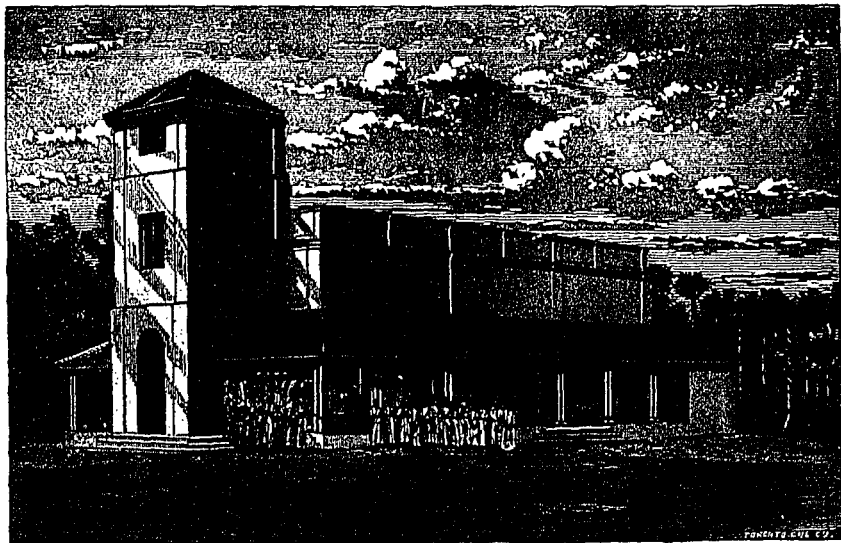


### The Telugu Chapel, Cocanada.

The Chapel is often called the Schoolhouse-Chapel because it is used as schoolhouse on week days. When this cut was published Mr. Timpany wrote thus: "The Chapel inside is sixty feet long, twenty-two feet wide and seventeen feet high. The veranda is nine feet wide. The trees that you see past the corner of the Chapel show the southern limit of the compound. Along here runs the main road, by which the greater part of the traffic of Cocanada passes. We have many times seen the Chapel

very well filled with hearers." Here our brother often proclaimed the word of life to both Christians and Hindus. Many a time he addressed the most earnest and faithful exhortations to the members of the church. The building of this Chapel was the first work to which he set his hand, when he took charge of the station six years ago. It cost him much toil and anxious thought. After his death his body was borne to the Chapel and a short service was conducted by Jonathan Burder, pastor of the Telugu church, after which the sad procession moved on to the cemetery.



THE TELUGU CHAPEL AT COCANADA.

### In Memoriam.

A. V. T.

#### I.

Drop low, O Eastern sky, and weep,  
Fast let thy rain-tears fall!  
For 'neath thee on the green, to-day  
Is spread a funeral pall.

Beyond the seas are smitten hearts,  
Low bending 'neath the rod.  
For there a heavy stroke of pain,  
Falls from the hand of God.

A sudden cry of sorrow swells  
Along the battle plain,  
A thousand soldiers of the Lord  
Deep mourn a leader slain.

Drop low, O Western sky, and weep,  
Fast let thy rain-tears fall,  
For lo! the grief-cloud westward spreads,  
And breaks above us all.

#### II.

Above the skies a soul is borne,  
And list! the angels' song  
Swells sweeter as the spirit soars,  
To join the sainted throng.

And those who ages past endured  
The martyrs' pain and loss,  
With shouts of gladness welcome one  
Who dies beneath the cross.

The King of kings and Lord of lords,  
Enthroned in worlds of light,  
Receives a saint beloved whose death  
Is precious in His sight.

Joy! joy! O brave enduring soul  
Thy toil was richly blest,  
Thy sheaves are garnered, rest thee now,  
Sweet toil and blessed rest!

Belleville, Ont

IDA BAKER