

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I. I was taken sick a year ago with bilious fever. My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and leg so bad I could not move.

From 225 lbs. to 120 I had been decreasing for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as I ever felt, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life. R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '81. "Madden, Mass., Feb. 10, 1880. Gentlemen— I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters. The first bottle returned, my pains nearly cured me. The second made me as well and strong as when a child. And I have been so to this day. My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious "Kidney, liver and urinary complaint. Pronounced by Boston's best physicians "Incurable" of your Bitters cured him and I know of the "Lives of eight persons" in my neighborhood who had been saved by your Bitters. And many more are using them with great benefit.

Puttner's Syrup HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is invariably prescribed by the profession in cases of Nervous Prostration, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis and Asthmatic Affections, Scrophulous Diseases of Woman and Children, etc., etc.

ENDORSED BY THE PROFESSION: DR. W. B. SLATER says: I have tried Puttner's Syrup and find it well made, very palatable and admirably adapted to go down in those cases where Hypophosphites are called for.

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IN MEMORY.

Rev. A. V. Timpany, who fell asleep in Jesus at Coonada, India, at 80 p. m., Feb. 10, 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. VIGLE. Night in the far 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 unflagging zeal, Nor asked how long till rest-time and repose.

He slept. Sharp had the struggle been, The pang of the 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.

And heaven's overflowed with voices 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 "Abolished death?"—plucked out its sting?—and snatched The victory from the grave? God's people sleep—

That sleep in Jesus—waiting the blessed 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 shall hurl them from their seats, and on the wreck Upraise the glorious temple of His grace—

And more that made the darkness and the gloom Darker with dim suggestions of the gloom Of mortal light—sacred 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, palied lay, And made the lips so late that spoke of God, And hope of Heaven—so 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, the world, and them.

Thus By the flickering torch-light, thro' the gloom They bore the missionary to his rest; While sons of India—who they him had led To Christ for cleansing—stricken-her-ried, 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 spirit! balm in Gilead— A Healer there who giveth joy in grief, Hope in despair, unmeasured gain in loss, And victory in defeat. Fore 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 long before; and ears that would not hear— Haply that could not—till death came to give Those words to 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 be sowed Springs even now; and rip'ning fruitage waits The willing hand that follow where he led— And led securely at the gloomy goal Of India upon their story thence to-day.

Than when his voice first sounded in her ear.

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 rain hurl her gods Or woe and stone her heart. Her chariot wheels.

For even now—could we but see aright— They break up space, and all the East Flames with the rising glories of a day / By him—let us believe!—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.

To their 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 gloom, 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 thus 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 our faith be true, the fall, the falling and undimmed at its pore— 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!

Dying in the Harness. Few passages in the history of literature have a more touching and pathetic interest than those relating to the last scenes in the lives of men or letters who have retained their grasp upon the pen until death has given them release. Such scenes are depicted by the historian Green in his account of the death of Beza, or the Venerable Bede, the father of English history. The poet monk was engaged at the time in finishing his version of St. John's Gospel. It was two weeks before the Easter of 755 that the shadows began to creep over him. "I don't want my boys to read of my decease," he said, "but I have had him rest" or to work to no purpose after I am gone." A few days before Ascension-day his sickness grew upon him, and he spent the whole day in teaching, only saying cheerfully to his scholars, "Learn with what speed you may; I know not how long I may last." 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