

died yesterday of a sharp attack of cholera at about 2.30 p.m., and was buried at 9.30 p.m. On Wednesday the 18th, he conducted the prayer-meeting, and spoke so earnestly and lovingly of heaven. There was a look of weariness in his face, and the mere recounting of the joys of heaven seemed to refresh him. It is not known how he contracted the disease, but Mrs. Timpany thinks it was on this wise: On Tuesday, the 17th, he went to Coringa on business, and while there one of his Christians brought him a small pot of milk. He did not particularly want to drink, but to please the man and show an appreciation of his kindness he drank it against his better judgment. Although he made no complaint of any specific illness till next morning, it is believed that with the milk he imbibed the germs of the disease. This belief is confirmed to a certain extent by the fact that cases of cholera have occurred in Coringa, and that the epidemic is raging in Masulipatam and northwards to such an extent that the canal between that place and Bezvada has been put under quarantine.

The attack was a sharp one; symptoms exhibited themselves at 8 a.m., and by 2.30 p.m. he was gone. It was so sudden and unexpected that none of us knew of it till our poor pastor was gone. My wife and I were the first to get there, but we were an hour too late. Brother McLaurin is most unfortunately away at Rangoon, which port he reached yesterday. He had gone to try and shake off the fever, which has attacked him with unusual rigor lately. This morning Mrs. McLaurin received a telegram from him, and wired him a reply, informing him of the sad news. I forgot to mention that poor Mr. Timpany's death was so very unexpected that Mary was in school, and when sent for came home too late to see her father alive. Owing to the nature of the disease, Dr. Beech, who undertook the funeral arrangements, hurried on, and we buried him at 9.30 p.m. At a little past 8 p.m., we put him in the coffin, and he was borne to the chapel in the mission compound. There Jonathan had a short service, as Dr. Beech was averse to exposing the body long. Thence the body was borne away in his own carriage, drawn by his Christians. At ten minutes to nine we were crossing the bridge, and at half-past nine last night we had put out of sight to await the final resurrection, the poor tired, weary and worn out body of our dearly beloved pastor. As the night was dark we had eight torches to illumine the long procession which followed him to the grave. You can imagine what a wondrous solemn sight it was. There in the silent grave yard, with the darkness and stillness of nature around, were gathered the people of Cocanada; his school-girls, native Christians, and members of the English church sobbing and crying as if their hearts were breaking.

The Church of England burial service was read over him by the Rev. Mr. English, and we put him away. It was an impressive and awful ceremony in its gloomy grandeur, for each one of us felt that we were burying the mortal remains of one, who for many years was to us a kind and loving father, who identified himself with us thoroughly. Our sorrows were his sorrows, our joys his joys; the smallest affairs of each one of us interested him as if they were his own. We, the members of the English Church, are overwhelmed with our great loss. We have lost a loving, large-hearted, humble pastor, and we feel that we shall never look upon his like again.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., he married the Rev. J. Williams, of Vizianagram, to Miss Gordon, and in a speech he gave on that occasion, he dilated largely on death, in connection with birth and marriage, the other two great events of life. On Sunday, the 15th, he

preached one of the most eloquent sermons I have ever heard him deliver. His theme was "Jesus," and oh! how lovingly he spoke! What glorious pictures he drew of the bliss of heaven! During the sermon, in a state of rapture, he exclaimed, "Sun of my soul!" We little thought that before five days had gone by he would be basking in the light and warmth of that "Sun."

I believe he hardly spoke during his illness. In the morning he went to his work as usual, but remarked to Mrs. Timpany that he was very ill. During his illness I believe he only said, "This is cholera. The will of the Lord be done. I would like to live for the work." I believe God took him to give him rest, for if ever a man looked worn out and weary, and thoroughly in need of rest, our poor brother did. I think his frame was so exhausted as to be able to offer no resistance to the inroads of any serious disease, much less such a malignant and deadly one as cholera. What is our sorrow and loss to that of Mrs. Timpany and his little ones, here and in Canada! Our hearts are pained at her grief and bereavement, but we trust in the Lord to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

This morning a telegram was sent to the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, Hamilton, "Timpany died yesterday." I can imagine the wait there will be through Canada, when the news spreads. Oh! if he had been relieved for a little while to recruit himself, things might have turned out otherwise; but regrets are vain. He is now at rest. We hope that the death of our dear pastor will be an eloquent appeal to the sons of Canada, and that there will be no difficulty in getting more to come and gather in the abundant harvest. Our school will miss him very much. I really do not know what we will do without him. It is getting on so nicely, and only lately he had a long chat with us about the boarding-school he intended building. The first donations towards it have been put in the bank, and he talked of raising subscriptions when he went home. I hope you will remember this scheme in your appeals for help. A boarding-school is much needed, and if we only had the accommodation, we would get many more scholars. With Christian love, believe me,

Yours very truly, G. B. H. WHITE.

Expression of Sympathy.

At the Union Meeting of the Toronto Mission Circles, both Foreign and Home, held on the 10th inst., in the Jarvis Street Church Sunday School Hall, the following expression of the feelings of the sisters was moved by Mrs. H. H. Humphrey and seconded by Mrs. Lillie. The entire assemblage to manifest their deep sympathy rose and remained standing for a few minutes:

"In the recent unexpected death of Rev. A. V. Timpany, at Cocanada, a great bereavement has fallen at once on his own family, the Telugu native Christians, his fellow-laborer in the mission, and the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec.

"We recognize in the event the mysterious doing of an Infinite, but All-wise and loving Disposer, to whose will we reverently bow, imploring his grace that we may prosecute the *great work* to which our fallen standard-bearer devoted his life with increasing consecration and self-sacrifice.

"In tendering to our *beloved sister*, widowed in a heathen land, our purest and deepest sympathies, and in committing her and her children in our daily prayers to the keeping of him who visited the sisters of Lazarus, we ourselves mourn with her in the loss of her devoted husband, whom we shall ever remember as the organizer of the Women's For. Miss. Circles in this Province."