



In Memoriam.

MRS. JOHN HARDY.

It was Wednesday, May 2nd. The morning's mail had brought a letter from Miss Harrison, in which she mentioned that Mrs. Hardy had been suffering from a slight attack of fever, but was better, and at the time of writing they hoped that she would soon be well and strong again. In the evening as we sat talking over some special work for the following day, the telegraph pen entered with a message which was to us, as it will be to the many friends at home, a startling and most painful surprise. It read thus:

"Gussie gone. Funeral Thursday morning. Can you come. JOHN HARDY."

For a few minutes we sat in sad silence. Then followed petition after petition to the God of all might and mercy, that he would sustain our dear brother Hardy in this most trying hour, and that the Holy Spirit in a very blessed manner, might be near the dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, and friends at home, preparing them to receive the sad announcement in the name of the God of love, and with all the soothing solace of the gospel of his Son.

But this was a time when immediate action must be coupled with prayer. One hundred and twenty-five miles lay between me and Parlakimedi. Ten years ago it would have been an impossibility to reach there in time for the funeral. But now, by means of the railway and the bicycle, there was good reason to hope that the distance could be covered in time. At 11 p. m. I was on the train, being hurried along in the direction of Kimedli. The next morning shortly after sunrise I was speeding away on the bicycle, and within two hours and a half the last twenty-five miles of the journey was finished and I found myself at the Mission house. Thank God for the railway and the bicycle in India.

A little later I looked upon the saddest sight that ever met my gaze. It was only a small company of weary travellers. A disinterested party looking on might not be much moved by what he saw. Ahead walked a half dozen men of the Saura tribe, bearing the rough-hewn coffin which contained the earthly tabernacle of the dear one whom God had taken to himself only a few hours before. Never before did those heathen Sauras seem one half as heartless. Not a word or a movement indicated even the suggestion of sympathy but quite the opposite.

And it seemed impossible to make them realize that their gross thoughtlessness and utter unconcern in regard to the precious burden they bore, added so much to the sting of the mourners' sorrow. Behind the casket, weary and worn, and almost physically exhausted, followed our dear bereaved brother Hardy, all alone, bowed down with indescribable sorrow, his heart aching and bleeding because of the deep wound so unexpectedly and so mysteriously inflicted.

When Mrs. Hardy passed away there were only two persons within a radius of many miles, namely Miss Harrison and Miss Gray, who had the desire and ability to render fitting aid in this hour of peculiar and most urgent need. They did all that woman's tender heart and ready hands could do to make the burden light. But it devolved upon our brother himself to prepare the coffin. The most suitable material that could be procured was the doors of the house in which they lived. From early in the morning till late in the afternoon he labored at this painful task. At 5 o'clock all was ready. The only road was rough, and steep, and rugged. Over it no vehicle could pass. And it was only after a great amount of coaxing, pleading and promising, that Bro. Hardy succeeded in inducing some Sauras to help carry his dear one down the hill. It was his desire and plan to continue the journey throughout the night, so as to reach Parlakimedi before the heat of the morning sun became too intense. In this, however he was disappointed. The bearers who started with him were tired, and every effort to persuade a fresh set of men to help in the night

was a failure. Not until 8 o'clock the following morning did he get away from the foot of that hill. There were still nine long miles before him to be traversed in the burning heat of that April sun. Regarding what our brother experienced as he journeyed that sixteen miles, much will be forever unuttered and unexpressed. Much more might be penned but we leave it to the reader to imagine. And we do not think an especially vivid imagination necessary in order to realize much at least, of the awful loneliness and indescribable sadness of that journey with the dead.

But on reaching the Mission Compound the scene was suddenly changed. Men and women whose skins were somewhat darker than ours, but whose hearts were born of the Spirit and charged with the love of Jesus, tenderly took possession of the casket, and seemed to vie with one another in their expressions of affection for the departed, and sympathy for the bereaved. A Telugu service was held in the Mission house. All our native brothers and sisters of the station were present. Although Mrs. Hardy had been in the country such a short time, she had won a large place in their hearts, and they seemed to realize that she had laid down her life for the Telugus.

At the close of this touching service we followed the remains to their last resting place, where they will be divinely guarded till the resurrection morn "when that which was sown a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body," glorified and made immortal.

Mrs. Hardy was a beloved daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John Williams of Nova Scotia. In the homeland she was ever known as an amiable, earnest, active and faithful Christian worker. For years she had been interested in Foreign Mission work, and longed for the time to come when she might go to the front and actively engage in the battle against heathenism. That time came last autumn, when in the month of October she bade adieu to the loved ones, and all she held dear in the homeland, and sailed for India. She arrived in Madras, December 10th, and on the following day was married to Mr. John Hardy, who had then been in the country two years. Together they settled at Palkonda to carry on the Master's work at this hitherto neglected station. Their hopes and prospects were the brightest. With consecrated enthusiasm Mrs. Hardy began the study of the language, and was making commendable progress when the increasing summer heat made it imperative that she leave Palkonda for a few weeks. Desdangar, a hill about sixteen miles from Parlakimedi, 4500 feet high and authoritatively pronounced above the fever line, was selected as the place of refuge from the scorching heat of Palkonda plains. But God had provided a better refuge for his child. In about a fortnight she was taken with fever, but not to suffer much or long. On May 1st, at 10.30 p. m., the Father called her to a higher and purer clime. There she rests.

Thus the life-work she had so long looked forward to and planned for, was all finished in less than five fleeting months. And thus, too, the first gap, by death, has been made in the little foreign missionary force of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, during the history of the mission, a period of almost twenty-five years. We did not think the first one to fall would be the youngest in the service. But "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." We stand amazed at God's dealings. We do not mourn for the departed, because we know that she has entered upon a better service. But the needs are so great, and the laborers so few, that we feel we cannot spare even one. For the work and for the dear ones left behind in India and Canada, we weep.

"Not now, but in the coming years
It may be in the better land.
We'll know the meaning of our tears
And there, sometime we'll understand.
"God knows the way, He holds the key.
He guides us with unerring hand.
Sometime with tearless eye we'll see,
Yes there, up there, we'll understand."

His will is best. His ways are best. And in humble, unquestioning submission, we bow before this seemingly sad providence.

To the mourning family, and many dear ones at home, and to the bereaved husband, our dear brother and fellow-labourer in India, we, as a missionary fraternity, extend our heart-felt sympathy. And we earnestly pray the God of all comfort to make the consolation of the gospel of Jesus Christ abound to the perfect supply of every need.

"Before the Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

"We share our mutual woes
Our mutual burdens bear
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

Bimlipatam, May 30.

R. E. GULLISON



MISS A. E. GRAY.

Miss A. E. Gray departed this life on May 20th, 1900, in Parla-Kimedi, Madras Presidency, India. She was the daughter of Samuel and Jane Gray, of New Annan, Colchester Co., Nova Scotia, and was born Nov. 13th, 1853. She was led to put her trust in the Lord Jesus Christ through the preaching of Rev. G. O. Gates, then a student missionary. Miss Gray was baptized into the fellowship of the church in her native place, by Rev. Mr. Corey. After teaching school for some years she removed to Wakefield, Massachusetts. While in this place she heard a great deal about Foreign Missions; it was here that she made the acquaintance of Miss Emma Upham, who became the wife of Rev. Mr. Thomas, a missionary to Burmah. Association with this earnest Christian woman had very much to do with firing the heart of Miss Gray with a desire to give her life to the cause of Christian missions. The fire thus kindled in her soul never went out.

Some time after this she returned to her native land and attended the Normal school in Truro, and united with the Baptist church in that town by letter from the Wakefield church. After prosecuting her studies for a time there, she went to Acadia Seminary at Wolfville. It was while a student at this latter institution that she applied for an appointment to missionary service, and in the autumn of 1884, was sent to India by the Foreign Mission Board of the Baptist Convention. Miss H. H. Wright was her companion in service. Bimlipatam was the station to which she was designated and where her missionary work was really done. Here she labored for upwards of eleven years, and returned to her native land on furlough in 1896.

It was her intention to return to her chosen work after a year of rest and recuperation, but by the advice of her physicians she found it necessary to have her furlough extended. It was not until last autumn that she was able to carry out her wishes. She sailed from Halifax in company with Mrs. Sanford, Miss Blackadar and Miss Williams, in October of 1899. It was the wish of the Board that she should make her home at Kimedli. To this she readily assented, and had just got fairly started in her work when overcome by the intense heat she determined to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Hardy to the Hill a few miles from her station, where a rest house had been built by Mr. Corey for the comfort of himself and others, in time of need. It was here in loving ministrations to Mrs. Hardy that she contracted the disease which afterwards proved fatal. Her weakened frame fell a victim to the dreaded fever. She was able to get back to her home but never rallied, and fell asleep in Jesus on May 20th. Thus has passed from earth to heaven an affectionate daughter and earnest Christian, a true friend and a faithful toiler in the vineyard of her Master. Our mission has lost one of its most devoted workers. We mourn the loss of our sister. The workers are so few that it seems hard to give any of them up. But the work is the Lord's. He gave us Miss Gray and he can fill her place. It seems strange that she should have been sent to India to die. It looks that way from this side. Some time it will be seen how it looks from the other side. Miss Gray was a woman of decided character, sturdy and self-reliant. Those who knew her best were led to form a very high estimate of her worth. We bow to the will of the God of missions. We pray for grace to help us in this time of need, for more laborers, and for a deeper interest in the great work of the world's evangelization. The friends of the departed and especially the aged parents will have the deepest sympathy of all lovers of the mission cause. It may be that this double bereavement will lead many to say "Here am I, send me."

We cannot so detach ourselves from the currents of history as to escape the consequences of other people's sins, though that sin were committed ten thousand years ago. The world is one, history is one, God is one. In this sense we belong to one another; no man liveth unto himself, no man sinneth unto himself, no man can say that he is injuring himself alone. He who commits any one sin is injuring the whole human race.—Joseph Parker.

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