

congregation, the event which clothes our Church in gloom to day ought to be peculiarly affecting.

This flock has shared largely in the anxiety, the labours, and the prayers of our departed Bishop. We have been more frequently visited than any other Parish in this Diocese,—he having come down to us no less than TEN times during my Incumbency of twenty-five years. No Bishop before him had been among you for the long space of eighteen years. And moreover, a touching and a melancholy distinction will ever belong to this Parish, as being the one in which he may be said to have finished his work? \* HERE he preached his last sermon. Here, the silvery tones of his fine voice were heard for the last time in any public ministration. Here, for the last time his hands were laid (upon some of *your* heads) in the Apostolical rite of Confirmation. Here, he delivered the last of those “addresses” to the confirmed, which he knew so well how to render ins’ructive, affecting and impressive. O may all of you remember his counsels—and as you recall his venerable form, in the “laying on of hands,” and his words of solemn admonition, may the Spirit of God graft them indelibly on your hearts, and enable you to remember to “do

\* THE Bishop arrived at Lunenburg, on Wednesday the 7th of November, 1849, intending to hold Confirmations there, and in the neighbouring Parishes. That evening he met, and addressed, the Local Committee of the Diocesan Church Society. On Thursday he visited, as his custom was, some of the “Windows of the Church,” and some afflicted ones, who doubtless will long treasure up the words of kind and Christian consolation which they heard from his lips. In the evening, he preached his last sermon from a text sadly appropriate to what so soon followed. “*Watch therefore for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.*” Matt. xx. 13 v. He dwelt impressively on the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being always prepared for death. On Friday the 9th, the day of Confirmation, he did not preach, but after laying on his hands on 69 Candidates, he addressed them as they clustered around him, in the language of the most solemn admonition and affectionate encouragement, to persevere in their Christian race, and be “faithful unto death.” He was heard with breathless attention and many tears, by a crowded congregation, who little thought that it was the last occasion on which they were to listen to the tones of his well known voice. After partaking of some refreshment at the Rectory, he insisted on making some additional calls, and then proceeded to the Parsonage of the Rev. Mr. Filleul, at Mahone Bay, intending to Confirm there the next day.

But alas ! “we know not what a day may bring forth !” That same night, he was seized with alarming illness, but yet could scarcely be restrained from calling the candidates to his bed-side to receive Confirmation. Every attention was paid him that affectionate anxiety could dictate, and medical aid afford.—On Tuesday following, the writer conveyed him by easy stages towards Halifax, (60 miles,) a journey he can never forget. The Bishop’s health was never restored ; although it so far improved that he sometimes attended Divine Service, and even, (but with difficulty,) he accomplished a journey to Windsor in August.

When the late Bishop Hobart, of New York, was arrested by the hand of death in 1830, while engaged on a Visitation far from his home, the writer heard our late Bishop remark,—“He died *in harness* : that is the way I expect to go.” And so it was. Death found him at his Master’s work, and he was mercifully spared at last, the mental and bodily imbecility which is often the portion of distinguished talent, and was the portion of his Father.