

hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." The Rev. Enoch Barker, an intimate and true friend of the departed for nearly fifty years, was then called upon and spoke briefly. Very tender, touching and beautiful was the testimony he bore to the almost lifelong intimacy he had enjoyed with his friend, and the tribute he paid to his consistent conduct and loyalty to truth and conscience will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

As fittingly expressing the thoughts that often filled the mind of the deceased during his last illness, hymn 342 was sung with much feeling. The following is the first stanza :—

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home :
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home :
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand :
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

After prayer led by Mr. Barker, the Benediction was pronounced, the cortége formed, and, accompanied by a large concourse of sympathizing friends, the remains, lovely and natural even in death, were laid at rest with those of his deceased wife in St. James' Cemetery, there to await the coming of the King and the trumpet call, when "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

Only a few months before he was called "Home," Mr. Hine was made the recipient of a beautiful oil painting of himself, a personal gift from the artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, who had for many years enjoyed his friendship and the inspiration of his manly and generous nature.