

At the close of the services, which are noted below, an opportunity was given for all present to take the last look at the departed. The day had been cloudy, but suddenly the sun poured forth its rays upon the scene, reflecting as it were the smiling peaceful countenance of the deceased. The solemn tones of the organ, and the sobs and sorrows of the large audience as they filed by the casket made an impression on every mind not soon to be forgotten.

As the workmen retired from the building a double column was formed between the church and the hearse, through which our deceased friend was carried by the pall-bearers: H. S. Northrop, John Lyman, Mark H. Irish, S. S. Martin, Matthew Garvin and W. F. Johnston.

The long and mournful cortege was formed and proceeded to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The day was very cold, but the number formed in the sad escort was large. The employees walked in advance of the sad procession, and upon reaching the cemetery again formed into double column, the loved one's remains being carried through and deposited in the public vault. The last offices of respect were shown, the pastor read the concluding portion of the impressive burial service of the Methodist Church, and the mournful company retired.

Services at the Church.

The exercises for the dead commenced with the reading of the Scriptures by Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D., Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, who read the 90th Psalm and from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, beginning at the 26th verse.

Hymn No. 843, was then sung:—

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?