

arrived July 6. Here the disease was so far checked as to allow of a short visit to Samulcocta. On returning to Cocanada, however, his illness became more serious than ever. Everything was done for him that the physician's skill, and careful nursing, night and day could do. Two or three times it seemed as if health was returning, and not until July 30, was Bro. Auvache, who attended him constantly, really alarmed. On Saturday, July 31, he sank rapidly. The most earnest efforts to prolong his fleeting life were made. Of the closing scenes Bro. Auvache says:—"At about 8.15 p.m., he partly raised himself in bed, and stretching his arms upwards he seemed eager to take hold on some one unseen to us, while his face seemed to lose the weary look of pain, and in its place came a look of joy and peace. Then he sank down and at 8.25 o'clock he was with the Master he so dearly loved and whom he so faithfully served. Miss Frith, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Auvache, and myself were with him when he passed away. We had sent word to Bro. McLaurin, but before he or Bro. Stillwell could get here, our dear brother was in glory. The doctor says the cause of death was failure of the heart's action brought about by debility of the whole system. Speaking to him a few days before his death, I said, 'Bro. Currie, this is one of the *all things that work together for good*' He replied, 'Yes, (God knows best; I am quite content.'

Our brother was buried on Sunday, Aug. 1. We had a short service in our English chapel, conducted by Bro. McLaurin, the service in the cemetery being conducted by Bro. Craig. Our dear brother's body lies near to Brother Timpany's there to await the Lord's coming."

I need not add that this has been a terrible blow to our missionaries in India, to our departed brother's bereaved family, and to the society which he so faithfully and heroically served. But our hope is in God.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. A. STEWART.

Hamilton, Sept. 13th.

Brother Currie.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—How unnatural it feels to put that name at the head of an obituary notice. Brother Currie, who only a few weeks ago was with us in this same room, whose features and form stand clearly before me as I write, whose quiet, gentle-soothing, musical voice I can now hear, Brother Currie, my first helper on the Canadian field, and the man who last year so heroically sprang into the breach made by Brother Timpany's death, and who so soon fell as his brother fell, at his post. Yes, Brother Currie's body has been laid in the cemetery, where our treasures are accumulating, and his soul has gone to join the great cloud of witnesses. We do not profess to understand our Father's dealings with us in this matter. We would rather not lift the veil. We know that He doeth all things well; and brother Currie's work was done. And there was nothing else to do but take him to glory. We are not cast down. We loved our brother dearly, but the work did not depend on him, does not depend on us. We are as sure that the Lord will take care of this work, as we would be were every Baptist minister in Canada clamoring to be here. How easily He can dispense with our services.

I am unable to give an account of Brother Currie's earlier life. Some one who knew him at home, I hope will do so, but I wish to say a few words about a man who was little known beyond our own circle. He came to us on the 12th February, 1876. He entered into our life like a gentle breeze, to soothe and refresh us.

Everybody who has come in contact with our brother knows that he was a quiet man. He was a gentle man, a meek man, a man full of self-repression. Yielding in matters of policy, etc., though firm enough in matters of principle and conscience. These are qualities not generally popular, though they are a blessing in our loud-voiced work-a-day world, and much set by in the good book. He learned the language early and well. His work was honest and without

sham. He did a good work in Cocanada, both for the church and temperance while he remained there. He was the founder of the Total Abstinence Association, which has been a great blessing to many. In 1878, with his wife, he removed to Tunl. Tunl was and is a peculiarly hard field. The people are very poor and very ignorant and debased. He suffered much from fever, and they were constantly exposed to wild beasts and venomous reptiles. The house was more than once visited by Dacoits or thieves. Hard work was done, and fruit was the result. When Bro. Currie returned to his native land, with his family, in 1884, there was a church of fifty members and several preachers, and teachers gathered from this virgin soil.

During Bro. Currie's absence in Canada, the field suffered much, but on his return last year it yielded to his touch as to a master hand, and the desert began to blossom as the rose. The work he did was well done. The foundations were laid deep and broad. Bro. Currie sacrificed himself to the call of the hour last year. He had not recruited. It takes time to change. The care, the loneliness, the hard work, the incessant travelling, the poor food, and want of medical assistance did their work. He suffered from dysentery for about two months. The system was too far gone either to throw off the disease, or to respond to the medical treatment.

He came here two weeks or more before his death. I saw the case was serious, and besought him to go to Cocanada, where he could have treatment. He went. All was done for him that was possible. But he had finished his course and the Lord took him.

This will throw additional labor on those left, especially on Brother Craig. He will need our prayers and sympathy. I am only good for so much. There are no reserves of strength in me any more.

Who is to have the privilege of taking up the fallen mantle? Come, brethren, there are no half recruited men at home upon whom you can cast a pleading look. We are all here. Come over and help us.

A good man, a gentle, patient toiler, a man full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, has left a vacant place. Who will come and fill it?

JOHN McLAURIN.

Samulcocta, Aug. 10th, 1886.

A Review of Our Foreign Work.*

BY MRS. J. B. TIMPANY.

I heard a lady say a short time ago, that "Mission Work in India had become a hackneyed subject." I tried to put the thought away from me, but could not, now and again it returned, and I was led to look into the matter to see if it was really so; if it was possible that the Christian women of Canada were wearying of the work begun by a few with interest and enthusiasm about nine years ago. At first there were only a few Circles formed with a comparatively small number of members, but in our Corresponding Secretary's last report we are told there were, up to Dec. last, 86 Circles, and before another year the number will be above one hundred. While the number of dollars contributed by the Circles has increased from about \$500 to about \$5,000 a year. The public meetings of our societies are much more frequent than formerly. The gatherings in connection with our Associations are a sign of progress. And the large number of Bands for children and young people now in operation show that the subject of missions has become a living reality to both old and young. More pastors pray for missions than did so a few years ago. Publications on mission work, maps, descriptions of foreign lands, with the manners and customs of the inhabitants are now so common that no one need be ignorant on this subject.

What does all this work giving and intelligence show—that we are tired of missions? No, far from it. It shows that we are beginning to enter into the true spirit of the Gospel; that

*Read at a Woman's Missionary Meeting at Aylmer, June, 1886.