

interest in the Protestant Orphans' Home, and his zealous help in maintaining and directing the Home for the Aged; of all these we need not speak at length. His name is blended with them all by the work which he did. Mr. Uniacke preached his last sermon in St. George's Church, on Sunday, May 1st, from one of those texts upon which he so delighted to dwell, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." So overcome was he by the effort that it was with difficulty he went from the Vestry to the Rectory. His disease, which was aggravated Bronchitis, increased; he lingered on until June the 1st, when about midday he put off the mortal tabernacle,—was "absent from the body and present with the Lord."

Ere I close this brief Memoir of one whom I so sincerely loved,—it will not be out of place to put on record one of the last notes which he ever wrote, and which was addressed to a friend in a time of domestic affliction. True sympathy, love and thoughtfulness are breathed throughout it. Nor was he content with this expression of kindly feeling, but, suffering and debilitated as he was, exerted himself to come out and pay a long visit to the house of mourning, the last visit which he ever paid, an effort to carry consolation to those who were in sorrow. The note will tell its own tale:

*Wednesday, April 20th.*

DEAR MR. HILL,—

I regret I cannot be with you on the trying occasion of this morning, and perform the last sad office; but I was very unwell yesterday and last night, and cannot venture out this damp morning. There is one on High who will be with you and Mrs. Hill, and speak comfort to the weary-troubled spirit, "Peace, be still, it is I." What a thought, "*eternal glory*," absent from the body with Christ, released from all the accumulated trials of this sad world, taken from the "evil to come." "Our light affliction but for a moment," &c., &c. "O Death, where is thy sting," &c., &c., &c.

The sorrows of your hearts are enlarged; may the light of a Saviour's everlasting love come in and disperse this passing cloud. Ere long, how soon, you and I and all of us will mingle our dust in that hallowed spot, awaiting a joyful resurrection.

I must, if possible, help you on next Sabbath, perhaps at night if strong enough. Kind regards to Mrs. Hill, and love to the children, who will miss the little Lamb from the Fold, now with Jesus in glory.

Affectionately yours,

R. F. UNIACKE.

The Rev. G. W. HILL.