

storm-tossed sea of heathenism. It was a great day for these same Baptists when Brother Timpany led them out of themselves—gave them a broader outlook—a readier sympathy with the lost, and brought them into closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus and His plans for the World's redemption.

After that day, Canadian Baptists saw farther, felt more deeply and moved forward more steadily than ever before.

Bro. Timpany was born in "The Lake Erie region," near Vienna, December 1840. Some people still ask, can any good thing come out of Nazareth, and we still answer with Philip, "come and see." There was little Foreign Missionary spirit in that region when our brother was a boy. There might be more now, but thank God it is growing. The type of Christian life in those churches was emotional rather than doctrinal, and Bro. Timpany in his earlier years drank largely of that spirit. But the family to which Bro. Timpany belonged were Bible students and had a love for research, and withal a tenacity of conviction which stood them in good stead when doctrinal preaching failed. Bro. Timpany was converted early in life under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Hall. This man must have exerted a powerful influence upon him, for he loved him greatly and was continually speaking of him in after years. Very early in his Christian life thoughts of the ministry took possession of his sympathetic, ardent nature, and in 1860 he entered Woodstock College. How well I remember him as I saw him for the first time in November, 1861, at the old C. L. Institute. Short and slight in build, black hair, black sparkling eyes and a face almost girlish in its fairness, over which ripples of laughter and tremors of emotion played in succession as rapidly as cloud and sunshine follow each other on an April day. He was intense, eager, earnest, ingenuous. In youth as in manhood he was one whom everybody loved. In his studies he was diligent, faithful, accurate and successful. He was an all round student, equally good in mathematics, classics, science or general subjects; and yet for such a companionable, sociable, entertaining man as he was he had one peculiarity. I do not think I ever saw him on the play ground. No kind of outdoor sport had any charms for him. And in this the boy was father to the man. A long walk with a likeminded companion was his almost invariable exercise. Neither was he