

to Brockville the same evening, and embarked the following morning for Kingston. On Monday the 29th, sixty-eight persons, including eighteen soldiers of the Royal Artillery, were confirmed in St. George's church in that town:—making a total of persons confirmed after leaving Montreal, of 357.

The last illness and death of the Right Rev. JOHN HENRY HOBART, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the state of New-York.

This Right Reverend Prelate, and pious servant of God, expired at the Parsonage House of St. Peter's Church in this village, the residence of his friend, the writer of this article, at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, September 12, 1830, being, it is believed, about 56 years of age.

The following article is not designed to draw the character of this distinguished ornament and defender of the Christian cause; in it there will be no attempt made to delineate the features of that noble and energetic mind, nor will it be employed in ordinary obituary reflections.

The writer is under the impression, that the public, especially that portion of it which is attached to the Episcopal Church will be impatient to have before them the particulars of the last days of this extensively known, and ardently beloved individual. Under the pressure of no common emotions, he deems it his duty to employ the first moments he has, after having finished his attentions to the body of the friend of nearly thirty years, in giving the afflicted members of the Church, and the weeping relatives and personal friends of the deceased such particulars as cannot well be expected from another, and which a sense of painful responsibility impels him not to delay. Should the task be found imperfectly performed, let my apology be read in that oppressive weight of feeling which cannot be removed till time has reconciled me to the prevailing stillness and gloom of a dwelling visited by death, to the absence of assiduous Physicians, the retiring of anxious attendants and enquiring friends.

Bishop Hobart arrived at my house on the evening of Wednesday the 1st. inst. in ordinary health, with the exception of a slight cold, which he said made him a little chilly. He rested well that night and complained of nothing unusual the following morning. He preached that morning in St. Peter's Church and administered Confirmation to nine persons. His sermon, alas! his last sermon was uttered in his usually impressive manner, and listened to by a full congregation with a profound stillness and attention. The text was Job. xxviii, 28... THE FEAR OF THE LORD, THAT IS WISDOM.

On returning to the Parsonage House he complained of coldness, and of oppression at the stomach, from which his friends have known him to suffer very severely for more than twenty years. He ate little at dinner, and shortly after retired to his room where he slept some time. At tea he ate nothing and soon after returned to his room where he bathed his feet in warm water, and went to bed. On entering his room as he was dressing himself, to hand him some letters, I found he complained still more of being unwell. He was urged to abandon the idea of meeting his appointments, for the two next days, and take some active medicine. To this measure he expressed great reluctance, though it was repeatedly pressed upon him by different members of the family. The Rev. Mr. Hollister of Skeneateles called about 12 o'clock noon, with a conveyance to take the Bishop to Pompey where there was a church to be consecrated the following day. About half an hour before this Dr. Morgan of this village called to pay his respects. On discovering the Bishop's evident tendency to indisposition, he seconded the remonstrance of the writer, against proceeding on his tour of duty. The Bishop yielded to his advice, and the Doctor went to his office to prepare some medicine which he kindly offered to administer himself, and proposed to remain till the operation was over. This he did.

It may be interesting to some, to be informed of a coincidence which will be here stated. On the 9th September, 1826, the writer having been but a few weeks a resident of this place, Bishop Hobart held Confirmation in the church here. Towards evening of that day he was taken suddenly ill while alone in his room; a young man who has attended him in his last illness being in an adjoining apartment, heard him fall; the writer was alarmed and ran to his assistance and found him lying on his face, faint and somewhat convulsed. Orders were instantly given to call a physician, and Dr. Morgan, then an entire stranger to all concerned, was providentially found in the street, and in a few minutes was with the Bishop. By a timely prescription and careful attention the threatened illness passed over, and the next day found our prelate consecrating a church at Moravia nearly twenty

miles from this place. Whenever the Bishop has subsequently made any stay in this village the Dr. has called upon him. The Bishop was from the first much pleased with this gentleman, and as will be seen, grew fond of him, and placed the utmost confidence in him to the last. We now return to the narrative.

The medicine given as above stated took a happy effect, and the prospect was, that after a few hours of repose, and some further medicine the Bishop would be relieved. He rested well for the greater part of the night of Friday the 3d; and though during most of the following day, Saturday the 4th, he suffered considerably, he found himself much better and more comfortable on Sunday the 5th, and it was supposed that he would be soon relieved. It was evident however, that under the most favourable circumstances, he could not in safety attend to his appointments for the two following weeks. During the middle of the day, a letter dictated by himself was addressed to his son, Dr. William H. Hobart in the City of New-York, expressing the opinion of the Bishop himself, that he was convalescent; but as he concluded that he should not have sufficient strength to perform the duties of his visitation appointments, it would be advisable for him to return home as soon as he should be able to travel, and he wished his son to come on for the purpose of attending him on the way.

On Monday the 6th, the Editor of the Gospel Messenger suggested to the Bishop the propriety of issuing in the form of an extra the notice which has been seen generally by the readers of this paper. In that Extra which was read to the Bishop he requested the alteration of the original expression of the writer, and substituted for it, "his disease is now yielding to judicious treatment." On Tuesday the 7th the symptoms were more unfavourable, but there was nothing by any means alarming either to the Physician or himself. During Wednesday the 8th, the Bishop's disorder assumed a severer character, but he was evidently much more comfortable through a large portion of Thursday the 9th, but on Friday the 10th the symptoms became seriously alarming, and towards the evening of that day assumed a fatal aspect. About nine the Bishop's son arrived. His introduction into the room of his venerated Father produced emotions better imagined than described and which will not be soon forgotten by those present. The Bishop was in full possession of his powers of mind and voice. The enquiries he made after his family, the pious counsels he addressed to his child, the fervour of his religious feelings, the ardour of his affectionate language produced for a time a most thrilling and overwhelming effect. Painfully interesting as this interview was, it was truly gratifying to those who had hitherto surrounded the Bishop's bed, that Dr. Hobart could hear from his Father's mouth not only his last admonitions and affectionate entreaties to make the Saviour of his soul the supreme object of his love, but that he might have from it an assurance that the Father had the fullest confidence in what his physicians had done for him. This sentiment was very frequently expressed during the whole of his sickness. Though he had the advantage of the counsel of several of the most distinguished and able medical gentlemen from other villages, and though he was very much gratified by their visits and still more by their untiring attention, he never failed to assure both them, and his attending physician, that he had the most entire confidence in the latter. To him he often addressed the most grateful, pious, and tender remarks. Again and again he would say, "My Dear Doctor, give me your hand, it soothes me, you have been very kind and faithful to me, you have been most judicious in your treatment of me, you will not lose your reward, for whether I live or die you have done your duty. God will bless you, my Saviour will bless you." To his other attendants he was continually addressing the most warm acknowledgments, imploring upon them the richest blessings. On receiving the slightest refreshment or relief, his first expression was, "God be praised," and then he would tenderly and repeatedly thank the immediate agent. Time will not permit any thing like a narrative of his conversations and remarks to those in his room. Throughout his sickness none were admitted who were not necessary to his comfort.

Though Bishop Hobart did not consider himself alarmingly ill, till the latter part of his sickness, still he frequently observed even in the earlier part of it, that it was the third attack of the kind, and one such, he had no doubt, "would some day be his end." "Perhaps," said he, "this may be that one—if so, God's will be done—O pray for me that I may not only say this, but feel it, feel it as a sinner, for bear me witness, I have no merit of my own, as a guilty sinner would I go to my Saviour, casting all my reliance on him,—the atonement of his blood. He is my only dependence—my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my God, my Judge." Such was the tenor of much of his conversation, and it is most earnestly wished that the writer had the ability as well as time to record in the glowing language of the departed prelate the