

evidence he gave of deep humility, of lively faith, of animating hope of the joys of heaven.

On Sunday the 5th he requested the writer to perform in his room the office of visitation of the sick, in which with his Prayer Book lying on his bed before him he joined with that delightful fervour for which his manner has been so often admired. Frequently, through the day, and the night, he would request either the writer, or the Rev. Brother who was with him all the time from Tuesday P. M. till he died, to use some short prayer. This practice was continued till he became too much exhausted to be benefited by it. He often asked for some portion of Bishop Andrew's Litany to be read. In his own repetition of them there was a thrilling effect upon those present.

On Saturday morning the indications were so wholly discouraging that his Physicians advised that he should be informed, that they considered him in a very dangerous situation. Though the Bishop had evidently regarded his case as very doubtful, he might not be aware that his time was so near out as it has proved to have been.

The painful office of making the communication, fell upon the writer, and it was suggested that if he had any thing to do or say there should be no delay, and allusion was made to his wishes as to the Lord's Supper. "Oh yes," said he "the Sacrament, the Sacrament, that is the last thing, that is all, let me have it." There was a firmness and composure in his manner as he uttered the words, "well, God's will be done," which moved every heart and confirmed all present, in the conviction that the pious affection of this venerated and beloved Bishop, could not be shaken by the approaches of death.

The Sacrament was soon administered by the writer, and long will that solemn scene be remembered by all who beheld the transaction, as one of the most tender and moving character. When the person officiating came in the confession, to the words, "by thought, word and deed;" the Bishop stopped him and said, "you know the church expects us to pause over those words—pause now repeating one of the words at a time till I request you to go on." This was done, and the pauses in each case were so long that a fear passed over our minds that he had lost his recollection, or fallen asleep. This however proved not to be so, he repeated each word, and after the third pause added, "proceed, I will interrupt you no more." At the proper place he requested to hear read the 93d. hymn, as soon as the reading was ended he sung clearly the 2d and 3d verses.

From this time, which was about 9 o'clock in the morning, there was no very important change. During the night he said very little, and for about 4 hours before he expired was nearly, if not quite insensible to what was passing around. He sunk into the arms of death without a struggle, and his face soon assumed that engaging expression which has in life so often delighted those who loved him.

The most expeditious preparations were made for his removal to the city, for interment. A very respectable body of the inhabitants of the village assembled at the Parsonage House, whereafter a few remarks by the writer, he performed that service in the Clergyman's companion, prepared by the Bishop himself for similar occasions. The body being placed in a hearse, (Sunday 3 o'clock P. M.) a procession was formed, the writer and some members of his family with the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Peter's Church with some other members of the Congregation followed the corpse in carriages, (Dr. Hobart having previously taken his departure.) The bell of St. Peter's church was tolled, till the procession reached the edge of the village, when the people on foot and some others returned; and several carriages proceeded with the body to Weedsport, 8 miles, where a canal boat was in readiness—and it was committed to the care of the Rev. F. H. Cuming, who it should be stated had been the constant attendant of the Bishop night and day, from Tuesday P. M. The qualification of this gentleman for a nurse, and his untiring assiduity made him a most important aid to the writer and his family during those trying days. He was so acceptable to the Bishop that he was unwilling to have him a moment from his room, except now and then he would command him to go and get some rest.

The foregoing has been written to meet the supposed expectation of the distant public, and the Bishop's more immediate friends, that the writer would make them acquainted with the most prominent facts and incidents in the last days of that eminent man whose death fills the Church with mourning.

JOHN C. RUDD.

That is true learning, which makes thee wise; and that is true wisdom, which makes thee good: that is, which renders thee ever obedient to God, useful to others, and most easy to thyself.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

Rev. Sir,

Having read in your last number a short and familiar illustration of the indissoluble union between faith and works, I am induced to send you a well written tale on the same subject from the writings of Hannah More, which I trust you will think worthy of insertion. A late Bishop of London, observes Dr. Valpy in a note to that article in his address to his Parishioners, told me he did not know a better exposition of the union of faith and works.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A TALE.

Good Dan and Jane were man and wife,
And lived a loving kind of life—
One point, however, they disputed,
And each by turns his mate confuted.
"Twas faith and works; this knotty question
They found not easy of digestion.
While Dan for faith alone contended,
Jane equally good works defended.
"They are not Christians, sure, but Turks,
Who build on faith, and scoff at works,"
Quoth Jane; while eager Dan replied,
"By none but heathens faith's denied,—
"I'll tell you, wife," one day, quoth Dan,
"A story of a right good man—
A patriarch sage of ancient days,
A man of faith, whom all must praise;
In his own country he possess'd
Whate'er can make a wise man blest,
His were the flock, the field, the spring,
In short, a little rural king—
Yet pleas'd he quits his native land
By faith in the Divine command:
God bade him go; and he, content,
Went forth, not knowing where he went:
He trusted in the promise made,
And, undisputing, straight obey'd.
The heavenly word he did not doubt,
But prov'd his faith by going out."
Jane answer'd with some little pride,
"I've an example on my side;
And though my tale be somewhat longer,
I trust you'll find it vastly stronger.
I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man
The holiest since the world began;
Who now God's favor is receiving,
For prompt obeying, not believing.
One only son the man possess'd,
In whom his righteous age was blest;
And more to mark the grace of heav'n,
This son by miracle was giv'n:
And from his child, the word Divine
Had promis'd an illustrious line:
When lo! at once a voice he hears,
Which sounds like thunder in his ears!
God says; go, sacrifice thy Son!
This moment, Lord, it shall be done.
He goes, and instantly prepares
To slay his child of many prayers.
Now here you see the grand expedience
Of works, of actual sound obedience.
This was not faith, but act and deed;
The Lord commands: the child shall bleed.
Thus Abraham acted," Jenny cried,
Thus Abraham trusted," Dan replied.
"Abraham!" quoth Jane, "why that's my man."
"No, Abraham's he I mean," says Dan;
"He stands a monument of faith,"
"No, 'tis for works, the Scripture saith."
"Tis for this Faith that I defend him."
"Tis for obedience I commend him."
Thus he—thus she—both warmly feel,
And lose their temper in their zeal;
Too quick each other's choice to blame,
They did not see each meant the same.
At length, "Good wife," said honest Dan,