

Dec. 28, 1864. She was one of the family that commenced that church's Sunday School, and contributed by many years of constant watchfulness and effort to make it vigorous and successful. She had a passion for Sunday School teaching—would go in search of children on the streets, and bring them in for instruction—and soon secured a large class of very constant attendants, many of whom were the children of parents frequenting other churches. With her sisters, she was accustomed to hold a special service one afternoon of the week, in the chapel in Richmond street, for the children only. The attachment of her pupils to her was very strong, and was once instanced by one of them in illness going to school from bed, though obliged to return to bed again. She took great pleasure in visiting her children, several of whom, in time, became members of the church. In the additional work of tract distribution she was zealous; and she often visited the sick, to read and pray with them, and to afford them such relief as her own slender means and her collections among her friends would afford. One instance of this deserves to be mentioned, as an illustration and example. Last year, in response to an application at home, she several times visited a distant destitute widow, ascertained her circumstances, generously assisted her, and promised her monthly aid. Other ladies, hearing of this (but not from herself) gave similar aid. The day of Mrs. Hine's death was just the day before this widow's usual monthly call; but when the call was made, the friend was gone. But the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow is *not* gone; and it should be our study and delight to minister to the bereaved in their affliction, with the discrimination and care that distinguished our departed friend and sister: for "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren," says Christ, "ye have done it unto me."

How far we should carry the maxim—"of the dead and the absent say nothing but good"—we will not now attempt to determine. But without any overpraise or vain imagination of faultlessness, we may briefly summarize the excellences of our departed friend. To her, Christ was "all and in all." The consecration of herself to him was real and constant. And accordingly, she never undertook anything or went anywhere without commending it and herself to God in prayer; and always delighted to acknowledge any striking instances of answer to prayer. She always made pleasure subservient to duty, though it often involved great self-denial. Not only did she "shew mercy with cheerfulness," but she carried her cheerfulness into every department of life. Those who knew her best remarked her distinctness and tenacity of purpose, and her unwavering perseverance in the use of means. So strongly did she appreciate and observe the importance of present effort, instead of delaying immediate duty, or burdening to-morrow with what belongs to to-day, that the word "now" was assigned her as a motto. She cherished great reverence for her parents, and endeavoured, with deep affection, to imitate her mother's example. Home was the centre of all her activities, where, so far as this world is concerned, her anchor was cast, and from which nothing could induce her to go very far but the sense of duty. With mere pleasure-seeking she had not the slightest sympathy, but joyfully recognized the fact that the christian man is satisfied from himself, from the well-spring of divine blessedness within, and not from the circumstances and scenes without. Now she is entered into her Master's joy; and though dead still speaks. Let us glorify the grace of God in her. Let us imitate her excellences and expect to rejoin her. To the hearts that are bereft and desolate, the Divine Comforter will come. The motherless daughter has a Father in heaven. The church that is deprived of one of its living stones is in the hands of its loving Founder, who is able to build it up, and will. Let no man's heart faint or fail. There is only a stream between Paradise and Earth. There is only a veil between the glorified and the militant. There is only a step between us and our kingship. God is with us. Christ is in us. The Holy Ghost is ours. Ours is the glorious gospel. Ours is the work of truth and right and good. Ours is the cause of everlasting, universal, predestined triumph. O ye children, give praise to God. Ye young, decide at once for Christ. Ye careless ones, take warning from this sudden death, awake and live. Ye mourning ones, dry up your tears in faith and hope. Ye believing ones, run your race with perseverance, fight your bat-