

For the Young People.

A Sorrowful Ending to a Very Sad Life.

BY REV. CHARLES PHILLIPS, OF SAMOA, IN
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I send you a short account of a very sad life which has recently passed away from our midst, in the hope that it may suggest some lessons worth learning by your readers. On the 2nd of May, died in the village of Leone, Tutuila, an M.D. of Edinburgh University, at the age of seventy years and four months. It was difficult to get any real facts as to his personal history, but the following were culled from him at different times.

He was born at Portsea in January, 1810, the only son of an officer of one of H. M. ships of war. He had two sisters, who received with himself a good education. First he was sent to the City of Greenwich School, after which, being designed for the medical profession, he was apprenticed for five years to the head surgeon of the convict ship then stationed at Portsea.

His apprenticeship over, he proceeded to Edinburgh University, and entered for three years in the medical department.

Hitherto, he says, he lived a strictly virtuous and temperate life. But there the first wrong step was taken. He associated with some Scotch students, who loved to spend their evenings drinking "toddy," which, you know, is a name for Scotch whisky. Unhappily, he soon imbibed a love for it, and, after a short struggle, it obtained complete mastery over him; the passion for it so clutched him in its deadly grasp that everything was sacrificed to it, even up to the day of his death. But to proceed with our story.

He left Edinburgh for Paris to complete his education and obtain a good knowledge of French. He stayed there a year; then, having returned to England, he got a position on a merchant ship bound for Australia, and never again returned to his home and country. Nor could he stay in Australia, but, obtaining another position on board the *Sallana*, a ship bound for Tahiti, he set his face for these Southern Isles. From Tahiti he soon made his way to Rarotonga, where he was hired by the old missionary, Mr. Pitman, to be doctor to the island. He soon wearied, however, of this, and in

less than a year he found his way to Apia, in Upolu. Here he remained for some time, but, getting a chance to go to California, he went, and stayed away, he said, four years, after which he returned to Samoa and never left it again. I do not know the date of his coming to Samoa, but it must have been over thirty years ago. How has he spent all these long years? How he might have spent them it would be easy to tell. Using his medical skill to dissipate pain and sickness where medical skill was at that time unknown, setting an example of all that is noble and elevating to the natives, a life of righteousness, temperance, and truth, and at the same time trying to raise these natives to the life and likeness of God, he might have lived honored, loved, and cherished by all, have passed a green old age amid an affectionate and attached people, and have passed away to an everlasting reward. Alas! for the contrast.

Read again, you children, the story of the Prodigal Son; only suppose there was no repentance, no return, no welcome to his father's home and heart again. Think only of his going to the far-off country, of his wasting his substance in riotous living, of his hunger, of his rags, of his degrading labor in the citizen's field, and stop there, and you have a picture of this poor doctor. How low he sunk in poverty, sin and shame, we need not detail—it is too terrible.

No vice can exist alone; it soon becomes the parent of others often greater. Satan offers us one little link in the chain, and we do not mind that, for it is light and glozed over with sugary sweetness, but we forget that there is an invisible connection with innumerable other links, and if we accept one from him he will more easily persuade us to accept a second, a third, and so on, till he is able to cast it around us and bind us in adamant bonds. So it was with the doctor. Without mentioning any other sad features in his character, suffice it to say that they were repulsive enough, bred from his terrible, unconquerable passion for drink.

Thus he lived for some years in Apia, where in 1862 one of the traders from Tutuila, being on a visit to Upolu, thought if he could only be got away to Tutuila, where there were so few temptations to drink, he might become very useful there as doctor to the natives, and might have a fair chance of redeeming his character. Unhappily, it failed. Humanly speaking, he was past redemption, and he had soon to be turned