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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

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

INDIA.

VOL. VII., No. 10.] "*The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.*"—Is. lx. 3. [JUNE, 1885.]

A. V. TIMPANY.

Three months have gone by since the telegram, announcing the death of Mr. Timpany, startled and saddened us. Brief notices of his work and several letters written by him shortly before his death have appeared. I shall attempt to give an outline of his life and missionary labors in as few words as possible.

AMERICUS VESPUCCIUS TIMPANY was born in the township of Bayham, Elgin Co., Ontario, on the 21st of December, 1840. Although surrounded by religious influences he was not converted till he was nineteen, when the Rev. J. P. Hall was holding special services in the Malahide and Bayham church.

In 1860 he entered the College at Woodstock, where he completed the literary and theological courses. He was absent from college two years, during which he taught school at Florence for eighteen months and at his native place for one summer. He graduated from Woodstock College in the spring of 1867, and spent the summer in visiting the churches of Ontario and Quebec to stir up an interest in Foreign Mission work. Mr. Timpany had received his call to this work some years previously, and after prayerful consideration had offered himself to the Missionary Union of Boston, U.S., for service in the foreign field. He was accepted and appointed to the Telugu Mission. Through his efforts an Auxiliary Society was organized in Ontario and Quebec.



On the 15th October, 1867, Mr. Timpany was married to Miss Jane Bates, daughter of the late Rev. John Bates. A few days later designation and farewell services were held in connection with the meetings of the Convention at Ingersoll, when the power of the Holy Spirit was felt in a remarkable degree. On the 24th October, Mr. and Mrs. Timpany left Canada for India. From England they went to India on a sailing ship by the Cape of Good

Hope, and were several months on the voyage. After a short stay in Madras they proceeded to Nellore, where they arrived in May, 1868. Mr. Timpany was soon able to help Dr. Jewett in missionary work. Early in 1870 he removed with his family to Ramapatam, about forty miles north of Nellore, and occupied the place as a station of the Mission. Here he labored for six years, and had the joy of seeing the Lord's work prospering in his hands. When he began the work there were thirty or forty members in the district; when he left in March, 1876, there was a membership of six or seven hundred. The Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, was begun by him and remained under his care for a year.

Mr. Timpany returned to Canada with his family in July, 1876, and in the following October he resigned his connection with the Missionary Union and worked henceforth as a missionary of the Baptist F. M. Society of Ontario and Quebec. During the two years of his stay in Canada he visited most of our churches; aroused our sisters to take a definite part in the work by organizing Circles with Central Boards, and started the publication

of the MISSIONARY LINK. Mr. Timpany had a natural gift for the practice of medicine. While at Ramapatnam he was able to relieve much physical suffering, but he felt the need of instruction, especially in surgery, and hence attended lectures at the Toronto School of Medicine in the winter of 1877-78.

Leaving Canada in September, 1878, with his wife and youngest child, he returned to India, and arrived at Cocanada on the 26th December. There he labored incessantly till his death from cholera on the 19th February, 1885. The Telugu chapel, the Girls' Dormitories, and the Mission Boat *Canadian*, are memorials of his faithfulness in providing for the material wants of the Mission. I might add the English Chapel at Cocanada, which was bought and renovated under his directions; also the Akidu Mission Boat, which was built under his superintendence.

When part of the Cocanada field was made a separate charge with Akidu for its station, the district that remained to the Cocanada missionary contained only 50 converts. This was at the beginning of 1880. Under Mr. Timpany's care this number increased to 400 in five years. Mr. Timpany was the author of a Compendium of Theology in Telugu, and was known as one of the best Telugu scholars among the missionaries laboring in that language. Mr. White's letter, written just after our brother's death, shows how much he was beloved by the people of Cocanada. He has left a loving wife and three children to mourn his loss and cherish his memory. The picture is from a photograph taken just before he returned to India in 1878. "The memory of the just is blessed."

J. C.

Fallen on the Field.

Startling and sad was the message flashed from India to Canada on Friday the 20th of February, "*Timpany died yesterday*," and repeated by the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board till many hearts that day were bowed beneath the bitter stroke of sudden bereavement. To the children patiently waiting and longing for the return of their loved parents, after one more year of absence—to the aged parents—to the many relatives, the blow must have been severe indeed. May God who is a very present help in time of trouble, strengthen these loving hearts to bear their heavy sorrow.

To the home workers for our Foreign Mission the information has come with almost stunning effect. Were it not for the knowledge that the Lord God Omnipotent ruleth and the promise of Jesus, the Unchangeable One, "Lo, I am with you always," we might well hang down our hands in despair and cry, "What can we do without our energetic, self-sacrificing, hard-working, ever-faithful A. V. Timpany?"

To his call to the work and persistent determination to preach the gospel in the regions beyond to those who otherwise would never have heard of a Saviour's love, the Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec owes its existence. And when after nine years of service in India, he returned, feeble, faded and worn to regain health and strength, the women of our churches will long remember with what indomitable perseverance he planned, worked for and urged, the organization of the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies, and the establishment of this little monthly paper.

No particulars of his call to depart and be with Christ can reach Canada for many weeks, but we cannot help fearing that the burden and strain of double work proved too much for his enfeebled body, so that the Master, who

doeth all things well, in loving kindness called his tired servant home to rest from his labors and enter into the joy of his Lord. Breathing more of the spirit of the Apostle Paul than any man we ever met, it may truly be said of him, "*He hath fought a good fight, he hath kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give him at that day.*"

From many a Christian home, from many a praying circle, from many a pulpit in our land has the cry gone up to our Father in Heaven to sustain and comfort the widow in her desolation, to fold her close to His loving bosom, to place underneath and round about her the Everlasting Arms. The children also are commended to the care of the Father of the fatherless.

"The memory of the just is blessed." Many both in India and Canada will ever thank God that A. V. Timpany lived and worked and taught others to work for Jesus.

A standard bearer has fallen! The banner of the Lord must not be left to trail in the dust. Who will take the vacant place?
M. FREELAND.

EXTRACTS from farewell meeting held at Ingersoll, October 17th, 1867. Mr. Timpany's address:

"Going to the heathen was not my choosing first. The Secretary of the Society spoke to me about it; he represented to me the destitute condition of the heathen, and God kept the matter before my mind until I was led to surrender myself to the work."

"My brethren of my beloved *alma mater*, I charge you before God and in the presence of these witnesses that you do not allow our Foreign Mission to lack a man among the heathen. If I am taken away, pray that the Lord of the harvest will find one of our number to fill the vacant place. You owe it to your God, to your brethren at home, to the heathen abroad. I wish you, my young brethren, to remember these words, though God grant it may not be necessary to step into my place for many long years."

"Brethren, labor more earnestly; mothers, take your children on your knees and tell them of the first great Missionary, the Lord Jesus Christ; fathers, learn to give up your sons; mothers, be glad when your children are devoted to labor entirely in the interest of our divine Redeemer."

"Rev. Jno. Bates, of Woodstock, father-in-law to the Missionary, offered up the designation prayer. As he solemnly commended the young Missionaries to the watchcare and blessing of the God of Missions, many were moved to tears. It is next to impossible to describe the scenes that followed. Spontaneously the people began to give. Such holy enthusiasm and earnest liberality were never witnessed before, even by the oldest ministers present. Not till after midnight did the meeting break up, for the people would not go away till they had given of their substance to the Lord's cause."

From a letter to Mr. Wm. Elliott, Jan. 26th, 1885:

"The day of salvation of this people dawns at length. Where, five years ago, there were about 300 Christians, there are now 1,500; and I fully expect to see in another five years this 1,500 reach into many thousands. As the years go on, certainly I do not lose hope, but find it more intense. The living God is on our side. Here in India I have realized, as never at home, the force of the term, "*Living God*." He has wonderfully kept us and will do it to the end."—A. V. T.

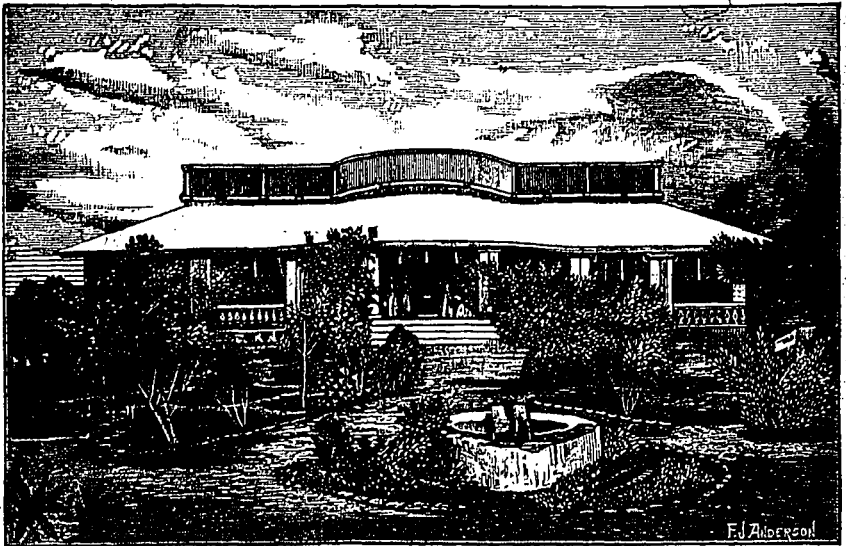
The Mission House, Cocanada.

This cut of the Mission House appeared in the LINK for February, 1881. It is reproduced here because the Mission House has been the home of Mr. Timpany since his return to India at the end of 1878. The house contains six large rooms with four bath-rooms attached. The door in the centre leads into a room which runs through to the back of the house, but is divided by a screen, the front part forming a sitting-room, and the back part a dining-room. There are two rooms on each side of this central room. Miss Frith occupies the front one on the left side, Mr. Timpany and family occupied the rooms on the right, the front one being used as bed-room; and the

rear one as study. It was in these rooms that Mr. Timpany spent his last hours on earth. The memory of his consecrated life and peaceful death will make them hal- lowed spots in the history of our Mission.

THE death of Brother Timpany, who was so long con- nected with our Telugu Mission and whom we all loved, has cast a gloom over the whole Telugu Mission field. He was a hard worker, and loved the Telugus, and be- lieved in them; and, as might be expected, God honored him greatly. It must be all right, but it is hard to see it thus.

REV. J. E. CLOUGH, Ongole.



MISSION HOUSE AT COCANADA.

Mr. Timpany's Death and Burial.

I enclose a copy of a letter received this week from Cocanada. The writer is clerk of our English Baptist church at that place. The details given in the letter will be read with sorrowful interest by thousands in this country. All our conjectures were vain, for it seems that our brother was taken away very suddenly by cholera. Perhaps a few explanations may be in place: Coringa will be found on one of my maps a few miles south of Cocanada. Dr. Beech, the Government surgeon at Cocanada, was a personal friend of Mr. Timpany. The Rev. Mr. English is the Government chaplain, and a clergyman of the church of England. The bridge mentioned joins the two parts of Cocanada, otherwise separated by a wide creek which connects the canals with the sea. Cocanada proper is north of the creek; the

mission premises are in the northern part of Cocanada. South of the creek is Jugganadhapuram, which contains the meeting-house of our English church, and also the cemetery where Mr. Timpany was buried. Gabriel, Josiah, my baby that died in 1879, and many others of our people there await the resurrection of the just. I might add that Jugganadhapuram is now regarded as part of Cocanada. The cemetery is about a mile and a half from the mission premises. The carriage that bore Mr. Timpany's body to the grave was used to carry our baby's body six years ago.

JOHN CRAIG,
2nd April, 1885.

COCANADA, 20th Feb., 1885.

MY DEAR BRO. CRAIG,—It is my painful duty to in- form you of the death of our dear brother Timpany. He

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.

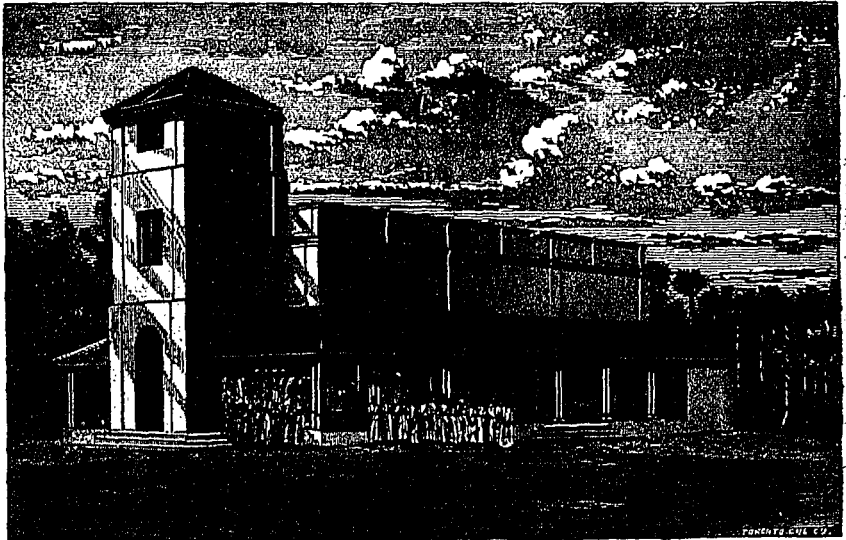
"We recognize in the event the mysterious doing of an Infinite, but All-wise and loving Disposer, to whose will we reverently bow, imploring his grace that we may prosecute the *great work* to which our fallen standard-bearer devoted his life with increasing consecration and self-sacrifice.

"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."

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

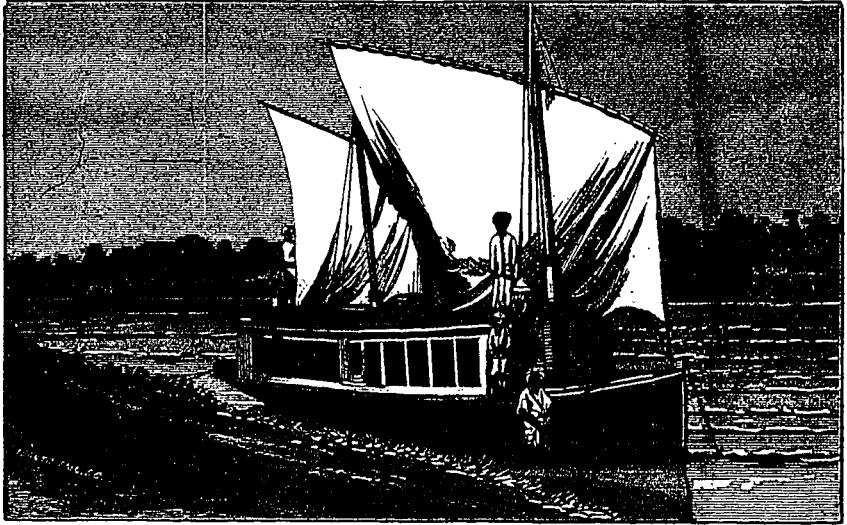
IDA BAKER

The Mission Boat "Canadian."

This boat was built by Mr. Timpany in 1879. It has been in use ever since, and has carried not only the missionaries, but also preachers, and sometimes the school-girls, when they were taken out to help in telling the story of Jesus and His love. The boat is over forty feet long, and is divided into three rooms, the cook-room being at the stern, the dining-room in the middle, and the sitting-room, which is also bed-room, being nearest the bow. Mr. Timpany and his little girl were standing on the foot-board of the boat, when the picture was taken.

The following letter was written by Mr. Timpany, at Cocanada, on Feb. 5th, 1885, to his son, who is now at Woodstock College :

MY DEAR SON,—Christmas has gone, and the first month of the year has already passed, and we are in February. We have not yet heard of your visit home during vacation. I have no doubt you had a nice visit, made nicer by Katie and Jennie being among you. Please the Lord some day we hope to meet. How fast the time flies ; it is now more than six years since we came to Cocanada. The Lord has preserved us all alive, blessed be His holy name ; the years will not be long now till we go home. It is a great blessing, for which I am thankful every day, that this fever did not compel me to go, or kill me. I am so much better and hope to be almost rid of it, or quite so, before I leave India.



THE MISSION BOAT "CANADIAN."

Christmas I married a very nice girl out of our school. In fifteen days she died with this malarial fever ; she was quite well when married. Uncle John McLaurin is not well ; he is here now. He intends going to Burma by next steamer for a change. I do hope it will do him good ; if anything comes to him I am left alone in this Mission. The fields are full of interest. I do believe if we were able to do the work this year that 1000 might be baptized. I am more enthusiastic about the work now than I was the day I first came to India, and why not ? Then there were not seventy Christians in our Baptist Missions, where now there are 30,000.

Jesus Christ *takes away the sin of the world.* This was the subject I presented in the English prayer-meeting last evening. What a thought : Jesus Christ takes away the sin and misery out of the world ! What a Lord ! What a work ! His complete work will not leave a vestige of sin or suffering in all this world. What a Saviour ! What a message to bring before this people ! My dear

boy, this is my "good time," my joy, my pleasure, my delight, to tell the lost about Jesus. What a world the new world will be ; a sinless world ! "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world." We had a good Association last week at Samulcotta. There were a good many Christians in attendance ; and some seven were baptised by the native pastor. I did not stay for the Sabbath. I brought home the boarding-girls (49) who had come up in the morning. About seventy came down with me on my boat. Mamma had not been very well and did not go. She is much better now. Mary is well and doing well in school. The teacher, Miss Folsom, is going to stay on permanently, I hope.

I have some building to do this year, I am sorry to say. It is such a bother to build here. I have done a lot of building in India, and know, pretty well, how to manage.

I hope you find study coming more easy as time goes on. With much love to you and Uncle Joseph,

Your affectionate father,

A. V. TIMPANY.

Girls' Boarding School, Cocanada.

This picture is new to the readers of the LINK. The photograph was taken in January, 1884. It shows a row of houses, in which the boarding school girls live while attending school. A palm tree stands in front of the houses, near the centre, and there are some small coconut trees also in their yard. To the right is a stone well. Many of the girls are standing in front of the houses. These buildings were paid for by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. The Chapel and Boat were paid for by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario.

Extract from Letter.

MY DEAR MRS. FREELAND,—You will have heard the sad, sad news of Mr. Timpany's death long before this letter reaches you. It was so sudden and unexpected that it seems impossible to be reconciled to it. A great warrior, a noble champion and a brave man fell yesterday in the field of battle. His dear wife, so brave and noble while he was dying, uttered words which never will be forgotten by those who stood around that death-bed: "Killed, killed, killed, with work, care and anxiety for the Telugus. Yours shall be a glorious crown." Yes, he will have a glorious crown; but oh, we ask, why did he go when he was so much needed? But God, the Father, called, and we must bow silently to His will; but it is so hard to be silent when our hearts are so sore.

**GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, COCANADA.**

He took cholera and had not strength to battle against it and live. Many agonizing prayers were offered on his behalf, but the Father, whose love we trust, kept silent and no answer came. He would have liked to have lived for the sake of the work. I wonder if God may not have taken him to do a greater work for the people he loved so dearly. Is he not a ministering spirit now being sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of salvation? He was buried last night at eight by torchlight, and many were the weeping ones that followed behind the body of one so dearly loved and esteemed. Of the sleepless hours that followed you can more easily imagine than I can explain.

Poor Mr. Timpany is not here to carry all our burdens to. He was so kind and so willing to help all. Oh, I wonder to-day what we shall do, but God, our Father, will help us now in our weakness. Oh, will not this touch the hearts of some who will be willing to come and, if need be, sacrifice their lives for these poor blind, ignorant people?

Dear Mr. McLaurin, in Rangoon, may be just now receiving the sad and solemn news. What a shock!

May God give him strength to say, "Thy will be done." I must not write more, but will say that dear Mrs. Timpany has had strength given her to bear up bravely under these hours of trial.

Yours very lovingly,

M. J. FRITH.

Cocanada, Feb. 20th, 1885.

Extract from recent letter: "Most of my time lately has been spent touring in the district. I have had a good time. The work here is much more full of promise year by year. It is not to be measured by the number of converts only. The whole nation is being changed. You know from history how great and radical changes seem sometimes to come about in almost a day. But the true historian points out the preparation that brought these changes about, and made them possible. At present the work in India is largely preparatory, and yet the harvest is much larger than it is at home. The work on my field is breaking out in every direction. I do not know what we are going to do. The churches at home do not appear to be coming up with the work."

In Memory.

Rev. A. V. Timpany, who fell asleep in Jesus at Cocanada, India, at 2.30 p.m., Feb. 19, 1885; and was buried at 9.30 p.m. of the same day.

Affectionately inscribed to the bereaved friends and the friends of Foreign Missions.

BY MRS. J. C. YCLE.

Night in the far-off East—in India, night,
After a day of anguish;—folded hands,
And fast-shut eyes, and still, unheaving breast,
And calm—the calm of death—enfolding one
Who but a day ago, for service girt,
Wrought for the Master with unflinching zeal,
Nor asked how long till rest-time and repose.

He slept. Sharp had the struggle been, and keen
The pangs of that most weary day—his last
For India and for Earth—sharp, but soon o'er.
And rest, sweet, Heaven-sent, peaceful rest
Came like a benediction from above—
Release and benediction both at once.

Then angels ministrant, that waited near,
Bore the freed spirit out past moon and sun,
And spheres of name and age to man unknown.
Into the calm of God's fair Paradise,—
Into the dawn-light of eternal day,—
While countless voices bade him welcome home,
And heaven o'erflowed with psalms of great joy.

Meanwhile, in India, night and bitter tears.
The pastor slept—the husband, father, friend,
The gracious counsellor, the tender guide—
Slept all unconscious of the tears that rained
Around and over him, serene and calm,
For God had given "to His beloved sleep."

Nay, do not name it "death" Hath not the Christ
"A finished death!"—plucked out of the grave?—and snatched
The victory from the grave? God's people sleep—
They sleep in Jesus—waiting the blest hour
When, down the opening heavens, with victor-shout
And archangelic trump, He shall return;—
Nor shall the grave have power then to hold
The eyelids of His sleepers. They shall wake
And spring exultant from their lowly beds,
His coming steps to welcome. Let us, then,
Say of our brother that he slept that hour;
And, speaking thus, with joy unspeakable
Rejoice in hope of resurrection bliss.

"Bear forth your dead"—the voice was low and sad,
And full of pity, yet must be obeyed.
And so, beneath the brooding wing of night,
A sorrowful procession weeping went
Down that dark heathen city's gloomy streets,
And past her idol-temples still and stern.
Where stony gods with blank, unseeing eyes
Sit waiting dumbly the strong Arm that yet
Shall hurl them from their seats; and on the wreck
Uprare the glorious temple of His grace,—past these,
And more that made the darkness and the night
Darker with drear suggestions of the gloom
Of moral night—scarce pierced as yet—that broods
O'er India and her sons, the while the hand,
That, only yesterday, held high the lamp
Of love above her darkness, palsied lay,
And mute the lips so late that spoke of God,
And hope of Heaven—as mute and silent now
As were the solemn stars that gazed from far
Upon those weeping mourners bearing thus
To its last resting place all that remained
Of the beloved who seemed as lost that hour
To India, to the world, and them.

Thus
By the flickering torch-light, thro' the gloom
They bore the missionary to his rest;
While sons of India—they whom he had led
To Christ for cleansing—stricken-hearted, wept
More than a brother dead—a father, friend,
A consecrated teacher, shepherd, guide

And round that tomb were other mourners bowed
Beneath a weight of anguish heavier far
Than even theirs;—and, as their bitter wail
Over the waters to the home-lands sped,
It pierced unnumbered hearts, and countless eyes
O'erflowed with tears of sympathy for hearts
So crushed and bleeding.

But take heart, there is,
O sorrowing spirits! balm in Gilead—
A Healer there who giveth joy in grief,
Hope in despair, unmeasured gain in loss,
And victory in defeat For, not in vain
He fell, who, fighting, fell for God and truth.
His last faint utterance shall louder ring
Throughout the home-lands than his living voice
Ere rang before; and ears that would not hear—
Haply that could not—till death came to give
Those words stern emphasis and power to rouse
Men's souls to action, now, at last, have heard,
And lips replied "Here, O my Lord, am I,
Send me! Send me!"

And will not India's sons
Now, from the cold lips of the teacher dead,
Receive the message that, from living voice
And living lips, they heard, but heeded not,
Or soon forgot—forgetting now no more—
And thus, through death, more laborers be gained,
And more souls saved than e'en by length of days
And years of hard endeavor had been won?

Nor yet in vain the work already done
By those now folded hands and silent lips,
For India and for us The seed he sowed
Springs even now; and rip'ning fruitage waits
The willing hands that follow where he toiled—
And less securely sit the gloomy gods
Of Ind upon their stony thrones to-day
Than when his voice first sounded in her ears
The story of her Saviour and her King—
The Almighty King, ere long to burst the chains
By Satan forged and fastened on her limbs,
And in promiscuous ruin hurl her gods
Of wood and stone beneath His chariot wheels.

For even now—could we but see aright—
The night breaks up apace, and all the East
Flames with the rising glories of a day
By him—let us believe it—brought more near—
Day of Messiah's coming, and for which
His people ever cry—"Lord Jesus, come!"
Already, list'ning, heedful, we may hear
His coming footsteps, near and nearer still;
While on their mouldering bases rock and reel
The idol temples and their myriad gods,
To utter ruin hopelessly foredoomed.

Then let us lift the banner that he dropped
And bear it boldly thro' the thickening fight!
And rear aloft the glowing lamp that fell
From the weak hands that longer could not hold
It up for India and the world to see,
And pour its light o'er heathen lands; the while
Christ and him crucified—a lost world's hope—
To a lost world we publish far and near!—
And, if God will, fall, even as he fell,
Unfaltering and undaunted at his post.
Rather than waver, victory so sure—
So sure, so near, and Christ who died for us
So soon to come, and faithful service crown
With endless honors at His own right hand!