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M. M. Hutchins Hills.

REMINISCENCES.

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

FREE BAPTIST INDIA MISSION.

BY

MRS. M. M. HUTCHINS HILLS.

“How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach
except they be sent?”

Published by the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

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BY MRS. M. M. HUTCHINS HILLS.

INTRODUCTION.

A portion of the pages of this volume was written for the *Missionary Helper*, organ of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, under the heading, "Reminiscences of the Free Baptist India Mission."* An awakened interest to know something of the work of the early missionaries called for a continuance of these papers till they covered nearly twenty years. Meanwhile, requests came from India and from different sections at home that, for their permanent preservation, the papers be published together in book form. The Woman's Board undertook the task, requesting the writer to continue her "Reminiscences" to the present time. A correspondence covering the entire life of the mission, assisted by recent India Reports, has made it possible to do this, though those relating to the later years of the mission are little else than a brief record of some of the leading events connected with the work. It was intended to present the portraits of all the early missionaries, but it was found in some cases impracticable to secure satisfactory pictures.

It is a matter of regret that the spelling of the names on the map

*The Free Baptists, for the first twenty years of their existence, called themselves Baptists. As they taught boldly the freedom of the human will, their opponents, in derision, so persistently called them "Free Willers" or "Freewill Baptists" that finally, like the Methodists, they accepted the name thus thrust upon them. Hence, they organized their Foreign Missionary Society under the name Freewill Baptist. When the Free Communion Baptists united with them in 1841, General Conference passed a resolution recommending that the churches have the privilege of calling themselves Freewill, Free Communion, or Free Baptists, as they preferred. In process of time, Free Baptist became pretty generally adopted, as being broader and more appropriate, including the doctrine of free communion as well as the freedom of the will. The Foreign Missionary Society, when it organized under its new charter in 1883, changed its name to Free Baptist. Hence both names are used in this work.

does not correspond with those in the body of the work. The latter follow Sir William Jones's reformed system of spelling and pronunciation, now used in India, as a standard. Thus Bhimpur is spelled on the map Bhimpoor, Badrak, Bhudruck, etc. Let the reader familiarize himself with the Rules of pronunciation below and it is believed that he will have little perplexity in finding the places on the map.

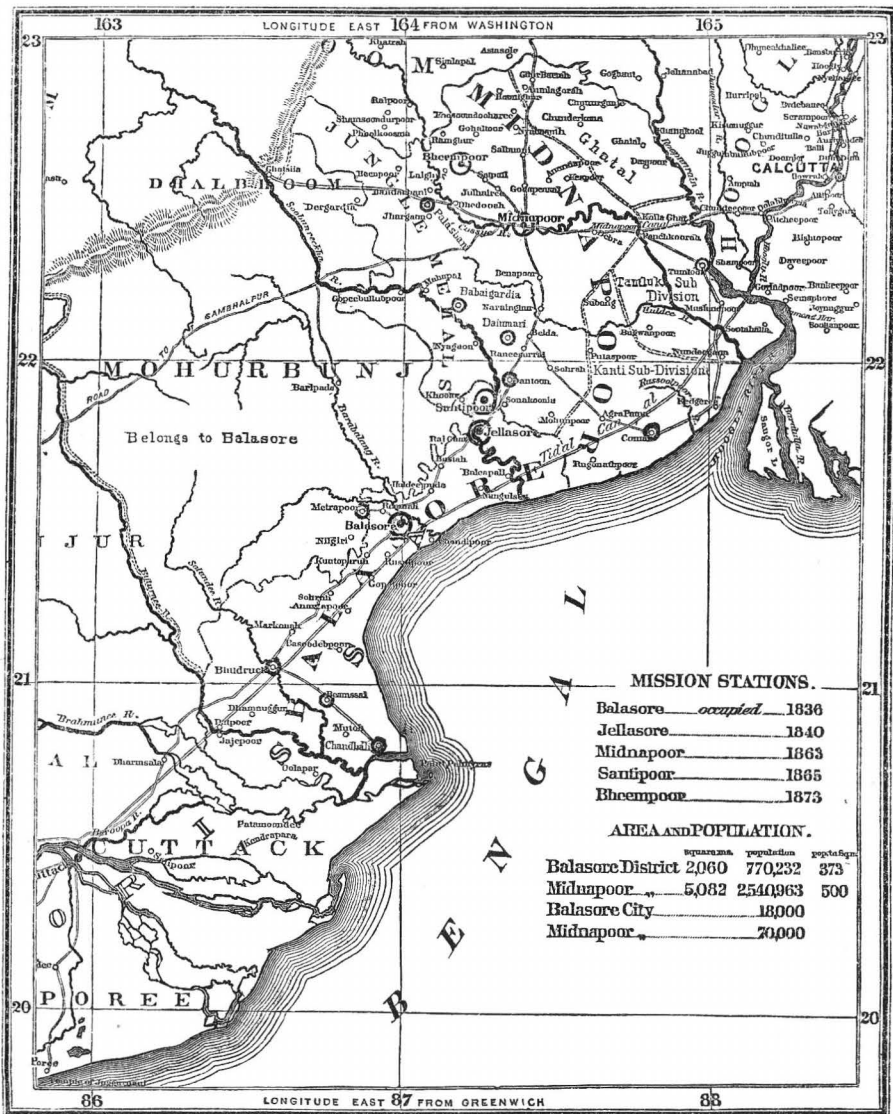
If, through God's blessing, the portrayal of a few of the scenes through which our little band of missionaries has struggled shall stimulate the patrons of the mission to more earnest, vigorous efforts, or enlist the sympathies of any hitherto indifferent to the blessed work, the writer will be very grateful to the God of missions.

RULES.

Every vowel except *a* has one uniform sound. This vowel has two sounds, distinguished from each other by the mark of the acute accent. Thus:

- á* has the sound of *a* in father.
- a* (without the mark) has the sound of *a* in fall.
- e* always has the sound of long *a* in fate.
- i* always has the sound of short *i* in pin.
- o* always has the sound of long *o* in note.
- u* always has the sound of double *o* in boot.

Thus Puri is pronounced Poori, Midnapur, Midnapoor. The Anglicized spelling of the names of a few noted places, known all over the world, has been retained, such as Calcutta, Cuttack, etc.



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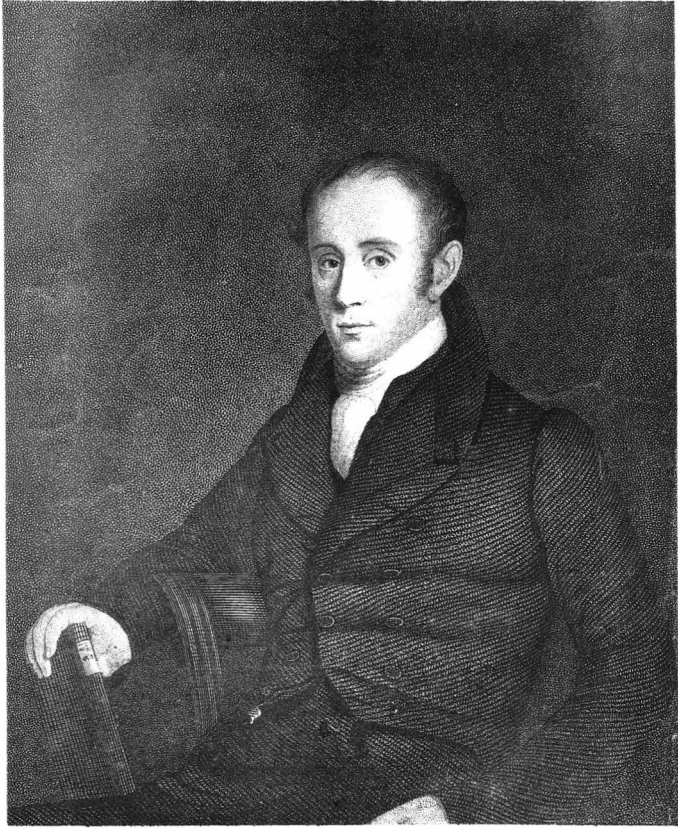
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Amos Sutton, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

1832-1838.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Not far from the year 1830, Rev. Amos Sutton, an English General Baptist missionary in India, was stationed at Puri, a province of Orissa, the seat of the far-famed idol, Jagarnáth. His second wife was an American lady, the widow of the Rev. Mr. Coleman, a Baptist missionary who joined Dr. Judson in Burma soon after he entered that field. One day Mr. Sutton, thinking seriously of the dense mass of heathen around him and the fewness of his co-laborers, became very despondent. His wife, in an attempt to encourage him, proposed that he make an effort to induce the Freewill Baptists of America to join in their foreign mission work, as their views of Biblical truth were in unison with those of the General Baptists. She further informed him that they published a paper called the *Morning Star*, which was edited by Elder John Buzzell. He immediately penned a letter to Elder Buzzell, but not knowing his address, left it in his desk.

His despondency passed off, and the letter lay forgotten in its resting-place. Months afterwards a package arrived from England. Among its wrappings was a *Morning Star*, which, furnishing the desired address, reminded him of the letter. On re-reading it, he thought, "It may avail something—I will send it." Soon it was speeding on its errand, and in due time was received and published in the *Morning Star* of April 13, 1832. The following were its closing sentences :

"I have lived more than six years in the province of Orissa, and a great part of the time close to this enormous Jagarnáth. I have seen the mangled victims of his infuriated adorers lying by hundreds upon hundreds, exposed to the birds and beasts. I have listened to their dying exclamations, Jagarnáth ! Jagarnáth ! I have seen the pit dug, and the fire kindled in it to consume the young widow with her husband's corpse ; and in one instance I succeeded in saving her from this horrible death.* I have seen Jagarnáth in his triumphal car dragged by thousands of his worshippers—men, women, and children ; and I have seen the wretched victims crushed beneath it, with a thousand other horrors. The Gospel is the antidote for all these miseries. Under its influence, the Hindu Bráhmín, who had set fire to the pile which consumed his living mother and dead father, has become the meek and affectionate preacher of the reign of mercy, and has died converted by the grace he proclaimed to others. Come, then, my American brethren, come over and help us. The way is as short and safe from India to heaven as from your land of privileges. Come and win some of these trophies to deck the crown

* For this deed, Mr. Sutton was for a time in danger of being driven from the country.

of Jesus, and then remove from earth to heaven and say: 'Here I am, Lord, and the children which thou hast given me.'

The publication of this letter led to the formation of the Freewill Baptist Foreign Mission Society. A preliminary organization was effected the following autumn in North Parsonsfield, Me., and January 29, 1833, it was chartered by the Maine Legislature. In March the organization was perfected and Elder John Buzzell was chosen President. In June of the next year, at the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting at Gilford, Mr. Sutton appeared in person. His health having failed; physicians advised a voyage to a northern climate. So he decided to visit the Freewill Baptists of America, and, if possible, secure some missionaries for India. As he arose to speak, his pale, emaciated face at once enlisted the sympathies of his large audience, judged to be about three thousand people. He thus commenced his Sabbath address:

"As I arise to speak, I seem to see the millions of India with bended knees and tearful eyes, saying, 'Sir, plead our cause—plead it effectually.' There are in India 333,000,000 gods. More missionaries are sent out from Jagarnáth to invite people to make pilgrimages to this temple than there are sent from all the Christian world. I have seen 250,000 people congregated at once at the temple of Jagarnáth, and have seen the poor worshippers throw themselves under the wheels of the idol's car, where they were crushed to death."

Mr. Sutton's vivid and graphic delineations of the sorrows of those who hasten after other gods seemed to remove his hearers to the very seat of idolatry, and

tears, sighs, and even shrieks, spoke the deep sympathy of many hearts. A collection of \$100 was taken, probably the first one of any note ever given for foreign missions among Freewill Baptists. Said Rev. David Marks, in reporting this meeting for the *Morning Star*: "How criminal has been our ignorance and neglect of this holy enterprise, and how wonderful that providence which has illumined our darkness." *

Mr. Sutton accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the newly-formed Missionary Society, and labored more or less among the churches till his return to India.

September 22, 1835, found him a happy man on Union wharf, Boston, with a company of twenty-one missionaries, including himself and wife, ready to em-

* Mr. Sutton brought with him a Hindu girl five or six years old whom he and his wife had adopted and given the name of Mary Sutton. She excited much interest, which was intensified by the story of her young life. During Mr. Sutton's stay in Balasore, on going out one day to preach in its vicinity, as he came to a village, he found a woman of good caste lying by the road in the agonies of cholera with an infant of about eight months beside her. She had come with her husband from the northern part of India on a pilgrimage to Jagarnath, and when she was taken ill, the husband abandoned both wife and child, and hastened onward for a sight of his god. Mr. Sutton did what he could to restore her, but on the third day he found her dead. The famishing infant on seeing him stretched towards him her little hands, with an expression which, he said, would have touched a stone, and which said to his heart, "O sir, have pity on me, for if you do not, there is not a being in the wide world that will." He tried among the villagers to induce some one to feed the child, offering to pay any expense, but in vain. He applied to a rich priest near whose house the dead woman lay, but he too refused. Said Mr. Sutton to him: "What is to become of the child?" "Oh, she must die too; it is nothing but a girl." He could not abandon her, so he took her to his home, and as she grew to womanhood she became an accomplished lady and an efficient Christian teacher.

bark in the ship "Louvre." Four of this number were Eli Noyes and Jeremiah Phillips and their wives. The others were missionaries of other denominations, most of whom had been secured for the heathen field by Mr. Sutton's untiring labors. Mr. Noyes was from Jefferson, Me. He married Miss Clementine Pierce, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the only surviving daughter of her widowed mother, who had followed seven daughters to their graves. This sacrifice on the missionary altar cost both mother and daughter a severe struggle. Mr. Jeremiah Phillips was from Plainfield, New York, and was a student in Hamilton college, when he left for a missionary life. He married Mrs. Mary E. Beede, of Dover, New Hampshire, the young widow of Samuel Beede, who, at the time of his death, was editor of the *Morning Star*. Mrs. Beede from childhood had been imbued with an earnest missionary spirit. When but nine years of age, in her childish zeal, she decided to become a missionary, and actually packed her trunk, expecting to accompany her brother, Rev. Rufus Spaulding, then under appointment to a Methodist mission in Africa, not in the least doubting his willingness to accept her service.

Mr. Marks and myself being in Boston for the purpose of completing arrangements for the voyage of the missionaries, it was our precious privilege to be present in the throng of several thousands assembled on the wharf to witness the departure of the "Louvre." The missionaries stood together on the side of the ship facing the throng, with cheerful faces undimmed by a sin-

gle tear. There were singing and prayer on the wharf, after which Mr. Sutton, as he looked upon the various groups of weeping friends on the shore, said: "This is not a sorrowful day to us. It is the happiest day I ever saw. We are going to preach the glorious Gospel to the heathen. Do you, in this Christian land, be careful that you do not neglect it. If you do, how will those condemn you to whom we are going! Friends, think of that." At 11 o'clock A. M. the red-shirted seamen came on deck, up went the sails, the cable was cast off, and as the vessel moved slowly from its moorings, the missionaries commenced singing:

"Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well,"

and continued until their voices were lost in the distance. We gazed till the ship appeared a mere speck and vanished from our sight.

Of this large company of missionaries that sailed on that memorable day, Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, our senior missionary, was the last to leave the field.

A voyage to India with its outfit in that early period was a very different affair from what it now is, or has been since the opening of the Suez Canal, and the organized lines of steamers. Ships were then from four to six months on their passage around the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta. Our missionaries made the voyage in about four and a half months. As the "Louvre" was not going to Calcutta, they took leave of their fellow-passengers about ninety miles below the city, and

went on board the steamer "Ganges." "In going up the Hoogly," said Mr. Noyes, "the vast number of human beings called my attention from every other object. We passed village after village where the huts were placed almost as near each other as they could stand, and the captain informed me that they extended back from the river a great distance, and, in fact, no one knew how far. What a vast population who never heard that Jesus died to save sinners! Yet this is but a speck in the heathen world. Indeed, among the millions who sit in darkness this section is hardly noticed. As the Gospel is of infinite value when viewed in relation to a single soul, how immensely important does it appear when viewed in relation to so many millions."

During their voyage, Messrs. Noyes and Phillips with their wives made very encouraging progress in the acquisition of the Oriya language through the aid of Mr. Sutton. On their arrival in Calcutta, February 4, 1836, they received many kind attentions from the resident missionaries, and during their stay they were much interested in visiting the mission schools. Leaving Calcutta February 22, they proceeded by land one hundred and fifty miles southwest to the Balasore General Baptist mission station, where they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Goadby, its resident missionary, and by Gangá Dhar, a noted native preacher. Indeed, the latter seemed elated with joy. He said: "There is much jungle in this country, and we want men to come who will not merely live among it but who will cut it

up." It was decided that Mr. Phillips should remain in Balasore for a season, and while prosecuting the study of the language, assume the superintendence of four native schools. Mr. Noyes accompanied Mr. Sutton to Cuttack, one hundred miles further south, and in connection with the study of the language took charge of the English school for native young men.

Mr. Noyes, in narrating the details of his journey from Balasore to Cuttack, described the miserable mud huts he passed as surrounded by throngs of pilgrims, many of whom were in a state of starvation and extreme misery, and the nearer he drew towards Jagarnáth's great shrine at Puri, the more the number increased, as did also human bones and dead bodies. He said: "Never can I forget the scene we witnessed at Bhadrak. Four or five rods from the sarái [inn] where we stopped, I could hardly step without placing my feet upon human bones. While standing in one place I could count eight or ten bodies recently deceased. The vultures, ravens, and dogs that were devouring them were increased to an unusual size by their luxurious fare of human flesh." Soon after Mr. Noyes reached Cuttack he witnessed a swinging játrá about half a mile from his house. He said: "When I arrived on the spot, the swing was prepared, and a multitude of spectators surrounded it. The subject of torture was dressed in a peculiar and frightful garb prepared for the occasion. With the hooks already in his back he danced around his swing for about an hour, led by a band of music and a number of men. When

he ascended the swing, I was deeply affected to see his own father fasten the rope to the pole. It was about as much as I could bear to see the skin loosen from his body when he was drawn up. He swung for about three quarters of an hour without manifesting the least flinching, yet it seemed to me his countenance indicated intense suffering. Could those who extol the happiness of the heathen witness one such swing, their mouths would be forever stopped. When shall this work of Satan vanish before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness?"

Mr. Phillips's first letter from the home-land, received in May, bore him heavy tidings. His much revered father, who came from Central New York to Boston to be present at the embarkation of his son, there took the small-pox and died soon after reaching home; and in a few days his mother died also.

The connection of Messrs. Noyes and Phillips with the General Baptist mission continued until October, 1836. Then, after a general and harmonious consultation, it was their mutual judgment that it would better promote the cause, for our missionaries to found an independent mission, than to labor jointly with the General Baptists at their stations.

Sambhalpur, two hundred and fifty miles from Cuttack, up the Mahanadi river in the western part of Orissa, was selected as a very promising field. The city was the capital of the district of the same name, and the center of a large population, and was also in the vicinity of the Coles or Kols, one of the aboriginal

tribes of India, among whom missionary labors have since been so successful.

December 12, Messrs. Noyes and Phillips and their wives, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, left Cuttack in native boats, and proceeded up the river toward the place of their destination. It was a slow and tedious voyage, and occupied nearly a month. A part of the time, however, was employed in preaching, distributing tracts and Scriptures in large towns and villages where they stopped. On the 26th, they parted with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, as they could accompany them no further.

Before reaching Sambhalpur, the wives of the missionaries passed through a trying experience. Mrs. Noyes said: "We went on in our two boats, which also contained our furniture, till the water of the river became so low that we could proceed no further, and it was about equally impossible to return. The inhabitants of the country were uncivilized, and the wild beasts had their lairs on either shore. We consulted with each other, and then sought counsel of God. The only way of relief seemed to be for our husbands to go ashore for aid, and leave us two unprotected women in the boat. It was a dark and trying hour. Our husbands said we should hear from them next morning by sunrise if they were alive. Sister Phillips and I spent much of the night reading God's Word together, and looking up to him for protection. At length we retired to our little cot to rest, with only leaves for our covering; but it was not to sleep. The night at length

passed, the morning came, the sun rose, the natives came down to the shore and gazed at us, but showed no signs of hostility. Time passed on and it was noon—no news from our husbands. The sun went down, the shades began to gather, and still no news. For a moment it seemed that we were forsaken by God and man, that our husbands had perished, and there was nothing to do but give them up as a sacrifice. We lay down the second night feeling that God was the only refuge, and to him our prayer went up. This sleepless night passed, and soon we heard the cry of a boatman, 'a letter,' and then we knew that our husbands were safe. That sound fell on our ears like the blessed voice of an angel. They had been successful in securing aid, but the treacherous natives had failed to keep their promise and bring us the intelligence. We took possession of the palanquins they sent us with such gratitude as you may never know this side of heaven. We met our husbands, who had become so anxious at the delay that they were walking back after us."

On their arrival at Sambhalpur, January, 1837, they found but one European resident, Mr. Babington, an English merchant, who showed them much kindness, and whose name should ever be held in grateful remembrance by every lover of our mission. He made them welcome to his house until they could construct some rude dwellings for themselves, which they located about half a mile apart, toward either end of the town. The Rájá of Sambhalpur, though paying some

tribute to the English government, exercised absolute and almost unlimited control over his subjects. Without his permission, the missionaries could not get men to build their houses, or obtain a single article of provisions from the market. He showed them some respect, because they wore the "fearful white face," but from his refusal to grant them small favors, evidently wished them out of his country. But He who holds the hearts of men in his hands interposed in their behalf. The missionaries, failing in an effort to secure his favor through the influence of the English government, personally visited him, "expecting," says Mr. Noyes, "nothing but his frowns, when, to our surprise, he politely received a copy of our book which we told him we wished to teach in his kingdom. He also laid presents before us, and perfumed our garments with the odor of friendship. Afterwards, he even lent us his elephant to go to Ramerda, about twenty miles, where the people, to our surprise, invited us into an idol temple and allowed us to cook, eat and sleep, preach and distribute tracts. Indeed, they seemed to be a people prepared to cast their idols to the moles and bats and learn a more excellent way."

The missionaries took possession of their houses as soon as practicable, and entered more fully upon their work, preaching in the bazar and neighboring villages, and scattering tracts and Scriptures. In July the brethren at Cuttack sent them Daitári, one of their native preachers, to assist them, also three hundred copies of Mark's gospel, and seventy of Matthew's, translated in-

to Oriya, and six thousand tracts in the same language.

Under date of July 25, 1837, Mr. Noyes speaks of Daitári's acceptable preaching, and wrote: "I have family worship in Oriya, evenings and mornings, and in the morning all my workmen engaged in building my house attend. This morning, some of them were very tender, and kneeled in time of prayer. They also came without the marks on their foreheads and noses, which they had never done before." Later he said: "Daitári and myself were sitting under a large mango-tree before my door, talking to the people who were passing in great numbers to attend a festival where lambs and goats were to be sacrificed to a goddess. After explaining the way of life through Christ, that he alone is the true sacrifice for sin, and that all these festivals were of no use, one man arose quickly, and said to his son: 'This is the knowledge I have been seeking all my life, and now that I have found it, I will go home and will never go to another festival.' His house was only four miles from us. He was even willing to break his necklace, the badge of his idolatry."

Mrs. Phillips had evinced a happy faculty for acquiring the language, and had commenced a Boarding-school. Six children were given her, some of them orphans, the others were the gifts of very indigent parents.

Notwithstanding their bright prospects for usefulness in this new field, their sky was soon overspread with darkness. At that early day, letters were long on their passage to India. But in addition to this, by some hith-

erto unexplained delay, nineteen months passed away before remittances from America reached the missionaries. This detention of their remittances—leaving them four months without money—caused them much suffering. The continued kindness of Mr. Babington in furnishing them with provisions saved them from starvation, and additional relief came from Messrs. Roberts and Penney of Calcutta, who, hearing in some way of their distress, sent them a loan of money. Sickness now visited them, and no physician was within reach. The natives were dying by thousands around them. Mr. Noyes's daughter of sixteen months fell a victim. Mr. and Mrs. Noyes were both very ill. Said Mr. Noyes, in describing their distress: "The voice of mourning echoed through the air every night. There we lay, day after day, and night after night, groan answering to groan. During the time it became necessary that I should be bled. My wife was lifted from her sick-bed by the natives, and managed, with a trembling hand, to perform the operation. Mr. Phillips's firstborn died, and his wife soon followed. He shrouded her in a winding-sheet and buried her with his own hands," and "there her mortal part rests in one of India's most delightful groves." Her death occurred November 3, 1837. In a letter announcing his bereavement, Mr. Phillips said: "I have had to drink deep in the bitter cup. The very dregs have been wrung out to me. But it is God who has done it; what can I say? . . . The distresses came when no kind brother or sister could be near to speak a word of consolation and

assist in performing the last duties to the dead." Mrs. Phillips, in writing to a friend in America a few months previous to her death, said: "Never did the cause of missions appear more blessed than it does now. I would spend and be spent in it. Yes, all I have and all I am shall be the Lord's, for he hath redeemed me by his most precious blood. Had I thousands of gold and silver, I would lay it all on the altar of missions to the last mite." This was no empty profession, for all the property left her by her former husband, Mr. Beede, she bequeathed to the Missionary Society as a donation from herself and Mr. Phillips. Said one of our later missionaries: "She has left on record a testimony in behalf of the mission cause which should not be forgotten while the memory of those who have given their lives for God in heathen lands is cherished."

The latter part of November, Mr. and Mrs. Noyes had gained sufficient strength to admit of their being placed on board a boat, and thus were taken down the river to Cuttack for medical aid and change of air. The bereaved husband went from the grave of his wife to his sick-bed, and there, in his desolate home, with none to comfort him and none to cheer him, he sank lower and lower, until hope was nearly gone, and the latter part of January, 1838, he too, with the six children of the Boarding-school, was placed on board a boat, and almost in a state of unconsciousness was floated down to Cuttack.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST PERMANENT STATION.

1838-1840.

“The whole wide world for Jesus.”

After a few weeks' rest with the kind friends at Cuttack, the sick ones seemed measurably restored, but it was thought unadvisable by the physicians and the General Baptist missionaries that they should again peril their lives at Sambhalpur. The re-occupancy of that station, they judged, should wait for an increase of the missionary force, and the means for obtaining medical attendance, for “an Indian fever without medical aid and nursing is a formidable foe.” The station at Balasore having become vacant by the return of Mr. Goadby to England, the English brethren generously offered it to our missionaries, and with it the whole of the Balasore district, comprising one third of the province of Orissa. Balasore was then a city of 15,000 inhabitants, situated near the sea, and was the chief town in the district. It had a few English residents and a physician. The climate was comparatively cool and healthy. It was under the entire control of the English government and su-1

rounded by a populous native community. It cost Messrs. Noyes and Phillips a severe trial to abandon Sambhalpur. They felt that good seed had been sown and much light diffused in that extensive and long neglected region. Indeed, fruits of those labors did appear after many days. But the unerring finger of Providence seemed to point to Balasore, and they thankfully accepted the offer of the English missionaries.

Immediately on their location in Balasore, in February, 1838, they purchased a dwelling and five acres of land for buildings for schools, and for cultivation by the pupils they expected to secure. The six children brought from Sambhalpur formed a nucleus for their Boarding-school, to which others were soon added. They also opened two day schools; the average attendance of each was twenty-five. These pupils were taught to read the Gospels, yet as they remained with their heathen parents much less permanent good was expected than from the Boarding-school.

“The first week of our residence in Balasore,” says Mr. Noyes, “we were out both mornings and evenings to preach to pilgrims on their way to the Ganges. Such droves of poor victims of idolatry afford a spectacle solemn enough to affect any heart not callous to all feelings of mercy. Never was I more moved than in pointing them to that fountain in which they might wash and be clean from all sin. Last Saturday, Daitari, our native preacher, arrived, and since that time we preach daily at two places in the bazar, Brother Phillips and myself taking the native preacher with us alternately.”

Thus, during the hot and rainy season, they preached

in the streets of the town and its neighboring villages. At times they were almost discouraged by the hardness and indifference of the people, as day after day they were obliged to return to their houses amidst the fiendish shouts of the heathen, yet it was not long before they found some interested inquirers, causing them to hope their labors would not be fruitless. In the cold season,* they made extensive journeys into the country. Mr. Noyes thus closed his account of a tour upon which he entered the 12th of December.

“I have been from home just three weeks and one day; have traveled the country of three Rájás, — a great part of which has hitherto been unknown to Europeans, — through the haunts of tigers, bears, wild elephants, and buffaloes, unarmed and protected by none but God, who has saved me from even the fear of danger. I have preached and distributed the Word of God in about sixty villages. In the first part of my journey I had the assistance of two native preachers. In consequence of bad roads or none at all, I have for the most part been obliged to go on foot.”

Natives carried his tent, bed, etc. On his way to Kapatipadá, he came to a large open plain, where he was told that two or three years before there was a large village, but the people had all fled for fear of the wild elephants that came in great numbers and destroyed their rice fields and broke down their houses. On reaching Kapatipadá, the Rájá's capital, the people said there was nothing in the town to eat, for the ele-

*Cold season is about the temperature of our New England summer. It commences in October or November, and continues till March.

phants by night, and the monkeys by day, had devoured all. They declared that it was no uncommon thing for the tigers to come into the center of the village by night and take away twelve or twenty men, and also that he himself was unsafe there. Mr. Noyes remarked:

“There was doubtless much truth and much falsehood in what they said. I hung up a blanket in the door of my hut, kindled a fire in one end, and having committed myself to the care of Him without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground, laid down upon my cot and enjoyed quiet repose till morning.”

At Sájhát, he met two men who expressed desires to become Christians and go with the missionary. He told them he had no earthly treasure and could promise them no worldly advantage. This did not in the least seem to discourage them. They wished, in case they became Christians, to leave their wives and children, and every worldly attachment. On being told that God did not require that, they left in disgust, saying they could never think of ignorant women becoming Christians! At Baksái, while preaching to a group of attentive listeners, an old woman came up and prostrated herself before a young Bráhmín. Mr. Noyes told her to arise and never fall down before any man. This the young lad resented, and said he was a Bráhmín, and was born for the salvation of the world. Mr. Noyes inquired, “If you are a saviour then what are these other men?” “Oh,” said he, “they are ignorant beasts.” “Ah!” said Mr. Noyes, “you live on the charity of beasts

then, do you, young man? Would it not be well for these men, who are old enough to be your grandfathers, to give you all their property and go and dwell with the beasts? Shame on you, that will suffer the old people to fall down before you." The men seeing he was put to shame, and not liking to be called beasts, joined with the missionary, and the saucy fellow's pride was much wounded.

Mr. Noyes, on visiting the Rájá of Baregadá, found two English chairs placed in the shade, one for himself, and the other occupied by the Rájá, while his attendants were seated around upon the ground. Soon the Rájá's two sons were brought along in the arms of men; the smaller one was about five feet high. Mr. Noyes observes :

"It was a novel sight indeed to see these young men sitting upon the hips of servants and gazing around like babies. This, I learn, is the custom among all such gentry. I tried several times to introduce religious conversation, but was as often interrupted by some novel thing; now some owls must be brought along, and the Rájá and his men must tell which was the most expert in catching mice. Then a horse would be brought forward, and there would be a long talk about his swiftness. At length, their attention was engaged to listen to a hymn, after which I had a dispute with one of the Bráhmíns, and the Rájá, I suppose out of politeness, joined with me. In the evening some of the Rájá's men called at my tent, one of whom wished to know if they became Christians what would become of the Bráhmíns and the gods. I replied that the Bráhmíns could find some laudable employment, and as for the gods, they might use them to cook their food. I then repeated the description that the

prophet gives of the man who plants and nourishes a tree till it is of sufficient size, and then makes a god of one part, and cooks his food with the other. He seemed much pleased and said that idolatry was foolish."

Mr. Phillips, during Mr. Noyes's absence, was mostly engrossed with the station work. In January, 1839, he married Miss Mary Ann Grimsditch, of Serampur. She was an adopted daughter of Rev. J. Mack, an associate of the three great men at Serampur,—Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Her father was a British officer, and lost his life in the Burmese war when she was six years of age. Her careful training in this very intelligent, refined, missionary family, her earnest and sincere piety, her intimate acquaintance with the Bengali and Hindustani languages, eminently fitted her for the duties of her new sphere, while her personal beauty, and genial, generous disposition qualified her to shine in social life.

The 27th of January, 1839, was made memorable in the annals of our mission by the baptism of Chakradhar, the first Hindu converted to Christ manifestly through its agency. He came from Sambhalpur, and was the father of two of the six children Mr. Phillips brought from that vacated station. On one of these was conferred the name of Silas Curtis, a name he has honored by a long life of faithful service, and still honors, as a devoted native preacher. Chakradhar, desirous to see his children once more, came to Balasore about three months previous to his baptism, bringing with him his little girl three years of age, whom he subsequently gave

to the mission. His wife commenced the journey with him, but died suddenly on the way, with cholera.

“His two children with us,” said Mr. Noyes, “were much pleased to see their father, and requested me to give him employ: I asked the son to tell his father what he had learned from reading the Bible, so, at my request, he spoke to him about the one true God, the wickedness of idolatry, and the importance of believing in Christ for salvation. He listened with great attention to the words of his little son, and when he finished, he said, ‘My children who have been with you have learned to be wise, while I remain a wilderness man.’ The next day, Silas commenced teaching him the alphabet, and it was delightful to see the child guiding his father’s hand to write the alphabet. His improvement has been very rapid. Though called in ignorance, he bids fair not to remain so. He appears to feel the force of truth in no ordinary degree. His heart has evidently been changed from nature to grace.”

Chakradhar, in relating his religious experience, referred to the time he heard Mr. Noyes in Sambhalpur read the Holy Book under a mango-tree, and teach the way of salvation. He was then in great destitution consequent on a severe famine, in which many persons starved to death. From that time he had no fear to give his children to those who taught such good things, so in a few days he gave his son and daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, retaining his youngest to himself. He was very glad to see his children again, and the Sahib talked to him every day about the good news, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He said:

“Thus, day after day, hearing the good news, I determined to

throw away all my Hindu religion and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely, I thought, this is just such a Saviour as I want. From that day I wished to serve none but the true God."

In writing the Secretary of this baptism, Mr. Noyes said :

"This was the most happy day of my life. After so long, God has been pleased to smile upon our labors by giving us one precious soul. Did you, my dear brother, know the many obstacles in the way of the heathen's conversion, you would rejoice with us more than over twenty conversions in America."

March 30, Mr. Noyes baptized Mr. Woodcock, English Magistrate of Balasore, and his wife, both of whom proved very great blessings to the mission, supporting the native preachers at the station, and contributing liberally for building schoolhouses and sustaining worship.

Another native preacher, Bhikári, came from Cuttack to assist in the mission, also Gangá Dhar, for a season. The latter was a high caste Bráhmín. He had a long and severe conflict before he could renounce his caste and worldly prospects. Nor could he give up his faith in heathen gods till he had tested the divinity of Jagarnáth. He visited his temple and made many prostrations and offerings. Then he entreated the god to answer the petition he presented. He returned to his lodging for the night, waiting for Jagarnáth to appear to him and answer his petition, as his worshippers say he does, by vision or dream. However, no Jagarnáth came, neither was there vision or dream. He

resolved then that if Jagarnáth was in abstract meditation, as he is sometimes supposed to be, he would rouse him to something like sensibility. For this purpose he secreted under his cloth a sharp pointed iron rod, and again presented himself before Jagarnáth, thoroughly abusing him for not answering his petition of the previous day. He then went behind the idol, and taking out the iron rod, mercilessly probed his back and sides, until he thought he must be roused if he had any life or feeling in him. Having done this, he repeated his prostrations, demanding to be informed if he were really a god, and threatening to abandon him and his service forever if he did not answer him. Receiving no answer, Gangá left the temple in high dudgeon, never to enter it again, but very often has he since stood before it, preaching Christ to the deluded idolaters as the only way of salvation; and such was the effect of at least one of his addresses, that, amongst the crowding thousands of listeners, there was scarcely one that was not moved to tears. His exposures of idolatry were keen and masterly, and his power as a preacher has rarely been equaled.

Mrs. Noyes, in a communication in April, wrote very encouragingly in regard to the work of the schools.

“My Sunday-school is very interesting, and I should not be ashamed to have these, my dear children, compared with children in America, in regard to their lessons and religious knowledge. I have the girls of the Boarding-school a portion of each day, teaching them to sew. It is thought a great wonder in Orissa for a female to know how to use the needle.”

During the summer and autumn of 1839, there were some interesting converts baptized. Among the number was Silas Curtis, in the month of October. He had for some time given satisfactory evidence of real piety. Mr. Phillips, in writing of this event, said:

“When I recollect this poor, starving, naked heathen boy, utterly ignorant of God and Christ, who came to us two years ago, and now listen to his youthful voice raised in prayer and praise, I feel that I have just reason to thank God and take courage. If saints in heaven are permitted to join in the joy of angels over repenting sinners, surely she * who taught this poor boy the first hymn he ever knew has, before this, been gladdened to behold him singing with the spirit and the understanding also.”

The missionaries continued their labors as usual at their station and its neighboring villages, until the commencement of the cold season, when they resumed their missionary tours, preaching, distributing tracts and Gospels.

Under date of January 1, 1840, Mr. Noyes recorded the following:

“This evening differed from anything I have ever before witnessed among the heathen. A man sent for me to come and pray in his house! At first, I doubted as to what this vision meant; but seeing the men whom he had sent to conduct me, I went on to the house of this modern Cornelius. After walking about half a mile, I entered a neat enclosure, around which were four or five houses built in the common Hindu style. Never was

* The first Mrs. Phillips.

I struck with a greater solemnity than when I was conducted into the apartment of my visitant. I found him sitting with four brothers, all men grown, his aged mother and his wife waiting, as they said, to hear the word of the Lord. The house appeared to have been neatly prepared for our reception. In one end was a large blanket rolled up for a seat for myself, and a couple of mats near it for the two native preachers. Soon as I entered, the man who had sent for me fell down at my feet to worship, and I raised him up, saying as Peter did to Cornelius. He then told me that for a long time he had not worshiped the idols of the Hindus, and that he had made it his object to seek salvation from the true God. He had read many Hindu books and followed many religious teachers, but had found no way of salvation that could satisfy his own mind. Hearing us preach in the village, he thought, Who knows but this may be the word of salvation I need? 'Now,' said he, 'we wish to hear the word of the Lord, by which we may all be saved.' So much did this man remind me of Cornelius, that, had he been acquainted with the Word of God, I should have been sure that he was striving to copy after him. I replied that salvation had come to his house, that the precious jewel which he sought was contained in the holy book I held in my hand, and then desired Bhikári, native preacher, to read the account of the birth of Christ. As he read, he made remarks which were listened to with most profound attention. We pointed them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, after which, at the request of all, we knelt kown, accompanied by the whole house, and called upon the Lord, who is no respecter of persons. Never did I enjoy such a prayer-meeting before as on this New Year's day in the house of a heathen, in the company of a whole family who all appeared deeply affected, earnestly inquiring what they must do to be saved. The brother who called us, and who appeared to be the most earnest, desired permission to visit me at Balasore."

On his way homeward, Mr. Noyes visited this place again. He writes :

“As soon as we came in sight, many came out to meet us, hailing us with joy and insisting upon our pitching our tent there again. The family of inquirers were still seeking the Lord and pressed me not to leave their village until morning, when some of them would accompany me to Balasore. Akurá was the name of the inquirer who called me to pray in his house. He spent the evening in my tent. His mother, four brothers and their wives had thought much of the new religion and were almost persuaded to be Christians.”

The next day, Akurá and his brother-in-law accompanied the missionaries to Balasore, where they remained nearly a week, conversing and praying much of the time with the native preachers. When they were about to leave, says Mr. Noyes :

“Akurá, with tears in his eyes, said : ‘O sir, do not forget me, a poor sinner. I never can forget you ; neither shall I ever forget that Saviour who spilt his blood for my sins.’ I told him he would meet with many obstacles if he professed Christ ; he must count the cost and know if he could command the courage to face the opposition of Bráhmíns, boishnobs, neighbors, and, perhaps, brothers and sisters. ‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘I have for many years believed that Bráhmíns and boishnobs were the emissaries of the devil, and as for my brothers and sisters, if they do not believe in Christ, I must leave them ; it will be hard to part with them, but none is so great a friend to me as Christ has been.’ He then begged us to pray for them, which we did ; and he followed us, giving vent to his overflowing soul in a strain of sublime eloquence that I can never forget. . . . For several months past, many have come to me and to the native preachers to in-

quire about the religion of Jesus, but none have manifested such sincerity as the household of Akurá."

January 17, 1840, Mr. Phillips became the father of twin sons, whom he named James and John, and expressed himself as having no greater desire respecting them than that they should prove themselves worthy their apostolic names and become good ministers of Jesus among the heathen. How well his aspirations have been realized regarding James is known to us all. John, when he was nearly fifteen years of age, said to the writer: "My father will have to give up the hope of my ever being a missionary or a minister. I can't be either, but I will work to sustain those whom God calls." He subsequently engaged in business in Chicago, and it is said has kept this promise with Christian fidelity.

Under date of January 20, Mr. Noyes wrote thus of another convert:

"The past week, a Bráhmín, who had been a wandering boish-nob for ten years, heard the word of God in the bazar, and his attention was so much taken up with the description of a pure God, a pure Saviour, and a pure religion, that he came to my house, where he has remained ever since, deeply interested in the truths of the blessed Gospel, which he hears from day to day. He wondered that in Christ he had found his heart's desire, that though he had been wandering around for a long time, his mind had never before been satisfied. To convince me of his sincerity, he tore off his poita and all the badges of his former profession and put them into my hands. The fatal blow to his caste was then struck, as no circumstance can ever enable him to re-

gain it, should he feel disposed. . . . This, I think, is the First Bráhmín that ever threw away the sacred thread in the district of Balasore. Angels doubtless rejoice as much in the conversion of the meanest sudra [lowest caste] as they do in that of the Bráhmín [highest caste], yet we can but feel an added joy when we see one who has been a teacher in the service of Satan become himself a scholar of the meek and lowly Jesus. His name is Misar Bhagabán. In English it would be 'Lord Egypt.' There is no doubt that the Bráhmíns originally came from Egypt."

In February, 1840, a man presented himself at the mission, saying that he had come two hundred and fifty miles from the Talinga country to hear about the invisible God and how to find him. Somewhere, three tracts had been put into his hands, which he took to his village, where they were read openly. He said :

"They told about one true and invisible God, and one Jesus Christ who was said to be his son and the saviour of sinners. The books for sometime were daily used in the center of the village, till some of us began to conclude that if the books were true then the religion of the country must be false. At this, many were displeased and said that by reading them they should become outcasts. Only eight remained firm, and, as we met with much opposition, we made it our practice to retire once or twice a week to the jungle to read the books and pray to the invisible God. We gave up the worship of idols, and broke all the badges of idolatry. At length we concluded we needed some one to teach us the true religion. My comrades said to me, 'You are the oldest and we will send you in search of a teacher. You shall go to him and become a Christian, and then return and tell us; and where you go there we will go, and what you do that we will

do.' Then all took an oath by the book of the invisible God, which they held in their hands, and I departed. After traveling some distance, I was told there was a Padre Sahib at Balasore. Thus hearing, I came to this place and inquired for your house ; and now, sir, I wish to hear the word of the Lord by which I and my comrades may be saved."

Mr. Noyes, to test him, said, "This is a year of great scarcity. If you become a Christian, you will, I suppose, expect something to live upon." "Sir, I am no beggar. I have sufficient for the support of myself and family. I always felt I was a sinner, and after reading those books I felt I was a great sinner. My sins are as numerous as the drops of the ocean." Mr. Noyes asked if he learned from the books how sins could be forgiven. He said, "Not clearly, but I learned that Christ was the Saviour of sinners." "Do you know what He did to save them?" "That is what I wish to know." Mr. Noyes then taught him the mission of Jesus, to which he listened as for life. Soon afterwards he gave satisfactory evidence of being a true believer, and Mr. Noyes baptized him and another interesting convert, and he departed for his country to communicate the results of his inquiries to his associates in the seeking for the kingdom of heaven.

In February, Prásurám, who was baptized the preceding August, received license to preach from the Balasore church. Previous to his conversion, he had been a counselor and pleader in courts of law. He came to Balasore to plead for a case in court. He there heard Mr. Noyes preach, and afterwards had much

conversation with him. He feared that the news of Christ's giving his life for sinners was too good to be true. He asked: "Has this holy and complete system of salvation been revealed to this world for so long a time, and I am forty years old and have never known anything about it before? . . . I have been wandering all my days amidst briars and thorns. I feel that this is the right way." About the time he was licensed, he wrote the following to the Corresponding Secretary:

"O MY BELOVED BROTHER MACK SAHIB: Receive endless salutation from your little brother, Prásurám. . . . O beloved brother, the invaluable holy shaster at Balasore, at the hand of my merciful and beloved Sahib Noyes, I have found. . . . After I became acquainted with it, I left the worship of the false gods of my fathers, also nearly one thousand friends of my caste, and with my wife and four children sought the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ; for I learned that he had taken the sin of the whole world on his head, and had died, and that at the last day he would be judge of heaven and hell. Hence I, fearing much, asked him to forgive my sins, give me strength to do his will, and and at last give me to sit at the right hand of God. Thus hoping, I was baptized, and in this act, the mercy I have found is beyond what I can express. . . . That the ensign of Christ may be raised, that all the false gods of wood and stone may go to destruction, and this world become heaven-like, I make daily supplication. . . . I am now engaged in instructing fatherless children, whose father the Lord has become. I also preach the word of salvation in the bazar, and from village to village daily teach the happy news. One of my relatives, with his wife and children, has broken caste and is living near me. May the

Lord make his mind steady. When you send missionaries to preach the Gospel in every town in Orissa, my mind will then be free and not before."

April 14, the mission rejoiced in the dedication of a chapel, thirty-two feet by twenty, costing four-hundred and fifty rupees, all of which was contributed by friends in Balasore. Of this sum, the heathen gave sixty-four rupees. Mrs. Noyes wrote :

"Could the friends of missions have witnessed our little assembly of natives quietly seated on their mats, listening to the word of eternal life with serious attention, they would have rejoiced with us, and would have praised the name of that God who had here made room for us."



Engraving of a man

CHAPTER III.

· SECOND PERMANENT STATION.

1840-1842.

*“ Pray for the earnest reapers,
The toilers faint and few.”*

There was work enough connected with the Balasore station to fill the hands of several laborers, but the missionaries were convinced that for them both to remain in one place would be to wrong thousands who, in that case, would never hear the Gospel. Jelasore section seemed to present the most inviting field of any in that part of the province of Orissa. Thither, in March, 1840, Mr. Phillips removed his family and Boarding-school of twelve pupils, his house having been prepared for their reception. He selected Patna, a populous village, for his home. It was situated about a mile from Jelasore, the location of the Post Office, on the bank of the Subarnrika river, and about thirty miles northeast from Balasore, on the mail route to Calcutta. There were other villages of note near by, also nine or ten markets within a short distance, which were resorted to by all classes, thus affording excellent opportunities for



MR. PHILLIPS'S HOME AT JELASORE.

sending tracts and portions of the Scriptures to all parts of the district. The country altogether was judged to be quite as populous as that around Balasore. On the chief street of the station itself, about every ten or twenty rods, were nice shady trees, affording preaching stands. The land of the adjoining country was beautifully interspersed with the palm, the mango, and the banyan.

Blessed with health, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips zealously commenced work at their new station with hopeful prospects, preaching also in the neighboring villages, and scattering tracts and portions of God's Word. A few days following their removal, while on their way to one of these villages, Mr. Phillips wrote :

“Our attention was arrested by the wailings of a woman sitting outside the village. We passed and found a company to whom I spoke of the true religion. On our return, the wailing being continued, Mrs. Phillips proposed going to see the poor woman. We soon learned the sad tale of her woe. Her husband, who had been missing for three days, had just been found lying dead under a tree in the edge of the village. The body was discovered because of the vultures collected around it, and was partly consumed by them. The mother came while we were standing near the disconsolate widow. The latter, on seeing her, threw herself at her feet, and commenced a dreadful wailing again. The mother, in a great rage, began beating her breast, accusing the people standing by of murdering her son, and threatened to kill herself. She became frantic, and in her rage she flew at her grandson, a boy of about fourteen, who, seeming to catch the mania, sprang about, caught up a club, but finally ran off. In this wretched condition, we were obliged to leave them, as night was coming on. I am

never more at a loss what to say, than on witnessing such distress. All sources of consolation seem entirely closed. O may God pity, enlighten, and evangelize this wretched people. These are they who mourn without hope.

“Yesterday (April 30) there was a swinging festival in the village near by. There were sixteen candidates for the hooks. I distributed a few books and came away, having no desire to witness this horrid torture. The people were in a state of unusual excitement, and I could hardly put a book into a man’s hand without having it snatched away by another, or myself being shuffled about in the crowd.”

In June, the Boarding-school had increased to sixteen. Bhagabán, the converted Bráhmín and *boishnob* rendered much assistance in the care of these children. During the summer several inquirers came, and many books and tracts were distributed. Under date of June 17, Mr. Phillips wrote :

“Yesterday, a poor, starved man came to me after work. As I needed help, I offered him some pice to procure himself something to eat, and then to return to work. But like an honest man, he said, ‘Eating here and there, my caste is gone,’ and he wished for food. We supplied him, and he went to work. Toward evening, a young Bráhmín came, Rámá by name. He had become tired of his way of life, and he also wished to remain with us to learn about Christianity. To-day they have been building a small hut to live in, and have renounced caste and eat together.”

Sometime in July, Mrs. Phillips was attacked by an insidious fever which baffled the skill of an English physician from Balasore, who stayed with her eight or ten days, and then left, saying that he had done all he could for her. He advised, in case the fever should

abate and the patient rally, that she should be taken for a change of air to Midnapur. After a few days, favorable symptoms kindled bright hopes, and she was conveyed in a palanquin fifty miles to that place. Here, with her husband and twin babes, she was very kindly received and tenderly cared for by the family of Rev. John Brooks, General Baptist missionary. The change, however, availed nothing. The death-angel came August 16, 1840, and left our brother again a widower, and his little ones motherless. During the latter days of her illness Mrs. Phillips was delirious much of the time. In her sane moments she expressed unshaken Christian trust, resignation to God's will, and readiness for her departure. Her last audible utterance was — with James then just six months old before her — “God bless my darling child!” Before John could be brought her mind wandered. Her sacred dust rests in a grave in Midnapur, and there, now grown to a vigorous manhood's prime, James is warring with heathen hosts, and its reminder of his mother's dying blessing must often be an incentive to earnest, faithful work for Christ. The wife of a British officer kindly took charge of John for the time being, and the bereaved husband took James, and, returning to his desolate home in Jelasore, again applied himself to missionary work.

October 4, 1840, witnessed the first Christian baptism at Jelasore. The subject was Rámá, the young Bráhmín who had been in the mission three and a half months. He underwent satisfactorily a very searching examination. Said Mr. Phillips :

“We all felt that he loved the Lord, and was determined to serve him the remainder of his life. By reference to my journal, I find that it is just a year since Silas was baptized, and I can bless God that he is still progressing in the Christian way.”

Not far from the time Mrs. Phillips was stricken by fever, Mr. Noyes was severely attacked with dysentery, which continued till it became chronic, and it was feared that he would have to leave the country to save his life. To this he was not willing to consent, but would try the effect of a change of location. So, leaving his station work in the charge of Prasadám, he went to Midnapur for a season.

A re-enforcement for the missionaries was on its way. Rev. Otis R. Bachelier, M. D., and his wife, members of our Boston churches, and Miss Hannah W. Cummings of the Lowell church, sailed from Boston, May 10, 1840, and landed in Calcutta, September 12. Here they remained nearly three weeks in the pleasant family of Mr. Biss, who refused to accept any remuneration. Mr. Noyes's few weeks' stay at Midnapur under the treatment of two physicians had, he hoped, effected a cure, and he joyfully met the newly arrived missionaries in Calcutta, to escort them to Orissa. On the 1st of October, they left for Balasore, in a small dirty brig manned by natives. Said Dr. Bachelier :

“Our accommodations were poor, our provisions were poorer, and the water was intolerable ; the sailors were distressingly lazy, so that our passage of one hundred and fifty miles was prolonged to thirteen days ! During most of this time the mosquitoes were so very thick and so exceedingly ferocious, that sleeping in the

cabins was out of the question, and after suffering dreadfully, we were obliged to remove our mattresses on deck. We arrived at Balasore, October 13, about midnight, truly thankful, we trust, to that Providence that had preserved us in all our wanderings. Soon after our arrival, we were all more or less affected with fever. Our privations on board the brig, want of proper food and drink, together with our exposure to the night air, had probably predisposed us to this malady. Through the blessing of God we were soon restored. Brother Phillips had come to Balasore to meet us. Prásurám welcomed us with a warm and affectionate heart, and seems a valuable assistant in the mission. His appearance is very prepossessing, his countenance indicates superior mental activity, and has the fiery look of a great orator, combined with mirthfulness and benevolence."

Mr. Phillips soon returned to his lonely home, and during the remainder of the year bravely prosecuted his work at the station, and made missionary excursions, visiting and revisiting many markets, distributing thousands of publications, of which he had about twenty different kinds supplied from the Cuttack press.

Prásurám, in his care of the Balasore station, had succeeded far beyond expectation. Mr. Noyes, with high hopes, took up his work with his accustomed ardor, made some tours into the country, in some of which Dr. Bacheler accompanied him. In a little time, however, his old enemy returned, and he labored in much suffering. Under date of December 12, he penned the following :

"With what pleasing anticipations have I looked forward to my preaching excursions this cold season in company with my new missionary brother ; but alas ! if Moses was disappointed in not

entering the promised land, even after he had viewed it from Pisgah's height, surely it is not a strange thing for my expectations to be cut off."

During the year 1840, there had been eight native converts baptized, and the Boarding-schools were greatly enlarged. The severity of the famine had caused many parents to give their children to the missionaries to save them from starvation. Thus fifty were added to the schools. Not a few of them, however, were so reduced by disease, that it was difficult to save them, and several died. The Balasore school numbered thirty-five, and the Jelasore twenty-seven. Said Mrs. Noyes :

"It is truly delightful to contrast the condition of the eight children that form my first class, with what it was when they came to us. They were then naked skeletons, and almost as wild as the monkeys in their native jungle, with dim eyes, and beast-like visages. Now they have the appearance of humanity. One very interesting lad, whom we call Adam, learned the Bengali alphabet in two days, and that too when getting up from a fever. We hope a work of grace has been wrought in the hearts of some of these children."

Early in the year 1841, Mr. Phillips, having learned that there were numerous settlements of Santals in the vicinity of Jelasore, visited several of their villages in company with Dr. Bachelor. Two years previous, Mr. Noyes had met with some of these people while on a missionary tour in another section of the country. He came suddenly upon one of their villages in a dense jungle, and was surprised to find himself so soon trans-

ported from the Oriyas to a people who could not understand a word he said. Their color was darker, their features different, and their language more soft and musical. An old man who could speak broken Oriya, told him they were Santals. He inquired if they could read. He said they were wilderness men and had no occasion to learn letters. The Santals are believed to be one of the aboriginal races of India, and in some respects they present a happy contrast to the Hindus, who look upon them as greatly their inferiors. They have never embraced the religion of the Hindus, neither are they so fettered by the system of caste. They worship the sun which they believe to be God, or his brightest image, or some idol formed for the time to represent the sun. They are proverbial for honesty and truthfulness. The women, unlike the Hindu women, do not veil their faces when they meet with men, but are the companions of their husbands in their pastimes as well as their labors, and when widows they are permitted to marry if they choose. Both sexes are passionately fond of music, and spend whole nights singing songs, composed often impromptu by the singer, dancing and indulging in a fermented drink prepared from rice. One afternoon, Messrs. Phillips and Bachelor came upon a company of about six hundred engaged in an annual dance, much resembling one of the North American Indian dances. Though the Santals have lived from time immemorial among the Oriyas, they have preserved their distinct nationality. Hitherto, their language had never been reduced to writing, so Mr. Phillips improved this first

visit among them in commencing a Santal vocabulary, for which, at that time, he obtained about one hundred and fifty words. Thus early, this despised race became an object of much interest to our missionaries, and has shared a portion of their labors.

In January, 1841, Dr. Bachelier joined Mr. Phillips at Jelasore, and for several weeks accompanied him in his missionary tours. He thus described their visit to a market in the region of the Hidjali river :

“The market ground consisted of a circular space of about two acres in extent, with a large, spreading banyan in the center, and several smaller ones in the circumference. All was silence. . . . Nothing save the gentle waving of the leaves disturbed the solitude of the place. But the scene soon changed. One or two women were seen emerging from the jungle with baskets of fruit upon their heads. Soon a small company appeared from another direction, and in a few minutes hundreds of men, women, and children, with loads on their heads, or on the backs of bullocks, were seen flocking in from all directions, and seating themselves on the ground with their merchandise before them. In one hour this solitary place had become enlivened by the presence of more than four thousand people, all engaged in buying and selling grain, fruits, vegetables, cloth, wares, and trinkets of various descriptions. For a time, the work of distributing tracts went on quietly, but when the multitude came upon us, crying with vehement desire for books, it became impossible to resist them, so that it remained either to be crushed among the throng, or to climb some tree, or gain some eminence where we could distribute without disturbance. So from the trees and walls we distributed fifteen hundred tracts, several Testaments, and a large number of single Gospels.”

Dr. Bachelor gave the following interesting description of their visit to Sunari-hát :

“ Our path lay through a country entirely different from that to which we had been accustomed. The dry and thirsty rice plants had given place to the lofty palms, the waving bamboos, and the most delightful groves of mango the eye could behold. The rose is in its bloom, the fields are studded with flowers of various kinds, the singing of birds is heard in the grove, and the monkey is seen sporting with its young. We found about one thousand people at the market. Brother Phillips addressed a large company who listened with uncommon attention and seriousness. The man who said some days ago the Shasters were all jungle, was here to-day for the third time. He said that he had renounced the gods for the last three years, and he listened to the words of life with intense interest. We distributed five hundred tracts and portions of Scripture. They were received with great eagerness, and we can but hope that it will not be in vain to all this people that the kingdom of heaven has come nigh unto them.”

Miss Cummings was transferred from Balasore to Jelasore, as on the 12th of February, 1841, she became the third wife of Mr. Phillips. Here, with the care of her husband's twin sons, James and John, and the Boarding-school, she filled an important place in the mission.

Mr. Noyes, with his wife, went to Cuttack in February, in part for the benefit of his health, where he remained a month. He again became very hopeful, and wrote: “ I now feel so well as to give up all idea of going to America.” After his return to Balasore, March 17, he said: “ My health is now better than it

has been since my first illness, and I am more wedded to my work than ever." Alas for human hopes! In a short period, his malady returned with such violence and obstinacy, that all were convinced that he must soon die or go to another climate. Mrs. Noyes was also suffering from the same disease. Said Mr. Noyes :

"Alas! how can I leave these fifty souls that with much labor I have gathered from the wilderness. I have often thought that death itself would be preferable to the abandonment of my work, but days and nights of intense pain have, at length, forced me to cry out: 'Carry me from the field, for I am wounded!' Two considerations cheer my heart and aid me to bear up under the trial of leaving. The first is, that my work in the Lord has not been in vain. I have widely distributed portions of God's written word, and have his unfulfilling promise that it shall not return to him void! Those I have baptized, it is to be hoped, are the children of God, some of whom, I trust, are already in glory, as they died in hope of a glorious immortality. The second consideration is, that while I can not labor among the heathen, I may be able to labor for them, in our home churches, and there successfully plead their cause."

Said Mr. Noyes, subsequently :

"The parting with the native Christians was a scene of such lamentation as I never wish to witness again. . . . Several followed our palanquins about a mile, when we were under the necessity of beseeching them to return."

Mr. and Mrs. Noyes sailed from Calcutta in May, 1841, and October 17, after a perilous voyage, landed in Boston. The former was greatly benefited by the voyage, while the latter remained a sufferer for several

years. Mr. Noyes soon engaged in labor among the churches in behalf of the mission.

Thus Dr. Bachelier, with a very partial knowledge of the language, was left with the work of the Balasore station on his hands, and nobly did he meet the emergency. A small church had been gathered there, also another at Jelasore. He sent home a pathetic appeal in behalf of the large accession to their Boarding-school, which the famine had thrown upon their hands, and made an earnest plea for aid to enable them to keep these homeless, beggared orphans for school-training. In emphasizing the importance of taking them while children, he stated, as a trait of the Hindus, that they were as indifferent about the future as the brute. So careless were they about providing for the wants of this life even, that thousands of day-laborers could not possibly raise a capital of four-pence! He added: "I have not yet seen, to my knowledge, a laboring man who was worth enough to own a hoe costing twenty-five cents. Mechanics, of course, must have tools, but twenty-five or fifty cents will supply almost any mechanic with them."

About this time our Foreign Mission Board was much cheered by a bequest from Miss Sarah Chapin, of Campton, N. H., of a property estimated at \$4,000. It was first willed to the Baptist Foreign Mission Board, but on learning that the Freewill Baptist Board refused the contributions of slaveholders, she left her legacy in its care, requesting that a portion of it, as the Board should direct, might be used for the anti-slavery

cause. A few months previous, for the same reason, fifty dollars were received from Gerritt Smith, the eminent philanthropist.

In September, the two infant churches were organized into an association called the Balasore Quarterly Meeting, and at this, its first session, Rámá, the young Bráhmín convert, who had been a year under Mr. Phillips's training, received license to preach.

The missionaries at both stations were often sickened by the revolting heathen rites performed within a few rods of their own homes, especially during the hook swinging and Rath Játrá festivals. The Rath Játrá is Jagarnáth's annual festival, when, in almost every considerable village, the small images of Jagarnáth are taken from their temples and given a ride on a rough car, drawn by his worshipers, while at Puri a crowd of 200,000 to 250,000 from all parts of India congregate for his abominable worship. 'Dr. Bachelier wrote :

“ This year [1841] as usual, an immense crowd passed Balasore on their way to Puri, more than 20,000 passing daily. Thousands perished. So great was the number of the dead at Puri, that the innumerable multitude of beasts and birds of prey were able to devour but a small portion of the victims, so the magistrate was obliged to dig large pits in the sand into which hundreds were thrown together. The pilgrims, as they passed, brought in their train numbers of dogs, jackals, vultures, and crows, fattening on the carcasses of the dead. The roadsides were strewed with the sick, the dying, and the dead, while the stench was almost suffocating. Our two native preachers labored incessantly from morning till night, preaching and distributing books, thus

scattering 4,000 religious publications over a portion of country hundreds of miles in extent."

Mrs. Phillips, in writing the same season from Jela-sore, says :

"The cholera is making sad havoc among the school children. Four of the most promising became a prey to it this week. As our house is but a few rods from the great Jagarnáth road, we see a very large number of pilgrims pass daily * — a painful sight. Some have died under a large banyan tree near our house, and no man careth for their bodies or souls."

Thus, through such harrowing scenes were our missionaries compelled to prosecute the cultivation of their small oases in this great heathen desert.

During the cold season, ending about the last of February, 1842, the missionaries, aided by the native preachers, performed a great amount of labor in sowing the seed of God's Word among the heathen as they traveled from place to place. Dr. Bachelor found some in distant villages where Mr. Noyes had proclaimed the Gospel, who, though they did not avow themselves Christians, had abandoned idol worship, and read and prayed. Rámá and Sebo, the latter a native preacher from Cuttack, assisted Mr. Phillips. Sebo showed much adroitness in presenting truth so as not to arouse the prejudices of his hearers. The Hindus regard the killing of a cow a much greater crime than the murder of a man. On one occasion, Sebo was illustrating the parable of the prodigal son, and, in portraying his re-

* One season 17,000 passed Mr. Phillips's house in one day, as he ascertained by actual count.

ception at his home, he represented his father as ordering one servant to bring a new raiment, another to bring ornaments, a third to call a fisherman, and still another to call a fowler to bring game, thus evading any allusion to the killing of the "fatted calf."

During the year, they had distributed in the aggregate, 16,864 religious publications. The demand for them was often very great. Their tent sometimes would be thronged through the day by eager applicants for books as well as by willing listeners. On one occasion, Dr. Bachelier said :

"The cry has constantly sounded in our ears, 'Books, books, give us large books, that we may understand the whole of this new doctrine.' I have been obliged to keep the bound volumes under lock and key, lest our native preachers should yield to the constant cry, and expend our scanty stock before we had accomplished half our journey."

The missionaries were encouraged not a little in this work of distribution by the testimony of Mr. Sutton in regard to its usefulness in the General Baptist Mission. He said :

"We have recently rejoiced over more than one hundred persons who have been won from idolatry, and several have been baptized who had never before seen a missionary, but were converted through the blessing of God on the pages of divine truth which had been put into their hands."

The Balasore Boarding-school, being in pressing need of larger accommodations, Dr. Bachelier built two houses, mostly at his own expense, forty-five feet by



Elis Veyes

twelve, each containing three rooms, and into these the children were removed. They stood opposite each other in an enclosure one hundred and fifty feet square.

Notwithstanding the evidences the missionaries had, that their labors were not in vain, yet their hearts were sad and sore over the fact that after many piteous pleas for a re-enforcement, six years had passed finding only two missionaries and their wives to reap in this great harvest field — the same number that entered it.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH AND OTHER CHANGES.

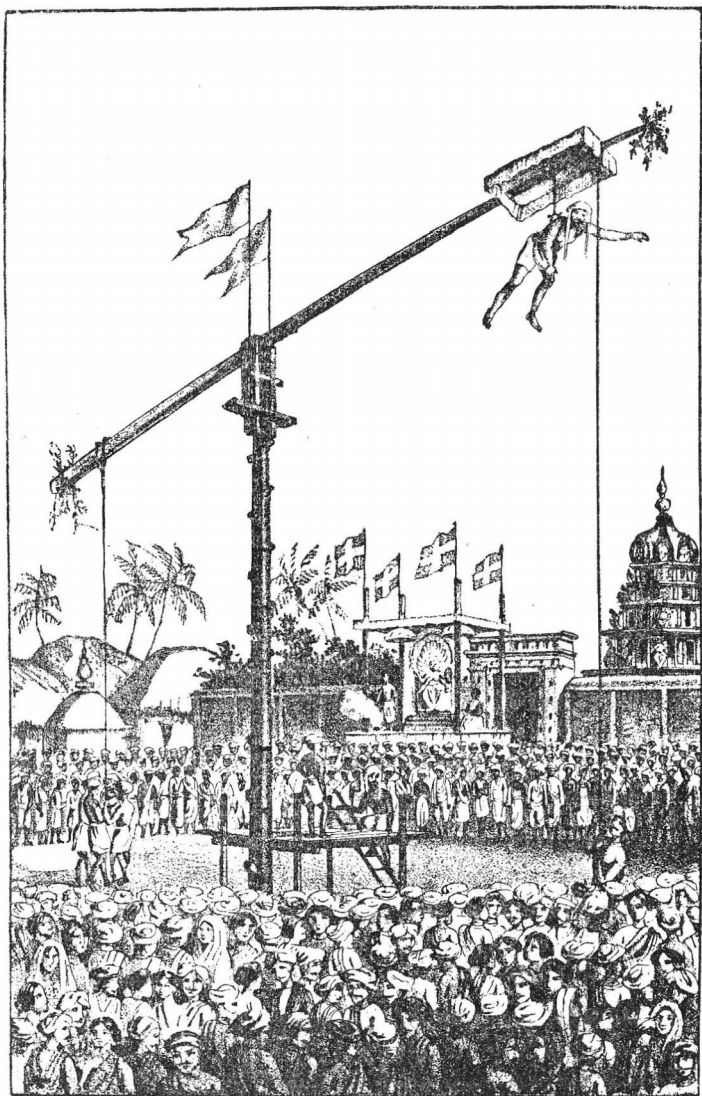
1842-1846.

“Money, Christian! your gold and your silver, the Lord hath need of to-day.”

During the heated season of 1842, Dr. Bachelier and his assistants generally preached daily in some public place in Balasore, or in the neighboring markets. They also attended five swinging festivals* for the purpose of preaching and giving away tracts. Said Dr. Bachelier: “We were insulted at all these festivals, and at two of them I was pelted with filth and gravel. With these exceptions, the congregations have usually been large and interesting.” In these and the following months, the missionaries were much encouraged by several conversions among the larger children of their schools. In writing concerning them, Dr. Bachelier said:

“Such is the Hindu character, that we generally have occasion to rejoice with trembling over apparent conversions. We

* In Balasore and its suburbs were ten swinging posts.



HOOK SWINGING.

Claus Co. Boston.

fondly hope that those who seem to be babes in Christ may become valiant men and women in the Lord. A decided change has taken place in the character of many of our children. They were disobedient, but they have learned to obey ; they were liars, they have learned to speak the truth ; broils and mutual bickerings were very common among them, but they now love one another, and the voice of anger and strife has become changed to singing and prayer."

During the cold season of 1842-1843, Mr. Phillips, accompanied by Rámá, made several missionary tours. One was quite extensive in a section northwest of Jelasore station, never before visited by a missionary. Their reception was always civil, books and tracts were well received, and their message listened to with attention. Mr. Phillips wrote :

"But alas ! they stumbled at the 'stumbling stone and rock of offense.' Down with idolatry and preach one eternal Almighty Ruler of the universe, and you meet with little or no opposition, but the moment you introduce the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of lost sinners, all become skeptical at once, and ready to fly in your face. 'This is a new thing ; our books tell us nothing about such a being.' How true it is 'that the world by wisdom knew not God.'"

Still occasionally they met encouraging cases. One old man asked with apparently deep feeling, "How shall an old man, who has committed thousands and thousands of sins, obtain salvation?" As the missionary, in a plain, simple manner, directed him to a Saviour crucified for our sins, the old man, turning to one near

him, said in a faltering voice, "True, this is true! Fourteen hours have gone to waste. It remains to do the best we can with the two that are left."*

Dr. Bachelar, with native assistants, also labored abundantly during this cold season in the country both north and south of Balasore, visiting most of the markets and many of the villages within five or six miles of either side of the great Jagarnáth road, between Balasore and Midnapur, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. He thus speaks of his visit to Dantoon where a large heathen festival was then being held.

"On our way, we observed, in all directions, companies of men, women and children, dressed in their finest robes, bending their way to the banks of a very large tank—the place of the meeting. On reaching this tank, we beheld on the declivity of the opposite shore an immense multitude, all clothed in white, which rendered the scene most striking and picturesque. The distant heights alive with human beings, the numerous companies pressing in all directions, forcibly reminded me of the Saviour's saying, 'The fields are white all ready to harvest.' Probably not less than 40,000 people were present during the day. The Hindus thus account for the occasion of this festival: A certain king wished to dig a large tank which he could not accomplish in less than twelve years. He besought Indra, the god of rain, to withhold rain over a certain space for that length of time. The god consented, and in twelve years the immense tank was completed. It is two thirds of a mile long by one third of a mile wide, and very deep. Ever since its completion, an annual celebration has been held on its banks. The religious ceremonies of the day consisted in bathing

* The Hindus divide the day into sixteen hours.

in the tank, singing, dancing, making offerings to the Bráhmíns, etc. Brother Phillips, having come from Jelasore, was busily engaged when we arrived. The throng was so great that we could preach very little, so we distributed all the books we had with us, and then sent to our tent, three miles distant, for another supply, which arrived just in season to be distributed as the assembly was dispersing."

Among the most distinguished objects the missionaries encountered were the *fakirs* and *boishnobs*—Hindu holy men. They seldom or never wash themselves, but rove about with their bodies covered with mud and ashes, looking as filthy as a swine after rolling in the mire; still the people have a terrible dread of their curses. Some even of this class the power of the Gospel had transformed into meek, pure and loving disciples. Dr. Bachelier had one such, Luchan Dás, a native preacher from Cuttack, to aid him for a time in his work. For twelve years he was a *boishnob*, and during all this period he washed himself but two or three times, frequently inflicting on himself severe austerities. Once he spent three months in a solitary mountain, living on weeds alone, till he became so much exhausted that he was unable to walk, and only saved his life by crawling down to a neighboring village and recruiting himself by slow degrees. By practicing these austerities he became so holy in the estimation of the Hindus that he was worshiped as God, and the proudest Bráhmín would esteem it a privilege to drink the water in which his feet had been washed.

The missionaries had suffered severe trials in conse-

quence of the defection of some of the native Christians, but during the few recent months they had also rejoiced over some accessions to their churches. In a little more than a year Mr. Phillips had baptized two converts, and Dr. Bacheler five. One of these was Catharine. Her widowed mother in a time of famine was taken ill, then she and her little brother, being too young to work, were driven from home by an elder brother, because he could not feed them. Friendless, homeless, and suffering, they wandered to Balasore. After begging in the streets some days, they were found by the native Christians and brought to Mr. Noyes, who gladly received them. Another was Lucy, fifteen years old, who had been in the school about three years. Dr. Bacheler, in speaking of this case, said :

“On a cold, blustering November night, soon after our arrival in the country, we heard a strange, moaning sound on our veranda. Going out, we found an almost naked little girl, crouching behind a post, vainly trying to shelter herself from the blast by means of a miserable rag. She was one of the most wretched objects I ever beheld. On her head were twelve or fifteen cavities of the size of a large straw penetrating to the skull bone. These were filled with worms, whose incessant gyrations constantly cast up putrefying matter from the cavities beneath. The sight of a fellow being thus the prey of devouring worms before death claimed its victim, was a horrible one. She was soon restored to health, and entering the school, gained knowledge so rapidly that for the last year she had been employed as an assistant in the school.”

November 18, 1843, Rev. James C. Dow and wife,

of Livermore, Maine, sailed in the ship Charles, from Charlestown, Massachusetts, to join the mission. Mr. Dow's father, though not a professing Christian, generously defrayed most of the expense of his outfit. Mrs. Dow's father also furnished a considerable part of hers. As the ship went first to Maulmain, Burma, the new missionaries did not reach Calcutta till the seventh of May, 1844. Mr. Dow in referring to his detention in Burma said: "I had several interviews with the venerable Dr. Judson, the pioneer of American missions in Burma. He has been, and still is, an indefatigable worker, and his success has been equal to his labors. Future ages will rise up and call him blessed."

Great was the joy of Messrs. Phillips and Bachelor on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Dow. Mr. Phillips was in Calcutta waiting for them. He said:

"Seldom has my heart beat higher than when standing last Tuesday on the banks of the Hoogly, I watched the graceful and majestic motions of the Charles as she entered port with most of her canvas spread, while the stars and stripes of my country floated proudly at her mast-head. Before the ship reached her anchorage I sprang on board, and in a moment had all my fears and anxieties regarding our dear brother and sister set at rest. They were at length with me, in good health and spirits, and ready, with heart and hand, to join us as fellow-laborers in Orissa."

As the intelligence reached Jelasore, Mrs. Phillips wrote her husband:

"My spirits are raised to such a pitch that I can hardly compose myself to write; I am so happy! so happy!"

Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler were sharers in the same joy. Said Mr. Phillips :

“The hearty welcome and warm congratulations our new missionaries meet with are not confined to the members of our own mission. Their advent is hailed with delight by all the friends of the various Protestant missions in Calcutta. When it was known that I was waiting for their arrival, a number of English friends kindly offered to entertain them, and they were made welcome and happy as soon as they reached Calcutta. . . . Cholera and small-pox, those scourges of India, have within the past four months literally swept away tens of thousands of victims. While these fatal diseases were rife, and in the midst of the very hottest season of the whole year our friends arrived. I was often much exposed, but through mercy we all escaped without a day's illness, and are now able to report from our whole company, ALL WELL! O praise the Lord with us, and let us magnify his name together.”

The newly arrived went to Balasore, where they remained six months, devoting themselves closely and successfully to the study of the language. Mr. Dow generally went to the market daily, and being a singer he always commenced singing. This drew around him a crowd of listeners, gazing in astonishment, to hear a white man sing in their own language.

Midnapur, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, about fifty miles north of Jelasore, and seventy west from Calcutta, had been occupied, for a brief period, by the General Baptists as a mission station. But as for want of laborers, they had been obliged to vacate it, they desired our missionaries to enter it. Accordingly, Mr.

and Mrs. Dow removed thither towards the close of November, 1844. He wrote :

“This is an excellent field for missionary labor. The city covers nearly as much ground as Boston, with native houses packed in almost as close as they can be. It would require eight or ten missionaries to occupy the field properly. When I look into the place swarming with its tens of thousands, all in the grossest darkness, and most degrading ignorance, I ask, What can one individual do here? Midnapur would be an excellent place for commencing work for the Santals. They live within a short distance, and come in by hundreds almost daily. They supply nearly the whole city with wood, much of which the women bring in on their heads. Their poverty is extreme. Something should be done at once to give them the Gospel. The prospect of their immediate conversion is far greater than that of the other natives of India, as they have no system of religion to which they are strongly attached.”

During the cold season of 1843-1844, Rámá, from the Jelasore station, accompanied Dr. Bachelier in his preaching tours. The latter wrote thus encouragingly concerning him :

“He is a laborious and faithful minister of the Gospel and preaches in more senses than one — by his godly life and holy conversation. . . . I have never seen the native preacher who would get into the hearts of men like him. He has exerted a very salutary influence and made a very perceptible impression on the minds of the people. We made two principal excursions, one to the south, occupying three weeks, another to the west into the territories of the Nilgiri and Mohar Banj Rájás occupying about five weeks. The latter excursion was one of peculiar interest. I did not know before that the Hindus, as a body, were so

susceptible of serious impressions. Over a large tract of country the people listened to our message with peculiar attention. Most of them were able to read, and were more intelligent than the Hindus generally. . . . On the whole, our prospects are improving. True, we have not many conversions to cheer our hearts — not many anxious inquirers ; but a very decided impression has been made on the mass of the people. The chains of superstition which have bound the Hindu down in the dust, and have hitherto proved almost inseparable obstacles to his conversion, have been gradually loosening. Hinduism has passed its meridian and is fast going down. With these facts before us, we can but be encouraged. I am surprised that our American friends should seriously talk of being discouraged. Surely those who have to bear the brunt of the battle should be the first to cry out, and not those who are staying quietly by the stuff. I have met with trials and difficulties in the prosecution of my work, but I have never yet felt discouraged. I have often turned away from the bazar or market with a heavy heart, and have been obliged to cry out, ‘Who hath believed our report?’ No ; the work is God’s and it must go on.”

A dark cloud again hung over the mission. Dr. Bachelier’s noble, faithful wife had become so prostrated with disease that the Balasore government physician insisted that nothing but a long sea voyage could save her life. For four years she had faithfully labored in the boarding-school, and after she became an invalid she had the orphan children assemble daily in her sick-room, or around her sick-bed, and there several hours were employed in reading the Bible, religious conversation, etc. When the decision of the physician was communicated to her, it seemed more than, in her weakness, she

could bear, and it so violently convulsed her that she begged that some means might be used to divert her mind from the distressing subject. She felt that if only her own life was concerned she would remain at all risks rather than her husband should leave his work. He too suffered keenly. He said :

“ We have served a long apprenticeship. The preaching of the Gospel to a strange people in a stranger tongue from being a cross has become a pleasure. A little band of native Christians and orphan children has been collected around us, and we were ready to say, here let us toil, and, if it be the will of God, here let us die. But in the midst of all this, how are our plans frustrated and our fondest hopes destroyed ! ”

Mr. Phillips in writing of this great trial said :

“ But leave his station and work, brother Bachelor must. If he go to America there is no saying anything about his return. Here I am, the same as alone, as brother Dow has gone to a new station and commenced a new language. Balasore is to be left vacant after all that has been done there ! What are we to do ? Shall we make our small number of stations smaller ? Shall Midnapur be given up and brother Dow be stationed among the Oriyas ? Or shall Balasore be left without a Gospel messenger to preach to its destitute thousands ? I am exceedingly distressed on account of this state of things. I really feel that I am hardly dealt with, not by my God, but by my brethren. I gave myself, if gift it may be called, with a singleness of aim and purpose to the cause of missions. Trials I expected, but never did I suppose that my greatest trials would be caused by the negligence of my brethren. **N**ine years have I toiled here, while one wave of affliction after another has rolled over me, and still I am permitted to live and labor, but it seems as though I can not go on much

longer at this rate. Brother Noyes was called away after remaining five years, and now Brother Bachelor is on the point of leaving in a shorter time, while there is no one here nor in America ready to take his place. What I complain of is, that we are left to struggle on, so few in number that when sickness or accident removes a brother there is no one near to enter into and carry on his labors. The English General Baptists, who number only about one quarter as many members as our own denomination, have four missionaries in Orissa, and are about to send out one or two more. With 1,000 ministers and 60,000 communicants, we do not efficiently sustain three stations, for a station in a country like India can not be considered as safe and well sustained, unless it be furnished with two missionaries."

January 9, 1845, Dr. Bachelor left Balasore with his invalid wife for Calcutta, intending to be guided as to their future course by the advice of the missionary friends and physicians of that city. On their way, they rested a short time at Jelasore, and on the 15th arrived at Mr. Dow's in Midnapur. Here Mrs. Bachelor sunk rapidly, and on the 20th death terminated her journey and her sufferings. In her last hours, conscious that her change was near, she said, "I hope to live on account of my children, and to serve God more faithfully, but the will of God be done." She said she had great satisfaction in dedicating her children to God, and could but feel reconciled to his will concerning them.* The bereaved husband made her a grave at Midnapur

*Both of her children became Christians many years ago. Her son, Mr. Albert Bachelor, for several years was the honored and successful principal of the High School of the city of Manchester, New Hampshire, and is now teaching in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

— a second time made sacred as the resting-place of the mission's precious dead.

This afflictive event made it no longer necessary for Dr. Bachelor to leave the field. Returning to Jelasore, Mrs. Phillips kindly consented to care for his little ones while he accompanied Mr. Phillips on missionary tours. It is not strange that he wrote :

“On entering this work, I find myself ever disposed to contrast my present feelings with those of former years on similar occasions. Then my home was paradise, and when my work was done I returned to it not only with pleasure, but with enthusiastic delight. Now that home is desolate. She who formed the center of my earthly happiness, who cheered my solitude and rendered my exile from friends and native land a happy one, is not there ! But I thank God that the Gospel, which I am permitted to proclaim to the perishing heathen, is all powerful to sustain, all sufficient to comfort and cheer me in my present severe affliction, and I never went forth to my labor with greater interest, and with a stronger desire to be entirely consecrated to the work.”

Again Dr. Bachelor sent home an appeal for immediate help. He hoped the trying circumstances of the mission had already induced the Board and its friends to make strenuous efforts to send another missionary. He said :

“A month ago, there was a strong probability of my being under the necessity of leaving the country for a season. I had said farewell to the dear native Christians, and left my station, not knowing what course would be marked out for me. The result you already know. You have doubtless felt for us, and for the mission in these trials, but has anything been done to meet the emergency? If so, let no time be lost in sending to our relief.

The same imperative necessity still exists, and our Board should lose no time in placing one brother in the field by the next cold season. True, the melancholy turn our affairs have taken enables me for the present to remain at my post, but I feel like a broken reed on which little reliance can be placed. With two infant children, who must claim a considerable portion of my attention, I feel that I shall not be a very efficient missionary. Am I too sanguine in expecting to have the unspeakable joy of welcoming one brother and sister, at least, to the joys and sorrows of missionary life next cold season?"

Mr. Dow had seconded the appeal to the Board, with the offer to pay yearly fifty rupees from his own salary for the support of a new missionary, provided they would send one within a year, and in a subsequent letter he expressed the hope that they would hold him to his engagement, by accepting his conditions. "Not," said he, "that I do not need these fifty rupees if I should consider my own wants, but the heathen need the Gospel more."

The Board had indeed moved in the matter, and had voted to send a re-enforcement as soon as the means for their support could be obtained.

The General Baptist missionaries continued their kindness to ours, frequently aiding them through their native preachers, and by their counsels. Mr. Sutton, on a recent visit to Jelasore, encouraged Mr. Phillips to build a much needed chapel, saying that he would be responsible for nearly one fourth the expense. Mr. Phillips and the brethren at Balasore and Midnapur subscribed liberally, and a friend in Calcutta sent a sum of

money amounting to some more than a quarter of the whole expense. A schoolhouse for the girls was also to be provided, as the present schoolroom was required for the increasing number of boys.

Mr. Dow had made such progress in the language as to be able to address the people at his station with considerable fluency. For this purpose, he goes to the bazar morning and evening. At first, many would halloo after him, and throw gravel, but he was enabled to stand up boldly and preach the Gospel without intimidation.

During the year 1846, Dr. Bacheler, accompanied by a native preacher, occupied about two months in a long missionary tour of six hundred and fifty miles through the country west and south of Balasore, and returned by way of Cuttack. In their route, they spent ten days in Sambhalpur—the place where Noyes and Phillips commenced their missionary labors. Dr. Bacheler, in writing a summary of this trip, said :

“ We visited the territories of twelve native Rájás, and preached the ever-blessed Gospel before kings and princes. Hundreds heard for the first time of the Saviour, while others who had previously become somewhat acquainted with the principles of Christianity, were again instructed in the way of life. . . . In obedience to the commands of our Lord, we have gone forth with the holy Scriptures in our hands proclaiming their life-giving doctrines to many who would otherwise have died ignorant of a Saviour's advent. A large number of Gospels and tracts have been scattered in many a lonely jungle and retired hamlet, and we look for the blessing of Him who has said, ‘ My word shall not return unto me void.’ ”

He thus wrote of his visit to Sambhalpur :

“ My first object, after my arrival, was to seek out the grave of sister Phillips. * I had no difficulty in finding it, as a substantial stone monument had been erected over it. I stood beside the mortal resting-place of our departed sister with a melancholy pleasure—sad at the thought that she had died so young, when but just entering on a sphere of usefulness, with more than ordinary talents for the work in which her whole soul was engaged. But the reflection that she died with her armor on, bearing a noble testimony to the blessedness of the Gospel, in the midst of the enemy’s land, that her influence had not died with her, but had been felt across the ocean in her native land, exerting on the hearts of others that same spirit which had led her to forsake the endearments of home for the lonely lot of the missionary, cheered my heart, and caused me to feel that, trying as the vocation of the missionary is, I would exchange it for no other. It is natural to mourn the premature departure of those who bid fair for usefulness in the Master’s service, yet it often happens that such, like Samson, accomplish more by their death than in all their life beside. The removal of Harriet Newell was a mysterious providence to her almost discouraged associates, but the influence of her death still continues to be felt, fanning, in many a heart, the missionary flame. Of such, it may emphatically be said,

‘ Long do they live, nor die too soon,
Who live till life’s great work is done.’

“ I pitched my tent in a beautiful mango grove, near the grave. The moon was at its full and the evenings delightful, and I often spent them in solitary musings at the monument. The Coles, or

* Mr. Phillips’s first wife, formerly Mrs. Beede, of Dover, New Hampshire.

Kols, who inhabit a small hamlet near by, often came out to ascertain the cause of my loitering about a grave at such a time. They, no doubt, thought me a singular being, as they look upon the resting-place of the dead only with feelings of horror. Brother Phillips's house was but few rods from the grave. Nothing now remains but a heap of dirt and some loose stones to mark the spot; that of brother Noyes was at the other end of the town, half a mile distant. A portion of the brick floor still remains, on which stands a small native hospital.

“I had not been long in the place before I had ample proof that, though our brethren had been absent more than eight years, neither they nor their instructions were forgotten. An interesting young man, who had received a New Testament from brother Noyes, which he lost by the burning of his house, besought me to replace it. Another had received two or three tracts from brother Phillips, which he had carefully kept, and, to convince me that his statement was true, repeated a considerable portion of one of them. Most were familiar with the instructions of those who taught them the worship of the invisible God. As our brethren were but imperfectly acquainted with the language at the time of their residence here, and labored under many severe trials, I did not expect to find any remains of their influence. In this I was most happily disappointed, as I found that their instructions were as fresh in the minds of the people as though they had been absent but few months instead of eight years. During our stay of ten days in Sambhalpur we had excellent congregations both night and morning.

“Five days after leaving Sambhalpur, we came to Sanpur, a large town of perhaps 5,000 inhabitants. The king of this district was a boy about ten years old. We paid him an early visit, and preached to a large audience before his door, he being one of the hearers. I had taken a volume of Scripture for him, which I

offered to his secretary in his presence. He refused it with a sneer. The boy, however, came in the evening with his retinue, and asked for the book I had offered in the morning."

The king of Bambodie district listened respectfully to the message of the missionary, took him over his grounds, and showed him his gardens. He believed the reason of his being king was on account of having performed a severe penance in a former birth, and that now, if as a king he performed penance, in his next birth he should be an emperor. So he was devoting his life to bodily mortification, wearing no shoes, eating no dinners, bathing four times a day, etc. Dr. Bachelor labored to show him a more excellent way. Though he seemed convinced, he left him with little hope of his obeying the truth.

Six or eight persons at Mr. Phillips's station were wishing to be baptized, but he thought it best to wait a little longer to test the genuineness of their conversion. He had gathered several Santal lads into his school, and, with much patient labor, was acquiring their language, with the hope of future labors for the salvation of this wild people.

August 12, 1846, Miss Sarah P. Merrill, daughter of Rev. A. Merrill of Stratham, New Hampshire, sailed for India in the ship *Gulnare*, in company with some Presbyterian missionaries. After a voyage of more than five months, she landed in Calcutta, where she was met by Mr. Dow whom she accompanied to Midnapur. Her arrival relieved much anxiety, as well as

caused much joy, for the unusually long voyage had excited fears that the vessel was lost. As she journeyed on to Balasore, far different scenes met her eye from those in the land she had so recently left. She wrote :

“ I will not attempt to say much of the horrors of heathenism, but simply tell you that the one half was never imagined. On our way here at Bastá, we saw a heart-rending sight—a small spot of ground strewed thick with the skulls and bones of pilgrims who have died here on their way to Jagarnáth. One poor creature died while we were walking within a few feet of him. The miserable rag with which he was covered was taken away, and he lay unnoticed in the burning sun. The next day nothing but the skull and a few bones remained—the former was being picked by a dog. How such scenes remind one of the declaration of Holy Writ : ‘ Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god.’ ”

The organization of the Quarterly Meeting Association had proved a great blessing to the native brethren ; its influence on them was declared to be almost astonishing. The familiar discussions easily led them to adopt the views of the missionaries, and to attach great importance to order and good regulation. Measures that would have been very difficult to induce them to adopt, were cheerfully assented to, when they felt they had a share in shaping them.

Mr. Dow, meanwhile, was prosecuting his labors through some annoying perplexities. As the chapel purchased with the Midnapur station was not needed for a place of worship, it had been sold to him for a dwelling-house. This seemed to the English residents

sacrilegious and profane, and consequently excited much prejudice. In order to remove it, Mr. Dow abandoned the chapel under the conviction that the interests of the mission required it. The affair caused him considerable loss, besides much trouble and anxiety. During the year, he had preached daily, when able, either in the bazar or at the house. Thousands in Midnapur heard his message, and some with attention. He also made three missionary tours. At one place he preached to thousands, most of whom heard the Gospel for the first time. In these tours he distributed between eight and ten thousand tracts and Gospels.

The church at Balasore had passed through severe and sore trials, on account of the fall of some of its members, especially one of its native preachers. The talented Prasurám, who, for quite a period, had been such a source of strength and joy to the mission, had also relapsed into some of his old, sinful habits, especially lying, so that his exclusion became a necessity. Dr. Bachelier, in commenting on these sad cases, said: "Our trust is in God. He is able to turn our reproach into triumph. In his own good time he will appear for our help." He stated that these recent trials, so far from making an unfavorable impression on the minds of the native brethren, had, if anything, made them more zealous and circumspect. He had also an interesting candidate for baptism, a man of respectable caste and the only child of a widow. Several months since, as he was leaving for Balasore, his mother warned him to beware of the Christians, and told him, if he embraced

their doctrine, she would hang herself, and the guilt of the act would rest on him. However, he became convinced of the truth of Christianity, and after mature deliberation resolutely determined to follow his convictions. His mother, living some forty miles in the country, heard of his determination. Said Dr. Bachelier :

“ She would not have received the news of his condemnation to an ignominious death with more consternation. She called hastily upon two of her neighbors, and begged them to go with her to Balasore and assist in reclaiming her son, who was in danger of becoming a Christian. On their arrival, they had free access to him for several days, laboring day and night by argument, threatening, and entreaty, to induce him to return home. His mother said to him, ‘ My son, if you become a Christian, you can never come to my house again ; I never could give you food, though you were starving ; you will be disowned by our friends and become an outcast ; we shall ever look upon you as dead, and must perform your funeral ceremonies ; you will go down to help yourself and carry us all along with you ; and not only that, but you will draw down fourteen generations of your ancestors from heaven.’ These arguments, all drawn from their sacred books, and, to the Hindu, possessing all the stern realities of law, were brought to bear upon that young man’s mind with painful force, day after day. He constantly replied, ‘ I can not help it, I must be a Christian.’ When this contest had continued for some days, and all were wearied with excitement, our native Christians begged that he might be permitted to break caste, thinking his principles had been sufficiently tested. Finding him still steadfast after such an ordeal, I allowed him to break from his neck the string of beads that he wore as a badge of caste, and gave him a bit of biscuit, which he ate, and his caste was gone ! Eating but a crumb from my hand and in my house

was enough to destroy it forever. His mother, on being told that her son had eaten in the Sahib's house knew full well that it was all over. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak. In silence, she took up the few articles she brought with her, and with her two friends started off, then ten o'clock at night, for her home, forty miles over the plain. On her arrival, two weeks were spent in performing the funeral ceremonies of her son, now considered as dead. The house was polluted by his act, and must be washed within and without; her cooking utensils were unclean and must be thrown away and new ones purchased. Fees must be paid to the officiating priest, and a general feast made for all the members of her caste in her neighborhood, and then she was restored to society. The deep disgrace, however, of having a son an apostate, a Christian, she could never wipe out!

CHAPTER V.

DEPLETION AND RE-ENFORCEMENT.

1847-1850.

*"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands."*

February 5, 1847, Mr. Phillips wrote thus from Dantoon :

"Eleven years ago this day I arrived in India. During these fleeting years, what changes ! Of the twenty beloved friends who composed our party on board the Louvre, six only remain in this country. The dust of numbers now sleeps on a foreign shore and mingles with a heathen soil. But thanks be to God, they laid their lives down not in vain. Their course, though short, was glorious, and their example still lives: They rest, too, from their labors, and their works do follow them. Others have been compelled by the failure of health to return to their native land. Two or three of those who are still in the field are so wasted in health and vigor of constitution, as to preclude the hope of their being spared much longer to labor for the good of this people. My own health, for aught I know, is as good as it was the day I landed in India, a blessing for which I desire to be devoutly thankful.

"But I sat down to tell you about our work in this place. It is

now seven years since I first preached in Dantoon bazar. I have generally preached here yearly, sometimes oftener, ever since. My reception has usually been cold, often repulsive; 'Dantoon is a hard place to get hearers,' had come to be a common remark; but the present season manifests a marked change. There is an evident stir among the people,—a disposition to hear the Word of Life. Few stand up in defense of their gods. Persons of the first respectability ask for books and seek information. Some speak openly of becoming Christians; others propose forsaking the worship of the gods a year, and then, should no evil follow, abandon them altogether. Rámá, our dear native brother, has been wonderfully animated by what he has seen and heard. He seems confident that the time for an extensive breaking away from the strongholds of heathenism is at hand. Hinduism is certainly losing its hold on the people. When the Holy Spirit shall be poured out, multitudes will be prepared to embrace the truth. O, for grace to labor in faith, believing the promises. May it not be that our unbelief is often the cause why blessings are withheld even from the heathen? The Lord help our unbelief."

Mr. Phillips had acquired so much knowledge of the Santal language as to be able to converse fluently on general topics, and to impart considerable religious instruction. Having reduced the language to writing, he published a tract of eight pages,—the first ever printed in that dialect,—and a Primer of twelve pages, which included the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. He had also collected materials for a grammar and a vocabulary, and had translated four or five chapters of Matthew's Gospel. While he found the acquisition of this hitherto unwritten language an arduous work, yet he declared it a delightful one. He said: "I recollect

no study that ever afforded me more unmixed enjoyment than that I derive from this. My *hic, hæc, hoc*, etc., never yielded me a tithe of the pleasure I experienced in digging out the roots and tracing the branches of the words that compose this strange language. Every word, every sound acquired is of no doubtful utility, hence I am urged on by a kind of necessity, the like of which I never felt before to the same degree." The construction of the language was so complex, that Mr. Phillips thought two or three languages, like the Bengali and Oriya, might be acquired with the labor requisite to learn the Santal. He sent home, as an example, a Santal verb, showing that in the indicative mood, present tense, alone, there are more than one hundred and ten distinct forms. His intense interest in this wild race induced him to open a Santal department in the Jelasore Boarding-school, where he gathered ten Santal boys. When they first came to the station they were almost as uncultivated as the monkeys in their native jungles. Yet they learned so well, that in a little more than a year nine of them could read the Oriya Scriptures, and commit to memory their Sabbath school lessons. They seemed not only willing but desirous to be taught Christianity.

The urgent needs of the mission were now imperatively calling for more laborers, and, besides, Mr. Dow's state of health began to cause anxiety. Said Mr. Phillips:

"Our brother calls us a scouting party, and what more are we?"

We have entered, and, to some extent, spied out a portion of the enemy's country. We have reported to our brethren-in-arms, assuring them that if they faint not, they are well able to encounter the enemy, and take possession of his strongholds. Express after express has been sent to solicit re-enforcements. Meantime, we have had a few skirmishes with our foe, and through God's mercy have been victorious, so far as to plant Immanuel's standard among his enemies. This standard we have resolved to defend, or perish in the attempt. A few have abandoned the enemy, and are now fighting on the Lord's side. A fearful misgiving of heart in a number of others encourages us to hope they will soon follow. Thus we are laboring, and toiling, and watching, — sometimes in despair, when we see with what fearful odds we are contending; then a ray of hope lights upon us, victory inclines to our side, we gird ourselves afresh, and rush to the contest. Anxiously we look for the arrival of each successive post, with the hope of being cheered by the joyful news that succor is at hand. Judge of our sad disappointment, when we are told that although brethren are ready and waiting to come, the churches do not furnish the means to send them."

Mr. Phillips and Dr. Bachelier dispatched a joint message to the Mission Board, offering — in case their lives and health were continued — to share their salaries for three years with a new missionary, on the condition of his being sent out the coming year. This, they said, would require no small sacrifice on their part, but they felt that their duty to the heathen demanded it, rather than that a fellow-laborer should be kept from the field. "Were anything," they continued, "short of the eternal interests of our fellow-men at stake, we would not thus continually harass you, for we know full well how

it afflicts you to say, 'No, we can do no more;' but souls for whom Jesus died are sinking in endless night, and we can not be silent."

During the year 1847 (we have not the exact date), Miss Sarah P. Merrill became the wife of Dr. Bacheler, and besides the care of his children, soon made herself useful in the superintendence of the two schools in Balasore, numbering sixty pupils. Dr. Bacheler had in training a small class of native preachers, some of whom he usually took with him in his cold season missionary excursions. On one of these tours, with three of his class, he spent five days at a fair near Dantoon, where 5,000 or 6,000 people were usually in attendance. He said: "I never saw men more devoted to their work; they labored incessantly from morning till evening, and often continued preaching till late at night." A neighboring mount afforded a good pulpit, where they were constantly surrounded by an attentive congregation, some of whom made many interesting inquiries in regard to Christianity. On the last day of the fair, Dr. Bacheler, on going to the preaching stand, found the native brethren in an ecstasy of joy over a man with whom, the preceding evening, they had an earnest conversation. On that morning, he had been actually preaching to the multitude, denouncing idolatry and professing his full belief in Christianity; but, mingling with the crowd, he had passed out of sight. While Dr. Bacheler was taking a little rest in his tent, he said:

"I suddenly heard a strange voice, accompanied with a shout

from our post. On going out, behold ! our new friend was hard at work. He was expert in quoting from the shasters and showing their absurdity. Some Bráhmíns tried to silence him by ridicule, but he refuted them with great boldness, and soon had all the field to himself. I told the people that sometimes the Spirit of God operated in a peculiar manner upon the hearts of men, and I was not sure but what they had just seen and heard was the effect of the Spirit's operations ; at all events, they had heard truths which they would do well to ponder. I learned that our friend had long been reading our books, and had been favorable to Christianity, but had never before come out so boldly. . . . We are sowing the seed extensively. We wait in faith, believing the harvest will come—a time of blessing, when the teeming multitudes of India shall rejoice in God their Saviour. During my stay at the Dantoon fair, a wealthy landholder, who had long been ill, came to me for medical advice. I gave him medicine for which he offered to reward me handsomely. This was refused. He then gave two rupees to my little daughter. This she was not allowed to retain. A few days after, he came again, bringing a handful of rupees, which he begged me to accept. I told him the object of our mission was to do good, not to obtain wealth, and that though I gave medicine freely, I expected nothing and could receive nothing as a compensation. He said he had rupees enough and was well able to reward me. I replied that I, too, had enough ; that my wants were all supplied ; that I could on no consideration accept a fee. He seemed surprised, and went away. Our native preacher, Rámá, soon came in, saying the Zemindar was spreading our fame all around, telling the people that we were altogether different from anybody he had ever seen,—we would not take rupees when offered us. Hitherto, they had thought us actuated by sinister motives,—playing some deep laid scheme for the acquisition of wealth. He offered to give us land for a house, rent free, if we would plant a mission

there, and also build a house for a native preacher. A brother of the Zemindar made the Bráhmíns who surrounded him look blank by declaring himself a Christian, and seating Rámá on his own mat by his side. We feel that these things portend the dawn of a better day."

During the summer of 1847, Mr. Phillips had the joy of seeing the completion of the chapel at Jelasore. About a week after its first opening for worship, it received a fresh consecration in a prayer-meeting. A spirit of earnest supplication, struggling in the hearts of several of the Santal students, voiced itself in pathetic words of prayer. Said Mr. Phillips :

"It was the happiest meeting that I have had for years,—a feast of fat things,—and more than repays my labor and toil in the instruction of these children of the jungle, and the acquisition of their strange and difficult language. Yea, it is an abundant recompense for all the toils and sufferings of twelve years of exile. God be praised that I have lived to see this day. Life never seemed so valuable. Were I to receive my discharge to-night, if permitted, I would joyfully re-enlist in this service. The blind, despised Santals are pressing into the kingdom, and, as if provoked thereby, the Oriyas are waking up to a just concern for their souls." August 6, ten days later, he said : "We have just closed another glorious prayer-meeting. Truly this is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes. We have now nine candidates for baptism. After explaining the meaning and design of the rite, I asked who wished thus to confess Christ before the world. Gad first answered, 'I do.' Then George, next my little Peter, then Shem, after that Bhagaban, then Elias, David, Daniel, and lastly Abial.* Three or four of the schoolgirls seem

* Most of these had been named for American friends of the mission.

awakened. Some of our heathen neighbors, who have of late attended our worship, confess that they are wrong and we are right. The village barber says he reads and prays at home, and he asks prayers that his wife, who now opposes him, may see the truth. It would be infidelity not to believe that God is at work in this place."

The prospective loss of caste proved a severe ordeal to these new converts. Some of their relatives had taken the alarm. Though their faithful missionary had all along told them that if they would be Christians they must prepare to forsake all for Christ, yet the idea of being cut off from all connection with their own people — which is involved in loss of caste — came over them as though they had never before thought of it. Some desired to be Christians without breaking caste, and others plead for delay. Daniel Cilley and Elias Hutchins were the first to free themselves from its shackles. Mr. Phillips thus describes the scene :

"I called them in with two of the native preachers, and proposed that they should eat some bread before us. Surprising as it may seem, this startled them, and they drew back. At length Daniel said he would eat. Elias said he would wait till he was baptized. The bread was brought, and after some hesitation Daniel raised his hand and took a piece. Elias declined. Poor Daniel sat with the bread in his hand, swelled up as if in a dreadful trial, and for half an hour or more it seemed doubtful whether they would taste the morsel which was to be the signal of a final separation from all their relatives. It was an important step to take. The "Rubicon" once passed, there could be no retreat. At last they put the fearful morsel to their mouths ; the work was

done and immediately they became cheerful and happy. Soon afterwards a brother of Elias, having heard the news, came to see him and loaded him with reproaches. He was now an outcast. No Santal would take water from his hands. Where could he find a wife when he should want to marry? No one would give him his daughter. Who would perform his funeral rites when he should die? His body must lie above ground and be devoured by vultures and jackals! Elias took all calmly, and said to his brother with firmness, that he had found the truth and should obey it to secure the salvation of his soul. His brother left in great affliction.

“Sabbath, August 30, was another day of rejoicing. About fifty of the heathen came to the water-side, and in solemn silence beheld five of their countrymen buried with Christ in baptism. Two were Santals, two Oriyas, and one Bengali. The other three Santal candidates hesitated, frightened by the opposition.”

November 9, 1847, was rendered memorable in the mission, on account of the ordination of the first native preacher. Rámá, the first fruit of Mr. Phillips's labor in Jelasore, was set apart to the work of the ministry, during a session of the Quarterly meeting, at Balasore. Dr. Sutton, from Cuttack, preached the ordination sermon, and gave the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Phillips offered the ordaining prayer, and Dr. Bachelier gave the charge. Mr. Dow's continued ill health only allowed him to be a silent witness of the services.

For six years, as a licensed preacher, Rámá, by his earnest, untiring labors, had gladdened the hearts of the missionaries, and had ever shown himself worthy of the utmost confidence. During a mission tour with Dr. and Mrs. Bachelier, the latter thus wrote of him :

“It seems to be his meat and drink to preach Christ and him crucified, and he never tires of his theme. His heart seems like a living fountain, ever bringing forth that which is fresh and new. Yesterday he preached in the streets, opposite the bazars, then came home and ate his rice, and in the afternoon back to the bazar again. No sooner had he eaten his rice in the evening, than he was going around among the travelers who were spending the night under the trees near us, asking them to have a little talk. We heard some of them say: ‘We are tired and sleepy, how can we talk?’ ‘Well, sleep in peace, brothers,’ he would say, and pass on to others. Then we would soon find, by his earnest conversation, that he had obtained a hearing, and in the stillness of the night, long after I had retired, I heard him arguing most pathetically on the wickedness of worshipping dumb idols. He is a very interesting speaker, and has the happy faculty of enlisting at once, the attention of his hearers.”

The following extract from Rámá’s journal may give some idea of his style of preaching :

“As we went to Bhagári in the morning, the Thanna’s Moon-shee [writer] called and said : ‘There are so many of us sitting here, will you not let us hear the word of God?’ ‘O sir,’ said I, ‘if you are prepared to hear, and will hear, then it will be of use to speak.’ I then explained the parable of the sower, and they said : ‘All these words are true, verily, but this is a new system, and is not mentioned in our shasters, therefore we do not obey.’ I replied, ‘O brethren, my father was a cultivator and with great labor contrived to live. In my time, provisions have become very cheap and abundant. Shall I throw them away and live as my father did, or shall I enjoy them? No, it would be a sin to throw them away. Thus in the time of our fathers, this true religion did

not come to our land, but in our time it has appeared, and unless we consider and obey, we shall be great losers.' They said, 'Give us a holy shaster and we will now read and understand!' . . . We came to Dehala market; as I began to preach, the people said much about the religion of their fathers. . . . I said, 'O brethren, what say your shasters? Is God without form, or has he form?' 'A Spirit', they said. 'Is your system true or false?' 'True', they replied. 'O sirs, if your religion be true can you find five true men among a thousand?' 'No, that we can not, but this is an age of vice, and there are no true people; yet there must be some holy men, otherwise the world would be destroyed.' 'O sirs,' said I, 'if you will consider well, you will see that the religion of Christ is true, and on account of that, the world is preserved. As the cultivator waters his fields for the sake of his crops, not for the tares that grow among his wheat, so God preserves the world on account of the true worshipers of Christ. O Hindu brethren, repent, turn from your sins, otherwise you will all perish. You have served the gods but obtained no salvation from them. Now your Creator, seeing your distress, has shown his great love. We, Hindus — enemies — God gave his Son to die for us; and it is written, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"' Hearing this discourse, the people appeared grieved on account of their sins, and several of them said, 'If you will remain and teach us we will learn and obey this religion.' They asked for books and received them with great joy."

In relation to Rámá's ordination, Dr. Bachelier said:

"The raising up of an efficient native ministry must constitute the great secret of our success as a mission. If we fail here, all our other labors can never be sufficient to effect any radical change in this idolatrous land. Foreign laborers can never do that work; they cost too much, they hold their lives and health

by too frail a tenure. . . . We must have a native agency, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the people, to carry on the work that we may be enabled to commence and superintend. Both agencies are necessary to each other: the foreign to give character and support to the native, to prepare a Christian literature, and superintend all general operations; and the native is generally necessary to carry the Gospel into the hamlets and jungles, and make the people feel that Christianity is not an exotic,—the religion only of foreigners,—but that it is that alone through which they can obtain salvation. In raising up this agency, our mission has thus far been successful. Indeed, were Rámá the only fruit, I should think that we had not labored without an adequate reward. But we have others, also, who are now going through a course of religious and literary training, which we trust will fit them eminently for the great work to which they are called. We pray God to grant us prosperity in this department of our work, and raise up a native ministry to dispense the bread of life to these perishing millions.”

The pilgrim business is the curse and scourge of India, and, we might add, of the world also, for its putrefying corpses originated the cholera. The sick and disabled, as they fall by the roadside, are at once abandoned by their friends and left to die. The great pilgrim-road from the north of India to Puri, the seat of the famous idol, passes through Jelasore. Several of its victims had fallen and died on Mr. Phillips's premises. What to do in such cases had caused him much anxiety. He could not receive these filthy, diseased persons into his house, without at the same time turning his family out of doors. His schoolhouse was rendered almost uninhabitable by these wretched objects.

Through the generosity of a few English friends he was now enabled to provide a hospital with a small fund for its support. The man engaged to take charge of it recommended himself by saying that he had dragged off 200 corpses, and of course could take charge of all that would die in the hospital.* Dr. Bachelier, in speaking of the horrors of pilgrimage, said it was a strange occurrence to see a person administering even a draught of water to a sick or dying pilgrim, though he begged for it in most piteous tones. During the period of the return of the pilgrims, he used to spend an hour or two each day in administering medicine to the sick. While mingling in the crowd in search of these, he would hear rising from the throng in tones of surprise, the ejaculations, "Blessed!" "Blessed!" "An incarnation of holiness!" "A sea of mercies!" He gave as illustrations of the heartlessness with which the pilgrims treat even their nearest relatives who fall sick on their journey, some heart-rending cases, and added, that he could fill a volume with similar ones.

Early in January, 1848, Dr. Bachelier set out upon the most interesting preaching tour that he had hitherto made. Some weeks previously he had sent out his native preachers, Rámá and Silas, to labor in the numerous villages and markets to the west and south of Bala-sore. They had just returned with the cheering tidings of a great change in the treatment of themselves and

*It was the custom to fasten a cord around the neck of the corpse and thus drag it off.

their message. In some instances they had been hospitably entertained by the principal men of the villages, and freely received into the houses of many, which, had they entered on previous visits, their owners would have washed the places where they stood or sat, with an unnamable mixture, to remove the pollution. Dr. Bacheler, with Rámá and Silas, now proceeded to revisit most of these villages.

In Jaital, at the foot of a mountain, was a large household, consisting of the parents and four sons, all married, who seemed earnestly inquiring after the truth. They cleared a large room, for the accommodation of the missionaries, which they spread with mats and blankets. Many of their neighbors came in, and the whole afternoon was occupied in religious conversation. "I was intending," said Dr. Bacheler, "to return to my tent, ten miles distant, before dark, but our new friends would not hear of it. They hung about me with the affection of old friends meeting after a long separation, and would not let me go. So I sat upon their social mat, till a late hour in the evening, talking to these anxious listeners of Jesus and his Gospel. Never before had I witnessed such a scene, and surely it was one of the happiest evenings of my life."

Dr. Bacheler found two other interesting cases at Jaital, both of whom were Boishnobs (holy men). One of them lived at a distance from the village, in an enormous banyan tree of centuries growth. The adjacent jungle being infested with wild beasts, the igno-



BANYAN TREE.

rant people attributed his preservation from harm to his superior sanctity ; and this added not a little to the great influence he had over them. He received his new visitors very cordially, seating Dr. Bacheler in his swing, and eating with the native brethren, and what was most remarkable, ate a mouthful of food from Rámá's mouth, a sign of the most intimate friendship. He declared his determination to become a Christian at some future time, and brought from his den at the foot of the tree a Bible, which Rámá, at a previous visit, had given him. Dr. Bacheler read and explained a portion of the 5th chapter of Matthew, every word of which he seemed to drink in with eagerness. Such instruction, he said, he never heard before. But his comfortable retreat, and the influence he had gained over the people, could not then be relinquished. The other Boishnob, Fakir Dás was a Bráhmin, about forty years of age, and had been an ascetic twenty years. He had made pilgrim-

ages to Jagarnáth and to most of the sacred places in Hindustan, to find some way of salvation. Finally, becoming disgusted with such a way of life, he had concluded that if God was to be found at all, he might as well be found in one place as in wandering the world over; so he was now gaining his livelihood by cultivating a little garden. On first hearing of Christ from the native preachers, he concluded that he was the Saviour he had so long been seeking in vain, and forthwith determined to cast in his lot with the Christians. Dr. Bachelier said:

“His mind was dark and drear. He had looked upon himself as a god, and had been worshiped as such by multitudes. Old principles were to be rooted up, and new ones introduced; but as he possessed a willing mind, we had hope. He had gone on with the native preachers before me to Jalidar. As I came up, I heard violent crying, and supposed somebody was beating his wife; but on drawing near, found that it was Fakir Dás, the tears still streaming down his wrinkled face. On inquiry, I learned that he had been giving a man — who was a god-maker for all that region — an account of his past life, and when he thought how he had squandered the better part of his years in sin, and had only just now found the entrance to the true way, his emotions so overcame him that he burst into a violent fit of weeping. The sight of a Hindu, weeping for his sins, was to me an oasis in the desert of my missionary life, cheering as the cooling shade to the panting traveler.”

Dr. Bachelier had designed to extend his tour to Bhadrak, but the fact that many months must pass before these interesting inquirers could again hear the Gospel, decided him to return to Jaital. He said:

"I never before had an opportunity of becoming so intimate with the natives. My tent was usually crowded full every evening, and the time most interestingly occupied in religious conversation and reading the Scriptures. The interviews closed with prayer, and here I witnessed what I had never before seen, the heathen bowing before a throne of grace. All opposition had vanished. It seemed more like the outpouring of the Spirit of God than anything I had ever witnessed in India. The result remains to be seen. The distance between Hinduism and Christianity is almost infinite. To break away from all bonds of caste-relationship, is a very difficult thing. It gives us great joy to see anything like the revival of the work of God even on so small a scale."

Fakir Dás followed Dr. Bachelier to Balasore continually lamenting that he had not sooner found the way. After giving evidence of true conversion, he was baptized, and soon made himself very useful in the mission.

Dr. Bachelier's medical skill added not a little to his influence with the natives. The wife of the host who had so kindly received him and his assistants in Jaital, had been afflicted for eight or ten years with a disease of the eyes resulting in partial blindness. The eyelids, in this disease, become inverted so as to bring the lashes in contact with the eye. In her case, the lashes had been destroyed with the exception of the roots, the sharp points of which, were, at every motion of the lids, irritating the excited balls. By removing a small portion of the superabundant lids they were restored to their natural position. Said Dr. Bachelier :

"The report of this simple operation was noised abroad, so that

the sick, the lame, the blind, people afflicted with all manner of diseases, curable and incurable, came pouring in from all the region round. From witnessing a few surgical operations, they really thought I could cure anything. One old woman brought her deaf and dumb son, and insisted on my curing him. On being told that it was beyond the power of man, she replied: 'You have cut out such an one's eye, you have removed a tumor for such an one, and can't you cure my son? Of course you can!'"

On other occasions, he often had people come to him to "get mended." One blind woman, a hundred years old, came to get her sight renewed, of which she had been deprived fifteen or twenty years. Others came asking for a new eye to supply the place of one lost. Dr. Bachelor's Medical Report of the preceding year to the Mission Board stated that he had treated 2,407 cases, and performed 126 surgical operations, twelve of them under the influence of chloroform. On learning that some at home feared that his medical labors interfered with his direct missionary work, he replied:

"India is not America. We manage matters differently here, and it is not always just to compare what we do with what is done at home. I presume that I have treated twice as many patients the past year as have been treated in the same period at the Massachusetts General Hospital, though it has six physicians and surgeons, and an expenditure of several thousand dollars; but I have done it in a different way. I feel satisfied that if any member of the Board was in my place, he would not spend less time in this way than I do, but probably more. I do as little as my conscience will tolerate."

The Secretary, by way of explanation, said in his Annual Report :

“The time occupied in giving medicines has not exceeded an hour each day. The expenses of medicines, etc., have been provided by friends. Dr. Bacheler is more respected than he would be were he not a physician. The time given to the sick has been taken from hours devoted to sleep, recreation and study, but not from those devoted to preaching. Many have been brought within the reach of missionary influence, who, but for medicine, would never have heard the Gospel. At home, numbers throng his house, and when on missionary excursions, his congregations are brought to his tent, and he is not obliged to go from village to village to collect small companies to whom to preach the Word of Life.”

During the year 1848, the Jelasore station had some sore trials, but, withal, a good degree of prosperity. Twelve were baptized, and the little church had nineteen members. The Christian community numbered from sixty to seventy persons, and more inquirers from neighboring villages attended the place of worship than during any previous year.

The fears entertained in relation to the failure of Mr. Dow's health were not groundless. He had been obliged to suspend his labors, and for six months had been under the medical treatment of Dr. Bacheler and other physicians without receiving any benefit. He finally went to Calcutta and consulted one of the oldest physicians in the city, whose opinion agreed with Dr. Bacheler's, that there was no hope of his recovery in India. It was feared that he had an incurable heart

disease. As there was no prospect that he would be able to resume his labors if he remained in the country, the painful decision was made that he return with his wife to his native land. In reference to this conclusion, he wrote: "Such providences are certainly dark, but they must be right, or our Heavenly Father would not permit them to take place." The missionaries said in reference to their departure:

"Brother Dow has prepared himself for eminent usefulness, as a missionary, and his loss to the mission could not easily be made up. We are very sorry to lose these, our devoted fellow-laborers, but the path of duty seems plain. His heart is in the work, and he leaves with deep regret"

He sailed from Calcutta March 28, 1848, in a vessel bound for England. He suffered much on the passage to St. Helena, in consequence of poor accommodations and exposure, having three attacks of fever, two of them very severe. At St. Helena, he took an American vessel, furnishing good accommodations, and arrived in New York the 19th of August, his health considerably improved by this latter part of the voyage.

Thus again was the missionary force reduced to two men and their wives, the same number that at first entered the field.

The year 1849 was made eventful in the mission by a considerable accession to its Boarding-school of children and youth who had been set apart for a cruel death. About two hundred miles south of Balasore is a mountainous region, inhabited by a race called

Khands, which, until a little time previous, had been entirely unexplored by Europeans. It was ascertained that these people offered, in their heathen worship, human sacrifices in immense numbers. Their victims were stolen from the Oriyas, or bought of them. Even parents sold their children for this horrid purpose. They were secured in inclosed pens, sometimes fifty or more in a single pen, and kept till wanted for the slaughter. Then they were offered to their goddess, Bhowanee, * to secure her blessings on the land they cultivate. On the day appointed for sacrifice, the Khands, in great numbers, assembled from all parts of the country, dressed in their finery, some with bearskins thrown over their shoulders, others with the tails of peacocks flowing behind them, and the long, winding feather of the jungle-cock waving on their heads. Dr. Bachelier sent home the following description of the scene of sacrifice. We would gladly spare our readers the shocking recital, did we not deem that fidelity to the cause of missions requires that now and then we should give at least a glance at some of the abominations of heathenism. Indeed, a casual glance must not only silence those who, in their ignorance of what heathenism really is, affirm that the heathen are well enough without the Gospel, but it must do much to stimulate the efforts of Christians, and even the humane who are not Christians, to send them the Gospel. Says Dr. Bachelier :

* One of the names given to Kali.

“The children designed for sacrifice are kept till they are of sufficient age, usually from fourteen upwards. They are sometimes married previous to the sacrifice, as the earth-goddess is more highly pleased with such offerings. On the day appointed, they are decorated with flowers and paraded around the village with the greatest pomp and ceremony, accompanied with music and dancing. When they arrive at the fatal field, a post, split through the center, is driven into the ground, into which the victim is bound. Two stakes are then driven down about two feet from each side of the post, to which the hands are tied.”

The following hymn, chanted as they advanced toward their victims, was translated by one of the Cuttack missionaries :

“Hail, mother, hail! Hail, goddess Bhowanee!
Lo! we present a sacrifice to thee.
With various music on this festive day
Lo; thee we honor and thy rites obey.
Hail, all ye gods who in the mountain dwell,
In the wild jungle, or the lonely dell,
Come all together, come with one accord,
And eat the sacrifice we have prepared.
In all the fields and all the plots we sow,
O let a rich and plenteous harvest grow!
Ho, all ye gods and goddesses! give ear
And be propitious to our earnest prayer.
Behold a youth for sacrifice decreed,
Blooming with tender flesh and flushed with blood,
His flesh, and blood, his life, and all, are thine;
We caught and reared him for thy rite alone,
Now too with rites from all pollution free,
We offer him, O Bhowanee, to thee.”

“The religious ceremonies over, the crowd, one by one, advance and cut out a piece of flesh from the arms, legs, or back and immediately hasten away and bury it, each one in his own particular field. The vitals are avoided, that as much of the flesh may be

cut away as possible before death, when the operation ceases. From twenty to forty minutes usually elapse before death closes the cruel scene, while meantime the victim is struggling and writhing in the most horrid torments. I had hoped that they were kept in ignorance of their fate, but even this mitigation of their sufferings is not allowed them. They are fully aware of all that awaits them, and opportunities for escaping their murderers do not often pass unimproved."

The British Government, with praiseworthy effort, set itself at work to suppress these hideous murders. Sending into the Khand country military escorts, they rescued a large number of victims (called merias), without violence of any kind. These they sent to different missionary stations, for Christian education, the government meanwhile paying for their support. Thirty were destined for Balasore, but one died on the way. Said Mrs. Bachelier: "It was Sabbath morning when they arrived, and the sun was very hot. I was out in the girls' house to receive them, and it was with many tears that I saw these poor rescued children come to our arms, and earnest were the prayers that, through the Gospel, they might at last be saved from an infinitely more dreadful death than man can inflict."

Mrs. Bachelier took charge of the Khand girls, who, of course, required a great deal of care and training, for they were about as untamed as the wild beasts of their native hills. Three large girls from the Jelasore Boarding-school were sent to her assistance, and they took great pains to teach their new pupils Oriya words and hymns, which greatly delighted them. They held

a little prayer-meeting with them every evening, and in a short time these rescued ones would join with them, though they had learned but few words, and their prayers were very broken, something like this: "O Lord, we are poor, ignorant Khand children — have mercy upon us for Jesus' sake," etc.

The Khand boys, numbering sixteen, were more docile and teachable than could have been expected. After having been in the school six months, none of them had required corporal punishment, and the energy they displayed at their work and in their sports formed a happy contrast to the habitual sluggishness of most Hindus. They were taught by a native Christian, under the superintendence of Dr. Bachelor, while Fakir Dás took charge of their cooking and other domestic concerns. They spent six hours daily in school and three in manual labor. Four of them worked as masons, four of them as blacksmiths, and all of them at farming at particular seasons.

The need of re-enforcing the mission had now become most decidedly urgent. Long had Phillips and Bachelor been pleading for help to hold what had been gained, uncheered by the presence of a single American helper, except Mr. Dow's few brief months of labor. The society at home had for some time been exerting itself to secure means for re-enforcement. Its Secretary, Rev. E. Hutchins, in a fervent appeal to the churches said:

"The cry for additional laborers is continually coming to our ears, till, at times, our hearts are agonized. We toil, and eat the

bread of carefulness, that we may do a little to sustain those who are laboring to turn the heathen from their abominations, but oh, how little we can do! Had we the wealth that many of our brethren possess, quickly would our hearts be relieved by devoting it to this work. . . . We are afflicted in hearing so much the cry, 'We are poor,' as an excuse for not aiding to send the Gospel to the dying millions of India. . . . Churches and Christians that in this age of light do not engage in missionary work, will be poor, spiritually poor, and will even lose the mind and power to enjoy the good things of this life."

Prayer was at length heard, and persevering effort rewarded. August 3, 1849, Rev. Ruel Cooley and wife, of western New York, both Oberlin graduates, sailed from Boston in the ship "Argo," and arrived in Calcutta, December 15, a voyage of four months and one week. Dr. Bachelier, who was then in Calcutta with his wife, for the restoration of her failing health, on hearing of the arrival of the "Argo" at the mouth of the Hoogly, and knowing that some days must elapse before the ship could reach Calcutta, could not well restrain his impatience to meet the new missionaries. So on Friday, at 4 o'clock P. M., two hours after hearing the glad news, he was gliding down the river in a good boat, well manned, joyful in the hope of greeting them in the morning. But they, being anxious to reach the city as soon as possible, had taken a steamboat, so the two parties passed each other a few hours after Dr. Bachelier commenced his trip. Next day, at sunset, he heard the unwelcome news that the "Argo" was still some distance down the river, and would not come up

before Monday. The following day was the Sabbath, but he was obliged to remain in his boat till early in the afternoon; the "Argo" passed so near that he could read her name. His heart bounded with joy as they took in their anchor, and all hands were at the oars pulling for the ship. The tide and a strong head wind were against them, and soon they were in great peril. The captain, seeing their danger, sent a boat to rescue them, and kindly received them on board his ship. The pang of disappointment that smote the heart of our missionary, when he learned that Mr. and Mrs. Cooley had gone on to Calcutta, soon gave way to gratitude for his rescue from a watery grave. "Ah," said the pilot, as he stepped on board, "you had a very narrow escape with your life. I have seen many a vessel lost on those sands. Every craft that goes ashore there is sure to be lost." Next day the ship was towed by a steamer to Calcutta, and, after a joyful greeting, the missionaries passed on together to Midnapur. Here they were met by Mr. Phillips and the native preachers, Rámá and Mahes. The latter, Rámá especially, seemed unable to express their delight in meeting another Gospel messenger. He pressed Mr. Cooley's hand, embraced him, and even took him up in his arms, exclaiming, "Now I have a prize." The missionary party reached Jelasore, January 2, 1850, where Mr. and Mrs. Cooley were to remain for a season, while Dr. and Mrs. Bachelier, the latter with improved health, passed on to resume the work at Balasore.

Mrs. Bachelier, during her stay in Calcutta for medicinal treatment, visited Serampur, ever memorable as the scene of the labors of the first modern missionaries. The physician had prescribed a trip up the Ganges. Subsequently she wrote :

“I was glad to hear Serampur named as one of the places where we might stop. We left with the afternoon tide. The scenery was enchantingly beautiful. The splendid palace-like buildings, with their snowy white pillars, contrasted beautifully with the lovely green foliage, in which were mingled the hues of gorgeous Eastern flowers ; but the sight of a bloated, unseemly corse floating by, drew my heart and eyes away from all outward beauty, and I remembered that I was on the Ganges, the great idol river. How strange it seemed ! The sight of the river on the map, when I was a school-girl, used to thrill me, and forgetting my lesson, I often sat thinking of idolatrous India,—and now I was riding upon its waters.

“As our little boat anchored at Serampur—the birth-place of Indian missions — my heart thrilled with emotion, and it was with a kind of reverential awe that I ascended the steps of the Ghat and walked over the ground once hallowed by the footsteps of Harriet Newell, Ann Hazeltine Judson, Henry Martin, and others, whose names are written in heaven. Here they came, after having been persecuted from place to place, some of them hunted like public criminals, others in poverty and want, but all with hearts burning with zeal for God, and longing to spend and be spent for the lost in pagan darkness. Earthly powers were against them, and by nominally Christian rulers they were forbidden to preach Christ to the dying heathen. . . . We thankfully accepted the kind invitation of Rev. Mr. Denham (Baptist missionary), to take up our abode in his family during our stay. The house was built by Dr. Carey, and is the one in which he

died. It is a very large building with upper rooms,—the lower part designed for college students, and the upper for his own family. The room in which the eminent missionary breathed his last is now Mr. Denham's study. He showed me the spot where the bed stood, and the direction in which the head was placed. I can not tell you what I felt as I stood in that room and looked around it. In one corner were his crutches, and in different parts of the room were various other articles he was accustomed to use. All seemed precious in Mr. Denham's eyes. He gave me a paper-weight, once the property of Dr. Carey, and which he used in making his translations. It is a plain, polished piece of marble, somewhat ink-stained, and the knob broken off. I prize it very highly. Mr. Denham has a great veneration for the memory of missionaries, and preserves with care any relic he can obtain which was once their property. He showed me the lamp by which Schwartz made his translations of the Bible. 'O that midnight lamp!' he said, with watery eyes. The spirit of his illustrious predecessors, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, seems to have fallen upon him. . . . He dares and attempts great things,—things at which his missionary brethren tremble and stand aloof, and in which the society that sent him out do not assist him. You are aware that Dr. Carey founded a college at Serampur. After his death it went down. This, Mr. Denham has revived, and it is now in splendid operation. He has expended 1,000 rupees in repairs, on his own responsibility, all of which I think he has had the good fortune to raise in this country. One object of the college is to educate the sons and grandsons of missionaries not otherwise provided for, and in this department he has labored most faithfully, like a tender father seeking out the lost and friendless, bringing them into the bosom of his own family, and watching over them with a parent's care.

"We were invited to dine one evening with Mr. John Marshman, the only remaining son of the great missionary, a privilege for

which I shall ever be thankful. He is said to possess the greatest influence of any man in the country, not excepting the Governor-General of India. For many years he has been editor and proprietor of the *Friend of India*, a standard periodical, and his expressed views on Indian affairs . . . are had in high estimation by the ruling powers. . . . We visited the graveyard of the missionaries—a sweet and solemn spot. There rest the ashes of Carey, Marshman, Ward, Mack,* and many others. The inscription on the tombstone of Dr. Carey is affecting, as it is a never-dying testimony of the humility of the living man. It was his own request that his bare name should be written, with his age and these words :

‘A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall.’

“My feelings became indescribable while calling to mind, in that hallowed spot, the works, and trials, and triumphs of these men of God. Now they rest from their labors, white robes and golden harps are theirs in heaven, and on earth the savor of a good name.”

In India there exists what is not found elsewhere on earth, a class of men whose profession is religious robbery and murder, and in this way they have lived for many generations. They are called Thags. “They are bound together,” says one, “by oaths and engagements as relentless as death and as heartless as hell. They are the worst of all classes. The perfection of villainy became a Thag. They are cool, sober, unexcited traders in human life, whose consciences know no

*Rev. J. Phillips's second wife, the mother of Dr. James L. and John Phillips, was the adopted daughter of Mr. Mack.

remorse, because they regard themselves as performing the highest service to their chosen deity, the goddess Káli, who delights in the dying agonies of her victims. The thousands they murder are offerings to Káli." The English government had been trying for years to break up this organization by arresting these murderers and punishing most of them, but pardoning a few to employ as spies to detect others. After Mrs. Bachelers return from Calcutta, she wrote home the following account of meeting a party of Thags while on her way to that city :

"Near Dantoon we met a company of sixty prisoners, marching from Midnapur to Balasore, to serve the time of their sentence in the prison there. Mr. Bacheler asked one of the officers who they were. I felt a thrill of horror run over me as he answered, 'Thags.' This gang of robbers and murderers, extending from one end of Hindustan to the other, are literally a secret society ; stranger Thags are brothers at once, on giving and receiving a mutual secret sign, by which they are known to each other. It is impossible for others to detect them, for they mix with all classes, and while with them conform to their manners and customs. It is their invariable rule to take life whenever they plunder, however small the amount they obtain. Having observed any persons whom they wish to rob, they join their company in an unsuspecting, friendly manner, and watch for an opportunity to accomplish their designs. When the favorable moment comes, the chief one, who has had much experience, steals behind the intended victim and slips the sacred noose, made of cloth, over the head, while at the same instant one springs to each side drawing it tight, and almost always producing immediate death. . . . A hole is then dug in the earth, into which the body is cast, and

they pass on unsuspected, to make new acquaintances and commit new murders. The British government has taken every means to detect them, and has made many prisoners, yet still numbers swarm unmolested and unsuspected."

Mr. and Mrs. Noyes also saw a party of imprisoned Thags in Balasore, who, they said, talked about their system with as much composure as though it was common business, and even showed the way they strangled their victims, by putting the murderous handkerchief around the neck of one of the servants. They confessed that they had committed more than fifty murders in the district of Balasore, but they said they had never murdered an Englishman, for fear of detection.

CHAPTER VI.

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

1850-1852.

*"That stone, cut from the mountain without hands,
Rolls grandly on! O Christian, clear the way."*

In the early summer of 1850, another party of Khand children, rescued from sacrificial butchery, was sent to the mission. Miss Sutton, adopted daughter of Dr. Sutton, who was then an assistant in the Balàsore Boarding-school, wrote the following account of their arrival :

"The morning we heard of their near approach, our young people, both boys and girls, came in high glee, requesting permission to go out and meet their new companions. Some of the girls hoped that they might find relatives among them ; one little thing in particular, a very interesting, intelligent child, often exclaimed ; 'If I could only see my little sister ! I hope she will come among the new children.' We had not proceeded far before we met the company. Two huge elephants, laden with tents and other conveniences, led the van. These were followed by sepoy's armed and belted with swords and muskets, then the children, fifty-one in number, with several attendants. Among the servants of the government agent was Joy Singh, a person of some impor-

tance and well educated. He was a victim rescued from the murderous Khands. I well remember him as a pious lad in the mission school at Cuttack and he is now a member of the church."

Later Mrs. Cooley wrote :

"The new children are very bright and good-looking, the most so of any native children I have seen in the country. They appear happy and contented. The school now numbers eighty-seven. May they be so trained as to prepare them for great usefulness among their benighted countrymen."

An epistle from Dr. Bacheler was read at the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting at its June session, 1850, from which the following is an extract :

"No doubt you take a deep interest in our Khand school composed of children rescued from a horrible death. They came to us naked, ignorant, filthy, and diseased. Already Christianity has done much for them. They are learning what their fathers never knew — to read. They read their Bibles and many of them have learned to pray. Could the opposers of missions understand their condition as it really was, while they were set apart awaiting the sacrificial knife, and then see them, as now, busily engaged in useful labor, or in reading the words of eternal life, and could they at early dawn, or after the labors of the day are over, listen to the voice of prayer as it comes from their youthful lips, surely their opposition would cease."

The hospital at Jelasore afforded shelter to over forty sick pilgrims during this year. It contained eleven at one time, seven of whom died from the effects of hunger, fatigue, and disease. Mrs. Phillips thus described one of her visits :

“I went in the afternoon, and on going to the door of the first room, I saw in one corner, stretched on a mat, a young Bengali woman quite motionless, except now and then a convulsive throes that showed that she was struggling with the king of terrors. Near the door, a young man, who I understand was her husband, was indifferently strolling, taking little notice of what was passing within. There sat the aged mother, bending over her dying child, exclaiming, ‘O my daughter! my daughter! speak! do speak once more!’ But receiving no answer, she cried, ‘O my life is going! my life is going! what shall I do! what shall I do!’ In this way she continued to express her grief, till I left, interrupted only by the young man, who, in an unfeeling manner, called out, ‘Old woman, stop your noise, stop your noise, the Sahib and Mem are here.’ During the night, the spirit took its departure, and her remains were thrown naked upon the river’s side, and in a few short hours, the skeleton was all that was left of this poor pilgrim.

‘But O the soul! the immortal soul!
Ah! whither has it fled?’

“I have written this letter with a quill from the wing of a vulture that was killed over the corpse of this poor woman.”

In October, 1850, the Free Baptist General Conference held its triennial session in Providence, Rhode Island. Mahes, the native preacher, learning this, thus addressed an earnest appeal to that body for more helpers:

“Worthy and dear brethren: . . . O sirs, through the knowledge of the true God, you are very rich. Hearing this, the people of this country, as the thirsty hart panteth for the cooling water, so do they cry out in their distress, and call to you for the water of life. Fastening their eyes, they look steadfastly on you, that they may receive the true light. O sirs, hearing this cry of

distress, how long will you delay to satisfy these hungry and thirsty people? Oh, be entreated to provide for them quickly, for they expect assistance only from you! The rope by which they may be saved is in your hands. O sirs, they are perishing! quickly throw them the rope! Seizing hold of it, we shall live. For preaching the Gospel of the Saviour, the Life-giver, O sirs, send more preachers to this land, that the word of life may be planted in the mind of every one. This is our petition. Oh, could you know the customs of this country, you could not avoid weeping continually! You would walk about and cry daily. As fish without water, so you would be in distress. O sirs, to feed the hungry in this dark land, there are, by the grace of God and your zeal, three missionaries and with them three or four native preachers. But in so large a field, what can they do? For sending these, we love and praise you. O sirs, we know you greatly desire the salvation of the heathen; but suffer me to plead. The people of this country, like a flowing river, are passing away down to destruction. There is no one to turn them and save them. Therefore, seek continually their rescue. Do not forget us."

It has been justly remarked that the amount of good accomplished by Christian efforts in heathen lands can not be estimated by the number of converts gathered into churches. The abolition of cruel heathen rites, the founding of hospitals, the establishment of schools, the rescue and education of persons set apart for human sacrifices, the giving a written language to tribes destitute of such a treasure, are among the numerous blessings conferred upon the heathen by the labors of missionaries. Emphatically was this true of the Free Baptist mission.

During the year 1850, the period now under consid-

eration, our missionaries, though they had not seen the heathen turning from idols to the true God as they had hoped, were cheered by the constancy and zeal of the native Christians amidst trials and discouragements, and by the meeting of cases during their missionary tours that made them strong in the faith that, though they sowed in tears, they should yet reap in joy. In one of Mr. Phillips's excursions he visited a cripple at Uparkandi, who, he had heard, was interested in the Gospel. He was gladly welcomed, and at his request the cripple brought out his books, consisting of a New Testament, some volumes of tracts, and a few single ones, with the contents of which he seemed quite familiar. Mr. Phillips remembered giving books to this cripple two years previous. His father and uncle disclaimed all confidence in the Hindu shasters and professed their faith in the Gospel. The father said :

“When these books first came among us, some cut them to make kites, others tore them for wrapping paper, still others stuck them away in the roofs of their houses, and some said, the Sahib will come and seize all those to whom he has given books, and forcibly take away their caste and make them Christians. Matters are different now. Five-eighths of the people believe your book. Bráhmíns and boishnobs oppose because their support is endangered.”

Said Mr. Phillips :

“All these men seem in the same state of mind of many others I know of, who, though tired and sick of Hinduism, are not willing to meet the persecution sure to follow an open profession. They believe, but confess not, through fear of the people.”

Mr. Cooley, the newly-arrived missionary, who accompanied Mr. Phillips in some of his tours, met with continual surprises in this land so unlike the one he had recently left. Possessing considerable mechanical genius, the rude tools of the natives caused him much astonishment, as, indeed, they had others before him. After describing their spinning and weaving processes, he thus moralized :

“Their mere apologies for homes, and their implements of husbandry, are all of a piece with their cloth-making, as rude and simple, it would seem, as they could have been in the days of Abel. Situated as they are in this beautiful country, with all the facilities at hand for making themselves very comfortable, it is strange that they should drag out such a miserable physical existence. Though their winters here scarcely deserve the name, still, they have so little clothing that they are often obliged to keep fires through the night to avoid suffering from the cold. Why is this almost infinite difference between them and the enterprise, comfort and wealth of the people of my native land? Is it not the fact that they are, and have been, for ages, without the Gospel? The Gospel must precede and arouse the dormant mind to secure its own best good, before it will be alive to progress. This lethargy of ages must be thrown off, before the people will take their first lesson in the arts and their improvements. They seem afraid to think or act differently from their ancestors, lest their gods should visit them with fearful calamities. It is, however, what we might expect from minds that have never been accustomed to think or act for themselves. Our own ancestors were once sunken in idolatry quite as low as this people.”

One day, while tenting with Mr. Phillips at a *játrá* near Dantoon, they went out in search of some game

for dinner. Mr. Cooley killed a wild peahen. It was no sooner known, than the tent was surrounded by a crowd of excited natives, threatening to burn the tent and inform the Rájá, who would imprison or fine them. Said Mr. Cooley :

“They demanded my name, but not knowing what they said, of course I did not give it. Thinking by my silence that I did not mean to give it, one or two of them seized me to compel me to do it. I soon wrested myself from them, and, on learning what they wanted, complied with their request. The Rájá, it seems, traces his genealogy back to the peacock—in other words, his ancestors were peacocks, and of course he does not wish his relatives killed. The Rájá’s head man of the place came and set a guard over us, to prevent our escape. Fortunately, we seized the circumstance of their offering violence and used it to our advantage, informing them that they had exposed themselves to punishment by breaking the law of the Government. The scale turned at once ; in a humble, subdued tone, they entreated us not to be very severe with them. Soon the guard stealthily left, and we heard from them no more.”

In the spring of 1850, the mission-buildings in Balasore suffered much injury from a tornado that swept over the province of Orissa. All the out-houses and the native Christian houses lost most of their roofs, and two were blown down. The thatched part of the roof of Dr. Bachelor’s house was blown off, and the exposed rooms flooded with water. One room, covered with tiles, afforded security to the family, while the school children fled to the brick schoolhouse for safety. Fortunately, the lives of all the members of the mission were preserved.

During the ensuing months there was much sickness in the mission. The cholera, which begins where other diseases end,—in death,—visited the school and took away five of the Khand boys. Mr. Cooley, who was stationed at Balasore, was brought so low with fever, that for a time his friends despaired of his life. The climate was seriously affecting the health of Maria, Dr. Bachelier's eldest daughter. Mrs. Bachelier suffered much from a recurrence of an illness similar to that which the previous year took her to Calcutta. The advice of the same physician—one of the oldest and best in the city—who then treated her case successfully, was sought. His answer was, "Go to America for at least a year or two, around the Cape, and don't delay doing it." But how could they wrench themselves away from the work now grown so dear to them! They would at least try again the effect of a change to the dry air of Midnapur. Though this arrangement took Dr. Bachelier from the labors of his station, yet he improved every opportunity to advance its interests. He found the European residents of Midnapur very friendly to our mission. His wife wrote: "Mr. Bachelier is a great beggar. Wherever he goes he is sure to take circular description papers with him, and he so consults the different feelings of people, that he is usually sure to get something from all. For instance, to a high churchman, a hater of dissenters, he would address a note accompanied with the circular for the Balasore Medical Dispensary; to a dissenter, or one favorable to dissenters, the one in behalf of the

chapel. In this way he collects a good deal." Mrs. Bacheler spent five months at Midapur, and was much benefited, so that on her return to Balasore she was able to do some work for the mission, but the prospect of her ultimate recovery in India was not very flattering.

During the cold season of 1850-1851, Mr. Phillips, with his staff of native preachers, made two missionary tours, occupying a month each, in which he met much that was encouraging. Dr. Bacheler joined him when the care of his station and his sick family permitted. Mr. Phillips, in a pleasant letter to Mr. Noyes, his old missionary colleague, dated February 4, 1851, thus refers to those excursions :

"Either I am very much deceived, or a great change in the views and feelings of the people in our vicinity has taken place since we came here, eleven years ago. Besides the strong, general impression that the Gospel is both true and excellent, and destined to take the place of their cruel system of fooleries, there are those who may justly be called interesting inquirers, in at least six or seven villages known to us. They seem to hold Hinduism in utter contempt, are convicted of their need of something better,—which something they profess to find in the Gospel,—but at the same time they lack the courage to face the opposition inevitable to a public profession. Numbers have come just to this point, and there they stop. Oh, for the overpowering influences of the Holy Spirit to break the slumber of ages and show them to themselves in a true light !

"Of the inquirers alluded to, one—Abhir, a silversmith, in comfortable worldly circumstances—has come out boldly, and last Saturday put on Christ by baptism. As it had been now more than two years since his attachment to Christianity became known

the people seemed prepared for the step he was about to take. Indeed, numbers of his friends really appeared more to envy him than to bear him ill-will. The ordinance, by his special request, was administered in his own village, about six miles distant from my home. Nine or ten of our people accompanied me. My little tent was pitched in the shade of a tamarind tree in Abhir's inclosure, around which a goodly company gathered. We sang and prayed, and I examined Abhir in the presence of his neighbors before whom he was anxious to witness a good profession. We then repaired to a small pool around which about a hundred assembled, who appeared to look on, not only with admiration and wonder, but with approbation. Abhir came up out of the water with a glad heart. Numbers on whom I pressed the inquiry, 'Shall Abhir go to heaven alone?' replied, 'Let him go on alone, and we will think of the matter.' A few, I think, promised to follow. . . . We were invited to dinner. The smooth, broad plantain leaves supplied the place of plates, fingers that of knives, forks, and spoons, and as for tables and chairs—why, you know, these are luxuries, not necessities. We had neither beef nor pork, so that our meat need offend neither Hindu nor Mussulman, but we had a generous supply of pulse and rice. . . . Abhir sat at meat, while his two sisters served. His modest wife had not the courage to show her face, though I believe that, like Sarah of old, she had prepared for her guests with her own hands. Need I tell you, dear brother, that that was a happy hour, a joyful meal to me, yea, a season far more precious than one of banqueting with princes? Abhir has two widowed sisters, a wife, and a niece all of whom have broken caste, and are happily of one mind with himself. Thus the Lord is enlarging our borders. Oh, that we had the means and grace to go up and possess the land!"

Miss Lovina Crawford, a student of Whitestown Seminary, N. Y., and a native of Arkwright, sailed from



Lavinia Crawford

Boston to join the mission, October 17, 1850, in the ship "Soldan," having for fellow-passengers, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Baptist missionaries. The day before her embarkation she closed a brief farewell address to her friends with the following characteristic words: "I expect to leave my native land to-morrow morning, and in all probability shall never return. I hope soon to hear that some of the wicked laws of this land are abolished.* I should blush to tell the heathen that I came from a land of slave-holders and slave-catchers." After a passage of almost five months, she landed in Calcutta. In a letter from that city, bearing date March 20, 1851, she wrote:

. . . "Probably when you hear that Dr. Sutton arrived here before me, you will wish that I had waited for the 'Townsend.'† Do not wish so, for it appears to me that a wise Providence has directed all my steps. I had a delightful time for reading, and the quiet and rest I had on board the good 'Soldan,' I hope never to forget. I did not experience the ecstasies of joy while sailing up the Hoogly of which many have spoken. Much of the scenery was very beautiful. I was walking on the deck to enjoy it, but soon my eyes were dimmed with tears. The sight of the natives that swarmed upon the banks was enough to melt any heart not harder than adamant. There is much to please the eye in this city. Many live like princes. I am stopping at Mr. Les-

*The Fugitive Slave Bill had just been passed.

†Dr. and Mrs. Sutton, in compliance with the invitation of our Foreign Mission Board, had been spending a few months among our churches, and as they were about to return to India, it was expected that Miss Crawford would accompany them, but an opportunity offering for her passage before Dr. Sutton was ready, it was deemed better not to wait.

lie's [Baptist missionary]. He has a very interesting, intelligent family, and a nice chapel that will seat about three hundred. I never saw a more attentive, and, apparently, devout congregation than his. With the children of the audience I am perfectly charmed. They watch every word of the minister as closely as though they were a committee appointed to watch lest anything unchristian should be said.

"Brother Phillips is here, and at the expiration of a week I expect to accompany him to Jelasore in company with brother Sutton and wife. If it be the Lord's will, I hope to live many years, and so labor that you will not regret having sent me to this dark land. My heart aches when I think how few are willing to leave America for India."

Miss Crawford thus describes her journey from Calcutta and her reception in the mission :

"Our journey was, to me, quite romantic. Mrs. Sutton and myself traveled in a palanquin, the gentlemen accompanying us on horseback. We left Calcutta in the evening, and on the morning of the fifth day reached Jelasore, a distance of only one hundred and twenty miles. In the pleasant family of brother Phillips I spent about a month. Brethren Cooley and Bachelor came the day after my arrival, and Rámá a few days later. Rámá gave me a hearty welcome, was very glad I had come to labor for the heathen, and he should be still more glad when I became able to converse in the Oriya language. He said I was his sister but he was not worthy of being called my brother, for I had been serving the Lord a long time, whereas he had known him but a few years. The Sabbath after my arrival, I heard brother Sutton preach in Oriya, and the little church commemorated the sufferings and death of our blessed Saviour. My heart was deeply affected by the apparent humility and devotion of the native

Christians. To behold such a scene was worth coming from America to India."

In due time, Mrs. Cooley came to conduct Miss Crawford to Balasore. She had been a little over a year in the mission, and in a previous letter thus spoke of Mr. Phillips's family and home :

"I am much pleased with the entire family. I think they would be an ornament to any Christian community. It is like an oasis in a dry and sandy desert, to fall in with such a family in the midst of heathenism that stalks abroad at noonday. We found them living in a 'mansion' covered with straw, not a glass window to admit the light of heaven, with a floor of earth pounded down so as to make it very hard. It would appear rather rude in enterprising America, but here it is truly an inviting spot."

Miss Crawford soon took the place in the school at Balasore that had been filled by Miss Sutton, during Mr. and Mrs. Sutton's visit to England and America, and which she vacated on their return. It is pleasant to record the testimonies of our missionaries in regard to the Christian usefulness of one who came so near falling a victim to the horrors of a Hindu pilgrimage. Do not missions pay?

Says one: "Our schools are now on a good foundation. Dear Mary Sutton has been of incalculable service in arranging and carrying out Mrs. Sutton's most excellent plans. In her, we have the concentrated experience of about twenty-five years of Indian Boarding-school teaching. She is a perfect counterpart of Mrs. Sutton in prudence and management." Says another

“She manages the school most admirably. She is a perfect lady, and reflects great honor on Mr. and Mrs. Sutton.” Subsequently she married, Lal Behari Singh, a native preacher who attended the first World’s Missionary Conference, held in Liverpool, England, in which he took an active part.

It had now become a sorrowful burden to the hearts of our devoted missionaries, that the great door opened among the Santals could not be entered and the field occupied, but with their present force this was impossible and the future outlook threatened a diminution of even that force. Mr. Phillips, however, continued his work of preparing elementary books in their language. Elias Hutchins, one of his Santal converts, who had greatly assisted him in his labors for the Santals, wrote thus to the Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society concerning himself and his people :

June 20, 1851.

“Oh, my holy father and namesake :—To you, my many salutations. Formerly I was a very bad person. From my birth until I was grown up, I knew not whether there was a God or not. But, by the mercy of God, I came to Patna (Jelasore), and by degrees learned to read the Bible, and obtained knowledge. Knowing the Bible to be a true shaster, I began to cry, Alas! Alas! How shall I obtain salvation from sin? This I began to seek ; the Lord pardoned me, and, until now, has kept me as his own. Among the Santals, there is great ignorance. They have not the least knowledge how to obtain salvation. Some say when a person dies, his soul dies ; others say his soul becomes a lizard ; still others that the king of death will cast the soul into hell. They worship wood, stone, earth, and the demons of the

forest. . . . Thus they all do. No one knows anything definite. They make *handi* and *pura*,* and, drinking it, become tremendously drunk. The men and women, joining hands, sing and dance nearly all night. If we go to them and speak the word of God, they will say, 'This word is true, but unless we worship these gods, we shall die; we are not able to obey.' . . . If we ask them, 'Do you hope for salvation by your gods?' they answer, 'No.' 'Then why do you worship them?' 'That we may obtain riches.' What sin is, they do not know. . . . 'What we shall be hereafter, an insect, a lizard, or what; who can tell?' . . . They wander in the jungle, cut and sell wood and leaves, and at night spend their time in dancing and revelry. In every house they have the *handi* and *pura*, and, drinking it, fight and quarrel. If I were to tell you all about the Santals, it would take more than five days to write it. My wife and I send you many salutations. We are ignorant and unworthy to write you. Be merciful and write me a letter.

From your friend and namesake,

ELIAS HUTCHINS."

More serious evils followed the intense heat of the summer of 1851. The ravages of the cholera were terrible. Said Mrs. Bachelor, June 25 :

"The mortality is awful. Thousands are being swept away in the villages and towns around. Whole families are cut off, root and branch, and houses closed with the bodies remaining in them. A family near us of six persons was all cut off in a day, and another of fourteen was all likewise taken. I tremble every hour, lest the fearful scourge break out in our own midst."

Nor was the cholera all. September 4, 1851, Mr. Phillips wrote :

**Handi* is fermented, and *pura* distilled, liquor, both made from rice.

“The horrors of a prospective famine stare the poor people (which is the great mass) full in the face. The usual showers about March and April, which enable the people to put in their crops, failed this year. The burning, blistering heat of April and May surpassed anything I have known since the summer of 1837, the season we suffered so much in Sambhalpur. Instead of fields loaded with waving grain, the rice in most of the fields is little more than ankle-high,—worm-eaten, and has a sickly aspect. As yet, there is grain enough in the country, but those who own it refuse to sell. Hence, house-breaking, burning and robbing are resorted to. . . . The Bráhmins and astrologers have vainly exhausted all their efforts to produce rain. One proposes that the rascally Bráhmins—who are worshiped as divine—be compelled to do penance until they cause it to rain. Others reproach the gods, and still others give me the credit of having caused the calamity by my preaching. I have frightened away the clouds.

. . . Wherever we go, our ears are assailed, ‘Why does it not rain?’ ‘When will it rain?’ ‘We are all dead, what else?’ ‘The gods are unjust!’ ‘What do your books say?’ ‘Will there be any rain or not?’ ‘We wish to hear of nothing else, until you have told us why it is that there is no rain. You are a great man, a favorite with the Supreme God, whom you worship. Come, call upon him now, and let us see the rain pour down, and we will all obey him. Thousands will become Christians this year.’

“We try to show them the delusive nature of their resolutions to renounce idols and turn to the true God, provided he would at this time appear for their relief and send the needful rain. They have had fruitful seasons, and been filled with good things all their lives, in return for which they have never thanked the Giver, but have given his glory to others. We teach them the Scripture doctrine, as to the cause of famines, and our duty when we are thus visited with judgments from the hand of God. I think the truth produces strong convictions in many minds.”

During the Autumn of 1851, Mr. Phillips saw much to cheer him in the villages in his own neighborhood. He wrote, October 2: "A brighter day, I trust, is about to dawn on our feeble mission. We have deeply interesting inquirers in five or six different villages; and now that Abhir has led the way, and as others see that a man can live and have a standing in society, even though he be counted an outcast, they take heart and seem to follow their convictions." In one of these villages, Bajarsina, was an interesting inquirer by the name of Sapulset. One day as Mr. Phillips was crossing a river in a boat, he had for a fellow passenger a Bráhmín, a neighbor of Sapulset. "What do you know of him?" said Mr. Phillips. "Oh, he has become wise." "How so?" "Oh, you have taught him." "Well, what does he do?" "Why, he does nothing; does not obey the gods, and gives nothing to the Bráhmíns." "Do you think he is right or wrong?" "Oh, he is right. What you teach is true. No one can say anything against it; there is just one drawback; you teach the people not to give to the Bráhmíns. How are we to live if the people do not feed us?" "Work, as other people do." "But we can not touch a plow or hoe; if we do, we shall lose caste. There is one thing," continued the Bráhmín, "that Sapulset will not do; he will not tell a lie." "And do you Bráhmíns?" "Yes, we are obliged to sometimes, or we should not be able to fill our stomachs." "He admitted that he had no faith in his gods, but only made use of them in order to procure a support. Confessions of this kind are far from being rare,

and they have an influence on the people. The gods are at a great discount now, as they have suffered the rain to be withheld to the almost entire failure of the crops."

Under date of October 31 he wrote again: "Four families, containing an aggregate of sixteen persons, have thrown off the trammels of caste and signified their desire to become connected with our Christian community, and others seem on the point of following their example." Mahandas was the name of an inquirer at Sáraping, Abhir's village. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips accepted an invitation to dine with his family. This, of course, spoiled their caste forever. At the request of some of the leading men of the village, Mr. Phillips had started a school, but the day after this event, not a heathen child was present. Mahandas's defection from caste had surprised and alarmed them. When Abhir became a Christian, they said he had long read and considered the matter, but Mahandas could not read—why had he become a Christian? The Sahib must have some medicine or some charm by which he bewitches the people. Children will never be safe in his hands.

Our pioneer missionary had now nine children. He had been intensely perplexed and anxious in regard to the course parental duty required him to pursue. Several friends with whom he counseled had advised him to take his children immediately to Christian America, where they could be educated. But how could he leave his work while there was no one to take it in charge?

The following extracts from his previous correspondence with the Secretary give a little glimpse of his severe trial :

“ The idea of returning with my family to America has of late much occupied my thoughts. In whatever light I view the subject, it is truly a distressingly painful one. The trials of parting with home and friends to become a missionary bear no comparison with those of my present situation, and these trials are enhanced by the consideration of the embarrassments under which our committee have had to labor and the struggle of the mission to maintain an existence. I console myself, however, with the thought that our committee is composed of Christian men of generous sympathies, and capable of appreciating the tender anxieties of a parent’s heart. . . .

“ Both Mrs. Phillips and myself have all along cherished the fond hope that we should be able to retain our children with us, that we might have the privilege of training them up for God ourselves and eventually have them to assist us in this great work. A return to America on their account, we have been accustomed to look upon as a calamity. But as they have grown older, new and unlooked-for trials arise—trials of which persons in a Christian land can have no adequate conception. The atmosphere in which our dear children live, and move, and breathe, is one of moral pollution. . . . The idle, lounging, filthy, lying, deceiving, pilfering, and, above all, the abominably unchaste habits of the natives, can but exert a most deleterious influence upon them. . . . Nothing would be more pleasing to ourselves than to see them prepared to enter the same field of labor to which our own lives have been devoted ; but which of them—if any at all—it will please our Heavenly Father to call to this work is of course unknown to us. Should any of them become missionaries, they can be far better fitted for that work in America than

here, while those who do not would possess advantages for obtaining an honest livelihood in our native land, which they have no right to expect here. As parents, our duty is the same to all."

Mr. Phillips then officially requested permission to return to America with his family. The Board deeply sympathized with their missionary, but in view of the urgent needs of our mission, they proposed that he send home his eldest sons, James and John, and defer his own return till 1854, when they hoped there might be a new man in the field, prepared by experience in India and a knowledge of the language, to assume his work. This proposition he had very cheerfully accepted.

With the autumn of 1851, the last vestige of hope in regard to Mrs. Bachelers recovery in India disappeared, and thus ended the suspense in relation to Dr. Bachelers immediate return to America. Preparations for the voyage were speedily made, and December 21, 1851, found them on board the "Barham," an English passenger-ship bound for London. Mr. Phillips embraced this favorable opportunity to send home his two oldest children, now nearly twelve years of age. The departure of nine members of the mission, including Dr. Bachelers five children, made a sad vacancy in the little Christian communities. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips accompanied them to Calcutta. In regard to this separation, the former wrote :

"It was hard parting. I have been longer and more intimately associated with brother Bacheler than with any other man, since I left the home of my childhood. My heart clings to him

with the warm and ardent emotions of an intimate religious friendship—a friendship formed, cemented, and matured, amidst scenes of trial, affliction, and discouragement of a varied and perplexing character, and, to the praise of God, be it said, also scenes of joy and encouragement, well calculated to try the heart and test the real character. Although we have sometimes differed in our views of the propriety and fitness of various means and measures to be adopted in the prosecution of our great work, our affection for each other, I may safely say, has continued to increase and strengthen to the day of his departure. . . . His return to his native land after a sweet companionship of twelve years, and the parting with our two boys, who had grown up, as it were, in our bosoms, and entwined themselves like cords around our hearts, have very naturally led me to canvass anew the motives which first induced me to leave home and friends to become a missionary. Constrained as I am to say that the last parting was, to me, far more painful than the former, the experience of sixteen years in a heathen land has thrown such a flood of light on the subject that, while I am blessed with strength, and allowed the privilege to labor for the salvation of my heathen fellow men, I really seemed to be left no choice in the matter. Most cordially do I rejoice that in the good providence of God the way has at length opened for two of our dear children to be removed to a Christian land, where they may partake of the privileges and blessings of Christian society, and we be still permitted to remain at our post and prosecute our great work. Many were the tears shed by the children at parting,

‘ And I, too, wept, though not to weeping given,’

might each parent say. But while the children consoled themselves with the prospect of meeting again in a few years, and, in the meantime, could write letters to each other, and to ourselves, the thought that we do this for the sake of Jesus and

his Gospel, was most cheering. Indeed, when I see others making the same and even greater sacrifices for the acquisition of sordid wealth, I am almost ashamed to open my mouth about trials, but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak, yea, and the pen write. You are a father, therefore I need no apologies for this effusion of parental tenderness."

Dr. Bachelier, with his party, arrived in New York, via England, July 10, 1852. While in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope a daughter was added to his family. During his detention in England, he and his invalid wife were called to bury their dearly beloved daughter, Katie, whose death resulted from the whooping-cough. On his arrival in America, he engaged immediately in an agency in behalf of the mission, while Mr. Phillips's twin sons, James and John, entered on a course of study in Whitestown Seminary, New York.

The missionaries in the field nobly and courageously bore their added burdens. Mr. Cooley, in correspondence with the Secretary in relation to Dr. Bachelier's return to his native land, said :

" You may think us somewhat disheartened at being left alone. Far from it. We are sorry to part with our dear brother, for we found him an agreeable and desirable associate. He has left behind him many warm friends, and whether or not he is permitted to return, the fruit of his labors in this country will long remain. We hope our friends at home, instead of being discouraged on account of so many leaving the mission, will double their diligence in sending other laborers. It is the Lord's work—why should they be discouraged?"

Miss Crawford added :

“Poor man ! It was a trial for him to be called away, but it seemed a plain case of duty. You will not know how to prize him at home. You should see him here, surrounded by all his cares, temptations, and provocations, maintaining at all times the same equanimity of temper, and endeavoring to make all around him happy.”

Miss Crawford, meanwhile, was developing those qualities so indispensable to successful missionary work. Her co-laborers at Balasore, in this trying emergency, found her a tower of strength, and were not wanting in their expressions of appreciation. “ We rejoice,” they said, “ that we have so valuable an assistant as we find in our dear sister. When we were apprised of her coming, we little realized what a rich treasure the Lord was about to send among us. She gets on admirably with the language, and labors with unquenchable zeal. We only fear that her soul will be too large for her body. A dear child of heaven she is, and we regard it as a very great privilege to be associated with so pure a spirit.” She wrote delightful accounts of her own interest in her missionary work. Under date of May 12, 1852, she said :

“ I can truly say that I have not had a lonely day since my eyes first caught a glimpse of this land. Rev. Mr. Pierce once remarked that, were God and himself the only objects in the universe, he could not want for happiness. How true it is that if we have the Divine presence, we have fullness of joy, and destitute of that, though possessing all things else, the soul finds a barren waste.”

She had just been permitted to rejoice over the conversion and baptism of Phebe, one of her Khand pupils,

the first fruit of the labor of the mission in behalf of those dear children so providentially saved from horrid deaths on heathen altars. She spoke of this young convert as possessing unusual discernment and decision of character, and the prospect that others would soon follow her example, and then added :

“ I often wish the friends of the mission could hear these dear girls, and not they only, but could such as are not interested but listen to the petitions of these who, till recently, knew of no God but one to whom they were to be offered in cruel sacrifice, I am sure their hearts would melt, and they would gladly aid us. Often when I go to the girls' house in the morning, to see if they have all arisen, the first sound I hear is that of prayer. These children pray not for themselves alone, but in most pathetic tones for the poor blind idolater, and for their kindred in their native land. To instruct and watch over these beloved ones is a privilege well worth leaving all that I have left, notwithstanding the constant labor and vigilance this work requires. . . .

“ The contrast we find between the heathen and those brought up in mission schools is most striking. The sensibilities of the former seem quite paralyzed. Not long since, while walking out with a Christian sister, we witnessed what was to us a very shocking sight. Two men were carrying the dead body of a human being, suspended by the neck to a pole placed on their shoulders. The corpse was entirely naked ; the knees were drawn up to the chin, and there confined by a cord passed around the neck, and thus it was carried through the crowd, probably to some place to be burned. None seemed moved, none seemed to have any pity. It is enough to move the heart of a stone to see the crowds of thoughtless beings we meet.”

While the station-work confined Mr. Cooley at Bal-

asore during the portion of the cold season of 1852, following Dr. Bachelier's departure, he had much to encourage him. He said: "Our school children give us much hope and pleasure; several of our larger boys, we think, are anxiously inquiring after salvation. Their upright character and interest in studying the Scriptures afford us very much encouragement. I am sometimes surprised at the acquaintance with the Bible which some of them manifest, considering that less than three years ago they were set apart for human sacrifice in all the darkness of heathenism."

Immediately after Mr. Phillips's return from the embarkation of his sons, early in January, 1852, he resumed his missionary excursions, accompanied by Rámá, and a portion of the time by Elias, the Santal preacher. In not a few of the villages they continued to find evidences that the truth was beginning to leaven the community. True, as yet, real conversions had been few and far between, but the three great strongholds of Hianduisim—Bráhmíns, shasters, and caste—were fast losing their power over the people, and some revolting rites had become things that were.

In these excursions, as in former ones, they freely distributed tracts and portions of the Scriptures, which in some places were most eagerly sought for, not only by the rabble, but by the Bráhmíns and respectable Hindus. At one place, Mr. Phillips found it impracticable to make a judicious distribution among all the classes able to read. He thus described the scene:

"January 12, we preached the 'Glad tidings' to crowds at the

great bathing játrá at Sarsanka. The people thronged and rushed upon me so, as to carry me along with them quite at their mercy. The free use of my riding-whip—to which no exceptions were taken—would keep them at bay for a moment, but the instant my hand was withdrawn to reach out a tract, fifty hands would be up-raised ready to snatch it, with deafening cries: ‘O Sahib, give me a book!’ ‘I can read, give me a book!’ ‘Give me Jesus Christ’s book?’ ‘I will worship him!’ ‘I have got none!’ ‘You give to those who can’t read. I can read, but you give me none!’ ‘Just give me a book!’ ‘I’ll show you I can read!’ etc., etc. After becoming fatigued, I retired about three in the afternoon to my tent, and rested till the people began to disperse. Then mounting my horse, which I had a man lead while another walked by my side with a covered basket of books, I succeeded much better in placing a tract or a gospel in the hands of those able to read. In this way I went around the large tank in which the people bathed, and gave away hundreds of tracts and gospels. . . . The same willingness to hear and discuss the truths of the Gospel, and eagerness to obtain books, were manifest at Ulmara as well as at Sarsanka. Christianity and native Christians are subjects which have come to be realities no longer to be turned off with a sneer. Notwithstanding people are said to become beside themselves on hearing us preach, the matter must be discussed and understood, and so the facts of the Gospel are listened to with interest.”

At Ráibania, the collector of the village heard the Gospel with much attention. He told Mr. Phillips that while recently passing a stone goddess, he first threw a clod of earth on the head, then finding that he received no harm, he applied his foot and kicked her over,—still the goddess said nothing. At the same place, a native doctor called for books, who gave Mr. Phillips a

very interesting relation of his father's death, which occurred about three years previously. "The old man," said Mr. Phillips, "had read our books, had entirely renounced idolatry, and when about to die, solemnly charged his son to make no feast for the Bráhmins after his death, according to Hindu custom, but to meditate on God, and then he would meet him in another world. The son obeyed his father's injunctions, but with much ado to keep his caste. Who can say that such a man died far from the kingdom of Heaven?" In another village he called on a naib, or land agent, whom he found reading the New Testament in course, and who expressed an anxious desire to possess the whole Bible. His references proved him to be a careful student. He thought, however, this going from place to place, making a few converts here and there, exposing them to persecution, and perhaps starvation, was not the better way. His plan was to obtain a government order for all to become Christians, and the work would be done at once. "But," said Mr. Phillips, "so thought not the Man of Sorrows. Disciple, not compel, all nations." At Bazarsen, also, he met much encouragement. Bhagabat, a barber and a man of influence, he deemed, was not far from the kingdom. He found there a boishnob, exorcist, fortune teller, etc.,—an old man,—who had long been the terror of his neighbors, whom they had named *kendua*, or wolf. Bhagabat had directed his attention to the Gospel, and supplied him with books. The old man, after listening a while to Mr. Phillips, denounced Hinduism

as a system of lies, useful only to the Bráhmins, who contrived by means of it to sponge a living from the people. Subsequently he visited the missionary in his tent, and seemed to drink in the truths of the Gospel with a ready appreciation. Other visitors at the tent said: "We never saw things in this light before."

Mr. Phillips labored four days at a large annual játrá among the Santals at Sibastri-ling, about fifteen miles from Jelasore. He said:

"No people, perhaps, are more fascinated with music and dancing than are the Santals. Equipped with drums, flutes, feathers, and a few fantastic gewgaws, they seem in raptures, and men, women, and children dance, it may be, a whole twenty-four hours. My tent was pitched under a tree near the edge of a field. Dancing commenced at evening, and continued all night and the next day, till the sun went down. . . . I was forcibly struck with the artless simplicity of this people over whom my heart yearns. I like to visit them in their jungle hamlets, and listen to their social chat, and I never do it without having my heart stirred within me, and grieving that I can do so little to save their precious souls. Most ardently have I prayed and longed for salvation to come to this long-neglected, long-oppressed but deeply interesting people."

It was impossible for Mr. Phillips, in connection with his other mission duties, to follow up any system of direct efforts for their evangelization. His plan of receiving Santal lads into the Boarding-school at his station, and allowing them to retain caste, had not worked well. Of the twenty-five he had thus taken, most of them, after learning to read and write, had left the mission.

Two of them, Elias Hutchins and Daniel P. Cilley, had become valuable assistants, not only in Mr. Phillips's tours among their people, but in the preparation of a school literature for their future use. An *Introduction to the Santal Language*, comprising a grammar, reading lessons, and a dictionary of nearly 5,000 words, a volume of 190 pages, had been published the past year. He had previously issued a Santal primer and a sequel, also translations of two of the gospels. These efforts had attracted the notice of the editor of the *Friend of India*, J. C. Marshman, Esq., and brought to Mr. Phillips a letter containing the following extract :

“The Santals are a most interesting people, and it is not unlikely that they may furnish as many churches as the Karens. . . . You have made the Santals the peculiar object of your solicitude, and you should address your society on the subject, and prepare them to follow up your efforts, and lay themselves out for a Santal mission. You ought to have two or three missionaries in the most favorable localities.”

Said Mr. Phillips, in a letter to the Secretary :

“It still remains for our society to take the lead and make a beginning in this good work. Has not God in his providence called us to this very thing? . . . Shall we then be faint-hearted, and still hold back and allow the Santals to perish in their blindness, or suffer some other society to step in and take our crown? Can we expect God's blessing to attend us when we thus disregard a manifestly Divine call? Must the plea of the poor Santals be heard in vain?”

Venomous serpents in great numbers exist in India,

and many are their victims each year. Miss Crawford wrote, June 22, 1852 :

. . . "I have a sad narrative to write you this month. On Friday, the 11th inst., I dismissed my pupils as usual. All seemed in excellent health and remarkably happy, excepting some who were weighed down under a sense of guilt before a holy God. Among the gay, Elizabeth was the gayest, and her merry laugh was often heard above all the others. . . . Just as the next morning was dawning, I was awakened by the calling of the girls. Hastening to them, I found Elizabeth standing, supported on either side by other girls, the tears flowing down her burning cheeks. She extended her arms toward me most imploringly, rapidly repeating my name. I sent immediately for our native doctor and brother Cooley, and soon learned that she had been bitten by a serpent. Remedies were administered, but in vain. Her hearing was nearly gone, and she seemed choking to death. Her struggles were violent and terrible, but life was fast waning, and when the bell struck eight, she was still and cold in death. As nearly as we could learn, she was bitten about four o'clock. The girls were sleeping on their veranda, as they often do in the hot season. Elizabeth was lying about the middle of the veranda, with many others on either side. Louisa, a dear little saint, lying close to her, was awakened by feeling a snake crawling over her bare arms and bosom. Springing up, she threw him off and sounded the alarm. Elizabeth, who had been sleeping very soundly, accused the girls of having pinched her knee. They denied it; still she did not suspect that she had been bitten till she was seized with violent pain. Shocking as were her physical sufferings, they were nothing to her agony of dying without hope. She had been brought up in the school at Jelasore, had received much religious instruction, but we fear that she had never believed to the saving of her soul. On the evening preceding her death, while the

girls were having prayer, she disturbed them with her laughing and play. At the close of the service, Lydia, a very devoted young woman, reprovngly asked her if she did not know that she might die before morning. She replied, 'Oh, no'; she had many years to live; she should become an old woman. The sad death of poor Elizabeth made a very solemn impression on our little community. All day her corpse remained in the schoolhouse, the girls watching her remains in mournful silence, broken at times by sobs, and by the inquiry, 'Where is her spirit now?' . . . On one side of me, below, were the weeping ones with the remains of their late gay companion; on the other, lay a pilgrim on the veranda, lame and much emaciated by his long traveling towards Puri to catch a sight of his god, groaning and calling, 'Jagarnáth! Jagarnáth!' . . . When the sun was nearly down, we followed our dead to the grave. . . . I pray I may never see another such day. My mind had been so much excited that at evening I seemed to hear snakes in every stirring leaf. I could see no way of escape, no possibility of saving myself—did not lie down to sleep until I felt quite willing to die by the bite of a snake, should it be the Lord's will. At last I fell asleep in a very peaceful frame of mind. . . . I used to go about a great deal in the dark, and nearly always came from brother Cooley's, after tea, without a light. I would not venture thus into the public road, but thought there was no danger in our cross-path, concluding the snakes would run away at my approach, should there be any in the path. I shall probably now go to the other extreme and be over-much cautious. I am usually able to look about for snakes with as much composure as I would look in the garden for a beautiful flower. From the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm I derive much comfort."

The religious interest, deepened by the sad death of Elizabeth, continued for several of the following months.

In September, Mrs. Cooley, in writing of the spirit of deep seriousness that pervaded their Boarding-school said :

“There have been baptized, others are requesting baptism whom we trust are heirs of God, while still many others are seeking the Saviour. We are greatly encouraged while we see those who but recently were set apart for sacrifice now bowing the knee to Jesus. The Khands say if they had remained in their own country they should never have heard of the way of salvation, and their souls would have been lost—forever lost. They express a great aversion to returning to their own country and again mingling with the heathen, though we hope some of them will yet go back as teachers, when they become fitted for the work.”



B. B. Smith

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER RE-ENFORCEMENT.

1852-1853.

*“O come to us, pale-faced teachers,
From the busy marts of the West,
Bring us the message of gladness
That has made your land so blest.”*

Rámá continued to prove an invaluable assistant in the mission. The following extract from his letter to Dr. Bachelar, after his arrival in America, exemplifies the loving, earnest, Christian spirit that ruled the heart of this once degraded heathen :

“BALASORE, Nov. 2 day, 1852 of the Messiah.

“My beloved teacher, Padre Bachelar Sahib and mem Sahib, Rámá and his wife, two persons, send loving salutations.

“We heard with great sorrow of the death of your dear Kate in England. Let what will come, the Lord’s will be done. It is written in the Bible, ‘All things work together for good.’ From the time you left Balasore, through the Lord’s mercy, this little church has been gradually increasing. Four Khand children, with two others, have been baptized. . . . Several others are troubled concerning their sins. Among these are Nanda, Dahora, Gangu, and Brundu—all large Khand boys, but only Nanda is

prepared for baptism. At this present time, the people in the bazar are considering much about Christianity. Around Jelasore the Lord's Kingdom is increasing. Three persons have been received into that church.

"You have seen the degradation of this country and gone away; therefore make it known to your countrymen. I desire that you may speedily return, bringing many missionaries with you. To the multitudes of brethren and sisters in your country, please make known my loving salutations, especially to the brother ministers make known unworthy Rámá's salutations. O my beloved brethren, you have the Bible in your hands, what can I write more than is contained in that? Whatever labor you bestow on this country, speedily, that will prosper. But Satan stirs up his servants and says, 'Behold, one missionary has come and one has gone away: Thus the hopes of the people are destroyed. I have one request to make, that to Mr. and Mrs. Noyes, two persons, Mr. and Mrs. Dow, two persons, you will make known my loving salutations.'"

During the period now under review, the hearts of the missionaries were so heavily weighted by the claim of their field and the tardiness of the churches in sending them helpers, that again they sent home imploring appeals. Mr. Phillips's contained the following:

"To this mission has been assigned a field containing two millions of souls, and although it has been more than sixteen years in operation, it has seldom employed more than two missionaries at a time, able to preach in the native language. You exclaim, 'What are these among so many?' Very little, indeed. Still, under the divine blessing the good work advances, even here. Oh! could I utter one groan, one awful groan, equal to the present and prospective wants of these two million souls, it should reach across the Atlantic wave, and rouse to effort every inactive member of our

beloved Zion, and my cry should be, 'Come over and help us!'

Miss Crawford, in her message, said :

" We devour with eagerness the *Stars* we receive, and joy as much in the prosperity of the churches at home as though we were with you. We mourn, too, when Zion mourns. My heart was moved on reading an extract from a letter from a Western sister, and my first impression was to write to the Secretary to take twenty dollars from my salary and apply it to the Home Mission cause. But on looking about me I saw our unfinished chapel we so much needed.* We can not meet in a grove or in a barn, as the people in the West can. Should we attempt such a thing our work would soon be done. I looked at our school-building, for which we are still in debt, and then at the multitudes of children who have no schools, and I said: 'Let every cent come to India that can come.' You have most interesting fields of labor a home, and these fields are near you. Emigrants come to your villages and to your own doors. They must be seen, and many Christians will labor for their benefit. But alas! alas! how few eyes of pity look upon poor idolatrous India! Europeans come here to fill their coffers with gold, that they may return home and spend their days in ease. . . . But I digress. I was speaking of funds. After deciding to let the twenty dollars come here, I read in the report of the Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting that Chautauqua Quarterly Meeting during the past year had contributed twenty-eight dollars and eighty six cents for missions! Am I mistaken? I threw aside the paper, knelt down, and, weeping, prayed for my dear Chautauqua friends. I know not how much the Yearly Meeting has contributed, but if less than two-hun-

* This chapel, built of brick, was commenced by Dr. Bachelet after the arrival of the Khand children.

dred dollars send me so much less.* I am sometimes tempted to wish that I could be coined into golden dollars, and put into the treasury of the Lord. Though not very weighty, I might probably do more good in that way than in any other. I would not consent to have my soul converted into the perishable, for that was redeemed with a priceless offering."

The Home Committee had not been deaf to the cries from the foreign field, neither had they been idle. Rev. Burleigh B. Smith, of Sandwich, N. H., with his wife, Dorcas, daughter of Rev. M. Folsom, of Canada East, embarked for India August 14, 1852, in the "Rose Standish." Several friends of the mission—among them Dr. Bachelor—accompanied them about thirteen miles, and returned in the steamer which towed the ship out to sea.

During the year 1852, health had blessed the missionaries with the exception of Mrs. Cooley. In addition to her illness, she was deeply afflicted by the loss of a beloved child and the sad news of the removal of two of her sisters and a brother by typhoid fever, who died within a few days of each other. As a consequence, Mr. Cooley's cold season labors were somewhat interrupted, still he was able to make some missionary tours. Among them was a very interesting one in company with Rámá, during which he visited Jajpur, a large and very ancient town on the Baitarni river, about sixty miles southwest of Balasore. This was one of

*The Holland Purchase Yearly Meeting was to pay two hundred dollars of Miss Crawford's salary.

Satan's seats, and, as a stronghold of Hinduism, was second only to Puri (Jagarnáth's dwelling-place). It is written in the Hindu shasters that the river at Jajpur is most holy to bathe in, so thousands of deluded pilgrims go there to obtain holiness. After bathing, and then obtaining a sight of Jagarnáth, they feel sure of heaven, whatever else they may do. Mr. Cooley, in passing through one of its streets, found several pundits writing in front of a house. In reply to inquiries, he learned they were recording the names of Jagarnáth's followers, or those who were on their way to heaven. They taught the people that unless their names were recorded as pilgrims or worshipers they would not be admitted to heaven. "Strange book of life!" said Mr. Cooley. The pundits had their fees for registering the names. Jagarnáth's missionaries, as they travel over the length and breadth of India to induce the people to make pilgrimage to Puri, frequently take these records with them to show the people who, and how many of their ancestors have gone to heaven, and how many more are on the way by performing pilgrimage and making presents to Jagarnáth.

The Bráhmín families in Jajpur were estimated at three hundred and seventy. Notwithstanding this large number of the priest caste, and the great number of pilgrim-hunters, the missionaries had a good hearing and met little opposition. Some of the Bráhmíns were frank enough to confess that the system was all a "humbug," and only kept up to feed them, and that every intelligent Bráhmín knew it.

Mr. Phillips, while on a missionary excursion, wrote from Takia Nagar, December 9, 1852, noting some incidents by the way, illustrative of scenes they often met, which were the horrid but legitimate fruits of heathen Hinduism. So familiar had such sights become that only occasionally the missionaries referred to them as a refutation of the cold-hearted remark, "The heathen are well enough off without the Gospel." He said :

"Day before yesterday, returning from a market where I had preached the glad tidings, a young Bráhmín accosted me, asking what he should do with the corpse of his father, which lay stretched on the ground beside the road. His father, it seemed, had sickened and died as they were traveling, and being among strangers, the poor young man was in trouble, not apparently for the loss of his father, but how was he to dispose of the corpse? No Bráhmín in the place would stir to assist in burning it and to have this last office performed by sudras would be an abomination. Besides, he had no money to buy fuel. I advised him to bury the corpse, and passed on. Yesterday, on my way to this place, I saw on the veranda of a bazar house a lifeless body almost in a state of nudity, evidently the corpse of a worn-out pilgrim, who had thus ended his toilsome pilgrimage with his life. The policeman or village people would probably employ a low caste man to throw the body outside the bazar to be devoured by wild dogs and jackals, the same as in the case of a dead cow or horse, with this difference—that people of a respectable caste do not object to remove a dead cow, but none except the lowest caste could be induced to touch the corpse of a stranger who dies in this manner. At this season of the year especially, as indeed almost throughout the year, companies of stout, robust men from Upper Hindustan are seen rushing on in 'hot haste' to gain a sight of Jagarnáth. Women and children mingle in the train; the aged, infirm, and

decrepit swell the crowd. Yesterday I met what is so common here as scarcely to occasion a remark, a number of aged and decrepit women, with sore and clouted feet, crippling along with their fellow-pilgrims, as though their all depended on gaining a sight of their hideous god, still one hundred and eighty miles distant. One of the number very plaintively implored charity. She was old and gray-headed, almost worn down with fatigue and exposure, and destined, in all probability, soon to end her life far from home and friends. It was hard not to do anything for this pitiable old woman, but long since I came to the conclusion not to feed pilgrims who are able to travel, while their faces are towards Jagarnáth. Had we no scruples about this, the great number of applications would render it literally impossible.

“What sort of the most fatal delusion can induce such vast multitudes to continue voluntarily, year after year, to endure such untold miseries as do these Hindus! Shocking as are these physical evils, they are only temporary, and almost vanish out of sight in view of the awful fact of these deluded multitudes, in all their defilement, rushing on to the Judgment-seat, with no Mediator, no Christ, to stand between them and the righteous Judge!”

SANTIPUR. For years a pressing need had been felt for a place where the native Christians, especially the Santals, could settle together, and where, safe from the vexatious and crushing oppressions of the zemindars (land-holders), they could enjoy the fruit of their labors, and worship God without molestation. Mr. Phillips, after the failure of repeated efforts, had now succeeded in securing two hundred acres of land on a durable lease, at a low annual rent. Thirty or forty acres were under cultivation; the rest was covered with jungle or brush-wood. The location bore the name of San-

tipur (City of Peace), and was about seven miles from Jelasore. There was a small Santal village on the lot, and several larger ones near it. A beautiful stream of pure water formed its western boundary, and a dam, afterwards thrown across it, secured a supply of water for irrigation, which proved an invaluable blessing during seasons of Indian droughts. Rules were drawn up for the government of future residents, excluding all idolatrous practices, and enjoining moral duties, the observance of the Sabbath, and attendance on public worship. Mr. Phillips next appealed to the benevolent in India for means to provide plows, bullocks, hoes, axes, etc. The first response came from Mr. Peyton, a surveyor in government employ. He inclosed his "mite," about one hundred dollars, in a very friendly note, assuring Mr. Phillips that he should always feel a deep interest in the new settlement. A few weeks later, hearing that Mr. Phillips was making an effort to provide a mission-boat to aid him in his journeys, he sent another note, saying, "Don't fail to put down my name for one hundred rupees." The founding of this Christian settlement cost Mr. Phillips much care and labor. His tent was pitched there nearly three months, while looking after the work, preaching as he had opportunity in the adjacent villages, and at three weekly markets. He said, in referring to this labor:

"All had to be begun anew, jungle cleared away, a well dug to supply water for building mud walls, bricks made and burned for a small bungalow for the missionary to occupy, roads laid out, building-lots measured off and laid out in due form for a village

limestone procured and coal to burn it, timber for door-frames and roofs, bamboo and straw for thatching, workmen engaged and superintended, and all in the jungle, with no house on the spot; it has been like working at arms-end. But the work is now advancing encouragingly. Seven native houses are in process of building, and others are soon to be commenced.

At the close of 1852, Mr. Cooley made the following record :

“The past year has been one of much holy pleasure in the work; it has also been one of much encouragement in seeing precious souls gathered to the Lord from this benighted people and in witnessing the steadfastness and devotedness of the native converts. We often hear the voice of prayer from the young men in our school long after most have retired to rest, and also early in the morning ‘while it is yet dark.’ The spirit of revival continues to deepen among our school children, and in our Christian community, and the recent converts are exerting a most hallowed influence.”

Miss Crawford’s labors had aided not a little in the good work referred to, and her warm, earnest heart was greatly encouraged by good news from other mission stations. She said :

“It is truly soul-cheering to hear of the triumphs of truth in various parts of this pagan land. Who that has a heart would not wish to consecrate it to the great work of freeing the world from the thralldom of ignorance, superstition and sin? How glorious will be the jubilee when the inhabitants of earth shall have broken from the last bonds of Satan, and emerged into the perfect liberty of the Gospel. In anticipation of such a glorious day, labor is sweet, and toil is better than rest.”

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whose embarkation for India has

already been noticed, arrived in Calcutta December 31, 1852, in good health and spirits, after a voyage of nineteen weeks and one day. Here they were met by Mr. Oliver, an East Indian whom Mr. Phillips had recently baptized, and whom he had sent to assist them in Calcutta and pilot them to the mission, as it was inconvenient for either of the missionaries to leave their work. They had not proceeded far on their journey when their progress was arrested by the illness of Mr. Oliver, so Mr. Phillips met them at Tumluk and conducted them to Jelasore where they met a joyful welcome. Said Mr. Phillips :

“This is the sixth meeting of the kind I have been permitted to enjoy during my seventeen years’ residence in India, the sixth accession to our mission from America. Had all remained, what a pleasant, powerful band we might now have been ! But alas ! one comes and another goes ; and our real increase of strength is slow indeed.”

The newly arrived missionaries remained in Mr. Phillips’s family until March 4, 1853, when they were transferred to the Balasore station, where they found a home in Dr. Bachelers house ; and Miss Crawford, who occupied one of its rooms, then became a member of their family. Notwithstanding all they had heard of the degradation of those for whom they had come to labor, yet, like others, they found the reality far worse than they had imagined. Mrs. Smith wrote :

“I could have formed no correct idea of the degraded condition of these poor, deluded people, if I had never come here. I used to hear it said at home, ‘ Let them alone ; they are well enough



J. P. Smith

off.' My inmost soul shrinks from the belief that a pure and holy God can take into his presence beings so awfully unfit and degraded as are these, daily passing from this to the future state. At whose hands shall their blood be required? I tremble as I think of my past indifference: and are there not others also guilty? . . . May God speed brother Bachelers mission among you, and send him quickly back to us, for while the harvest is truly great, the laborers are few—very few."

In March, Mr. Cooley baptized two Khand lads, who for several months had given evidence of a change of heart; and seven of the young men left the school to labor in Mr. Phillips's new village, with a view of settling there.

The missionaries watched with intensest interest every item of intelligence regarding the anti-slavery conflict, then waging in their fatherland. Miss Crawford, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then recently issued, said:

"Of all perishable things, I love books the best, because the truths they contain are imperishable. What a book is "Uncle Tom's Cabin!" One half its worth can never be told, nor can it be known till the great day of accounts. Before reading it, I could not bear to hear anything said against it, but now I feel quite indifferent about it. As well might man, with his feeble breath, stop the progress of a gallant ship controlled by the winds of heaven; or, with a whisper, stop the dashing steam engine, as with arguments or falsehoods to attempt to prevent the influence of Mrs. Stowe's book. Judging others by myself and a few friends here, I should think there had been tears enough shed over this famous book to drown slavery, if it were 'drownable.' Hoping the day-star of freedom

is about to arise, I feel better than ever before in reference to my country."

The "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" soon followed, and the hearts of the missionaries were stung with shame and mortification for the foul blot of slavery on their native land, while listening to the exclamations of English residents such as these: "What a mercy to be a British-born subject!" "What a mercy not to live and breathe in America, where the air is filled with moral pestilence!" "I should be afraid to go to America, lest I should be kidnaped and sold into slavery." But Mr. Cooley said: "Ah! my country, I love thee, but I hate thy horrid oppression."

Our mission schools, with one exception, had been happily exempt from any serious invasion of cholera till the early part of June, 1853.

The Balasore missionaries, Messrs. Cooley and Smith, were in Jelasore (thirty miles away), attending a session of the Quarterly Meeting, when, on Friday, at five in the afternoon one of Miss Crawford's schoolgirls was smitten with this scourge. The station physician had gone to Calcutta, so Miss Crawford called George, one of Dr. Bachelor's native medical students, not doubting but that he knew what remedies to administer. She said:

"Poor man, he was agitated, but did the best he knew. At ten in the evening another was attacked, and both died a little after sunrise. Then such wailing as was made by the poor Khand girls you never heard, and it would be difficult for you to form any idea of their sad lamentations. Others were ill. Mrs. Smith's

health was such that she could render no assistance, and Mrs. Cooley was also much indisposed. The latter came in just in time to see the first two expire, and went home feeling so ill that she sent me a note that alarmed me, and hastening to her, I felt relieved on finding that she had no cholera symptoms. At noon we buried our dead. As there were none but the schoolboys to do the work, I went out to the grave-yard, in the heat, to see that all was done properly. Our native brother, good Fákir Dás, came to the graves and made a prayer. Save him, no one but the school children and myself dared venture near. At three the next morning (Sunday), another poor sufferer breathed her last.

“Mr. and Mrs. Bond (English residents) came to see us about noon, and advised giving calomel. As they had been in the country many years, and understood treating the disease, their advice was followed, and apparently saved several. But alas! before four in the afternoon another had gone, and two others, we feared, were beyond recovery. We now had the tent pitched in an airy place, to which we sent all that were well excepting those who were needed to take care of the sick. Those we took into the schoolhouse. My strength was far gone, and I consented to try to rest; but it was of no use; I could not rest away from the sick, so I spent the night with them, and before morning had the happiness of seeing them better.

“But the work of the destroyer was not yet stayed. In the morning I saw a dear little girl staggering across the yard to the tent. Helping her into the schoolhouse I resolved, weak though I was, to spare no strength, but do for her all that possibly could be done. I soon found another little one in the tent very sick, so I had to divide my cares. At four in the afternoon the one in the tent died. The one in the schoolhouse seemed dying several times during the day, but was revived by a little wine. She lingered until eight in the evening, then went home. These children were all very dear to me, but the one gathered home last was the dearest of

all. She was a remarkable child, seeming to aim at perfection in everything she did. She always had perfect lessons. I never knew her to find fault with any one, and no one ever found fault with her, that I know of. Owing to her peaceable temper, Mary Sutton gave her a name which signified peace. Soon after she fell sick, she told me she should not recover, and asked me to call the pious girls and her mamma Cooley, that she might see them once more. She was perfectly calm to the last. Before she died, I had scarcely time to shed a tear, owing to anxiety for those who were still suffering, but now that this one was gone, I was tempted to say, as poor Cassey did, 'I don't wish to love anybody again.' Had you seen the poor children that bent over the corpse with me trying to offer me consolation, you might have smiled through your tears. One said, 'Oh, don't be troubled. Let your heart be steadfast, believing in God. He lives and will do all that is well.' Oh, there was still much to live for, and many left to love, even in this idolatrous land.

"The large Khand boys rendered very essential aid. Poor fellows! They had to dig six graves and bury their dear country girls with their own hands. Not an Oriya would lift a finger for love or money. The ground was nearly as hard as brick, and as seven of the large boys were at Santipur—the new Christian village—it was hard for the remaining ones to dig so many in so short a time. But they acted a very manly part, not only in burying the dead, but in rendering other assistance. While all the native Christians outside the school stood aloof through fear, a few of the boys stood by me firm and fearless. May God bless them, and may they never want for care in sickness."

Brethren Cooley and Smith returned on Monday, and the next day Mr. and Mrs. Smith took Miss Crawford and the girls to Chandipur by the sea. Miss Crawford was so prostrated that, to use her own words :

“It was hard for nature to rally, but true to herself she did so. After a week’s stay, no new cases occurring, we returned to Balasore, but we found it such a lonely home as it had never been to us before. So many vacant places, oh, it is trying. I deeply regret that I had not better informed myself in regard to cholera. But it never entered my mind that I should have to act the part of physician here. I look upon the girls as a smitten flock, but rejoice that these are all here, and that none of the missionaries are taken. Is it not a mercy that none of them were cut down? Of the number of those attacked with cholera, about one third died.

“Though burdens sometimes do press heavily, I think that I can truly say that my spirit never faints. I rejoice in my work and in Him who has thus far sustained me, and, come weal or woe, I hope to be cheerful and diligent, and at last to die with the armor on.”

The spring months in India are the hottest. Those of 1853 were intensified by a drought. Mrs. Phillips, in a communication written towards the last of May, said :

“We are now, or ought to be, near the end of the most trying hot season we have ever seen. Since las. December we have had but two showers, and those but slight. The earth has become like brick. The tanks are all either dry or the water putrid, and vegetation withers as if exposed to a scorching fire. So intense is the heat, that many of the bananas on our trees entirely dried away before they could ripen, leaving only the seed covered with the skin hanging to the branches. Early in the morning, we are obliged to close every door to exclude the wind, which is like the blast of the furnace, and which so withers our energies that we feel almost incapable of exertion. I often think if we can keep soul and body together till the rains come to our relief, we shall

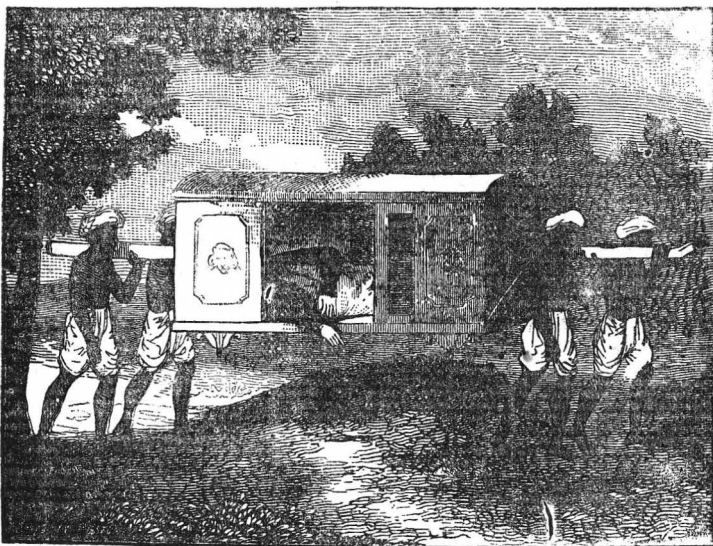
do well. The season for the early crop of rice is already past, and the heavens are still like brass over our heads, with the exception of a few fleeting clouds, which seem to rise only to mock the thirst of man and beast. Should the drought continue much longer I fear that no grain will be raised this season. The distress and suffering that will follow such a failure can not be imagined."

SANTIPUR. The progress of this new Christian settlement was very cheering. Mr. Oliver, the Indian convert, to whom, when absent, Mr. Phillips committed its charge, thus described it in a letter of May 21, 1853:

"Where, but nine months ago the wild hog slept in security, and the graceful deer made her midnight liar; where the prowling tiger roamed in quest of prey, and where the grizzly black bear fearlessly dug for white ants; there, a neatly laid out village has arisen, and children sport where, a short time ago, the forest king crunched his loathsome meal. . . . We have now seven families and seven unmarried men from the school at Balasore, forming altogether a community of about forty. The young men are merias,* and are objects of much interest. They live together in great harmony and affection, and form of themselves a kind of clique. In disposition they are cheerful and on the alert to assist all and everybody. Daily social worship and a weekly prayer-meeting cheer us. A Sabbath school is held each Lord's Day, and a day-school for children from our own and heathen villages has been opened. It is taught by Daniel P. Cilley, a Santal convert. Weekly visits to the markets have been kept up, where the Gospel is fearlessly proclaimed by Silas Curtis, native preacher, and Elias Hutchins, Santal convert."

* The Khands that were set apart for human sacrifice.

Mrs. Phillips's health demanding a change, and the fearful prevalence of cholera forbidding her to go to Balasore, she decided to spend a few days at the new settlement, which as yet she had not visited. Taking two of her little girls, Julia and Hattie, with her in her palanquin, she thus described her trip, in her letter of July 9th :



PALANQUIN.

“ We left home at dawn on the 21st ult. . . . The bearers at once commenced their *hoo, hoo, ha, ha*, sing-song tone with a great deal of energy, and we began threading our way through jungles fragrant with flowers and cheerful with singing birds, across paddy-fields, over hedges and ditches, now and then passing a native

village which sent forth no small company of spectators in the shape of native children, many a one bearing on her hip one more helpless than herself, women with faces half covered, and gaping men but little better clad than the children, all of them with mouths and eyes dilated, to see the mem Sahib and her bábás. Just as we had passed the last village, we were overtaken by a troop of youngsters, headed by a good-looking lad of about fourteen, who, having taken the liberty to stop our bearers, came to the palanquin door, and with a polite salam, began, in the most approved Oriental style, complimenting me with a long list of high-sounding titles, the meaning of which was to stop then and there, and treat them with sweetmeats. Making a short reply, I desired the bearers to proceed. About eight o'clock we found ourselves on the bank of the beautiful little stream that forms part of the boundary of our new settlement. Crossing it, we took a foot-path bordered on one side by a low, thick jungle, interspersed with flowering shrubs, and on the other by partially cleared land and newly cultivated paddy-fields. We were soon joined by Mr. Oliver, who had kindly come out to welcome us, and at the end of a quarter of a mile we reached the bungalow. Palanquin-traveling, as usual, gave me a fearful headache, which continued to increase through the day, till at night I could scarcely endure to rest it on a pillow. Next morning, while waiting for breakfast, I reconnoitered the bungalow, and quite admired its plan. It contains a dining-hall sixteen feet square, a sleeping-room, and a small room at each end of the house, with a bathroom attached to one and a pantry to the other, and a nice wide veranda on each side. At present, it has neither floors nor doors—windows it never will have, but when completed, it will be very neat and convenient, and capable of accommodating quite a party. Having breakfasted, I sent a general invitation to all our native children to favor me with a call. Soon I was surrounded by a number of smiling mothers, and a group of happy children, all of whom I was very glad to see. After a little chit-chat, Julia dis-

tributed sweetmeats among the children, and soon they took their leave, as I felt unable to talk or listen to conversation. In the afternoon, I visited our village, numbering ten houses on either side of a street fifty feet wide. Each house is surrounded by an enclosure one hundred and fifty feet in length, by fifty in width, in process of cultivation. I called on each family, and was glad to find all seemingly content and happy, and most of the houses giving evidence of the neatness and industry of their occupants.

“ Long have we labored and prayed for the establishment of an asylum where those who forsake their idols for the service of the living God might worship under their own vines and fig-trees, with none to molest or make them afraid. Our Heavenly Father has heard our prayers, opened the hearts of many to second our efforts, and we are now permitted to rejoice in the growing prospects of our Santipur—City of Peace—as we hope it will emphatically prove to be. Shall not this solitary wilderness be glad for the coming of the Lord, and this desert rejoice and blossom as the rose?

“ My calls being over, Mr. Oliver, our two little girls, and myself went out for a stroll in the jungle. When about two hundred yards from the bungalow, we found the foot-prints of his royal highness, the Bengal tiger, which gave rise to an indefinite number of stories about tigers, bears, hyenas, etc., and by bed-time my imagination was peopled by the whole frightful train, and the door entrances to my sleeping apartment being secured by only thin bamboo mats, gave a vividness to the vision which all my courage, aided by reason and judgment, failed to control. I heard in every rustling wind the approach of some savage inhabitant of the jungle, which kept me awake till weariness and sleep closed my eyes for a few moments, only to terrify and awaken me by dreams of some hideous monster. The night was long, almost beyond endurance, but at length *day did* come, not only to my relief, but to shame me for my timidity. I got on much better

during the remainder of my ten-days' stay, and my health was improved by my visit, though I am still sadly lacking in energy.

"The news of the conversion of our dear boys not only compensates us for the pain of parting, but fills our hearts with love and gratitude to God, and causes us to feel more like trusting our remaining dear ones to his fatherly care. Our three older girls continue to suffer more or less from headache, which very much retards their studies. They ought not to remain in this country another season, but the way does not open as yet, either for sending or taking them home ourselves, and we must trust all in the hands of Him who thus far has watched over and cared for us and ours. We are still encouraged to believe that our three elder girls have given their hearts to the Saviour."

It is not strange that laborers among a people glued to the worship of idols should occasionally despond. So Mr. Phillips wrote during this year (1853):

"I get almost disheartened at times, on witnessing the stupid indifference of the heathen and the fickle-mindedness of some of our Christian converts. I often fear that my whole soul is becoming dull and obtuse, like an old ploughshare which has been ground down among rocks and stones till it needs uplifting with the addition of well-tempered steel. . . . Still, the light is spreading continually, and when the Holy Spirit shall be poured out on this people, their minds, I trust, will be found to be enlightened and prepared to embrace the truth."

He entered on his missionary excursions this year earlier than usual, prefacing them by a few days' labor in Santipur. He found Mr. Oliver managing both its temporal and spiritual interests very satisfactorily. He had just established a market for the convenience of the villagers and the people in the vicinity, which formed

also a good preaching-stand one day in the week. On the day of Mr. Phillips's attendance, his hearers were numerous and attentive. In several instances, tracts were called for by name; in others, they were returned with the saying, "I have this now—give me a new one," thus showing that their books were read and cared for. He was gratified in repeatedly hearing the remark, "It is the Sahib's market, and no one can take things from us by force." The market was held in a beautiful grove, sacred to the worship of the goddess Hati-usu-ni. When the grove was cleared of the underbrush and put in order for the market, the broken goddess was thrown ignominiously aside, and yet not a murmur or complaint was made. Said Mr. Phillips: "So let all the gods and goddesses which made not the heavens perish from under the whole heavens!" The Sabbath, the day before he left Santipur, was, to him, a joyful season. Four persons, two of them Khand youths, desired baptism.

Next morning, August 15, he found his return home a toilsome matter. As yet, no road had been constructed between the new Christian village and his own station, and a heavy rain the previous night had laid most of the fields he had to cross under water. He thus described the trip:

"The syce led the way bare-footed and bare-legged, at times knee-deep, anon to his waist, in water, while I followed, as best I could on my pony, now wading the fields, now threading my way on the crooked ridges raised to retain the water in the fields. We were nearly four hours in coming a distance of only seven

miles, though, in our wanderings, we must have traveled ten or twelve miles."

But his discomforts were all forgotten the ensuing evening in the social meeting with his schoolboys, while he heard three of them pray for the first time. Of one of them, Calvin Dodge, he said :

"I was surprised and delighted to hear him use the language of prayer with so much propriety, feeling, and fluency. When he came to us in March last he was just a savage from the jungle and knew not a single letter. I trust his heart has felt, and is yielding to, the influence of the Divine Spirit."

Mr. Phillips now rejoiced in the completion of his missionary boat, as a means for greatly facilitating his missionary excursions. It was twenty-eight feet in length by six in width, and fitted for sailing as well as rowing; fourteen feet were closed in, forming a comfortable cabin. It had already been launched in the Subarnrika river, near his house. August 18, taking with him Mahes and Elias Hutchins, native preachers, he commenced his first trip, which led down the river to the ocean, stopping at the villages and markets within short distances of its banks, preaching and distributing tracts and portions of the Scriptures. At one of the villages, the parties asking for books made numerous inquiries—first and foremost—"What is the amount of your salary from government? Why do you take all this trouble to go about and distribute books at so great an expense? Do you expect to acquire holiness thereby?" Mr. Phillips replied :

“We aim to obey the commands of the Saviour, who gave directions that his Gospel should be preached in all the world—that all men may know and walk in the way of life. I am by no means the only one thus engaged. Hundreds of my brethren are dispersed in pagan lands for this very purpose. The Gospel we preach is designed for all men, and adapted to save all who believe and obey it.”

He stopped five days in the bungalow at Bálíápál, making short excursions in its vicinity. At Sunári market, six miles west, the people seemed really to drink in instruction, and sought eagerly for books, while none opposed.

August 25, they reached the mouth of the river. The native brethren, who had scarcely seen the sea twice in all their lives, were amazed and delighted. Said Mr. Phillips :

“They could hardly believe but that there were villages a short distance on the other side. After an hour’s leaping and sporting in the foaming surf, we returned to the boat. All ready, up went the sail in a trice, which bent and swelled with the breeze most gracefully as away we scud, at a good rate, over the rippling waves.”

On the return trip, tidings came of Mrs. Phillips’s illness, and as there were markets still to be visited, Mr. Phillips left the work to Mahes to finish and walked twelve miles to reach his home. He said :

“I started with shoes and socks on, but soon found that the more natural, more convenient, and certainly the more fashionable way of walking in this country is without either, especially when one has to wade rice-fields in mud and water half-leg deep.

I was reminded of Cudjoe's—'Please master, powerful bad spot this yer!' as I pulled my feet from the mud to plunge them as deep again the next step. . . . Without a real necessity for a long walk, in these days of carriages, cars, palanquins, etc., there might be danger of forgetting what legs were made for: at all events, how useful they may be to their possessor."

He found his wife severely suffering from ague and an attack of neuralgia.

In the early part of September, Mr. Phillips made a trip up the Subarnrika river, visiting the villages near its banks. In Palásia, one of these villages, he was surprised and delighted, as a son of a friendly zemindar brought out a copy of the New Testament in Oriya, and asked him to explain it. Then he was listened to with attention and invited to repeat his visit. At Pabrarájpur some of his hearers were disputatious. Said the leading genius:

"Of course God will judge men according to their deeds. And what then? Suppose the wicked get a sound beating, or are shut up in the dark for a season, what more can God do? Who would care to go to heaven, and sit there gaping, with nothing to eat? Go to hell?—I expect to, but what of that? I shall soon be back again in a new birth. We have lived so many generations in this religion, we are not now likely to change it."

Early in December, Messrs. Cooley and Smith commenced a tour to the south of the station, which occupied Mr. Cooley nearly the whole month.* At Baranar he, too, found proof that their broadcast sowing of

* Mrs. Cooley joined her husband in a few days, and Mr. Smith returned to the care of the station.

tracts and Scriptures was not in vain. As he was leaving the market where he had been preaching, a lad, running after him, eagerly asked for a tract entitled "Destroyer of Delusion," and at the same time repeated a portion of it. He told Mr. Cooley that one of his relatives obtained it of him during a former visit, that the family had read it diligently, and he had committed most of it to memory. At Turguri market, about two thousand had gathered, hundreds of whom listened attentively as long as he had strength to preach and distribute tracts. At a market a few miles from Bhadrak he obtained a good hearing. Among his listeners was a religious beggar, or boishnob. Said Mr. Cooley :

"The country is full of them, and more filthy, beastly, degraded, disgusting objects are not to be found, I presume, this side of the pit. They extort their living from the laboring class, many of whom regard it as a holy act to feed them, while others do it through fear of their curses, which they pour out on those who do not feed them. When they do not succeed in begging in the ordinary way, they seat themselves in the door of the house and compel the family to make a donation before they will allow any one to pass in or out. When we remonstrate with them for their filthy habits and want of shame in going about in a state of almost entire nudity, their bodies often besmeared with the ashes of cow-dung, they will answer that they are above being ashamed, they are too holy for that. The more shrewd among them thus accumulate a competence. The boishnob that came to hear us seemed a good-natured fellow, and not at all displeased with our take-off of his class. He acknowledged that they were great scamps, and that our preaching was true ; but, as to his giving up his profession, that did not seem to enter into the account. He

said he had not shaved or had his hair cut for thirty years, and that his hair was seven and a half feet long. It was braided and wound round his head for a turban."

Mr. Cooley's journal of this tour had the following entry: "Bhadrak, December 16. To-day is Friday, and of course no markets to attend, as the people in this country have the superstitious notion, as well as in Christian countries, that Friday is an unlucky day, and, so far as I am acquainted, they have no markets on that day." Going out, however, at sunrise, he found the people ready to listen, though some threw out the old, thread-bare remark, that he preached to fill his stomach. He asked if they supposed he could not get enough to eat in his own country, without coming sixteen thousand miles? This silenced them. They used to say that government offered the missionaries one thousand rupees for every convert they made; so very hard is it for their selfish souls to conceive that they come to their country for the sole purpose of trying to persuade them to forsake idolatry and sin and become Christians.

From Bhadrak, Mr. Cooley went to Jajpur where he met Rev. Mr. Stubbins, general Baptist missionary from Cuttack, with his staff of native preachers, and with whom he had the pleasure, for a few days, of uniting in missionary work. They met with considerable opposition in this strong seat of Satan. On one occasion, when they brought the Ten Commandments to bear upon the sin of idolatry, the people set up such a shout that they could not be heard, and as they retired from the tumult, some followed, showering upon them

dirt and gravel. "But," said Mr. Cooley, "we escaped better than the apostles did." Jajpur is noted for its huge stone idols, cut out of solid black marble, perhaps a thousand years before the Mohammed dynasty. There were seven in one building. One of these represented Káli, wife of Seb or Mahádeb—the destroying power. This goddess is only propitiated by blood. She sits on her husband, and has a necklace of a hundred human skulls. One hand holds the head of a human being, and the other a dish from which she drinks the blood of her victim. Said Mr. Cooley, "I asked the man who was pointing them out to us, if he worshiped such an object as that." "Of course I do." I asked, "Why do you do so? It is only a block of stone." "Oh," said he, "if I do not she will destroy all my posterity." In another place were three statues of enormous size, tumbled from their throne and lying with their heels up. It is supposed the Mohammedans plunged them into this position when they conquered the province.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. PHILLIPS'S RETURN.

1853-1854.

*“Then on! then on! where duty leads,
Thy course be onward still.”*

There are few severer trials incident to missionary life than those which call for the breaking up of their families. Said Dr. Bachelor to the writer, on the eve of his second embarkation for India, while passing through the agony of leaving his family behind him: “I could endure to be hung a hundred times! It would be a lesser trial.”

The long unsolved problem with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips how they could best provide for the education of their children and still serve the mission, they judged had now found a solution. The two years had nearly passed since the sons were sent to America but no one was ready to take up Mr. Phillips's work. Still the Board, under a sense of justice to their missionary, had invited him to come home with his family. But no; to leave the work at that time, with no one to carry it on,



H. C. Phillips.

was not to be thought of. So, October 14, 1853, he thus unfolded their solution of the problem :

“ We think it best for Mrs. Phillips to return to America with the children this cold season, leaving me to pursue my work for a couple of years, and then join my family in America, taking a furlough of about three years. After a term of twenty years' service, this may not be thought an unreasonably long time. It would give Mrs. Phillips five years to remain at home, superintending the education of our children ; and, life and health continued, allow us to return to our field, prepared, one would hope, for another fifteen or twenty years' campaign. It will be a Herculean task for my wife to attempt, to say nothing of the trial such a separation will prove to both of us, and to our dear children. Still I have full confidence in my wife's ability for such an undertaking. The abundant success which has thus far attended her efforts in training our children under such disadvantageous circumstances, is the best guarantee for the future. Worldly people submit to such trials, and even greater, for the sake of gaining wealth, while they have not the consolations of religion to bear up their spirits. Surely we ought to be able to do as much for a higher and holier cause, when we are permitted to hear our blessed Lord say, 'Lo, I am with you always.' 'And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall have a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.'

“ I need not say a word in regard to the utter impropriety of my leaving at the present time. I could not make up my mind to do so. Our hope is, that you will send us a missionary family, to join me at Jelasore within the year, which would very much mitigate the evils of my isolated position, and then, perhaps, after giving them the advantage of my Indian experience, they would be prepared to go on by themselves. During these two

years, I should hope to do more than ever before, in the same period. My time would be divided between Jelasore, Santipur, and tent and boat life. Having no tie to bind me to any one spot, I shall be able to move about much more, learn more of the Santals, and be better prepared for giving them the word of God."

Then with his characteristic unselfishness, he offered to meet the whole expense of outfit and passage for his family to America, on condition that his salary and allowances for children be continued as they then were, funds being advanced for this purpose by the Society, to be refunded in half-yearly installments.

Mrs. Phillips, with her eight children, embarked December 23, 1853, in the ship "Ascoutna," Captain Pepper, bound from Calcutta for Boston. Mr. Phillips wrote the Secretary, January 5, 1854:

"We were all on board Friday evening, ready to depart on the morrow, but the vessel was delayed a day or two for want of men, and when she did commence 'dropping' down the river, her progress was so slow that I had the privilege of remaining with my family nearly a week. I finally parted with them near Kedgerree, on the 29th, and the ship went to sea on the 31st of December. The 'Ascoutna,' which is to be the floating home of my family for the next four months, more or less, affords as many accommodations for passengers as any American vessel I recollect ever to have seen. . . . Our party has three side cabins, opened into one, quite to themselves. The captain and officers all appear very kind and obliging. Rev. J. Nesbit, from Burma, a very intelligent, amiable man, is also a passenger on the 'Ascoutna,' and the captain himself being a pious man, my family will have religious privileges, I trust, through their whole voyage. . . . Dula, a Santal native

Christian, about eighteen years of age, from our school at Jelasore, and member of the church, accompanies my family for the purpose of assisting in their care. He is inexperienced and knows nothing of English, but was anxious to go, and as Mrs. Phillips would require the services of some one during the passage, we thought it the best arrangement we could make, to allow him to accompany them. . . .

“ I have yet said nothing of my own trial in parting with my wife and children, and my return to my solitary home in the jungle. Nor need I. If your own imagination fails to give you a correct idea of the reality, certainly my pen would not be more successful. I called them all into the cabin, and after commending them anew to the God of all grace, took a sad farewell of all, and, leaving them on deck bathed in tears, hastened over the side of the ship into a boat which pulled away for the ‘Lucy L. Hale,’ an American vessel just passing the ‘Ascoutna,’ and standing towards Calcutta. I was kindly received by her captain, who invited me into the cuddy, where, throwing myself on a sofa, I looked out at the stern window, and sobbed and gazed at the floating home of my beloved ones, every moment borne further and further from me. But enough. I trust we both have acted according to the will of God, and hence have a right to expect Divine aid and support. I spent the day and night on the ‘Lucy L. Hale,’—had an interesting conversation with the captain, who frankly confessed his need of religion,—in the evening, spent an hour or more with the men in the ‘forecastle’: all listened respectfully. I was pleased to find them supplied with Bibles. I engaged in prayer and received the thanks of the men for my visit. Next morning, I got aboard an open boat and hastened away for Calcutta, where I arrived December 31, at one o’clock, A. M. I received a letter from Mrs. Phillips by the pilot, dated December 31. All were getting on well. The captain was very kind, and interested himself much in the children. She says: ‘Now the pilot is about

to leave us, and the last opportunity for writing you will soon be gone, I feel more than ever the reality of our separation, but I think we have reason to believe that we have acted according to the will of God, and if so, he surely will bless and support us. May the Lord be with you, my dearest, in every lonely hour, support you in every trial, and give you the desire of your heart in the salvation of those for whom you labor.' I am sure I need not ask you to give my dear wife and children a warm reception. Kindness shown them will be more acceptable to me than if shown to myself personally. Under God, I commend them to your kind regard; but, dear brother, a full and oppressed heart and weeping eyes will allow me to say no more. So farewell. God bless you—bless us all, and make us a blessing to others."

The self-abnegation manifested in this heroic conduct of these devoted missionaries deeply touched the heart of the Secretary. In his comments concerning it in the *Morning Star*, he said :

"May God enable us to appreciate their noble example of self-sacrifice in order to serve our mission and the cause of God. Oh, shall we think it hard to give yearly the scanty pittance of a few dollars each, to sustain the heralds of the cross in heathen lands? Had our members generally done this, we could have sent brother Phillips a colleague, and this suffering and these bitter tears would have been spared. God forgive us, and help us in future to redeem the time."

Miss Crawford, in one of her home letters, thus referred to the separation of Mr. Phillips and his family :

"People talk of the trial and sacrifice of leaving America to come to India. But is it not a far greater trial for Mrs. Phillips to leave this field she has occupied so many years,—leave her com-

panion on whose counsel she has so long been accustomed to depend,—take her little ones to cross the great deep, and go alone to find them a home and care for them, while the kind and faithful father remains to labor among the heathen and to watch over his little flock of Christian disciples, the fruit of years of earnest toil, just because there is no one to take up his work? My heart is aching far more for this dear brother and his family than it did for myself, when I left my friends and native land. May God sustain them !”

Mr. Phillips relates the story of his return to his field, etc., in a journalistic letter to his wife, written from Jelassore, commencing it, January 19, 1854 :

“ In sitting down to write you from the dear old home, I queried whether to follow your example and date my letter ‘ Home,’ or Jelassore. This really seems more like home to me than any other spot I know of on the wide earth. Indeed, if I call not this home, what and where is my home? And yet, it is hard for a husband and the father of ten children to feel at home anywhere in the absence of his family. So I prefer dating Jelassore, and cherishing the thought that here I have no abiding-place, am but a stranger and a pilgrim, and am to look for my home above.

“ After parting with you and the dear children, I reached Calcutta the 31st ult., where I was received with much kindness. Mr. Long, English Church missionary, took me in his boat to Tumluk. He seems to be a very good, zealous man, though rather odd—one of his oddities being his old-fashioned notions about baptism. He holds that neither infant baptism nor sprinkling is to be found in the New Testament ; hence he is a Baptist, and *in* he goes with his converts, and buries them with Christ in baptism. He has, too, the prayer-book on his side, so he is able to answer his Episcopalian brethren from their own creed. After spending a day at Tumluk, I reached Midnapur, visited the bazar and distributed a

number of books. January 17, I arrived at Santipur and found five new Santal lads there. . . .

“SANTIPUR, Sabbath, January 29. One month to-day since we took the parting hand! If the ‘Ascoutna’ has been favored with prosperous winds you must now be far away on the Indian Ocean, perhaps within a fortnight of the Cape. I feel much comfort in bearing your case and that of the dear children to a throne of grace. It is sweet to feel assured that you are all in the hands of Him who rules the elements, and whose commands the tumultuous seas obey. We have enjoyed a pleasant and a happy season here to-day. The covenant-meeting in the morning was cheering. The simple, artless recitals of Christian experience were very encouraging. In the afternoon sixteen of us sat down to the communion. May this vine flourish and shoot out great branches.”

January 30, Mr. Phillips’s heart was made glad by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who came to cheer his loneliness for a season. During his absence Mr. Cooley had busily prosecuted the cold season work. On one occasion he attended a great bathing festival, held January 12, near Jelasore, where the concourse of natives was estimated at not less than twenty-five thousand. He scattered his staff of five native preachers and several laymen among the multitude, where they labored from ten in the forenoon to four in the afternoon, preaching and distributing books, till their large supply was exhausted and the people were pleading for more. Their preaching was listened to with much attention. Said Mr. Cooley:

“The native preachers, especially Rámá, who is full of hope as to the rapid spread of the Gospel in this country, were much elat-

ed by the signs of success they witnessed in the changed conduct of the people. Certainly they are more ready to hear, and better understand what they do hear. Evidently the labor bestowed on this people from year to year by brother Phillips and others has not been without its influence, and will not be without its fruit in the final day. How much of our labor in this country must be by faith! 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believe.'"

Next day, at another *játrá* near Santipur they met with further proof that the long existing practices of the people are falling into disrepute. Mr. Cooley gives the following as an instance :

"When the priest brought out the idol from the temple, near which we were preaching, and passed by us with it in his arms, the people broke out into a roar of laughter, as we pointed to their idol and told them to see how helpless was their god."

Among the villages they visited during the month of January was Remna, where were three Mahádeb temples in a triangle, one of which was covered with the most obscene and vile pictures. Mr. Cooley, in his preaching to the people, referred to the disgusting representations on their temple, proving to them that they were the legitimate fruit of their debasing system of worship. The more intelligent appeared exceedingly ashamed, and hung their heads, while one man attempted to justify them by saying that the great temple of Jagarnáth at Puri was covered with far more obscene pictures. Rámá continued his preaching in the bazar till nine in the evening, when he returned to the camp, saying that the only objection in the way of hundreds immediately becoming Christians was the system of caste.

Next morning they met an encouraging reception at a large village about a mile from their camp, where the people were very anxious to hear. On their way they were met by an aged and somewhat intelligent man, who asked Mr. Cooley why he put himself to so much trouble and labor, traveling in the dust and sun, day and night, here and there, so far from home. On telling him that it was to teach his people the way of salvation, he seemed much surprised, and said: "I have no concern or anxiety about my salvation. Why need you?" Mr. Cooley replied: "That is a very good reason why I should be concerned about you and others"; and he preached unto him Jesus as the only name whereby he could be saved.

In February, Mr. Phillips, accompanied by Mr. Smith and three native preachers, attended two large jātrās, or festivals. The first continued about a fortnight. It was a general feast, free to all, given by a choudri, or land-holder, for the purpose of securing a stock of holiness against a time of need. Two hundred divinities were exhibited in an enclosure, together with images of human beings of the most obscene and disgusting character, compared with which naked figures would be chaste and decent. None but unshodden feet could enter the enclosure, but the missionaries did not think it proper to put off their shoes for the purpose of securing permission to stand on such unholy ground. The hunger of thousands of poor mortals was satisfied, but their exposure, especially at night, was fearful. Multitudes of men, women, and children lay upon the bare earth.

with only their thin, cotton garments to protect them from the cold dews and rain. Thus the occasion of this feast was as unfavorable to their health and morals, as it was useless to the choudri in securing a stock of merit. The following, from Mr. Phillips's account, gives a glance at his work during its continuance :

“One man, Nicodemus-like, came to the tent in the evening, and, bowing his head quite to the ground, laid hold of my feet, and would not be pacified till I had given him a book for his younger brother, who, he affirmed, was able to read. As the books were being distributed, I was particularly interested in observing a young Bráhmín who rushed forward in the crowd, and, in spite of repeated flourishes of a whip which we found necessary to prevent being overrun, kept near us and laying hold of all the books he could grasp, immediately distributed them to others. . . . Remark- ing the use he made of the books, I thought it good policy to favor his efforts. When the distribution was over, he came and begged a book for himself. Much good seed was scattered broadcast, which, duly watered by the earnest, believing prayers of God's people, must spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God.”

The second játrá was held among the Santals in Satrastrani, and continued four days. The Rájá of the territory was present for the purpose of enjoying a holiday. He was a young man about twenty years of age, fond of debate, and black as ebony. Dressed in native costume, his appearance was not repulsive, but his attempt to imitate Europeans made it the reverse. His white spencer, pants, gloves, socks, and necktie, wrinkled and crumpled in no elegant manner, overshadowed

by a broad-brimmed solar, while a pair of clumsy iron-shod cowhides supplied the place of shoes, altogether rendered his appearance very grotesque.

“The royal booth,” says Mr. Phillips, “was only a few rods from our tent, yet His Majesty invariably made us daily visits on one of his elephants; he would not deign at first to dismount or come on a level with our humble selves, but persisting in our refusal to discuss with him perched upon his elephant, he was at length induced to come down and take a seat under a large mango-tree. He made numerous inquiries, though in a sneering manner, and attempted to ridicule the miraculous conception of Christ. I gave him the Bible account of the stupendous event, and then pressed his Highness for an account of the parentage of the first human pair. Unable to do so, even satisfactorily to his own mind, he became more modest, and consented to listen while I plied him with our Lord’s discourse to Nicodemus, and referred him to the future judgment, where both rájá and prájá (king and people) will come on a level and receive at the hand of a righteous judge according to the deeds done in the body. The Rájá is said to be very unjust and oppressive, and, young as he is, boasts of his ten wives and numerous sons.”

The missionary party found at this játrá excellent opportunities for preaching to willing hearers. In regard to this people, Mr. Phillips continues :

“The Santals have been spoken of as very much resembling the Karens of Burma, and the hope has been entertained that, like them, their subjection to the Gospel would be ready and cheerful. They strikingly resemble them in the rude simplicity of their manners and customs and religious rites, but in regard to their preparation for the reception of the Gospel, the similarity is by no means apparent. The Santals, though curious and inquisi-

tive, are great believers in witchcraft, ghosts, and hobgoblins. They seldom fail to treat me and my native brethren with respect when we preach to them the glad tidings. On the present occasion our hearers were numerous and attentive, and a few were serious. Elias Hutchins acquitted himself well in laboring to enlighten the minds of his rude countrymen. Often, while standing beside my native brother, coveting his ready, fluent speech as the words of life that fell from his lips were heard and responded to, did I breathe a fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit might seal instruction to hearts hitherto unmoved. At the játrá we met several youths—a part of them truants from our school—who could read, and to whom copies of the Gospel in Santal were very acceptable. I was encouraged to find my translation of Matthew readily understood. One truant and two new-comers accompanied our people home and are now in the school. I can but believe that the way of the Lord is gradually being prepared among this rude people, and ardently would I urge my brethren to interest themselves in their enlightenment."

Mr. Oliver, who had rendered such good service in the Christian settlement at Santipur, was suddenly called to Calcutta by the death of his father, and returned no more to the mission. This was a sad and bitter disappointment to the missionaries, when helpers in their work were so greatly needed.

March 12, 1854, was a joyous day at the Balasore station. During a session of the Quarterly Meeting held there at that time, a nice substantial brick edifice seventy feet long and forty feet wide, that had been four years in building, was dedicated to the service of Him who alone is God. Says Mrs. Cooley: "It is very neat, airy, and commodious, and reflects much honor on Dr.

Bachelor, who originated the plan"; and she might have added, on Mr. Cooley also, who, after the work was commenced, carried it forward to completion. Mr. Peyton, who aided Mr. Phillips so generously in the settlement at Santipur gave seventy-five dollars toward the chapel, Mr. Woodcock and the other English friends also contributed generously. Dr. Sutton, whose interest in the mission was unabated, attended the Quarterly Meeting and preached the dedicatory sermon. A bell for the chapel was sent by American friends.* Miss Crawford, in writing of this glad event, said :

"You can scarcely imagine how we prize the privilege of meeting in so commodious a house. We had been so crowded in the schoolhouse, and had been obliged to let many sit outside about the doors, that now our congregation appears much larger than formerly, and I think the brethren preach better. Certainly I do not become so tired on the Sabbath as hertofore. We have great cause for thankfulness that the Lord has enabled his people to build such a house in honor of his name among the heathen. You would have been amused to see the heathen drop in at our first meeting. Passing by, on their way to and from the bazar, they heard the noise and came in to learn the cause. One man entered with a bundle of yarn in his hand, another with

*This bell was secured by Dr. Bachelor, who collected two hundred and sixty-nine dollars for its payment and sent it on its errand. He said: "The heathen will open their eyes when they hear this bell and wonder what these Christians are going to do next. And when its pealing tones shall be heard, I should not be surprised if the impression should gain currency that the Christian bell had frightened away the gods from all that region. It will not only call Christians but the heathen, too, to the worship of the true God, and many pilgrims on their way to and from the shrine of Jagarnath, will be attracted to the sanctuary by its sweet sounds, where they may listen to the words of eternal life.

some cabbages, others with other articles for the use of their physical natures, but not one came, it is to be feared, caring for his precious soul. Some continued to drop in occasionally, but seldom remained during the service."

Mr. Sutton prolonged his much-prized visit five days. When he began to talk of leaving, the friends, loth to part with him so soon, pleaded for a longer stay. With much energy and earnestness he replied to their entreaties: "Hinder me not: I must be about my Master's business"; and so they parted, comforted with the prospect of other happy earthly reunions.

The mission had recently come into possession of a bungalow at Chandipur on the seacoast, a few miles from Balasore, to be used for sanitary purposes. The Balasore missionaries, with Mr. Phillips, took refuge there for a few days from the hot March winds blowing at Balasore like scorching blasts from a heated furnace. Somewhat recruited, the former returned to their station-work, the latter to his Scripture translations in his lonely home, and to his other mission work.

In May, the Balasore church was gladdened by the conversion of two more of the Khand boys, who offered themselves for baptism. Miss Crawford, in writing the good news, added:

"Would that I could stop here, but alas! we must tell of our disappointments as well as our hopes. You will remember Gomana, the lad who committed theft a little over a year ago, about whom we had so much trouble. Last month he fell again into the same snare, and two weeks ago he fled, we know not where."

Miss Crawford's details of the case strikingly exem-

plified the tender, loving, compassionate pity so characteristic of her noble life. Her grief was intense. She said:

“For a time I was almost crazy, and I am not sure that I am quite sane now, but hope I shall be before long. Never had I labored so hard and unceasingly for the good of any other individual as for that naughty boy. I had prayed with him, wept with him, spent many sleepless, prayerful nights, and once had shown him the virtue of the whip argument. What is the result? Who has been profited by the time and labor spent on Gomana? What will my missionary life amount to? With such questions rapidly arising, will you wonder that for a time I wished myself away among the quiet vales of my native town? I sighed and thirsted for rest and consolation, and at last I found rest—not under the shady hills of my own loved native land, but in Him who is the ‘shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ The exhortation still is, ‘In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand.’”

Mrs. Phillips, with her eight children and Dula, arrived in Boston May 13, 1854. On the whole they had been favored with a pleasant passage, though they had encountered some severe gales, in one of which their captain narrowly escaped being washed overboard. The Rev. D. P. Cilley, then pastor of the Boston Free Baptist church, met them at the wharf and at once conveyed the whole party to his house, where Mrs. Phillips was most affectionately welcomed by Mrs. Cilley, her former beloved teacher. Other friends were also there to greet her. Here she rested several days, and after visiting her brother in Lawrence, Mas-

sachusetts, she settled in New Hampton, New Hampshire, where her children could enjoy its excellent school privileges.

The missionaries had continued to watch with intensest interest the anti-slavery contest in their native land, and when the news of the passage of the infamous Nebraska bill reached them, they were terribly shocked. Mr. Phillips thus gave expression to his feelings, in a letter to the Secretary, under date of May 25, 1854 :

“Your letter gave us the first intimation of this attempted encroachment of the slave power, but we were unwilling to believe that an act of such open, bare-faced perfidy, such outrageous violation of a nation's solemn compact, such high-handed treason against the happiness, liberty, and lives of our own countrymen, was about to be perpetrated by the American Congress, in the name and by the authority of the American people. But we were not long permitted the solace of this doubt. The *Calcutta Englishman* soon brought the astounding intelligence that the awful deed was done ! that the Senate of the United States, after a stormy debate, had passed the Nebraska bill by a large majority !! An indescribable sensation of horror, shame, and momentary despair, came over me. Is such Christian America? Can it be possible? Is our nation one of traitors who are bound by no treaties, while they boast to the world that might is right? At this rate how long will it be before the few righteous may expect a Divine summons to depart out of Sodom? Truly the spirit of slavery, like that of ‘the Man of Sin,’ is alike unchanged and unchangeable, insatiate and insatiable ! To this spirit, the sighs, and groans, and bloody sweat, and scalding tears of millions of men, women and children, robbed, oppressed, insulted, crushed into the very dust, are nothing ! . . . Like a desolating

surge from the bottomless pit, it foams and rages, and rushes on, leveling dikes, obliterating land-marks, and spreading dismay, destruction, and death, wherever its fiery billows can reach. From a suppliant infant, seeking only to be tolerated, slavery has become a monster demanding the lion's share, dictating its own terms, and in one way or another, sooner or later, gets its demands!"

Letters from the mission about this period again contained pictures of some of the harrowing scenes amidst which they were laboring. July 10, Mrs. Cooley wrote :

"A few days since, occurred the great festival at Puri, and our high road is now crowded with poor pilgrims on their return home. Such sorrowful, dejected looking countenances, with hands outstretched, crying '*give! GIVE! GIVE!*' are enough to excite the deepest pity. Many who make pilgrimages to Jagarnáth are widows. As the customs of the country forbid their second marriage, and their relations consider them incumbrances, they are urged to go on pilgrimages, hoping they may die by the way. The cholera, as usual, has done its work of death among them. It is estimated that over ten thousand have died between here and Puri (a distance of about two hundred miles). For several evenings the brethren have been out to preach to them by the wayside, and have tried to make known to them a 'more excellent way.' But they were often so noisy and boisterous, that it is feared the truth made little impression on their minds. Most of them return in a wretched state of poverty, having spent their time, money, and strength for that which satisfieth not. The Hindus are strongly attached to the religion and customs of their fathers. Often while acknowledging the inconsistency of worshipping idols made by man, yet their fathers did, and why should they not? Caste is another giant obstacle. It costs a Hindu

something to become a Christian. He has literally to forsake houses and lands, wife and children, parents, brothers, sisters, ALL, ALL for Christ; and shall we think it strange if, at first, the leaven of the Gospel should work slowly? So long as we are assured that the 'heathen shall be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession,' we have encouragement to pray and labor on."



CARRYING THE SICK TO THE GANGES.

"From time immemorial," wrote Mr. Cooley, "it has been the custom in Bengal for the natives to carry their sick, who were not expected to recover, to the open field, or the river Ganges, when sufficiently near, and there leave them at the very time when they most need assistance and sympathy, and which, if properly bestowed, would doubtless, in many cases, be the means of their recovery. It is considered a great pollution in this coun-

try, to have anything to do with the dead, and with the Bengalis to allow a person to die in their houses. Hence, in the last hours of dissolution, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, no matter who, must be carried out to die—hurried away while the breath of life remains. If they die in the field, or by the side of a river or in it, well and good, but if they happen to recover, they are never permitted to return to their homes again, but are to be regarded as dead, as outcasts, as having lost caste ; hence no member of the family will eat with them. Many of them take their own lives, while others have little huts built by the river-side, or in the field, where they spend the rest of their days, or go on pilgrimages. This same practice is kept up in Orissa by the Bengalis, as I had occasion yesterday to know. In Remna, three or four miles from Balasore, the daughter of a Bengali of standing and wealth had been for some time sick with dropsy. A member of the family came to our dispensary for medical aid. I sent the doctor yesterday to see how she was. On reaching the house, he found that she had been unconscious for two days, and meantime had not taken the least nourishment. The family had concluded that she would not recover, so they were making preparations to carry her out to the field, and had collected part of the wood for burning the body. The doctor persuaded them to delay taking her out, and after administering a little medicine and nourishment, she revived, and when he left she was sitting up and able to talk.

“The practice of burning the dead is considered by the larger portion of the Hindus as a holy act ; but Mohammedans and some classes of Hindus never burn, but bury, their dead. Those who die in childhood, it is said, are never burned by any class in India.”

The following is from Mr. Phillips’s journalistic letter to his wife :

"July 19, 1854. You have seen a *dandabati*, so I need not describe an ordinary one; but a rather extraordinary one passed here this morning. I saw the same at Jelasore about a month ago,—an up-country gray-headed old man, with just a cloth about his loins. He prostrates himself in the usual way, full length on the ground, reaches his hand forward and makes his mark; he then rolls completely over to the right, picks himself up again, makes his *dandabat*, and then falls again on his face and marks. Each prostration and revolution advance him about six and a half feet. Thus this poor, deluded, miserable wretch, labors and toils on, day after day, and month after month, to reach his wooden god.*

"On the 20th inst., brother Smith accompanied me home. I found matters quite as favorable as I expected, but alas! what can one do alone? I do much need your assistance and co-operation. Could you be here without having your hands tied, without the care and instruction of our own children, you would have an ample and important field to occupy. Our native Christian community now numbers one hundred individuals, the greater part of them almost as dependent as children, while alas! they are far less tractable. Our Christian sisters here still have need that some one teach them what are the first principles of godliness. I see that Rámá has written you to return with brother Bachelor, instead of my going to America, and he uses one powerful argument in support of his proposal. I can't tell you how anxious I feel in relation to leaving our people with a new missionary, who will be unacquainted, to a great extent, with both their manners and language. Could I see the good work moving

*The Hindu believes that he must be reborn millions of times, he knows not whether as a human being, a beast, or a reptile, and that by the practice of such cruel penances he will lay up a stock of merit that will secure a rebirth on a higher scale and lessen the number of transmigrations he must undergo before he reaches his heaven.

on successfully, I feel as though I could content myself to stay or go, to do or be almost anything.

“August 29. My time is still much occupied with my Santal translations. I have reached the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and am again engaged on the New Testament. I am also getting ready for the press Miss Crawford’s revision of my Oriya Geography, it being now out of print and a new edition ordered.”

A letter from Mrs. Cooley, dated August 26, brought very sad and unwelcome intelligence. She wrote :

“You will be pained to hear that our dear friend, Dr. Sutton, died very suddenly last week, the 17th inst. He had been ill a week, but was not thought dangerous until a few hours before he expired, when he became delirious and continued so until the last. Wednesday evening, at half-past six o’clock, he sat up in his chair reading ; the next morning his freed spirit took its flight, and before night his lifeless remains, followed by a large procession of mourners, were consigned to the grave. Orissa now mourns the loss of a devoted Gospel laborer. Though he has gone, his work will not die. You are aware that we are indebted to him for the complete translation of the Bible into the Oriya language, and almost all the Christian literature we have is what he so untiringly labored to give us and the people for whom we labor. We learn, by re-opening the ‘History of the General Baptist Mission,’ that it is just thirty years this month since he sailed for India. He has been spared to do a good work for Orissa, for which many of her sons and daughters, in the Great Day, will rise up and call him blessed. We sympathize deeply with our bereaved sister, Mrs. Sutton. She feels her loss the more keenly on account of her husband being deprived of his reason in his last hours. Indeed, had it been granted him, it would be a comfort to us also. But we have the testimony of his life of good deeds.”

Dr. Sutton was a prodigious worker. Warmly attached to the tenets of his own denomination, he was the furthest remove from a sectarian. Hence, when he was in America, though in the service of the Free Baptist Missionary Board, as its Corresponding Secretary, he worked with all denominations, as opportunity offered, to promote their interest in the missionary cause. He succeeded in persuading the Baptist Union to plant a mission among the Telugus, a numerous aboriginal race inhabiting the country south and southwest of Orissa. Mr. Day, their first missionary, was one of the score of missionaries who sailed with him in the "Louvre" on his return to India. Years afterward, during a subsequent visit to America, when the Baptist Board, disheartened by their want of success among the Telugus, were discussing the question of abandoning this field, he, with Dr. Judson who was then present, earnestly protested against such action, and the decision was secured to re-enforce instead of to abandon. And now the pentecostal refreshings poured out on this people, gathering twenty-five thousand into the mission fold, have astonished and thrilled the whole Christian church.

The American and Foreign Bible Society appropriated ten thousand dollars to aid Dr. Sutton in his Bible translations. In a letter to its Secretary he said: "For myself, I feel no satisfaction with any part of my work equal to that of preparing and teaching the Word of God. 'Heaven and earth may pass away, but the Word of God abideth forever.'" He was quite a pro-

lific hymn writer. He composed one hundred and eighty of the three hundred and ten hymns comprised in the Oriya hymn-book used in our mission.

Dr. Sutton disliked the prefix—Freewill—to our denominational name. It seemed, to his English ears, to suggest Antinomianism; hence, he persisted in calling us General Baptists. At the same time that he zealously urged us to prosecute work in the foreign field, he pleaded with us to cultivate the home field. He was present at the first meeting of the Freewill Baptist Home Missionary Society after its organization, held in connection with the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, in Lisbon, June, 1835, and there made one of his enthusiastic speeches. He said he was deeply moved by the pathetic entreaties for laborers embodied in the Secretary's report, and added: "I almost wished I could be divided into ten thousand pieces, and every piece should go and preach the Gospel. I would send one piece to Indiana, one to Virginia among the poor slaves, others further south, some to India, to China, and to other heathen lands."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. PHILLIPS'S RETURN.

1854-1855.

*“O God, with faith, the churches bless,
To work, and give, and pray!”*

Miss Crawford wrote from Balasore September 29,
1854:

“Our Quarterly Meeting commenced here last Friday, closing the Monday following. We had a precious season. Indeed, it was the best session I have attended in India, and much better than some I have attended at home. Brother Phillips and several native brethren from Jelasore and Santipur were present. The native brethren acquitted themselves remarkably well. We had a temperance meeting, a missionary meeting, covenant meeting, and the Lord's Supper—rich refreshings in this great moral desert. Though we do have our hearts lacerated and broken, our faith tried, and, at times, our very souls vexed, we have also much that ought to call for the warmest and liveliest gratitude toward the Father of all our mercies. And when even our trials work for our good, ought we not to rejoice? Brother Smith preached his first sermon in Oriya and we were much pleased with his effort. . . .

“We have been visited by a great freshet. Some of our neighboring villages were quite under water. The people fled from their houses and climbed trees to save themselves from drowning. At length, they were brought in boats to a place of more comfort and safety. Their mud huts can not stand long against water. . . . Yesterday we had only a few light showers, and to-day we have had sunshine. All nature looks smiling, and I feel like one just liberated from a dark prison. How much to be pitied are the poor people in crowded cities, who dwell in low, dark rooms, and are scarcely able to catch a glimpse of the clear, blue sky, the green trees, and the sweet flowers. I am very thankful for the beautiful natural scenery which we here witness. Sometimes, when looking at the pure, blue sky, with fleecy clouds floating in every direction, I query whether the canopy of heaven will be any more beautiful. About three weeks ago, at sunset, the clouds and sky were most magnificently glorious. Should a thousand artists vie with each other, they could not paint anything half so grand—so many rich tints of gold, purple, pink, azure, could only be penciled by the finger of Omnipotence. The scene beggared all description.”

The death of the lamented Sutton was followed, in less than two months, by that of the Rev. Eli Noyes. He died October 10, aged forty, in La Fayette, Indiana, in a home of his own, the generous gift of his brother-in-law, after his failing health had obliged him to relinquish his labors. He had often expressed his willingness to return to India, but there always continued such a tendency to the disease that drove him from the field, that the missionary committee thought it unwise to expose him again to the influence of the climate. He labored as a pastor and did good service for the

cause at home, in visiting and stirring up the churches, and pleading for the mission in our denominational gatherings, and also, for a time, as a member of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Missionary Board.

In 1847, he was elected by the General Conference, with the Rev. J. Woodman, as a deputation to the General Baptists of England, where he was well received. Love of books with him was a passion. He read and studied with great avidity. He had a remarkable aptitude for the acquisition of languages. He became very fond of the Hebrew in which he had several pupils. He prepared and published an "Introduction to the Hebrew language"; also a "Hebrew Reader, or a New and Practical System for the Acquisition of the Hebrew Language."

In person, Mr. Noyes was tall and slender; his eye was piercing, and his physiognomy such as, once seen, would generally be remembered. He was an impressive speaker, and could, when he chose, use cutting sarcasm. As an instance, on receiving a letter from a brother minister in whom he had lost confidence, telling him how the Holy Ghost was working in him and by him, he remarked with great gravity, "Brother ——has mistaken his own ghost for the Holy Ghost."

His last hours were peaceful, and as he was leaving his friends, he said: "I rest on the Saviour alone, and am safe in the hands of a covenant-keeping God."

At the time of Mr. Noyes's death his eldest son was very dangerously ill with brain fever, and his daughter sick with chills and fever. No wonder his faithful com-

panion said: "The hand of the Lord is heavy upon us."

October 18, Mr. Phillips wrote his wife from Baliápál:

"You see I am abroad again, nor will you be surprised to know that I leave home without a single regret. Indeed, I generally find myself in better spirits abroad than at home, for what, alas! is a home unshared by a single soul to sympathize with one's weal or woe? But let that pass. After a long and dreary wet season of full four months, attended with such inundations as have been unknown for the last twenty years, sun and sky at last smiled upon us on the 14th inst. On the 15th, being joined by brother Cooley, we started down the Subarnrika river. The delightful change in the weather seemed almost miraculous. For the next four or five months our clime may be favorably compared with that of any part of the globe. Indeed, taken as a whole, have I any right to complain of the climate of India, since I have now spent nineteen years in it with almost uniform good health? Much as I desire to visit friends in loved America, were it consistent for you to return to me, instead of leaving my work to join you, I would cheerfully remain. . . .

"November 22. After the short excursion with brother Cooley to Baliápál, I spent two Sabbaths with our people at home, and one at Santipur. My visit at the latter place was a pleasant one. Our dear people were in good health and spirits, cheered by the prospect of an abundant harvest. Two of the Khand youths manifested an interest for their souls. While there I made arrangements for Elias Hutchins and Daniel P. Cilley to itinerate among their own countrymen. I have now joined the Balasore brethren in an excursion to the south of that station. For the past month, I have suffered more depression from several causes, aggravated by a tempting devil, than for the whole

nine months previous. The trial, I trust, is in a good measure past, for which I am truly thankful."

During this trip they visited Bhadrak, where they found numerous hearers. Said Mr. Phillips :

"Our Society really should have a station here. It is an important place, forty-two miles southwest from Balasore, in a healthy, prosperous part of the country. Let us have six missionaries, and then we can start a mission here under favorable circumstances. And is this too much to hope for? Certainly our denomination must be abundantly able to send out and sustain six missionaries. Indeed, they are too poor to do less. Oh, that we had faith to trust God ! to take him at his word, and act accordingly. The minor success that has attended the efforts of our little mission has often depressed my spirits, and well nigh caused me to stumble. Among the Karens, on the opposite side of the Bay of Bengal, converts are multiplied by thousands, while we, in Orissa, are still only counted by tens. While their converts become active, energetic, zealous propagators of the faith, here, with a few exceptions, our converts are, to a great extent, weak, and instead of being teachers of others, they require line upon line in what are the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. Still we must look to our marching orders, where our duty is plainly laid down. The Hindus, degraded as they are, come in to make up the 'all nations' to whom the Gospel is to be preached. Success, on a limited scale, has been, and continues to be, vouchsafed to the labors of God's servants, even in blood-stained Orissa. A great change is in process among the people. To this, our native preachers bear ample testimony. When the time comes, as come it will, when the Spirit from on high shall be poured out on the people of this land, they will be found to be prepared for a rapid and general turning to the Lord. The good seed, scattered broadcast and watered by tears and prayers, must

before long spring up and bear much fruit. Let us not be faint-hearted. As for myself, if spared and permitted to carry out my plans, my course is taken. I hope to labor another year for the good of Orissa, and then join my beloved family in America, where, for a season, it must of necessity be my leading object to provide for the education of our dear children, while at the same time, I hope to do something to increase the interest of our people in the mission work ; and then, the Lord willing, return to spend and be spent among the people for whose good the greater and by far the most valuable portion of my life has already been spent."

Miss Crawford's continuous intense labors had so preyed upon her health that her co-laborers at Balasore became alarmed, and insisted on an immediate change and season of rest. At last she consented and went to Calcutta, where she spent a few days in the Rev. Mr. Leslie's family (Baptist missionaries), to whom she had become most tenderly attached. On her way thither she rested a little time at Jelasore, whence she wrote November 2, 1854 :

" I arrived here yesterday morning. Brother Phillips welcomed me with his usual kindness, but I sadly miss the presence of his dear wife and the music of the playful children. May God bless them where they are, and may the time come when sister Phillips shall return to this important field. Long have I known that at this station was a most inviting sphere for a missionary woman ; but I never before so much realized its great importance. Within a few rods of brother Phillips's house, in the Christian community, are seven wives and six widows. But what kind of women are these? Such, I am sure, as you never saw. They are weak and ignorant, not precisely like children in your country,

for their minds have been, and still are, to a greater or less extent, affected by heathenish influences. Not that we fear they will fall down and worship idols, yet they are tainted and weakened by the vices and superstitions that so universally prevail in an idolatrous country. With few exceptions, these women all have children under their care, and how illy they are prepared to discharge the duties of Christian mothers, you can not realize. How shall they who have never been taught, teach others the great obligations resting upon rational, immortal beings? A few of these women were schoolgirls, but many of them were brought up, not only among the heathen, but they were *brought up heathen*. These women are poor; they are willing to do something for the rice they eat, but what can they do alone? They are now knitting for a lady who resides a long distance away. You would have been amused yesterday, could you have seen them bring their stockings to be measured and examined, to see if they were ready for market. We had sent them patterns from our Balasore school, and I was happy to find that but two of the women had knit so badly as to be under the necessity of taking out their work. Brother Phillips has to look after their temporal matters as well as their spiritual interests, helping them to keep their accounts, and being to them as father and mother both; while he, poor man, has plenty to do without turning his hand to woman's work. But aside from the women, there are children enough to give employment to one woman of good abilities. They came up on the veranda yesterday, a sprightly group of twenty-two, half of whom are girls. A native man is teaching them, but who can instruct them so well as a competent female missionary? God has given to women the work—the noble work—of nourishing infancy and training the juvenile mind. He has given her the ability to sympathize with childhood in all its little griefs, to discern and check its faults, and, at the same time, develop and strengthen its virtues. But now to the question, Where is the woman that is to labor at

Jelasore? We want no sister here who would herself need a mother's care and counsels. It seems a mystery to me that I am in India. I can only account for it by thinking that an invisible and all-powerful Arm led and sustained me. Could you be here one month, then you would see and feel what my feeble pen fails to portray—the importance of female laborers at this station. I have said nothing of the wants of Santipur. Eight married women are there, and it is expected there will be more soon. . . . My subject is inexhaustible, and I dismiss it with an aching heart that I can plead for it no better. This afternoon, I pursue my journey toward Calcutta, whither I go to recruit my energies that have been so long incessantly taxed."

Miss Crawford wrote again from Balasore, December 21, regarding her Calcutta trip :

"In due time I arrived at the dwelling of my kind friends, the Leslies, where I met a warm reception and enjoyed a good visit. . . . During my stay, I saw six new laborers and several old ones who have just returned with improved health, ready for another campaign against the old adversary. The religious meetings were a soul-feast, especially the anniversaries of the London Missionary Society and the Bible Society. It would do your soul good to see and hear what God has already done through feeble instrumentalities. The city mission in Calcutta seems calculated to do much. Colporteurs are busy visiting and distributing tracts and Bibles, and reading to many poor people. My visit was protracted a little to enable me to attend the Baptist Association held at Serampur. I went on the railway train in company with Mr. Leslie and daughter. Be assured that it was delightful to be once more in a swiftly moving conveyance. A short ride of a few miles brought us to the end of our trip, and we were in Serampur—that memorable place—rendered sacred by the indefatigable labors of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Mr. Denham

met us with his carriage, and conveyed us to his commodious and hospitable dwelling, where we had a happy home. A goodly number of missionaries attended the meeting, and it was a cheering sight to look upon the happy faces of so many devoted servants of God. My heart was grateful for the privilege of seeing and hearing what was being done for the cause among our English brethren. The church letters were very interesting. Let the enemy boast as he will, a great work is progressing in the land where Satan has so long reigned unmolested.

“I nearly forgot to tell you that in Calcutta I visited many places to feast the eye and delight the senses. Among the best, were the book-shops and the picture-galleries. I saw a great variety of beautiful paintings, and many other articles exceedingly handsome. But the kind friends who took me to see these pleasing sights did not know that I would rather see one dark-faced boy, with his forehead shaded by raven ringlets,* than look upon all the finery of this ‘City of Palaces.’ But in vain were my eyes strained, looking among the natives that thronged the streets and shops. Our lost one was not visible, but God knows where he is, and this is, to me, a great comfort.

“On returning home, I found dear brother Phillips in such a poor state of health and low spirits as to nearly destroy all the good effects of my vacation on my own health. Poor man! He has applied himself so closely to intellectual labors during the past year, that now he finds his physical system sadly deranged, and seeking revenge, as it were, by distressing and harassing his mind. Instead of taking recreation and muscular exercise, he has rushed on from one branch of intellectual labor to another, until nature has given out, and now he finds himself nervous and dyspeptic. He is not a man to make recreation for himself, so

* Gomana, the “naughty boy,” who, after having been guilty of theft, ran away from Miss Crawford’s school, it was supposed, to Calcutta.

he has kept himself constantly at work. Phrenologically, he possesses large conscientiousness, hence is greatly afraid of believing or doing something wrong. A miserly disposed person, physically affected as he is, would have great fears of coming to want, even though he had bags full of money. I was quite overcome on finding him in such a condition, and had a great aversion to working until three days ago, when he informed me that his mind had become more tranquil. No doubt that returning health and cheerful society will make all right with brother Phillips. The brethren and sisters recommend his going home this season. To this he has consented, but is exceedingly grieved to leave so soon."

During this year (1854) the Balasore station had been enlarging its work. Mr. Cooley, after several unsuccessful efforts, had at last secured land seven miles west of Balasore, for the location of a Christian village, which is designed to be to Balasore what Santipur is to Jelasore, where native Christian farmers can support themselves free from the oppression of zemindars or land-owners. Seven acres were already under cultivation, and the digging a tank and building houses had commenced. This prospective Christian village was named Metrapore [City of Friendship].

The December Quarterly Meeting of the mission session was marked by the ordination of the native preacher, Mahes, and the reception of D. P. Cilley and Elias Hutchins on probation as preachers of the Gospel. Mahes's labors for years had been of much service to the mission. These three were stationed at Santipur.

January 6, 1855, Mr. Phillips again wrote his wife from Santipur :

“ I am, as you see, once more at our ‘ City of Peace.’ It may prove the last for a considerable time. A turn of depression, not to say melancholy, had been stealing over me during the day, and I arrived here in the reverse of high spirits. But the very sight of the Bungalow, the room, table, and chairs, where I have performed so many hours of pleasant labor the past season, has not a little cheered and refreshed my spirits. But after all, I do not regret that the time of my departure is at hand. Go, I must, nor can I settle down to anything of importance in my present excitable state. I have no doubt erred in applying myself so closely to intellectual labors without taking sufficient exercise and relaxation. . . . Reading, writing, revising the manuscript Geography (the last of which has been sent to press to-day), offered ready and pleasant excitement, and for a time seemed to be followed by no bad consequences. In this I was deceived. I came to think that I could safely endure more mental labor than formerly, and wishing to get the Oriya Geography ready for the press, I employed two or three hours on it before breakfast, in addition to my Santal work. I ought to have known and done better, but the past can not be recalled. I shall be glad, indeed, if the voyage serves to renovate and regulate my shattered nerves. After a short time solitude unhinges my mind. This was my conclusion during my first ‘ widowhood.’ Still I can not say that I regret the course we took. We did what, to us, appeared right and proper at the time, and that is all that was required of us. Hence, although I suffer from disappointment at not being able to perform my part of the plan, I still hope that good will result to the mission cause, and that intentions will be accepted in place of deeds found, under the circumstances, to be impracticable.

“ At present my thoughts are very much absorbed in what I am leaving. The facts, that laborers are so much wanted here—that all my training and practice as a preacher have been here—

that in all my associations, and even habits, I have become so much an Indian—that I am surrounded by those who know and love me and really prize my instructions, those whom I have been the means of bringing to Christ,—all these and much more combine to cause me again and again to review the steps I am taking. Poor Rámá can hardly allude to my leaving without choking. He has nearly broken down over it two or three times to-day. I have, however, been happier this evening, in contemplating my move, than ever before since it was resolved on, and I confidently look for the Divine blessing. Such have been my trials and the disappointment I have felt, at being compelled to curtail my plan of operation here by a whole year, that until now I have scarcely dwelt at all on the happiness of our expected meeting next June. . . . O that I could leave all as easily as I left my home in America to come here. But I can not, though it be to return to the bosom of my beloved family. It has been a great comfort to me having our dear friends, the Cooleys and Smiths here from Balasore. I very much wish to see dear sister Crawford once more before leaving Orissa, but can not. She is, as you know, one of the excellent of the earth, but not long for this world, I fear. Her warm, zealous heart impels her to do more than she is able to perform. The fear that we may not return to Orissa, has cost her many bitter tears. The Lord bless and reward her for all her labors of love and mercy to the needy and ignorant.”

Before leaving Orissa, Mr. Phillips, accompanied by Mr. Smith and the native preachers, visited some former inquirers at Ghutai, whom he found very glad to see him. They affirmed their utter repudiation of Hinduism, and said they maintained prayer. They manifested much interest in the evening prayer-meeting held in the tent, and two of them even prayed. Next day.

the missionary party attended the great annual játrá at the famous Dantoon tank. Said Mr. Phillips :

“ We divided our forces, and occupied two stands, while we labored to make known the precious Gospel. Numbers listened attentively, and our books, as usual, were in demand. The concourse was immense, and when we left the people were still pouring in by hundreds, if not by thousands.”

The widow of the lamented Sutton had decided to return to America to spend her remaining days, and had accordingly made arrangements to join Mr. Phillips at Jelasore.

It is fitting that Mrs. Sutton's memory should ever be cherished in the churches of the Free Baptist denomination, for she it was, as was noticed in the first of these “Reminiscences,” that told her English husband of the existence of a people in her native land, holding theological tenets similar to his own, and who counseled him to write the letter which resulted in enlisting them in the blessed work of Foreign Missions. She ever remained our life-long friend and patron. After her return to America, she sought opportunities to mingle with our people. She spent three years at New Hampton in the family of Dr. Bachelor. The writer holds in grateful remembrance the weeks of blessed intercourse with this saintly woman, when, from time to time, she had the privilege of receiving her as her guest, and well does she remember their last interview. She had gladly accepted an invitation from the Rev. J. L. Phillips, M. D., just previous to his first embarkation

for India, to accompany him on making his farewell call on Mrs. Sutton, then living with her sister in Roxbury (now Boston). After an affectionate reception, and a very interesting season of missionary converse, just as Mr. Phillips was about taking his leave, Mrs. Sutton invited him into an adjoining room, and placed in his hand six hundred dollars for voyage expenses, saying quietly, "I do not give the whole of this, part of it is given by another."

Mrs. Sutton died in Boston, April 6, 1876, aged seventy-eight. In 1817, at the age of nineteen, she sailed from Boston for Burma as the wife of the Rev. James Colman, missionary of the Baptist Union. They joined Dr. Judson at Rangoon, with whom and the first Mrs. Judson they were, for some time, associate laborers. July 4, 1822, Mr. Colman died of jungle fever just on the eve of the Burmese war with England, in which the Judsons suffered so fearfully. Mrs. Colman went to Calcutta, and there taught a mission school of native girls. In 1826, she became the wife of Dr. Sutton and went to Cuttack, where she engaged earnestly in missionary labors, especially in asylums for orphan children. Here she is revered by the hundreds who have learned directly or indirectly from her lips the story of the Cross. Says the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*:

"Hers was a life like a summer's day—radiant at its beginning and ending, and light all the way between. If her opening life was bright with the morning's glow, her closing was golden with

the gleams of heaven, out of which the stars actually came into sight."

Saturday evening, January 13, 1855, Mr. Phillips wrote from Jelasore :

"Sister Sutton has arrived. She appears just like herself, wears her uniformly serene smile, and is really in better spirits than I feared she would be. She is so entirely natural that I seem almost to hear brother Sutton's voice. Alas! that voice we shall hear no more in time."

January 15, 1855, Mr. Phillips and party left Jelasore for Calcutta. On the evening of the next day, he wrote Mrs. Phillips from Narangar bungalow :

"It is now about nine o'clock, but before I lie down I must improve my last opportunity to write you from Orissa, being now on the border of Bengal. Yesterday was, to me, a trying day in more senses than one. After suffering much from fatigue, I attempted to rest a little on the couch, when in came most of our Christian females surrounded by their children. My weak head was already well-nigh crazed, and I saw the necessity of brevity. With a few words of advice and a shake of the hand for each, I hastened from the room, leaving them all in sobs and tears. They still hung around, while numbers of our heathen neighbors crowded about the door to see the last, offering their adulations accompanied in several instances by their tears. After dinner, brother Cooley read and prayed. I followed him, anxious once more to supplicate Divine mercy and guidance in the place where, for so many pleasant years, we were accustomed to bow the knee in prayer. I was so overcome by my feelings, that I was compelled to stop and seek a place where to weep. The native Christians were still waiting, and of them, as well as of our dear sisters Cooley and Smith, I took a hasty leave, and walked away, accompan-

ied by their husbands. We came up to the cart that was to take brother Smith and myself the first stage, and, parting with brother Cooley, I was glad to get in and stretch myself on the mattress in order to seek rest for both body and mind. The former, by degrees, became more comfortable, but I had become too much excited, and had too much to ponder over, to allow repose to the mind. At 4 o'clock, A. M., we came to the place where our horses were waiting our arrival, and at the same time were overtaken by sister Sutton, fast asleep in her palanquin. Mounting our horses, we reached this bungalow between seven and eight o'clock, A. M., a distance of twelve miles. Soon our ears were greeted by the 'Ho, ho,' of sister Sutton's palanquin bearers. I have obtained a little sleep to-day, by way of indemnification for my loss last night. At evening, brother Smith accompanied me to the bazar, and I had what, for the present, will doubtless prove my last preach in Oriya.

"Debára, January 17. I rose at quarter past three this morning, and at quarter to five, set off by the light of a flaming torch. I am constantly reminded by this journey, in connection with the past, of the fragments of a broken army retiring after battle. Nineteen years ago, a party of six laborers,* full of hope and vigor, marched into Orissa by easy stages. The conflict has been protracted and severe. Three of the number have received their discharge, while two are called to retreat and give place to new recruits. To these, may the Lord grant success an hundred-fold more glorious than has attended the labors of their predecessors. I am not sure, after all, but this change of laborers, even in this heathen field, will prove a blessing to the cause. In the commencement of our work, much, very much, has to be learned by slow, and dearly-bought experience, and before a plan of operation can be determined, many errors, more or less grave are sure

* Messrs. Sutton, Noyes, Phillips, and their wives.

to be committed. These not only obtain authority with native converts, but, it may be, exert an undue influence over our own minds. New laborers, if wise and judicious, are possessed of many advantages for detecting and reforming evils of this nature. Uncommitted to our errors, they may be warned by our failures and profited by our experience.

“Tumluk, January 20. We reached this place at seven o'clock yesterday morning. Heretofore, from the very commencement of the mission, whoever has come or gone, it has been my privilege to remain. It has, at length, become my turn to go, and though satisfied, as I now am, of its being my duty to go, still I can but turn my back on Orissa with great reluctance.”

Embarkation. After a few days' stay in Calcutta, Mr. Phillips and Mrs. Sutton went on board the “Brutus.” The former wrote the Secretary, February 13:

“I am once more on board ship, looking forward to a long sea voyage:

But how little it appears
Like the lapse of twenty years,

since, on board the ‘Louvre,’ September 22, 1835, I started in a party of twenty missionaries for this eastern shore. But short and fleeting as the time appears as a whole, it has been crowded with important events, and, judged by the great changes it has wrought, seems an age, if not a century. Even in monotonous India, change and progress are beginning to mark the tide of events. The ‘iron horse’ has begun his career where the great amount of inland carriage is effected by bullocks. Messages are now daily, if not hourly, flashed across a peninsula where the news budget has been, and even now continues to be, carried on men's shoulders.

“Sister Sutton and myself came on board the eleventh inst..

and next morning the ship was underway in tow of the tug steamer. Yesterday, we passed two American ships inward bound, one of which, the 'Sabine,' had missionaries on board. My health continues to improve, though it had received a severer shock than, at the time, I seemed aware of. In my anxiety to serve both the interests of the mission, and do what was best for my dear family, I had nearly forgotten the lesson my first 'widowhood' taught me, and I really thought myself strong enough to stand alone. The extra effort I was compelled to put forth awakened energies that carried me on prosperously for about eight or nine months. Then came a reaction, which my weak, nervous, feeble intellect was not prepared to sustain, and O such an awful gloom as for a season came upon me, like an overpowering incubus! But God has been most merciful to me, and the kindness of beloved friends has been great. It has been with bitter regret that I have parted with my beloved associates in toil, but I bless God for the privilege of laboring nineteen years in this dark heathen land to impart a knowledge of Christ's Gospel to those sitting in this region and shadow of death, and I shall be happy to return and resume my efforts at the moment the way is open for me to do so.

"February 14. The tug steamer cast off last evening, and we are moving down the river under sail and nearing Bengal Bay. I have already begun to suffer from seasickness, but trust it will not last long. Sister Sutton is more composed than I am. . . . For the next four months, farewell."

While the mission was being thus bereaved, the hearts of the toilers left behind yearned for the return of Dr. Bachelier, who was still working among the home churches, while seeking to make provision for leaving his children. One wrote :

“We hear nothing lately in regard to our dear brother Bachelor's return to India. His three-years' absence has already expired, and yet no move for Orissa. It is a great loss to our little mission to be deprived of one so eminently qualified for the work. He still lives in the hearts and affections of not only the native Christians, but of many who still bow down to worship idols. We often hear the inquiry from the heathen around us: ‘When is Bachelor Sahib coming back? Such a good Sahib as he was.’”

In view of the exigencies of the work at Jelasore and Santipur consequent on Mr. Phillips's departure, Mr. and Mrs. Smith left Balasore for a season to look after those stations. This threw a heavy burden of work on Mr. Cooley, but nothing disheartened, he vigorously prosecuted his usual cold season labors assisted by the native preachers, scattering the good seed among the multitudes that gathered at the markets. Among the places visited was Jonadi, the native preachers having recently found inquirers there. But as these did not make their appearance, Mr. Cooley deemed it not wise to go at once to their houses. He soon learned, however, that on their being suspected of favoring the new religion, the Bráhmíns, as usual, reported all sorts of stories; one of which was, that the missionaries were able, by means of certain charms, to bewilder those who came to hear them, or remained long with them, so that they would become insane, and forsake their homes and families and the religion of their fathers. Mr. Cooley inquired of one of his hearers, the village school-teacher, if he thought the people would be better if the religion the missionaries preached was universal-

ly believed and obeyed. He unhesitatingly answered, "Yes." Mr. Cooley replied :

"Then it must be true, for only true religion can make people better, and Hinduism must be false, for the longer people obey it, the worse they become. This fact your teachers and pundits admit. Evidently the people were less wicked in the early ages of this country than at the present time, and, besides, there is less wickedness among the hill tribes, who know but little about your shasters. The Bráhmins, also, were much more moral than now. . . . Native-like, he sought to evade the force of the facts by changing the subject. He said they had not forsaken their sins, and asked me if I had forsaken mine. I answered, No one can be a true Christian without forsaking his sins—that was the first step in becoming a Christian. He repeated his question, asking if I had forsaken my sins. I said it was not considered becoming for one to proclaim his own holiness, others might testify to that, but I had forsaken my sins. 'No,' said he, 'you have not forsaken your sins. I know that you are a great sinner, for I have seen your sins.' I could but smile at his impudence, and replied, 'This is the first time you have seen me, and what sins have you seen?' 'Why, I have just seen a man carrying two chickens for your dinner, and it is a great sin for you to have such things done. As you can't give life, it is a great sin for you to take it.' I asked, 'Is the taking of the life of any animal a sin?' 'Yes,' said he. I asked, 'Should you see a cobra capella coming into the room where yourself and family are, would you try to kill it?' 'Of course I would, for if I did not, it would most likely kill us, and it would be no sin to take life under such circumstances.' 'Who made the beasts of the field?' 'God.' 'Does not the tiger live by destroying the lives of weaker animals?' 'Yes.' 'Could he live without?' 'No; for that is his food; so of the fish of the sea, the stronger pray on the weaker.' 'Many of the animals,' I

said, 'were undoubtedly made to be food for man. But while the Bible prohibits taking the life of man, it nowhere forbids taking the life of animals. Hinduism makes the doing of many things sin which God does not, and overlooks what God makes sin to consist in,—the violation of his law,—which shows that it puts darkness for light, and light for darkness.' ”

Notwithstanding the opposing influences, Mr. Cooley had an excellent hearing.

In the spring of 1855, the Balasore station was still further weakened by the removal of its excellent English magistrate, Mr. Woodcock, to another post, hundreds of miles distant. This benefactor of the mission, and the services he rendered it, should be held in grateful remembrance by its supporters. The missionaries in much sadness mourned his departure.

Miss Crawford wrote from Jelasore, June 30, 1855 :

. . . . “You closed your letter by saying, ‘Take care of your health.’ Thank you, I am doing so just now. I came to Jelasore twelve days ago, and find that a little rest has increased my strength, so that I feel much more vigorous than when I left home. During my absence, Mr. and Mrs. Cooley are spending most of the time at Chandipur with the schoolgirls. The sea-bathing is the only attraction I find there, save looking at the sea, and it would be hardly worth while to spend much time there for that. The strong sea wind I never liked, and can only endure it while others enjoy it.

“In regard to sister —— of whom you write, I am glad she has a heart for missionary work, but I would not dare advise her to come unmarried ; not that there is not work enough. At Santipur a missionary sister is greatly needed, but would it be proper for any woman to undertake to live there alone with the natives?

Where there is a girls' Boarding-school, a single woman can find an appropriate field of labor. If she can live in a family that will make her at home, all may go on pleasantly till some unexpected event comes to the family, and she is left alone for a year before another family comes to occupy the tenement in which she dwells. Meantime she is exposed to many inconveniences, if not dangers, which are unavoidable. . . . Situated as I am, you may think it strange that I can write thus. But you know it is a long time since I had a parent to feel for my heart-achings. I have never dared to tell my sisters much beside the brightest side of the picture, lest they should grieve on my account. Then, I flatter myself in the belief that I can endure more than some can. I rather look at the comforts I have, than sigh for those I have not, and certainly I have many joys. . . .

"A few days ago, Lydia, one of my schoolgirls who was married about a year and a half since, called at my schoolroom one morning with a child in her arms. 'Look here!' said she, 'I have found this baby! What shall I do with it?' The previous night, a great wedding-party was parading the streets, and Lydia and her husband with others of our people went to see the brilliant lights and the great display. A child was crying violently, and some of the soldiers called the women to come and take up the babe. It was lying in the dirt nearly naked. Several went at the call, but, on seeing that it was a little girl only a few months old, they said, 'Fie! Fie! Who will touch it?' Lydia saw that no one showed pity, so she took up the little innocent, braving the disapprobation of her husband by so doing. Not succeeding in finding any traces of its parents, the magistrate promised to pay Lydia for nursing it till it was old enough to come into the school. I love the tender-hearted girl who dared to take home the little helpless one better than ever before, and she has long been dear to me." . . .

A letter bearing date July 31, 1855, was received from Rev. B. B. Smith, saying :

“There is a great excitement prevailing in this part of India, occasioned by an insurrection among the Santals, near the Rájmahál hills, about one hundred miles north of Calcutta. Some two or three weeks since, a body of Santals amounting to thirty or forty thousand, armed with axes, clubs, and bows with poisoned arrows, came down from the hills killing or putting to flight men, women, and children, plundering and setting fire to villages, and everywhere spreading death and desolation in their train. Some missionaries who were laboring in that direction have been compelled to quit their field and flee for safety. Government is doing all it can to quell the insurrection, but up to the last accounts it was spreading fearfully. Many have been the reports concerning the cause of this rebellion, but the real one has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. Some think that it is a religious or fanatical movement, while others say it is owing to the oppression of those who have been employed on the railroad. I think there is no doubt that they have been abused by their overseers, but it is doubtful whether this is the real cause of the disturbance.

“It is also reported that the rebels have sent out their emissaries to excite the Santals in our vicinity to an insurrection, and the officers of government in the Midnapur district are very much alarmed and are taking measures for the public safety. . . . We are alone, as far as Europeans are concerned, there being no one living this side of Balasore, a distance of thirty miles. After making the most careful inquiries, we hope the Santals in this section will remain quiet, and that we shall be preserved from harm. May the Lord interpose and save us and our dear people in this place.”

It was subsequently ascertained that the rebel Santals

did send emissaries among their tribes near Jelasore and Balasore, and many, especially the government officers, feared that there would be an outbreak among them. Troops were ordered from Cuttack to defend Balasore, and similar aid would, if needed, have been sent to Jelasore. Happily, in the good providence of God, the insurrection was quelled, and, for a time, all was again quiet.

CHAPTER X.

BEREAVEMENTS IN THE MISSION.

1855-1857.

*“Sound the trumpet! Wake God’s people!
Walks not Christ amidst his flock?”*

June 4, 1855, Mr. Phillips, after nearly a four months’ voyage, arrived in Boston, little, if any, improved in health, and was soon with his family in New Hampton, N. H. Four days later, accompanied by his wife and Dula, the Santal, he attended the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, held in Manchester, where he met a warm reception. He brought with him a letter from the Balasore Quarterly Meeting, certifying him as their delegate, and asking that their body be received as a member of the Yearly Meeting. The request was gladly granted. The letter was written by Rámá, native preacher. In it, he said :

“Formerly, in this country, the deepest darkness prevailed. None knew the true Lord, and all wandered in darkness. But now, through the Lord’s mercy and your toil, the life-giving word which we have received is diffusing its light, and multitudes of people, believing, confess that this word is true. . . .

“Our most beloved brother Phillips is about to leave us, on account of which we are much afflicted. . . . If, through the mercy of the Lord, he should arrive in your country, you will hear from his own lips of the sorrows of this land; also, that many are giving heed to the teachings of the Bible, and that the Lord has caused Christianity, like a cloud of beauty, to arise over the minds of this people.”

A few days later, Mr. Phillips, with his wife and Dula, attended the New York Central Yearly Meeting, within whose limits was the place of his nativity. Here he met his son James, then a student in Whitestown Seminary. “But three and a half years,” he said, “had wrought such changes that, if the meeting had been unexpected, it is doubtful if either had known the other. Numbers of my early friends were present, among whom was an own brother, who recognized me, but I knew him not.”

The expected presence of Mr. Phillips and Dula drew to the Yearly Meeting a large concourse of people, and was indeed the crowning interest of the session. A minister who was present thus described the scene:

“When it was announced that the missionaries had arrived, every pulse began to quicken, and when they entered the church and were introduced by the moderator and the whole audience arose to welcome them, it was a season of the deepest emotion I ever witnessed on any occasion whatever. . . .

“The brother whose lot it was to express a welcome to the missionaries was so overpowered that words refused to obey the summons, and, if any came, they were so inadequate to the oc-

casion, that he felt silence to be an imperative duty. Meanwhile, the audience were beginning to find relief in profuse tears. At length, Mr. Phillips, in a manner indicative of the highest self-possession, began his reply, saying: 'I feel as if I had at length reached my home—like a child returned to his father's house.' He was very grateful for the protecting power that had been over him and now permitted him to be present at a session of the Yearly Meeting with which he was connected when he left to go far hence to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles. He was very grateful for their tender welcome, inasmuch as it was not merely for him personally, but for all the missionaries, and especially for the missionary cause. Before he closed his reply to the address of welcome, though apparently so self-possessed when he began, he was almost overpowered by his emotions."

Mr. Phillips, with his wife and Dula, also attended the Rochester Yearly Meeting, where they were again very warmly welcomed. He was delighted with the change he witnessed among the churches. He said:

"I find incontestable evidence of the progress of Christian benevolence in general, and the mission cause in particular, in the last twenty years. There is certainly among our people a much larger amount of talent and intelligence, property, influence, and enterprise consecrated to the cause of God and the general purposes of benevolence than formerly."

Dula was an object of much interest during this tour, sometimes reciting in the public meetings the Lord's Prayer in Santal, singing Santal hymns, and replying to the many questions of those present, to their great gratification.

After spending a few days with his relatives in Utica

and Whitestown, Mr. Phillips visited his family friends in Plainfield, his native place.

“Here,” he said, “more than elsewhere, the sad changes time ceases not to effect were more painfully evident. On entering the sanctuary and looking here and there for that aged father and mother in Christ, whose fervent piety, soul-stirring exhortations, and consistent examples were living epistles, the exclamation was almost involuntary: The fathers—where are they? and the prophets—do they live forever?”

Mr. Phillips returned to his New Hampton home the last of July. His spirits had been greatly refreshed by the very cordial receptions that he had everywhere met, but his health had not improved. He was induced to go to the Saratoga Water Cure, whence he wrote, August 13, to his son James:

“Here I am, trying, at this late period in life, to learn how to live and take care of my health, while I pay the penalty and try to repair the damages done by violating its laws. I have abused and well-nigh ruined my nervous system before I knew I had one, or what a nervous system meant. The doctors tell me I have a strong constitution—this was no news to me—and if I can throw off care, take things easy for a time, I may again be as well as ever. This is so far encouraging, but how to throw off care is the difficulty.”

Receiving little if any benefit, he left Saratoga, and in September removed his family to Whitestown, N. Y.

In the year 1855, there were six promising native preachers in the mission. The two Santals, Daniel P. Cilley and Elias Hutchins, labored mostly with their own people, and bright were the hopes that they were

to be instruments in turning many of this wild jungle race from the worship of false gods to the service of the true God. The following is an extract from a letter written by Elias in September, 1855 :

“Most magnanimous and virtuous Sahib: O my beloved Brother H.,

. . . . “At the present time, the Lord has preserved me from trouble and sorrow, and has given me strength to serve him, therefore I constantly bless him. . . .

“My Christian father, Phillips Sahib, has with great labor given me instruction. He has toiled hard to teach the poor Santals, suffering as much as life could endure, that they might learn the true word. O my brother, the Santals are like beasts; worshiping the gods. What will they obtain! That, they are not able to answer. Yet some say, ‘If we serve them, we shall receive riches.’ We reply, Then why are you so poor, or, if they can preserve your lives, why do your brothers, friends, and beloved children die? When you come to die you will find the teachings of the gods false, and the word of God true.

“When you consider the deeds of the gods, you find them indeed fools, not having even the knowledge of beasts. Beyond these, the Santals worship many things. If they find a stone or a block of wood, they will bow down before it. They worship animals, snakes, dead men, fish, birds, and many other things. They drink much grog, they assemble together, and dance and sing, drink and play, wielding their warlike weapons as they dance. But the word of the Lord will certainly increase among them, for that which we have heard has saved *us*, and those who have taught *us* love us still. At present, Daniel and I go out together, preaching the word according to the strength that God has given us, and we constantly look to him for wisdom. O my brother, I try to preach the true word, but I have neither wisdom nor

strength, so I constantly ask this of the Lord, that I may ever preach in his strength. When I first began to preach, I was very fearful, but the Lord strengthened me.

“To you and your family, I send unnumbered salutations, and please be merciful, and let one more letter be sent me. Let my loving salutations be given to all the beloved brethren and sisters in your country. If I continue to live, who knows but that I may write another letter?

From your little brother,

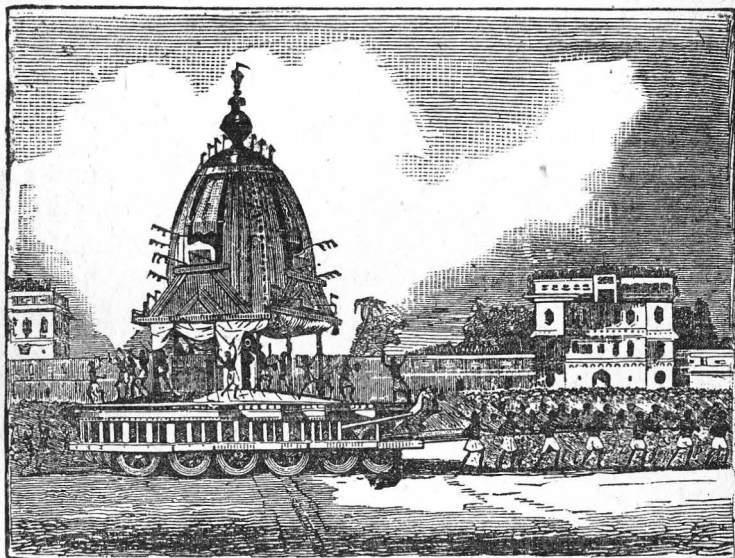
ELIAS HUTCHINS.”

The General Baptist missionaries in Southern Orissa continued to manifest the same interest in our mission that they did in the lifetime of the lamented Sutton. The Rev. Mr. Stubbins, one of their leading men, wrote to Dr. Bachelier, saying :

“It surely can not be that all the thousands that compose the Freewill Baptist denomination can only sustain their present very small number of laborers in all the wide field of heathenism. There must be some defect in the ‘Will’; it can not be free. It is too contracted for that on this subject. Is it not strangled by the purse-strings being drawn too tightly about it? . . . Amidst all your ‘go-aheadism,’ can not a little more of it be displayed in the cause of Him who died for all? . . . I hope, my dear brother, that you will be permitted to bring an army with you. Don’t be put off with little things. You have gone as Orissa’s representative to America, and she demands largely from you. The myriads of wayworn pilgrims, of bleeding, mangled bodies, of bleached and bleaching bones, all, all unite with the millions of immortal beings hastening to eternity, in demanding largely from you.”

In the same letter, Mr. Stubbins gave a very inter-

esting account of his attendance of Jagarnáth's great car festival at Puri, in company with some of their native



JAGARNATH'S CAR FESTIVAL.*

preachers. Among these were Gangá Dhar, the first Oriya convert of the General Baptist mission.† He had been in the ministry thirty years, and was a preacher of remarkable power, but the infirmities of age had now nearly laid him aside :

* Devotees are no longer permitted to throw themselves beneath the idol's car, as represented in the picture.

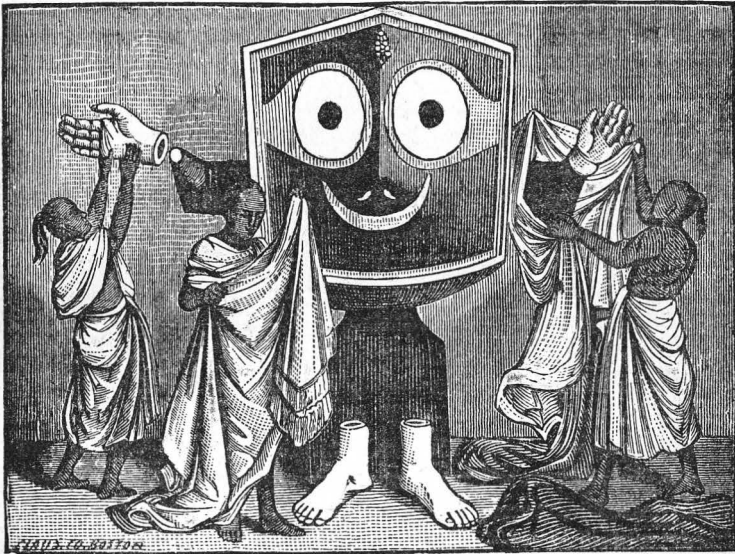
† See page 23.

“It was a surprise to the missionaries that he should think of making the trip. Poor old Gangá, after his arrival in Puri, said, in his characteristic style, that for three days before he left home there had been a regular war going on between his body and his mind. His body said: ‘See how weak and ill I am, scarcely able to stir, and you think of dragging me all that way (fifty miles)! When I am bent up with pain, who will help me? Who will comfort me there? I can do nothing if you take me. O me! what shall I do? You will kill me outright. I shall never get back again. I shall die at Puri. I am sure I shall. Don’t be so cruel, don’t.’ And his mind replied: ‘Hold your noise, do, you rickety old wretch! Would you thrust me into a rat-hole for your care? Have you not made me your slave long enough? Get up, will you? Do rouse yourself. If you die at Puri, you die. You will be better when I next wear you.’”

The missionary party commenced work the day of their arrival, and before the opening of the festival. Dividing their force, they formed two stands, preaching in Oriya, Bengali, and Hindustani, according to circumstances. Said Mr. Stubbins:

“In this way multitudes heard the words of life, and many with evident attention and interest. This was more than the *pandas* could bear; their rage was excited to the last degree, and only fear restrained them from acts of violence. As it was, we were freely and frequently pelted with dust, broken pots, plantain stalks, pumpkin husks, filth, etc., and, for a season, our voices were almost drowned in their ‘Hari bols.’ One intelligent looking man at my side, asked, ‘Sir, why do you call these wicked devils friends? Do you not see how they are trying to injure you? They would kill you if they dared.’ I reminded him that wicked people thus persecuted our Lord, and actually killed him, but he prayed for them even while they were murdering him, and

that his religion taught us to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us. The poor man looked astonished beyond measure, as he exclaimed—‘ What a religion is this !’



JAGARNATH.*

“ Two days before the car festival, when the doors were opened for the first time after newly painting Jagarnáth, a frightful accident occurred. Some twenty-six people were thrown down in the temple and trodden under feet. Twenty-one or them were

* Jagarnáth's golden hands and feet are taken off every night and locked in a strong box, and replaced in the morning. He has three thousand priests to wait upon him.

killed on the spot, and others survived but a few hours. Those who were killed could not be brought into the street through the door-way, as that would have polluted it; therefore they were taken up by the legs and pitched over the wall like so many dead dogs. When we went to the place in the afternoon, there was the wall besprinkled with blood, and the poor victims were lying naked on the sands, some of them half devoured by the dogs and vultures. All but three were females. So far from this frightful occurrence producing seriousness among the people, the very reverse seemed the effect. Behold! said they, the glory of our Jagarnáth!! The devotion of these people was such that no sooner did the great lord set his divine eyes upon them, than he took them to heaven. O what grace is Jagarnáth! Would that he would be so gracious to me! They were rather posed when told that he might have been a little more gracious while about it, and have taken their bodies up too, instead of leaving them for the dogs and vultures to devour.

“ While the *pandas* did their very best, and, one would suppose, exhausted all their stock of diabolical ingenuity to keep up the *eclat* of the old Jagarnáth, many of the people were heartily disgusted. A respectable Hindustani from Nepal told us he had been prevailed on to come, but was disgusted to the last degree with everything he saw or heard. He had brought with him a large sum of money, but the *pandas* had got it all from him, and not satisfied with that, wanted him to give them a note in hand for more. This man had become familiar with our Scriptures, which he much admired, and did not fail to contrast our religion with his own.”

The cold season of 1855-1856 found our missionaries again out in the country on their preaching tours. Mr. and Mrs. Smith pitched their tent for a few days in Dantoon. On going to the bazar he was greatly sur-

prised to find an interesting school of boys and *girls!*— a rare occurrence in Hindu schools. Said the missionary :

“ We did not fail to congratulate this teacher for receiving into his school, contrary to the custom of his country, little girls, and teaching them to read and write. We told him of the schools in our own country, where there is no distinction made in the education of boys and girls. He listened to our account with much interest. Next morning he came to our tent bringing his whole school with him, and seemed anxious to obtain our books. Having given him and his scholars as many as we thought advisable, to our annoyance, though in perfect keeping with the native character, he began to tease for presents. Instead of gratefully acknowledging favors received, it appears to a Hindu reason enough why you should give to him because you have done so previously.”

A letter from Mr. Cooley, written on the closing day of the year 1855, contained the following :

“ Another year of missionary labor has passed away, and we are deeply humbled before God in view of the fact that, surrounded by thousands of benighted idolaters, we have seen almost none of them turning to God during the year now closing. This fact has often pained my heart, and I have been led, time after time, to inquire why so little success? I confess myself unable to answer the question. We are trying to do what we can, in the name of the Lord, for the salvation of this people. We know it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of God, that these dry bones could be made alive. Still the Lord works by means.

“ I have been out in the country with the native preachers most of the time for several weeks. My work has been very laborious, preaching twice every day, and attending markets almost daily.

Two miles north of Barnagar, the place of our camp, I witnessed a scene, which—though I had witnessed similar ones a score of times—most deeply impressed me with the fact that I was in a heathen land. The ‘chowdekar’ (watchmen) came to me, saying that a Bengali widow who had been to see Jagarnáth fell ill, and her relatives, leaving her, had gone on, and they begged me to give her medicine. I did so, but she was too far gone to be benefited by it. Next morning, on my way to the bazar to preach, I passed her dead body lying in the road by the side of the shops. Some one asked who it was lying there. ‘Only a Bengali widow pilgrim,’ was the reply. The bazar sweeper, one of the lowest cast, came, and, fastening a rope around her neck, dragged her away to a field near the main road, and there left her to be devoured by the dogs and vultures.

“In the morning, on going to the bazar, we found a shop-keeper, who told us he had read our books for a long time, and had become convinced of the truth of the Christian religion and the falsity of Hinduism. I urged him to come out and publicly profess his faith in Christianity. He said the reason he did not was because he was dependent on his shop for the support of himself and his family, and that if he became a Christian, no one would buy anything of him, that all the other shop-keepers would combine against him to prevent travelers and others from trading with him. He said he cared little for the abuse and scorn and contempt they might put upon him, but that it was a hard thing to cut off the means of his livelihood. I tried to show him that it would be a much more fearful calamity for him to lose his soul, that it would be much better for him to become a Christian and save his soul, if he did have to suffer and had to beg for his living; furthermore, if he could not live by his shop, he might turn to some other employment. But to change his occupation is what a Hindu seldom thinks of doing. Whatever his father did, that he must do. He followed me to our camp to converse fur-

ther about the Christian religion. May the Lord lead him to forsake all for Christ. I doubt whether Judaism or Catholicism ever imposed half so strong barriers in the way of proselytism. Hinduism has had time to mature most thoroughly under a tropical sun for more than two thousand years. It is hoary with age, and is giving signs of dotage and decay. The persevering efforts of missionaries are surely undermining the mighty fabric, and it must fall, but with so few laborers in the field, it will take a long time to accomplish it. What are four hundred missionaries to two hundred million of benighted souls! Some whole districts are without a single missionary. One district has ten million and not a single laborer!"

Mrs. Cooley accompanied her husband in this tour and while he was preaching in the bazars and markets she visited the houses to converse with the women. She said :

"Many of them recognized me, as two years ago we spent several days in this place. They seemed both surprised and delighted to hear me speak to them in their own language, and were very free to converse. I inquired which among the many Hindu gods they served? They replied : 'Jagarnáth, to be sure ; whom else would we serve? He is the great god, our creator.' How, I asked, could Jagarnáth create you, when he is nothing but a log of wood with no power or strength? How can a log of wood create a living being? They acknowledged that my words were true words, and that he had no power, but their parents worshiped him, and taught them in childhood to do the same, therefore it must be right. I endeavored to direct their minds to the true God, whom it is our duty to serve with all our might and strength. We were in camp a week at Barnagar, where I visited several families, and was treated with great kindness and attention. At one house where the women came to meet me, was

an aged, fat, good-natured-looking woman. I was struck with her appearance, as I seldom meet with a woman of this description among the natives. She had a large ring in her nose, and her fingers and arms were loaded with rings and bracelets. I asked her if she did not find an inconvenience in eating with that great ring in her nose. 'Oh, no,' said she, and began suiting the motion to the act, 'a very easy matter to eat my food.' But you are an aged woman, and will live but little longer in this world, I said, and why do you wear so many ornaments? 'Oh, I have a husband,' she replied, 'and why should I lay aside my jewels?' Presently, her husband came in, who said he was a hundred and nine years old, but I soon discovered that he was in his dotage. Our next camp was in Sorá. Soon after our arrival, I sought out a village that I visited when here two years ago. The people then treated me so respectfully that I have ever since held them in grateful remembrance. As soon as they learned that I was in the village, the women and children came flocking about me, making as great demonstrations of joy as if a long-lost friend or relative had returned. The head-man of the village also came, and wished to conduct me to his house, saying the women of the house desired to see me. I was happy to comply with his wish. A large company soon gathered. Seeing a boy standing with a book or shaster in his hand, and wishing to introduce the subject of religion, I asked, What book is that? 'It is about Krishnu,' was the reply. But who is Krishnu? They hesitated to tell me. At last I asked, Is he a *debata*, or god? 'Yes,' was the unanimous reply. And do you worship Krishnu, I inquired. 'Yes, we worship Krishnu and Jagamáth.' Why do you worship such gods, I asked, they can not save you. There is but one true God, and we are commanded to worship him only, and no idolater can enter heaven. After further talk, the head-man said: 'Our religions are the same, only there are two ways of understanding it. The Hindu people understand

it one way, and you understand it another way.' As I was leaving, the people begged me to come again and bring some books. They said they had read what I gave them when I was there before, and they wanted some new ones. The head-man politely accompanied me to our camp. As we were walking, I said to him, You have no poor people in your village, I conclude, as all I saw seemed very comfortable. I think I never visited a village in this country where the people all had such nice high houses, such good gardens, and such stacks of rice. He said they had poor people, but they lived in another part of the place. I visited this village two or three times afterward, and always met the same kind reception. At one place, they brought me a basket of oranges; at another, a good-natured, jovial old man inquired if I had any books about bears and tigers, if so, he would like one; he was fond of such stories, but as for other books, he cared nothing about them. I also visited other villages in the vicinity. The women, as they saw me coming, would run and call their daughters and daughters-in-law, also the neighbors with their daughters and daughters-in-law, to see the Mem Sahib. A woman with a white face seems as great a curiosity here as an elephant would be to children in our country who had never seen one."

Mrs. Cooley, in the same letter, speaking of their neighboring mission, said:

"The General Baptist new missionaries have arrived. Four reached our house the day before Christmas, and Christmas evening four more came. Don't you think we had a happy Christmas party, eleven of us in all? O that we could see such a party coming to fill up our broken ranks! We are glad to see other stations strengthened, and we should be *doubtly* glad to have our own re-enforced. Is this selfish?"

The declaration that "in the midst of life we are in

death," has many striking verifications in India, where the cholera scourge so suddenly sweeps off its victims. On the morning of January 9, 1856, Daniel Cilley, in camp with the missionaries at Dantoon, in all the strength and activity of manhood, was stricken by this dread disease, and, in spite of all efforts to save his life, died at seven in the evening. Lest the heathen around the camp should become excited and raise a tumult, the missionaries, concealing from them the knowledge of his death, silently placed the lifeless body on a cart, and in the darkness of the night, secretly stole away to Jelasore, where, the following day, they tenderly laid it to rest in the missionary burying-ground. His death is a great loss to the mission. Says the writer of the sad tidings: "We are again led to wonder at the mysteries of that Providence whose ways are past finding out." Daniel was baptized with three others by Mr. Phillips August 29, 1847, and a little more than a year ago having given evidence of his call to the ministry, was received on probation as a preacher of the Gospel. Being a man of more than ordinary abilities, he was for some time employed as a school-teacher. His amiable disposition won the love and confidence of all who knew him. He left a wife and two children.

Says Dr. Young: "Afflictions love to tread each others' steps." On the eighteenth of January, nine days after the decease of Daniel Cilley, death bereaved the church at Balasore of its much beloved deacon, Fakir Dás, whose very interesting conversion is noticed on page thirty-seven. He was employed for a time in the

Boarding-school at Jelasore, and on his return to Balasore was appointed steward of the Balasore Boarding-school, which place of trust he held as long as he lived. He had a small salary, on which, with his economical habits, he made himself very comfortable, and yet always had his tithe to put into the treasury of the Lord, which he did with much apparent gladness. He never allowed anything but sickness to keep him from the house of God. His leisure time was employed in the study of the Scriptures, or in religious conversation with those around him, spending hours at a time in trying to persuade the heathen to become Christians. Miss Crawford was the only missionary at the station at the time of his departure; the others, with the native preachers, being out on a missionary tour. In writing of the event she said :

“ I saw him often during his illness, and always found him calm and peaceful. On the evening of his death he was unable to converse, but as I held his hand and watched his fluttering pulse, he fixed on me his dark, sunken eyes, as though he would read my very soul and carry the report to heaven. To me there is something awfully sublime in the death of the righteous. How great and glorious must be the change, when earth disappears in the dim distance, and heaven bursts on the enraptured vision. I asked the dying man if he had any fears. He shook his head. Do you expect soon to be with the Saviour? He nodded assent. It was very gratifying to witness the kindness of all the native Christians to him, and the loving care with which they prepared his grave and laid him away in the bosom of the earth. Rámá came home in time to witness his death and attend his funeral.” Mrs. Cooley added : “ Such a conscientious, whole-hearted

Christian as he was, we seldom meet. Surely, 'Missions are not a failure.' "

Soon after this event Mr. and Mrs. Smith returned to Balasore.

Subsequent to the death of Daniel Cilley, Miss Crawford, stirred by the wants of the Christian community at Santipur, went to this new station for as long a period as she should deem advisable. March 17, 1856, she wrote thus from Santipur concerning this change:

"On the twenty-seventh of last month I came to this place. It was hard to leave Balasore, where I have labored almost constantly for about five years, but pity for the people here, who seemed left like sheep without a shepherd, tore me away. I did not even have the consolation of thinking that the Lord called me, and that I was going for his sake; for I am not yet persuaded that the Lord calls any of my sex to occupy, unprotected and alone, such a wilderness field as Santipur. My coming, perhaps, can be attributed to nothing better than phrenological benevolence, I dare not call it Christian benevolence, as long as I do not believe that Christ requires me to take such a course. I appear to be doing a sort of *penance* for the sins of my people. Some are guilty of the sin of covetousness in withholding funds from the mission, others, whose duty it is to come to a foreign field, virtually pray, 'Lord, have me excused. There are many reasons for my remaining in my native land; do have me excused.' While I am doing their work I expect to gain the blessing they would have were they laboring in their proper sphere, and I think I come more honestly by it than Jacob did by that of his brother Esau. I believe your missionaries are agreed in thinking the Christian community here the most interesting one belonging to the mission. It embraces more Christian families than either Jelasore or Bala-

sore. Some of these families have but lately emerged from the dark superstitions and sins of heathenism, and are but babes in Christ. Others are young people from our schools, who, notwithstanding they have heretofore had 'line upon line and precept upon precept,' now that they have come to occupy new stations, need much counsel and watchful care. Others are from the rude and unlettered Santals. These emphatically need teaching and nursing like tender children. Besides these adults, here are a goodly number of children in years as well as in understanding who are in want of a steady, careful hand, and an earnest, loving heart to train them for comfort and usefulness here, and for eternal bliss hereafter.

"You may by this time ask with astonishment, 'Can a laborer be miserable in such a field?' Believe me, I am not miserable, but have a quiet, constant peace which far outweighs all the joys of the votaries of worldly pleasure. Now, methinks I hear you asking, 'Why not be satisfied?' Because I do not feel that I am in my appropriate place.

"Thursday evenings and Sabbath mornings, only the men and boys come into prayer-meetings; we have never been able, at any of the stations, to prevail on the women to come to these meetings. . . . I will say nothing about the unpleasantness of being over thirty miles from all my own sex, natives excepted; nothing of being deprived of the society of every one who speaks my own language and has tastes and feelings similar to my own. My impression is, that, under such circumstances, to keep the mind in a healthy state for any great length of time, requires little less than miraculous power.—An interruption has occurred. Some men, bringing snakes to show, and looking themselves as wild as the beasts of the jungle, have come to the door, and to make them leave, I have been obliged to close all the doors and dwell awhile in darkness. We have no glass windows here.

"The Sabbath after I left Balasore, Sarah Noyes, one of

my dear schoolgirls, was baptized. She is one of the most blameless girls I ever knew, and is one of the best scholars among the Khand girls. I brought one girl, Eleanor, with me, and find that she adds not a little to my happiness. We have made it our rule to go out walking every day about sunset, but a few days ago, the tigers came so near and devoured a cow, that I feel a little shy about going far from the house. There is a pretty little grove close by us on the north which contains many idols, but they do not receive much notice. I have not known of their having been visited but once, and that was on a wedding day. The newly-married pair did better than some, for they realized the need of a blessing from some source. The Santals, in a little village near here, have recently been troubled by witches, and one poor old woman has been severely beaten for being a witch!! No worse than Salem."

Soon after Miss Crawford penned the foregoing, she was called to pass through one of the most trying ordeals of her missionary life. Sickness came to the Christian village, quietly at first, but soon death in a terrific form bore from her sight Elias Hutchins, the last Santal preacher. The circumstances attending this stunning blow to the mission were peculiarly heart-rending. Miss Crawford hastened to him on hearing of his illness, administered quieting, cooling medicines, used cold water freely about his head, and had him bathed. His fever immediately abated, and no thought of danger was apprehended, as for three days he showed no signs of febrile disturbance save once, and that very slightly. The natives believe that if a sick person touches cold water he is almost sure to die; so they thought Elias must die, unless he had something to

cure him of the cold which they supposed must follow, and, unknown to Miss Crawford, they sent off eight miles for a heathen doctor. When he came, he said he must give him something to bring back his fever or he would certainly die. He administered his potions, and the fever came back in fearful power. Miss Crawford called, and, learning the facts, demanded to see the medicine. On tasting it, she thought it might well produce a fever on a person in perfect health, and forbade their giving him any more. Again her treatment gave him relief, and she remained with him till he became quiet and fell asleep, and then went home for rest. But before the dawn of day, the doctor was again called and kept secreted while he continued to administer his deadly doses. Miss Crawford's next visit found her patient talking wildly; soon he was almost burning up with fever, and raving like a madman, and on the morning of April 17, 1856, he breathed his last, calling on the name of the Lord. In his delirious turns he would attempt to preach, and at one time took for his text, "Take no thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink."

Ten days after Elias's death, Miss Crawford, in writing of the event, said :

"It is very difficult to draw my mind from the death-bed scene. The wailing of the poor natives is still in my ears. The nervous, trembling, burning hands of the dying man seem again clasping mine, and the wild eyes are again upon me, though I know the hands are still in the grave, and the eyes sightless in death. My nerves received such a shock, that for a time, it

seemed to me that I could no longer stay here alone, but how could I leave the people in their distress? With the blessing of God, a few days' rest restored me to calmness, and though I feel and have resolved that I will sooner leave the mission than to make such a lone field my permanent place of labor, I will try to stay a few weeks long, that the dear people may have time to recover somewhat from the great shock they have received. Our loss is very great, and when I look at the poor Santals, my heart bleeds. Not one preacher is left in our mission who knows their language."

Heavily did the tidings of these successive bereavements fall on the ear and heart of our disabled pioneer missionary. He said :

" It is indeed a dark and inscrutable providence that has thus afflicted us :—two strong, able-bodied men suddenly taken from our inviting field, where there was such need, and which they alone were qualified to occupy. Daniel and Elias were strongly attached to each other, and deeply rooted in the faith. They were young men of great promise, the first fruits of Christ unto their people, and had come to be the hope of our Santal mission. But their rude unlettered brethren in the jungle, no more hear in their own language, in the tongue in which they were born, the wonderful works of God. Their wives had received a Christian education and were consistent, worthy members of the church. Their loss is irreparable, but, thank God, they have neither to be laid on the funeral pile, to suffer a lingering death by fire, as tens of thousands of their country-women have been, nor to be stripped of every vestige of womanly dignity, and reduced to a state of servile degradation. Yet they and their dependent families are left to tread the rugged path of life without their aid. O my children ! my children ! What can I say? I can only commit you to Him who hath done it. Listen, while he says : ' Be

still, and know that I am God. He still careth for you, and not a hair shall fall from your head without his notice.'”

Miss Crawford remained at Santipur till some time in May, and then returned to her charge in Balasore. Several weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Smith went again for a season to Jelasore to look after the Christian community. Said Mr. Smith :

“ We were happy to meet our dear native people again. Though they had been left so long like sheep without a shepherd, they are still enjoying a good degree of prosperity.”

Santipur was also prospering. Additions had been made to the settlement so that it now numbered sixty inhabitants. A respectable man with his wife, who had recently broken caste, on being asked why he wished to settle in that village, replied :

“ Not to gain a livelihood, for that I could have had in abundance where I was, but that I might be allowed to read the Bible and worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience, which I could not do among my own people.”

There had recently been three cases of conversions and baptisms.

Rev. E. C. B. Hallam and wife of Canada West, under appointment to Jelasore, sailed, October 2, in the “ William Wirt.” Dula returned with them. He had learned enough of the English language during his stay in America to make himself pretty well understood on ordinary subjects. In company with Dr. Bachelier, he had visited the Free Baptists of New Brunswick and just before leaving the country he wrote the following

letter to the editor of their organ, the *Religious Intelligencer*, which is a good specimen of his style of address :

“ My dear brother McLeod,—I have visited your province, New Brunswick, last few months, but now I am going to India in company with Mr. Hallam. We are sailing from Boston to Calcutta. I am sorry that I never see you again. I hope, my dear brother, I meet you in better world. I wish you to remember me and pray for me. I hope I may be successful to my fellow-men. I am going to call the people to seek the Lord. I try to do good, that God may help me be faithful unto death. I am rejoicing in the glorious hope. I leave Boston October 2. I am going to leave happy Christian shore—return no more to this happy America. Good afternoon. I hope you are well. I can't write any more.

DULA S. PHILLIPS.”

The Boarding-schools this year proved a rich reward for the toils and cares of former years. Several of their members gave satisfactory evidence of conversion, while previous converts grew in Christian character. The Medical Dispensary had been in successful operation. More than three thousand patients had been treated. It had been under the care of Mr. Cooley, but the native doctor and two schoolboys who are studying medicine had done most of the work. The Gospel was preached daily to the patients, either by Mr. Cooley or the native preachers.

The 19th of February, 1857, Mr. and Mrs. Hallam and Dula arrived in Calcutta. Mr. Cooley met them and after a brief stay conducted them to Jelasore. Said Mr. Hallam :

“Oh, what reason we have for thankfulness—a delightful passage, superb accommodations, kind friends to meet us, a good home to enter at once, good health and good spirits, and work enough to do. If we should not be thankful, who should?”

Mr. Hallam applied himself immediately to the study of the language, in which, aided by his nice musical ear, he made rapid progress. Dula occupied a room in his house and commenced studying with a view to labor among his countrymen.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

1857-1862.

*“Above the stormy rage of strife, above the battle’s din,
We hear the strong, victorious tread, we see the coming King.”*

The great Indian Mutiny made the year 1857 an era, not only in the history of India, but also an era in its Christian missions. In an unexpected moment, like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, an alarming uprising of large numbers of native soldiers commenced a work of barbarity and death almost without a parallel in the gory history of war. May 30, soon after its outbreak, Mrs. Smith writes :

“Within a few weeks, eleven regiments of natives have mutinied, and some of them are now in possession of the imperial city of Delhi, once the seat of the great Mogul empire, and others are in possession of one or two more large cities. The most of two regiments in Calcutta have refused to obey orders. These were at once disbanded. The Governor-General has acted with great promptness and energy, and, as yet, Calcutta has been saved from the fate of Delhi. . . . We feel quite safe, just because we have no one to guard us!! Still, were it in the minds of the

people to throw off the English yoke, we might all be laid low in one hour's time, and days would pass before any one would know it. But it is thought that the dissatisfaction is mostly among the army, and that it has not yet spread in this direction."

At the same date Miss Crawford adds :

"You may ask if your missionary brethren and sisters are suffering from fear. I will answer for one, and she is not afraid. Though I know the natives might, with the greatest ease, make every white face black in death, I do not suffer from fear. If the Lord is not going to give up this country again into the hands of the heathen, the insurrection, no doubt, will soon be put down ; but if, in his eternity-deep wisdom, he sees fit to let the heathen again rule, many lives, which we consider valuable, will be destroyed. Even if the British do maintain their sway, much precious blood may be shed. May He, in whose hands my life is, prepare me to die when he calls, and until then, and *then*, too, save from tormenting fears."

A letter from Mrs. Cooley, July 13, said :

"The terrible uprising of the native army is causing great consternation throughout India. The whole country is shaken from center to circumference by the fearful tragedies and bloody deeds that have been perpetrated upon the European officers and citizens of the country. At several stations missionaries and their families have fallen by the hand of the assassin, while in other places their homes have been enveloped in flames, and they have been obliged to flee for their lives."

December 18, Mrs. Smith wrote again concerning the rebellion :

"During the last six or eight months it seems as if we have lived an age. While many of the most prominent men in the

country have been put to death in a manner that almost freezes the blood to think of, and while many of the innocent and helpless have suffered cruelties too horrid to be written, our Heavenly Father has kept us from the hands of violent and blood-thirsty men. Intensely have I longed for a few days of quiet, even were it in the densest jungle, so that I might feel that I was secure from those fiends who have so deeply imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow-men. I know that to the Christian death is infinite gain ; still, it is a foe in its mildest form which none can look upon with pleasure except as the gateway to never-ending joys. Then imagine—shall I write it?—a husband and father with no power to relieve those dearer to him than his own life, made to look on while these who wear the form of men take his little ones, one by one, and chop them up inch by inch, beginning at the fingers and toes, compelled to see the wife and mother violated in the most brutal manner and then butchered before his eyes, after which he is himself massacred when they have exhausted their power to torture more. This is no picture of the fancy, but is what has occurred *many*, many times within a few hundred miles of us. You may ask, Do you now feel quiet? I am not troubled with such tormenting fears as I was for a time a few months ago ; but there are not far from one hundred thousand men abroad in the country who have lost their employment—soldiers, I mean—and, as they very well know that death or imprisonment awaits them if they are caught, they will scatter themselves wherever they can, and do all the mischief they can. To conquer a scattered foe is not so easy as to do it on the battle-field.”

Said Mr. Smith :

“I never before heard of such atrocities ; in fact, I don't believe such torments were ever perpetrated since the world was created as have recently been inflicted on our poor fellow-coun-

trymen. The worst atrocities of the American Indians are tame in comparison with these."

The fearful scenes enacted in Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, and other cities beggar description. We spare our readers Mr. Smith's recital of the shocking cases he adduced which abundantly justify his statement. During the Mutiny, we in this country were horrified by the intelligence that the English, in order to strike the enemy with terror, fired rebels from the mouths of their guns;* but such a death was merciful indeed in the comparison.

Our missionaries had reason for fear. It was subsequently ascertained that they had all been marked for a violent death. The fearful storm, carrying with it carnage and the dying wails of helpless women and innocent children, came nigh them, but an Almighty voice whispered amidst the tempest, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further,"—and they were saved.

A letter from Miss Crawford written March 8, 1858, speaks of the improved aspect of the Mutiny. News had just reached the mission that two thousand of the rebels had been cut down in an attack on the English, while the loss on the side of the latter was but two or three killed and eighteen wounded. She said:

"The natives did not know the strength that was waiting to repulse them. It is hoped that a few more such battles, if they do

*Dr. Bachelier said to the writer, in a recent conversation in relation to this act of the English, that one such death terrified the rebels far more than the public execution of many. They think, or fear, that when blown into fragments their ods can't find them, while, if their bodies are intact, it is an easy matter.

not convince them that God is against them, will at least enable them to see that warring against the English but works their own destruction. I was affected to tears yesterday by a letter from a friend who had an interview with some of the ladies that were in the fort at Lucknow all through the siege. Mrs. Barber had been a bride two months when her husband was killed. At the time when her heart's sorrow was deepest she devoted herself to hospital work. A gentleman was asked what they would have done in the fort, had matters come to the worst. He replied, 'We never intended to come to terms.' [How could they after the Cawnpore massacre?] Each man had resolved to kill his own wife and children and then as many natives as he could before he fell. Mrs. Barber said, 'I had no husband, so I asked the chaplain to shoot me in case all hope was lost. He refused, saying he could only kill his own wife, so I determined to shoot myself rather than fall into the hands of an enemy so wise to do evil.' "

Said Mr. Cooley :

" We look upon this fearful rebellion as the first encounter of the Hindus, *en masse*, with Christ. They believed that Government wanted to make them Christians, and by their uprising they declared, ' We will not have this man, Christ, to reign over us. We will give up our pay, our pension, our life, but we will not give up our caste and become Christians.' There may be other causes for the Mutiny, but we are sure this is one of them. Already Moslem and Hindu pestige is gone never to return. We hear voices from the midst of the nations to this effect :* ' It is of no use to resist. Christians we must and shall become after all !' . . . Let India once be brought under the influence of the Gospel, and its effect upon the whole of Asia will be most wonderful. God knows how to accomplish his own infinite plans and purposes."

* India has been called a hive of nations.

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expected, limited the itinerary labors of the missionaries during the cold season. Messrs. Smith and Hallam set out on a preaching tour, but were compelled to return, and for a time, it seemed as if the workers at both stations would be obliged to desist also from their labors in bazars and villages, and confine their efforts to the Christian communities.

During this year of the Mutiny [1857] Mr. Phillips, seeing no prospect of recovering his health, tendered his resignation to the Missionary Board. It was done with much reluctance on his part, and accepted with equal reluctance on theirs, but under the firm conviction of both parties that his state of health demanded the measure. He said :

“Throughout the whole of my missionary course, I am not aware of having passed through a severer trial than this, of feeling compelled to offer my resignation at a time when the needs of our beloved mission are so urgent. But it is no small consolation to me in this trial-hour, to be blessed with a son who is struggling to prepare himself to occupy the post I no longer feel able to fill. May the Lord make him a blessing to the benighted land that gave him birth.”

The Secretary fittingly remarked :

“Mr. Phillips’s case suggests the impropriety of missionaries remaining too long in the field. Had he come home for a season of relaxation before the failure of his health, there is little doubt but that he could have returned to India recruited and prepared for years of efficient labor.”

With his health impaired, it was feared beyond recovery, and with a family of twelve children on his hands,

the Board were aware that the retiring settlement they were able to give was much less than was required to meet his present wants, and far, very far, from being an adequate compensation for his labors and the loss of health consequent upon those labors; therefore, as an act of justice, they proposed to the friends of the mission to raise, as a testimonial, the sum of one thousand dollars towards aiding him to provide a home for his family. The proposal met with a generous response, and the sum was raised to nearly fifteen hundred dollars. He removed his family from Whitestown, N. Y., to Iowa City, and employed himself in light physical work, such as gardening, etc., but it was several years before his nervous system would allow him to engage in intellectual labors.

The detention of Mr. Phillips in America was a grievous disappointment to the missionaries in the field. Mr. Smith wrote him thus :

“ O how sadly we feel to learn that your state of health obliges you to relinquish the hope for the present of returning to your chosen work. May we not expect some of your children back in Orissa to labor for its people? If you can not return, why should you not give those dear ones God lent you while here in India to labor in this dark land of idols? Possibly, even now, you may be doing much more for the cause of missions by training your children for this field than you could do by leaving them in America, and engaging directly in the work yourselves.”

Notwithstanding the paucity of laborers in the mission, the work prospered. The new Christian village, Metrapur, had now fourteen families besides some

schoolboys. Mrs. Cooley thus spoke of her first visit to the new settlement :

“It was delightful to see such a company of Christians amidst the mountains and jungles and the gloom of heathenism that surrounds them on all sides. On the Sabbath, at worship, I could scarcely keep from weeping for joy the whole time of service, to see such a company throng the place of worship. For a time, I had been indulging feelings of discouragement, fearing we were not doing much as a mission, and I did feel rebuked. We do need great faith and a firm, steadfast hope to buoy up our spirits when prospects around us seem gloomy and disheartening.”

Miss Crawford in her letter of March 8, 1858, says :

“To-day is a great day with us. Three couples of our young folks are to be married to-day. Dula is one of the number. He takes our little Sarah Noyes. Brethren Cooley and Smith are to give all our native folks a feast, and the pale faced members of the mission are to eat with their sable brethren.”

During the summer of 1858, Messrs. Cooley and Smith attended a Rath Jâtrâ, or car festival, at Nilgiri, the residence of a Râjâ. Tens of thousands were assembled. The missionaries took up their station under some huge trees in his Majesty's garden, which they noticed was in a very dilapidated condition. It was accounted for by the Râjâ's absorption, for some time, in the building of temples for his gods, one of which took eight years for its erection, and was that day consecrated to the worship of obscene and hateful blocks of wood and stone. . . . Many Brâhmins and boishnobs were there, yet the people gathered around the missionaries and listened with marked attention. A large number

of books was distributed and eagerly received. Mr. Cooley presented the Rájá with a nice Bengali Bible, and his brother sent to him in the evening for another.

November 1, 1858, the government of India was transferred to Queen Victoria, and for the first time, pronounced a Christian Government, though it had been under Christian rule for a century. Mrs. Cooley thus referred to this event :

“ The East India Company is done away, and we are now under the direct rule of Queen Victoria. We had expected great improvement as the consequence, but, as yet, matters do not seem much changed for the better. The new ministers and counselors do not favor the spread of Christianity, and are for curtailing the privileges of missionaries.”

Miss Crawford, finding her health yielding to the influences of the climate, thankfully accepted the invitation of the Board to visit her native land, and November 19, 1858, found her on board the “ Art Union,” bound from Calcutta for Boston, where she arrived in May 1859. She was the only lady passenger from the Cape of Good Hope. During the passage, this ever busy servant of the Lord offered to give lessons to the captain’s son, a lad about sixteen years of age, in order to secure opportunities for religious conversation, and before they parted, she had the joy of seeing him a humble Christian disciple. The story of her devotion to her work, and her Christian heroism, had made a warm place for her in the hearts of the friends of the mission, and on her arrival, she was everywhere cordially welcomed.

March 22, 1859, death again smote the mission.

Rámá, the much beloved native preacher, died suddenly from the rupture of a blood vessel. He had been connected with the mission since 1840. Going on a pilgrimage to a distant shrine, as he reached Jelasore, his attention was arrested by the noise of a mission school. Led by curiosity, he went to see the strange beings, who, though Hindu born, were not Hindus. Some of the Christians engaged him in conversation, introduced him to Mr. Phillips, and soon the course of his life was changed. Faithfully had he labored, always ready to go anywhere,—to the markets, festivals, bazars, and villages, to preach Christ. In the camp or by the roadside, wherever he found any to hear, he always had something to say about the Saviour and his great salvation, and our great need of him. His removal is a severe loss to the mission; but the influence of his life will long remain a glorious demonstration of Christ's power to save. He left a widow and six children.

Rev. Arthur Miller and wife of Woodstock, Canada West, had been for months under appointment for India. After waiting sometime for a vessel, a passage was at last secured in the ship "Beverly," in which they sailed August 7, 1859, and arrived in Calcutta December 11. They soon joined Mr. Hallam at Jelasore, where they immediately applied themselves to the acquisition of the language.

September 11, 1859, the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Elias Hutchins, after a lingering illness, exchanged the labors and anxieties of earth for the rest



Engraved by J. C. Parson, New York

Elias Hutchinson

and joys of heaven. For eighteen years he had faithfully served the Free Baptist Foreign Missionary Society as its Secretary, gratuitously, nearly the whole period. His interest in the mission deepened as his strength declined. He said among his last utterances: "Could I live to see Dr. Bachelor and James L. Phillips in the mission field, and our ministers actively awake to their duty to our Foreign Mission, I should feel that a great work was accomplished, and I could say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" A few days after the death of the Secretary, Dr. Bachelor was elected to fill the vacancy.

Pilgrims had not passed this year to Puri in such numbers as formerly, and the missionaries, in their cold season tours, met increasing and attentive audiences. Six converts had been baptized. Santipur was fast becoming self-supporting, and it was hoped would prove the germ of a city whose light should be a blessing to the region about it.

Dr. Bachelor, in reporting the mission for 1861, gave a very interesting review of its work for the Khands, a work which had added much to the interest of the mission, and which had now closed, as the last of the Khand girls had married. The condition on which these children were received was, that the mission should have the entire control of their education until they were married, the Government providing for their support at the rate of about one dollar and twenty-three cents each, per month. He said:

“A more abject and unfortunate company of children could hardly have been found than they appeared to be when they first came to our station. They had marched nearly three hundred miles in charge of a party of sepoy;—they had not been washed for a long time, if ever;—their long hair was matted with dirt and filled with vermin. Some were half clothed, and others entirely naked, while their skin was blotched with itch, apparently of the seven years’ type. The first lesson to them under the Christian dispensation was in the use of soap and water. Next came the comb—and many were the wry faces and cries of distress, ere hair, ever a stranger to combs, could be brought to relinquish its entanglements and return to its natural state. These difficulties were soon overcome, and when the first Sabbath came, a clean and well-dressed group sat for the first time in the congregation of the Christians. More formidable than physical difficulties were yet to be overcome. These children all spoke the language of the Khands, and were not able to comprehend more than a few words of Oriya, and our communications must be made purely through the latter. Besides, they had known nothing of literature, and many of them had never seen a book. It was hard for them to be confined to school discipline, and to learn to read in a foreign language. But their progress, notwithstanding, was very commendable, and soon they were able to read the word of life understandingly.

“At an early period they became interested in the Sabbath school and used to vie with one another in the number of verses they would commit for their Sabbath lesson. Soon they became interested in the subject of personal religion. Many were the tears they shed as they listened to the story of Calvary, and earnestly they inquired, with tearful eyes, ‘Did he die for me? and will he save so great a sinner?’ Soon some of them began to manifest the Christian’s hope, and year after year, to the great

joy of the missionaries, some were added to the number of the believers.

“During the second year the cholera suddenly and mysteriously broke out among the boys, and its ravages were not stayed until five of the healthiest were carried to their graves. Two years later it appeared as suddenly among the girls and claimed six victims, some of whom, though called without warning, died rejoicing in the Saviour. Others, too, from time to time, have been gathered home. The survivors are now settled in our Christian villages, mostly at Santipur and Metrapur, some as farmers, a few as mechanics.

“The allowance from government was more than sufficient for their support, and we have realized a profit of about thirty-three cents per month on each scholar. This enabled us to make our Boarding-school more efficient than ever before. A carpenter's shop and also a blacksmith's shop were kept in operation for some time, for the training of a portion of the boys in these branches of business. The building of the mission chapel was promoted, to a considerable extent, from these funds, and other departments of mission labor have been essentially aided. No sphere of labor has been more interesting, perhaps, or more profitable, so far as immediate results are concerned, than our Khand Boarding-school. We have now to watch, as members of Christian society, the further development of those, who, as boys and girls, have been molded in the school.”

Eleven years of faithful toil in the Indian climate had so affected the health of Mr. and Mrs. Cooley that a return to their native land was deemed an imperious necessity. They had a prosperous passage and arrived in Boston the last of May, 1861, with health benefited by the voyage. After a season of rest Mr. Cooley engaged in successful labors for the mission among the western

churches. Mr. and Mrs. Miller left Mr. Hallam at Jelasore, and removed to Balasore to take up Mr. Cooley's work as far as they were able.

July 8, about five weeks after the arrival of Mr. Cooley in America, Miss Crawford embarked for Calcutta on board the "Art Union." She sent back the following message from the pilot station :

"Rejoice with me that I am safely on board this good ship, and already loose from the land. Tell our friends where I am, that they too may be glad that one Freewill Baptist missionary is on the *return* passage to India. This morning a company of dear Christian friends came on board. After singing, Bro. Avery—pastor of the Boston church—offered most fervent prayer, in which every heart seemed to join. God bless them all.

. . . "My next meeting with these dear Christians will probably be in heaven. For fellow-passengers, I have one lady, two little girls and one gentleman; no missionaries. Never before did I embark with so joyful a heart. Storms and death even may come, and in view of them I can look heavenward and say,

'Under the shadow of Thy wing
Still may we rest secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.'

"Farewell now and evermore adieu to my own dear sisters and brothers. May we meet in 'the better land.'

Affectionately yours,

L. Crawford."

During Miss Crawford's stay in America, she visited many of the churches in New England and the West, and her earnest words awakened much interest in the mission. On her arrival in Orissa, she made her

home at Jelasore in the family of Mr. Hallam, and here she took charge of the Girls' Boarding-school transferred from Balasore to this station. The Christian community had been considerably increased, an addition of thirteen from among the heathen had been received the past year.

This was a period of much change among the mission laborers. Mr. Smith's health was now succumbing under repeated attacks of illness, so that he with his family was compelled to leave their work for a season. They arrived in New York July 22, 1862, still enfeebled.

Thus only Messrs. Hallam and Miller and Miss Crawford were left in the field. The funds in the Treasury were low, and the price of exchange caused by our Civil War was rising. How to re-enforce the mission was problematical. Its sore needs lay so heavily on the heart of Dr. Bachelor that he solved the problem by a heroic deed of self-sacrifice. He offered to leave his family behind, and go out alone on certain conditions. His "GOOD BYE," sent back by the pilot, will explain the situation.

"SHIP SUSAN HINKS, Off Boston Harbor, }
July 12, 1862. }

"The shores of my native land are fast receding from view. Thousands of miles of ocean are before me, and as the last opportunity for communicating with the shore will soon offer, I wish to pen a few farewell words to the many friends I leave behind.

"Ten years have passed since I landed almost a stranger in the land of my birth, since which I have been forming new acquaint-

ances almost daily in the different sections of our denomination. To many of these I have become strongly attached, from their interest in the cause of missions, and in these parting words I wish to bespeak their constant interest for the future.

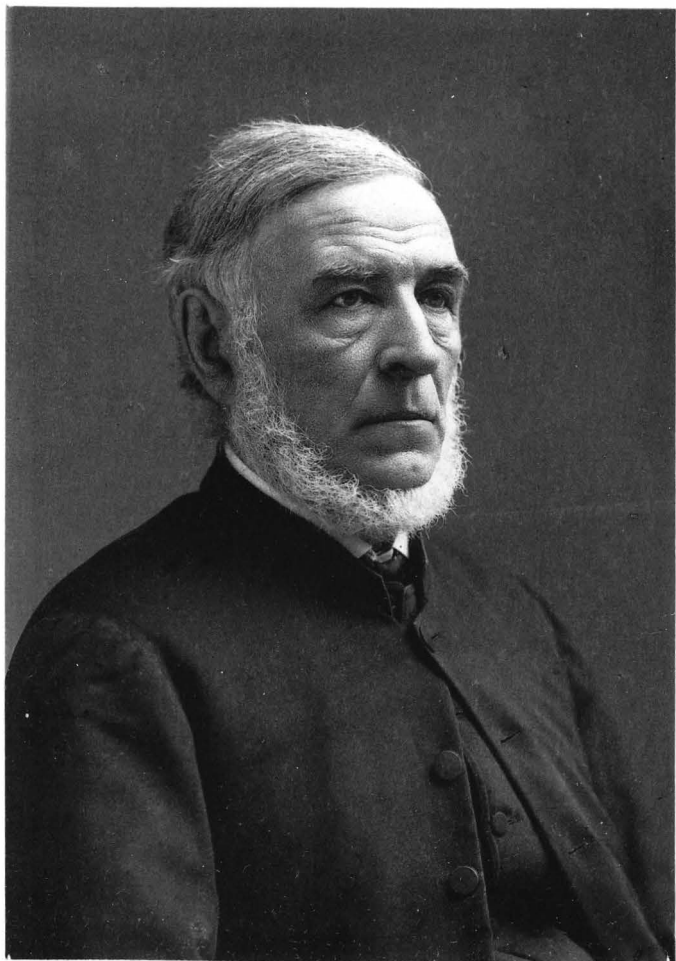
“It may be asked, ‘Why this sudden departure?’ The cause demands it. I am going alone because the state of our treasury is such that my family, even a small portion of it, can not accompany me. We have been under appointment to return nearly three years—and waiting for the means to be supplied, but they have not been available—and now the alternative comes, to go alone or not at all. And I accept the opportunity with the understanding that, should the means be supplied, my family may follow hereafter, else I must return to them after our worn-out missionaries now away from their field shall have been restored to their labors.

“The propriety of this arrangement may be questioned by some, but my authority may be found in Matt. 10 : 37-39, the reading of which I would suggest, as the remarks I sometimes hear would indicate that it is omitted in some editions of our Bible.

“And now, as the last sentence must be written, let me say that though sad thoughts come over me when I think of the dear ones I have left, yet I go forth to the work with a joyful heart, counting it an exalted privilege to labor again in the dark lands of heathenism. I go to one of the most important fields in the world, and I constantly crave an interest at the throne of grace—that I may not go in vain.

O. R. BACHELER.”

Rev. C. O. Libby was now appointed Dr. Bachelers successor as Corresponding Secretary, which office he held fourteen years, when failing health took the work from his hands.



O. R. Bachelier

CHAPTER XII.

THIRD PERMANENT STATION.

1862-1865.

*“From India's sunny shore
The dark-browed children cry,
Give us the Bible and the school,
And save us ere we die.”*

December 10, 1862, Dr. Bacheler reached India after an absence of eleven years, and at once reoccupied Midnapur station made vacant in 1847 by the return of Mr. Dow. He was very kindly received by the people, and preached daily in the bazar to large and attentive congregations.

The objections to Christianity he now had to combat differed widely from those he had met in his labors in other sections of the mission. He said:

“There, arguments opposing idol worship had a prominent place, but here, the man of any intelligence who defends idolatry is a man behind the times. Such has been the influence of Christianity to some extent, and of education, still more, that the Hindu exquisite of to-day is not at all identical with the same genus of the last generation. English shirts as an outer garment, ladies' white stockings and fashionable shoes have taken the place

of flowing robes, naked legs, and the clumsy shoes that could be carried under the arm on passing through water or mud. Now for such an one to sit on the ground as his fathers did, with his white shirt, or walk through mud and water with his ladies' stockings, would be simply absurd. Chairs, etc., for the house, horses and palanquins for traveling, are essential to his new condition. Quite as absurd would it be for such an one to bow down before idols. He would rumple his shirt! He would soil his white stockings! No, he must have a religion adapted to his new necessities. Deism recognizes a gentlemanly deity—an abstract being far away who does not interfere unnecessarily with the affairs of mortals, who may be worshiped by gentlemen in a gentlemanly way, without detriment to shirt or stockings. This is the religion for the Hindu exquisite, and this is the religious element most prominent here. While we are constantly told, 'God, the invisible, the eternal, we know; but who is Christ?' it is plainly our most prominent duty to proclaim Christ—God manifest in the flesh, the only manifestation to our senses the world has ever known, and through whom our only reliable knowledge comes,—Christ the suffering Saviour for the sins of the world, the triumphant Redeemer of all who believe in him. We can but rejoice in this change, though it is to be deeply regretted that, in discarding the more vulgar forms of idolatry, the more intelligent Hindus had not embraced a saving faith; yet any change must be held as the harbinger of good. The strength of Hinduism has been in the perpetuity of its principles. Whatever tends to subvert these, must also tend to prepare the way for the influences of truth."

June 1, 1863, a little more than five months after his arrival in the country, Dr. Bachelier organized a church in Midnapur consisting of three members. Three more were shortly after baptized and six received by letter,

making the number twelve. Assisted by Dula, he also commenced a work among the Santals in the vicinity of Midnapur. He had taken with him to India a small printing-press, through which he appealed to the Indian public for aid to carry forward his work among them, and received the generous response of nearly five hundred dollars. He writes :

“A glorious field is now open before us—Midnapur city with a population of seventy thousand and the District from one million to one million five hundred. I am the only missionary, and Mahes, so far as I am aware, is the only native preacher. We must expect great things and attempt great things. Aside from my salary and that of the native preacher, I do not purpose to draw on the resources of the home Society to carry forward my operations. The press, schools, etc., must be sustained from funds created here.”

The other stations prospered during 1863. Mr. Miller baptized several converts. He thought his preaching stand in the Balasore bazar was second to none in Orissa, situated as it was midway between Calcutta and Cuttack where hundreds of travelers stop daily, hear, and receive the word of God, which they carry with them to their distant homes. The markets held twice a week, where thousands congregate, offered excellent opportunities for preaching the Gospel to new and ever-changing congregations. Mr. Miller says :

“Though the Gospel has been preached from this stand twenty-five years, it has lost none of its interest. The appearance of the missionary and his staff is the signal for a general movement towards the stand. It would be a natural inference that

the conversions to Christianity would be numerous ; but the mind of the Hindu works slowly. He is hard to be convinced of his errors and as slow to renounce them after he is convinced. In order to produce any visible effect on him, you must hold him under the furnace heat of God's Word for months and perhaps for years. None of our hearers are so brought in contact with God's Word, but we humbly trust that streams of holy light are constantly radiating from this little center which will ultimately quicken a harvest of holy fruit."

The native Christians this year adopted the tithe system with much unanimity. A new field of usefulness opened up before them. The glorious idea of giving the impress of eternity to the otherwise perishable things of earth—of transferring their insecure gains to that place "where thieves do not break through and steal," seemed to strike them with peculiar force. This, however, was but the revival of a plan of systematic giving adopted in the beginning of the mission, which had been suffered to fall into disuse.

The health of Mr. and Mrs. Hallam had become impaired to a degree that forced them from the field. They sailed on the "Susan Hinks," June 6, 1863. On the 9th of October, Mrs. Hallam died and in the afternoon of the same day was buried in the ocean.

The sorrow of the bereaved husband may be imagined but can not be described. His motherless children, a daughter of six years and an infant son of four weeks, were left to his care. Captain Atwood, the master of the "Susan Hinks," was unwearied in his kind services during the remainder of the voyage ; and, on their ar-

rival in Boston, took him and the children to his own house, and ministered to their wants, till Secretary Libby and the friends in the Boston church were informed of his situation. His peculiar affliction drew forth the warmest sympathy, and helping hands were extended to him till he was able to take his little ones to their relatives in Canada.

In the latter part of 1863, Dr. Bachelier commenced excursions in the Santal District which occupied him nearly five months. A prominent object was to explore the field and ascertain the extent of his responsibilities. He says :

“ We have traveled over all the roads, as well as many miles of cart paths, explored the country of the Hill tribes, visited the Bengali and Oriya portions of the District, making an aggregate of more than six hundred miles' travel. We have preached the Gospel of the Kingdom, distributed tracts and Scriptures, and visited melas, festivals, and fairs too numerous to mention. We can hardly conceive of a field more interesting and inviting. We met with several enquirers of more or less' promise. One professed to have been leading a Christian life for twelve years but was kept from a public profession out of regard to his family. Another was anxious to be baptized, but the storm of persecution that was raised when his desire was made known was more than he, in his weakness, could bear.

“ Nearly twenty years had passed since desultory efforts were commenced among the Santals in the neighborhood of Jelasore. Much work had been done by Mr. Phillips in reducing their language to a definite form, publishing elementary books, and translating the Gospels. His departure to America in 1855 and the

death, soon after, of two promising native Santal preachers whom he had trained, occasioned the suspension of the work.

“On reoccupying Midnapur, it was the earnest wish of the Society that the Santals should receive a prominent share of attention. To meet this desire, Dula, the Santal native preacher, was released from the Oriya department and, with an assistant, was located here for the purpose of itinerating among the villages, preaching and establishing schools.”

The first school was opened about twelve miles north of Midnapur. It was taught by a Christian Santal, and excited great interest. Petitions soon came from other sections for schools. The missionary, during his tours, selected prominent points along the border of the Santal country for a distance of more than fifty miles, and at those points six schools were established at intervals of about ten miles. Great interest was shown among the people on the subject of education, and many other schools might have been established if the means could have been commanded. These schools were of a rustic character, only one of them having a house, and were sustained by funds that Dr. Bachelier obtained in the country. Deeming it important that they should have Santal teachers, he had been perplexed by the limited supply, but happily he had found in his travels several young men who had been in the mission school at Jelasore, and in the Bengali schools whose services he secured. He also opened a Boarding-school at Midnapur for training teachers, combining with their studies a regular system of manual labor. Dula

was everywhere received with hospitality, and his words were listened to with attention. The press was a power for good. It was not only self-sustaining, but it contributed pecuniary support to other objects.

During Dr. Bacheler's early labors in Balasore, he established a Medical Dispensary at the station, which secured an influence of great value to the mission. The relief it freely gave to the sick caused it to be much prized by the heathen. The gathering of patients at a certain hour each day, afforded very favorable opportunities for directing them to the Great Physician. Dr. Bacheler was the first in the Province to perform surgical operations under the influence of chloroform, and this had added to his influence. He had also carried ten young men through a two years' course of medical study with daily practice in the Dispensary, prepared and published an Epitome of Medicine and Surgery in Oriya, and a larger work in Bengali. We catch a glimpse of the magnitude of the medical work of this Dispensary during these years, when we are told that the number of patients treated was not less than three hundred and ninety thousand. It was closed in 1863, not for want of patients, but for the want of money. A Government hospital had been established where the wants of the poor were supposed to be met, and the European residents and friends who had generously provided funds for the purchase of medicine thought their contributions were no longer needed.

Not far from the time that the Dispensary was closed at Balasore, Dr. Bacheler was happy to report

the opening of one at Midnapur. Of this, he says :

“ We find it necessary to modify plans of former years. A purely charitable Dispensary we can not sustain here. We require payment of such as are able, while the poor are treated gratuitously. From one to two hours are devoted to such patients as are able to come to us, and frequent visits are made to such as require attendance at their homes.”

In providing for the Mission at Midnapur, fifteen acres of land had been purchased in the outskirts of the city. The first building commenced was a chapel, the verandas were to be inclosed and divided, and used temporarily as a residence for the missionary, a printing-house, and a Dispensary. Houses for the native Christians, and a Boarding-school for the Santals were erected as soon as possible, the funds for these purposes being gathered in the country.

During this year, the church at Jelasore, with its Santipur branch, enjoyed unusual prosperity. Thirteen were added by baptism, and a spirit of inquiry and interest was awakened in the community.

Mr. Miller, the missionary at Balasore, and his native preachers made extensive and interesting tours during the cool season of 1863--1864. He wrote thus concerning them :

“ November 15, was the first day of three and a half months of uninterrupted labor. It found us ten miles from home—the first ten of over one thousand traveled on foot by our dear native preachers, through the jungles and the rice-fields, sometimes thirsty, often hungry, always burdened more or less, but always cheerful and happy. Of course, the missionary accompanied them, but he generally had a horse to ride and Mahamed to cook his

dinner. He had nothing to grumble at and much to be thankful for; so he is not entitled to any part of the praise due to these dear brethren for their patient and long-suffering toil.

“We went southward as far as Bhadrak, then east to the seashore, and back again to Balasore. We pitched our tents about every five miles and spent from three to ten days in a place. We attended the markets and festivals, preached to the congregated crowds, and distributed the printed Word of God. Much of this ground, especially along the seashore, had never been visited by a missionary, and the great mass of the people had never heard of Christ or of Christians. It was interesting to notice the difference between these and the people in the sections where the Gospel had been preached. The latter discussed the subject of religion, and asked questions with politeness. The other class was rough, bold, and impudent.”

Returning to Balasore they tarried only long enough to replenish their empty boxes and then started northward making a tour among the hills of the Mohurbunj territory. Everywhere they found eager crowds to whom they preached the words of life. Said Mr. Miller:

“At one place we were invited by a wealthy and influential zemindar to his house. He immediately called all his family and servants and requested us to preach to them, which we did gladly for several hours. At the close of our visit, he thanked us for calling, and said that he had long been convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and added, that if it were not for the ten thousand linked chain of caste with which he was bound, he would be a Christian. In alluding to his aged parents, his wife, and children, and other relatives, he said, ‘How can I part with them?’ It costs such men something to be Christians.”

Mr. Miller narrated an interesting incident which occurred during this tour in the vicinity of Jelasore. His tent was pitched within two miles of the residence of a good old Christian woman named Ranee (Queen), one of Rev. J. Phillips's converts.

"She came," he said, "to visit us for a fresh supply of tracts, as those she had received from Jelasore, were all distributed. We furnished her with what we had to spare, with one of which she seemed greatly delighted. It was Christ's sermon on the Mount, paraphrased. She seated herself in close proximity to our tent and commenced to chant it. This, of course, secured a large congregation, each one, as he came, sat down before her, listened with evident satisfaction and astonishment, too, at hearing a woman read and sing, for none of the Hindu women, except prostitutes and the few in the zenanas who have been reached by Bible women, know how to read. After Ranee had chanted a few stanzas, she proceeded to expound them in a way that showed that she was no novice. This old woman, when she broke caste and came to Jelasore, did not know her alphabet. Now she reads, sings, and speaks Oriya, Bengali, and Hindustani. All her leisure hours, and they are many, are thus spent in trying to enlighten and save the heathen around her."

While Mr. Miller was in Kásiárdi, a boishnob of high caste, chaplain to the Mohurbunj Rájá, en route to Calcutta on important business for the king, came out of his way sixteen miles to see him. On his arrival, Bhikári reported to Mr. Miller that an old acquaintance of his, one of the most inveterate haters and enemies of Christianity, was in the neighborhood. He said:

"O Sahib, he won't hearken to reason, but will just fly at you

tooth and nail. Such has been my experience with that tiger for more than ten years."

In a little while, as it grew dark, the "tiger," as Bhikári called him, emerged from his lair, and in friendly tones, called, "Brother Bhikári," and immediately began to talk about his soul's salvation, and desired to see the Sahib at once. Mr. Miller thus described him :

"His hair, grown to its utmost capacity on head and face, was drawn from the chin upwards, and coiled into an ornamental pyramid on the top of his head. He had a noble forehead, a fine face and brilliant eyes, and was thoroughly read in Hindu literature and science, but the chief point of interest was the fact, that the strong man was bowed down under the sense of his guilt. He had been worshiped by kings and princes as a god, and had often ridiculed the idea of there being any one in the universe superior to himself. Now he sits at the feet of Bhikári (into whose face he had often spit) and listens to his teaching like a little child. He appears like an earnest man with a broken and contrite spirit. As he left, he took with him a portion of God's Word. Bhikári wept for joy."

In October, 1864, Dr. Bachelier thus described the work of a cyclone which had just passed over Southern Bengal, destroying many beautiful shade trees and unroofing many houses in Midnapur, yet without loss of life in that city.

"But at the mouth of the Ganges, a change in the wind brought in a storm-wave thirty feet above high water mark, and sweeping onward, carried destruction more than one hundred miles. The villages dotting the banks of the Ganges are wiped out. Tumluk, the most eastern town of our district, had sixteen

hundred houses, of which seventeen now stand. The loss of life, both European and native, is fearful; three hundred European sailors are said to have perished, and the native loss is estimated at eighty thousand. The country swept by this flood is covered by the carcasses of wild beasts, cattle, and human beings, breeding pestilence and death among the survivors—a sad prospect for the next few months.”

During this same October, the Midnapur chapel was dedicated to the service of God.

“We thanked him,” said the missionary, “that he had given us a comfortable home, and craved his blessing on the Press, that it might scatter light amidst the surrounding darkness; and on the Dispensary, that it might be health-giving. . . . The services were conducted in three languages. Mr. Miller preached in Oriya from, “Peace be to this house”—Mahes in Bengali from, “Behold I come quickly”—Dula from the parable of the sower; and a Santal teacher, a young man of much promise, was baptized. A Quarterly Meeting session was held immediately following the dedication services. The reports from the churches were very cheering. It had never been our privilege since the commencement of our mission, to record so many baptisms in so short a time. Thirteen had been received at Balasore, one at Jelasore, and one at Midnapur. A Santal Teachers’ Convention was held at the close of the other exercises. Fifteen attended it.”

During the remainder of the year, Dr. Bachelier devoted considerable labor to the Santal work. He found the only schoolhouse blown over by the late cyclone, but the roof coming down right side up on the ground, the boys had made an opening in one end sufficient for a doorway, and thus made it answer for the time being. The villagers provided places for the other schools,

some in open sheds, some in verandas, and one or two in buffalo stalls. Men, women, and children came to the school examinations, and many of them seemed wonderfully elated that their people could boast of their literature and their schools. He said :

“I met with a degree of hospitality altogether unusual. Grain for my horse and fowls for my table were, in most places, freely supplied. The encouragements are such that I think we should be justified in increasing the number of the schools to twenty-five. We see now no limit to the opening among this people except in the matter of funds.”

The Sabbath school of the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, church had assumed the support of a Santal boy in the Boarding-school, named Jacob, whom Dr. Bachelier thus described in a letter to the pastor of the church :

“When he first came, a year ago, we thought him dull, but his improvement has been wonderful. His wardrobe had consisted of a strip of old cloth two feet long and four or five inches wide. You know how it is worn. A friend, taking a fancy to him, gave him a bit of red cloth, which I had made into a pair of drawers about a foot long, in which he now appears on the Sabbath. Last Sabbath he appeared in his week-day garb, and on looking round to see what had become of his drawers, I found he had lent them to his little sister who had not so much as a rag of her own. Quite an indication of a generous spirit on his part, while she appeared wonderfully delighted. It was one of the great days of her life, when she could appear at church in her brother's fiery red drawers.”

CHAPTER XIII.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS AND SANTAL SCHOOLS.

1865-1866.

*“The Lord of the harvest is sending
More laborers into the field.”*

The return of Mr. Hallam to America so soon after that of Messrs. Cooley and Smith, again reduced the number of male missionaries to two. The crying need of re-enforcement had stimulated the Home Society to a successful effort to meet that need, and now, notwithstanding the still high price of exchange in this autumn of 1864, Rev. J. Phillips and wife, his son, Dr. J. L. Phillips, and wife, his daughter, Miss Julia E. Phillips, and little Ida, about eight years of age, the youngest of his eleven surviving children, were ready for the work, only waiting for the sailing of a vessel. Rev. J. Phillips's health had been so far recovered that physicians had pronounced him good for another ten years' work. He had secured homes for the children left behind, and in his travels among the churches had raised more than enough to meet the expense of passage. His son, in company with the Secretary, Rev. C. O.



Jas. L. Phillips

Libby, had visited the Free Baptist churches of New Brunswick, and so great was the interest awakened among them that they adopted him and his wife as their missionaries and assumed the expense of their support. Miss Julia E. Phillips was a student in Hillsdale College, Michigan, and before quite completing her course of study, exchanged the college for a missionary life, and her support was assumed by a mission band formed in Brunswick, Me., through the influence of Mrs. Professor Upham. After Dr. J. L. Phillips's graduation at Brunswick, he took a theological course of study, also a medical course.

The following paragraph written by Mrs. J. Phillips to her husband, and which he subsequently enclosed in a letter to the writer, gives just a slight glance at her heart-struggles in view of the breaking up of her family :

“As the improvement of your health removes one obstacle in the way of our return to our field of labor, I rejoice in it, but when I think of leaving our dear children to the care of strangers with no prospect of ever seeing them again, I almost shudder, and fear my faith will fail and my devotion to the blessed cause grow faint. . . . As we daily gather around the family altar and unite in singing the praises of God, I rejoice in seeing them all look so healthy, happy and intelligent, and the sight seems to give me fresh strength and energy. But in the midst of my rejoicing, the thought of parting comes over me like the cold chill of death, piercing my heart, and the question arises, Will others care for their souls as they should, and if we thus leave them, can we expect to meet them in heaven? The Lord grant me faith like that of Abraham.”

While waiting for a ship, the missionaries-elect attended the anniversary of the Foreign Missionary Society held in Providence, and added greatly to its interest. Dr. J. L. Phillips said:

“I am glad to be here, gladder if we were past the Cape of Good Hope, and gladdest were we even now occupying our chosen field. My heart is in Orissa though the body yet lingers here. . . . I love America. Her schools and her sanctuaries have been my home; and during this terrible war I have loved her more fondly and firmly. Can you wonder? Fifty-five of us sat four years ago side by side in a New England college. Hardly had we left her walls when this conflict began. Well-nigh half my class have put on the army blue and some of them are sleeping in patriot graves at Antietam and Gettysburg. Can I, who love them still, forget the country for which they bled and died? Only a few weeks ago a soldier came to see me. Who was he? My own dear brother who crossed the Atlantic with me when we were boys together. For three years he has done his country's service. Can I be brother to a true Union soldier, and yet not love America? May God lead her safely through this storm and suffering. With all my heart I can say as I go, ‘God bless America.’ Over the water I see my dear India. The home of my childhood becomes the field of my life-work. The land itself benighted, but yet beloved, calls me. There, sleeps my beloved mother. In the very city which guards her precious dust, I hope to proclaim the glorious Gospel. There, that good man, Rámá, lies buried, who placed his hands on my head when I was but a child, and prayed God to make me a missionary to his countrymen. Now, Christ calls me to that very land, my native land. To-night, I hear his voice again, bidding me haste away from these shores. The success which has recently attended Brother Bachelor's labors cheers all our hearts. The two

little presses he took out with him are doing much. But even greater things the Lord has in store for us. We hope a much larger press will be provided for the mission before we sail, so that we may carry it to our work. The friends in New York City have already nearly enough to procure it. Only the other evening at a social gathering in the lecture room of the church, two hundred dollars were raised for this in a few minutes. This press will be our best missionary in India. . . . Orissa will be given to Christ, yea, all India to our Lord. For that we would labor and pray. We believe in its coming."

Saturday, December 17, found the missionary party on board the "Elcano," Captain Pritchard, happy that the hour had come to which they had been looking forward for years. The "Elcano" was a new, splendid ship with fine accommodations. Its pleasant, gentlemanly captain had been recently married and his wife was accompanying him. Four Presbyterian missionaries were fellow-passengers. The writer, with some other friends, was permitted to accompany them in the ship to the place of anchorage in the river and return in the tug steamer. On account of forbidding weather, they remained at the anchorage till the following Tuesday before putting out to sea.

The circumstances connected with the departure of these missionaries, touched the heart of the denomination, and pent up feelings were voiced through its organ, the *Morning Star*. Said one writer :

"Never before did we, as a denomination, commit so much to the mercy of the deep and the care of Him who rules it:—a father, who has already given to the heathen the average period of an active missionary life, now returns, with signal devotion to the

chosen field of his youth, the son goes to the land of his birth, there to devote the flower and strength of manhood to the blessed work of winning benighted souls to Christ, companions, daughters—O we look at that group on the ‘Elcano’ with an interest and anxiety quite inexpressible. We rehearse not their sacrifices. We have no tears of pity—they have repudiated them before hand. Rather would we envy them their lot, the work is so noble, the reward so rich and bounteous. On, then, brave ‘Elcano’! Dare wind and wave, for God is with thee, the prayers of the Church thy sheet anchor, and hope thy pennant. On! for perishing millions await thy coming in the land of death-shades. On, then, and still on, right bravely! For thy swift keel, and strong ribs, and beautiful prow, and sure helm, all thy planks below, and all thy spreading canvas above shall be morning and evening committed, in devout prayer, to the safe keeping of Him who rules the seas.”

The following extracts from Mrs. J. Phillips’s diary give us a peep at the scenes on board the “Elcano” the first four days after putting out to sea :

“Wednesday, December 21, we caught the last glimpse of our native land. By four o’clock in the afternoon, the wind blew a perfect gale, and the ship being too heavily laden sunk in every trough, the mountain-like waves breaking over her as though she was but a skiff. Our noble vessel creaked and snapped in every joint from stem to stern. A tremendous sea would strike her with the force of an iceberg, sweeping over her as if to bear her to the bottom, making her reel, stagger, and plunge, like a drunken man. Every thing in the cabin not perfectly fast, was jumping, rolling, tumbling, creaking and smashing, as though the very spirit of destruction had taken possession. During the night, the scene on the deck was beyond description. . . . The outer cabin door was torn from one hinge, only hanging by a part of the other, and before it could be secured, those fearful waves rushed into the



Mary B. Phillips

dining and staterooms, soaking whole trunks of clothes, boxes of books, etc. The door could only be secured and the water kept out by having a man hold it till the storm was over. . . . The deck was not unfrequently four feet deep in water, which could not escape from the many openings for that purpose, so the second mate took an axe and at the risk of his life made a breach in the bulwarks four feet square, which cleared the deck ; but the most severe trial was yet to come.

“ On Thursday morning, our noble Captain Pritchard passed out of the cabin with his pleasant ‘ good morning,’ and in one minute more, one of those mountain-like waves swept over the deck and the startling cry went from one end of the vessel to the other, ‘ Captain’s overboard !’ The cry reached the ear of his poor wife still in bed, and for a time she seemed almost beside herself. We prayed and talked with her till she became calm, but our good captain could not be rescued. Every man seemed terror-stricken, and all that could be done was to square the yards and let the ship drive before the gale, as this was our only chance for safety. The storm raged with unabated violence four days and nights, but, through the whole, we felt an unwavering confidence in our Father’s care, and that he would surely bring us safely through. ”*

* Mrs. J. L. Phillips’s gifted pen gives us an additional glance at the perils and discomforts of this eventful voyage in the *Morning Star* of May 7, 1885, in her article, “ Going Home. ” “ Twenty years ago last December (the 17th), we went aboard the ‘ Elcano,’ a new sailing vessel bound for the then distant Orient, laden with ice. What an icy day it was ! Masts and rigging glistened with icicles. The poor sailors came from ‘ aloft ’ with their ears and toes frozen. A piercing wind from northern icebergs blew up Boston Bay. A sullen sky closed around us, and but for the warm hearts and unbidden tears of those we ‘ ne’er might meet again,’ we should have frozen too. Oh ! little did we dream, during that bitter parting hour, of what the winds and waves had in store for us, ere our noble ship should reach her next moorings. Boston spires were still in the dim distance when a storm was fully upon us. The high wind rose to a gale. Third day out, our brave captian ‘ slept beneath the waves.’ Without a pilot or any competent officer,

Dr. Bachelier in reporting his work, February 18, 1865, said :

“ My time has been divided between the Bengali, Oriya, and Santal departments. While at Santipur, we visited a number of families three or four miles away. They told us there were twenty-five families nearly ready to renounce caste and openly profess Christianity, and wished us to send them a teacher. At Midnapur we have two inquirers, one of whom has repeatedly eaten with our brethren, regardless of caste. No sooner was this known than Satan showed his long teeth, and, raising a fearful howl, roused such a storm of persecution that for a time both were overpowered. One of them we can not find. Mahes with difficulty found the other. He had been very roughly handled, pelted with filth, and threatened with all sorts of violence. He spent last Sabbath with us and seemed deeply interested. He said, ‘ I love to hear you talk and I love Christians.’ A recent Government grant has enabled us to increase our Santal schools to twenty-eight.”

March 20, a Second Teachers’ Convention was in session at Midnapur.

“ They have come,” wrote Dr. Bachelier, “ from all parts of the Santal country to spend a week in learning to teach. Twenty-five are present, and with their friends and candidates for the teachers’ office make up a party of forty in all. I engaged to

six long months we wandered at the mercy of the winds, sometimes north, sometimes south, of the equator. Now, swept on by a wild storm, now, in the ‘ dead calms ’ upon a sea of glass. Still ‘ so He bringeth them unto their desired haven ’ was verified, and on the 22d of June, we were in the ‘ City of Palaces.’ ” Mrs. Phillips on referring to her late embarkation for America, February 28, 1884, continues : “ Who wonders, as the command went forth, ‘ Take up the plank,’ and a blinding fog settled over the Ganges, that the horrors of the ‘ Elcano ’ came to us with unwonted vividness?—the ghost of a captain overboard, the mad tossing of the vessel, torturing thirst, when the water failed, and the terrible longings for the shore.”

feed them while here, and they seem to have a large idea of my hospitality, putting away eight pounds of rice daily, and vegetables, fowls, and meat in proportion. They say their 'stomachs are happy, very happy.' The progress made by the teachers since the first convention is highly encouraging. Among other visitors was the agent of the great Indigo and Silk Company, who, after some inquiries concerning our plans, put down a subscription of twenty-five rupees per month in behalf of the company. This will enable us to establish a number of new schools. The singing of the Santals is truly wonderful. These teachers have come from a country seventy miles in extent; most of them never met before. After being together two or three days they sing with a degree of harmony beyond what the Oriyas and Bengalis have attained to, after twenty years of constant drilling. The spiritual instruction of the people is made prominent. These schools are regarded as Christian schools, and Christian instruction is expected in connection with secular education. The fact that the teachers are all Santals leads their countrymen to look upon the schools as all their own, and they glory in the thought that the Santals, though poor and despised, are no longer without education and without a literature. The teachers are so enthusiastic in seeking the improvement of their people, that they have recently petitioned for a newspaper to be published in their own language. Nearly all the teachers are from their most wealthy and influential families. Several are head-men of their villages, or the sons of head-men—an important fact.

"The intemperate habits of the Santals have been considered the greatest obstacle in the way of their conversion to Christianity, yet those connected with our schools have imbibed the idea that intemperance is beneath the character of the learned, and that he who would rise to a position above the ignorant masses, must abstain from intoxicating drinks. Each school is, in fact, a temperance society pledged to total abstinence. Great is our en-

couragement in this work. It is but a short time since I thought if we could have half a dozen schools it would be all we could expect, and now, in a little more than a year, we have thirty, and the means for establishing more. Truly God has heard prayer.

“Some of the heathen have said that Midnapur was like an island ; that there had been conversions all around it but that not one of its inhabitants had ever embraced Christianity and never would. We have, however, just baptized a native of Midnapur. The man and his wife have repeatedly asked permission to join our native community to escape the persecution they suffered at home ; but I thought it best that they should remain, if possible, among their relatives. I nearly yielded to their request three weeks ago, as they came to us in a sad plight, having just escaped from a severe beating in which the woman suffered seriously. She had been whipped until her skin was broken in several places, and her hair was matted with blood from a wound in the head. They remained with us three days, and left with the permission, in case of further serious opposition, to come and live in our compound. The wife is deeply interested, and it was her praying to Jesus in her own house that led to her severe beating.”

A little later, Dr. Bachelier gave a very interesting narrative of two converts Dula had just found in one of his Santal tours thirty miles away. When they learned that he was a Christian they expressed great joy. Several years previous, one of these converts obtained a copy of the Gospel of Matthew in Oriya. He became very much interested in its teachings and resolved to obey them. He consecrated the Sabbath as a day of rest from labor and gave its hours to fasting and devotional exercises. A small space on the banks of a tank was set apart as a chapel, the grass and weeds cut away, the spot kept neat and clean, and there he re-

sorted on each Sabbath for worship and reading his Gospel treasure. Not apprehending the aggressive character of Christianity, the chapel was for himself alone. No one was permitted to set foot upon the consecrated spot, as it was holy ground. He renounced his evil habits, lying, lust, and dishonesty, and, conforming his daily life to his new light, became noted for purity and uprightness. Some two years passed, when it was noticed that his worldly circumstances had greatly improved. The belief that this was the consequent of his new religion induced one of his neighbors to join him, and he, too, became a believer in the Gospel of Christ, and for years on the Sabbath, on this consecrated spot, these men had met for the worship of the living God. They invited Dula to meet with them, and lead in their devotions. He taught them the ten commandments, of which they had never before heard; and on learning that rest was enjoined for their households, their cattle, and all within their gates, they immediately gave orders that all work on their farms on the Sabbath should cease, and liberty to their families to join them in their worship. So in regard to other Scriptural teaching, as soon as they were instructed, they were ready to obey. Dr. Bachelier remarked:

“Thus God is working among the heathen. In a field so vast and extensive as ours, we can form no definite idea of the ultimate results of present labor. While we may be mourning over our want of success, the seeds of truth may be taking root in many a dark mind beyond our sphere of observation.”

May 18, 1865, Miss Crawford reported from Ielasore

station considerable interest in the school and several conversions. But while rejoicing over these mercy drops, she was suddenly almost overwhelmed by the tidings of the heavy calamity that had fallen on her dear native land.

“I had heard,” she wrote, “that Richmond was taken and that Lee had surrendered, and I was happy and very thankful. But O how soon is my joy turned to sorrow! I read in a letter from Dr. Bachelier, ‘A telegram has come that Lincoln is shot, and Seward stabbed!’ I thought, it may be that Lincoln is shot, and still the wound may not be mortal; but in the evening a letter from Mr. Miller said, ‘Lincoln is dead!’ O the agony I suffered for twenty-four hours. But now the tears begin to flow. You have the heart of the whole nation to sympathize with you in this time of her bereavement, while I must suffer alone. I told the dreadful news to some of our native people. It seemed to come about as near to them as though I had said, ‘The man in the moon is dead.’ None but my little Lizzie Singh (daughter of Mary Sutton) could realize what had happened. I could hardly give a thought to the wretches who did the horrid deed, but Lizzie, in her indignation, wished for vengeance to overtake them. She had just read ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin,’ and, child as she is, it is no wonder that she gave vent to her indignant feelings.”

Rev. J. Phillips and party landed in Calcutta June 22, after a long voyage of more than six months. The first mate, who took command of the ship after the loss of the captain, proved a very incompetent officer, and all the passengers felt it a great relief to escape his insults and fearful profanity. Dr. Bachelier was in Calcutta waiting their arrival and rendered them much important assistance, and as soon as matters could be

arranged they left for Midnapur, where they were enthusiastically welcomed.

In view of the wants of the field, it was deemed best for Dr. J. L. Phillips's family and his sister Julia to be stationed at Midnapur with Dr. Bachelor. After a rest of a few days, Mr. and Mrs. J. Phillips, with little Ida, left for the scene of their early labors. In speaking of the greeting he met at Jelasore from his heathen neighbors far and near, Mr. Phillips said :

“That heart must be cold indeed, and stoical, that could receive unmoved the cordial welcome which beamed forth from the crowds of friendly faces that have gathered around us, to say nothing of the characteristic hyperbolic language of Orientals, in which their warm greetings are poured forth. Again and again, as one and another has saluted us, have I been reminded of the words of Jacob on meeting his brother Esau [Gen. 33 : 10], as one and another has saluted us : ‘ By your grace, we are still alive.’ ‘ It is the good fortune of our lives to have seen your honor's face once more.’ ‘ You were the refuge and support of the country.’ ‘ We were in no fear while you were with us.’ ‘ Since we heard you were coming back, the whole country has been in anxious suspense awaiting your arrival.’ This will suffice as a specimen. It has been amusing to listen to their accounts of the misfortunes they have suffered in consequence of our absence. Last evening, when I was preaching in the bazar, as some references were made to former times, the usual laudations were poured forth accompanied by groans over the wrongs they had endured ‘ since your honor went away.’ Among these was the income tax, which they insisted would never have been imposed on them if I had been here. I told them that as I was only a fellow-subject, I certainly

had no power to aid them in a matter of that kind. 'Certainly you could, for you are the ruler of the ruler.'

"In the old domicile, we were permitted to greet our beloved sister Crawford, faithful at her post, surrounded by about thirty interesting native girls, most of whom have been gathered in since we left the country. Nor are her labors in vain. Again and again has her heart been cheered by evidences of genuine piety in her juvenile charge. Four of her girls are to be received into the church next Sabbath."

Mr. Phillips made his home at Santipur, taking the oversight of the work at that station and also at Jelasore, and laboring among the Santals in that part of the mission field.

Every year venomous serpents destroy many lives. Mr. Miller wrote from Balasore :

"We recently lost one of our schoolboys. One Sabbath evening, the boys were all sitting together singing a hymn when a serpent—a cobra—bit Esau on the thigh. Only two little punctures in the skin about the size of a pin's head. Poor boy! He laughed at first, then cried, staggered and fell, and was dead in less than fifteen minutes! Is it not dreadful?"

"We have been permitted to welcome the 'new-comers,' as we call them; though the elder Phillips slips into his old harness in so natural and easy a manner as to prove that he is no stranger here, and James, too, moves about among his countrymen, as he calls the Oriyas, as easily as though he had been here ten years. Now we want Mrs. Bachelier and Mr. Hallam. When they come, won't we have a glorious little company of American faces around a Missionary Conference breakfast table?"

During the latter part of 1865, another Santal Teachers' Convention was held in Midnapur for a week's

drill. Thirty-eight schools with six hundred and sixty-seven pupils were reported. Most of the teachers were present, and with candidates made up a party of about fifty, all of whom were provided for by Dr. Bachelier. Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Phillips and Miss Julia Phillips rendered important aid in the exercises. Sir William Herschel, son of the great astronomer, and his wife were present, as they had been in the former conventions, and assisted in instructing the teachers. They were also regular contributors. Mr. Herschel explained to them the theory of an eclipse, which they seemed to understand. The evenings were devoted to religious instruction, Dula preaching to them in their own tongue.

The converts found by Dula, as previously noticed, had been cared for, and December 17, in accordance with a previous arrangement, Messrs. Bachelier and Phillips met them at their village. Their wives and a son of one of the converts had become Christians. They were also joined by another disciple who lived some miles distant. These were all carefully examined, after which, said Dr. Bachelier :

“ We went to a neighboring tank, and in the presence of a large company of heathen baptized the six candidates and organized them into a branch church. This evening we united in celebrating the Lord’s Supper. The season was a most precious one. We met at the house of one of the party in the family room, forty feet by twenty, with the cooking and farming utensils lying around, while in the end of the room, during the evening service, some seven calves and fifteen goats were tied. There, with much

in the association of the place to remind us of the Saviour's birth, we celebrated his sufferings and death. The light these men had received had led them to secure the intelligent training of their families. Their wives were able to read and they evinced a degree of self-respect unusual among Hindus."

The way had been opened for Mrs. Bachelor to re-join her husband in India, homes having been provided for their children excepting her little Mary, five years of age, whom she was to take with her. They sailed from Boston October 5, 1865, in the ship "Lucothea," Captain Lincoln, having for fellow-passengers three missionaries and their wives, and arrived in Calcutta about the first of February. The following from Mrs. Bachelor's correspondence gives a glance at some of her heart-achings and some stirring voyage experiences :

"The waving of two white kerchiefs as the ship sailed off into deep waters seemed like a farewell from another shore, and some heartstrings with an inward anguish rent asunder. My dreams by night, and my waking thoughts are with the dear ones left behind. Scattered around stranger hearth stones to-night are those who so lately 'filled our home with glee.' Do they speak the word 'Mother' with tender love of her who has thus left them? Or are there sad questionings why she had done so? . . . I only ask for strength to bear the pain and for that overcoming faith which will appropriate the exceeding great and precious promises to my sacrificed treasures.

"Sabbath, November 18, Lat. 23 degrees south. In the early twilight, the cry, 'Ship ahoy!' was heard. It was an American vessel, homeward bound, about half the size of ours, coming directly toward us, at the rate of seven miles an hour, while we were sailing at the same rate. According to sea usage, we had noth-



Sarah P. Bachelor

ing to do,—the stranger was to turn out. The officer on deck noticed with alarm that no movement was made to avoid collision and that there was no appearance of a living soul on board. To the shouts of the captain no response was made, and we were running with fearful rapidity right into each other's faces. Our helmsman was ordered to turn the head of our ship, which was done in such a way that we darted past each other at the distance of but twenty feet. The captain said that if that movement had been delayed ten seconds longer, a collision would have taken place ruinous to both, for while our ship would have speedily annihilated the stranger, she at the same time would have inflicted on us a deadly wound. Shortly after she passed us, her sails were changed, which showed that her men were at last aroused. We queried, What if our men had been asleep or off guard? The captain said he presumed that a large number of the ships that are never heard from are destroyed by collisions instead of storms.

“About two hours after this great deliverance, Miss N—— tapped at my cabin door, and with a white face and trembling from head to foot said, ‘A murder has just been committed on board ship!’ The galley boy had killed the steward. He was not quite gone, however, but lingered an hour or so. It seemed that the galley boy had used a towel of the steward, and on the cook's telling him to wash it out or the steward would scold answered that he would not do it. The steward did scold him, and from abusive words they came to blows. The former, who was a large and powerful man, took the boy down and choked him. He soon got up, and taking his sailor's knife stabbed the steward in the side of the neck, cutting the jugular vein. He fell heavily on the deck and whispered, ‘I am going; good-bye, captain!’ Rev. C. Stevens, who saw the deed, was at his side, and offered prayer. It was thought the dying man understood the first part of the prayer, but soon lost consciousness. The moment

the deed was performed, the first mate snatched the knife from the boy, threw it overboard, and then put him in irons.

“O what a Sabbath! The sun shone, the waters sparkled, the sky smiled, and the ship bounded gaily on. But this black, heavy pall, dropped so suddenly upon us, seems to stifle and stop our very life-blood. The funeral took place at two o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Harris, returning missionary to Burma, conducted the service. He stood by the open door of the wretched boy's place of confinement, and offered prayer for him and for the families who were yet to hear of the dreadful event, especially for the widowed mother of him who had suddenly become a murderer. The service over, the body, which had been decently prepared for burial and sewed up in canvas, was placed on a plank and put carefully over the side of the ship. The splash in the water was a dreary sound and is still in my ears. The ship bounded on, and at supper time, the mortal remains of him, who, in the morning was as well as any of us, lay thirty miles behind, in the bosom of the ocean.

“November 26. The poor guilty boy is in the main hatch house right in the middle of the main deck. He is taken out every day for air and exercise, and we can not help seeing him, but it is an unspeakably sad and pitiful sight. The round, smooth face of a boy not grown to manhood—a face familiar to us all—can it be the face of a murderer? Yet the most distressing thing about it is his levity and want of feeling. He laughs, whistles and plays whenever he is out, and seems entirely unconcerned. Alas, his poor mother! What can console her? She sent him, her only son, that he might be under discipline, and that an ungovernable temper which she could not control might be controlled by strangers. . . .

“December 1. This is the first day of the southern summer. The air is clear and bland. Beautiful birds are around us among which the albatross is queen. We have gorgeous sunsets in these

latitudes, such as I have never seen elsewhere, and as for the moonlight nights, they can not be described. Ocean scenery is grand and ocean music has a bass so deep that it thrills my very being and strikes a chord that seems to connect with immensity and immortality. But this is all embittered by the dreadful shadow that is upon us. 'Poor Joe' is in all our hearts. I have just come in from a walk on deck. He sits on a water cask playing with the pigs which are let out every afternoon. They all know him and come and lie down around him, while he will shake his chains to startle them. They used to be in his care and he made pets of them. . . . In one moment, with his own hand, he has blasted forever the hopes of his young life; and now, nothing is before him but an ignominious death or a life of infamy. So in this brief existence, which seems but a moment, man makes or mars the happiness of his future being.

"December 12. Yesterday we saw a great sight. The sea on one side of the ship to a large distance out was mixed with waves of a blood red color, and in the midst of them whales spouted, while it seemed that little white birds hovered close to the water as far as the eye could reach. The captain said that whalers called the red in the water whale feed, or 'bret'—that it consists of little animals bred in the water and is one natural provision for the food of whales. O this great sea on which we sail! This mysterious abode of living things, vast and innumerable! This rolling, fathomless tomb of the countless dead!"

Dr. Bachelier met his wife on her arrival in Calcutta, and thus happily ended a separation of three years and seven months.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMINE.

1866-1867.

*“Reck ye not, we are dying, dying,
More in number than the sands?”*

The year 1866 was marked by a terrible famine sweeping through Orissa, which obliged our missionaries to walk, in the discharge of their duties, amidst the most dismal scenes of anguish and woe. The rice crop failed the preceding season, as the “latter rain” was withheld. As early as the 16th of February, Mr. Phillips wrote from Santipur :

“All through this region, people are living more or less on wild roots gathered from the fields and jungles, grated up and cooked in place of rice, their usual food. Little in the way of supplies is to be looked for before August or September. Six long months of hardship and suffering seem inevitable for the poor around us, and their name is legion. Our native Christians are dependent for support on their daily labor. We have a chapel in building, and waste patches of land on the mission farm to clear, etc., and we hope to find means for keeping them from actual starvation.”

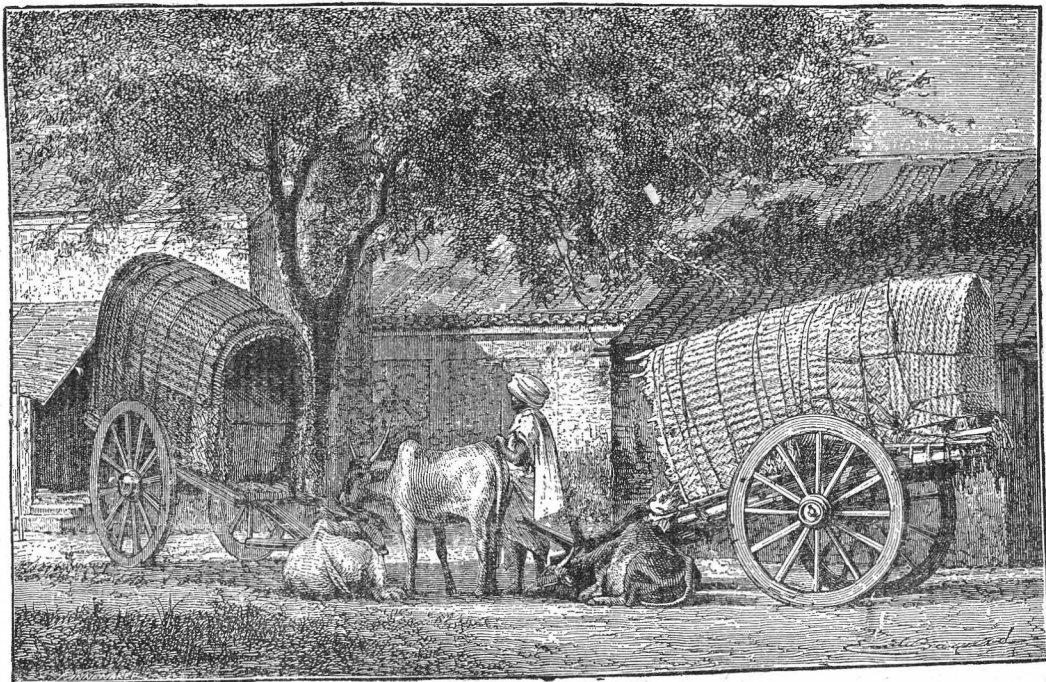
Later he said :

“ I wrote you of the distress caused by the famine. It was but the beginning of sorrows. . . . March has come and gone. Drouth continues, and seedtime is not yet, and long, weary months must drag their slow length along, while hunger, disease and death do their fearful work, before another harvest can be gathered. Cholera is rife all around us, and scores and hundreds are carried off by this dreadful scourge. Truly, God has a controversy with this people. May they be led to see that the gods to whom they cry are verily no gods, and turn to Him who made the heavens and earth.”

In March, a session of the Quarterly Meeting was held at Midnapur which Miss Crawford attended. She walked much of the distance, fifty miles, as she preferred it to riding in the cart, where she said, by sitting and holding on to the bamboos to which the cover was attached, her bones were preserved unbroken. She was delighted with the progress at that station and said :

“ What has God wrought at Midnapur within three little years ! ‘ Does the mission pay ? ’ Soon after the return of Dr. Bachelier, I spent a week here. I saw one native Christian who belonged in the place, nor could I hear of more. Now, we have beautiful mission premises, a meeting-house, a church of twenty-eight members, native preachers, schools, a printing-press, and a Medical Dispensary in this long neglected city. Our young sisters, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Phillips, have found an open door through which they can go unopposed to instruct the wives and daughters of the highest class of natives.

“ On the evening of the 13th of March, I reached home with blistered feet, and very tired, having walked that day nineteen miles over India's burning plains. But some one asks, ‘ Why did you not go in a palanquin ? ’ There is a famine in the land,



TRAVELLING WAGONS.

and the extra cost may save some poor fellow-mortals from starving to death. Do you know what a famine is? I never knew before this year—had only heard. Some thought it very trying to the nerves to live in India, during the Mutiny in 1857, but what was that compared to this? Even feeble woman may bare her breast to meet death at the point of the bayonet, but who can stand before famine? Would not our brave soldiers who famished in Southern prisons have preferred a hundred battles to suffering hunger a week? It is very revolting to our feelings to send away poor old women and tender children. We are haunted by thoughts of them after they are gone. Nobody in our own village shall starve to death, so long as I can get anything to eat; but to the poor heathen we have to say, 'No, I can't help you,' and it is heart-rending when we see nothing before them but death, and after death, the judgment.

"Several families in our village are wholly dependent on me, and in the school are thirty-six for whom I must provide. Through Dr. Bachelor's influence, Government grants us thirty rupees per month, which is a great help. I had thought of appealing to the generous English people at Balasore, but, after learning what they were doing for the starving there, could not. A gentleman writing me from that place said the people are dying there in large numbers from starvation, and that the police reported a case of a starving child found feeding on the raw flesh of its dead parent. It was removed to the hospital, but survived only a day or two."

Under date of May 31, Mr. Phillips wrote :

"April brought us grateful showers which enabled the farmers to prepare for seed sowing, and a few sowed their early rice. But drouth soon resumed its sway, and for four weeks we have not had a single shower. The heat has come to be most intense and withering. During the middle of the day the wind is like the heat of a furnace. The grass and the newly sown grain are be-

ing burned up. Day after day, clouds arise and the thunder rolls, but no rain falls, and the suffering from the famine increases.

“Early in April, I made an appeal through the *Friend of India*, in behalf of our native Christians, which, in a short time, brought me eighty-two dollars, with a pledge of nearly as much more, all with one exception from strangers. Two or three days after the appeal, a move was made in Calcutta for the Orissa Famine Fund, which has nearly reached the sum of ten thousand rupees, the distribution to be committed to the missionaries in the province: eight hundred and ninety rupees have fallen to my share for disbursement with which many starving families have been aided. But where the carcass is, thither the eagles will be gathered together. In they come, and still they come, and how the supply is to hold out, it is impossible to say. Last Sabbath, we had about four hundred in our new chapel, and there were few who had not famine written all over their bodies from head to foot. It was sad, sad, to look upon so many walking skeletons, but to see such a company of not starving, but starved, children with their naked bones, wrinkled skin and sunken eyes, was heart-rending. Santipur is being inundated. Every family has its starving relatives, and family after family is crowding in, begging for a place and something to do to sustain life. God has graciously given us the means of feeding a goodly number of them for a season. Shall we not seize the present moment to preach and teach them of Christ, to school and train their children at a time when every rupee we may expend may be covered by another rupee from the public chest? or shall we barely dole out this public charity in a way to keep them alive, and leave them to perish in moral darkness? Believing the former to be our duty, we are directing our efforts accordingly. Will our friends at home sustain us, so that when the present supply runs out, a steady supply of Christian benevolence will have set in from our own native land?”

Mr. Phillips went to Balasore, from whence he wrote June 2d :

“I find brother and sister Miller deeply interested, in saving the lives of thousands on thousands of the starving who flock into the station to secure a morsel to sustain life. There are not far from five thousand here now, and their number is rapidly increasing. The price of food is so high that a large sum goes but little way. Government has appropriated five thousand rupees towards the Balasore sufferers. The cries of distress from the streets are heard till a late hour in the night from the poor, miserable creatures as they wander from place to place. Bad as it now is, what it will be when the drenching rains set in, is awful to contemplate.”

Balasore being a much larger place than Jelasore, the numbers that flocked there were proportionally larger. Mr. Miller thus described the scene of his labors :

“The famine is raging here dreadfully. Large numbers perish daily from hunger. There is a Relief Committee in full operation, but of course the missionary is expected to do the drudgery. Our plan is something like this. We have a high brick wall forming a four-sided oblong, inclosing an acre of land, with a door of ingress at one end and two doors of egress at the other. As the crowds enter they are made to sit in lines about three feet apart. When the inclosure is full, the door of entrance is closed and the whole company, six thousand in number, inspected. The weak and dying are sent on litters or carts to the hospital, and the strong placed in the care of the Committee whose duty it is to find them employment. All the rest are furnished with tickets for rice one month only. The month and the day of the month are printed on the back of each ticket, and checked when pre-

sented to prevent two servings in one day. Then they march out in small groups, and when they present their tickets they get their supply of rice for the day. All this requires a vast deal of work and attention. The heat is intense, and the filth and stench indescribable. The sights, and sounds, and smells can never be forgotten. They haunt and disturb my midnight slumbers, yet I must be among them and at work. I can not bear to see my fellow-men perishing by the hundreds without doing all I can do to save them. I have not been to the bazar to preach for more than a week. I hope the Executive Committee will excuse me. Were they here, I know they would do as I am doing, pitching in, at all hours, heart and soul, to try to save life by every lawful means. Very early this morning, before I went a hundred yards, I found six dead bodies and about twenty just dying. The jackals and vultures revel here and make night hideous with their yells and screams. There are still five months of famine before us. Rice is now so dear that all laboring men are reduced to half a meal per day."

At four in the afternoon, next day, Mr. Miller added:

"I did not finish my letter yesterday. The poor beggars came in such multitudes to my gate for tickets, and cried so piteously, that I had to leave all and attend to them. I have been nearly all day among them, and now there are three thousand more seated opposite our house, calling me their 'Papa,' and begging me to help them. I never wished for money so much in my life, but I have it not. The famine will soon make bankrupts of us all."

Mr. Phillips wrote again from Santipur July 3:

"On the 15th of June, the rains set in. Copious shower after shower comes pouring down, but suffering and distress con-

tinue to increase, and the bills of mortality are fearfully augmented. The driving rains carry off multitudes of starved human beings destitute of clothing and shelter, as well as food. This morning, we had fourteen hundred here to receive a few pice each, and before the distribution was completed a heavy shower came on drenching the whole multitude. Six hundred were children, many of them so weak as not to be able to walk. The necessity of witnessing such scenes of suffering and wretchedness while unable to afford relief is perfectly awful. Miss Crawford has a multitude to feed daily at Jelasore, nearly as many as we have here. The native brethren distribute the pice, still her task is a severe one in connection with her daily duties in school and the care of the orphans. The severity of her labors tells fearfully on her health. I do not see how she is going to hold out under such trying circumstances.

“ We sometimes write of the hot weather we endure in this land, but it takes an editor to tell the story. I clip the following from the *Friend of India* of the 14th ult. . . . ‘ Bengal lives in a Turkish bath. Seldom, if ever, was such intense and continuous heat experienced. . . . Week after week passes away without change. The friendly cloud freighted from the ocean will not stay, or stays to no purpose. Sharp storms have proved inadequate to dispel the fiery atmospheric pall by which the land is enveloped. Thunder, lightning, and earthquake avail nothing, and rain seems to evolve caloric from the overcharged earth, thereby adding steam to other enjoyments. The Calcutta crows sit with distended beaks, and the one-legged adjutants have returned to the ice-bound regions of Chândenagâr. The air is intensely sultry—a dull, opaque body of warm water laden with dust—and a vertical sun beats upon the city, its narrow gullies, impure tanks, and crowded bazars, with fierce and unrelenting fury. Palanquin bearers stagger slowly along with loads they can scarce raise, horses lie dead in many streets, killed by the heat,

and the palm and cocoanut trees droop their heads. All nature groans under the intolerable burden."

Midnapur was the last of our stations to be affected by the suffering, so terrible further south. Some months after its commencement, Dr. Bacheler wrote :

"The famine is stretching its bony arms far and wide over this land. At first it was confined to Orissa, then neighboring districts became involved, and now, provinces hundreds of miles away are sending forth the cry of distress. At Midnapur, March and April passed without much public manifestation of suffering. Gradually, famished objects began to appear in the streets beneath the trees. Day by day they thickened. . . . The last of May, Relief Committees were formed—one to provide the means, one to attend to the distribution, and one to look after the sick and infirm. Subscriptions were raised, and aid from Government secured. On the first of June, I took charge of the distribution of rice and attended to it for forty days, commencing with eight hundred and thirty persons and on the last day had three thousand and fifty-five. At first the distribution was made by the roadside, and the selection was made out of from four thousand to six thousand applicants. As the crowd increased, it became necessary to put them in pens and give them tickets, admitting only those who could make a good display of bones. Some would spend their last strength in crawling on to the ground, and lie down and die. Dr. Phillips, chairman of the Hospital Committee—a committee of one with two superfluities—takes charge of the sick and feeble. An old building occupied by pilgrims and beggars serves as a hospital. The police are required to send in all disabled persons, not only from the city, but the country around. Hand-carts are coming constantly. Some expire on-the way, some are brought in in a dying state, and many go there only to die. Others, after taking food and medicine for

a few days, are relieved, and then go to the place for distribution for their daily rations. All this is as nothing compared with what it is in other places. Brother Miller writes me that from two to three hundred die daily at Balasore. It is impossible to dispose of all the bodies, as some die in obscure places, and though the police force is employed to throw the bodies into the river that they may float away to the sea, yet the air is tainted with deadly effluvia, and there is danger of pestilence. The full force of police is insufficient for protection. Midnight robberies of granaries and house burning are of every day occurrence. The jails are overflowing with prisoners, who, as the last hope of life for themselves and families, joined in a midnight forage. . . . The devil rules the land with a heavy hand, but there is a God in heaven."

August 1, Mr. Phillips wrote again from Santipur :

"Another month has gone and still famine rages and death revels. Famine and its consequences engross nearly all our attention and I can write of little else. On my arrival last year I made a resolution and published it in open conference, not to encumber myself with the secular affairs of the native Christians. Alas for resolutions ! Before one year passes, I find myself more involved than ever before. I found them in debt, destitution, and distress, with famine in immediate prospect. Something had to be done, or starvation and the breaking up of our settlement were inevitable. An appeal for aid brought assistance, but to deal it out, without requiring labor in return, would be to cripple or destroy all self-reliance. There was work enough on two hundred acres of half improved land, clearing, ditching, constructing roads, etc. Our own people were set to work, and then our hunger-bitten neighbors pressed for employment till now from one to five hundred daily clamor for work tickets, as their only

alternative from starvation, while beggars, sufficient to swell the number to three thousand, visit us daily or otherwise abide with us ; for now well nigh one hundred new huts have been erected whose inmates, with a hundred more in the hospital or under trees, go not away at all, so our secluded settlement swarms like a camp. We now receive a weekly supply of rice and money from the Balasore Relief Committee furnished by the Government. But O the labor of distribution ! Did you ever think of it, and try to solve the problem ; viz. required to place a trifle in the hand of each of two thousand five hundred rude, ignorant, filthy, lying, cunning, crafty, clamorous, starving people intent on nothing but to secure something to fill their griping, empty stomachs ; your assistants mainly men without brains, without strength, destitute of all moral rectitude, and sure to plunder the suffering the moment they are out of your sight ? Others may find an easy solution. To me, it has been one of hard labor attended, as yet, by only partial success. Our directions being not to feed those able to work without requiring labor of them, something must be done for the public good. Government has no work here, but the improvement of the mission farm would be for the public good, and perhaps a fit return for the burden imposed on the mission in feeding and caring for the suffering. But such labor ! At best the coolies are slow and indolent ; at present half starved, and the women encumbered with starving children, we do not get one fourth, often not one tenth of the usual amount of labor from a given number of coolies. Soon after sunrise, they assemble and sit in long rows in the pens, where, under their respective overseers, tickets are counted out to them, and they file off, party after party, to their labor. Then I set off to inspect the work of the previous day, and give directions to the overseer. But what scenes ! The half naked women and naked children swarm like the inhabitants of an ant hill. Infants, as naked as when they

came into the world, strewn here and there all about, under a friendly bush, on the grass, often directly in the path under the blazing sun.

“Thus we live, and labor, and have our being, at present. Whether we shall weather the storm and be spared to teach and preach Christ to this heathen people for years to come, or whether the famine will use us up, is known only to our Heavenly Father, in whose hands we are. . . . The distress increases, rather than diminishes. At times we feel as though we must sink under the load. Poor, destitute, starving women and children crying for food from morning till night. ‘O! O! O Father, what shall I eat? Where shall I sit to get out of the storm? Where shall I and my child sleep?’ This morning I was so overcome with coolies clamoring for work tickets, as to be compelled to turn away in despair. Our plundered gardens and houses we might endure, but to see and hear what we are hourly compelled to, is trying indeed.”

Thus Mr. Phillips persisted daily in ministering with his own hands to the necessities of the suffering, till he became seriously ill, and had to abandon the work and hasten to Midnapur for medical treatment and change of air, while Mrs. Phillips and little Ida carried on the work with the aid of several native Christian men. Mr. Phillips returned, he thought, a wiser man, deciding to “let the dead bury the dead,” so he committed the work of distribution to the care of two or three native Christians, assisted by several strong men as helpers, only reserving an oversight of the work. It is no wonder that Mr. Miller was driven to Calcutta for change and medical aid. Dr. Phillips, at Mr. Miller’s request, went to Balasore. October 10, Mr. Phillips wrote :

“The early harvest has slightly mitigated the famine distress. Our daily visitors are now about two thousand. Not pestilence alone, but wild animals of a ferocious character follow in the wake of famine. Several persons have been carried off in the night by tigers just about us. Two Santal women have been killed on the mission farm. The beast dragged them but a few feet from where they were sleeping.”

A letter from Mr. Miller, under date of October 30, said :

“The neck of the famine is broken, but the monster is very tenacious of life. About thirty thousand are still gratuitously fed in Balasore district. The mortality is about one hundred per day.”

Later, he wrote :

“Famine ! its name, its character, and its consequences must, of necessity, forever remain undescribed. To our mind, the very word is the symbol and the sum total of all earthly horrors. The bare recollection of the carnage of battle fields is enough to make angels weep, but the battle field, with all its horrors, has redeeming features which are denied the field of death by starvation. . . . In the recent American contest, the whole world was moved to tears, at the thought that nearly half a million of men had perished, but Orissa’s loss, according to official reports now before us, is estimated at a million and a half of souls ! . . . Whole families of the higher castes died in their houses, rather than sacrifice their caste and religion, which were dearer to them than life itself. We this day visited a village of considerable extent, but found it without an inhabitant, emphatically ‘a silent city.’ We wandered through the streets for an hour, and called aloud several times, but no answer came save the echo of our own voices. . . . Bones abound on every hand, in and around the houses, bones of both sexes, great and small, proving that father, mother.

brother and sister, young and old, all died together because they had nothing to eat. The native Christians were constantly employed in dealing out food and medicine to their sick and starving country-men. Some of them held high places of trust. Bhekári, our senior native preacher, had charge of a Relief Center, where he distinguished himself as a thorough business man, and a Christian philanthropist. When the Center was closed, he received the thanks of the Relief Committee and a present of fifty rupees as a token of their appreciation of his service. No sooner did he receive the money, than he brought it to us, and wished to give it all as a thank-offering to God for his goodness to him and his family, during the famine. He seemed disappointed that we would take only a tenth of it."

December 19, Mr. Phillips wrote :

"The Lord be praised, that the long, dreary months of pinching famine have ended. The rich and abundant harvest, graciously bestowed, has entirely changed the aspect of affairs. . . . The change which a few weeks have wrought in the appearance of the people is wonderful. Haggard forms have taken on flesh and muscle, bare bones are covered, and wrinkled skins, smooth. Greater, if possible, is the change in the appearance of the orphans of the mission. They came to us, as one of them remarked to Mrs. Phillips, 'only two bones and a little skin.' Now, the most of them are sleek, plump little forms, full of life and vigor, while the smiling countenance and the hilarious laugh take the place of sad groans and sadder faces. At present, these orphans are supported at the expense of the Government. One hundred and twenty-five have been taken in, but death and desertion have reduced the number to about eighty. Miss Crawford has charge of the girls, which is the larger part, while we take the boys to the mission farm to teach and train.

"I have said the famine is past. For this, we devoutly thank

our Father. Its consequences will long remain, and even for some of these, we are bound to give thanks, for they are not all of an adverse character. To meet the wants of the multitude, now dependent on charity or the labor of their hands, for daily food, public works are undertaken in various localities, which will prove great blessings to the country. New roads are opened, bridges constructed, tanks and irrigation canals are excavated. Our mission comes in for a share. In addition to works before alluded to, we have a road sanctioned from Santipur to Jelasore, backed by one thousand rupees, 'to commence the work.' To secure this boon, . . . I must needs offer to take charge of the work myself, as the Government Path Master was already fully engaged. For this and the care of the remaining paupers, the Relief Committee are happy to make me a fair compensation for the benefit of the mission. The road is an unlooked-for boon. When the two stations are thus connected, the distance being only seven miles, it will make the missionary in charge only a pleasant hour's ride, instead of having, as now, to wade and wind his way through rice fields and swamps, over hedges, ridges, dykes, and ditches, requiring from three to six hours' weary jogging. It is a simple necessity for the Jelasore mission.

"As far as it is known, not a single Christian or nominal Christian in the province died during the famine from want of food. Our late Quarterly Meeting was held at Santipur, and while we sang, and preached, and prayed, and took sweet counsel together, we all felt that something more than the mere utterance of words of thanksgiving should mark our gratitude to our Heavenly Father, so it was resolved to start a Famine Memorial Church Building Fund, to aid in supplying suitable houses of worship for our different stations. Nearly two hundred rupees were subscribed at once. Our native friends did well."

Miss Crawford was persuaded to take a little time for

a change and much needed rest. She went to Southern Orissa where she attended the General Baptist Convention, and visited their mission churches. Among them was Pipli, midway between Cuttack and Puri, a beautiful village with one hundred and eleven nominal Christians. She said :

“It had recently received many Famine Orphans, one hundred and thirty of whom I saw. While there, there was a temptation to visit the great temple at Puri, but a brother said, ‘It is a bad place for a woman to visit alone.’ It is said that at the last great car festival, old Jagarnáth was obliged to have elephants, instead of men, to draw him out, for the poor famine-stricken Oriyas were too weak to move their god, notwithstanding he has diminished from seven to three feet in height. His glory is departing. Let all the people say, Amen. We next visited Chogá, a Christian village seven miles from Cuttack, numbering two hundred and eighty nominal Christians. It is like a bright island of light amid the great black sea of heathenism which surrounds it.

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“It is a dark time in this mission. Formerly, they had eight missionaries, now, only five, and never before was there need of so many as now. The most discouraging feature in the case, is the report from their society in England, that they can only sustain five missionaries. We believe the report is a mistake, for how would a faithful band of Christians dare limit the Almighty by saying, We can do just so much and no more? We are greatly indebted to the General Baptists for awakening our churches to engage in a mission to the heathen. Would that we could now repay them with interest by stimulating their churches to do more than they have ever done! . . .

“My journey ‘has paid.’ I went to rest and regain strength, and to have my soul refreshed by associating with those who have

not only long been sowing, but who have reaped glorious harvests. These objects have been secured, and the benefit will be lasting, for, as little Eva says, 'I now know more people to love,' and that is worth much in this heathen land. I had also the privilege of standing by the graves of Lacey and Sutton, who faithfully toiled here many years, and now they rest side by side. The grave of dear old Gangá Dhar is not far from theirs. He died a little before my visit, and as such a man might be expected to die. His last Sabbath on earth was spent in the sanctuary, and his end was peace.

"I was absent from my work a little more than six weeks, the longest holiday that ever fell to my lot in this country. We need not feel isolated because we do not daily see white faces. All are our fellow-laborers who are heartily engaged in the work. This little globe is not large enough to sever people very widely. It will be those who go away into everlasting punishment who will be separated by that great gulf which no man can pass."

The missionaries in India, as well as the churches at home, were greatly afflicted by the death of William Burr, which occurred suddenly November 5, 1866. He had served the Missionary Society as its treasurer, gratuitously, for more than thirty years, and had also been its generous patron. The loss of these loving services, as well as his wise counsels, were deeply and widely mourned.



W. W. Burr

CHAPTER XV.

ZENANA WORK.

1867-1869.

*“ Oh, the cry is very human
From the lips of anguished woman,
In the darkness of her prison,
Asking, why such walls of iron
All her hopeless life environ.”*

While the women of the lower castes of India could be readily reached by missionaries, the higher castes were kept closely shut up in what are called zenanas, or the women's apartments in their husbands' dwellings. Into these, no man might enter except the father or the husband or his elder brother. These houses, surrounded by thick, high walls and without windows in the women's part, are really prisons from which their occupants are never permitted egress, except by the consent of their lords, and then they must go thickly veiled in closed palanquins, so as neither to see or be seen. Often had missionaries looked with longing eyes, in vain, for doors ajar, through which they could slip in to carry to these imprisoned women the "glad tidings of great joy." Not long before the late arrival

of the Phillipses, God, in an unlooked-for way, gave to woman a key to unlock these long closed doors. A Calcutta Babu was one day enamored by the beauty of the bright worsted patterns a missionary's wife* was embroidering on her husband's slipper, and expressed the wish that his wife knew the pretty art. The lady offered to teach her. Other Babus wished their wives to learn, also, and Calcutta lady missionaries consented to teach these zenana women on condition that they might also teach them to read the Bible.

When Mrs. Dr. J. L. Phillips and Miss Julia E. Phillips landed in Calcutta, they sought an interview with Miss Brittan, a leader in this new departure of missionary effort. Her account of the zenana work thrilled them through and through, and she urged them to attempt it in Midnapur. So in February, 1866, having acquired enough Bengali to make themselves understood, they dared to make the trial thus described in their correspondence :

“Last night, as we were passing one of the high caste houses in a narrow, thickly settled bazar, a very intelligent looking native gentleman sat near the door. Although a perfect stranger to us, he gave us a glance of friendly recognition. This encouraged us to ask him if we might call upon his wife, as we were anxious to see zenana ladies. He replied very courteously, gave us seats, and said he would go and see. A long time—it seemed to us—passed away, and we sat wondering if the glad day had really come for us to begin zenana work in Midnapur, or if, ‘Babu like,’

*Mrs. Mullens, wife of Dr. Mullens, who was Secretary, for a long time, of the London Missionary Society.

he had slipped away, and we should wait in vain for his return. At last he appeared, saying, 'My wife is all ready to see you—follow me.' With many a strange doubt and query, we did follow him through the dark rooms and up the narrow little stairs till he opened a side room dimly lighted, when a slight figure almost enveloped in silk and jewels approached us, and gave us one of the most delicately formed little jeweled hands I ever looked upon. This, her proud husband had evidently taught her to do at this special time, as the Bengalis never shake hands. The little peep we got of her bright face, almost hidden under her sárrí, assured us of her delight to see us. But not one word would she speak. The Babu said, 'It is not the custom for Bengali ladies to speak in the presence of their husbands. I will go out and then she will talk,' which she did most freely until his return, and then he cordially invited us to come again, and asked us to teach his wife. We did not dare ask if we might teach her from our blessed Bible, lest he should be offended and not allow us to return. Hence we said, 'May we teach her just what we like?' 'O yes! only be sure to teach her to make a pair of embroidered slippers for me, and to-morrow I will send my carriage for you and introduce you to my friends who have wives and daughters.'

"According to promise, the Babu sent his carriage, and we visited a number of most interesting ladies, living in these dark hidden rooms, and ever since we have been receiving more calls from families in very high positions than we can possibly attend. We have no carriage, but the work is so truly fascinating that we forget the long walks through the hot bazars, and fairly fly off to our very interesting labors."

After more than a year's teaching in these mysterious abodes, we again quote from this correspondence :

"This new field, so rapidly opening to Christian women, seems

one which, sooner or later, must yield a hundred or a thousand-fold more than any other. The class of women we find in zenanas are, in every sense, far superior to the poor street women who now and then have been rescued from death by faithful missionary labors. The eagerness with which many of them study the New Testament and make personal application of its blessed truths, is intensely encouraging. This evening, we noticed, as never before, the magic power there is in the name of Christ to soothe and bless all who have had even a faint desire to know and serve him. We were sitting by the bedside of the beautiful young wife of a proud Babu, who was tossing and groaning with burning fever, and we endeavored to induce her to pray to Him of whom she had so lately heard for the first time. Instantly she grew quiet and asked with the deepest anxiety, 'Will he hear me?' Long had she prayed to gods which have ears but hear not, and no wonder at her anxious question, nor at the peace she seemed to experience when assured that he would hear just then.

"The old mothers-in-law present the greatest obstacles in our way. In every Babu's house they have unlimited sway. The daughters-in-law are in perfect subjection to their every whim and freak, and what is worst of all, to their mad superstitions which bind them in terrible bondage. A few days ago, I was at the house of Dr. ———, a well educated Babu of high standing. Here, we found a lovely little girl nine years old, sister of the Doctor, a charming wife of eighteen summers, a widowed sister-in-law of twenty-five years, an older sister-in-law with children of her own, a mother-in-law in the prime of life and in the glory of her power, and a great-grandmother-in-law clinging to her early life-long ideas, as only second childhood can. Our first visit, we finished as hastily as possible, as our presence was no small tax upon the old ladies' good humor and endurance. On our second visit, we took a little book for the young ladies which greatly

pleased them, and they were gathering around us to read, when the mother-in-law flew at us and forbade us to read or bring a Christian book into her house. At once, the younger members stopped reading, giving us, meanwhile, beseeching glances. To reason with the old woman was out of the question—to discuss the merits of the book was just what she wanted, for a Hindu is never happier than when engaged in discussion. Remembering that we must not only be harmless as doves but wise as serpents, one of us began quietly to converse with her upon a subject which is ever thrilling with interest to every Hindu mother; viz. her sons. Soon her wrathful face was glowing with love and pride, as for the thousandth time she related the story of her son's eventless lives. Meanwhile, the other one holding the book slipped it along on one side of her, and the young ladies read a long chapter with no little pleasure and triumph.

“At another house, we found a mother-in-law and one daughter-in-law. The former was exceedingly social and desirous to read, while the young lady never spoke in our presence and seldom gave us even a full, frank look. For several days, all our efforts to draw even a single word from her were futile. At last, we did succeed in getting her to sit beside us, and were so importunate in our requests for her to read just a little, that her mother-in-law said, ‘I will leave the room and then she will talk with you. It is the custom, among us Bengalis, never to allow our daughters-in-law to speak in the presence of the mother-in-law.’ We asked, ‘Has she never spoken in your presence?’ ‘Never,’ she replied, ‘although she has lived with me several years.’ As soon as she left, the timid, veiled young creature threw aside the covering from a very interesting face and conversed freely. We could hardly believe our own senses. Where had that lovely bright spirit been that animated her face, and at once won our hearts? Whence did it come, and how long would it endure such cruel customs, were questions which involuntarily

rose to our lips. The deep mystery which pervades the very atmosphere which these women breathe, makes me almost wonder whether we are in this mundane sphere or not. For six months we have been visiting this family, but never once has this young lady spoken in her mother-in-law's presence. She reads every time we go. . . . Only one of our zenana pupils has ever dared to visit us. We obtained her promise to come only on the condition that we would not let any man catch a glimpse of her. On her arrival, she reminded us of the little frightened hares that quiver, and tremble, and cry for the jungle, so it was a relief when she left."

This correspondence gives us further glances at the strange customs of these mysterious abodes :

"As we entered a large inner court leading to the room of one of our brightest zenana pupils, we were not a little surprised to find a lady cosily seated in the center of the court entertaining a group of her lady friends with an ease and graceful vivacity very enviable in any lady, and most natural to all Hindu women of the first caste. She at once presented her friends to us, introducing first an elderly lady, who grasped our hands very cordially, smiled benignly, and then, pointing to a young timid creature, said: 'This is my Bo [daughter-in-law], will you come and teach us?' You will remember that a Hindu mother's proudest ambition is gratified just in proportion to the number of her daughters-in-law. 'This is my Bo' means simply, the fates have given me at least one son to glory in and his wife to rule over. The next day found us in the old lady's home, and, as she so pleasantly began the list of questions which all Babus' wives ask us during our first visit, we involuntarily said, here is a rare exception to the crabbed, bigoted mothers-in law that we have hitherto met. Just then, a pretty little form, robed in spotless muslin and musical with the pendant jewels tinkling about her entire person, crept softly

into the room. One glance from the full, deep eyes, and we recognized the same Bo we had seen the day before. We greeted her cheerfully, but instead of the anticipated response, her eyes fell to the ground, her muslin cloth suddenly covered her face, except one little peeping-hole through which she cast furtive glances at us and her mother-in-law, as she dropped into the corner. Our best efforts to induce her to take one step toward us, or open her lips, were all in vain, and we left, hoping next time to disarm the frightened little creature of some of her fears. Day after day, we went, and as many times the Bo with sealed lips and veiled face, crept into the corner, and no pleading or device of ours drew from her a single response, or even a glance of recognition, until one day, almost in despair, we determined to make one last effort. We calmly told the old lady that we should teach her no more until her Bo had read. 'Oh,' she said, 'I'll go away and then she will read. I never allow her to speak in my presence. This is our Bengali custom.' No sooner had she left, than this little silent corner-piece glided to our side, threw her cloth from her face, disclosing a noble brow and sweet mouth worthy of the beautiful eyes that had so charmed us at first, and then frankly told us, that she could read and wished to study, and had longed to speak to us. But to speak in her mother-in-law's presence was a very disgraceful act, and one she had never committed, although she had lived with her four years. As all her clothes, jewelry, and every thing else were in her mother-in-law's hands, when she wished anything, she asked for it by signs or through a servant. At the same time, she comforted herself by saying, 'All good Bengalis do so. This is our custom.' We need not say we were deeply interested in this young Bo and her pretty little boy who seemed to be the only light in this dark house, and we spared no pains in giving her the proper share of our time.

"As we have been from house to house and seen the old-moth-

ers-in-law, with glaring eyes and clenched fists, forbid their daughters to read one syllable of the vile foreign books about 'that contemptible Jesus,' on pain of severe punishment, and then seen the timid creatures grow faint and wilt under their fierce wrath, we have felt they were the real tyrants, the most bigoted religionists under the sun. One old Hindu mother hugs her gods and her religion with the strength of ten ordinary men. But, thank Him who can make the weakest strong, he is giving to many a faint young daughter in India strength to read his Word, and, despite the torrents of wrath that almost overwhelm her, she is praying to the true God in secret, while all her friends are reverently bowing to hideous idols. From our heart of hearts, a deep, earnest prayer arises that more laborers may be sent into these homes to teach and lead the millions of young mothers who are all ready to come to Jesus, did they but know the way. Oh, here is a precious harvest !"

They thus describe another experience in their zenana teaching :

" We called at the house of a sick Babu, Judge of the petty court, living in a large brick building with a pretty flower garden in front. We met the Babu on his veranda, where he invited us to take chairs. He was dressed in half native and half European style and spoke English quite intelligently. After a few moments' conversation, we said to him that for some time past, we had been visiting a number of Babus' wives and had now called to know if he would allow us to see his wife. We have found it the best policy to ask permission of their lords before attempting to see their wives. Leaning back in his chair and throwing both arms around his head, he said, in a drawling manner, 'Yes, O yes ! you may see them' [he had two wives], and, at the same time, continued sitting quietly. 'May I ask your name?' said he. 'Philips.' 'You are from America?' 'Yes.' 'Friends of Dr. Bachelor?'

‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Where are you living now?’ ‘Near the sepoy bazar.’ ‘You have not been long in the country?’ ‘No, sir, only a trifle over a year.’ ‘The weather is very warm.’ ‘Yes, very uncomfortable.’ All this time he sat gazing about as though he had forgotten our request, so we again asked him if we might see his wife. ‘Yes, O yes!’ After waiting another five or ten minutes, we concluded his numerous yeses meant no, so we suddenly arose and said, ‘Well, Babu, do you intend to let us see your wife to-night or not?’ He stepped immediately to the edge of the veranda and in a most gracious manner, bowing us to our carriage, said, ‘I have no objection to your seeing them somewhere else, but not here.’ So, bidding him good-bye, we drove away, saying to ourselves, here surely is a house barred against us. Nine months have passed since that visit. Imagine our surprise the other evening, while teaching some women, to be told that he now desired us to come to his house. We were not long in accepting his invitation. We found that anxiety to have fancy work had been here, as in many cases before, the key to unlock the prison door. The younger wife is a bright looking woman, and had seen a smoking cap with roses worked in the crown. This pleased her so much that she at once sent for us to come and teach her to make one like it. She reads Bengali quite well, but when we asked the elder wife if she could read, she turned away her head very significantly, and shook her head, as much as to say, No, no! I have never learned and never intend to. We were soon made to understand that they wished to have nothing to do with our books, as the Babu did not like our religion. But in the face of all his likes and dislikes, the younger wife is now studying the ‘Peep of Day,’ and seems willing to do anything we desire. On one of our visits, the old lady stood by while the lesson was recited, and answered a number of questions. She usually comes to ask about the work which the other wife has been doing, and seems much pleased when it is well done. But

at these times, she invariably carries in her hands a string of beads, which she slips through her fingers, as she repeats the names of her gods. We hope to get her interested, after a time. A better day is dawning, and these women can not always be bound as prisoners in their husbands' homes."

The Mohammedans, of whom there were many in Midnapur, being more bigoted than the Hindus, would not allow the missionaries to enter their houses. Dr. Bachelier, however, as physician, goes everywhere, but, even when called into the zenanas, never sees the women. He thus describes one of these professional visits :

"Not long since, I was called to attend upon a woman belonging to the first Mohammedan family in the place, who was suffering from an obscure disease. On my first and second calls, I was not permitted to see her. At length, it became necessary to feel her pulse. To enable me to do so, two men were employed to hold up a large blanket by the corners behind which the patient lay. She thrust out underneath it her little hand, while I made the necessary examination outside. After two or three days, a closer examination becoming urgent, I told her friends I must see her tongue and eyes. Preparations were made, and the women ordered to their apartments out of sight. When all was ready, I was called in. The patient was sitting as closely enveloped as an Egyptian mummy, a man holding her and her various envelops as closely as possible. First, the bandages were removed from her eyes so carefully that only the two balls could be seen, and a small aperture made in the coverings of the face through which the tongue was thrust. It was a new phase of diagnosis to me, to examine eyes and tongue when none of the integuments could be seen. There is no communication between

husband and wife in the presence of others, the most delicate inquiries being put to these suffering women, not through the husband, but through some man servant or other male member of the family.

“The zenana teaching is doing more than everything else to break up the seclusiveness of female society. In this work of reform, the Hindus, as usual, have the start of the Mohammédans. Some twenty-five families of Hindus are now being constantly visited and instructed, but our sisters have not yet gained access to the first Mohammedan family.”

This state of things did not long continue. The prophecy was again verified: “A little child shall lead them.” Mrs. Bachelier, July 11, 1867, thus describes the change:

“Little Mary accompanied her father in one of his medical visits, remaining outside in the carriage, while he went inside to attend to his patient. The sight of a white child attracted the attention of the Babu, and he asked if she would not like to go into the house. She said she would. After she went in, it was decided that she might see the ladies, so the little creature walked straight into the zenana where no white face had ever been seen. As the ladies asked her questions she was brimful of talk, and when she was about leaving, they asked her to come again. She said she would if her mamma might come with her, so an invitation was sent to her mother, the gentlemen having sanctioned it. In a few days, they went together. Two young men of the family received them at the outside gate, and escorted them in. The first gate, in a high wall, opened into a kind of garden, then we were led under an arched roof, and after two turns came into an open court, and then through another arched entrance into the ladies' court,—I can't describe it, it is so oriental and different from anything you ever saw. From this open court, nothing

from outside, beside the sky, was visible, except high walls and the upper part of the dwellings with their terraced roofs.

“Here, we saw the ladies of the family and various attendants. They seemed very different from the Hindu ladies, and had an air, ‘Thus far shalt thou come.’ The mother of the ‘young heir of all the family estates did not speak to me. The men excused it, saying she was lost in grief at the death of her husband. This, it is said, is the first Mohammedan zenana opened to missionaries in Bengal. It being the highest Mohammedan family in Midnapur, others followed their example and opened their doors.

“Before we left, a message came from the Derwan across the street, requesting us to come over to his place. This we were glad to do. The Derwan, the head of the family, was an infirm old man. As we entered the first court through a grand arched door-way, he called to his attendants to raise him up, and as we ascended the broad stairs to his open apartment, he advanced a few steps and shook hands, and then waved his hand for us to pass on to the inner court, which was very large. Here, chairs were prepared for us, and soon the Derwan’s wife was escorted down from one of the upper rooms and seated by us. She was closely veiled at first, but in a little while the garrulous woman and I got on so fast talking, that her cloth went aside a little. She is the old Derwan’s fourth wife, seventeen years old, and has been married about four years. She invited us to come again, and I have been twice since. It is a great thing to get into these houses.”

Said Mrs. Phillips :

“The wild delight the zenana women express in making flowers with their own hands, and seeing them on their husbands’ feet, is both wonderful and ludicrous. When one has finished a pair of slippers, she takes them to her friend, who, with admiring eyes, gazes and gazes upon them, until the old superstitious

bands begin to loosen, her doors fly open, and she sends for us to teach her to make flowers too. This we do on the condition that she will learn just what lessons we require, and, thank God, we have sometimes seen the flowers neglected and forgotten, while with living, burning interest, the Bible lesson has been recited, and with eyes full of tears, they have told us that their desire was to serve Christ here and dwell with him by-and-by, and that they were daily praying for forgiveness and help."

A few years later, zenana work was undertaken at Balasore and carried on quite extensively.

In 1867, a church was organized at Santipur from members of the Jelasore church which formerly included the believers in both churches. A goodly number of Miss Crawford's girls had commenced a Christian life. She said, "They remind me of a Methodist camp-meeting—some three or four are heard praying at once."

A Biblical class for the instruction of native preachers was, this year, established at Midnapur; and at the other stations the missionaries in charge had candidates in a course of training. The Superintendent of Education visited the Balasore school and made the following record in the Visitor's book: "Everything is very well conducted in an orderly manner. I have hardly ever seen a school where so much is done for so small an expense. Maps are badly wanted, but I shall at once recommend Government to make a special grant for this purpose."

Mr. Miller, as he went out on a missionary tour, found the people justly indignant at the Brāhmīns, who,

at the commencement of the famine, induced them to give rice, butter, oil, vegetables, and money in large quantities to the gods, for the express purpose of averting the calamity, and then, after being stripped of their little all, were left by the gods and by the Bráhmíns, also, to die. Thousands boldly declared to the Bráhmíns that they will never believe or trust them again, or put confidence in the gods.

“This famine,” said the missionary, “has done more, in this province, for the uprooting of caste and the destruction of the gods and their worship, than has been done by the missionaries in ten years. The fields are now white, all ready for the harvest. Oh, for laborers to gather the precious sheaves into the Lord’s garner !”

In March, 1867, Rev. E. C. B. Hallam with his family, after an absence of nearly four years, again entered the field, and became Mr. Miller’s colleague at Balasore.

The Press at Midnapur this year doubled its work, sending out three hundred and sixty-seven thousand pages of religious truth, besides doing a large amount of job work. The American Tract Society had given to the Press one hundred dollars annually from its first establishment.

The famine had disbanded many of the Santal schools in the vicinity of Midnapur. Whole families died, and entire villages were abandoned. One school after another ceased, till the number was reduced to less than twenty. After it subsided, the teachers so successfully rallied their pupils, that they had this year

thirty schools with an attendance of four hundred and fifty boys. At Santipur, one hundred of these children of the forest were in its schools, a large majority of whom were rescued famine victims.

The year 1868 was more than ordinarily prosperous. There were forty-six baptisms. All the stations shared in the spiritual blessings. In Jelasore, the memory of seven months out of the twelve was made sacred by baptisms in Miss Crawford's school-family. And yet, the year brought to them a heavy affliction in the death of Mr. Miller, which occurred July 30. He was a man of great physical strength and power of endurance, but the malaria, imbibed while feeding the perishing multitudes during the famine, was too much for even his iron frame. He became very ill, and was taken to Calcutta, where eminent medical skill and kind nursing checked the disease. He went back to his work, but suffered much. The Mission Committee advised his immediate return to America, and he went to Calcutta to secure a passage. Still lingering, unwilling to leave, he decided to try a change in the country, hoping that would restore him. He died at Dacca in the thirty-ninth year of his age, having given the mission nearly nine years of earnest and successful labor.

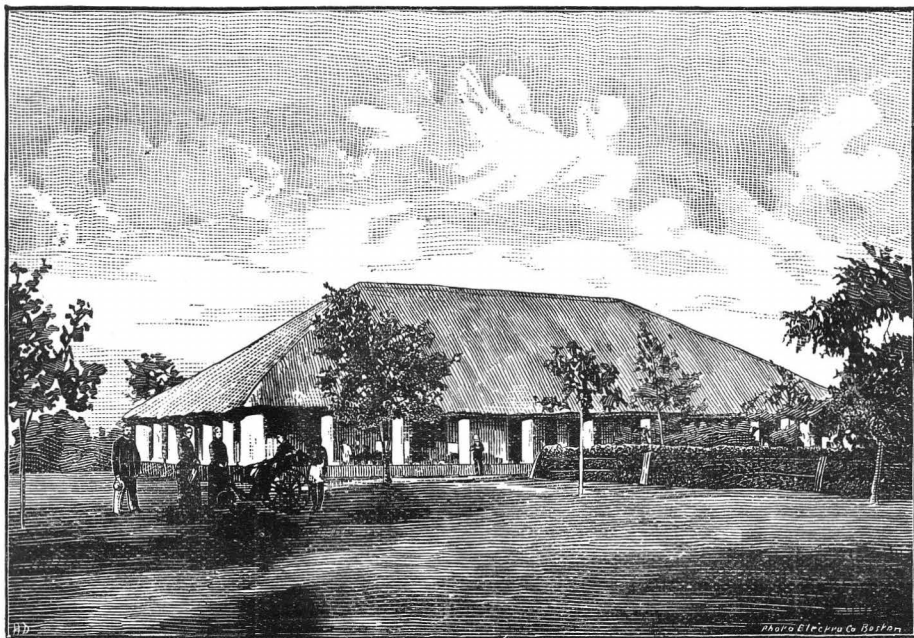
The mission also suffered another great loss this year in the removal of the highly esteemed native preacher, Bhekári, who died in Balasore at the age of fifty-six. He had been connected with the mission thirty years.

In January, 1869. Rev. B. B. Smith and wife returned to the field. They had been absent nearly

seven years, but now, with re-established health and renewed zeal, they engaged in the work at Balasore, their old station.

Madhu Das, a new helper of much promise, joined Dr. Phillips this year in one of his missionary tours. The latter said of him :

“In the towns and villages where he had taught his disciples to serve false gods, he boldly and earnestly preached Jesus Christ, as the only hope for sinners. His former friends wondered at the change. He said to them, ‘I am the same Madhu Das, before whom you used to bow down. From the soles of my feet you have wiped dust and rubbed it on your foreheads. I taught you to worship Krishnu and Ram. Now I am here, to tell you to forsake all the idols that we have worshiped together, to forsake even the Bráhmíns, and to believe in the only true incarnation, Jesus Christ. He only can forgive our sins and make us meet for heaven. Since finding him, I have known great peace such as I never knew before. I have come back to you, my old neighbors, to tell you to believe on Christ, if you wish salvation.’ ”



DR. J. L. PHILLIPS'S HOME AT MIDNAPUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRIEF SURVEY.

1870-1885.

*“When you pray for the heathen in darkness,
Ask largely, but give as you pray.”*

These Reminiscences have been extended over thirty-five years of our mission work, and for the remaining fifteen years, the writer proposes to notice only some of the most important events.

The record of the mission for 1870 is of earnest labor and fair success. Several new books were published both in Santal and Bengali. One of the missionaries wrote :

“Our hearts are full of gratitude for the great blessings that have been constantly and quietly poured upon us.”

The work in every department went steadily forward. Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, after a second term of labor in India, were compelled by declining health to leave the field. They sailed for America August 16, and reached Boston December 30.

No changes of importance marked the progress of

events in the year 1871. One of the missionaries wrote at its close :

“Though we have not accomplished all we hoped, we have cause to thank God and take courage. Some souls have tasted the joys of pardoned sin, and while a few of them are weak and wavering, others are strong in the Lord, and are making a good confession before the heathen around them. Each year, each day brings us nearer the good time coming, ‘when all the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.’”

Miss Crawford mentions, in her report, that twenty-seven of her pupils had been baptized during the year ; and that one hundred members of the school were members of the church.

The mission sustained a heavy loss this year in the death of the faithful and esteemed Bengali preacher, Mahes Chandra Rai. He was connected with the mission twenty-five years, and finished his work August 23, 1871.

The Indian report for 1872 commences :

“‘Praise the Lord : oh, give thanks unto the Lord for he is good ; for his mercy endureth forever.’

“This year, we have been permitted to prosecute our work without serious disturbance. Not one of our number has been laid aside by severe illness. No famine has desolated the land, nor has pestilence laid waste our communities. The glorious Gospel has been extensively preached, and with cheering results. Never were the Hindus so ready to hear the truth as now, and never was there so much thought given to the oracles of God by this idolatrous race.”

This year, a chapel was built at Bandarbani; also, the preceding year, another was erected at Bhimpur, which were the first built by the native Christians for Divine worship.

The close of the year was shadowed by a great sorrow. The Rev. B. B. Smith died at Balasore November 22, 1872. His memory will long be held in loving remembrance, both in India and at home. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." His widow remained at her post.

Rev. E. C. B. Hallam closed his connection with the mission and entered the English Baptist India field.

The year 1873 was marked by the return to India of Dr. and Mrs. Bachelor, and their daughter Mary, accompanied by Rev. A. J. Marshall and wife, and Miss Libbie Cilley. They sailed from New York September 10, and their arrival was hailed with great joy by their over-worked fellow-laborers. This was a bright year for the native churches, to which eighty-six members were added by baptism, being a gain of over thirty per cent.

June 11, of this year, the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society was organized during a session of the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting held in Sandwich.

The report for 1874 gives assurance of continued work, on which the Divine blessing evidently rested. At this time, the number of churches was five, with a membership of three hundred and seventy-one.

The re-enforcement to the mission had enabled Dr. J. L. Phillips, with his wife and sister, to remove to Bhim-

pur, and thus devote more labor than before to the Santals. The schools among this people had steadily increased, and now they numbered sixty with an aggregate attendance of more than one thousand pupils. A strong, and partially successful, effort was made to bring the girls into the schools.

This year, the mission was re-enforced by the arrival of Rev. R. D. Frost, who sailed in March and reached India in May; and also by Mr. R. M. Hogbin,* Miss M. E. French, and Miss Susan R. Libby. They left New York in October, and arrived in their chosen field in December. Miss Libby was the first missionary sent out by the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

Dr. J. L. Phillips had suffered much from nervous prostration induced by a severe attack of brain fever. A prolonged residence in the Hills at Náini Tál failing to restore him, he sailed for America in March, 1875, accompanied by his family and sister, Miss Julia E. Phillips, who were also greatly needing the change. Their absence was severely felt, but the few remaining laborers heroically bore the added burdens, and still the work prospered. The little Santal church in the jungle was greatly refreshed, and nearly every month accessions were made to its number. For the first time in the history of the Santal schools, one of the teachers was a woman, and her school was one of the best.

In the zenanas, not only among the Hindus, but also

* Mr. Hogbin's name was subsequently changed to Lawrence.

among the Mohammedans, the good work made progress.

The opening of the year 1876 was saddened by sickness in the mission band. Miss Cilley was very ill. Miss French and Rev. Mr. Frost were failing under the influence of the climate, and the Missionary Committee deemed it necessary that they should all return to America. They left India in February, and reached home in May. Still the work went on, and in the Indian Report we find this remark :

“The labors in which we have been engaged the past year are but the continuation of those of former years. The missionary must sow the seed as the years roll round, and leave the increase to God. Men have spoken in the streets, and in the market-places, and wherever the people congregate. Women have talked of Christ in the zenanas and the schools. We do not venture to foretell what the harvest will be, but, knowing there will be a harvest, we are content.”

The Report of 1877 shows a sad diminution in the strength of the mission. In February, 1875, there were six men and ten women from America in the field. Now, but four men and four women remained. Mrs. Smith, worn by her toil and grief for the loss of her husband, returned home in September of this year. Still, in their report, the missionaries say :

“The review of the labors of the past year has much to encourage and strengthen, and we enter on those of the coming year, hopefully resting on the promise, ‘My Word, that goeth forth out of my mouth ; it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it.’”

A few months after Dr. Phillips's arrival in America, the failing health of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. C. O. Libby, obliged him to resign his work, and, at his suggestion, Dr. J. L. Phillips was appointed his successor. The latter still further utilized his furlough for *rest*(?) by commencing an effort to raise an endowment fund for a school in India, in which to train native young men for the ministry. The Free Baptist General Conference sanctioned this effort by the following resolution, which was passed unanimously :

“ *Resolved*, That while we regard it as a step too long, and almost fatally delayed, we now consider it absolutely essential to the continued and successful prosecution of our Foreign Missionary work, that a Bible school for training native helpers be at once established in India ; and that we heartily second and commend to the attention and prompt generosity of our people, the effort now being made by Dr. J. L. Phillips, under the authority and direction of the Foreign Missionary Board, to raise a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars for the endowment of such a school.”

Miss Ida O. Phillips, under the direction of the Woman's Missionary Society, sailed for India in October of this year. The Woman's Society also commenced the publication of the *Missionary Helper* the following January, 1878.

The Indian Report for 1878 speaks not only of their weakness in number, but tells of the distressing lack of funds for carrying forward their work. Dr. J. L. Phillips, in his report as Corresponding Secretary,

shows us the cause of this humiliating depression, and points out the certain cure. He says :

“If the *pastors* will inform their people about our work in India, if they will teach them to pray for its prosperity, if they will educate them to cheerful, systematic, and liberal giving for its increasing needs, and, moreover, if they will be ever on the watch for the right persons for missionary service, if *all the pastors* will do all these things, a brighter day will dawn on our Foreign Mission ; but without these things, the toils of a handful of men and women, poorly provided with working allowance, can avail little.”

The distressing needs of the mission and the urgent appeals of the over-burdened workers reached the hearts of many pastors, and through their influence the people were stirred. Many women, in a quiet way, were working for the cause, and at the close of the year, the outlook was more cheering.

Dr. Phillips, by strenuous and self-sacrificing efforts, had succeeded in raising twenty-five thousand dollars for the Bible school in India ; and in October, 1878, with his family and sister, Miss Julia E. Phillips, after a furlough of forty months, sailed for India, accompanied by Rev. Thomas W. Burkholder, Miss Frankie Millard, Miss Jessie Hooper, and Miss Hattie P. Phillips as a re-enforcement to the mission. Miss Hattie P. Phillips was sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society, and the women of Rhode Island assumed her support.

The year 1879 is marked by some important events. The Bible school, under the charge of Dr. J. L. Phillips,

was formally opened at Midnapur, the first of May, to the great joy of the missionaries and native Christians. Twenty-one young men were admitted the first session. The school found quarters in a dilapidated old Government building used, by turn, for native soldiers, small-pox hospital, etc., but which had been cleansed and somewhat repaired. The students were housed here, there, and everywhere. Dr. Bacheler very kindly gave the use of several small houses in the chapel compound. Dr. Phillips's stable furnished scant accommodation for several. It was cheering to see how thankful the young men were for even the poorest shelter.

While rejoicing in the unusual prosperity of their work, they were deeply saddened by the illness of Rev. J. Phillips, D. D. He had founded a new station at Dantoon, whither he had removed, and where he had performed much labor. His long and faithful services had endeared him to every heart, and had won the highest respect, not only of the European officers and residents, but of the Hindus and Mohammedans. His long labors were near their close. June 17, he embarked with his wife for his native land. He found a home with his widowed daughter, Mrs. Dr. Platt of Hillsdale, Michigan, and December 9, 1879, after a few weeks of patient suffering, tenderly cared for by a devoted wife and loving children, he entered into his well-earned rest, aged sixty-eight years. "India is sure for Jesus," was one of his last utterances. His remains rest in the grounds of Hillsdale College, where a monument is erected to his memory. Eight of his chil-

dren had been students in this college, four of whom were then in India, and another was under appointment. Surely this is a fitting resting-place, where the veteran missionary, though dead, may speak to the "school of the prophets," and continuously remind them of their Lord's last great commission.

The following tribute to his memory is from the pen of Mrs. V. G. Ramsey :

The war-worn veteran waketh
 On the battle-field no more,
 He hath laid aside his armor,
 His toil and strife are o'er;
 He hath passed the pearly portal
 Where death may never come,
 And in the golden city
 He rests with Christ at home.

In the days of early manhood
 He heard the Master's call,
 To bear the Cross-wrought banner
 Beyond the outer wall.
 Though weak and faithless servants
 To the call might answer " nay,"
 His heart was brave and loyal,—
 To hear was to obey.

With firm and noble purpose,
 He took his work of life,
 And bore the Cross-wrought banner
 To the field of sternest strife
 Where mighty hosts were marshaled,
 The hosts of death and sin,
 But he met them all undaunted,
 For, " Christ," he said, " must win."

" The Captain of salvation
 Must conquer on this field,
 And he who bears his banner
 May die, but must not yield."

Through forty years of conflict
That tried the bravest heart,
Through pain, and toil, and danger,
He bore a hero's part.

Not his, the timid skirmish,
The weak defense within,
He charged through storms and darkness,
And stormed the holds of sin,
O'er crumbling idol temples
He placed the holy sign,
And in the midnight kindled
The light of truth divine.

And when, all worn and weary,
He left the field to die,
With soul a-flame for Jesus,
We heard his battle cry;
No faint, nor faithless murmur,
No word of doubt, or fear,
"On, on!" he cried, triumphant,
"The victory draweth near."

"India is sure for Jesus!
The glorious truth proclaim—
Press on, for he is calling,
And conquer in His name!
India is sure for Jesus!
The foe begins to yield!
Oh, rally for the conflict,
And take the promised field!"

His lips are hushed in silence,
His weary feet at rest,
And his hands are meekly folded
On his ever tranquil breast.
But still his words resounding,
And echoing from the skies,
Rebuke our selfish slumbers,
And summon us to rise.

Oh, who hath caught his mantle?
And who hath heard the call
To seize the holy banner
His dying hands let fall?



Julia P. Burkholder,

This is no time to falter,
No time for weak dismay—
"India is sure for Jesus!"
Oh, Christian, work and pray!

Miss Frankie Millard, soon after her arrival in India, became Mrs. Lawrence, and, during the latter part of the year 1879, Miss Julia E. Phillips became Mrs. Burkholder, and, with her husband, went to Bhimpur to labor in the Santal jungles.

The heart of Rev. Milo J. Coldren, of Michigan, an alumnus of Hillsdale College, had been so deeply moved by the needs of the mission, that instead of waiting for funds to accumulate in our depleted treasury, or for a call from the Missionary Committee, gave himself at once to the cause, and October 11, 1879, with a brave heart, sailed for India, depending for his support solely upon the contributions of friends.

During the year 1880, the matter of self-support in the native churches was pressed with renewed vigor, as the conviction grew stronger, that this was indispensable to ultimate success. A church of fifteen members was organized at Palásbáni, twenty-two miles west of Midnapur, another at Bábaigádiá of sixteen members, twenty-five miles southwest of Midnapur, and another at Dantoon of ten members.

The zenana work, both at Midnapur and Balasore, went steadily forward. At the latter place, the missionary, in one of her visits, found one of her pupils studying the ten commandments. As she read, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," she looked up

and said, "Now, I never knew before that God gave any such commandment. Here we are worshipping all these idols. No wonder it displeases him, and no wonder that he punishes us." [The cholera was raging fearfully.] "But, in my heart, I do believe this is the right way."

Mrs. Bachelier continued to find new and strange customs in the Midnapur zenanas, causing her to feel that she was walking on the surface of a world whose interior was a thing almost unknown. She said :

"The pupils had the air and attitude of ceaseless listeners ; often, in the midst of a sentence, or in the act of pronouncing a word, suddenly the voice would cease, the head bend forward, the cloth be pulled over the face, and the pupil become a dumb statue. Soon, my own less acute ears hear footsteps. A man enters. He may speak, or not speak ; may stop awhile, or go out at once. Meanwhile, the statue remains motionless. When he is really gone, said statue comes back to life. The pretty face and bright eyes are uncovered, and the lesson goes on as if nothing had happened. In one house we visited, lived two married brothers. The establishment being rather small, there was but one zenana court for the two families. Of course, the husbands came and went as they liked. One of the ladies was our pupil, and she was always apparently listening for her brother-in-law's footsteps, and her sudden dodges and vanishings were truly surprising. One day, I asked her if she was afraid of her brother. She replied, 'I have never seen him !' Another pupil spelled an easy word but did not pronounce it, and persisted in her refusal, while a silly smile covered her face. A girl, sitting near, seemed to think that my patience was getting short, and came to the rescue, saying that the word was the name of the pupil's husband.

This same thing has since happened several times. Hindu wives are never allowed to speak their husbands' names."

Evidences were not wanting of the influences the quiet work in zenanas was exerting on the condition of Indian women. During this year, Mrs. J. L. Phillips accompanied her husband on a visit to Contai, and while there, said Mrs. Phillips :

"A very intelligent Babu invited us to dine at his house. On our arrival, he met us, and, soon after, his little wife entered the room, most gracefully gave her hand to each of us, and engaged in conversation. We could hardly refrain from exclaiming, Oh, what changes ! A zenana woman talking face to face with a foreign man ! It was our privilege to visit many other high caste women in Contai. The hearty welcome they gave us, their freedom in the presence of their husbands, and their general bearing in their own homes savored more of Christian civilization than of zenana idolatry."

Mrs. Phillips, soon after her late arrival in India, commenced a new departure in missionary work. The multitudes of poor neglected children running wild and naked up and down the streets of Midnapur all day, and sleeping in filthy huts or under friendly trees at night, haunted her continually, and she began gathering these waifs into schools, commencing the first with the magic number seven, quite willing to trust that, like the seven of old, it might mean untold numbers. Before the close of the first year's effort, she had registered over three hundred names in ten schools. They were taught under her superintendence, by native Christians, in old huts, in mud verandas, un-

der trees, anywhere they could gather the children. Christian instruction was prominent. These schools multiplied, and other hundreds of little ones were brought into them. They were called Ragged schools, though some of the children who came had not even a rag. In spite of all obstacles, the blazing sun or pouring rain, the teachers stood faithfully at their posts.

They were also very successful in bringing the children into a Sabbath school, where the Bible students showed much earnestness and tact in managing and teaching them. The superintendent was a brave Santal, and the changes that were wrought in one year exceeded the most sanguine hopes. Said a looker-on: "The first few Sabbaths the uproar was intolerable. Pellmell, screaming, laughing, fighting, into the room they came, leaping over the benches like monkeys, and rushed out of it howling like jackals, with uncombed hair and a few little rags flying in every direction." Now, many of them are decently clad, and nearly all take their seats quietly, repeat the Lord's prayer, sing sweet hymns, and recite the ten commandments and texts with great delight. Later, an Industrial school was organized composed of over sixty of the brightest and most promising pupils. Similar schools were subsequently organized at some of the other stations, where they did grand work.

The year 1881 brought marked prosperity to the Santal jungle schools. They numbered seventy-five and the pupils sixteen hundred. Of these, two hundred and fifty-six were girls. Only a short time ago the

idea of teaching a girl to read was treated with scorn and ridicule.

A new type of fever, known as the Burdwán or malarial fever, which was spreading through the country, had reached our mission-field and commenced its deadly work. Mrs. Frankie Lawrence, after a short but very severe illness, died at Midnapur, September 10, 1881. She was greatly beloved by the children whom she had gathered into schools. It was a bitter bereavement. Shortly after her death, her deeply afflicted husband, whose health had never been good in India, returned to America.

Some idea of the ravages of the fever may be gained from the fact, that one year the Midnapur Dispensary had fourteen thousand patients. Fever was in almost every house, and in some whole villages there were not enough well persons to go for medicine for the sick. No wonder that the ignorant, suffering poor could say to Dr. Bachelier, "When you die, our death warrant will be sealed." "When you leave us, we are doomed."

In November of this year, Mrs. Phillips, senior, returned to the field, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Nellie M. Phillips. The latter, an alumna of Hillsdale College, had taken a course of medical study. They were stationed at Dantoon, and as the fever was prevalent, Miss Dr. Nellie was overwhelmed with patients, having sixty and sometimes one hundred in a day. Her mother had to serve her as interpreter, as well as point the patients to the Great Physician.

Again the unwelcome messenger visited the mission. April 10, 1882, Miss Lovina Crawford died at her post in Jelasore. Thirty years of toil, by day and by night, had been allowed her, for the training of India's suffering daughters. The Master said, "It is enough," and the brave, pure soul, that had never shrunk from any toil, or murmured at any burden, went up to take the crown.

"The summons came unheralded, but found her
Robed for the feast where Jesus meets his friends."

The raging fever swept away many of the children of the Ragged schools, and closed several. But, notwithstanding the many dark days of this year,—the long, lingering rains, the burning fever, the heavy bereavements,—the progress of the mission was reported greater and the work more cheering than in any previous year. With the cold season, health returned, and the Midnapur Ragged schools numbered five hundred and fifty three pupils.

Miss Hattie Phillips, who was rendering Dr. and Mrs. Phillips very efficient aid in their Bible and Ragged schools, was sent, temporarily, to Jelasore to take up Miss Crawford's work, and Miss Millar, an American missionary then stopping in Calcutta, was secured to aid the work at Midnapur.

Mr. Marshall's health was so undermined by the fever that he was compelled to leave the field, and in September he sailed for America, accompanied by his family. The following November, Miss Emma Smith of Michigan joined the mission, and subsequently be-

came the wife of Rev. Mr. Coldren. In November, 1882, the Woman's Missionary Society sent Miss Lavina C. Coombs to Midnapur, and also secured the services of Mrs. D. F. Smith for Jelasore. This released Miss Hattie Phillips for the work at Balasore, greatly needing her since the removal of her sister, Mrs. Marshall.

The year 1883 brought still further changes. The health of Dr. and Mrs. Bacheler, as also that of their daughter, had so far succumbed to the influences of the climate, that a further stay was deemed perilous, and they sailed for America in July. Miss Mary Bacheler had, for some years, been an efficient missionary of the Woman's Society. At the close of the following cold season, Mrs. Dr. J. L. Phillips's alarming condition demanding a change, she was forced to leave her husband to bear alone his heavy responsibilities, and come home with her four children. She was accompanied by Miss Hooper, her very efficient co-laborer in the Ragged schools, who was so completely broken down by the terrible fever that her recovery in India was deemed impossible.

Early in January, 1884, the mission was gladdened by the arrival of Rev. Z. F. Griffin and wife. Mrs. Griffin, formerly Miss Libbie Cilley, having spent three years in zenana work at Midnapur, was prepared at once to take up her former labors, and her husband, while studying the language, rendered no small aid to Dr. Phillips in the discharge of his numerous duties.

Greatly as Mrs. Phillips and Miss Dr. Nellie were

needed in Dantoon, such were the wants of Santipur, that in February, 1884, they were transferred to that station, much to the joy and encouragement of its people. Its Sabbath school of eighty-two scholars soon numbered one hundred and fifty-two. Said Mr. Coldren: "This mother and adviser in times of trouble finds herself quite as indispensable to their well-being as in days gone by."

In December, Rev. F. D. and Mrs. George were joyfully welcomed to the field. There was far more perplexity in deciding their location than if the re-enforcement had consisted of six missionary families. At last, it was decided that Mr. Coldren should found a new station at Chandbali, a most inviting field near the sea-coast south of Balasore, that Mr. Griffin should take Mr. Coldren's place at Balasore, and Mr. George remain at Midnapur.

Rev. Ruel Cooley, for several years our missionary in India, died in Wisconsin, April 13, 1885. Failing health drove him from the field in 1861. As soon as returning strength permitted, he entered the army during the war of the Rebellion, where for a time, he served as chaplain. At its close, he began work for the freedmen, and was instrumental in establishing the Cairo mission and several schools. Says the writer of his obituary: "He leaves a wife and son to mourn their loss, but all who knew him are mourners together."

This brief, imperfect record of the mission now closes. The India Report, ending March, 1884, gives the following church and educational statistics:

CHURCH STATISTICS.

CHURCHES.	Added by Baptism.	Added by Letter.	Dismissed by Letter.	Excluded.	Died.	Resident Members.	Non-resident Members.	Total Number Communicants.	Native Contributions.			Sabbath-school Scholars.	Native Christian Community.
									Rs	A	P		
Bábaigádiá.....53	..13	..11	..24	11	9	0	..86	..22
Balasure.....	..7	..1	..1	..2	..3	..140	..15	..155	184	10	1	..142	..320
Bhimpur.....	..3	..1	..2	..1	..1	..65	..30	..95	102	3	9	1646	..188
Dantoon.....	..2	..2	..21	..23	..3	..26	26	4	0	..35	..31
Jelasure.....	..2	..3	..1	..6	..2	..50	..4	..54	52	6	0	..126	..126
Midnapur.....	..3	..6	..9	..345	..21	..66	78	5	9	..845	..105
Palásbani.....	..3317	..7	..24	14	0	0	..103	..19
Santipur.....	..10	..11	..1	85	..37	..122	30	8	0	..152	..184
8	..40	..17	..18	13	11	438	..128	..566	500	0	7	3135	1004

NOTE.—The Sabbath-school figures comprise all schools in which the Bible is taught on the Sabbath.—Ed.

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.

Stations.	Schools.	Christian Pupils.	Hindus.	Mohammedans.	Santals.	Total Pupils.
Balasure..	Boys' Middle Vernacular.....	..36	..39	..782
	Girls' Lower Vernacular.....	..4242
	Zenana.....	..69	..372
	Eight Primary for Girls.....	..171	..14185
Jelasure...	The Girls' Orphanage, Middle Vernacular	..56	..44	..1101
	One Village Primary.....	..2020
Santipur...	The Christian Village Primary.....	..38	..2515	..78
	Four Village Primary.....	..52	..2927	..79
Midnapur..	The Industrial, Higher Primary.....	..25	..29	..18	..24	..96
	Zenana.....	..1	..153	..10164
	Twelve Ragged.....	..13	..453	..35501
	The Bible.....	..5358
Bhimpur...	The Santal Training.....	..29	..273	..104
	Sixty-two Santal Village.....	..43	..47	..	1397	1487
Palásbani..	Four Village Primary.....	..7	..4941	..97
Bábaigádiá	Three Village Primary.....	..7	..703	..80
Dantoon..	One Village Primary.....	..5	..3035
	Zenana Pupils.....1111
		360	1264	..88	1580	3292

* This includes the students' wives and a few other women.—Ed.

Encouraging as are these figures, it would be very unjust to measure the progress of the work by the number of native Christians whose names are enrolled on the church books, and by the children gathered into schools. The study of the Bible in many houses is working a mighty revolution. Genuine faith may be concealed from human sight. The missionaries are confident that there are many secret disciples who, in the last day, will meet the Father's welcome. Comparing the present condition of our India field with what it was when our missionaries entered it, the outlook is certainly cheering. The old time stagnation is broken up. The pillars of caste—Satan's stronghold—are tumbling into ruins, and its historic arches are crumbling. Many of the horrible heathen rites that shocked humanity have been suppressed by the strong arm of law. The condition of woman is being ameliorated. The cruel custom of child-marriage, the most formidable hindrance to her elevation, is now arousing the Christians and philanthropists of India, and the powerful and continuous assaults made upon it must ere long number it among the things of the past.

If, as a people, we will now "OCCUPY" our foreign mission field, glorious possibilities are before us, not only in the work of extending the kingdom of our blessed Lord abroad, but also at home. A brother in one of our New England churches was recently asked how it was that his church was blessed with a continuous revival. He replied, "Because we work for missions." That Christian community was supporting six native

preachers and teachers, and is now asking for two more to support. This brother testified, also, that in all his Christian experience, never had such rich, joyful, spiritual blessings been poured upon him as since he engaged in working for missions. "He that watereth others shall himself be watered," is a promise that has never yet failed.

A worker that has recently joined the mission, on making a tour to the north of her station, says :

"One begins to get some idea of what this field is, when riding along the highway, he looks off miles, and miles, and miles on either side, across the plains, away, away to the horizon, and sees villages thickly scattered here and there all about, and knows that in hundreds and hundreds of these same villages no Christian has ever entered. . . . We found no trouble in gathering listeners. . . . To many, the words *God* and *Heaven* had to be explained, and, to the majority, *Jesus Christ* was an unknown word. But it was a real pleasure to watch their faces as we sang or read, or tried to tell them the dear 'old story' of heaven, and the possibilities of getting there, and of Jesus as one who will certainly help us. Again and again they would ask us to come. Oh, if there were only some one to station there right now, what grand opportunities could be seized !"

All through our mission, it is the same story of large fields white with the harvest, and no one to gather it in, accompanied by the cry, "Oh ! when will the reapers come?"

G L O S S A R Y .

- ANNA. Four pice, equal to about three cents.
BABU. Title of a Hindu gentleman.
BO. Daughter-in-law.
BOISHNOB. Religious beggar.
BUNGALOW. House, usually thatched.
BRAHMIN. Highest caste or class of Hindus, believed to have sprung from the head of Brahma, the Creator. Hence they are a sacred order, furnishing the priests and learned men of India, and are often worshiped as gods.
COMPOUND. Dooryard.
DANDABATIS. Devotee measuring his way to an idol shrine.
GARI. Any two or four-wheeled conveyance.
GURU. Religious leader.
JATRA. Religious heathen festival.
JUNGLE. Forest or woodland.
MEM SAHIB. Title of respect applied to European and American ladies.
MISSIBABA. An unmarried European or American lady.
NAMASKAR. Salutation.
PADRI. Male missionary or minister.
PALANQUIN or PALKI. Traveling vehicle borne on the shoulders of men.
PANDAS. Jagarnáth's missionaries.
PICE. A copper coin, present value about eight mills.
POITA. The sacred thread worn on the shoulders of the Brahmins to indicate their caste.
PUNDIT. A learned man or teacher.
RAJA. Native king.
RANI. Native queen.
RUPEE. Silver coin, value about forty-five cents.
SAHIB. Title of respect applied to European and American gentlemen.
SALAM. Salutation, peace be with you.
SARAI. Inn.
SARI. The cloth worn by native women.
SEPOY. Native soldier.
SHASTERS. Hindu sacred books.
SUDRA. Lowest caste, believed to have sprung from the feet of Brahma.
SYCE. One who takes care of horses.
ZEMINDAR. Land-holder.