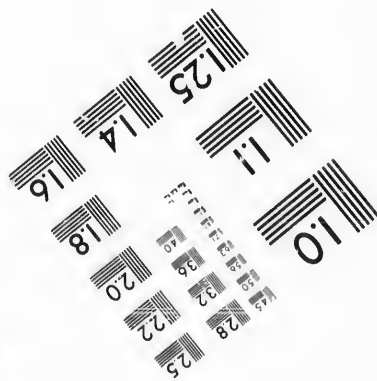
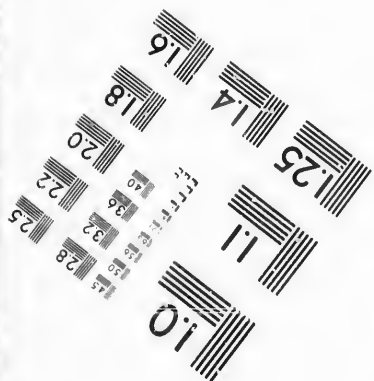
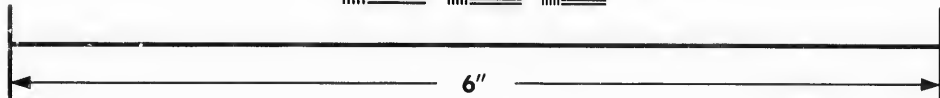
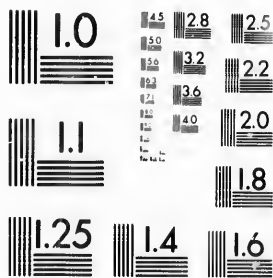


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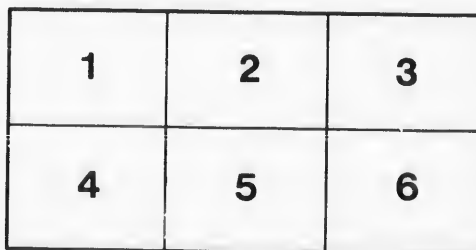
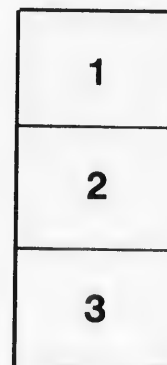
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# SERMON

IN REFERENCE TO THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN INGLIS, D. D.,

LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA,

---

PREACHED

IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, LUNENBURG, N. S., ON SUNDAY  
THE 17<sup>TH</sup> NOVEMBER, 1850.

BY THE

REV. JAMES C. COCHRAN, A. M.,  
RECTOR THEREOF.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED AT THE CHURCH TIMES OFFICE.

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## TO THE READER.

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THE following Sermon is printed more particularly for the use of the Preacher's own Congregation, many of whom were unable, in consequence of the weather, to attend when it was delivered. And of those who did hear it, it is believed that many would like to possess some more lasting memorial of their revered BISHOP, than their mere recollection of the Sermon can supply. As some apology for the imperfection of this humble tribute to one who deserved a better, it may be said, that the news of our sad bereavement only reached us on the morning of the day previous to its delivery, and the greater part of that day was devoted to other engagements. The writer however, trusts, that all defects in this, and every other notice, which has yet appeared of the eminent Prelate whose loss we deplore, will be abundantly supplied by the hands of some more able Biographer, who would find a worthy and prolific subject in the "Life and Times of the Third Bishop of Nova Scotia."

Lunenburg, Nov., 1850.

# SERMON.

ACTS XX. 37-8.

*“ And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship.”*

THE latter part of this Chapter is one of the most interesting portions of the Acts of the Apostles, and presents to us the great St. Paul in a very instructive and edifying point of view. He had been, and then was on one of his extensive visitations of the Christian communities which had sprung up, in such large numbers, under his Divinely blessed labours. Scattered as these were over the then known world, and far inferior to what we now have, as were the facilities of moving from place to place, it is truly astonishing to consider the length and variety of the journeys performed by this eminent servant of Christ. Truly when we reflect upon this, and consider further, that all he did was in the face of dangers, persecutions and death, we may enter into the full force of his own declaration, “ I have laboured more abundantly than they all.”

In the Chapter before us he recounts some of his many labours.

Being now at Miletus, in the vicinity of Ephesus, he sent for the neighbouring Presbyters or Elders to meet him there, and enters upon a brief review of his ministerial course among them.—

“ Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons.

“ Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befel me by the lying in wait of the Jews.

“ And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publiely, and from house to house,

“ Testifying both to the Jews and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.”

But all these labours, and all this preaching of life-giving truths, were now drawing to their close. He tells them—

“ And now, behold I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there,

“ Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me.”

But far from being deterred by prospects like these, from pursuing the path of duty—far from regretting that he had chosen a path where things so uneasy to flesh and blood were to be found, he adds in the language of surpassing faith and confidence,—

• “ But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto



myself so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

What a glorious pattern have we here Brethren, for all of us, in view of the end of our earthly course! But especially, what a pattern for the Christian Minister and the Christian Bishop, ever to keep before his eyes, as he pursues the work which God has given him to do.

What fervent desires to fulfil his ministry! What indifference to the things of time—the suffering and trials which were his daily portion! "*None of these things move me!*" All he desired was, to "finish his course with joy," (no matter how many its previous sorrows,) and to be able to give a good account of the "ministry of the Gospel of the grace of God," with which he was put in charge.

Well will it be for every Minister, if he can at the close of his career, and when looking back on the years he has passed among his people, take up the words of Paul, and say—

"Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.

"For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

Assuredly the only ground on which we can hope to be regarded "pure from the blood" of souls, in the great day of account, is the very same as that here set forth by Paul. That we have not shunned to declare all the counsel of God. That we "have kept back nothing that was profitable" unto our hearers—"have not shunned" through fear of their frowns or their ridicule, or through desire of applause, to declare plainly and faithfully the Gospel message—not their own counsel or message—not the fancies of their own minds or the systems of man's devising—but the COUNSEL OF GOD—especially as manifested in the redemption of the world, by the death and passion of His adorable Son—not a part, only, of this either, such as might please flesh and blood, or such as agrees with their own opinions, or the taste of a corrupt generation, but the "*whole counsel of God,*" as they find it, not among the "traditions of men," but in the pure word of God.

They that would have peace in the closing hour of their ministry, or hope to render up their account with joy, and not with grief, must aim at the like faithfulness and plainness of speech and singleness of purpose, in all their dealings with the souls committed to their charge. Under the influence of these considerations, the Apostle proceeds to deliver his last words of caution and exhortation to those around him. The parting hour had arrived, that hour which must arrive to all—which must separate every preacher from his flock—every Bishop from his larger charge—his care of all the Churches.

"And now behold I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more."

This was the last time they would ever see his face, until they should meet in the kingdom above; the last time that they should ever hear that

preaching which had so often delighted and instructed them all. He therefore solemnly charges them,—

“Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood.

“For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.”

And then, knowing how vain of itself is all human counsel and exhortation, however solemn the time or circumstances attending it, he points his fellow labourers to HIM, who is the never failing source of grace, and strength, and wisdom—who, amid all the changes and chances of this shifting scene, is always the same—who, tho’ the “earthly priesthood” continually “changes by reason of death,” remains “a priest for ever”—who, while the pastors and the congregations of the Church below, are ever passing away from the face of the earth, is Himself, “the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,”—always able fitly to supply the vacancies which occur in His church, and to overrule, what we think calamitous dispensations, for our good, and His own glory.

“And now Brethren, I commend you unto God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.”

He then concludes the most impressive services of that most memorable day, a day such as the Church of Christ has seldom seen,—in a manner most suitable to such a time. For what can be more suitable, when friends are about to part company in this uncertain world, than to unite in prayer to God, that they may meet where they will “part no more,” and to commit each other to the Guardianship of their Almighty Protector.

But especially, what more suitable farewell for a Christian Pastor, when about to turn his face for the last time from his beloved people, than to mingle his prayers with theirs—and call a blessing down upon their past connexion and their future lives,—on their persons, their substance, and their families.

“In prayer on earth, the saints are one,  
They’re one in word and mind,  
When with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.”

Accordingly the last sounds of Paul’s voice before he bid his last farewell to the Church of Ephesus—were those of Prayer, “And when he had thus spoken he kneeled down, and prayed with them all.”

How touching is the account given of the feelings shown on this most affecting occasion. No cold, and indifferent scene was that. No carelessness whether he went or staid. “*They all wept,*” not a little only—not a few strained tears—but “*wept sore,*”—copiously did the tears course down their cheeks—as evidence that their hearts were melted too, in tenderness and love.

Moreover, “they fell on the neck” of their venerable and beloved Minister and friend—and they “kissed him!” And though they had various

causes of sorrow at such a time—tho' even a brief parting would have been painful to their feelings—their sorrow on this occasion was heightened to the greatest pitch of intensity by the sad consciousness, that they saw his face, and heard his words, and pressed his hands for the *last time*. “They sorrowed most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.”

Surely among the histories of the mere children of this world, there never can be found a scene so sublimely affecting, so full of all that is noble and beautiful and pure, as this.

But it is a scene which has often been repeated in the history of the Church of Christ since the parting of Paul from Ephesus. All Christ's people are “made to drink into one spirit.” They are all united to “one Lord,” and are partakers of one faith—and “it is the same God who is above all and through all and in them all.” And His Spirit thus leads, in all ages, and sections of His Church, to the same results—the same Christian affection between Pastor and people—the same high and holy consolations, to cheer them both, when their earthly connexion is dissolved—the same hopes of meeting where connexions are dissolved no more. And now Brethren I have been led to select this portion of Scripture, as introductory to a few remarks on that mournful event which is sufficiently declared by the sable garments which you see around you to day in this house of God. Your Bishop, the highest Minister over that house, to whom you and I have been accustomed to look as our Spiritual Father and Overseer, is no more ! He has finished his course, “and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.” And now, behold, all ye, among whom he has gone preaching the kingdom of God, for so many years, shall see his face no more. He who has so often passed up and down our coasts and through the length and breadth of our land, ordaining our Ministers, consecrating our Churches, confirming our youth, comforting those that mourn, animating our zeal, encouraging us in our difficulties, counselling us in our doubts, rejoicing in our prosperity, sympathising in our adversity, has passed for ever away from this lower scene of trial !

He “rests from his labours,” and we trust we may also add “his works do follow him.” It is most fitting, brethren, that at such a time, and after such an event, your attention should be fixed upon it. It is a loud call to a *family*, when its head is removed by death. It is a solemn call to a *congregation* when its Minister closes his labours and lies down in the grave. It is a yet louder and more widely extended call, when the “Chief Shepherd” of *all* our sheep, the Minister of *all* our congregations, the Spiritual Father of *all* our Ecclesiastical families, is addressed as of old, “*Set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live.*” It beoves each member of the family to give heed to a call like that, which comes but seldom in the lives of any. It is right, too, that when one to whom we have all been so long united in the bonds of Christian love and obedience, one who has so often come

down among us, seeking to be allowed to "impart to us some spiritual gift," one personally and officially so worthy of our respect,—it is right, I say, to mark the departure of such an one from our head, by such tokens of respect and mournful affection, as this Church presents to day, and which the affectionate kindness of several of you has enabled us readily and quickly to supply. But I regret that the notice I can take of our departed and honoured Bishop, must be brief and imperfect, and quite unworthy of the subject.

He began his ministry as Missionary in the rural parish of Aylesford, where he discharged his duties in a most exemplary manner, commending himself to the affections of the "humble poor" by his devotion to their temporal and their spiritual necessities, in a manner which the aged among them still speak of, with grateful hearts. From 1816 to 1824 he filled the more arduous post of Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, where I witnessed his untiring devotion to his ministerial duties, his attention to the sick and the afflicted, his readiness at all hours to attend to the calls of the poorest members of his flock, no less than of the highest. He had to encounter, at this time, the opposition of some influential members of the community; but he overcame it all, by the Christian weapons of persevering kindness, patience and love, "heaping coals of fire" on the heads of all who withstood him, "overcoming evil with good," and effectually winning his way to very general and affectionate regard.\*

Although he has held his high and holy office little more than twenty-five years, he has been closely identified with the interests of the Church in these Colonies for nearly fifty years. His father, who was the first Colonial Bishop, and presided over this Diocese for thirty years, died in the year 1816. But for many years before his death his infirmities were so great, that the chief care devolved upon his son. So was it also during the time of the next Bishop (Stanser), who only resided a few months in his Diocese, giving place in 1824 to our late Diocesan. So that as the confidential adviser of his father, the first Bishop, and the efficient substitute of the second, he has for nearly half a century, had the "care of all our Churches."

Elevated to the Episcopal office, he displayed the same anxious desire, and unwearied endeavours, to promote the prosperity of the Church over the widely extended field committed to his care. That field embraced Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, P. E. Island and Bermuda, the sole charge of which immense Diocese, not less than 1000 miles from one extreme to another, lay upon him for the first sixteen years of his Episcopate. He

\* I may here mention as illustrating the forbearance and self government which he practised, that he told me about this time, that whenever he met with any annoyance, he found his best cure was to go to the chambers of the sick and afflicted, and there he soon forgot it all. Or when he received, as he sometimes did, letters calculated to arouse his feelings, his rule was to put them aside for a day or two before he would reply. I have had an opportunity of knowing many instances in which he seemed to study to do most kindness to those who were most opposed to him.

shrunk not from it. He visited repeatedly every part of it. His Visitations of the wild harbours of Newfoundland, were particularly arduous—sometimes causing him to spend nights in open boats—and obliging him to encounter many dangers. No matter how bad the roads or the weather, or how great the distance, he was ever ready to go where duty called, and never careful as to what shelter or accommodation he might find. So that it might without presumption in a great measure be said of him, what without reservation St Paul truly says of himself,\*—“ In journeyings often, in perils of waters . . . in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea. . . . In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often. . . . Besides those things that are without that which cometh upon me daily—the *care of all the Churches*. Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?”

To him, under Providence, the Church in these Provinces is largely indebted for its present condition. He found it a grain of mustard seed—he has left it a wide spreading and a goodly tree. When he first came among us in his father's day, there were some half dozen Clergymen scattered over the land, and not as many churches. When he left us, there were in our own Diocese some sixty labourers, and more than twice as many Churches. He laboured successfully to place the support of the Clergy on a more comfortable and permanent footing—to which he devoted much time and personal exertion.

Of the Collegiate Institution at Windsor, founded by his father in 1788—he was the untiring friend,† procuring it much of the endowment it has hitherto enjoyed, and its valuable Library, and defending its interests with unceasing watchfulness, and zeal.

He rightly estimated the importance of that Institution to the well being of the Church, and his latest anxieties were given to its present difficulties—difficulties which call upon all members of the Church to rally around it, and contribute to save it from ruin.

Nor did he neglect the interests of education in an humbler way. He was the chief instrument in dotting our country with numbers of useful Schools, supported by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at a time when our Legislature did little or nothing in that way. Hundreds are indebted to these schools for all the education they ever received. And it should not be forgotten, that it was he who first introduced, about 1813, the excellent Madras or National system of instruction into this, and the other Provinces, which has been productive of so much good.

As a GOVERNOR OF THE CHURCH he was eminently qualified for his post by the calmness and clearness of his judgment, by his mild and forbearing

\* 2 Cor. xi. 26-28 v.

† Bishop Inglis was one of the first Students of the Infant Seminary, then under the care of the late Rev. Dr. Cochran; but, like the Rev. Dr. Rowland, of Shelburne, Sir James Stewart, of Canada, and others his contemporaries, his course was completed before the Royal Charter, authorising the conferring of Degrees was obtained.

temper, and his courteous and winning manner. He was ever easy of access to all who desired it, always ready to afford to his clergy and to his people generally, the benefit of his paternal and judicious counsel. When it became his duty, as unhappily it sometimes did, to administer needful discipline, he did it faithfully, but yet so as to "remember mercy." To one erring brother he said, on the first report of his transgression,—“If you are innocent remain at your post and I will stand by you to the last—if you are guilty fly to the world's end, and spend the rest of your days in the prayers of a broken and a contrite heart, for pardon through the Saviour's blood.” It thus fell to his lot to acquire and to retain, perhaps as large a share of the affectionate respect and esteem of his clergy and people, as usually belongs to the office of a Bishop.

While firmly and conscientiously attached to the discipline of the Church of England, he was yet most conciliatory to those of other denominations: so that wherever he went, all classes, ministers and hearers, flocked to hear him, and were pleased and edified by the ordinances he administered. I was particularly struck with this, while attending his Visitation twenty-four years ago, in a community, where our members were but a handful, compared to the hundreds of other denominations that crowded the church. Yet though he faithfully set forth the distinctive features of our own communion, and explained our peculiar forms and ordinances, which were all new in that place, none were offended—hostility was disarmed, and many were won over to “a more excellent way.” Such Christian moderation and “meekness of wisdom,” can hardly be too highly prized as the qualification of a Bishop over a country so divided in religious sentiment as ours. The same moderation and prudence have, under God, preserved our own section of the Church from those divisions, which now mar the beauty, and threaten the purity, of other portions of it. And the more we have felt the blessing of this, in the harmony that has pervaded our Zion up to the present time, the deeper must be our anxiety that no successor, of opposite temper and conduct, may be inflicted upon us. But I must forbear to enlarge further on the character of him who presides over us no more. What I have said, is not to bestow upon him undue praise, which, if he could hear it he would be the first to condemn, and cast from him, in lowly self abasement; but it is to remind you, my brethren, of the loss we have all sustained, in the removal of so kind, so judicious, so laborious, and so useful a head. While it is our duty to bow, with submissive resignation, to the will of Him who is the Supreme Governor of the Church, it is also our duty to thank Him, for having spared such a servant to us so long, and at such a critical period of our Church's history. And though we cannot expect to see in his place one so thoroughly acquainted with the interests of our Church and the habits and circumstances of our people, and in many respects so eminently qualified for the post; it behoves us all brethren to pray fervently and constantly to the Lord to preserve us from all unsoundness in the faith, in the new Shepherd of the flock, and to give us one after His own heart, who will “feed,” and not scatter the sheep of His pasture. To you brethren of this

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.

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.



Their usefulness has been the first subject of my prayer on their behalf, and it has been a delight to me whenever my poor exertions for their comfort have been blessed with any measure of success.

Their usefulness and their comfort have cheered me among many toils and anxieties; but well knowing the feebleness and insufficiency of my own endeavours, I have been carried with a thankful heart to Him from whom and through whom, and by whom alone, any success has been obtained. It has been subject of much regret to me that I have been wholly unable, in my very weak state, to address you as I would wish on several important topics before quitting these shores. My daily prayers however, shall be continued for your right guidance in all things, and for blessings without number to yourselves, your families, and your flocks.

Whether we shall be permitted to meet again in this world of uncertainties, is known only to Him with whom are the issues of life and death. At my time of life it is reasonable to believe that my day is past, the shadows of the evening surround me, and the darker cloud of night is not far distant; but how delightful it is to *know* that there is a bow in that cloud, and "a window beyond it which looks into Heaven."

Let it be our prayer, while humbly endeavouring to fulfil our task to the last of our time, that, entirely through Him, whose we are, and whom we desire to serve, we may be found near the Heavenly Shore on the day when the Jewels of his Crown shall be made up. To Him, beloved Brethren, I fervently commit and commend you, with an heart which while it beats, will be most deeply interested in your welfare, and above all, in your spiritual advancement and happiness.

(Signed)

JOHN NOVA SCOTIA.

