

Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

VOL. IV., No. 5.] "The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—Is. lx. 2.] Jan., 1882.

Lines

For the "Link."

Suggested by the Rev. Mr. Timpany's account of the death of
JOSIAH BURDER, the Telugu Pastor

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

A Sabbath day was waning to its close—
A Sabbath day in India. Prayer and praise,
And sacred teaching, all the passing hours
Had filled since early morning, but at length
The weary teacher rested, and there stood
Up in his place a son of India,—one
Erewhile an idol-worshipper, but now
A worshipper of God,—a follower meek
Of the world's Saviour, at whose feet
Long time he'd sat, and listened to His word
In humble trust and most adoring love,
Until his soul had grown more spotless far
Than snows of Himalaya, washed so white
In the pure, cleansing fountain of Christ's blood.

Around his feet a dark-browed, waiting band
Of Indian worshippers had gathered.
They, too, had turned from the polluted shrine
Of idol-worship, cast aside the bonds
Of fettering caste, and had assembled there
In Christian fellowship, to taste the bread
And drink the wine that spake anew to each
Of the great price at which the Son of God
Had bought their freedom.

Came there no thought
To any in that quiet room, that he
Who broke the bread, and poured the wine, and spake
So tenderly of Jesus, their dear Lord,
Would be, long ere another Sabbath sun
Would light the palm-groves of the Indian isles,
Translated to the presence of that Lord
To feast with Him in Heaven? None, none!
The clear calm eye, the gentle voice, the tones
So long familiar and so dearly loved
No presage gave of swiftly-coming change
To him or them.

Day melted into night.
The tranquil hour of evening worship came;
And in his place the pastor stood again—
Weary, indeed, yet none the less alert
To do the Master's work. As was his wont,
He spake of Jesus and His finished work,
Yet most of death he spake. Still, on
His tender, earnest words his hearers hung
With bated breath; yet, through them all, they caught
No undertone of warning, telling them
That even then, around those tireless feet,
Gathered and chafed the slowly rising tide
Of the chill death-stream, soon to bear him out
Into the mystery of a vaster life.

Another day—a bridal day in Ind,
Yet not a day of heathen pomp and noise,

And pagan ceremony, such as erst
Men kept in India ere the Gospel came
To break the bonds of Custom and uplift
The wedded pair to fellowship with Christ,
And, through His love, to tend'rst fellowship
With one another.

The pastor stood
Before the plighted pair, and once again
He read God's word in the mellifluous speech
Of his own land, and lifted up once more
His voice in prayer, and then passed on
To the beneficent utterances that made them one.
But here his words became confused. His mind
Wandered as he who dreams; and when, at last,
The rite was ended, they who saw him felt
Vague fears of coming change. They brought the pen,
And bade him write. "And are we then," he said,
"To talk no more about the blessed word,—
To pray no more?" "All that is over now,"
The teacher gently said; "only your name
Is wanted to this record—pray you sign."
He took the pen and wrote; but his own name
Seemed a forgotten thing. The faithful hand—
True to the prompting of the fervent love
Which burned within—*essay'd* no more to trace
His own poor name, but "Jesus, Jesus"—that
Which filled and overflowed his inmost soul,
And washed it clean of every other name.

The teacher came, and took his hand in his,
Guiding it patiently to trace the name
The law required; and then, with quiet steps
Like one who dreams, he left them all, and turned
Toward his own home.

"Why, at the marriage, sir,
Spake you so strangely?"—his attendant said.
"I'm going on a journey," he replied,
And spake no more. A few short hours, and he
Had passed beyond their vision,—with swift feet
Had trod the darkened valley, and been lost
To mortal sight,—with eager, buoyant steps
Traversed the starry spaces—not alone
But tenderly upborne by angel bands—
And entering the fair City, had sat down
Beside the Lord he loved.

On Earth were tears,
In Heaven rejoicing such as Heaven alone
Hath ever witnessed, as from pagan Ind
Another soul went up to be with Christ!

Ingersoll, Ont., Nov., 1881.

At Sea—On board S. S. "Parisian."

DEAR LINK,—Now a dearer Link than ever before,
binding us to thousands of dear friends in Canada.
Would you like a few words of farewell too? Farewells—
Ah how many we have spoken—tearful, heartfelt fare-
wells—blessed farewells, which make us all the better for