

In Memory.

Rev. A. V. Timpany, who fell asleep in Jesus at Cocanada, India, at 2.30 p.m., Feb. 19, 1885; and was buried at 9.30 p.m. of the same day.

Affectionately inscribed to the bereaved friends and the friends of Foreign Missions.

BY MRS. J. C. YCLE.

Night in the far-off East—in India, night,
After a day of anguish;—folded hands,
And fast-shut eyes, and still, unheaving breast,
And calm—the calm of death—enfolding one
Who but a day ago, for service girt,
Wrought for the Master with unflinching zeal,
Nor asked how long till rest-time and repose.

He slept. Sharp had the struggle been, and keen
The pangs of that most weary day—his last
For India and for Earth—sharp, but soon o'er.
And rest, sweet, Heaven-sent, peaceful rest
Came like a benediction from above—
Release and benediction both at once.

Then angels ministrant, that waited near,
Bore the freed spirit out past moon and sun,
And spheres of name and age to man unknown.
Into the calm of God's fair Paradise,—
Into the dawn-light of eternal day,—
While countless voices bade him welcome home,
And heaven o'erflowed with psalms of great joy.

Meanwhile, in India, night and bitter tears.
The pastor slept—the husband, father, friend,
The gracious counsellor, the tender guide—
Slept all unconscious of the tears that rained
Around and over him, serene and calm,
For God had given "to His beloved sleep."

Nay, do not name it "death" Hath not the Christ
"Ashamed death!"—plucked out its sting?—and snatched
The victory from the grave? God's people sleep—
They sleep in Jesus—waiting the blest hour
When, down the opening heavens, with victor-shout
And archangelic trump, He shall return;—
Nor shall the grave have power then to hold
The eyelids of His sleepers. They shall wake
And spring exultant from their lowly beds,
His coming steps to welcome. Let us, then,
Say of our brother that he slept that hour;
And, speaking thus, with joy unspeakable
Rejoice in hope of resurrection bliss.

"Bear forth your dead"—the voice was low and sad,
And full of pity, yet must be obeyed.
And so, beneath the brooding wing of night,
A sorrowful procession weeping went
Down that dark heathen city's gloomy streets,
And past her idol-temples still and stern.
Where stony gods with blank, unseeing eyes
Sit waiting dumbly the strong Arm that yet
Shall hurl them from their seats; and on the wreck
Uprare the glorious temple of His grace,—past these,
And more that made the darkness and the night
Darker with drear suggestions of the gloom
Of moral night—scarce pierced as yet—that broods
O'er India and her sons, the while the hand,
That, only yesterday, held high the lamp
Of love above her darkness, palsied lay,
And mute the lips so late that spoke of God,
And hope of Heaven—as mute and silent now
As were the solemn stars that gazed from far
Upon those weeping mourners bearing thus
To its last resting place all that remained
Of the beloved who seemed as lost that hour
To India, to the world, and them.

Thus
By the flickering torch-light, thro' the gloom
They bore the missionary to his rest;
While sons of India—they whom he had led
To Christ for cleansing—stricken-hearted, wept
More than a brother dead—a father, friend,
A consecrated teacher, shepherd, guide

And round that tomb were other mourners bowed
Beneath a weight of anguish heavier far
Than even theirs;—and, as their bitter wail
Over the waters to the home-lands sped,
It pierced unnumbered hearts, and countless eyes
O'erflowed with tears of sympathy for hearts
So crushed and bleeding.

But take heart, there is,
O sorrowing spirits! balm in Gilead—
A Healer there who giveth joy in grief,
Hope in despair, unmeasured gain in loss,
And victory in defeat For, not in vain
He fell, who, fighting, fell for God and truth.
His last faint utterance shall louder ring
Throughout the home-lands than his living voice
Ere rang before; and ears that would not hear—
Haply that could not—till death came to give
Those words stern emphasis and power to rouse
Men's souls to action, now, at last, have heard,
And lips replied "Here, O my Lord, am I,
Send me! Send me!"

And will not India's sons
Now, from the cold lips of the teacher dead,
Receive the message that, from living voice
And living lips, they heard, but heeded not,
Or soon forgot—forgetting now no more—
And thus, through death, more laborers be gained,
And more souls saved than e'en by length of days
And years of hard endeavor had been won?

Nor yet in vain the work already done
By those now folded hands and silent lips,
For India and for us The seed he sowed
Springs even now; and rip'ning fruitage waits
The willing hands that follow where he toiled—
And less securely sit the gloomy gods
Of Ind upon their stony thrones to-day
Than when his voice first sounded in her ears
The story of her Saviour and her King—
The Almighty King, ere long to burst the chains
By Satan forged and fastened on her limbs,
And in promiscuous ruin hurl her gods
Of wood and stone beneath His chariot wheels.

For even now—could we but see aright—
The night breaks up apace, and all the East
Flames with the rising glories of a day
By him—let us believe it—brought more near—
Day of Messiah's coming, and for which
His people ever cry—"Lord Jesus, come!"
Already, list'ning, heedful, may we hear
His coming footsteps, near and nearer still;
While on their mouldering bases rock and reel
The idol temples and their myriad gods,
To utter ruin hopelessly foredoomed.

Then let us lift the banner that he dropped
And bear it boldly thro' the thickening fight!
And rear aloft the glowing lamp that fell
From the weak hands that longer could not hold
It up for India and the world to see,
And pour its light o'er heathen lands; the while
Christ and him crucified—a lost world's hope—
To a lost world we publish far and near!—
And, if God will, fall, even as he fell,
Unfaltering and undaunted at his post.
Rather than waver, victory so sure—
So sure, so near, and Christ who died for us
So soon to come, and faithful service crown
With endless honors at His own right hand!