, Burmah, and Ceylon during the twenty-seven months of my last term, I never once fell among robbers. Not in India, but in Indiana, the night before last, however, the record was broken, and for the first time in my life I was detained by robbers. Our Atlantic express from Chicago to Cleveland was held up for an hour about midnight between two small stations, and the Adam's express car was blown up with dynamite, and robbed of thousands of dollars. This lawless gang of twenty or more masked men did not disturb the five sleeping cars full of passengers, but made off with their booty. I hope they will be caught and punished."

On September 23rd, he left America for the last time, accompanied by Mrs. Phillips, and embarked on the ss. *Etruria* for Queenstown, which was reached on the 29th. A month was now spent in visiting various parts of Scotland and England, holding meetings, and seeking to interest the public in his work; and on October 31st, Dr. and Mrs. Phillips journeyed to

France, joining the P. and O. ss. *Carthage* for India at Marseilles.

On November 20th (1893) the earnest Sunday School worker once more set foot on Indian soil.

“*November 20th (Bombay)*.—Thank God I am safely back in my own dear India! Now for grace for years of strong, patient, loving service for the dear little ones.”

## CHAPTER XV.

### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

**I**N estimating the character of any man, it needs to be remembered that the record of a life, with its varied ambitions and activities, is a far more eloquent tribute than any eulogy that might be pronounced upon him. The best testimony to the spirit which animated Dr. Phillips is the life he led and the work he accomplished. The preceding chapters will abundantly suffice to show the high aspirations and the lofty aims which possessed and absorbed his entire energies, and at the same time will indicate the mental qualities and habits of life which characterised this untiring worker.

Dr. Phillips was essentially a methodical man. His diaries were entered up with painstaking diligence day by day, even the smallest details being often noted and preserved; while the most elaborate records and summaries were kept of his journeyings and work, the precise number of miles travelled each day, the addresses and sermons delivered, with their texts or subjects, and his numerous articles contributed to various journals and magazines,—all these are to be found recorded in his diaries and notebooks. He preserved the notes of every speech he made, tran-

scribing them from the backs of envelopes into small volumes of "briefs."

He was equally methodical in money matters, keeping a careful record week by week of his income and expenditure; and a careful examination of these accounts shows with what economy and carefulness he used the funds which passed through his hands, reckoning himself as a steward who must some day give account. A world of self-denial, about which he said nothing, may be read between the lines of these accounts.

He attached especial importance to the keeping of diaries, urging his children to follow his example in this matter, and grieving bitterly when the white ants got at some of his old journals. He was accustomed to say, "True Christians *must* be business men."

Dr. Phillips was quite as careful in matters of correspondence. Business letters received his instant and conscientious attention, and his epistles to his family were written with equal regularity, however pressed and wearied he might be. Wherever he was he always wrote to his son Willie on Wednesday, to his elder daughter on Thursday, and to his younger daughter on Saturday.

Yet with all this he was one of the most unconventional of men. He utterly rejected clerical garb, holding that "religion was an everyday thing, and not to be dressed up for." It was partly because he was anxious to identify himself with his hearers, and to raise no barrier between himself and them, that he so scrupulously avoided anything which might suggest a



spirit of professionalism. So successful was he in this, that a large proportion of those who heard him address public meetings, and met him in social life, never suspected that he was an ordained minister, still less did they suspect that the plain unassuming man who made himself so entirely one of the people had taken the degrees of M.A., LL.B., and M.D. during his university course, and had subsequently received the degree of D.D. as a recognition of his distinguished missionary career.

His methodical character showed itself conspicuously in his remarkable punctuality. In the course of his Sunday School work he travelled over the country in every sort of conveyance that was in use, by train, coasting steamer, poling boat, bullock waggon, etc., yet during his 25,000 miles of such travel he was never once late for an appointment. Nothing but living under strict rule and self-discipline could have enabled him during those years of wandering throughout India, never to fail in an appointment, nor to miss train or steamer.

Self-discipline was indeed one of the keynotes of his entire career. He ruled not only his outer, but also his inner life. He never spoke evil of any man. He both lived at peace with everyone, and sought to bring others to peace as well. Many could tell, if they would, how to him might be applied the words of our Lord, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." He was simply absorbed in his work, and used jokingly to call himself "I. O." (India's own). "It seems always to be my lot," he once said, "to hurry through the world. I

sometimes think that I shall die with a jerk some day unexpectedly."

Once between Lucknow and Allahabad he had four hours of fever in the train, but he persisted in his journey, and fulfilled his engagements at its close. He lived to see his plan of a complete Sunday School organisation, covering all India, Burmah, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements, completed; and this organisation was almost entirely carried out by himself. He once remarked to Dr. Scott, "My wrist is utterly worn out with writing"; and it will be remembered that during his earlier Indian career he suffered from partial paralysis of his hand.

He was a man of remarkable moral courage, and never hesitated to speak boldly for what he believed to be right, even though he might risk the loss of friends and supporters by doing so. Upon the question of the drink traffic he uttered no uncertain sound, both on the platform and in the press; and he was equally ready to denounce smoking, to which he had an intense aversion. But with all his outspoken boldness he was one of the gentlest of men—in the best sense of the word, a gentleman.

All who knew him tell how gentle and considerate he was in the home, and of the pleasant messages he invariably sent back after he had left, never forgetting the children. He was emphatically a lover of children. He was quick to notice them, always ready with pleasant words, and seemed never to forget their names. His private diaries let us into the secret of this recollection. It was his custom whenever visiting a new family to make a careful note of the names of

the children, with particulars of their ages. The following entry, which occurred in his diary for October 7th, 1890, when he stayed for a day with a family at Halifax, will serve to illustrate this:—

“ The cherubs in the home—

“ Ethel Carter, 4 years old.

“ Maude Carter, 2 years old.

“ God bless them ! ”

One who voyaged with him writes : “ He loved children, and the children loved him. I used to send my two wee folk on deck to him in the early morning on the *Victoria*, and he used to chatter with them in Bengali about the big fish with mouths ‘ so large,’ illustrating with his hands. Then one by one the twenty-two children on board would gather round him ; and though he never felt well when at sea, yet the doctor was the very life of all their games, their story-telling, and their services. . . . How glad we used to be to welcome him home again ! His cheery voice used to ring through the house. Notwithstanding the heavy work which his secretaryship entailed, he was always ready to play with our little ones, or to lend a helping hand to anyone who needed it.”

A touching story is told of a little girl, who said on learning of Dr. Phillips’ death—

“ Oh, mother, won’t it be nice for Mrs. L——’s little baby to have uncle to play with in heaven ! ”

A fellow - missionary states concerning Dr. Phillips—

“ I should say that the features which made him successful were, that—

“ 1st. He was always cheerful, more especially when he had an audience of children.

“ 2ndly. He was never discouraged. Missionaries sometimes see dark hours, but I never knew Dr. Phillips not to be sufficient for the occasion. In times of difficulty he used to say, ‘There will be success in the end. The work is God’s, and that means that it must succeed.’

“ 3rdly. He never despaired of anyone, but held on to a man as long as there was life.

“ 4thly. He had a wonderful power of finding work to do. While others were longing for work, and could see nothing that they could undertake, Dr. Phillips was always finding noble work to carry out for Christ.

“ 5thly. He had learned the great secret of success—he loved children. His face, his words, taught you that he loved you, and therefore you loved him.

“ 6thly. He believed in the durability of the work. He used to say that one soul brought to Christ would endure for ever, and work for men. ‘Let us be Christ’s; and remember that being His, we shall abide forever to do His will and work.’”

Perhaps it need hardly be added that Dr. Phillips was a man of prayer. Those who knew him best, and had opportunities of marking his private life, never failed to be impressed with the prayerful spirit which pervaded his daily life. In his house at Calcutta he was in the habit of going up to the flat roof for what he called his “morning watch,” and as he paced to and fro absorbed in prayer and meditation, he wore a path on the masonry which did not disappear for

many months after his death. He never felt that he had done his duty by anybody until he had prayed with him. Almost every entry in his diary concludes with a brief prayer.

His friends noted how he grew in grace. He was naturally imperious, irritable, and self-willed, but in his latter days nothing was more noticeable than the patient calmness with which he used to bear annoyances, and his gentle and unobtrusive bearing. Mrs. Phillips tells how, after her absence in America, she was impressed by the change that had come over him. The old, independent, "cocksure" air had entirely gone. It was not the teaching of Mrs. Upham, as some have wrongly inferred, but the slow growth of long years, which developed the fine Christian character so admired in the great Sunday School missionary.

Dr. Phillips was ever mindful of the apostolic injunction, that a man should learn to rule his own household well before attempting to govern a Church. Thus we find that amid all the overwhelming cares of his public and ministerial work, he never forgot the claims of his family. His diaries are filled with expressions of solicitude for the welfare of those nearest to him. Scarcely a day passes without the record of some loving thought or wish for them. Especially was this the case in his later years.

As his children grew into young manhood and womanhood, instead of considering his responsibility lessened, as too many parents do, he became increasingly anxious, both for their temporal and spiritual welfare. The ill-health of his eldest son, and the difficulty he found in gaining a permanent footing in

the business world, specially called forth the affectionate solicitude of his father.

Dr. Phillips had five children. William Owen was born in 1868; Mary Ann Sophia followed a year later; Nellie Upham, who was early called away, was born in 1871; John Otes, in 1874; and Julia Edith, in 1876.

We have already noted how, thrice a week, Dr. Phillips regularly wrote to his children. Many hundreds of these family letters still exist, and have been carefully read for the purpose of the present biography; but space only permits the inclusion of very few. These, however, will serve to show the merry, lighthearted spirit of the writer, his intense sympathy with children, and his affectionate solicitude for the highest welfare of those to whom he wrote. First we give some specimens of his letters to his younger children.

“CALCUTTA,  
“*June 13th*, 1881.

“MY DEAR ——,—I wish you could have been with me yesterday afternoon. We went to a Jewish synagogue, and saw a young couple married. All was done in Hebrew, and was so queer. The bride was so pretty, and there were several very handsome Jewish women in the gallery. The Rabbi was a noble-looking man. The groom put three coins, gold, silver, and copper, into a little china cup of wine, both the groom and bride sipping the wine. Then he took back the three coins and put them into his pocket, after which he put the cup on the floor and crushed it with his boot. The Hebrew singing was

so funny. All the gentlemen wore their hats in the synagogue! Perhaps some day I will take you to this very synagogue. Are you feeling better? I must go now. God bless you!—Your loving PAPA.”

“MIDNAPORE,  
“April 19th, 1884.

“MY DARLING ——,—I am going to write you a Canine and Feline letter to-day. Ask mama what these two words mean.

“1st. *Canine*—

“(1) Snow is all right and behaves well, like the good dog he is. He sits beside my chair at table, and when he thinks that I have forgotten him, he stands up and touches my arm with his paw. He likes brown bread and chicken bones, and does not like Tabby overmuch.

“(2) Don, the black dog at Dr. Bachelor’s house, was naughty and bit poor old Dharma. So Mr. Griffin tried his new gun on him, and he has not barked or bitten since.

“2ndly. *Feline*—

“(1) Tab has a pretty kitten in Aunt Julia’s bath-room. She had two, but one did not like this world, and the kites carried it up higher. Tab sits beside Snow on the other side of my chair, and begs for milk and meat. She thinks brown bread and potatoes good enough for Snow.

“(2) Tom (Miss Millar’s cat) was naughty over in the other house, so Mr. G—— used him for a rifle target. He has not been naughty any more. Ask your mama why. Now you will write me a nice little letter. Papa wants to see you very much.”

“SS. DACCA,  
“ *August 2nd, 1884.*

“MY DARLING ——,—I am on a big ship bound for Madras. There are eighteen geese, twelve shèep, two kids, one hog, two pigs, and a nice baby elephant on board. The baby eats plantains and rice, and lots of sugar-cane. I am too sick to say more to-day.—  
Your loving  
PAPA.”

“COLOMBO, CEYLON,  
“ *August 15th, 1884.*

“MY DARLING ——,—Papa has had fever to-day, and while I was on the couch, such a nice little doctor came to see me. Her name is Ethel Maud Scott, and she is five years old. She kissed my hot lips, and put her soft hands on my aching head, and said she was sorry I had fever. Then she looked up so pleasantly, and said, ‘Dr. Phillips, if you will take some of Mama’s nice sugar pills, and let me put some Eau de Cologne on a handkerchief and lay it on your forehead, you will get well.’ When I asked her who it was that made sick people well, she said very quickly, ‘God’; and she promised to pray for me, and ask Jesus to make me well. She has learned crotchet (I am afraid I have spelt that word wrong, ask Mama), and when she saw the pen-wiper on my table so full of ink, she said, ‘I will just make you a nice new one, and then you may tell —— that Ethel Maud Scott made it.’ Ethel is a sweet child all day long; but when it comes time to go to bed, she sometimes howls and kicks, and then her papa has to take her off in his arms. This is not



nice, is it? Now, my darling is a bigger soldier than Ethel, and must try to be a very nice lady all day long, and in the evening too.—Your loving

“PAPA.”

The following letters are to his older children:—

“MIDNAPORE,  
“April 19th, 1888.

“MY DEAR ——,—We are feeling very anxious about dear Mama, and feel like flying to help her. *Are you good to her?* Please answer this question, and remember these few little things—

- 1stly. Don't disobey Mama.
- 2ndly. Don't tease her.
- 3rdly. Don't make her sad.
- 4thly. Help her cheerfully.
- 5thly. Help her promptly.
- 6thly. Give up to her politely.
- 7thly. Make her glad every day.

—Your loving PAPA.”

“KANDY, CEYLON,  
“September 17th.

“MY DEAR ——,—I am so sad to learn that dear Mama is not very well. It is such a comfort to me to think that you are doing your very best to help her every day. When you are tempted, my dear boy, as, of course, you will be, to be careless, and idle, and lazy, will you please stop and think that I am praying for you, and hoping that you are Mama's right-hand man, always earnest and eager, prompt, polite, and patient in helping her, so making her

burden lighter and her heart happier. Remember that I am trusting you, and expecting you to make home bright and beautiful by your loving obedience and hearty helpfulness. Please always tell me freely how you are getting on. Do you and —— get on pleasantly? Let people see how nobly two missionary boys can love and help each other.”

“MIDNAPORE,  
“April 23rd, 1885.

“MY DARLING ——,—Your pencil note of March 5th came in on the 17th instant. Please do not use pencil in writing letters, for it gets young ladies into hasty and slovenly habits in letter-writing. Once a week you can afford me a pen and ink chat of half an hour. Cannot you try and learn to write a neat little letter, my child, for this will be an introduction for you into good society many a time. Your spelling improves, and so does your way of putting things. . . . Please write neatly, correctly, and thoughtfully, and let me see improvement in each letter that comes. I find only one word spelt wrongly in this, and I send it back on a slip. I see you would like to come and help me, would you? Well, I would love to have you. My books need dusting, my papers and pamphlets (those *beloved* pamphlets Mama used to laugh about) need sorting and putting up. All these and more call for help.”

“NEWHAVEN, CONNECTICUT,  
“April, 1888.

“MY DARLING ——,—Just a few lines on your day before I sleep. How good God has been to you! It

seems hardly possible that twenty years ago this day you came to our home. Such a lovely day it was! The dear old peepul tree in front of the house was in fresh new tender leaf, and the moonlight evening I well recollect, when I held my first baby in my arms and thanked God for him. And how wonderfully he has blessed you since then! My dear boy, you cannot repay all of God's love, but you may prove your sincere gratitude by devoting yourself to earnest efforts for His glory in helping your fellow-men. . . . Let us pray that the Lord may open your way before you. I well recollect how He opened my way for me, when I went to Brunswick in 1857 an entire stranger. If you devote yourself to Him, He will never fail you. Read Matthew vi. 33, and study its meaning, particularly that strange word 'first' on which the whole verse turns. Your needs are all guaranteed to you provided you follow Christ fully and make His service your chief concern. Now, good-night, my dear boy, and may the Lord guide you through the new year you begin to-night."

"BRIGHTON,  
"September 25th, 1890.

"MY DARLING —,—God bless you, my dear child, for writing so faithfully during these weary weeks. While Mama's letters for the very first time in our twenty-eight years of correspondence have been suspended for a season, I cannot tell you what a comfort your good chats have been to me. This evening I have spoken for our dear India again. The meeting was in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel—a very stiff place. Two or three officials belonging to it came to me

expressing the earnest hope that I should say nothing that would provoke merriment. They also charged us about being facetious, and hoped there would be no expression of applause. Well, I never worked in such a strait jacket; but I survived, and hope some good was done. Several times, however, my very sedate audience smiled audibly, and a few once or twice began to cheer!"

"ALMORA,  
"June 7th, 1894.

"MY DARLING ——,—How very sad and cast down I feel for not getting a letter from you by last mail, and only a post-card from you the mail before! Should this thing go on, I shall have to buy a lot of this black-edged paper for constant use. A lady in Calcutta, whose monthly epistle I do not preserve, uses this sombre sheet, and I am able to clip just this wee bit of it for conveying to your worldly and eager mind some sense of the depth of grief your recent neglect has been causing your paternal relative. Please take warning in season."

"CAMP, BADHISOL, MIDNAPORE,  
"January 10th, 1895.

"MY DARLING ——,—Don't you wish you could come and share our quiet under these ten beautiful mangoes? I wish you could. Now the sun is setting, and I am looking into the glowing west and thinking of the precious babas who used to be with us in these delightful camps under the banyan and mango, bamboo and palm, and who are now so far away. In imagination I hear H.'s merry voice, as she swings and begs Will to do it, and John's hearty shout as he

gallops up the road and calls for the sice ; and I fancy you are all with us once more around the home altar of prayer, where I taught you to pray and look up for blessing. On the top bough of the mango tree sits a beautiful blue bird, and amidst the dense leaves a red-beaked woodpecker is repeating its lonely note, which is heard at noonday when all else is still, and tired nature is hushed into an Eastern nap. This little fellow is a beauty, and I have come to know him better this time than ever before. The pretty brown turtle doves are cooing in the trees, and all seems so beautiful, but 'only man is vile.' Thank God for the privilege of pointing sinners to our adorable Lord!—  
Your loving PAPA."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CLOSING DAYS.

“**G**OD is good to let me come back and renew work here at headquarters.” So wrote Dr. Phillips on December 19th, 1893, when he once again reached his office at Calcutta.

“The long journey from Bombay was relieved by meeting old friends at several points, and the energetic secretary of the Bengal auxiliary was at Howrah to welcome us. His Sunday Schools for the Hindu and Mohammedan children were the first I looked into, and the faces of these eager little ones seemed like a real benediction.”

Six days later he was in his native land of Orissa, of which he says—

“Orissa has some beautiful Sunday Schools, and it is always a joy to look into one of them, as I did here yesterday. A missionary lady is the superintendent. There is a preparation class for teachers, which is largely attended. Mr. Jewson’s ‘Lessons on the Life of Our Lord’ is used here. The Cuttack Mission Press prints this. At the request of the Oriya pastor, I occupied the pulpit yesterday, and spoke of the responsibility of parents and teachers. This evening the children and the friends have had their Christmas

tree, and having looked in upon their merry joy, I must move on northward."

To reach his next station at Midnapore two days later, he had to journey seventy-six miles in a palan-keen, being carried by native bearers. So the broken year came to an end.

"Three-fourths of this year," wrote Dr. Phillips in his annual report, "have been spent away from our field. Only January, February, and December have been devoted to the pressing demands of our growing work in India. On returning from Europe, I found much for which to be thankful. The blessing of God has been upon this work for His little ones, and signs of progress are seen on every hand. May we all understand something of our Master's words when He said, 'It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.'"

The report goes on to speak of progress in all directions; of all the auxiliaries honest and gratifying work is recorded; and the statistics, which include only those schools connected with the India Sunday School Union, show that a gratifying increase had taken place.

Unfortunately, Dr. Phillips returned from his absence exhausted rather than refreshed. His diary for the closing weeks of December contains too many entries of this kind: "My head still swimming, so dizzy, so tired and weak"; "My head still so weak and giddy"; "My head still suffering"; and similar expressions, which gave indications of that gradual undermining of his con-

stitution which was to end ere long in his premature death.

The year 1894 saw the "triangulation" of India once more accomplished by Dr. Phillips in his tours, which reached a total of 13,509 miles. We can give but occasional and fleeting glimpses of the untiring worker during these journeyings. We draw chiefly upon his "Jottings," published in the *India Sunday School Journal*.

"CALCUTTA,  
February 27th, 1874.

"There have been many happy, happy gatherings of children this month in Calcutta. The prize-giving anniversaries are, of course, popular. I was glad to be able to look in upon that of Miss Neele's school, that of the Union Chapel, and that of the American Women's Union Society. It is well to have special sermons for children, and for parents and teachers on such anniversary occasions. A pleasant hour was spent in Miss M'Donald's school for Bengali Christian girls, and the same Sabbath I was prompted to visit the Bengali Sunday School, Free Church of Scotland, and one of Miss Hunt's schools for Hindu girls. Whenever I see these beautiful Sunday Schools for Christian children, I cannot repress the thought, 'What helps these boys and girls should become in our broad and promising field!' The annual meeting of the Bengal Sunday School Union, combined with the regular social quarterly meeting, was held last evening at St. Andrew's Kirk Hall, and proved an occasion of more than ordinary interest."



“LUDHIANA, PUNJAB,  
“*March 12th.*”

“In the little graveyard of this mission compound, I found the names of quite a number of missionaries, and among them that of Joseph H. Meyers, one of those who came to India with me nearly twenty-nine years ago. His was but a short term of service of four and a half years, but he toiled faithfully, and his work abides. Of that party of ten who came round the Cape in a sailing ship, only five remain. Half our number have already entered into rest, but five of us are still in the field. In these days larger parties are coming out from home, for the passage has been reduced to but a third or fourth of its former length. Beside the grave of our comrade who gladly gave himself for our dear India’s weal, I prayed for all our workers now bearing the burden and heat of the day. God grant us all grace to be good ministers of Jesus Christ!”

“JALLANDER CITY,  
“*March 15th.*”

“The new feature, and most cheering one, I saw here, is a nice little Sunday School for the servants’ children, conducted by Miss Carrie Newton and her brother Van. These missionary children, not yet in their teens, are working enthusiastically for the boys and girls of the compound. There were eleven pupils present, and they had made a good start in learning to sing and repeat Bible verses. Could such classes increase throughout the land, we should have more Christian servants and better, and there would be

fewer complaints, I believe, of the untrustworthiness of those we have."

"PESHAWAR, *April 5th.*

"This is the very top of India, and on the Afghanistan frontier. I could not resist the repeated request of the veteran missionary of the C.M.S. that I should visit this frontier station, though I had not planned to do so on this tour. These brethren are more than a hundred miles from the nearest missionary station. Mr. and Mrs. Thwaites gave us a cordial welcome. Near their bungalow I found a hostel for Vasthu lads attending the high school of the C.M.S., which I had the pleasure of addressing. Three missionary families came in for a pleasant drawing-room service or Sunday School Bible reading, and this morning I have been putting the claims of this work for the children of the land before the Hindustani Church. There is an open door here for discreet and diligent effort in behalf of the little ones. Let this frontier station be faithfully remembered in our prayers!"

"ALMORA, *June 8th.*

"Why does not somebody say a kind word for the Dāk Bungalow? We have found these very comfortable indeed, and well kept. It is pleasing to find that friends of temperance and others are supplying periodical religious literature to these rest-houses, maintained by the Government. Back numbers of standard periodicals judiciously placed would undoubtedly cheer many travellers who halt a day or two in these bungalows. Why may we not look for rich fruit from this seed-sowing?"

“CHAVAGACHERRY, CEYLON,

“August 25th.

“After thirty-five hours of continuous travel from Matele in the royal mail coach drawn by ponies and bullocks, I was glad to be here. It is a pleasure to say a few words to the native helpers here before going on for the night. How Ceylon needs railways! I am delighted to hear that the prospects of the Hindu-Ceylon Railway are brightening. It would be a boon indeed to this beautiful island.”

Dr. Phillips' "Jottings," valuable and interesting as they are, yet prove lacking in one particular as a true and faithful account of his work. They say practically nothing of results. His modesty did not allow him to tell either the amount of work he accomplished or the benefits which resulted from his efforts. It is fitting then at this point, in order to supply this deficiency, to insert one or two quotations from the reports of the local auxiliaries which he visited. In the report of the Bombay Sunday School Union, December 1894, it is stated—

“For some weeks prior to the arrival here of our bright, active, and big-hearted general secretary, plans were being formed to hold a general convention for the Bombay Presidency; but despite many telegrams and pressing letters, despite influences and arguments, it was decided to drop the convention. One week after this solemn decision, Dr. Phillips arrived, and at once set to work to find out what could be done to get the Bombay Sunday School workers together. He worked quietly yet powerfully, and by that same

evening he had gathered together a committee representing all the churches, who, guided and helped by the doctor, agreed to hold some special meetings, which were in reality nothing but a convention, and a truly delightful and profitable time it was. . . . We thank God for the Sunday School work, for the Bombay Sunday School Union, and especially for the gifted and fitted Dr. Phillips."

From Moulmein it was reported that—"In all the schools there are at least 500 children that now receive some light of the Gospel, who were not cared for before Dr. Phillips came."

From Poona came similar testimony:—"Most people who are engaged as Dr. Phillips is, in advancing the interest of some particular cause, as that of Sunday Schools or temperance, are usually successful in arousing temporary enthusiasm on the part of those who listen to their appeals, and also in awakening and strengthening desires to do something to help on the good work; but they either make no suggestions as to methods and plans by which these desires may be turned into actions, or if suggestions are made they are frequently impracticable, or in some way unsuited for existing circumstances, and hence little or no permanent good is accomplished; but I think all who have attended Dr. Phillips' meetings or conversed with him will admit that they are without excuse if they fail to act upon the simple and feasible plans which he so plainly points out to them."

The records for the year 1894 show that he preached ninety-seven sermons, and delivered 305 addresses.

The first entry in the diary for 1895 was this—

“Thanks for this bright beginning of the new year,” an entry eloquent of the hopefulness and optimism of “a heart at leisure from itself.” January 8th saw him busily packing up for a visit to Orissa, and next day he was encamped near Midnapore, having pitched his tent under some mango trees near a ruined indigo factory.

“Thank God,” he writes, “for the quiet and rest of this spot on the skirt of a jungle in which herds of wild elephants are now roaming”; and again, “Thank God for this sweet, heavenly, quiet camp. It is so restful and healing to my sore and tired head.”

Thus some days were passed in the solitude of the jungle; the much-needed rest being only broken by a little missionary work among the Santals. Here Dr. Phillips spent his fiftieth birthday, and on the 27th of the month he was back in Calcutta once more, absorbed in his official work. Seven days later he set out on a long-projected visit to Assam, with the characteristic remark, “It seems good to be on the warpath again.” The experience was a new one to Dr. Phillips, and he was now quite out of the beaten track, travelling from place to place on elephants, and living in huts of bamboo and straw. Isolated missionaries were visited, and in many cases vaccinated as well. Numerous addresses were delivered through interpreters, and the Sunday School work generally was organised and extended.

“KĀSIKHĀGRĀ, ASSAM,  
“*February 4th, 1895.*”

“For four years I have been looking forward to seeing the work in Assam. Besides the calls and claims of other parts of my broad field, perhaps the reputation of Assam for fever has had something to do with keeping me out of it. But this is a good month here, and I could not longer postpone my visit. . . .

“The assistant commissioner’s elephant was our beast of burden; but being old, and having a sulky driver, it made hardly two miles an hour. This three days’ meeting has been one full and refreshing. These Garo Christians seem so intelligent, so independent, and enterprising. More than 800 have come from distances ranging from ten to seventeen miles. We met or overtook several parties coming to the meeting, walking single file through the open fields or the tall grass of the jungle, the infants bound to the women’s backs and the older children strapped to the men’s backs. All these visitors, wonderful to say, are entertained by the local church, which provides both shelter and food. I have seen nothing to match this hospitality in any land. One day seventeen maunds<sup>1</sup> of rice were distributed, with a corresponding amount of meat and vegetables, and fuel for cooking. The meetings have been most enthusiastic. The Garo singing of our English tunes is remarkable. I could not discover one native tune of their own jungle life. It seems a pity to have all these wild native melodies lost by the Karens and

<sup>1</sup> An Indian maund equals 82½ pounds.

others. Some of those retained by the Santals and other jungle tribes are really beautiful. Cheering reports came in from the churches. The number of baptisms during the year in this Garo Association was upwards of 200, making the present number of communicants nearly 2400. There are 13 churches in this association, with over 30 Sunday Schools, containing more than 1600 pupils. . . . Like other hill and jungle tribes, the Garos exhibit independence and manliness in providing for their own pastors and teachers. The churches are mainly independent of foreign aid, and more than half of the evangelists are supported by the churches. These men are models of self-denial. One of them came to the missionary in charge only yesterday, saying, 'I have a bit of land, and can get on with five rupees a month now and six for coolie hire.' He was getting nine rupees a month, besides the allowance for coolies, and voluntarily gave up four of his nine. Another illustration of the same spirit of disinterestedness was told me by my good host. A young Garo, who had studied in America several years, held a post in the Normal School at Tura at thirty rupees a month. This he voluntarily relinquished for the work of a travelling evangelist among his own people, on twelve rupees a month."

After leaving Kāsikhāgrā, Dr. Phillips proceeded by elephant and pony to Golpārā and thence by steamer to Ding Ghat, whence a journey of twenty-five miles in a bullock cart brought him to Nowgong. Here he found a good Sunday School and Sunday congregation. He then went to Shillong, a charming hill station 5000

feet above the sea. On his way he stopped at Gaupati for a few hours' rest, and seized the opportunity to talk to a few native Christians about Sunday School work. At Shillong he gave many addresses to the Kāsi Christians, and was delighted to find a capital Sunday School, with an attendance of over 300 children in seventeen classes. As an illustration of his common sense, it may be mentioned that he notes with great satisfaction the lowness of the benches for the infant class. On other occasions he frequently urged the cruelty of placing small children upon high and uncomfortable benches. After thirty-two miles' travel he reached Cherrapunji, where he found a native theological school and a well-equipped hospital with a medical missionary in charge. All these were in connection with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Mission.

"Tokens of cheer," he wrote, "and signs of real thrift appear on every side, and I believe there is a glorious future before the faithful toilers of the Welsh Churches; and now after three very pleasant weeks in Assam, I set my face Calcutta-ward again. The Bengal Sunday School Union may well be proud of this American and Welsh Mission constituency in Assam."

On his way home he journeyed first on horseback, then in a basket on a man's back, then by railway, next in a rowing boat, then by steamboat, and finally by the mail train, until he reached Calcutta, after six days' travelling, just in time to take part in a united meeting of the English Sunday Schools, held at the Town Hall.

An extract from his address may here be given,



which will serve to show his bright and happy style when talking to children.

“Who was it that said, ‘Suffer little children to come unto Me?’ (‘Jesus.’) Another name? (‘Christ.’) Another? (‘Son of God.’) Another? (‘Emmanuel.’) Yes, that is the name I want. That is a name we do not hear enough about. What is the meaning of the name? (‘God with us.’) I want to send you away with the word EMMANUEL for this year’s motto. Remember it through the year, the name of Jesus—Emmanuel, God with us. I wish every boy and girl to feel that it is really so, that God is with him everywhere. If Jesus is with you, He sees everything you do.

“A naughty boy wanted some fruit growing in a man’s orchard. The boy waited till it was quite dark, and then looked carefully to see if anyone was looking on. Was anyone? (‘Yes, he forgot to look *up*.’) Jesus saw him; so Jesus looks on in your home at all times. Jesus, God with us, is our true pilot. Going down the Brahmaputra the steamer stuck in the river because a man thought he was a pilot but did not know the way. How many boys make wrecks of their lives by forsaking Jesus. Last night in the train I travelled with an old Sunday scholar. Poor fellow, how I pitied him as he swore and cursed! I was ashamed of him. He did not know who I was, or that I was watching him. Remember, that wherever you are, and when you are tempted, Jesus is Emmanuel, hearing all you say, willing to guide you in every trial. A speaker has referred to his brother in Bombay. When I went there, after having been in India ten

years, I saw a great many people standing on the quay. I said, 'I wonder whether I can make out one face.' At last I did. It was the face of a very good friend, but that face was not there when I landed ten years later. But by and by the last journey will be done, and we shall have reached home. Then Somebody will be there who knows us. Jesus, Emmanuel, will be there. What a glad welcome we shall have!"

Dr. Phillips remained at Calcutta a month, being busily occupied with his usual clerical and literary work. At this time he was in correspondence with Mr. H. G. Wilson, M.P., who was endeavouring to arouse the British conscience to a sense of the iniquities connected with the cantonment system in India.

On March 23rd, Dr. Phillips set out upon what was to prove his last missionary journey. This time he went farther afield than usual, visiting the Straits Settlements and the Island of Java.

"SINGAPORE, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS,

"April 10th, 1895.

"More than four years ago, I promised Mr. Munsom of the American Mission here that I would embrace the very first opportunity for visiting Malasia in the interests of Sunday Schools. Plans for our work in North India so changed that I had a month for the Straits Settlements, and gladly took ship for Singapore, the headquarters of the British possessions in these waters. At this season the sea is quiet, and the voyage in the ss. *Lightning* was very pleasant. . . . We sighted the Andaman Islands. Is anyone doing anything there to teach the poor prisoners of Him who

came to set the prisoner free? What fine Sunday Schools might be held in all the gaols and prisons of these Eastern lands, if only voluntary, eager, intelligent teachers could be found for the difficult task!

“On a very pleasant day we halted at Penang, and arrangements were made for special Sunday School services on my return trip. At this point scores of Sepoys from Upper India left us, but the deck was quickly filled again by such an eager crowd of Chinese bound for Hong Kong. The Christian workers here in Singapore have given our cause a very hearty welcome. Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of looking into seven Sunday Schools, the Anglican, Methodist, and Presbyterian missions, and of the Brethren. All these are, as compared with like schools in India, small and new, but a capital start has been made, and I look for sturdy growth. The cheerful courage of the teacher and superintendents is very promising, and with their peculiar difficulties to face they are pushing on well. The Anglo-Chinese school for boys is indeed a very bright spot, and I enjoyed visiting it. Over 500 lads are there, being trained for useful lives. The Chinese and Malay schools for girls are also doing a grand work.”

During this stay at Singapore, Dr. Phillips not only visited the missionary day schools and Sunday Schools, but he preached in the churches, held drawing-room meetings in private houses, conducted a conference of Sunday School workers, and took a leading part at a public meeting held in the interest of the work which he had so much at heart. He found children

being taught in four languages — English, Malay, Chinese, and Tamil. Some of the Sunday Schools were held in the streets through lack of buildings, and these never failed to attract scores, although the personality of the attendance varied frequently.

On April 10th, Dr. Phillips embarked on board the ss. *Godavery*, en route for Batavia, Java, which he reached in company with some German missionaries on the 10th. Here he found a welcome at the house of a Dutch schoolmaster.

“BATAVIA, JAVA,  
“April 19th, 1895.

“Through the kindness of several Dutch friends, who speak a little English, and an Englishman engaged in Bible work, I have been able to sow a little seed here, and have promised to come again next spring and do more. The Dutch churches have Sunday Schools, but there is room for much growth, for improved methods, and for missionary enthusiasm. There are said to be about eighty English people in Batavia, but no regular service is kept up. The pretty little church, that I was told had not been opened for service since August, is sadly in need of a faithful caretaker, the pulpit, pews, prayer and hymn books being given up to the ravages of tropical insects. Owing to the zeal of the good Bible agents, we have had an English service this evening. Last Sabbath (Easter) this church could not be opened owing to the absence of the Standing Committee in the hills. Oh for one wideawake Christian in Batavia to keep the doors of this house open! How dare Englishmen shut up God’s house?”

“DEPOK, JAVA,  
“ *April 15th.*”

“The very brightest thing I have seen in Dutch India so far has been here, twenty-one miles from Batavia by train. A seminary for training evangelists is here, and I found forty young men studying the Bible under a German principal and his assistants. These men came from the islands of the broad and beautiful Malasian Archipelago, viz. Borneo, Celebes, Java, New Guinea, Sumatra, etc. Before me on these forms were two men of a darker hue than their fellows, from Dutch New Guinea, several sons of the savages of Borneo, and quite a number of the descendants of the once cannibal Batuks of the western coast of Sumatra. All these men, who are to lift up the standard of our King, were seated beside each other.”

Leaving Batavia on the 20th, Dr. Phillips reached Singapore on the 22nd, and on the 28th was able to pay his promised visit to Penang. Concerning this visit he wrote—

“Reaching here about noon on Sunday, I was able to visit the Tamil school of the American Mission, and in the evening to address its English congregation. Yesterday and to-day I have been looking into some schools, and am delighted to find an Anglo-Chinese high school like that at Singapore. Two special meetings have been held in behalf of Sunday Schools, and a Sunday School Union has been organised under encouraging auspices. There is a great and inviting field here for work among the young, and these American and European Christians are

determined to occupy it. The languages, as at Singapore, are Chinese, Malay, Tamil, and English. English is bound to win, and is increasing rapidly."

Dr. Phillips left Penang on May 1st, and on the 7th was back again at Calcutta. After a very full week, occupied with much business, he set out on the evening of May 14th to rejoin Mrs. Phillips in the hills, reaching Missoorie after three days' weary travelling on the railway.

On the following day he was seized with the severest attack of fever that he had experienced for many years, the cold stage lasting three hours. For several days he continued very weak, though no grave effects were anticipated. The brief entries in his diary mention the visits of various doctors, and on May 25th he records the fact that he purchased a walking-stick: while the weakness thus hinted at is more than corroborated by the unusual brevity of his notes, and the feeble, straggling handwriting.

He remained at the "Midlands," the residence of his friend Mr. Parsons, unable to do much work, but enjoying short walks and occasional rides on the hill-sides. On June 2nd he was sufficiently well to address a Sunday School, and to preach a children's sermon at the Missoorie Union Church; and during the week he attended the meetings of the Christian Convention in the Baring Institute.

On the next Sunday he gave an early morning address to the soldiers in their prayer-room, and also talked a little to the Sunday School children. The week that followed was spent quietly, taking short rides and reading in the woods; and on Friday, June



VIEW OF MISSOULA.

*From a Photograph.*





14th, he wrote what proved to be his last magazine article. On the following Sunday he gave three short addresses to small gatherings of children, and on the next day, Monday, June 17th, he conducted his last public service.

It was a small drawing-room meeting, held in the interests of his much-loved Sunday School work. The rain was falling fast, so that comparatively few people came; but he noted with satisfaction that the girls of the school were present.

On this day the diaries which he had kept with such diligent faithfulness throughout his life reached their close, and the last feeble lines he was able to write before the pen fell from his trembling fingers form a worthy close to the long record—

“May God bless the Sunday School message to the young!”

A week of terrible physical suffering followed, and at ten o'clock on the morning of June 25th, 1895, the untiring worker passed to his rest.

A lady who visited him during his last brief illness writes—

“I was with him a short time on his last Sabbath here.

“He asked for the reading of a hymn which was inside the cover of his Bible.

‘Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thine erring children, lost and lone.’

“He was suffering greatly, and the noise of some children outside disturbed him; yet when I proposed

quieting them, he said, 'Oh no, don't! They have been so good all day.' He preferred their freedom to his own ease from pain."

On the day following his death, the funeral procession passed along the mountain path between



DR. PHILLIPS' GRAVE.

Landour and Missoorie. The children of the various schools in the neighbourhood stood by the wayside, with uncovered heads, till the procession passed, and then joined it to the cemetery. Ministers of various denominations took part in the service at the Union

Chapel. The rain was falling fast as the large gathering of friends stood around the grave into which the young men of the schools gently lowered the coffin of their greatest friend.

Before us lie many records of funeral sermons and memorial tributes in religious newspapers and magazines, together with a remarkably large number of letters of condolence from Christian workers of many denominations, and of localities far apart from one another. All with one voice speak of the saintly spirit and indomitable energy which characterised the India Sunday School secretary. One tribute here must suffice as a specimen of all the rest. It is by Senator Reed, late Speaker of the House of Representatives at Boston, and its eloquent words form a fitting conclusion to the present sketch of a noble and consecrated life.

“A great many years ago, when I was a boy in college, I used to read the *Morning Star* in the rooms of James Liddell Phillips. He was a true, earnest, devoted believer, as thoroughly without guile or self-seeking as any man I ever knew.

“How he fared and what he did to further the faith that was in him is well known to-day. I always held him in my heart as the one man I knew who, faithful to his belief, and without a desire for reward in this world, gave up country and friends, health and comfort, for a life unknown alike to fame and pleasure. I used often to wonder if there might not be as he grew older underneath that seeming content some of those vague longings for a different life which afflicted those of us whose paths from the cradle to the grave were

unlike his. It is one of the pleasant recollections that I treasure, that I had the opportunity to find out if my vague conjectures were true or not. He came to my house with his wife, whose devotion to the same cause must have been to him a succour and much help, to stay with me during the meeting of the Churches of his denomination. On the evening arranged when he was to speak to a great audience, a violent attack of jungle fever confined him to his room for that night and several days after. His patience in sickness and his regret for the disappointment at not meeting his audience were without a shadow of self-regard. My tribute to his memory is my sincere admiration for his unselfish life of self-sacrifice and devotion—a life of self-sacrifice and devotion so deep and full and rich that to his dying day he never had thought that he was doing anything nobler than the simple duty which created beings owe to their Creator.”

THE END.







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