

Why rear it? The Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it, because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all!
So minaret, wall and column,
And tower and dome above—
All toll of a sacred promise
All utter one accent—Love.

You know of another temple,
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfection
Is mystical, strange, divine,
You have read of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By the wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,
Its wonderful corner-stone.
So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise;
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.
The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars, are round it there.

And graven on its walls and pillars,
And out in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than Islam hath ever known:
Texts called from the holy gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a rarer luster
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

The plan of the temple, only
Its Architect understands;
And yet He accepts—(oh, wonder!)
The helping of human hands.

And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring Him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

Not one does the Master Builder
Disdainfully cast away;
Why, even He takes the shippings,
We women have brought to-day.

Oh, not the dead—to the living,
We rear on the earth He trod,
This fane to His lasting glory
This Church to the Christ of God.

Why labor and strive? We have promised
(And dare we the vow recall?)
To do it, because we love Him,
We love Him—and that is all.

For over the Church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword—Love.

—Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

Timpany Memorial School.

DEAR LINK.—A word to those interested in all departments of our work in India, will be welcome, I trust, if I tell you a little about Miss Folsom's English School in Cocanada. It was started a few years ago, because your missionaries saw the necessity of doing something for the children of the large Eurasian population in and about Cocanada. You will understand the need better, when I tell you that there is not a Protestant school of this kind, where English speaking children can receive an education, all the way between Madras and Calcutta. It was felt, that while the natives were being cared for by all denominations, it was a mistake to neglect these poor Eurasian children, or leave them almost wholly to the influence of Roman Catholic schools. So, at our annual conference in Bimlipatam some years ago, the subject was introduced by Rev. R. Sanford. After considerable discussion, it was decided to open a free school in Cocanada as soon as funds and a suitable teacher could be found. It must be free, as the large majority of those we wished to benefit were too poor to pay. All the Europeans in Cocanada with the Missionaries, and the members of our English Church able to help, were visited and a monthly subscription solicited. The result was favorable, and we at once tried to find a teacher. This was a difficult matter. Hearing of a lady in England, whom it was thought would be suitable, she was brought out, but on arrival, did not feel strong enough to teach, and we had to look elsewhere. Just at this time, Miss Folsom, the lady now in charge, was brought to the notice of those looking after this work, by Miss Frith. Mr. Timpany wrote to her at once, telling her how greatly the need of an English school was felt, and asking her if she would come and do this work for the Lord. The small amount he was able to promise as salary, left ample room for the exercise of faith and trust. Miss Folsom came, and owing to her faithful effort, the school has already been a blessing to many, an honor to herself and those who sustain it. It was then called "The Cocanada Free School." The English Government are willing to aid schools of this kind, if the teachers are properly qualified persons. Miss Folsom is a highly educated and cultured American lady, who went to India, not connected with any society, believing she would find work to do for the Lord. And herself, as well as all who know her, feel that she is in the very place where she can best serve her Master. She is a Baptist and a member of our English church in Cocanada. The Government pay half her salary, as well as half that of the other two teachers, which, on account of the growth of the school, it has been necessary to employ. The remaining expenses of the school, as I have said, have been met by private subscription. At the beginning, the idea was, if the school proved a success, that it should become a boarding school. It was soon found desirable to make it such, and some of Mr. Timpany's last work, only two days before his death, was with Miss Folsom's help, to plan for a new building for the boarding school. The friends in India have nobly and in the face of many difficulties, carried out the desire of the one who had to lay down this work. Instead of the trouble and expense of building, they bought a house that Mr. T. often wished we could have, but which was not for sale then. In a recent letter from Mr. White, Secretary of the school, he tells me, when the owner, a native, found how anxious they were to get the house, he raised the original price one thousand rupees, but finally took off five hundred of this, making the cost with present repairs six thousand five hundred rupees.