

OBITUARY.

The venerable Archdeacon Daubeny, well known to the religious world by his able and orthodox writings, died suddenly in July last. Little did we foresee, when we decorated the pages of our last number with a portrait of this distinguished dignitary, copied from a work, entitled "The Living and the Dead," that a gloom would be thrown over the pages of the present number by the announcement of his death. While learning, piety, liberality, and apostolic zeal continue to support and adorn our church, so long will the writings of this laborious and exemplary theologian be read with interest, and his character remembered with veneration. We trust we shall not prove tedious to our readers in presenting them with an additional extract from the above-mentioned work.

"To this hour I remember the effect, and I question whether aught but the chilling approach of death will efface it from my recollection, which the archdeacon's air and manner produced upon me the last time I ever saw him officiate. It was at the consecration of his church at Rode. I call it HIS church, because to his influence—to his exertions—to his judicious and unbounded liberality, it owes its existence; because it was embellished by his taste; and completed under his constant and unwearied superintendence. The expression of countenance, as he accompanied the bishop up the aisle, repeating the consecration service—those who witnessed, will ever remember, though they cannot describe. Joy—gratitude—humility—devotion—all were imaged forth in that dark and full beaming eye:—it told of difficulties surmounted—of obstacles overcome—of holy triumph—of Heaven in view. Nor was the scene, subsequently at the altar, less imposing. There stood prominently before it three venerable figures, whose united ages could not fall short of two hundred and forty years. The Bishop of Salisbury, bending under the pressure of age and infirmity, occupied the foreground. On the right was Dr. Daubeny, on whose erect and manly form time seemed hardly to have dared to lay his withering hand; on the left, the Vicar of Steeple Ashton, whose tottering gait and silver locks bore out the assertion that he was verging on his ninetieth year. Around them were to be seen in clustering attendance, the junior clergy, with whose glowing countenances and youthful figures, these aged dignitaries formed an affecting contrast. They had nearly finished their course on time's eventful journey; with the others, it was just begun.

The church is a perfect picture. Built in the most perfect style of Gothic architecture—on the summit of a hill—in the midst of the most enchanting landscape—looking down with an air of protection upon the hamlet that is scattered at irregular intervals below it—and completely isolated from every other object—it forms a feature on which the eye of the most fastidious critic may repose with transport. Its cost is computed to have exceeded ten thousand pounds; of which the Archdeacon alone contributed three. "It is my legacy," he said to me at Bradley, after the consecration was over, "to the Church of England." The books for the reading-desk are the gift of the Archdeacon's grandchildren; being, as I heard the little ones joyfully relate, "the savings of our pocket money towards grandpapa's church." The plate for the communion was presented by the Archdeacon; and there is a fact connected with it so emblematic of his simplicity of heart, and, to my mind, so expressive of his character, that I cannot forbear recording it. Some months previous to the completion of Rode church, its indefatigable supporter was so severely attacked with illness that his recovery was deemed hopeless. Acquainted with the opinion of his medical men, and perfectly coinciding in it, he calmly and steadily betook himself to settle his affairs, and especially every particular relating to his church. "Let the communion vessels," said he, to his old friend Mr. Hey, "be as handsome as can be made—but plated. I have always condemned those who have placed unnecessary temptations in the path of their fellow mortals; and I am earnest that the last act of my life should hold out to others no inducement to sin."