

quickly" the works of his Master and yours! Long, surely, will we remember that last visit—our Diocesan Church Society Meeting, at which he addressed us in so pleasing a manner—and our other solemn services—little as we thought they were to be his last.

Individually, I feel that another great blank has been made in my own circle of earthly friends—another link snapped in the chain that binds me to earth—He was "*my own friend and my father's friend.*" My earliest and most pleasing recollections are connected with his visits to the home of my childhood, where I have spent hours in listening to, without perhaps fully understanding, his engaging converse. He was my counsellor as I advanced in life's thorny path—especially at the time I turned from other pursuits to the Ministry, now about thirty years ago. In College he kindly continued his valuable advice. He has been my indulgent Bishop ever since, and I MOURN HIM AS A FATHER AND A FRIEND.

Of his closing hours no particulars have reached us. I doubt not they were blest with peace. When first laid down suddenly, this time last year, I witnessed his meekness and resignation, and heard his edifying discourse as I attended him to his home. He has since never been free from pain, nor, I believe, without a patient trust in the Saviour. Many who visited him have been edified by his "*suffering affliction and patience.*" His own wish, I think, was to die here "*among his own people*"—but friends naturally urged the trial of other climes to prolong so valuable a life. But who can add one moment to life's allotted span, when the work is done which God has assigned his servants. As he said to myself in a season of deep and sudden affliction,—"*Our heavenly Father, with wisdom that cannot err, always selects that time which is on every account the best, for the removal of his servants of every age from their pilgrimage to their home.*" He left our shores on the 4th of last October, accompanied by his family, arrived safely in England, seemed better at first, but after eight brief days in London, during which he spoke much of his Diocese, where his heart evidently was, he rapidly sank into his last slumber, and has entered as we fully trust, into "*that rest that remaineth for the people of God.*" His last effort, before leaving Halifax, only about three weeks before his death, was to answer an Address from his Clergy, which was far from doing justice to his worth. And as many of you have probably never seen his touching reply—I shall close this discourse by reading it to you.—

Halifax, October 1, 1850.

DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON,

THE affectionate Address of yourself and the Clergy of the Diocese, was put into my hands this day, and I do not lose an hour in assuring you and them of my cordial thanks for this tribute of respect and esteem, which I cannot but value most highly.

It has often been the subject of my thankfulness and praise to God, that He has been graciously pleased to place me among a Clergy whom I can love most sincerely. Toward these my feelings have never varied for an hour.