

We pass from *principles* to the *policy* of the Rt. Rev. Person whose loss we deplore. And here every one well acquainted with his character, must allow that his course was always open, frank and undisguised. He took no circuitous measures, he indulged in no concealed manoeuvres for the furtherance of what he regarded important purposes. The moment he saw what he honestly believed to be error—the moment he witnessed movements of doubtful or dangerous expediency—he boldly and unequivocally took open ground—avowed his opinions and impressions, and ardently defended them. He stopped not to ask whether the view he took would advance his popularity or not.—I know many have said he was too sensitive, and those who were most about his person, most in his confidence, will not hesitate to confess that in the character of his mind there was a nervous temperament that displayed itself in great quickness of feeling; but with all this sensitiveness, there was a singleness of purpose, a uniformity of opinion and a magnanimity in action very rarely evinced. While he most unequivocally preferred the doctrines, the institutions and usages of his own church, and while he openly deprecated every amalgamation which tended to cast those doctrines, institutions and usages into shade, and render them inefficient, no man was ever more cautious in avoiding every thing like an impeachment of the motives and piety of others. The world saw him as he was, decided and firm in his principles, undisguised in the avowal of them, never shrinking from his own responsibility. No man ever displayed more true moral courage; and the prosperity of the Church in his diocese must be allowed as an unanswerable evidence of the soundness of his policy, and that the blessing of God attended his labours.

In his *affections and tempers*, Bishop Hobart presented claims to admiration and love that no man could easily resist. While the splendour of his genius, the vigour of his intellect, and the extent and soundness of his learning, gave him exaltation in the estimation of the world, his amiable and engaging manners in social and private life, his affectionate and tender deportment in all the relations of friendship, and of blood and kindred, formed after all the prevailing charm of his character. Those only can truly appreciate him who have seen him when released in some measure from the cares which almost incessantly preyed upon him, he gave himself to the enjoyment of the society of those he loved. In such hours there was a child-like simplicity, an ardour and tenderness, which many who knew him best will never forget. They saw in him the unostentatious piety and elevation of the Christian, combining with all the exercises of chastened and controlled affection. Quick and impetuous as his temperament was, no man was ever more careful to avoid giving pain to others.—Severe as were his censures, and explicit as was his language when he admonished, no man ever had a more happy talent in soothing the mind that he desired to improve and to guide. Of the motives of others, he was the tenderest judge. In all the many controversies into which he found himself led, you can rarely, if ever, discover him ascribing improper motives to his opponents—mistaken, undoubtedly, he often thought them, but *honestly* mistaken, he was always ready to believe them. And here it should be remarked, that in the discussion of all the points of Theology and Expediency in which he deemed it proper to be explicit and in earnest, he can never, I believe, be found to commence the controversy. When in his capacity as a minister of Christ, he has deemed himself called upon for a certain course of instruction to the people under his care, he gave no reasonable provocation to those of different denominations. When these instructions have become objects of attack from others, we have always found him ready and able to defend his views; and seldom have we seen the pen of controversy in a more able hand. But through the whole, ardent as he may have been, kindness of temper has marked his course, and that kindness never left him till he ceased to know earthly things.

But however engaging the qualities of his heart, and however exalted the powers of his mind, the richness of his character was seen in his *Piety*. Without any bleedings of fanaticism or ostentation, there was an ardour of religious feeling and a strength of expression that found their way to every well disposed heart. It was impossible to listen to his preaching without a persuasion, that to bring himself and others to the fullness of Christian Faith, and the fidelity of Christian practice were the supreme objects of his desire. To humble the sinner at the foot of the Cross,—to exalt the Saviour's love and mercy—to encourage and constantly invite the grace and power of the Holy Ghost—to move the heart to that obedience which should have for its end the renewal of its affections—to wean the soul from the earth and direct its hopes, its aspirations, its desires to the heavenly world were the supreme, the constantly animating purposes of this departed minister of the New Testament. In all he has left behind, you will find

this prevailing aim and desire. His whole life was a comment upon his doctrines. None but the most perverted or misinformed can possibly find in his conduct any thing to destroy the piety of his character. He lived a life of ardent faith, of love to God, of labour for his Church, and those who saw and heard him in his last days, will never cease to desire that they may be able to give the same exalted evidence of triumphant belief, and controlling devotion of soul. Those who saw him in those trying hours cannot cease to say, animated by the peace and joy that he had, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

After all that has been said, shall I speak to you of the manner in which our venerated Bishop performed the duties of his office? Ah, who that ever heard him, that ever marked the peculiarly simple, yet solemn,—the commanding, yet tender and impressive character of his eloquence, that can forget it? He never stopped to weigh and measure his performances by the rules of art. What he uttered, whether in his sermons or the services required of him, came warm from the heart, and every look and motion told you, that he had forgotten himself in his desire to honor his divine master, and to do you good. No commendation of mine can give weight to his most solemn instructions and the manner in which he imparted them.

From the characteristics I have imperfectly presented of this great and good man, it would be natural to proceed to the notice of what he has accomplished.—Though he laboured under the pains and inconveniences of a feeble constitution through his whole life, and though his years fell far short of the boundary to mankind, yet few men have done more, especially in the works of usefulness to the best interests of the world. In addition to many and severe duties in other fields, you have seen him moving through this wide-spread diocese, year after year, with unexampled activity, discharging the duties of his high office with a promptness, vigour and effect which excited the admiration of all. To these labours, under the divine blessing, are to be ascribed in a very great measure, the advances of our communion. Through his whole life, and especially through the nineteen years of his Episcopate, it would seem that he thought not of himself. His body and his mind were given to the Church of his God, with uncomplaining perseverance, and ever as he went, his hands were open as his heart, for he gave, even beyond what could reasonably have been expected of him, to every object of benevolence or charity that came properly before him. Vain, my hearers, would the attempt be to give the details of his kindness to the poor,—his consolations to the sad, his comforts imparted to the suffering.—But all his works on earth are done. You saw him but a few days since, in this temple, performing the last act of his sacred office. You listened to his last sermon. Some of you were the last on whom he laid his hands in the ordinance of confirmation. Oh, my Brethren, will you ever forget that last discourse of this talented Bishop, this most eloquent of preachers, this best of men? Will you, on whom he laid his hands at the very hour when disease was marking his way to the grave, ever forget the tender, the earnest, the pious, the encouraging address which he uttered as you stood before the altar? Will not some of you, my hearers, regret this day, that you did not listen to the invitations of mercy and kneel at the altar then that you might have enjoyed that last *laying on of hands*,—the benediction and prayers of that beloved and apostolick man? We will not stop now to reason with you on this point, but we will hope and pray that this severe visitation of God's providence may produce in you and in me, and in the whole Church, an increased desire to improve those blessings which are now within our reach.—Truly the Almighty calls loudly upon this congregation.—In a few years three of those who have been your Rectors have been called to their last account. Northrup, M'Donald and Sitgreaves have closed their ministry, and now, our Bishop has ended his labours, his Spirit taking flight for heaven from our abode. Sore, indeed, Brethren, is this wound to our Church, and the only consolation we can gather must be found in the hope and trust that "He that hath wounded will make us whole—He that hath bruised, will bind us up."

I have spoken, Brethren, of the worth of one dear, to you and to me. I have spoken of him as I knew him, in the unreserved intimacy of a long friendship—as I have seen him in a high and sacred station—as I have observed him in the discharge of momentous and delicate duties—as I have marked him in other days of pain and sickness—as I beheld him in his last hours, evincing the triumphs of an exalted Christian Faith,—unfolding the charms of a refined affectionate temper, combined with the ardour and elevation of a most noble intellect. To some my language may seem the partiality of a long standing love,—Be it so. My firm conviction is, that those who shall